

ter of her population, than the fact that, at the present day, she is still a powerful and unexhausted country, and her children still, to a certain extent, a high-minded and great people. Yes, notwithstanding the misrule of the brutal and sensual Austrian, the doting Bourbon, and, above all, the spiritual tyranny of the Court of Rome, Spain can still maintain her own, fight her own combats; and Spaniards are not yet fanatic slaves and crouching beggars. She has undergone far more than Naples had ever to bear, and yet the fate of Naples has not been hers. There is still valour in Asturia; generosity in Aragon, probity in Old Castile, and the peasant women of La Mancha can still afford to place a silver fork and a snowy napkin beside the plate of their guest."

In the perambulations, of myself and friend that morning, we went beyond the walls of the town, and there found a Spanish Regiment undergoing severe drill. Martialty sounded the words of command in the magnificent language of the country. The poverty of the military chest might have been conjectured from the varied habiliments and appointments of the men in the ranks, and one cannot wonder that the Spanish soldier of the present day occupies an inferior position, when we consider that they are badly paid, fed, clothed, and badly cared for. 'Tis all nonsense to expect good soldiers without those essentials. The men themselves seemed to me to be as good food for powder, as the soldiers of any other nation.

Another spectacle not so pleasant as the military one, was presented to us, *ultra muros*:—namely,—convicts at work, chained by the legs, in couples. It was a piteous sight. As we passed, one of the poor wretches rested a moment from his toil, to look at us, and this slight irregularity drew down upon him the rage of the overseer, who lashed him cruelly. It was difficult to restrain one's indignation at such a piece of cruelty. The tenacity with which man holds to life was suggested to me by the sight. One would suppose, a human being in so horrible a situation would dash his brains out against his prison walls. Instead of that, he suffers on, like a dog. How far superior to this mode of punishing the criminal is that of the Penitentiary!—But in Spain, there are no Penitentiaries.—no Houses of Refuge, where vice can be reclaimed. To the Quakers of Pennsylvania belongs the honor, I believe, of the Penitentiary system, and it is a great honor to any people or sect to have been the first to adopt the system which spares life and seeks to reclaim. It argued further progress than other sects or nations had made towards perfect civilization. It is the disgrace of our own

fair province, that, until lately, there was no Penitentiary,—that there is but one now,—and that within its extended limits, there is not one House of Refuge, whose object is to elevate the degraded or to reclaim the votary or the victim of vice.

I close this sketch with one or two more observations about "The Rock."

There are two excellent libraries at Gibraltar. The Commercial Library occupies the second story of a sort of exchange, in the public square. Besides books, maps, and prints, newspapers from various parts of the world are regularly received. Galignani's Messenger, printed at Paris, and brought by Post, generally contained the latest intelligence. The Garrison Library, as the name indicates, is supported by the military. It is a spacious edifice, and contains a large collection of books, engravings, and the pamphlets and newspapers of the day. A superb full length picture of Colonel Drinkwater, the historian of the siege, in full regimentals, adorns the principal apartment. A number of scarlet-clad, mustachioed, gentlemen, were always there, lounging about, or turning over the leaves of the books. The army lists seemed to be their favorite study.

In the Corporal of Artillery who had charge of the Library, I recognized a person formerly extensively engaged in mercantile affairs in America, who had absconded with a considerable booty. He appeared greatly confused on perceiving he was an object of attention, and to relieve him from the painful scrutiny, I turned my eyes away. Roguery never prospers, methought, and that man is an example. This trivial circumstance affords a proof that a disgraced man can find no place to bury his shame. The facilities of travel are such, now a-days, and they are so universally availed of, that concealment is almost impossible. I have met, in India, accidentally, those I had known in Canada; others, I have met in the West Indies whom I had seen in Spain; in the centre of Germany, I have stumbled on the acquaintances of America. In a cuikie of the Golden Horn, has been recognized one who, when last seen, was seated in a canoe on the waters of the St. Lawrence.

TO MY LADY LOVE.

BY DIKE COCKBURN.

"Maiden! sweet maiden! when thou art near,
Though the stars on the face of the sky appear,

It is light around as the day can be.
But, maiden! sweet maiden! when thou'rt away,
Though the Sun be emitting his loveliest ray,

All is darkness and gloom; and night to me.
Then of what avail is the Sun, or the shade,
Since my day and my night by thee are made?"