exercise, to which, however, they are much attached. Little dances and rigadoones form a common conclusion to the tertulia, where no great attention is paid either to music or costume. The lower classes adhere, as in the East, to the clapping of hands to their primitive dances and primitive Oriental accompaniments—the "tabret and the harp"; the guitar and tambourine—toph, tabor, tympanum—and the castanet; tympana vos buxusque vocat. The essence of the instrument was to give a noise on being beaten: hence the derivation of the terms Crotala, Crusmata Batica, from κροτήριον, κροτήρας, pulso. The term crotale still survives in Seville, and means a tambourine. Simple as it may seem to play on these things, it is only attained by a quick ear and finger, and great practice; accordingly, as in the days of Petronius Arbiter, they are the delicia populi, and always in their hands ('Ad Priap.' xxvi.).

"Cymbala cum crotalis, pruriginis arma Priapi,
Crusmata et adducta tympana pulsa manu,"

nor do they ever fail, now as then, to attract a crowd of admiring spectators. No people play more or better on the castanets than the Andalucians. There are many names for them. Castañuelas, patillos, and sometimes in Castile postizas; the very urchins in the street begin to learn by snapping their fingers, or clicking together two shells or bits of slate, to which they dance; in truth, next to noise, some capering seems essential; these are the exponents of what Cervantes describes, as the "bounding of the soul, the bursting of laughter, the restlessness of the body, and the quicksilver of the five senses." It is the rude sport of people who dance from the necessity of motion; and of the young, the healthy, and the joyous, to whom life is of itself a blessing, and who, like skipping kids, thus give vent to their superabundant lightness of heart and limb. Sancho, a true Manchegan, after beholding the saltatory exhibitions of his master, professes his ignorance of such elaborate dancing, but maintained that for a zapateo, a knocking of shoes, he was as good as a gerifante. Unchanged as are the instruments, so are their dancing propensities. All night long, says Strabo (iii. 249), did they dance and sing, or rather jump and yell, for ululare is the term correctly applied by Sil. Italicus (iii. 346) to these unchanged "howlings of Tarshish." The same author goes on to say, that so far from its being a fatigue, they kept up the ball all night, by way of resting. Hac requies ludusque viris ea sacra voluptas.

The Gallicians and Asturians retain many of their aboriginal dances and tunes; the latter have a wild Pyrrhica saltatio, which is performed with their shillelah, like the Gaelic Ghillee Callum. This is of most remote antiquity, and the precise Iberian Tripudium, or armed dance, which Hannibal had performed at the funeral of Gracchus (Livy, xxv. 17). These recreations prevail all over these N.W. districts and Old Castile. These quadrille figures are intricate and warlike, requiring, as Diod. Sic. (v. 311) said of the Iberian caperings, much leg-activity, πολλαὶ νυτονιν σκέλων, or buenos jarreles, for which the wiry sinewy active Spaniards are still remarkable. These are the Morris dances imported from Gallicia by our John of Gaunt, who supposed they were Moorish. The peasants still dance them in their best costumes, to the antique castanet, pipe, and tambourine. They are usually directed by a parti-coloured fool, the old Mopos, unde Morio, or, what is equivalent, a master of the ceremonies, el bastonero.

The Iberian warriors danced armed; they beat time with their swords on their shields. When one of their champions wished to show his contempt for the Romans, he appeared before them dancing a derisive step (App. 'Bell. Hisp.' 480). But this Pyrrhica saltatio is of all ages and climes, and the albanatico of the
Grecian Archipelago is as little changed from what it was in Homer's time. This armed Salic dance, or mimic war, was, it is said, invented by Minerva, who capered for joy after the overthrow of the rebel angels, the giants, or Titans, a myth which shadowed 'out the victory of knowledge over brute force. Masdeu in the last century describes these unchanged dances as he saw them at Tarragona. Some of the performers got on each other's shoulders to represent the Titans. The Dance retained its Pagan name—el Titans, Bails de los Titanes—but Spain is a land preserved for antiquarians. The different provinces of the Peninsula have their different national, or rather local dances, which, like their wines, fine arts, sausages, &c., can only be really relished on the spot. The chief dances are the Jota de Arragon, the Rondalla and Fiera of Valencia, the Bolero, Fandango, Cachucha, and Seren of Andalucia, the Zapateado and Seguidilla of La Mancha, the Habas verdes of Leon and Old Castile, the Muñevia and Danza prima of the Asturias, and the Zortico of Biscay.

The seguidilla, the guitar, and dance, at this moment, form the joy of careless poverty, the repose of sunburnt labour. The poor forget their toils, sans six sous et sans souci, nay they forget even their meals, like Pliny's friend Claro, who lost his supper, Bactic olives and gaspacho, to run after a Gaditanian dancing-girl (Plin. 'Ep.' i. 15). In every venta and court-yard, in spite of a long day's work and scanty fare, at the sound of the guitar and click of the castanet a new life is breathed into their veins—viresque acquirit eundo: so far from feeling past fatigue, the very fatigue of the dance seems refreshing, and many a weary traveller will rue the midnight frolics of his noisy and saltatory fellow-lodgers. Supper is no sooner over than "aprés la panse la danse," then some black-whiskered performer, the very antithesis of Farinelli, "screechin' out his melé," screams forth his "coplas de zarabanda, los caños," either at the top of his voice, or draws out his ballad, "melancholy as the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe," and both alike to the imminent danger of his own trachea, and of all un-Spanish acoustic organs. So would he sing, says Lope de Vega, even in a prison, "á costa de garganta cantareis, aunque en la prision estareis." It reminds us of Gray's unhandsome critique on the Grand Opéra de Paris: "des miaulemens et des hurlemens effroyables, mêlés avec un tintamare du diable." As, however, in Paris, so in Spain, the audience are in raptures; "all men's ears grow to his tunes as if they had eaten ballads;" they take part with beatings of feet, "tacones;" with clapping of hands, the xhoros, "palmeado," and joining in a chorus Estrevillo at the end of each verse. There is always in every company of Spaniards, whether soldiers, civilians, muleteers, or ministers, some one who can play the guitar, poco mas o menos. It is a passport into society, and an element of success amatory as well as political: thus Godoy, the Prince of the Peace, first captivated the royal Messalina by his talent of strumming on the guitar; so Gonzalez Bravo, first editor of the Madrid Punch, then Premier, conciliated the virtuous Christina, who, soothed by the seguidillas of this pepper-and-salted Amphion, forgot his libels on herself and Señor Muñoz. It may be predicated of Spain that when this strumming is mute the game is up, and so Isaiah (xxiv.) wishing to give the truest image of the desolation of an Eastern city, conceives the "ceasing of the mirth of the guitar and tambourine," but those sad days are yet to come, and now the traveller will happily find in most villages some crack performer; generally the barbero is the Figaro, who seldom fails to stroll down to the venta unbidden and from pure love of harmony, gossip, and the bota, where his song secures him supper and welcome; a funcion is soon armada, or a party got up of all ages and sexes, who are attracted by the tinkling like swarming bees. The guitar is part and parcel of the Spaniard
and his ballads; he slings it across his shoulder with a ribbon, as was depicted on the tombs of Egypt 4000 years ago (Wilk. ii. vi.). It is the unchanged kind of the East, the κιθάρα, cithara, guitarra, githorne; the “guiterne Moresche” of the minstrellers (Ducange). The performers seldom are very scientific musicians; they content themselves with striking the cords, which is varied by sweeping the whole hand over the strings, rasqueando, or flourishing, floreando, and tapping the guitar-board with the thumb, golpeando, at which they are very expert. Occasionally in the towns there is a zapatero or a maestro of some kind, who has attained more power over this ungrateful instrument; but the attempt is a failure. The guitar responds coldly to Italian words and elaborate melody, which never come home to Spanish ears or hearts, for, like the guitar of Anacreon, love is its only theme, ἐρωτικὸς μοῦνος. The multitude suit the guitar tune to the song, both of which are frequently extemporaneous. They lisp in numbers, not to say verse; but their splendid idiom lends itself to a prodigality of words, whether prose or poetry; nor are either very difficult, where common sense is no necessary ingredient in the composition; accordingly the language comes in aid to the fertile mother-wit of the natives; rhymes are dispensed with at pleasure, or mixed according to caprice with assonants, indeed more of the popular reframes are rounded off in assonants than in rhymes. The assonant consists of the mere recurrence of the same vowels, without reference to that of consonants. Thus santos, llantos, are rhymes; amor and razon are assonants; even these, which poorly fill a foreign ear, are not always observed; a change in intonation, or a few thumps more or less on the guitar-board, does the work, and supersedes all difficulties. These morce pronunciations, this ictus metricus, constitute a rude prosody, and lead to music just as gestures do to dancing and to ballads,—“que se canta bailando,” and which, when heard, reciprocally inspire a Saint Vitus’s desire to snap fingers and kick heels, as all will admit in whose ears the habas verdes of Leon, or the cachucha of Cadiz, yet ring. The words destined to set all this capering in motion are not written for cold British critics. Like sermons, they are delivered orally, and are never subjected to the disenchanted ordeal of type; and even such as may be professedly serious and not saltatory are listened to by those who come attuned to the hearing vein—who anticipate and re-echo the subject—who are operated on by the contagious bias. Thus a fascinated audience of otherwise sensible Britons tolerates the positive presence of nonsense at an opera—

"Where rhyme with reason does dispense,
And sound has right to govern sense."

In order to feel the full power of the guitar and Spanish song, the performer should be a sprightly Andaluza, taught or unaught; she wields the instrument as her fan or mantilla; it seems to become part of herself, and alive; indeed the whole thing requires an abandon, a fire, a gracia, which could not be risked by ladies of more northern climates and more tightly-laced zones. No wonder one of the old fathers of the church said that he would sooner face a singing basilisk than one of these performers: she is good for nothing when pinned down to a piano, on which few Spanish women play even tolerably, and so with her singing, when she attempts ‘Adelaide,’ or anything in the sublime, beautiful, and serious, her failure is dead certain, while, taken in her own line, she is triumphant; the words of her song are often struck off, like Theodore Hook’s, at the moment, and allude to incidents and persons present; sometimes those of la gente ganza, las qui tienen zandunga, are full of epigram and double entendre; they often sing what may not be spoken, and steal hearts through ears; at other times their song is little better than nonsense, with which the audience is just as well
satisfied. For, as Figaro says—"ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante." A good voice, which Italians call novanta-nove, ninety-nine parts out of the hundred, is very rare; nothing strikes a traveller more unfavourably than the harsh voice of the women in general. The ballad songs of Spain from the most remote antiquity have formed the delight of the people, have tempered the despotism of their church and state, have sustained a nation's resistance against foreign aggression. The subject is full of interesting matter, and well worthy of the traveller's attention ("Edin. Rev." cxxvi. 389).

There is very little music ever printed in Spain; the songs and airs are generally sold in MS. Sometimes, for the very illiterate, the notes are expressed in numerical figures, which correspond with the number of the strings. Andalucia is the chosen spot to form the best collection. Don N. Zamacola has published a small selection—"Collection de Seguidillas, Tiranas, y Polos," Mad. 1799, under the name of Don Preciso. The Seguidillas, Manchegas, Boleras, are a sort of doggerel madrigal, and consist of 7 verses, 4 lines of song and 5 of chorus, estretillo; the Rondeñas and Malagéñas are couplets of 4 verses, and take their names from the towns where they are most in vogue; the Araña comes from the Havana.

The best guitars in the world were appropriately made in Cadiz by the Pajez family, father and son; of course an instrument in so much vogue was always an object of care and thought in fair Bética; thus in the seventh century the Sevillian guitar was shaped like the human breast, because, as Sa. Isidoro says ("Or." iii. 21), the sounds came from it, the chords being the pulsations of the heart, à corde. The guitars of the Andalucian Moors were strung after these significant heartstrings; Zaryáb, a singer of the East, became the Pajez of Abdu-r-rahman in 821, and was favoured as Farinelli was by Ferd. VI. He remodelled the guitar or lute, adding a fifth string of bright red to represent blood, the treble or first being yellow to indicate bile; and to this hour, on the banks of the Guadalquivir, when dusky eve calls forth the cloaked serenader, the ruby drops of the heart female are more surely liquified, by a judicious manipulation of cat-gut than ever were those of San Januario by book or candle; nor, so it is said, when the tinkling is continuous are all marital livers unwrung; but see, for these musical mysteries, "Moh. Dyn." ii. 119.

Meanwhile the airs and tunes, as sung by the peasants and lower classes, are very Oriental; nor can we doubt their remote antiquity, or their forming a portion of the primitive airs, of which a want of the invention of musical notation has deprived us. Melody among the Egyptians, like sculpture, was never permitted to be changed, lest any new fascination might interfere with the severe influence of their mistress, religion. That both were invented for the service of the altar, is indicated in the myth of their divine origin. These tunes passed into other countries, so the plaintive Maneros of the Nile, brought by the Phœnicians into Spain, became the Linus of Greece (Herod. ii. 79). The national tunes of the Fellah, the Moor, and the Spaniard, are cognate, slow, and monotonous, often in utter opposition with the sentiments of the words, which have varied; whilst the airs remain unchanged. They are diatonic rather than chromatic, abounding in suspended pauses, and unisonous, not like our glee, yet generally provided with a chorus in which the audience joins. They owe little to harmony, the end being rather to affect than to please. Certain sounds seem to have a mysterious aptitude to express certain moods of the mind in connexion with some unexplained sympathy between the sentient and intellectual organs: the simplest are by far the most ancient. Ornate melody is a modern invention from Italy; and although, in lands of greater intercourse and fastidiousness, the conventional has ejected the national, fashion has not shamed
nor silenced the old-ballad airs of Spain—those "howlings of Tarshish." Indeed, national tunes, like the songs of birds, are not taught in orchestras, but by mothers to their infant progeny in the cradling nest. As the Spaniard is warlike without being military, saltatory without being graceful, so he is musical without being harmonious; he is just a prima materia made by nature, and treats himself as he does the raw products of his productive soil, leaving art and industrial development to the foreigner.

SPANISH CIGARS.

But whether at the bull-fight or theatre, lay or clerical, wet or dry, the Spaniard during the day, sleeping excepted, solaces himself when he can with a cigar; this is his nepenthis, his pleasure opiate, which, like Souchong, soothes but not inebriates; it is to him his Te venerate die et te decedente.

The manufacture of the cigar is the most active one carried on in the Peninsula. The buildings are palaces; witness those at Seville, Malaga, and Valencia. Since a cigar is a sine quid non in a Spaniard's mouth, it must have its page in a Spanish Handbook, for as old Ponz remarked, "You will think me tiresome with my tobacconistical details, but the vast bulk of my readers will be more pleased with it than with an account of all the pictures in the world." "The fact is, Squire," says Sam Slick, "the moment a man takes to a pipe, he becomes a philosopher; it is the poor man's friend; it calms the mind, soothes the temper, and makes a man patient under trouble." Can it be wondered at that the Oriental and Spanish population should cling to this relief from whips and scorns, and the oppressor's wrong, and steep in sweet oblivious stupefaction, the misery of being fretted and excited by empty larders, vicious political institutions, and a very hot climate? "Quoique l'on puisse dire," said Molière, "Aristote et toute la philosophie, il n'y a rien d'égal au tabac." The divine Isaac Barrow resorted to this panpharmacon whenever he wished to collect his thoughts; Sir Walter Raleigh, the patron of Virginia, smoked a pipe just before he lost his head, "at which some formal people were scandalized; but," adds Aubrey, "I think it was properly done to settle his spirits." The pedant James, who condemned both Raleigh and tobacco, said the bill of fare of the dinner which he should give his Satanic majesty, would be "a pig, a poll of ling, and mustard, with a pipe of tobacco for digestion." What's one man's meat is another man's poison, but at all events, in hungry Spain it is meat and drink both, and the chief smoke connected with proceedings of the mouth issues from labial chimneys.

Tobacco, this ψυχής απειδν, this anodyne for the irritability of human reason, is, like spirituous liquors which make it drunk, a highly-taxed article in all civilized societies. In Spain, the Bourbon dynasty (as elsewhere) is the hereditary tobacconist-general; the privilege of sale is generally farmed out to some contractor; accordingly, such a trump as a really good home-made cigar is hardly to be had for love or money in the Peninsula. Diogenes would sooner expect to find an honest man in any of the government offices. There is no royal road to the science of cigar-making; the article is badly made, of bad materials, and, to add insult to injury, is charged at a most exorbitant price. In order to benefit the Havana, tobacco is not allowed to be grown in Spain, which it would do in perfection in the neighbourhood of Malaga; the experiment was made, and having turned out quite successfully, the cultivation was immediately prohibited. The badness and dearness of the royal tobacco makes the fortune of the well-meaning smuggler; this great corrector of blundering chancellors of exchequers provides a better and cheaper thing from Gibraltar,
The proof of the extent to which his dealings are carried was exemplified in 1828, when many thousand additional hands were obliged to be put on to the manufactories at Seville and Granada, to meet the increased demand occasioned by the impossibility of obtaining supplies from Gibraltar, in consequence of the yellow fever which was then raging there. No offence is more dreadfully punished in Spain than that of tobacco-smuggling, which robs the queen's pocket—all other robbery is as nothing, for her lieges only suffer.

The encouragement afforded to the manufacture and smuggling of cigars at Gibraltar is a never-failing source of ill blood and ill will between the Spanish and English governments. This most serious evil is contrary to all treaties, injurious to Spain and England alike, and is beneficial only to aliens of the worst character, who form the real plague and sore of Gibraltar. The American and every other nation import their own tobacco, good, bad, and indifferent, into the fortress free of duty, and without repurchasing British produce. It is made into cigars by Genoese, is smuggled into Spain by aliens, in boats under the British flag, which is disgraced by the traffic and exposed to insult from the revenue cutters, the guardia costas of Spain, which it cannot in justice expect to have redressed. The Spaniards would have winked at the introduction of English hardware and cottons—objects of necessity, which do not interfere with this their chief manufacture, and one of the most productive of royal monopolies. There is a wide difference between encouraging real British commerce and this smuggling of foreign cigars. Spain never can be expected to observe treaties towards us while we infringe them so scandalously and unprofitably on our parts.

Many tobacchose epicures, who smoke their regular dozen, place the evil sufficient for the day between two fresh lettuce-leaves; this damps the article, and improves the narcotic effect. The inside, the trail, los tripas, as the Spaniards call it, should be quite dry. The disordered interior of the royal cigars is masked by a good outside wrapper leaf, just as Spanish rags are cloaked by a decent capa; but l'habit ne fait pas le cigare. Few but the rich can afford to smoke good cigars. Ferdinand VII., unlike his ancestor Louis XIV., "qui," says La Beaumelle, "haïssoit le tabac singulièrement, quoi qu'un de ses meilleurs revenus," was not only a great manufacturer but consumer thereof. He indulged in the royal extravagance of Purones, a very large thick cigar made in the Havana expressly for his gracious use, for he was too good a judge to smoke bis own manufacture. Even of these he seldom smoked more than the half; the remainder was a grand perquisite, like our palace lights. The cigar was one of his pledges of love and hatred: he would give one to his favourites when in sweet temper; and often, when meditating a treacherous coup, would dismiss the unconscious victim with a royal puron: and when the happy individual got home to smoke it he was saluted by an Alguacil with an order to quit Madrid in twenty-four hours.

The bulk of the lieges cannot afford either the expense of tobacco, which is dear to them, or the gain of time, which is very cheap, by smoking a whole cigar right away. They make one afford occupation and recreation for half an hour. Though few Spaniards ruin themselves in libraries, none are without a little blank book of a particular paper, papel de hilo, which is made at Alcoy, in Valencia. At any pause all say at once—pues señores! echaremos un cigarito—well then, gentlemen, let us make a little cigar, and all set seriously to work; every man, besides this book, is armed with a small case of flint, steel, and a combustible tinder, "yesca." To make a paper cigar, like putting on a cloak, is an operation of much more difficulty than it seems. Spaniards, who have done nothing so much from their childhood upwards, perform both with extreme facility and neatness. This is the mode:—the petaca, Arabică Butăk,
Andalucia. SPANISH CIGARS.

a little case worked by a fair hand in coloured pita, the thread from the aloe, in which the store of cigars is kept, is taken out—a leaf is torn from the book, which is held between the lips, or downwards from the back of the hand, between the fore and middle finger of the left hand—a portion of the cigar, about a third, is cut off and rubbed slowly in the palms till reduced to a powder—it is then jerked into the paper-leaf, which is rolled up into a little squib, and the ends doubled down, one of which is bitten off and the other end is lighted. The cigarillo is smoked slowly, the last whiff being the bonne bouche, the breast, la pechuga. The little ends are thrown away (they are indeed little, for a Spanish fore-finger and thumb is quite fire-browned and fire-proof, although some polished exquisites use silver holders); these remnants are picked up by the beggar-boys, who make up into fresh cigars the leavings of a thousand mouths. On the Prados and Alamedas, Murillo-like urchins run about with a slowly burning rope for the benefit of the public. At many of the sheds where water and lemonade are sold, one of these ropes, twirled like a snake round a post, and ignited, is as ready for fire, as the match of a besieged artilleryman. In the houses of the affluent a small silver chafing-dish, pruna batillum, with lighted charcoal, is usually on a table. Mr. Henningsen (ch. 10), relates that Zumalacárreguy, when about to execute some Cristinos at Villa Franca, observed one (a schoolmaster) looking about, like Raleigh; for a light for his last dying puff in this life, upon which the general took his own cigar from his mouth, and handed it to him. The schoolmaster lighted his own, returned the other with a respectful bow, and went away smoking and reconciled to be shot. This necessity of a light levels all ranks, and it is allowable to stop any person for fuego, candela. The cigar forms a bond of union, an isthmus of communication between most heterogeneous oppositions. It is the habeas corpus of Spanish liberties. The soldier takes fire from the canon's lip, and the dark face of the humble labourer is whitened by the reflection of the cigar of the grandee and lounging grandee and lounging, ex fumo fulgorem. The lowest orders have a coarse roll or rope of tobacco, palanca para picar, wherewith to solace their sorrows—this is their calumet of peace, and their sosiega. Some of the Spanish fair sex are said to indulge in a quiet hidden cigarilla, una pajita, una regina, but it is not thought either a sign of a lady, or of rigid virtue, to have recourse to stolen and forbidden pleasures; for whoever makes one basket will make a hundred—quien hace un cesto haza un ciento.

Nothing exposes a traveller to more difficulty than carrying tobacco in his luggage; whenever he has more than a certain small quantity, let him never conceal it, but declare it at every gate, and be provided with a guia, or permit. Yet all will remember never to be without some cigars, and the better the better. It is a trifling outlay, for although any cigar is acceptable, yet a real good one is a gift from a king. The greater the enjoyment of the smoker, the greater his respect for the donor; a cigar may be given to everybody, whether high or low: thus the petaca is offered, as a Frenchman of La vieille Cour offered his snuff-box, by way of a prelude to conversation and intimacy. It is an act of civility, and implies no superiority, nor is there any humiliation in the acceptance; it is twice blessed, "It blesseth him that gives and him that takes." It is the spell wherewith to charm the natives, who are its ready and obedient slaves, and, like a small kind word spoken in time, it works miracles. There is no country in the world where the stranger and traveller can purchase for half-a-crown half the love and good-will which its investment in tobacco will ensure, therefore the man who grudges or neglects it, is neither a philanthropist nor a philosopher.

Having said this much of the Spanish pseudo-cigar, some information regard-
ing the real article will provide the traveller with acceptable small talk, when
proseing with his Spanish friend. The chief Havana manufacturers are Cabana-
nes, Hernandez, Silva, and Rencaireuil, besides many others of less note, who
make from 10,000 to 100,000 a-day. The cigar is composed of two distinct
parts, the inside and cover. For these two different kinds of leaves are used, of
which the latter is generally finer in texture as well as more pliant. Those
leaves which are to be made on a Tuesday are damped on Monday evening,
and allowed to remain so all night; and when rolled they are placed on a
large table, where they are divided into the various qualities of first, second,
third, &c., and priced accordingly. Those which are most carefully and beau-
tifully rolled are called regalías, and are sold at 22, 23, or 26 dollars for a thou-
sand; while the second best, which are of the very same tobacco, and made by
the same man (only with a little less attention to symmetry of form), are sold at
14, others as low as 6 dollars. Señor Hernandez employs about fifty men in his
manufactory. Of the best common cigars a good workman can make a thousand
in a day; of the regalías, 600; so that the daily issues from that immense:
 fabrica are about 30,000 cigars, which, at 14 dollars per thousand, would give
nearly 100l. a-day. They pay an export duty of half a dollar per thousand,
and an import duty in England of 9s. Allowing for freight and insurance, for 20
per cent. profit to the importer, and 20 more to the retailer, the best Havana
cigars should be sold in London at 5l. per thousand, which is 18d. per sixteen,
or about 12d. a-piece; instead of which they are generally charged 30s. to 40s.,
and sometimes 60s. per pound, and from 3d. to 4d. a-piece. The very best in
quality do not find their way to Europe, and for this simple reason—they are
not fashionable, as they are generally dark-coloured, and a lighter-coloured
and smoothly-rolled cigar is preferred to the strong and highly-flavoured
rough-looking ones; these in general are the most perfect vade mecum imagina-
ble for the contemplative philosopher. The best tobacco in Havana grows in
the Vuelta de Abajo, or lower district.

SPANISH COSTUME.

The Spaniards, both of the upper and lower classes, have a national costume;
and we strongly recommend our readers, ladies as well as gentlemen, to rig them-
selves out à l'Espagnole at the first great town at which they arrive, for unless
they are dressed like the rest of the world, they will everywhere, as in the East,
be stared at, and be pestered by beggars, who particularly attack strangers.

Black has always been the favourite, the national colour, μελανείμονες ἀπαντεῖς,
το πλείον εν σαγοῖς (Strabo, iii. 233). This male saqum is the type of the
modern sayag, Arabice sayah, a long outer garment, which is always black, and
is put over the indoor dress on going out. This external petticoat is also called
Basquiña, a word of unknown derivation. The Greeks translated the Tyrian
phrase "Bewitching of naughtiness" by the term βαρκανία. Be that as it may,
black is its colour, and was that of the court of Philip II.; and it certainly
became him, his priests and inquisitors, as well as physicians, undertakers, and
other grave characters. It has continued to be the colour of ceremony, and was
the only one in which women were allowed to enter churches. Being that of the
learned professions, it makes Spaniards seem wiser, according to Charles V., than
they really are; while, from being worn by sorrow, it disarms the evil eye which
dogs prosperity, and inspires, in the place of associations of envy, those of pity
and respect. It gives an air of decorum and modesty, and softens an indifferent
skin. Every one in England has been struck with the air of respectability which
mourning confers, even on ladies' maids. The prevalence of black veils and
dark cloaks on the Alameda and in the church, conveys to the newly-arrived stranger the idea of a population of nuns and clergymen. As far as woman is concerned, the dress is so becoming, that the difficulty is to look ugly in it; hence, in spite of the monotony, we are pleased with a uniformity which becomes all alike; those who cannot see its merits should lose no time in consulting their oculist.

The beauty of the Spanish women is much exaggerated, at least as far as features and complexion are concerned: more loveliness is to be seen in one fine day in Regent Street, than in a year in Spain. Their charm consists in symmetry of form, natural grace of manner and expression, and not a little, as in the case of a carp, or Kake au beurre noir, in the dressing; yet, such is the tyranny of fashion, that these women are willing to risk the substance for the shadow, and to strive, instead of remaining inimitable originals, to become second-rate copies. Faithless to true Españolismo, they sacrifice on the altar of foreign modes even attraction itself, for the Cocos, or cottons of Manchester, are superseding the Alène, or bombazeens of Valencia, and the blinkers and bonnets of the Boulevards are eclipsing the Mantillas.

The Mantilla is the aboriginal female head-gear. Iberia, in the early coins, those picture-books of antiquity, is represented as a veiled woman; the καλυμτρα μελανη was supported by a sort of cock’s-comb, κοραξ. This was the prototype of the Peineta, the tortoise-shell comb, which in Valencia is made of silver gilt. The real combs used to be made very high, and being placed at the back of the head, formed an apex from which the veil floated gracefully away. The effect produced by low combs, or by their omission altogether (vile inventions of the foreigner), have been fatally injurious to the Mantilla.

The veil, which completely covered the back of the head, is thrown apart in front; but a partial concealment of the features is thought, in ancient days as now, to be an ornament (Strabo, iii. 249). It was adopted at Rome, and Poppea, according to Tacitus (A. xiii. 45) thus managed her veil quaia sic decebat. The cara tapida or tapada, or face thus enveloped, was always respected in Spain, and so Messalina shrouded under the mantle of modesty her imperial adulteries. This concealment evidently is of Oriental origin, as in Asia a woman will show anything rather than her face, for points of honour are conventional; nor is the custom quite obsolete in Andalucia. It still obtains in Marchena and Tarifa, where the women continue to wear the Mantilla as the Arabs do the Booros, and after the present Egyptian fashion of the Toh and Hhabarah, in which only one eye is discovered; that, however, is a piercer; it peeps out from the sable veil like a star, and beauty is concentrated into one focus of light and meaning. These tapadas are most effectually concealed, and, being all dressed alike, walk about as at a masquerade, insomuch that husbands have actually been detected making love to their own wives. These Parthian assassinations have furnished jokes abundant to the wits of Spain. Quevedo compares these rifle-women to the abadego, which means both a water-wagtail and the Spanish-fly; the simile thus combines the meneo and the stimulant. Such, doubtless, was the mode of wearing the mantilla among the Phenician coquettes. “Woe,” says Ezekiel (xiii. 18), who knew Tyre so well, “Woe to the women that make kerchiefs upon the head of every stature to hunt souls.”

The Gothic mantum was so called, says Sisidoro (Or. xix. 24), quia manus tegat tandum; it was made of a thickish cloth, as among the Carthaginians (see the Mantilla of Dido (En. i. 706), whence the Moorish name Mantil. The mantilla is the elegant diminutive of the manto, and is now made of silk or lace; formerly it was made of serge, and other thick ordinary materials; and such to this day are the Cenereros of the Batuecas and those districts. It is in some places
substituted by the coarse petticoat of the lower classes, who, like Sancho Panza's wife, turn them over their heads from pure motives of economy. In fact, as in the East, the head and face at least were never to be exposed, and, by a decree of Philip IV., a woman's mantilla, like a carpenter's box of tools, could not be seized for debt, not even in the case of the crown. From being the essential article of female gear, the manto has become a generic term, and has given its name to our milliners, who are called mantua-makers.

There are three kinds of mantillas, and no lady a few years ago could possibly do without a complete set: first is the white, which is used on grand occasions, birth-days, bull-fights, and Easter Mondays. This is composed of fine blonde or lace embroidery, but it is not becoming to Spanish women, whose sallow olive complexion cannot stand the contrast, and Adrian compared one thus dressed to a sausage wrapped up in white paper. The second is black, and is made of raso or alepin, satin or bombazeen, often edged with velvet, and finished off with deep lace fringe. The third is used for fancy or ordinary occasions, and is called Mantilla de tiro. It has no lace, but is made of black silk with a broad band of velvet. This is the veil of the Maja, the Gitana, and the Cigarera de Sevilla, and peculiarly becomes their eye of diamond and their locks of jet. This Mantilla, suspended on a high comb, is then crossed over the bosom, which is, moreover, concealed by a pañuelo, or handkerchief. These are the "hoods and ushers" of Hudibras, and without them, unless the house was on fire, no woman formerly would go out into the streets; when thus enveloped nothing can be more decent than the whole upper woman; matronae præter faciem nil cernere possit. The smallest display of the neck, &c., or patriotismo, is thought over-liberal and improper; and one of the great secrets of a Spanish woman's attraction is, that most of her charms are hidden. The saya and mantilla are to the Spanish woman what good stock and chalots are to the French cook; let the material to be dressed be what it may, with this magical sauce piquante, a savory entrée is turned out in an instant: thus an Andaluzia, who at home, where none sees her but her husband, is a Cinderella of dowdiness, just puts on her outer petticoat and veil and is fit even for church; nice little girls are got up with equal expedition, and are in fact nothing but amusing re-editions of their mothers, in a duodecimo form.

The Mantilla is kept in its proper place by the fan, abanico, which is part and parcel of every Spanish woman, whose nice conduct of it leaves nothing to be desired. No one understands the art and exercise of it like her. It is the index of her soul, the telegraph of her chameleon feelings, her countersign to the initiated, which they understand for good or evil as the wagging of a dog's tail. She can express with her dumb fan more than Paganini could with his fiddlestick. A handbook might be written to explain the code of signals. The ladies of antiquity had fans, but merely used them for base mechanical and refrigatory purposes (Mart. xiv. 28); they were utterly ignorant of the philosophy and electricity of this powerful instrument of coquetry. Remember not to purchase any of the old Rococo fans which will be offered for sale at Cadiz and Seville, as none are Spanish, but all made in France; the prices asked are exorbitant, for which foolish English collectors may thank themselves. There are more and better specimens of these fans to be had in Wardour-street than in all Andalucia, and for a quarter of the money.

The Mantilla, properly speaking, ought not to be worn with curls, rizos, which some Vandal French perruquiers have recently introduced; these are utterly unsuited to the melancholy pensive character of the Spanish female face when in repose, and particularly to her Moorish eyes, which never passed the Pyrenees; indeed, first-rate amateurs pronounce the real ojos arabes, like the palm-tree, to
be confined to certain localities. The finest are "raised" in Andalucia; they are very full, and repose on a liquid somewhat yellow bed, of an almond shape. They are compared to dormant lightnings, &c. &c.; but our business is to simply desire our readers to look at these eyes and leave them then to judge for themselves.

The hair is another glory of the Spanish sex; herein, like Samson's, is the secret of her strength, for, if Pope be infallible, "Her beauty draws us by a single hair."—Sancho Panza says more than a hundred oxen. It is very black, thick, and often coarser than a courser's tail. It is attended to with the greatest care, and is simply braided à la Madonna over a high forehead. The Iberian ladies, reports Strabo (iii. 249), were very proud of the size of this palace of thought, and carefully picked out the prokoxia to increase its dimensions. The Andaluza places a real flower, generally a red pink, among her raven locks; the children continue to let long Carthaginian plaited Trensa hang down their backs. There are two particular curls which deserve serious attention: they are circular and flat, and are fastened with white of egg to the side of each cheek: they are called Patillas, or Picardías, Roguerías—Caracoles de Amor—they are des accroches cœur, "springes to catch woodcocks!" they are Oriental, not French, as some female mummies have been discovered with their patillas perfectly preserved and gummed on after 3000 years: the ruling passion strong in death (Wilk. iii. 370). The Spanish she-Goths were equally particular. S. Isidoro (Or. xix. 31) describes some curls, ancia, which hung near the ears, with a tact which becomes rather the Barbiere de Sevilla than its archbishop.

Thus much for our fair readers; one word now on the chief item of male costume in Spain. The cloak, capa, is to the Spanish man what the saya is to the Spanish woman. The Spaniards represent the gens togata of antiquity, and the capa is the unchanged Penula, Tejedora. Now in Madrid and the great cities, as the women have put on French bonnets, the men have taken to English pea-jackets, or rather Parisian paletos. Nationality in manners and costume, as far as the gentry are concerned, will soon be only to be stumbled upon in out-of-the-way inland towns, which have escaped the nuevo progreso and a diligence. Strangely enough the word paledot in Arabic signifies a "stupid fellow," "one who has made an ass of himself!": thus the most picturesque and classical of garments are exchanged for the very contrary, and Spain prefers being a poor copy of bad examples, than a racy original and sole depository of the almost inimitable! but there is nothing new in this; so the national segum was exchanged for the foreign toga. This so-called emblem of civilization, but symbol of Roman influence, was introduced into Spain by Sertorius, who, by persuading the natives to adopt the dress, soon led them to become the admirers, then subjects, of Rome—Cedant arma toga. The Andalucians (Strabo, iii. 254) were among the first to follow this foreign fashion. They gloried in their finery like our forefathers, not seeing in it, as Tacitus did (Agr. 21) a real badge of the loss of national independence—"Inde habitus nostri honor, et frequens toga, idque apud imperitos, humanitas vocabatur, cum pars servitutis esset;" but the humbler Spaniards have never left off their cloaks and jackets, and their jacket is the ancient χιτών, tunica, synthesis. It was worn by the Carthaginians (Plaut. 'Pam.' v. 2, 15), just as it is now by the Moors. The Spaniards live in jackets, and are still the "tunicatus popelius" of Europe. Augustus Caesar, who, according to Suetonius, was chilly, wore as many as Hamlet's gravedigger does waistcoats. Ferdinand VII., the week before his death, gave a farewell audience to a foreign minister in a jacket; he died in harness, and, like him and Caesar, Spaniards, when in the bosom of their families, seldom wear any other dress. O tunica quies! exclaims Martial (x. 51, 6); nor can anything ever exceed the comfort of a well-made Zamarra, a word derived from Simur—mustela:
Scythica. The merit and obvious origin of this sheep-skin costume account for its antiquity and unchanged usage. S\textsuperscript{3}n. Isidoro (Or. xix. 24) calls it \textit{pallium, a pelle.} The capa is shaped in a peculiar manner, and is rounded at the bottom; the circumference of the real and correct thing is seven yards all but three inches and a half: \textit{"bis ter ulnarum toga."} As cloaks, like coats, are cut according to a man's cloth, a scanty capa, like the \textit{\"toga arcta\"} of Horace, does not indicate affluence, or even respectability. \textit{S\textsuperscript{3}n. Isidoro} did well to teach his Goths that their \textit{toga was a legendo}, because it concealed the whole man, as it does now, provided it be a good one, \textit{una buena capa, todo capa.} It covers a multitude of sins, and especially pride and poverty, twin sisters in Iberia. The ample folds and graceful drapery give breadth and throw an air of stately decency—nay, dignity—over the wearer; it not only conceals tatters and nakedness, but appears to us to invest the pauper with the abstract classicity of an ancient peripatetic philosopher, since we never see this costume of Solons and Caesars, except in the British Museum and Chantrey's contracts. A genuine Spaniard would sooner part with his skin than his capa; so when Charles III. wanted to prohibit their use, the universal people rose in arms, and the Squillacci, or anti-cloak ministry, was turned out. The capa fits its wearer admirably; it favours habits of inactivity, prevents the over-zealous arms or elbows from doing anything, conceals a knife and rags, and, when muffled around, offers a disguise for intrigues and robbery; \textit{capa y espada} accordingly became the generic term for the profligate comedy which portrayed the age of Philip IV.

The Spanish clergy never appear in public without this capa, which, as it has no cape, is in fact a long black gown; and the readers of the Odyssey need not be reminded of the shifts to which Ulysses was put when he left his cloak behind." St. Paul was equally anxious about his, when he wrote his Second Epistle to Timothy; and Raphael has justly painted him in the cartoon, when preaching at Athens, wearing his cloak exactly as the Spanish people do at this moment. Nothing can appear more ludicrous to a Spanish eye than the scanty, narrow, capeless, scapegrace cloaks of English cut; the wearer of one will often see the lower classes grinning at him without knowing why, but it is at his cloak, its shape, and way of putting it on. When a stranger thinks that he is perfectly incognito, he is found out by the children, and is the observed of all observers. All this is easily prevented by attention to a few simple rules. No one can conceive the fret and petty continual worry to which a stranger is exposed both from beggars and the \textit{impertinente curioso} tribe by being always found out: it embitters every step he takes, mars all privacy, and keeps up a continual petty fever and ill-humour.

A wise man will therefore get his cloak made in Spain and by a Spanish tailor. He will choose it of blue colour, and let the broad hem or stripe be lined with black velvet; red or fancy colours and silks are \textit{muy charro}, gaudy and in bad taste; \textit{he must never omit a cape.} A capa without a cape is like a cat without a tail. The clerical capa is always black, and is distinguished from the lay one by its \textit{not having a cape, a dengue, or esclavina, whence our old term} escaveyn. If an Englishman sallies forth with a blue cloak without a cape, it appears quite as ludicrous to Spanish eyes as a gentleman in a sack or in a \textit{red cassock.} It is applying a form of \textit{cut} peculiar only to clergymen to \textit{colours which are only worn by laymen.} Having got a correct cape, the next and not less important step is to know how to wear it; the antique is the true model; either the \textit{capa} is allowed to hang simply down from the shoulders, or it is folded in the \textit{embozo, or a lo majo:} the \textit{embozar} consists in taking up the right front fold and throwing it over the left shoulder, thus muffling up the mouth, while the end of the fold hangs half way down the back behind: it is extremely difficult to do this neatly, although all Spaniards can; they have been practising
nothing else from the age of breeches, for they assume the toga almost when they leave off petticoats. No force is required; it is done by a knack, a sleight of hand: the cloak is jerked over the shoulder, which is gently raised to meet and catch it; this is the precise form of the ancients, the ἀναβαλλεσθαι of Athenaeus (i. 18). The Goths wore it exactly in the same manner (Sns. Isid. 'Or.' xix. 24). When the emo zo is arranged, two fingers of the right hand are sometimes brought up to the mouth and protrude beyond the fold: they serve either to hold a cigar, or to telegraph a passing friend. It must be remembered by foreigners, that, as among the ancient Romans ('In Claud. vi.), it is not considered respectful to remain muffled up, *emozado,* on ceremonious occasions, or in presence of the gods or emperor. Uncoaking is equivalent to taking off the hat; Spaniards always uncoak when *Su Majestad,* the host or the king, passes by; the lower orders uncoak when speaking to a superior: *whenever the traveller sees one not do that with him,* *let him be on his guard.* Spaniards, when attending a funeral service in a church, do not read, but leave their cloaks behind them: the etiquette of mourning is to go without their *capa.* As this renders them more miserable than fish out of water, the manes of the deceased are always several blacksheep, not to say *corazones,* which the extravagant Chloé gave her lover (Mart. iv. 27). The poor were contented, as he grew older; nothing fidgeted him more than this intellectual manner in which the future dictator wore his cloak, that he never could turn out to be a great man. Caesar improved as he grew older; nothing disturbed him more than any person's disturbing the peace of his *sinus* (Suet. 82, and see the note of Pitius); and, like the Egyptian ladies' curls, the ruling passion was strong in his death: he arranged his cloak as his last will and deed. Since even Cato and Virgil were laughed at for their awkward togas, no Englishman can pass for a great man in Spain unless his Spanish valet thinks so when he is cloaked, such is the prestige of broad cloth.

The better classes of Spaniards wear the better classes of cloth, while the lower continue to cover their aboriginal sheepskin with the aboriginal cloth. The fine wools of Spain (an ancient Merino sold in Strabo's time for a talent (iii. 213) produced a corresponding article of value, inasmuch that these *Hispanica coccinae* were the presents which the extravagant Chloe gave her lover (Mart. iv. 27). The poor were contented then, as now, with a thick double cloth, the "duplex pannus," the *paño basto* of poverty and patience (Hor. 'Ep.' i. xvii. 25), and it was always made from the brown undyed wool. There are always several black sheep in every Spanish flock; not to say cortes and juntas. Their undyed wools formed the exact *Laceaea Beticæ* (Mart. xiv. 133), and the best are still made at Grazalema. The cloth, from the brown colour, is called "*paño pardo,]* and is still the precise mixed red rusty tint for which Spain was renowned—"*ferrugine clarus Iberus;*" among the Goths the colour was simply called "Spanish;" our word drab, which is incorrectly used

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*Andalucia.*

**HOW TO WEAR THE CAPA:**

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as a colour, was originally taken from the French drap, cloth, which happened to be undyed. Drab is not more the colour of our footmen and Quakers, than "brown" is of Spain, whether man or mountain—*gente* or *Sierra Morena*. The Manchegans especially wear nothing but cloaks, jackets, and breeches of this stuff and colour, and well may their king call his royal seat "el pardo." Even their metaphors are tinted with it, and they call themselves the "browns," just as we call the Africans the blacks, or modern Minervas the blues: thus they will say of a shrewd peasant—Yorkshire—"Mas sabe con su gramatica parda que no el escribano;" he knows more with his brown grammar than the attorney. The phrase *gente morena* is often used as equivalent to the whole Spanish people, just as black is affixed to certain portions of our fellow-countrymen: it has, however, no moral secondary meaning, but is simply a fact, for here everything is austd and tawny, from man to his wife, his horse, his ox, or his ass. The *paño pardo* is very thick, not only to last longer, but because the cloak is the shield and buckler of quarrelsome people, who wrap it round the left arm. The assassins of Caesar did the same, when they rushed with their bloody daggers through frightened Rome (App. "B. C." ii. 818). The Spaniards in the streets, the moment the sharp click of the opened knife is heard, or their adversary stoops to pick up a stone, whisk their cloaks round their left arms with marvellous and most classical rapidity. Petronius Arbiter (c. 80) describes them to the life: "Intorto circum brachium pallio composui ad praetianum gradum." There is no end to Spanish proverbs on the cloak. They wear it in summer because it keeps out heat, in winter because it keeps out cold; *Por sol que haga, no dejes tu capa en casa*; the common trick upon a traveller is to steal his cloak. *Dal Andalus guarda tu capuz.* A cloak is equivalent to independence, *debajo mi manto, veo y canto;* I laugh in my sleeve; and, even if torn and tattered, it preserves virtue like that of San Martin: *debajo de una capa rota, hay buen bebidor*—there is many a good drinker under a bundle of rags.

The Spaniards as a people are remarkably well dressed; the lower orders retain their peculiar and picturesque costume; the better classes imitate the dress of an English gentleman, and come nearer to our ideas of that character than do most other foreigners. Their sedate lofty port gives that repose and quiet which is wanting to our mercurial neighbours. A genuine Spaniard is well dressed, and he knows it; but he is not always thinking about his coat, nor bewildered by his finery. The prevailing use of black and of cloaks is diametrically opposed to the rainbow tints of Parisian coxcombery. The Spaniard is proud of himself, not vain of his coat; he is cleanly in his person and consistent in his apparel; there is less of the "diamond pins in dirty shirts," as Walter Scott said of certain continental exquisites. Not that the genus dandy does not exist in Spain, but it is an exotic when in a coat. The real dandy is the "majo," in his half-Moorish jacket. The elegant, in a long-tailed "fraje," is a bad copy of a bad imitation; he is a London cockney, filtered through a Boulevard badaud. These harmless animals, these exquisite vegetables, are called *lechuginos*, which signifies both a sucking-pig and a small lettuce. The Andalucian dandies were called *paquetes*, because they used to import the last and correct thing from England by the packet-boat. Such are the changes, the ups and downs, of coats and countries. Now the Spaniards look to us for models, while our ancestors thought nothing came up to

"The refined traveller from Spain,
A man in all the world's new fashions planted!"

The variety of costumes which appears on the Spanish public alamedas renders the scene far gayer than that of our dull uniform walks, but the loss of the parti-
coloured monks will be long felt to the artist. The gentlemen in their capas mingle, the ladies in their mantillas, the white-kilted Valencian contrasts with the velveteen glittering Andalucian; the sable-clad priest with the soldier; the peasant with the muleteer: all meet on perfect equality, as in church, and all conduct themselves with equal decorum, good breeding, and propriety. Few Spaniards ever walk arm in arm, and still less do a Spanish lady and gentleman—scarcely even those whom the holy church has made one. There is no denial to which all classes and sexes of Spaniards will not cheerfully submit in order to preserve a respectable external appearance. This formed one of the most marked characteristics of the Iberians, who, in order to display magnificence on their backs, pinched their bellies. The ancient Deipnosophists, who preferred lining their ribs with good capons, rather than their coats with ermine, could not comprehend this habit (Athen. ii. 6); and the shifts and starvation endured by poor gentlemen, in order to gratify their boato, or love for external personal ostentation, by strutting about in rich clothes, form one of the leading subjects of wit in all their picareseque novels, for “silk and satins put out the kitchen fire,” says Poor Richard. Spaniards, even the wealthy, only really dress when they go out; when they come home, they return to a déshabillé which amounts to dowdiness. Those who are less affluent carefully put by their out-of-door costume, which consequently, as in the East, lasts for many years, and forms one reason, among many others, why mere fashions change so little: another reason why all Spaniards in public are so well dressed, is, that, unless they can appear as they think they ought, they do not go out at all. In the present universal and inconceivable wreck of private fortunes, many families remain at home during the whole day, thus retiring and presenting the smallest mark for evil fortune to peck at. They scarcely stir out for weeks and months; adversity produces a keener impatience of dishonour than was felt in better days, a more morbid susceptibility, an increased anxiety to withdraw from those places and that society where a former equality no longer be maintained. The recluses steal out at early dawn to the misa de Madrugada, the daybreak mass, which is expressly celebrated for the consolation of all who must labour for their bread, all who get up early and lie down late, and that palest and leanest form of poverty, which is ready to work but findeth none to employ. When the sad congregation have offered up their petition for relief, they return to cheerless homes, to brood in concealment over their fallen fortunes. At dusky nightfall they again creep, bat-like, out to breathe the air of heaven, and to meditate on new schemes for hiding the morrow’s distress.

ROUTE I.—ENGLAND TO CADIZ AND GIBRALTAR.

Those who wish to avoid passing through France may land at Vigo, and thence proceed to Madrid, through Galicia and Leon; or they may cross over to Havre and take the steamer to Bordeaux, and thence by the occasional coasting minor steamers to any of the Spanish ports in Biscay, the Asturias, or Galicia. La Coruña is a good and central point.

The better plan is to proceed direct to Cadiz, where the change of climate, scenery, men, and manners effected by a six days’ voyage is indeed remarkable. Quitting the British Channel, we soon enter the “sleepless Bay of Biscay,” where the stormy petrel is at home, and where the gigantic swell of the Atlantic is first checked by Spain’s iron-bound coast, the mountain breakwater of Europe. Here The Ocean will be seen in all its vast majesty and solitude: grand in the tempest-lashed storm, grand in the calm, when spread out as a mirror; and never more im-
pressive than at night, when the stars of heaven, free from earth-born mists, sparkle like diamonds over those "who go down to the sea in ships and behold the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." The land has disappeared, and man feels alike his weakness and his strength; a thin plank separates him from another element and world; yet he has laid his hand upon the billow, and mastered the ocean; he has made it the highway of commerce, and the binding link of nations.

The first point made is Cape Finisterre—finis terrae. (See Index.) Omitting Portugal as foreign to this book, the bluff cape of St. Vincent is usually the next land seen. The convent is perched on a beetling cliff. Behind, in the distance, rises the Montchique range.

El Cabo de San Vicente takes its name from one of the earliest Spanish saints; and as there is scarcely a city in the Peninsula without a church dedicated to him, in which he is carved and painted, he may be introduced at once to travellers. Vincentius, a native of Zaragoza, was put to death by Dacian, at Valencia, in 304. His body was cast on the sea-shore, to be consumed by wild beasts, when some crows descended from heaven and watched over it; thereupon Dacian ordered it to be sunk out at sea, but the corpse floated up, and was preserved by his disciples as a pearl of great price, inso- much that when their descendants fled from the Moors in the eighth century, they carried the body with them to this cape, where it again was guarded by crows, and from this a portion of the cliff is still called "El monte de los Cuer- vos." About the year 1147, Alonzo I. removed it to Lisbon; two of the crows, one at the prow and the other at the stern, piloting the ship. Hence the arms of the city of Lisbon, this ship with San Vicente at the mast, and the two crows aforesaid. The body was re-discovered in 1614, when magnificent festivals took place. The breed of the crows continued in the cathedral, and rents were assigned to the chapter for their support. Geddes saw many birds there, "descended from the original breed, living witnesses of the miracle, though no longer pilots" (Tracts, iii. 106). Pagan crows were also highly honoured: thus the soul of Aristeas went out in that shape, altars were erected, and the fact confirmed by the authority of the Delphic oracle (Herod. iv. 15). San Vicente, who worked infinite miracles, was a particular favourite among the Portuguese ladies, having given to an ill-favoured beata a cosmetic which converted her into a houri. The fair sex naturally flocked to an altar, which rivalled the youth-conferring fountains and the cup of Circe of the Pagans, and the enchanter's wand of the Arabian tales. The French ladies contended that they had the veritable body at Castres, near Toulouse, whereat the writers of the Peninsula are most indignant. (Consult for authentic details Morales, 'Coronica Gent.' x. 341; 'E. S.' viii. 179-231.) The legend is most ancient; indeed Prudentius, in the fourth century, put it into 576 verses. (Perist. v. 5.) This San Vicente must not be confounded with his namesake of Avila, nor with San Vicente Ferrer, of Valencia.

The headland which now bears his name has always been holy ground; the clever monks turned to account the superstitious associations; it was the Kouveov, the Cuneus of the ancients. Here was a circular Druidical temple, in which the Iberians believed that the gods assembled at night (Strabo, ii. 202); hence the Romans, whose priests knew the value of a prescriptive religio loci, called it Mons Sacer, a name still preserved in that of the neighbouring hamlet Sagres, which was founded in 1416 by Prince Henry of Portugal, who retired here to pursue those studies which led to the circumnavigation of Africa. Sagres was long considered the most western point of Europe, and to which, as the first meridian, all longitudes were referred.

These waters have witnessed three
British victories. Here Rodney, Jan. 16th, 1780, attacked the Spanish fleet, under Langara: he captured five and destroyed two men-of-war. Had the action taken place in the day, or had the weather been even moderate, "none," as he said in his dispatch, "would have escaped." Here Jervis, Feb. 14th, 1797, with fifteen small ships, gave battle to twenty-seven huge Spaniards, one of which carried 130, and six 112 guns; six of the Spaniards fled before a shot was fired, the remainder followed, having lost four ships. "The English rattled through it as if it had been a sport." By this battle Lisbon was saved from Godoy, the tool of France. Jervis was made an Earl, it had been a close battle. And now the summer had followed, having lost four ships.

On entering the Bay of Cadiz, the rock-built city, sparkling like a line of ivory palaces, rises on its headland from the dark blue sea. The landing when the sea is rough is inconvenient, and the sanitary precautions tedious. It is carrying a joke some lengths, when the yellow cadaverous Spanish health officers suspect and inspect the ruddy-faced Britons, who hang over the packet gangway, bursting from a plethora of beef and good condition: but fear of the plague is the bugbear of the South, and Spaniards are no more to be hurried than the Court of Chancery. The boatmen, who crowd to land passengers, rival in noise and rascality those of Naples. The common charge is a peseta per person; but they increase in their demands in proportion as the wind and waves arise: engage Medina, who is employed at the British consulate; this official connexion ensures attention.

The custom-house officers of Spain, Los Aduaneros, Los Reguardos, are a regular nuisance everywhere, both at seaports and inland towns; while they facilitate smuggling on a large scale, by acting as confederates with the contrabandistas who bribe them, they worry the honest traveller. Next to patience and good humour, the best security is the not bringing anything contraband, especially tobacco; a judicious admixture of courtesy with pesetas seldom however fails to quiet the itching palms of the Cerberi of the Dogana.

"Dumb dollars often in their silent kind, More than quick words do win a searcher's mind."

A Spanish aduanero as a genus may be defined to be a gentleman who pretends to examine baggage, in order to obtain money without the disgrace of begging, or the danger of robbing. They excuse themselves by necessity, which has no law; some allowance must be made for the capacity of bribes which characterises too many Spanish empleados; their regular sala-
ries, always inadequate, are generally in arrear, and they are forced to pay themselves by conniving at defrauding the government; this few scruple to do, as they know it to be an unjust one, and say that it can afford it; indeed, as all are offenders alike, the guilt of the offence is scarcely admitted. Where robbing and jobbing are the universal order of the day, one rogue keeps another in countenance, as one goitre does another in Switzerland. A man who does not feather his nest is not thought honest, but a fool; es preciso que cada uno coma de su oficio. It is necessary, say, a duty, as in the East, that all should live by their office; and as office is short and insecure, no time or means is neglected in making up a purse; thus poverty and their will alike and readily consent. The rich must not judge too hardly of the sad shifts, their stomachs and complex- money is necessary, nay, a purse; thus poverty and their will alike and readily consent. The rich must not judge too hardly of the sad shifts, their stomachs and complex-

The traveller, having cleared his luggage, passes under the dark Puerta de la Mar at once into the din and glare of a Spanish plaza. The best Inn is Wall's Posada Inglesa, Câ. S. serving; his usual charge is 35 reals per day. Ximenez is a good laquais de place, and one George Canston may be taken as a sort of courier or attendant in a tour through Spain. Wall has also a private house on the Alameda, which is delicious in summer but cold in winter. In the Câ. San Francisco is the Pâ. Francesca, or de Cuatro Naciones, or Riego, for names are every day changing in Spanish streets and things. This French inn is cheaper than the English, but it is very dirty. The table d'hôte, as far as food goes, is decent, but the company is often composed of French and German commis voyageurs, who do not travel in the truth or soap lines, and of others who are anything but the best society. Other inns are Caballo Blanco, No. 176, Câ. del Hondillo, and in the same street, No. 165, La Corona; Los tres Reyes, 183, Câ. Flamencos, and Miramons, Câ. de la Carne. The best of the private boarding-houses, Casas de pupilos, are Pâ. S. Agustin, No. 201, 2âo. Piso—at Las Sras. Sanguirico, Câ. del Vestuario—the Câ. del Conde Mâ.uli, Pâ. de Candalaria. None, however, going to make any lengthened stay should omit consulting Mr. Brackenbury, the consul, whose kindness and hospitality are hereditary and proverbial. His golden sherry deserves especial notice. The heavy consolate fees throughout Spain for signing passports, &c. are the fault of acts of Parliament, and in keeping with the passport exactions of the foreign-office in Downing Street, both of which are "too bad."

There are baths in the Câ. de la Corrâa del Morza and a new establishment, No. 9, Pâ. de Mina; for books go to Miraleda, late Hortal, 201, Pâ. S. Agustin. Ladies who want Mantillas may go either to Villalba, Câ. del Sacramento, or to Luis de la Orden, or á las Filipinas, Câ. Juan de Andas: the price varies from 3 to 300 dollars. For silver filigree, Sibello, Câ. S. Franco, and Câ. Ancha. Tailor, Jose de Arcos, Câ. Ancha. Milliners, La Urench, Sâ. de Ursula. For Spanish gloves, which are excellent, especially the white kid, at El Sol, and El Indio, Câ. Ancha. Ladies' shoes are very cheap and good, as the feet at Cadiz are not among the ugliest on earth: go to Gomez, Pâ. de la Constitución, or El Madrileño, Câ. Ancha. Gentleman's shoemakers, Bravo and Flores, and El Madrileño. Cadiz is famous for sweetmeats, or Dulces, of which Spaniards, and especially the women, as in the East, eat vast quantities, to the detriment of their stomachs and complex-
ions, but the Mazapanes and Turrones are worth the running some risk.

Cadiz is celebrated for its guitars. Those made by Juan Pajez and his son Josef rank with the violins and tenors of Straduarius and Amati; the best have a backboard of dark wood, called Pael Santi¿: they are now scarce and dear. Cadiz is famous also for its Esteras, or matings made of a flat reed, or junco, which grows near Lepe, which are used instead of carpets. They are very pretty, and worked in fanciful Oriental patterns; they are cheap, may be made to any design for six to eight reals the piece. The duty on entering England is trifling; they last long, and are very cool, clean, and pleasant, as a summer substitute for carpets. It is worth while to visit one of the manufactories and see the operatives squatted down, and working exactly as the Egyptians did 3000 years ago.

Cadiz, long called Cales by the English, although the oldest town in Europe, looks one of the newest and cleanest; the latter quality is the work of an Irishman, the Governor O'Reilly, who, about 1785, introduced an English system. It is well built, paved, and lighted. The Spaniards compare it to a taaxe de plata, a silver dish. It rises on a rocky peninsula, (shaped like a ham,) some ten to fifty feet above the sea, which girds it around, a narrow isthmus alone connecting the main land. Gaddir, in Punic, meant an enclosed place (Fest. Av. Or. Mar. 273.) It was founded by the Phoenicians 287 years before Carthage, 347 years before Rome, and 1100 B.C. (Arist. 3; De Mir. 134; Vel. Pat. i. 2. 6.) Gaddir was corrupted by the Greeks, who caught at sound, not sense, into Gadeira, quasi γάδεια, and by the Romans into Gades. The antiquities of Cadiz are collected in the 'Grandezas,' by Jose Suarez de Salazar, 4to., Cadiz, 1610; and again in the 'Emporio de el Orbe,' Geronimo de la Concepcion, folio, Amsterdam, 1690.

Gaddir was the end of the ancient world, the "ladder of the outer sea," the mart of the tin of England, and the amber of the Baltic. The Phoenaecians, jealous of their monopoly, permitted no stranger to pass beyond it, and self has ever since been the policy of Cadiz. Gaddir proved false to the Phoenicians when Carthage became powerful; and, again, when Rome rose in the ascendant, deserted Carthage in her turn, some Gaditanian refugees volunteering the treachery. (Livy, xxviii. 23.) Caesar, whose first office was a quastorship in Spain, saw, like the Duke (Disp. Feb. 27, 1810), the importance of this key of Andalucia. (Bell. C., ii. 17.) He strengthened it with works, and when Dictator gave imperial names to the city, "Julia Augusta Gaditana," and a fondness for fine epithets is still a characteristic of its townsfolk. Gades become enormously rich, by engrossing the salt-fish monopoly of Rome: its merchants were princes. Balbus rebuilt it with marble, setting an example even to Augustus.

Gades was the great lie and lion of antiquity; nothing was too absurd for the classical handbooks. It was their Venice, or Paris; the centre of sensual civilization, the purveyor of gastronomy, &c. Italy imported from it those improbae Gaditaneae, whose lascivious dances were of Oriental origin, and still exist in the Romalis of the Andalucian gipsies. The prosperity of Gades fell with that of Rome. The foundation of Constantinople dealt the first blow to both. Then came the Goths, who destroyed the city; and when Alonzo el Sabio—the learned, not wise—captured Kadis from the Moors, Sept. 14, 1262, its existence was almost doubted by the infallible Urban IV. As the discovery of the New World revived the prosperity of a place which alone can exist by commerce, so the loss of the Transatlantic colonies has been its ruin. Hence the constant struggle during the war, to expend on their recovery the means furnished by England for the defence of the Peninsula. Cadiz, in the war time, contained 100,000 souls; now the population is
under 56,000. It was made a free warehousing port in 1829; this was abolished in 1832, since which it is rapidly decaying. It cannot compete with Gibraltar and Malaga, while even the sherry trade is passing to the Puerto and San Lucar. For the ancient geography of Cadiz, and the temple of Hercules, the precise type of a Spanish convent, see 'Quar. Rev.' cxxvi. 1.

Cadiz has often been besieged. It was taken, in 1596, by Lord Essex, when Elizabeth repaid, with interest, the visit of the Spanish invincible armada. The expedition was so secretly planned, that none on board, save the chiefs, knew its destination. An officer, named Wm. Morgan, who having lived in Spain was aware of the bisoño condition of all the fortresses, advised an immediate attack, and on the land side. The garrison was utterly unprepared, and "wanting in everything at the critical moment;" the English got in through an unfinished portion of the defences. Antonio de Zuniga, the corregidor, was the first to run and fall to his prayers, when every one else followed their leader's example, to "the perpetual shame and infamy of the bragging Spaniards," says Marbeck, an eye-witness. They were true forefathers of the modern junta of Madrid.

The booty of the conquerors was enormous. Thirteen ships of war, and forty huge S. American galleons, were destroyed. Seville was nearly ruined, and an almost universal bankruptcy ensued, the first blow to falling Spain, and from which she never recovered. Essex wished to keep the town for ever, as a rallying point for the discontented and ill-used Moriscos; but the fleet and army wanted to get home, and realize their spoil. Essex, an English gentleman, behaved with singular mercy to the Spanish priests, and gallantry to the females. (See Southey, 'Naval History, Cab. Cycl.' iv. 39.)

Español scholar omitted to consult the sixth book of the 'Emporio,' which gives the most minute Spanish account, See also the quaint contemporary account of the 'Honorable Voyage to Cadiz,' in Hakluyt, i. 607.

Cadiz was again attacked by the English in 1628; the command was given to Lord Wimbleton, a grandson of the great Burleigh. This was a Walcheren expedition, ill-planned by the incompetent Buckingham, and mismanaged by the general, who, like the late Lord Chatham, proved that genius is not hereditary. The two services disagreed, and Lord Essex, who commanded the navy, contributed much to a failure in those very waters where his ancestor had achieved renown. Had the English landed at once, the city could not have resisted an hour. As the previous capture of Cadiz entailed the ruin of Philip II., now, this failure led to the fall of Buckingham and Charles I. The expense was enormous, and the public disgust unbounded. See the first sentence of Lord Clarendon's 'History of the Rebellion;' also consult 'Journal and Relation,' 4to., 1626, a curious tract put forth by Wimbleton himself.

Cadiz was long blockaded by Adm. Blake, who here, Sept. 19, 1656, captured two rich galleons and sunk eight others; their positions have recently been found out, and more money will soon be sunk, as at Vigo, in diving speculations. Blake's two prizes were worth 400,000l. but, like Rooke, he died richer only by 500l. : honour, not base lucre, was our true sailor's motto. Another English expedition failed in 1702. This, says Burnet, "was ill-projected and worse executed." Then, again, the two services under the Duke of Ormond and Sir George Rooke differed. The attack was foolishly delayed, and the Spaniards had time to recover their alarm, and organize resistance: for when the English fleet arrived in the bay, Cadiz was garrisoned by only 300 men, and must have been taken.
Cadiz in the recent war narrowly escaped, and from similar reasons. When the rout of Ocaña gave Andalucia to Soult, he turned aside to Seville to play the "conquering hero," laying, as usual, the blame on poor Joseph, a mere puppet. Alburquerque, by taking a short cut by Las Cabezas, had time to reach the Isla, and make a show of defence, which scared Victor, a man of no talent, and even then, had he pushed on, the city must have fallen; for everything was out of order, the fortifications being almost dismantled, and the troops "wanting in everything at the critical moment."

The bold front of Alburquerque saved the town. He soon after died in England, broken-hearted at the injustice and ingratitude of the Cadiz Junta, who resented his calling public attention to the total destitution in which his poor soldiers were left; see his 'Manifesto,' London, 1810. Previously to his timely arrival, the Junta, "posing on its own greatness," had taken no precautions, nay, had resisted the English engineers in their proposed defences, and had insulted us by unworthy suspicions, refusing to admit a British garrison, thus marring the Duke's plan of defending Andalucia. They despised him when they were safe: "Sed ubi periculum adventit invidia atque superbia post suerat" (Salust, 'B. C.' 24). Thereupon, Feb. 11, 1809, Gen. Spencer arrived from Gibraltar with 2000 men, and Cadiz was saved; the Duke simply remarking on withdrawing our troops after they had done the work, "it may be depended upon, that if Cadiz should ever again be in danger, our aid will be called for." (Disp. Nov. 11, 1813.)

The first step the grateful Cortes took was to meditate a law to prevent any foreign soldiers (meaning English) from ever being admitted into a Spanish fortress; and this after Cadiz, Cartagena, Tarifa, Alicant, Ceuta, &c. had been solely defended against the French by their assistance; and now Cadiz is the "Bastion where the finest troops in the world were baffled by Spanish valour alone." Mellado does not even mention the English; so it has always been and will be: Spain, at the critical moment, loves to fold her arms and allow others to drag her wheels out of the mire; she accepts their aid uncourteously, and as if she was thereby doing her allies an honour; she borrows their gold and uses their iron: and when she is delivered "repudiates;" her only payment is ingratitude; she draws not even on the "exchequer of the poor" for thanks, nay, she filches from her benefactors their good name, deck ing herself in their plumes. The memory of French injuries is less hateful than that of English benefits, which wounds her pride, as evincing her comparative inferiority. (See also p. 162.)

Cadiz, being the "end of the world," has always been made the last asylum of gasconading governments; they can run no further, because stopped by the sea: hither, after prating about Nanmantia, the Junta fled from Soult, in 1810, setting the example to their imitators in 1823. The Cortes of Madrid continued to chatter, and write impertinent notes to the allied sovereigns, until Angoulême crossed the Bidassoa; then they all took to their heels, ran to Cadiz, and then surrendered.

Thus this city, in 1810, resisted the mighty emperor, because defended by England; but in 1823, when left to their single-handed valour, succumbed with such precipitation that the conquest became inglorious even to the puny Bourbon; and had Canning only marched three British regiments into Portugal, the French, in the admission of Chateaubriand, the author of the expedition, never could have got to Cadiz.

Cadiz is soon seen; it is purely a commercial town. Mammon is now its Hercules; it has little fine art; les lettres de change y sont les belles lettres. It has small attraction to the scholar or gentleman; it is scarcely even the jocosa Gades of the past; poverty has damped the gaiety, and the society, being mercantile, has always been held
low by the uncommercial aristocracy and good company of Spain; where men only think and talk of dollars, conversation smells of the counting-house. Cadiz is now a shadow of the past; the lower orders have borrowed from foreigners many vices not common in the inland towns of temperate and decent Spain. Cadiz, as a residence, is dull: it is but a sea-prison; the water is bad, and the climate, during the Solano winds, detestable; this is their Scirocco; the mercury in the barometer rises six or seven degrees; the natives are driven almost mad, especially the women; the searching blast finds out everything that is wrong in the constitution. Cadiz also has been much visited by yellow fever—el vomito negro—imported from the Havana.

There are very few good pictures at Cadiz, the private collections described by Bory and Laborde, in the new edition of 1827, having been broken up before this last century; these compilers simply copied what Ponz observed fifty years ago. The best of Mr. Brackenbury's pictures have recently been sent to England. The new Museo contains some fifty or sixty second-rate paintings; among the best are, by Zurbaran, the S. Bruno—Eight Monks, figures smaller than life, from the Xerez Cartuja; two Angels ditto, and six smaller; the Four Evangelists, S. Lorenzo and the Baptist. After Murillo, there is a Virgen de la Faja, a copy, by Tobar; a S. Agustin, by L. Giordano; a S. Miguel and Evil Spirits, and the Guardian Angel. The pride of the Gaditanians is the Last Judgment, which, to use the criticism of Salvador Rosa on Michael Angelo, shows their lack of that article; it is a poor production, by some feeble imitator of Nicolas Poussin; during the war an amateur Lord, whose purse and brains were in an inverse ratio, offered a ridiculous sum for it, and hence the mercantile judges, thinking that it would always bring as much, estimate it outrageously.

Cadiz may be seen in a day; it is a garrison town, the see of a bishop suffragan to Seville. It has a fine new Pa. de Toros, and two theatres; in the larger, El Principal, operas are sometimes performed; in the smaller, el del Baton, Sainetes, farces, and the national Batines or dances, which never fail to rouse the most siestose audience. Ascend the Torre de la Viga, below lies the smokeless whitened city, with its miradores and azoteas, its look-out towers and flat roofs, its flags, flowers, and kite-flyings. The two cathedrals are near each other, and both are quite second-rate. The old one, La Vieja, was built in 1597, to replace that injured during the siege. Its want of dignity induced the city, in 1720, to commence a new one, La Nueva; plans were given by Vicente Acero, and so bad, even for that Churriqueresque period, that no one, in spite of many attempts, has been able to correct them. The work was left unfinished in 1769, and the funds, derived from a duty on American produce, appropriated by the commissioners to themselves. The hull remained, like a stranded wreck on a quicksand, in which the merchants' property was engulfed, and in 1832 it was used as a rope-walk. It has been completed by the present worthy Br. Domingo de Silos Moreno, chiefly at his own expense and to his immortal honour, during a time of civil war and almost sequestrations elsewhere. It is a heavy pile, with overcharged cornices and capitals, and bran-new bad pictures.

The sea-ramparts on this side are the most remarkable; here the rocks rise the highest, and the battering of the Atlantic is the greatest; the waters gain on the land; the maintenance of these protections is a constant source of expense and anxiety; here idlers, seated on the high wall, dispute with flocks of sea-birds for the salmoneta, the delicious red mullet. Their long angling-canes and patience are proverbial—la paciencia de un pescador de caña.

The suppressed convent of S. Fran-
Andalucia.

Cisco, which was made into a school, contains its garden of palms, and in the chapel the last work of Murillo, who fell here from the scaffolding, and died in consequence at Seville. It is the marriage of St. Catherine; portions were finished from his drawings by his pupil Fr. Meneses Osorio, who did not venture to touch what his master had done in the first lay of colours, de primera mano. The smaller subjects are by Meneses, and the difference is evident. Here also is a St. Francisco receiving the Stigmata, the finest picture in Cadiz, and in Murillo's best manner. These pictures were the gift of Juan Violeta, a Genoese, and a devotee to St. Catherine; but the chief benefactor of the convent was a French Jew, one Pierre Isaac, who, to conciliate the Inquisition, took the Virgin into partnership, and gave half his profits to her, or rather to the convent.

Following the sea-wall and turning to the right at the Puerta de la Caleta, in the distance the lighthouse of St. Sebastian rises about 172 feet above the rocky ledge, the barrier which saved Cadiz from the sea at the Lisbon earthquake in 1755. Next observe the huge yellow pile, the Casa de Misericordia, built by Torquato Cayon. This, being one of the best conducted refuges of the poor in Spain, deserves a visit; sometimes it contains 1000 inmates, of which 300 to 400 are children. The great encourager was O'Reilly, who, in 1788, for a time suppressed mendicity in Cadiz. He was turned out because he refused to job promotion for the gardes de corps; all his projects fell to the ground when a new Pacha ruled, y nuevo rey, nueva ley: but, as in the East, a worthy governor is, as Alexander of Russia said to M. de Staël, "a happy accident;" and all his "good intentions" and projected ameliorations depend on the brief uncertain tenure of his office or life. The Doric order prevails in the edifice. The court-yards, the patios of the interior, are noble. Here, Jan. 4, 1813, a ball was given by the grandees to "the Duke," fresh from his victory of Salamanca, by which alone the siege of Cadiz had been raised, and Andalucia saved.

Passing the artillery barracks and ill-supplied arsenal, we turn by the baluarte de Candelaria to the Alameda. This charming walk is provided with trees, benches, fountain, and a miserable statue of Hercules, the founder of Cadiz, and whose effigy, grappling with two lions, the city bears for arms, with the motto "Cadis fundator dominatorque." Every Spanish town has its public walk, the cheap pleasure of all classes (see p. 162). Tomar el fresco, to take the cool, is the joy of these southern latitudes. None but those who have lived in the tropics can estimate the delight of the sea-breeze which springs up after the scorching sun has sunk beneath the western wave. This sun and the tides were the marvels of Cadiz in olden times, and descanted on in the classical handbooks. Philosophers came here on purpose to feel the pulse of the mighty Atlantic, and their speculations are at least ingenious. Apollonius suspected that the waters were sucked in by submarine winds; Solinus by huge submarine animals. Artemidorus reported that the sun's disc increased a hundred fold, and that it set, like Falstaff in the Thames, with "an acrality of sinking, hot in the surge, like a horseshoe," or stridentem gurgite, according to Juvenal. The Spanish Goths imagined that the sun returned to the east by unknown subterraneous passages (S. Isid. 'Or.' iii. 51).

The prosaic march of intellect has settled the poetical and marvellous of ancient credulity and admiration; still, however, this is the spot for the modern philosopher to study the descendants of those "Gaditanos," who turned more ancient heads than even the sun. The "ladies of Cadiz," the theme of our old ballads, have retained all their former celebrity; they have cared neither for time nor tide. Observe, particularly in this Alameda,
the Gaditanian walk, *El piafar*, about which every one has heard so much: it has been distinguished by Mrs. Romer, a competent judge, from the "affected wriggle of the French women and the grenadier stride of the English, as a graceful swimming gait." The charm is that it is *natural*; and in being the true unsophisticated daughters of Eve and nature, the Spanish women have few rivals. They walk with the confidence, the power of balance, and the instantaneous finding the centre of gravity, of the chamois. It is done without effort, and is the result of a perfect organization: one would swear that they could dance by occasionally renders the ankles puffy.

Her will she reserves all her untidyness for her sort of royal husband and sweet domestic privacy. Brides—observers and stili more to be seen. Her cos-

**ROUTE I.—CADIZ.—LADIES' WALK AND FEET.**

The Spanish foot, female, which most travellers describe at length, is short, and with a high instep; the garganta or bosom is plump, not to say pinched or contracted. An incarceration in over-small and pointed shoes, *il faut souffrir pour être belle*, occasionally renders the ankles puffy; but, as among the Chinese, the correct foot-measure is conventional; and those who investigate affairs with line and rule will probably discover that these Gaditanas will sooner find out the exact length of his foot, than he of theirs. The Spaniards abhor the French foot, which the rest of mankind admire—they term it "*un pie seco,*" dry measure. They, like Ariosto, prefer "*il breve asciutto e ritolondo pede.*" Be that as it may, there can be no difference as to the stockings of the English, *medias calados*. They leave nothing to be desired, while the Spanish satin shoe, with ribbon sandals to match, and white kid glove deserve the most serious attention of all our lady-readers.

Formerly the Spanish foot female was sedulously concealed; the dresses were made very long, after the Oriental *παοηνς*, Talaris fashion; the least exposure was a disgrace; compare Jer. xiii. 22; Ezek. xvi. 25. Among the Spanish Goths, the shortening a lady's *basquüña* was the deadliest affront; the catastrophe of the Infantes of Lara turns upon this curtailment of Doña Lambra's *saya*. And it was contrary to court etiquette to allude even to the possibility of the Queens of Spain having legs: they were a sort of royal *αρτοια*, of the bird of Paradise species. The feet of the Virgin were never allowed to be painted.
by the Spanish Inquisition: so the Athenians strictly concealed those of their Lucina (Paus. i. 18. 5).

Those good old days are passed; and now the under-garments of the deniable antiquarian and present abort, they substitute a make-believe on this Alameda of Cadiz. The principal building, La Carmen, is of the worst churrigueroso: inside was buried Adm. Gravina, who commanded the Spanish fleet, and received his death-wound, at Trafalgar. Continuing to the east is the large Aduana or Custom-house, disproportioned indeed to the now falling commerce and scanty revenues: here Ferd. VII. was confined in 1823 by the constitutionalists. Thence pass to the Puerta del Mar, which for costume, colour, and grouping is the spot for an artist. Here will be seen every variety of Gaditana, from the mantilliad Señora to the brisk Muchacha in her gay pañuelo. The market is well supplied, and especially with fish. The ichthyophile should examine the curious varieties, which also struck the naturalists and gourmands of antiquity (Strabo, iii. 214).

The fish of the storm-ved Atlantic is superior to that of the languid Mediterranean. The best are the San Pedro, or John Dory, the Italian Janitore, so called because the fish which the Porter of Heaven is said to have caught with the tribute-money in its mouth; the sole, Lenguado; red mullet, Salmocho; prawns, Camarones; grey mullet, Baila; the horse-mackerel, Cavalla; skait, Raia; scuttle-fish, Bonito; whiting, Pescadilla; gurnet; Rubro; hake, Pescada, and others not to be found in English kitchens or dictionaries: e. g. the Jueve, the Savalo, and the Mero, which latter ranks among fish as the sheep among animals, en la tierra el carnero, en la mar el mero. But El dorado, the lunated gilt head, so called from its golden eyes and tints, if eaten with Tomata sauce, and lubricated with golden sherry, is a dish fit for a cardinal. The dog-fish, pintargo, is a delicacy of the omnivorous lower
classes, who eat every thing except toads. Here, as at Gibraltar, the monsters of the deep, in form and colour, blubbers, scuttle-fishes, and marine reptiles, pass description; *as triplex* indeed must have been about the stomach of the man who first greatly dared to dine on them.

In the rest of Cadiz there is little to be seen. It will be as well not to ask where is the statue of George III., voted in 1810 by the Cadiz cortes, and cited by José Canga Arguelles, in his reply to Col. Napier (i. 17), as evidence of national gratitude. The handsome street, *la calle ancha*, and in truth the only *broad* street, is the lounge of the city; here are all the best shops; the *casas consistoriales* and the new prison may be looked at. The chief square, long dedicated to *San Antonio*, is the site where Campana and Freire fired, March 20, 1820, on the unarmed populace, which they had assembled to hear the constitution proclaimed; they afterwards shifted the crime on their miserable subalterns, Gabarri, Capacete, and Reyes. The Cadiz mob on their parts—spawn of governmental wrongs—are good murderers of governors: thus, in 1808, they watered the tree of Independence with the blood of the *Afrancesado Solano*, and again in 1831 with that of Oliver y Hierro. This is but reaction, thus even-handed justice returns the poisoned chalice.

The Cortes of Cadiz sat during the war of independence in *San* Felipe Neri. Their debates ended Sept. 14, 1813, and are printed in 16 vols. 4to. *Diario de las Cortes*, Cadiz, 1811-12. This Spanish Harsard is rare, Ferd. VII. having ordered all the copies to be burnt by the hangman as a bonfire on the first birthday after his restoration, Oct. 14, 1814 (Mald. iii. 597). He had before, in his celebrated Valencian proclamation, simply referred to these volumes as sufficient evidence of misdemeanors on the part of the Cortes against the noble Spanish nation; and whoever will open only one, must admit that the pages are the greatest satire which any set of misrulers ever published on themselves. The best speech ever made there was by the Duke, who (admitted Dec. 30, 1812) spoke after his usual energetic, straightforward fashion. The President, in reply, omitting all mention whatever of English soldiers, assured his Grace that "If the Spanish lions drove the French over the Pyrenees, it would not be the first time that they had trampled in the dirt the lilies of France on the banks of the Seine." But this was the tone of every official *Empleado*. The curse of poor Spain are *Junta* gatherings, committees, that is, where things are either not done at all or done badly.

The members were perfectly insensible of the ludicrous disproportion of their inflated phraseology with facts; vast in promise, beggarly in performance, well might the performers be called *Vocales*, for theirs was *vox et preterea nihil*: an idiot's tale, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing, but mere *Palabras*, palaver, or "words, words, words," as Hamlet says; "a fine volley of words" instead of soldiers; "a fine *exchequer* of words" instead of cash.

Now hear the oracular Duke, who appears at once to have understood them, by the instinct of strong sense: "The leading people among them have invariably deceived the lower orders, and instead of making them acquainted with their real situation, and calling upon them to make the exertions and the sacrifices which were necessary *even for their defence*, they have amused them with idle stories of imaginary successes, with visionary plans of offensive operations, which those who offer them for consideration know they have no means of executing, and with the hopes of driving the French out of the Peninsula by some *unlooked-for good*" (Disp. May 11, 1810). "It is extraordinary that the revolution in Spain should *not have produced one man* with any knowledge of the real situation of his country; it really appears as if they
were all drunk, thinking and talking of any objects but Spain: how it is to end God knows!" (Disp. Nov. 1, 1812).
This, however, has long been the hard lot of this ill-fated country. The ancients remarked the same. Spain, "in tantâ seculorum serie," says Justin (xliv. 2), never produced one great general except Viriatus, and he was but a guerrillero, like the Cid, Mina, or Zumalacarreguy. The people, indeed, have honest hearts and vigorous arms, but, as in the Eastern fable, a head is wanting to the body. The many have been sacrificed to the few, and exposed to destitution in peace and to misfortune in war, because "left wanting in everything at the critical moment" by unworthy rulers, ever and only intent on their own selfish interests, to the injury of their fatherland and countrymen. Every day confirms the truth of the Duke's remark (Sept. 12, 1812): "I really believe that there is not a man in the country who is capable of comprehending, much less of conducting, any great concern."

The Bay of Cadiz.

An excursion should be made round the Bahía, with Medina, the boatman of the English consulate. This beautiful bay extends in circumference some ten leagues; and, in order to prevent repetition, the coast towns will now be described through which the diligences pass going to Seville.

The outer bay is rather exposed to the S.W., but the anchorage in the inner portion is excellent. Some dangerous rocks are scattered opposite the town, in the direction of Rota; these are called Las Puercas, the Sows—χοιράδες; for these porcine appellations are as common in Spanish nomenclature as among the ancients; and the hog-back is not a bad simile for many of such rocky formations. Rota lies on the opposite (west) side of the bay, and is distant about five miles across. Here the tent wine used for our sacraments is made: the Spanish name is tintilla de Rota, from tinto, red. Passing la Puntilla and the battery San Catalina, is the rising town El Puerto de San María, Port St. Mary, usually called el Puerto, the port (o-Porto): it is the Portus Menesthei (Le Min Asta, Portus Astre), a Punic word, which the Greeks, who caught at sound, not sense, connected with the Athenian Menesheus. Here the Guadalete enters the bay. The bar is dangerous. There is a constant communication with Cadiz by small steamers and carriages which make the land circuit. The Puerto is pleasant and well built, with a good boat-bridge over the river. Population, 18,000. In the Pa. de Toros was given the grand bullfight to the Duke, and described by Byron. The soil of the environs is very rich, and the water excellent; Cadiz is supplied with it. The best inns are the Pla. de Cruz de Malta; Las Rejas Verdes; La Paz.

Those going to Xerez will find good carriages at Narciso Milansos. A coche de collaras is charged eight dollars a day; four dollars to Xerez, and six if there and back again; six dollars to San Lucar, and ten if back again the same day. The price of a calesa varies from two, to two and a half dollars per day; to Xerez one dollar, and if back again thirty reals. A saddle-horse costs a dollar a day. Borricos, donkeys, are to be hired of Manuel Arriza. Juan Antonio Leyes is a good calesero. These sorts of prices may be taken approximately as prevailing in Spain. They are mentioned at starting; the traveller will soon understand them.

The Puerto is one of the three great towns of wine export, and vies with Xerez and San Lucar. The principal houses are French and English. The vicinity to Cadiz, the centre of exchange, is favourable to business. The road to Xerez is excellent for conveying down the wines, which are apt to be staved in the water-carriage of the Guadalete. Among the best houses may be named Duff Gordon, Mousley, Oldham, Burdon and Gray, Pico, Mora, Heald, Gorman and Co. Mr. Gorman is his own capataz, that is, taster and
Here, July 22, 1810, the wife of Retson, a sergeant of the 94th regiment, during the gallant defence of Sir A. Maclaine, displayed a valour equal to that of the Maid of Zaragoza, who was covered with medals and pensions by the Junta, painted by Wilkie, and praised by Byron, as became a heroine of Spanish gallantry, and romance. Mark the contrast. Mrs. Retson, equally courageous, supplied assistance to the dying and wounded, her young child in her arms, during the long day, amid the crash of bombs and death around. She was not even thanked; and when, in after years, a widow and poverty-stricken, she petitioned the War Office for a pittance, was rejected with a cold official negative, "want of funds." She took refuge in a Glasgow hospital, and gave (true to the last) her assistance to the sick and suffering. Matagorda was destroyed by Victor; a few fragments may be seen at very low water.

At the head of the Trocadero, and on an inner bay, is Puerto Real, founded in 1488 by Isabella, This was the head-quarters of Victor, who afterwards here destroyed 900 houses, and left the place a ruin. Opposite is the river or canal Santi or Saneti Petri, which divides the Isla from the main land. On the land bank is La Carraca, one of the chief naval arsenals of Spain. This was the station of the Carracas, the carracks, galleons, or heavy ships of burden: a word derived from the low Latin carricar, to load, quasi sea-carts. The Normans invaded these coasts of Spain in huge vessels called karakir (Moh. D. i. 382). This town, with the opposite one of S\textsuperscript{t} Carlos, was founded by Charles III. Previously to the Bourbon accession, Spain obtained her navies, ready equipped, from Flanders. Urged by the family contract, she warred with England. La Carraca, like El Ferrol and Cartagena, tells the result of quarrelling with her natural friend: they are emblems of
Spain, fallen, alas! from her pride of place, through the folly of her misrulers. Every thing speaks of a past magnificence—stat magni nominis umbra! A present silence and abomination of desolation contrast with the former bustle of this once-crowded dockyard, where were floated those noble three-deckers, Nelson's "old acquaintances." The navy of Spain in 1789 consisted of seventy-six line-of-battle ships and fifty-three of the former, two of which are serviceable, and to a few frigates, most of which are disarmed. Perhaps they are here and there building a paltry corvette, on the Irish principle that "a new button gives new life to an old coat." A few miserable artisans, hungry ill-paid officials, gaunt miscreant galley-slaves, loiter in a stagnation of pay amid the empty, dilapidated buildings, hides for hawks and rabbits. Whatever escaped the French, was seized by the Constitutionalists, and sold to the Jews of Gibraltar. Non-commercial Spain—Catalonia excepted—never was really a naval power. The Arab and Berber repugnance to the sea and the confinement of the ship still marks the Spaniard; and now the loss of her colonies has rendered it impossible for Spain to have a navy, which even Charles III. in vain attempted to force. In this part of the bay Mago moored his fleet, and Caesar his long galleys; here lay the "twelve apostles," the treasure-ships taken by Essex; here Drake "singed," as he said, "the King of Spain's whiskers;" here Ponz saw forty sail of the line prepared to invade and conquer England—St. Vincent and Trafalgar settled that; here, in June, 1808, five French ships of the line, runaways from Trafalgar under Rosily, surrendered nominally to the Spaniards, but Collingwood, by blockading Cadiz, had rendered escape impossible. The Santi Petri river is very deep, and is defended at its mouth by a rock-built castle, the water key of La Isla. It is the site of the celebrated temple of Hercules; and was called by the Moors "The district of idols." Those remains which the sea had spared were used up by the Spaniards as a quarry. Part of the foundations were seen in 1755, when the waters retired during the earthquake. For the curious rites of this pagan convent, see Quar. Rev. cxxvi. 283. The river is crossed by the Puente de Zuazo; so called from the alcaide Juan Sanchez de Zuazo, who restored it in the fifteenth century. It is of Roman foundation, and was constructed by Balbus as a bridge and an aqueduct. The water was brought to Cadiz from Tempus, near Xerez. Both were destroyed in 1262 by the Moors. The tower was built by Alonzo el Sabio. This bridge was the pons asinorum of the French, which the English never suffered them to cross. Here Victor set up his batteries, having invented a new mortar capable of throwing shells even into Cadiz, in order to frighten women, for, in a military point of view, the fire was a farce. Some of the bombs conveyed such billets-doux as this: "Dames de Cadix, attéiguent-elles?" The women replied in doggerel seguindihas: "Vayanse los Franceses en hora mala Que no son para ellos las Gaditanas; De las bombas que tiran los Gavachones, So hacen las Gaditanas tirabulosos!" The latter word means the thin strips of lead with which Spanish women paper up theircurls: gavachon is the increased form of gavacho, a word commonly applied to Frenchmen, and any thing but a compliment. (See Index.) The defeat of Marmont at Salamanca recoiled on Victor—abiti, excessit, evasit, erupit—but first, although the siege was virtually raised, he fired, by way of P. P. C. cards, a more than usual number of shells (Tor. xx.). Now the French failure is explained away by the old story, "inferior numbers." The allies, according to Belmas (i. 138), amounted to 30,000, of which 8000 were English "men in buckram," "Victor ayant à peine 20,000."
The secret of this patriotism was a dislike in the ill-supplied semi-Berber army to embark in the South American expedition to reinforce Morillo. Riego ended by being hanged; he was a pobrecito, who could raise not rule a storm; now he is a hero, and streets are called after his name.

Passing the Torregorda, the busy, dusty, crowded, narrow road La Calzada runs along the isthmus to Cadiz. It is still called el camino de Ercole; it was the via Heraclea of the Romans, and led to his temple: nor is the present road more Spanish; it was planned in 1785 by O'Reilly, an Irishman, and executed by Du Bourel, a Frenchman. They contemplated the restoration of the aqueduct, but O'Reilly's disgrace, for refusing to job the promotion of some gardes de corps, stopped all these schemes of amelioration, which, as in the East, too often perish with the hand which planned and fostered them.

A magnificent outwork, La Cortadura, cuts the isthmus. Now Cadiz is approached, amid heaps of filth, which replace the pleasant gardens demolished during the war; it is an Augean stable which no Spanish Heracles will cleanse. To the left of the land-gate, between the Aguada and San Jose, is the English burial-ground, acquired and planted by our good friend Mr. Brackenbury, father of the present consul, for the bodies of heretics, who formerly were buried in the sea-sands beyond high-water mark, for fear of corrupting the Cadiz Catholics. Now there is "smug lying" here, which is a comfort to all Protestants who contemplate dying at Cadiz. The city walls are very strong in themselves, but they may easily be scaled by brave men who land and attack them at once, as Essex did; for behind them nothing is ever in a state even of tolerable defence; so the easy victories gained by the French over the Spaniards were mainly owing to their dashing en avant charges. Cadiz is entered by the Pu. de Tierra.
Andalu~ia.

CADEZ TO GIBRALTAR, BY LOS BARRIOS AND TARIFA.

Miles.

Chiclana. 13
Va. de Vejer 16 29
Va. Taibilla 14 43
Va. Ojen 11 54
Los Barrios 9 63
Gibraltar 12 75

The safest and most expeditious mode is to go by steam, and the passage through the straits is splendid. The ride by land, for there is no carriage road the greater part of the way, has been accomplished by commercial messengers in 16 hours. The better plan is to leave Cadiz in the noon, sleep and the second at Tarifa. Those who divide the journey into two days, and halt first at Vejer, will only find there most wretched accommodations; from hence there are two routes, which we give approximately in miles—and such miles! The first route is the shortest. At the Va. de Ojen the road branches, and a track leads to Algeciras, 10 miles. The direct line, and that taken by express sent from Cadiz to Gibraltar, is a wild, dangerous ride, especially at the Trocha pass, which is infested with smugglers and charcoal-burners, who, on fit occasions, become rateros and robbers. The best route by far is—

Miles.

Chiclana 13
Va. de Vejer 16 29
Va. Taibilla 14 43
Tarifa 16 59
Algeciras 12 71
Gibraltar 9 60

Leaving Cadiz by the Pa. de Tierra, we ride along the causeway of Hercules, passing the Cortadura and Sn. Fernando, and leave the Isla at the bridge of Zuazo, already described. Chiclana is the landing, not watering, place of the Cadiz merchants, who, weary of their sea-prison, come here to enjoy the terra firma: yet, with all its gardens, it is a nasty place and full of foul open drains. Nevertheless it is the Botany Bay to which the Andalucian faculty transports those many patients whom they cannot cure: in compound fractures and chronic disorders, they prescribe bathing here, ass's milk, and a broth made of a long harmless snake, which abounds near Barroso. We have forgotten the generic name of this valuable reptile of Esculapius. The naturalist should take one alive, and compare him with the vipers which make such splendid pork in Estremadura (see Montanches).

From the hill of Sa. Ana is a good panorama; 3 L. off, sparkling on a hill where it cannot be hid, is Medina Sidonia, the city of Sidon, thought by some to be the site of the Phœnician Asidon, which others place near Alcalal de Gazules: it is not worth visiting, being a whitened sepulchre full of decay: and this may be predicated of many of these hill-fort towns, which, glittering in the bright sun, and picturesque in form and situation, appear in the enchantment-lending distance to be fairy residences: all this illusion is dispelled on entering into these dens of dirt, ruin, and poverty: there reality, which like a shadow follows all too highly-excited expectations, darkens the bright dream of poetical fancy.

Nothing can be more different than the aspect of Spanish villages in fine or in bad weather; as in the East, during wintry rains they are the acmes of mud and misery: let but the sun shine out, and all is gilded. It is the smile which lights up the habitually sad expression of a Spanish woman's face. Fortunately, in the south of Spain, fine weather is the rule, and not, as among ourselves, the exception. The blessed sun cheers poverty itself, and by its stimulating, exhilarating action on the system of man, enables him to buffet against the moral evils to which countries the most favoured by climate seem, as if it were from compensation, to be more exposed than those where the skies are dull, and the winds bleak and cold.

Medina Sidonia, Medinatu-Shidunah of the Moors, the "City of Sidon," gives
the ducal title to the descendants of Guzman el Bueno, to whom all lands lying between the Guadalete and Guadaira were granted for his defence of Tarifa. The city was one of the strongholds of the family. Here the fascinating Leonora de Guzman, mistress of the chivalrous Alonzo XI., and mother of Henry of Trastamara, fled from the vengeance of Alonzo’s widow and her cruel son Don Pedro. Here again Don Pedro, in 1361, imprisoned and put to death his ill-fated wife Blanche of Bourbon. She is the Mary Stuart of Spanish ballads—beautiful, and, like her, of suspected chastity: her cruel execution cost Pedro his life and crown, as it furnished to France an ostensible reason for invading Spain, and placing the anti-English Henry of Trastamara on the throne.

Leaving Chiclana, the track soon enters into wild aromatic pine-clad solitudes: to the r. rises the glorious knoll of Barrosa. When Soult, in 1811, left Seville to relieve Badajoz, an opportunity was offered, by attacking Victor in the flank, of raising the siege of Cadiz. Nothing could be worse executed: in February the expedition, consisting of 11,200 Spaniards, 4300 English and Portuguese, and 800 cavalry, were landed at the distant Tarifa. Don Manuel de la Peña, instead of resting at Conil, brought the English to the ground after 24 hours of intense toil and starvation. Graham, contrary to his orders, had, in an evil moment, ceded the command to this creature of intrigue, who had risen because favoured by the Duchess of Osuna, and was called even by the common people Dona Manuela; his brother was the Canon, employed by Joseph to tamper with the Cadiz Cortes. La Peña, a fool and a coward, on arriving near the enemy, skulked away towards the Santi Petri, only anxious to secure a retreat, and then, without assigning any reason, ordered Graham to descend from the Sierra del Puerco, the real key, to the Torre de Bermeja, distant nearly a league. The French, who saw the fatal error, made a splendid rush for this important height: but the gallant old Graham, although left alone in the plain with his feeble, starving band, and scarcely having time to form his lines, the rear rank fighting in front, instantly defied the divisions of Ruffin and Laval, commanded by Victor in person.

The French advanced in their usual gallant manner of impetuous attack, which few nations have been able to stand; but they were quietly waited for by our lines, who riddled the head of the column with a deadly fire, and then charged with the bayonet in the “old style”: an hour and a half settled the affair by a “sauve qui peut.” Such, however, has always been the character of theuria Francesa: “prima eorum prælia plus quam virorum, postrema minus quam fæminarum” (Livy, x. 28). Meanwhile, “No stroke in aid of the British was struck by a Spanish sabre that day” (Nap. xii. 2); but assistance from Spain arrives either slowly or never. Secorros de España tarde o nunca. This is a very favourite Spanish proverb; for the shrewd people revenge themselves by a refran on the culpable want of means and forethought of their incompetent rulers: Gonzalo de Cordova used to compare them to Su Telmo (see Tuy), who, like Castor and Pollux, never appears until the storm is over. Blessed is the man, said the Moorish general, who expects no aid, for then he will not be disappointed.

Graham remained master of the field. Victor, knowing that all was lost, fled, leaving two eagles behind him; he prepared to break up his lines and fall back on Seville. Thus, had La Peña, who had thousands of fresh troops, but moved one step, Barrosa would have been contemporaneous with Torres Vedras. Victor, when he saw that he was not followed, indited a bulletin, “how he had beaten back 8000 Englishmen.” The V. et C. (xx. 229) claim a more complete victory; Graham’s triple line, “with 3000 men in each,” was
cubuit by the French, who were "un contre deus," and "the loss of the eagles was solely owing to the accidental death of the ensigns."

Now as to the real truth of this engagement at Barrosa, what says the Duke (Disp., March 25, 1811), to whom Graham had thought it necessary to apologise for the rashness of attacking with his handful two entire French divisions: "I congratulate you and your brave troops on the signal victory which you gained on the 5th; I have no doubt whatever that their success would have had the effect of raising the siege of Cadiz, if the Spanish troops had made any effort to assist them. The conduct of the Spaniards throughout this expedition is precisely the same as I have ever observed it to be: they march the troops night and day without provisions or rest, and abusing everybody who proposes a moment's delay to afford either to the fatigued or famished soldiers; they reach the enemy in such a state as to be unable to make any exertion or execute any plan, even if any plan had been formed; they are totally incapable of any movement, and they stand to see their allies destroyed, and afterwards abuse them because they do not continue, unsupported, exertions to which human nature is not equal."

La Peña, safe in Cadiz, claimed the victory as his; and now the English are not even named by Minaño (iii. 89); while Maldonado (iii. 29) actually ascribes to our retreat the ultimate failure of the expedition. La Peña was decorated with the star of Carlos III.; and Ferd. VII., in 1815, created a new order for this brilliant Spanish victory, and Delincuente honrado.

The Cortes propounded to Graham a grandeeship, as a sop, which he scornfully refused. The title proposed was Duque del Cerro del Puerco (Duke of Pig's-hill); more euphonious among bacon-loving Spaniards than ourselves. A Pope was the first to reject a porcine name: Boca Porco (Pig's-mouth) was the patronymic of Sergius II., who, on his election, A.D. 844, changed it, from feeling that the oracles of infallibility could not be decorously grunted.

The real truth could not be concealed from the military sagacity of Buonaparte, who attributed the defeat to Sebastián (Belm. i. 518, 25), who, from a jealousy of Victor, failed to cooperate by attacking the allies in flank.

Barrosa was another of the many instances of the failures which the disunion of Buonaparte's marshals entailed on their arms. These rivals never would act cordially together: as the Duke observed when enclosing an intercepted letter from Marmont to Foy, "This shows how these gentry are going on; in fact, each marshal is the natural enemy of the king (Joseph) and of his neighbouring marshal" (Disp., Nov. 13, 1811); and see Foy's just remarks on their most unmilitary insubordination (i. 72).

The ride from Barrosa to Tarifa passes over uncultivated, unpeopled wastes. The country remains as it was left after the discomfite of the Moor, or as if man had not yet been created. To the r. is Conil, 3 L. from Chiclana, and 2 L. from Cape Trafalgar. It was built by Guzman el Bueno, and was famous for its tunny fisheries: May and June are the months when the fish return into the Atlantic from the Mediterranean. The almadraba, or catching, used to be a season of festivity. Formerly 70,000 were taken, now scarcely 4000; the Lisbon earthquake of 1755 having thrown up sands on the coast, by which the fish are driven into deeper water. The "atun escabechado," or pickled tunny, is the tarzguezas, the "Salsamenta," with which and dancing girls Gades supplied the Roman epicures. Archestratus, who made a gastronomic tour, thought the under fillet, the στόματαριον, to be the incarnation of the immortal gods. Near Conil much sulphur is found.

The long, low, sandy lines of Trafalgar (Promontorium Junonis, henceforward Nelsonis) now stretch towards
Trafalgar; the name is Moorish—Taraf-al-ghár, the promontory of the cave: this cape bore about 8 miles N.E. from those hallowed waters where Nelson sealed with his life-blood the empire of the sea. TRAFALGAR! "tanto nominis nullum par eulogium!" This is the spot on which to read Southey's masterpiece, the 'Life of Nelson.' Trafalgar, by leaving England no more hostile navies to conquer on the sea, forced her to turn to the land for an arena of victory. The spirit of the Black Prince and of Marlborough, of Wolfe and of Abercrombie, awoke, the sails were furled, and that infantry landed on the most western rocks of the Peninsula which marched in one triumphant course until it plaited its red flag on the walls of Paris. Nelson, Oct. 21, 1805, commanded 27 small ships of the line and only four frigates; the latter, "his eyes," were wanting; he had prayed for them from our wretched Admiralty in vain, as the Duke did afterwards. The enemy had 33 sail of the line, many three-deckers, and seven frigates. Nelson, as soon as they ventured out of Cadiz, considered them "his property;" he "bargained for 20 at least." He never regarded disparity of numbers, nor counted an enemy's fleet except when prizes after the battle; mientras mas Moros, mas ganancia. His plan was to break the long line of the foe with a short double line. Collingwood led one line most nobly into battle, and was the first in the glorious race. Nelson, full of admiration, led the second one, and engaged single-handed with many of the largest enemy's ships; he was wounded at a quarter before one, and died 30 minutes past four. He lived long enough to know that his triumph was complete, and the last sweet sounds his dying ears caught were the guns fired at the flying enemy. He died on board his beloved "Victory," and in the arms of its presiding tutelar: he had done his duty, and no more enemy-fleets remained to be annihilated. He was only 47 years old, "yet," says Southey, "he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done, nor ought he to be lamented who died so full of honours and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr, the most awful that of the martyred patriot, the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us not, indeed, his mantle of inspiration, but a name and example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England, a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and wise continue to live and to act after them."

Trafalgar "settled Boney" by sea, to use the Duke's phrase, when he afterwards did him that service by land; all his paper projects about "ships, colonies, and commerce," all his certainty of successfully invading England, all his fond dreams of making the Mediterranean a French lake (Foy, ii. 213), were blown to the winds; accordingly, he entirely omitted all allusion to Trafalgar in the French papers, as he afterwards did the Duke's victories in Spain. Thus Pompey never allowed his reverses in the Peninsula to be published (Hirt. 'B. H.' 18). Buonaparte received the news at Vienna which clouded le soleil d'Austerlitz with an English fog: his fury was unbounded. Five months afterwards he slightly alluded to this accidental disaster, ascribing it, as Philip II. falsely did the destruction of his invincible armada, not to English tars, but the elements; "Les tempêtes nous ont fait perdre quelques vaisseaux, après un combat imprévenant et engagé." But our sole unsubsidised allies, "les tempêtes," in real truth occasioned to us the loss of many captured ships: a storm arose after the victory, and the disabled conquerors and vanquished were buffeted on the merciless coast:
many of the prizes were destroyed. The dying orders of Nelson, “Anchor, Hardy! Anchor!” were disobeyed by Collingwood, whose first speech on assuming the command was, “Well! that is the last thing that I should have thought of.”

The country now becomes most lonely, unpeopled, and uncultivated; the rich soil, under a vivifying sun, is given up to the wild plant and insect: earth and air teem with life. There is a melancholy grandeur in these solitudes, where nature is busy at her mighty work of creation, heedless of the absence or presence of the larger insect man. Fejer—Bekke—a is a true specimen of a Moorish town, crumbling up a precipitous eminence. The miserable venta lies below, near the bridge over the Barbate. Here Quesada, in March, 1831, put down an abortive insurrection. Six hundred soldiers had been gained over at Cadiz by the emissaries of Tuirrios. Both parties were bisoños in the full force of the term, and played the game after the fashion of two bunglers at chess, where both, equally ignorant, make no good moves, and the one who makes the fewest bad ones wins. The rebels, being the worst off for everything which constitutes an army, yielded the first. Quesada’s bulletin was worthy of his namesake Don Quixote. The loss in the whole contest, on which for the moment the monarchy hung, was one killed, two wounded, and two bruised. A shower of crosses were bestowed on the conquering heroes. Such are the guerrillas, the truly “little wars” which Spaniards wage inter se; and they are the type of South American strategies, and resemble the wretched productions of some of the minor theatres, in which the vapouring of bad actors supplies the place of dramatic interest, and the plot is perpetually interrupted by scene-shifting, paltry coups de théâtre, and an occasional explosion of musketry and blue lights.

A mile inland is the Laguna de Janda. Near this lake, Taric, landing from Africa, April 30, 711, encountered Roderick, the last of the Goths. Here the battle commenced, July 19, which was decided July 26, on the Guadalete, near Xerez. Gayagos (Moh. D. i. 525) has cleared up these historical dates; while Paez (ii. 193), the teacher of Spanish youth, is uncertain whether the correct year be 811 or 814! This battle gave Spain to the Moslem; one secret of whose strength lay in the civil dissensions among the Goths, and the aid they obtained from the Jews, who were persecuted by the Gothic clergy. Tariq and Musa, the two victorious generals, received from the caliph of Damascus that reward which since has become a standing example to jealous Spanish rulers; they were recalled, disgraced, and died in obscurity. Such was the fate of Columbus, Cortes, the Great Captain, Spinola, and others who have conquered kingdoms for Spain.

At the Va. de Taibilla the track branches; that to the l. leads to the Trocha; while a picturesque gorge to the r. studded with fragments of former Moorish bridges and causeways, leads to the sea-shore. At the tower La Peña del Ciervo, the Highar Eggel of the Moors, the magnificent African coast opens. And here let the wearied traveller repose a moment and gaze on the magnificent panorama! Africa, no land of desert sand, rises abruptly out of the sea, in a tremendous jumble, and backed by the eternal snows of the lower Atlas range; two continents lie before us: we have reached the extremities of the ancient world; a narrow gulf divides the lands of knowledge, liberty, and civilization from the untrodden regions of barbarous ignorance, of slavery, danger, and mystery. Yon headland is Trafalgar. Tarifa juts out before us, and the plains of Salado, where the Cross triumphed over the Crescent. The white walls of Tangiers glitter on the opposite coast, resting, like a snow-wreath, on dark mountains: behind them lies the desert, the den of the wild beast and of wilder man. The separated continents stand...
aloof; they frowned sternly on each other with the cold injurious look of altered kindness. They were once united; "a dreary sea now flows between," and severs them for ever. A thousand ships hurry through, laden with the commerce of the world: every sail is strained to fly past those waters, deeper than ever plummet sounded, where neither sea nor land is friendly to the stranger. Beyond that point is the bay of Gibraltar, and on that grey rock, the object of a hundred fights, and bristling with twice ten hundred cannon, the red flag of England, on which the sun never sets, still braves the battle and the breeze. Far in the distance the blue Mediterranean stretches itself away like a sleeping lake. Europe and Africa recede gently from each other: coast, cape, and mountain, face, form, and nature, how alike; man, his laws, works, and creeds, how different and opposed!

It is geologically certain that the two continents were once united. Hercules (i.e. the Phoenicians) is said to have cut a canal between them, as is now contemplated at the isthmus of Panama. The Moors had a tradition that this was the work of Alexander the Great (Ishkhandar), and that he built a bridge across the opening: it was then very narrow, and has gradually widened until all further increase is stopped by the high lands on each side.—On these matters consult Pliny, 'N. H.' iii. 3, and the authorities cited in Quar. Rev. cxxvi. 293.

The Moors called this Estrecho, Bahr-z-zohak—i.e. the narrow sea; the Mediterranean they termed. Bahr-al-abiad, the white sea; the length of the straits from Cape Spartel to Ceuta in Africa, and from Trafalgar to Europa Point in Spain, is about 12 L. The W. entrance is about 8 L. across, the E. about 5 L.; the narrowest point is at Tarifa, being about 12 m. across. A constant current sets in from the Atlantic at the rate of 24 miles per hour, and is perceptible 150 miles down to the Cabo de Gata. It is scarcely possible to beat out in a N.W. wind. Some have supposed the existence of an under-current, to relieve the Mediterranean from this accession of water, in addition to all the rivers from the Ebro to the Nile. Dr. Halley, however, has calculated that the quantity evaporated and lapped up by the sun, is greater than the supply, and certainly the Mediterranean has receded on the E. coast of the Peninsula.

This littoral portion of Andalucia was inhabited by the Turduli, and more to the E. by the Pöni Bastuli.

Between La Peña del Ciervo and Tarifa lies a plain watered by the brackish Salado. Here Wallia, in 417, defeated the Vandali Silingi and drove them into Africa; here the chivalrous Alonzo XI. (Oct. 28, 1340) overthrew the united forces of Yusuf I., Abu-l-hajaj, King of Granada, and of Abul-hassan, King of Fez, who made a desperate and last attempt to re-invade or re-conquer Spain. This victory paved the way for the final triumph of the Cross, as the Moors never recovered the blow. The accounts of an eyewitness are worthy of Froissart (see Chron. de Alonzo XI., ch. 248, 254). Cannon, made at Damascus, were used in Europe for the first time here (Conde, iii. 133). According to Mariana (xvi. 7) 25,000 Spanish infantry and 14,000 horse defeated 400,000 Moors and 70,000 cavalry. The Christians only lost 20 men, the infidels 200,000: such bulletins, however, deserve no more credit than Livy's, or some "military romances" of our lively neighbours. These multitudes could never have been packed away in such a limited space, much less fed (compare Coudunga and Navas Tolosa). The Spaniards were unable to follow up the victory, being in want of every sinew of war.

TARIFA is the most Moorish town of Andalucia—that Berberia Cristiana. The posada, or poor café, is very indifferent. This ancient Punic city was called Josa, which Bochart (Can. i. 477) translates the "Passage;" an ap-
propriate name for this, the narrowest point: the Romans retained this significance in their Julia Traducta: the Moors called it after Tarif Ibn Malik, a Berber chief, who was the first to land in Spain, and quite a distinctification in their point: with a bears for, appropriate Sancho el Bravo took others declined, offered to hold this post once a frontier key of great importance. leaguered it, aided by the Infante Juan, gallant in fight. Like Calais, it was Moors called it after Tarif Ibn Malik; the Spanisli battlements: Alonzo motto, "Tarifeñas were the bulls, which used to be let loose in the streets, to the delight of the people at the windows, and horror of those who met the uncivil quadruped in the narrow lanes.

The crumbling walls of Tarifa might be battered with its oranges, which, although the smallest, are beyond comparison the sweetest in Spain, but defended by brave men, they have defied the ball and bomb. Soul, taught by Barrosa the importance of this landing-place, was anxious to take it. Gen. Campbell, in defiance of higher authorities, wisely determined to garrison it, and sent 1000 men of the 47th and 87th under Col. Skerrett: 600 Spaniards under Copons were added. Skerrett despaired, but Captain Charles Felix Smith of the engineers was skilful, and Colonel Gough of the 87th a resolute soldier. Victor and Laval, Dec. 20, 1811, invested the place with 10,000 men; between the 27th and 30th a practicable breach was made near the Retiro gate; then the Spaniards, who were ordered to be there to defend it, were not there (Nap. xii. 6); but Gough in a good hour came up with the 87th, and now with 500 men beat back 1800 picked Frenchmen in a manner "surpassing all praise." Gough has lived to conquer China and Gwalior. Victor, Victus as usual, retreated silently in the night, leaving behind all his artillery and stores. This great glory and that astounding failure were such as even the Duke had not ventured to calculate on: he had disapproved of the defence, because, although "we have a right to expect that our officers and troops will perform their duty on every occasion, we had no right to expect that comparatively a small number
would be able to hold Tarifa, com-
manded as it is at short distances, and
enfiladed in every direction, and un-
provided with artillery, and the walls
scarcely cannon-proof. The enemy,
however, retired with disgrace, infinitely
to the honour of the brave troops who
defended Tarifa" (Disp., Feb.1, 1812).
The vicinity of Trafalgar, and the re-
collection of Nelson's blue jackets,
urged every red coat to do that day
more than his duty. Now-a-days the
Tarifeños claim all the glory, nor do
the Paez Mellados and Co. even men-
tion the English: so Skerrett was
praised by Lord Liverpool, and Camp-
bell reprimanded; sic vos non vobis!
The English, however, not only de-
defended but repaired the breach. Their
masonry is good, and their inscription,
if not classical, at least tells the truth:
"Hanc partem muri a Gallis obsidentu-
tibus dirutnam, Britannii defensores con-
struxerunt, 1812." In 1823, when no
87th was left to assist these Tarifeños,
the French, under Angoulême, attacked
and took the place instantly.

The real strength of Tarifa consists
in the rocky island which projects into
the sea, and on which a fortress is
building. There is a good lighthouse,
135 ft. high, visible for 10 leagues, and
a small sheltered bay. This castle
commands the straits under some cir-
cumstances, when ships are obliged
to pass within the range of the bat-
teries, and vessels which do not hoist
colours are at once fired into. This
happens frequently with merchantmen,
and especially those coming from Gib-
ralta. Tarifa, indeed, is destined by
the Spaniards to counterbalance the
loss of the Rock. They fire even into
our men-of-war: thus, in Nov. 1830,
the "Windsor Castle," a 74, taking
home the 43rd, was hulled without
any previous notice. The "Windsor
Castle," like a lion yelped at by a cur,
did not condescend to sweep the Tarifa
castle from the face of the earth, yet
such is the only means of obtaining
redress, for England is nowhere dealt
with more contumeliously than by
Spain and Portugal, although saved by
her alone from being mere French pro-
vinces. The Duke, even while in the
act of delivering them, was entirely
without any influence (Disp., Sept. 5,
1813), and not "even treated as a
gentleman."

This fortress is being built out of
tax levied on persons and things
passing from Spain into Gibraltar:
thus the English are made to pay
for their own annoyance. Tarifa,
in war-time, swarmed with gun-
boats and privateers. "They," says
Southey, "inflicted greater loss on the
trade of Great Britain than all the
fleets of the enemy: they cut off ships
becalmed in these capricious waters.
Sir Charles Penrose abated the nu-
sance by arming some gun-boats at
Gibraltar; but Adm. Keats ordered
them to Cadiz, where they were not
wanted, and thousands of British pro-
erty sacrificed." The works are un-
finished, and the garrison is miserably
supplied with real means of defence.
The funds destined for the building and
supplies have to pass through Algeciras;
hence that command is the best thing
in Spain. Here discontented generals
and unpaid regiments are sent to "re-
fresh" themselves. The governor re-
ceives the Tarifa fund, and a little will
stick to his fingers; while all, from him
down to his orderly, do a handsome
business in facilitating the smuggling
which they are ostensibly sent to pre-
vent. Those who wish to examine
Guzman Castle, or to draw it, are ad-
vised to visit the Governor first and
obtain permission (see p. 9). Gibraltar,
from having been made the hot-bed of
revolutionists of all kinds, from Torrijos
downwards, has rendered every Spanish
garrison near it singularly sensitive:
thus the Phoenicians welcomed every
stranger who pried about the straits by
throwing him into the sea.

The ride from Tarifa to Algeciras,
over the mountain, is glorious: the
views are splendid. The wild forest,
through which the Guadalacalil boils
and leaps, is worthy of Salvator Rosa.
Andalucia.

Gibraltar, and its beautiful bay, is seen through the leafy vistas, and the bleeding branches of the stripped cork-trees, fringed with a most delicate fern; the grand Rock crouches like the British lion, the sentinel and master of the Mediterranean. Algeciras lies in a pleasant nook; this, the portus albus of the Romans, was the green island of the Moors, Jeziratu-I-Khadrá; an epithet still preserved in the name of the island opposite, La Isla Verde, called also de las Palomas. The king of Spain is also king of Algeciras; such was its former importance, being the Moors' key of Spain, as it now is that of the Spaniards to Ceuta. It was taken by the gallant Alonzo XI., March 24, 1344, after a siege of twenty months, at which Crusaders from all Christendom attended. It was the siege of the age, and forty years afterwards, Chaucer, describing a true knight, mentions his having been at "Algecir"—a Waterloo, a Trafalgar man. Our chivalrous Edward III., contemplated coming in person to assist Alonzo XI., a monarch after his own heart. The Chronica de Alonzo XI. gives the Froissart details, the gallant behaviour of the English under the Earls of Derby and Salisbury (Ch. 301), the selfish misconduct of the French under Gaston de Foix, at the critical moment (Ch. 311). The want of every thing in the Spanish camp was terrific. Alonzo destroyed the Moorish town and fortifications.

Modern Algeciras has risen like a Phoenix; it was rebuilt in 1760 by Charles III., to be a hornets'-nest against Gibraltar, and such it is, swarming with privateers in war-time, and with guarda costas or preventive-service cutters in peace. The town is well built; pop. about 16,000. There are two decent Posadas; the Union is the best. The handsome plaza has a fountain erected by Castaños, who was governor here in 1808, when the war of independence broke out. He, as usual, was without arms or money, and utterly unable to move, until the English merchants of Gibraltar advanced the means; he then marched to Bailleen, where the incapacity of Dupont thrust greatness on him. Algeciras has a plaza de toros and an Alameda. The artist will sketch Gibraltar from near the aqueduct, and Molino de San Bernardino.

It was off Algeciras, June 9, 1801, that the gallant Saumarez attacked the combined French and Spanish fleets under Linois, who, in 1804, was beaten off with his line-of-battle ships by Dance, and the East Indian merchants; the enemy consisted of ten sail, the English of six. The "Superb," a 74, commanded by Capt. Richard Keats, out-sailed the squadron, and alone engaged the foe, taking the "S. Antoine," a French 74, and burning the "Real Carlos" and "San Hermingildo," two Spanish three-deckers of 112 guns each. Keats had slipped between them, and then out again, leaving them in mistake from the darkness to fire at and destroy each other. There is very little intercommunication between Algeciras and Gibraltar; the former is the naval and military position from whence the latter is watched; and the foreigner's possession of Gibraltar rankles deeply, as well it may. Here are the head-quarters of Spanish preventive cutters, which prowl about the bay, and often cut out those smugglers who have not bribed them, even from under the guns of our batteries; some are now and then just sunk for the intrusion; but all this breeds bad blood, and mars, on the Spaniards' part, the entente cordiale. Those, however, about to linger in these localities, during summer, will find the cool stone houses of Algeciras infinitely better suited to the climate than the stuffy dwellings on the arid rock.

The distance between is merely a pleasant hour's ride or sail. The bay is about five miles across by sea, and about ten round by land. The coast road is intersected by the rivers Guadaranque and Palmones; on crossing the former is the eminence El Rocadillo, now a farm, and once Carteia—seges ubi Troja.
This was the Phoenician Melcarth, King's-town, the city of Hercules, the type, symbol, and personification of the navigation, colonization, and civilization of Tyre. Humboldt, however, reads in the Car the Iberian prefix of height. This was afterwards one of the few Greek settlements tolerated in Spain by their deadly rivals of Tyre. The Phoenicians called it Tartessus Heracleon. Here the long-lived Arganthonius ruled. Carteia was sacked by Scipio Africanus, and given (171 B.C.) to the illegitimate children of Roman soldiers by Spanish mothers. Here the younger Pompey fled, wounded, after the defeat of Munda, when the Carteians, his former partisans, at once proposed, giving him up to Caesar: they had had their reward; and the fisherman spreads his nets, the punishment of Tyre, on her false, fleeting, and perjured daughter. The remains of an amphitheatre exist, and part of the city may yet be traced. The Moors and Spaniards destroyed the ruins, working them up as a quarry in building San Roque and Algeciras. The coins found here are very beautiful. Mr. Kent, of the post-office at Gibraltar, has formed a quite a Carteian museum. Consult, for ancient authorities, Ukert (i. 2. 346), and "A Discourse on Carteia," John Conduit, 4to., London, 1719, and the excellent "Journey from Gibraltar to Malaga," Francis Carter, 2 vols., London, 1777.

From El Rocadillo to Gibraltar is about four miles. Strangers are obliged to pass through the Spanish lines; officers are allowed to go in and out along the sands. The whole ride from Tarifa took us about ten hours. For Gibraltar see R. xxi.

**ROUTE II.—CADIZ TO SEVILLE, BY STEAM.**

There are several ways of getting to Seville: first, and best, entirely by water, in the steamers up the Guadalquivir; secondly, entirely by land, by the diligence, through Xerez; and thirdly, by a combination of land and water. Both the routes are uninteresting, Xerez being the only place deserving of a halt and notice. Route A. by water. All the steamers are regularly advertised in the Cadiz newspapers. Those which ply to and from Seville have an office at 168, C.e. del Molino. There is a constant communication also to the Puerto: five reals en popa, the poop or best cabin, three reals en proa. After crossing La Bahia, the Guadalquivir is entered, near Cipiona Point. Here was the great Phoenician light-house called Cap Eon, the "Rock of the Sun." This the Greeks, who never condescended to learn the language of other people, "barbarians," converted into the Tower of Cepio, πορανως τυργος, the "Cæpionis Turris" of the Romans.

Those who wish to avoid the rounding this point by sea may cross over to the Puerto, and take a calesa to S.n. Luccear for 30 reals, and there rejoin the steamer. As the country between is wild and dangerous, an escolta, or escort, does or did convey the caravan of passengers. Their hour of starting should be learnt at the steamer office. The first step in Andalucia is a sample of the country. Recently some improvements have been made, but for years past the roads, ventas, dangers, and discomforts in this neighbourhood of rich towns were proverbial; and this in spite of the wine traffic, and the wants and wishes of the many foreign settlers and merchants. The native, like the Turk, despised them and their civilization alike.

The diligence reaches S.n. Luccear, having passed through the Isla and made the circuit of the bay, a route interesting only to crab-fanciers and salt-refiners. The country vegetation and climate are tropical. Between the Puerto and S.n. Luccear the traveller will remember the Oriental ploughings of Elijah, when he sees twenty and more yoke of oxen labouring in the same field (1 Kings xix. 19).

S.n. Luccear de Barrameda, Luciferi Fanum, rises amid a treeless, sandy,