facts. He imports bottles from England, while from the scarcity of barrels vast quantities of old wine are thrown away in good years of vintage, in order not to waste the new wine, which is placed in the then emptied casks. From the want of fuel in these treeless plains, the prunings of the vines often become a more valuable produce than their grapes. The vintage is carelessly conducted, for the wines are drunk by careless mortals, who take things just as they, the gods, provide them. Before the French invasion, a Dutchman, named Muller, had begun to improve the system, and better prices were obtained; whereupon the lower classes, in 1808, broke open his cellars, pillaged them, and nearly killed him because he made wine dearer (Schep. i. 300).

Valdepeñas wine, to be really enjoyed, must be drunk on the spot; the true vinologist should go down into one of the cuevas or cellars, and have a goblet of the ruby fluid drawn from the big-bellied Tinaja. The wine, when taken to distant places, is always adulterated; and at Madrid with a decoction of log-wood, which makes it almost poisonous, acting upon the nerves and muscular system. Valdepeñas is a heating wine; so, indeed, are most of those of Spain, and the natives when on a march, especially soldiers, prefer drinking anisado, a fiery brandy, flavoured with aniseed, of which, however, they are very fond. Valdepeñas is the wine of Madrid; it is rich, fruity, full-bodied, high-coloured, and will keep well, and improve for ten years. The best Botegas are those which belonged to Don Carlos, and those of the Marques de Sá Cruz, who has a mansion here. It is worth on the spot about 4l. the pipe; the land carriage is, however, expensive, and it is apt, when conveyed in skins, to be tapped and watered by the mufflers. Vino moro—that is, wine which has never been thus baptized—is proverbially popular: Valdepeñas sometimes goes wrong during the sea voyage; the best plan is to send up double quarter sherry casks, which then must be conveyed to Cadiz or Santander.

The town of Valdepeñas was sacked by the French, June 6, 1808, under Liger Bellair; eighty houses were burnt, and the unresisting unarmed population butchered in the cellars in drunken sport (Toreno, iv).

Valdepeñas lies about half way between Granada and Madrid; those who wish to go to Estremadura, will turn off to the r. through Saceruela. The geologist and botanist, proceeding to Seville, may make a riding detour, visiting Ciudad Real and Almaden (see p. 291), and thence to Cordova, avoiding thereby the uninteresting angle of Bailen and Andujar; the route will be found at p. 292.

After leaving Valdepeñas the misery of villages and villagers increases to Manzanares, a place of 9000 inhabitants. The men get browner and poorer, the women more ugly. Hemp is a luxury for shoes, and the rare stocking is made like that of Valencia, without feet, an emblem of the national purse open and containing nothing. The cloaked peasants grouped around their mud cabins seem to be statues of silence and poverty, yet the soil is fertile in corn and wine. At the Pa de Quesada, Don Quixote (quesada, lantern-jawed) was knighted, and Cervantes must have sketched the actual inn, and its still existing well. The water communicates with the Guadiana, the under-ground Mole of Spanish rivers. Indeed the ancient name Anas is derived from this "hide and seek" propensity; Hanas in the Punic, and Hanasa in the Arabic, signify "to appear and disappear." The Wadi-Anas, like the Guadalquivir, eats its dull way, through loamy banks; it rises in the swamps of Ruidera, and loses itself again 15 miles from its source, at Tomelloso; it reappears after flowing 7 L. underground at Daymiel. The small lakes which it throws up, are called Los ojos de la Guadiana, and the ground above is called the bridge.
This and the eyes lead to trivial witticisms, in regard to the dark glancing Manchegas and this bridge's superiority over the Pont Neuf at Paris. The disappearance is not sudden, as at the Rhone, which descends into a gulf. Here it is sucked up into unpicturesque marshes. Those who read in the word Anas, a duck, have thereon a poor epigram. "Ales et annis Anas, sociant cum nomine mores. Mergitur ales aqua, mergitur annis humo." Ducks certainly are not often drowned, and many doubt whether the Guadiana be thus buried.

Now we are in the heart of Don Quixote's country. El Toboso of Dulcinea lies to the right. The Puerto de Lapiche is a miserable village: "the pass" is placed between two olive-clad gentle slopes, with sundry groups of windmills, which being smaller than ours, are really not unlike giants at a distance; they are very numerous, for this is a country of much corn to grind, and little water-power. The crack-brained knight was puzzled by these mills; yet a century before, Cardan, the wise man of his age, describes one as if it had been a steam engine: "nor can I pass over in silence what is so wonderful, that before I saw it I could neither believe nor relate it without incurring the imputation of credulity; but a thirst for science overcomes bashfulness" (De Re Viv. Var. i. 10).

Four L. from Manzanares, to the right, is Argamasilla del Alba, in the prison of which Cervantes wrote Don Quixote. Near Fillarta the province of New Castile is entered, which here resembles La Mancha. Madridejos, pop. 7000, has a nice, cool, refreshing inn. The bread is exquisite, the water is bad, and the cheese, although renowned, not much better. It did very well for the Alforjas of honest, hungry Sancho, and his muleteer digestion. Tembleque, a cold, stony, wretched place, was sacked and burnt by the French in 1809. La Guardia rises on a ridge of rocks: it was once an out-post guard against the Moors. Here the traveller should remark the eras, the common Spanish and Oriental threshing-floors in the open air, and the driving the trillo over the corn, with horses, after a most Homeric fashion. The females look half Swiss, half Dutch, with their blue and green petticoats and handkerchiefs under their chins. For El Niño de la Guardia see Toledo. The miserable population, driven from their houses, which were gutted by the invaders, and which they are too poor to repair, burrow like rabbits in troglodyte excavations, whence they emerge to beg. Thence to Ocaña. In the plain between it and Los Barrios the Spaniards, Nov. 19, 1809, lost a most important battle: for the political antecedents and details see the whole volume of Lord Wellesley's Spanish Dispatches and the 5th of the Duke's:

The Junta of Seville, urged by those who sighed to get back to Madrid, and by others who wished to do without the English assistance, determined, in defiance of the Duke's warnings and entreaties, to assume the offensive. His letters in Nov. 1809, seem really to have been written after the events, and not before them, so truly did he prophesy certain disaster, the loss of Andalucia, and his own compulsory retreat into Portugal. The Junta prepared an army of 60,000 men, armed and equipped by England, and actually appointed governors of Madrid, so ignorant were they alike of their own real weakness and of their foe's strength. Command was given to one Juan Carlos de Areizaga, a man utterly ignorant of his profession, and wanting, which very few Spaniards are, even in personal courage; this incapable advanced from the defiles, giving out that the English were with him; and such fear thereupon prevailed at Madrid, where the report was believed, that the French thought at once of retreating without a fight. But Areizaga had neither capacity nor any fixed plan; had he advanced, Nov. 12th, he must have surprised and overwhelmed...
the handful of French at Aranjuez (Belmas, i. 99) wavering and incompetent, he lost precious time, and gave the means of collecting some troops; he then, Nov. 19, as if infatuated, risked a battle in the plain. Soult, knowing the moral effect of boldness, at once assumed the aggressive, and opened the ball by a splendid charge of cavalry, which his opponents could not resist; they wavered and became confused; in short, two hours sufficed for 25,000 French to put to indescribable rout 55,000 Spaniards, notwithstanding their individual bravery, good spirit, and eagerness to battle with the enemy; the members of the body were sound and strong, but a head was wanting, the one thing needful, alas, how often in the camps and cabinets of ill-fated Spain! And now in the precious moment winged with destinies, Areizaga placed himself on a belfry in Ocaña, a mute spectator of his own disgrace; he gave no directions whatever except to order his reserve, a body of 15,000 men, who had not fired a shot, to retreat. He and Freire then set the example of flight; nor did either even attempt to make a stand behind the impregnable rocks of Despeñaperros or Acalá la Real. Their unhappy troops, deserted by their chiefs, could but follow their leaders. Like a ruined mud cottage of Castile, they resolved into their component elements, dust to dust, and disbanded, most Orientally, "every man to his city, and every man to his own country" (1 Kings xxii. 36). Livy (xxix: 2) almost translates this phrase, "pulsi castris Hispani, aut qui ex praelio efligerant, sparsi primo per agros, deinde in suas quisque civitates redierunt." La Mancha was covered with runaways. Soult took 42 cannon, 26,000 prisoners, and killed 5000. The French loss barely reached 1600.

Buonaparte, who monopolised victory, and was jealous that it could be supposed in France that any one could do great things except himself (Foy, i. 159), passed slightly over Ocaña: Le Moniteur says, "Bory St. Vincent fit à peine mention de cette mémorable affaire, dont celui qui l'avait conduite en pu. comme César rendre compt en trois mots, veni, vidi, vici." Yet this victory was most important; it fixed Joseph on the tottering throne, it gave Granada to Sebastiani, Seville to Soult, and placed the treasures and supplies of rich Andalucia in the hands of the invaders. The Duke's plans were entirely frustrated by Ocaña and this campaign, of which the Junta only sent him notice on the 18th Nov., the day before the defeat, and against which he then prophetically protested: "Alas! that a cause which promised so well a few weeks ago should have been so completely lost by the ignorance, presumption, and mismanagement of those to whose direction it was confided." (Disp. Dec. 6. 1809). "Nothing would do but fighting great battles in plains, in which their defeat is as certain as is the commencement of the battle." Ferd. VII., a prisoner at Valencia, was mean or false enough, probably both, to write to congratulate Joseph on this victory (Schep. i. 69); while Areizaga, who lost it, instead of being cashiered, was presented by the Junta with a fine horse; and was afterwards made Captain General of Biscay by this very Ferd. in 1814.

Ocaña, to the scholar, offers a remarkable evidence of the unchanged character of Iberian warfare; here the want of skill and courage in the chief was the signal of misbehaviour in the soldier, and to this cause Polybius (i. 31) attributed many of the similar reverses of Spain's Carthaginian ancestors. Livy (xxviii. 16) ascribes their flights to the same reason, "deserti ab ducibus, pars transitione pars fugâ, dissipati per proximas civitates sunt." The Iberians never could withstand the steady Roman advance, *ovres µενεμαχοι* (App. 'B. H.' 478), still less if made by cavalry. They yielded to the *Procella equestris* of the Romans, as in our times to that of the French. Livy (xxxiv: 17) almost
describes Ocaña, in recording the victory of Manlius over the Andalucians. "Omnia Hispanorum maxime im-
belles habentur Turdetani (the Andalu-
cians), freti tamen multitudine suâ
obiam ierunt agmini Romano. Eques
inmissus turbavit extemplo aciem eor-
um. Pedestre praelium nullius ferme
certaminis fuit. Milites veteres, perites
hostium belligue, haud dubiam pugnam
fecerunt." See also Livy, xl. 40; but
it would be pedantry to multiply ex-
amples. The serried columns of the
highly disciplined Romans always
scared the loose skirmishing guerrillero
Iberians. Thus the Afghans, how-
ever brave, and the Kabyles, however
daring, have never been able to stand
before the organized handfuls of Eng-
lish and French soldiers. The very
aspect, says Seneca, himself a Spa-
niard, of a Roman legion was enough:
"Hispani antequam legio visetur ce-
dunt" (de Irâ, i. 11). So in the words
of Durosoir (L'Espagne, 21), "Partout
où les Espagnols ont eu à combattre les
Français en bataille rangée, ils ont à
peine donné à leurs ennemis le temps de
les vaincre; mais ils ont repris l’égalité,
et même la supériorité, dans la guerre
de partisans, out tout dépend de l’énergie
et de la présence d’esprit de chaque
individu."
This is a true and fair
remark (see Guerrillero, Index). The
reason has always been the same, and
is thus stated by the Duke, who in
vain urged the importance of a better
military organization: "I should feel
no anxiety about the result of our
operations, if the Spaniards were as
well disciplined as the soldiers of that
nation are brave" (Disp. May 23,
1811). Brave, indeed, they were, and
prodigal of their lives, always courting,
not avoiding, the unequal contest.
They were the victims of the sins of
their rulers, on whom be the blame.
See also Somosierra.

Ocaña was mercilessly sacked by
Soult, who then destroyed the precious
archives of the Ayuntamiento. The
posada de los Catalanes is good. This
is a place of much traffic, as the high
road to Valencia branches off to the
E. Ocaña is an uninteresting place,
with some dilapidated barracks. Po-
pulation 5000. The water, which is so
bad in La Mancha, is here delicious.
The fuente vieja, with its aqueduct,
has been attributed to the Romans.
The public lavadero is worth the artist’s
attention for picturesque groups.
Alonzo de Ercilla, the author of the
‘Araucana,’ the epic of Spanish lit-
erature, was buried in the convent of
Carmelitas Descalzas. His ashes were
scattered to the dust by the invaders.
Ercilla was a soldier, and soldiers have
been the best poets and novelists of the
Peninsula. At Ocaña the natural son
of Philip IV., Don Juan of Austria,
who played such a distinguished part
in the minority of Charles II., was
brought up. The natural children of
the Spanish kings never were allowed
to enter Madrid during their father’s
life, from the grandees disputing their
taking precedence over them.

Emerging through a rocky gorge of
volcanic hills, we reach Aranjuez (see
R. cit.), and on passing the palace,
with its huge Plaza de San Antonio,
the Tagus is crossed over by an iron
suspension bridge. Driving up the ver-
durous calle larga, the Jarama is next
passed by a noble stone bridge. After
ascending the Cuesta de la Reina,
the descent recommences, and the oasis
Aranjuez, with its green meadows, gar-
dens, nightingales, and watersprings,
disappears, while its remembrance be-
comes doubly delightful, from the
contrast with tawny nakedness.

The Hermitage and Telegraph of
Pinto is considered to be the central
point of the Peninsula. Soon Madrid
is perceived, rising on a broken emi-
nence out of an apparent plain. Only
a portion being seen, it looks small,
modern, and un-Spanish, from its low
domes and extinguisher-shapped spires.
Approaching the bed of the Manzanares
(if there be any water in it) the scene
improves. The dip is crossed by a
superb viaduct. The diligence usually
winds round the mean walls to the r,
enters the Puerta de Atocha, and then passes through the Prado and Co. de Alcalá; thus offering, for the first sight, the best promenade and finest street of the capital. For Madrid, see Sect. xi. 

**ROUTE VIII. A.—VALDEPEÑAS TO ALMADEN.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Distance</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Moral</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Almagro</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ciudad Real</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Al Corral de Caraquel</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cabezarrados</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>Abenójar</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saceruela</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Almaden</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The road to Ciudad Real is carriageable. It is in contemplation to improve the whole route to Almaden, and so on into Estremadura; but these things in Spain require time, where locomotion is unattended. At 1½ L. from Almagro, on the road to Almodóvar del Campo, is Granatula, the village in which Baldomero Espartero was born, in 1790. His father was an humble carretero. The son, destined to be a monk, began life as a poor student or sopero (see Salamanca); but when the war of independence broke out, he joined el batallon sagrado. In 1816 he volunteered to serve in S. America, and there was successful in play, the vice of that expedition. Having, it is said, won money of Canterac and other generals, with whom pay was in a case of stagnation, he was satisfied by promotion. He fought well during the campaign against Bolivia, for having lost which La Serna was made Conde de los Andes. This war was ended by the battle of Ayacucho, in Lower Peru, where Sucre (Dec. 8, 1825) completely defeated the royalists. A Cintra convention ensued, by which the beaten officers secured their safe transportation to Spain, and to new titles; hence the depreciatory apodo, or nickname, Los Ayacuchos, of which Cordova, Maroto, and Narvaez were among the stars. Ayacucho is an Indian word, and signifies the "plain of the dead," as it was the site of one of Almagro's and Pizarro's early butcheries of the poor aborigines, whose manes were now avenged by Spanish defeat. Espartero himself, we believe, was not present at this rout, having been previously sent home with some despatches. Having obtained the rank of a colonel, and being quartered at Logroño, he there married Doña Jacinta de la Cruz, a lady of birth and fortune. The Ayacuchos, companions in disgrace, clung afterwards together; the defeats by the Carlists of the blundering Valdes, Cordova, and Co., made way for Espartero to obtain command; his fortune was completed by the death of Zumalacarreguy, and the relief of Bilbao by the English, and he soon managed the Vergara convention with his brother Ayacucho Maroto. Thus he rose to be the Duke of Victory. Personally a brave and honest man, as an officer he was slow, ignorant, and vacillating; but as Regent he was well disposed to govern according to constitutional law. See also Albacete.

**Ciudad Real,** of all the backward inland capitals of Spain, is the most atrasado, and that is saying something: Popn. about 10,000. It is scarcely ever visited, and has scarcely any intercommunication with others; it is like a toad in a rock, alive, and that's all: the least bad inn is de las Morenas. This "royal city" is the fit capital for such a province: it was built by Alonzo el Sabio, and entitled Real by Juan II. in 1420; portions of the walls with towers remain. Before the final conquest of Granada it was, in fact, the frontier capital and seat of the Court of Chancery for the south. Here Ferd. and Isab. organised the Hermandad ostensibly, as a mounted brotherhood, or gendarmerie, to protect the roads, but in reality as the germ of a standing army to be employed in beating down their too independent aristocracy. Among the few objects at Ciudad Real, visit the noble pile of the hospital founded by Card. Lorenzana. The patroness of the city is La Virgen del Prado. The parish church has a fine single Gothic nave: the Retablo, with carving of the "Pas-
sion," by Giraldo de Merlo, 1616, is almost equal to Montañes.

Near Ciudad Real, on the 27th March, 1509, while Victor was routing Cuesta at Medellin, did Sebastiáni, with only 12,000 men, by one charge, put to instantaneous flight no less than 19,000 Spaniards, commanded by Urbina, Conde de Cartoajal. This incapable chief had marched and countermarched his ill equipped unhappy troops almost to death for forty-eight hours, and for no object (Toreno, viii.). In the moment of attack he lost his head, and one charge of a regiment of Dutch hussars decided the affair (see Ocaña). 1500 Spaniards were killed, 4000 taken prisoners. Cartoajal was the first to run away: then were lost all the English arms and stores provided for the defence of the Sierra Morena, but which became, in fact, so much assistance, as elsewhere, to the common enemy. Cartoajal, instead of being cashiered, was declared by the Cadiz regency to have deserved well of his country (Scheb. ii. 671).

From Ciudad Real the road to Almaden is practicable for carts; after leaving Saceruela it skirts the valley of Alcudia. For Almaden and the routes to Cordova and Badajoz, see p. 291.

Referring back to p. 310 and "the country" of Don Quixote, according to M. Montesquieu, the sayer of smart things, "this, the one and only good book of Spain, is employed in exposing the ridicule of all others." Certainly, for Don Quixote's sake, a vast tribe of sinners may be spared, which, to no loss of mankind, might be condemned to the fire of the Don's niece or the furnace of the inquisition of Ximenez; but it is quite a mistake to suppose that it was written to put down knighterrantry: that exponent of a peculiar age had passed with its age, and with it was gone the love for reading the ponderous folios of romance. Had Don Quixote been a mere parody or satire on them, both the conqueror and conqueror would long ago have been buried in the same grave and forgotten. Those, therefore, who say that Cervantes "laughed Spain's chivalry away," forget that it had expired at least a century before the birth of the writer. It is impossible not to see that it is "Cervantes loquitur" all through, and that the tale is made the vehicle for his own chivalrous temperament, for his philosophical comment on human life, his criticisms on manners, institutions, and literature. The actors in the narrative—the "Cura," for instance, and Don Quixote himself—are the mouthpiece of the author, as is the "Cautivo" who tells some of his real adventures when captive in Algiers. Don Quixote is a delineation of the former high-bred Spaniard, a hater of injustice and lover of virtue; he is a monomaniac; that one point, however, is not one which is unbecoming to a Castilian hidalgo, for although the sweet bells of his intellect are jangled and out of tune, he is always the gentleman, always generous, elevated, and beneficent: he gradually recovers his senses in the second part, when our feelings of pity and sympathy, always strong in his favour, increase. Cervantes probably did not intend or anticipate the spirit of ridicule which he excited against "the chivalrous;" accordingly the tone and character of his hero rise in the second part, when he is exposed to somewhat fewer rude and less personal misshaps.

The second part was produced in consequence of one Alonzo Fernandez de Avellanada having put forth a spurious continuation, which called up the indignant author, who has consigned the plagiarist to an unenviable immortality, transfixed by the banderillas of his wit. He now became so chary of his hero that he killed him, in order, as Addison said of Sir Roger de Coverley, that no one else might murder him; then, as he says with honest pride, "did Cid Hamet Ben Engeli lay down his pen and place it up so high that none since have ever been able to take it down." The "canting" name of Ben Engel, is
thought by Conde to shadow out in Arabic the Spanish word "Cervantes," the "son of the stag," *Ciervo*; the final *ex* being in Basque nomenclature equivalent to our son, Juan-Juanes, John-Johnson. The prefix, Ben-Ibn-Fare of themany, or Son, fils, and Eggel-Agl is a stag.

It is a mistake to consider Sancho Panza (*Paunch*) to be a vulgar clown; he is the homely, shrewd, natural, sanguine, self-deluding native of La Mancha. He may be compared with the grave-diggers in "Hamlet," or the *Δήμος* in Aristophanes. Notwithstanding his preferring his belly to honour, and his *bota* to truth, in spite of his constant eye to a place and government, and his truly Spanish reference to self and his own interests, we love him for the true affection which he bears to his master, for his Boswell-like admiration, which hopes everything, believes everything in spite of his hero's eccentricities, which he cannot help noticing and condemning.

And none who have ridden far and long with a single humble Spanish attendant, will think either his credulity or confidence in the least forced. The influence of the *master* spirit over the *man* is unbounded; nor is it any exaggeration to say that these squires end in believing their English "*amo*" to be irresistible and infallible, if not supernatural, although not perhaps owing to a very orthodox spiritual connexion. Hence the Spanish troops, composed of such materials, entertained, said the Duke (Disp. May 6, 1812), an opinion that our soldiers were invincible, and that it was only necessary for them to appear (like Santiago) to secure success. Their attachment becomes devotion, and they will follow their new master to the end of the world like a dog, leaving their own home, and kith and kin. Neither is the admirable and decorous conduct of Sancho, when made a governor, at all in variance with Spanish or Oriental usages. There the serf is the raw material for the Pasha and Regent. In Spain, as in the East, the veriest jack in office, armed with authority, becomes in his petty locality the representative of the absolute king; he suffices for the welfare of the many, or it may be their oppression, as the jaw-bone of an ass did in the hands of a Samson. Again, where rules of ceremonial manner, the forms of sitting down and getting up, are so well defined, and the bearing of the lower classes so naturally high bred, every one on his promotion falls into his place, without effort or uncertainty.

The spirit of wit which pervades Don Quixote is enhanced by the happy and original idea of bringing the sublime into a constant contact with the ridiculous; hence the never-failing charm of the conversations of master and man, *los graciosos razonamientos*, the well-compounded salad of practical, utilitarian, all-for-the-main-chance, common sense, with the most elevated abstract romance of chivalrous *μεγαλοπροφεσία*.* It is a perpetual conference between our House of Lords and the Congress of Washington; yet the opposition, however marked, is always natural. The Hidalgo, tall, spare, and punctilious, clad in armour and mounted on a steed worthy of the burden, is balanced by the short, round, fat and familiar squire, clad in his *paño pardo*, and straddling his ignoble *"ruco."* The master, always reasoning well and acting absurdly, is contrasted by the servant who, like Spaniards in general, sees clearly and distinctly what is brought closely to them, but with no wider grasp than their own petty profit and locality. Both, however, are always and equally serious, and intensely in earnest; the knight never losing sight of his high calling, the squire of his own eating, interest, and island, and, to make perfection perfect, both speaking Spanish, that magnificent and ceremonious idiom, and yet so capable of expressing the proverbial mother wit of the dramatic lower classes. This state-paper language of big promise, and beggarly, not to say
ridiculous, performance, has long been, and long will be, the natural and appropriate vernacular of juntas and generals, and the multitudinous Quixotes and Quesadas of the Peninsula.

This truth to Spanish nature, and its constant contrast of the sublime and the ridiculous, of grandeur and poverty, runs like a vein of gold throughout the whole novel. If real wit consist in bringing together things which have no apparent connexion, then all books must yield to this. The high is always being brought alongside the low by the master, and the low raised up to the high by the servant, by Don Quixote in ventas, and by Sanche among dukes and duchesses. The simple-spoken villager, thus transported into new society, delights mankind by his earnestness, his absence of all pretension to be saying good things, and his utter unconsciousness of the merriment which they produce. He never laughs at his own jokes, and therefore there is no standing him, and like Falstaff, he is not only droll himself, but the cause of wit in others. The happy idea of juxtaposition in this novel is one reason why all nations love it, for however ill-translated, there is no mistaking the rich racy wit of sayings, doings, and situations; from our delight in this well-conceived plot, and in our eagerness to get on with the story, and to the master and his man, we skim over the episodes, the beautiful descriptions, the rural and poetical disquisitions. Cervantes, like Shakspere, is honourably distinguished from his contemporaries, by an avoidance of those coarse, dirty, and indecent allusions, which were then so prevalent in the picareseque and fashionable literature; he felt that a want of decency was a want of sense. His moral is always high, he shuns and abhors the low,—edit profanum vulgus et arcet. With him repressed thought took refuge in light burlesque, in hidden irony, and side wind assaults. His critical taste led him equally to eschew the affected euphuisms of the day; his tact and judgment always kept his wit and ridicule in its proper place, while a rich air of poetry, and a dramatic delineation of character, which are breathed over the whole, show that he was not merely a writer of novels, but of tragedy almost reaching the epic. The delicate Spanish "Borracha" is, however, untranslatable; like Valdepeñas, it must be quaffed on the spot; the aroma is too fine for transportation. The proverbs of Sancho are comparatively misplaced out of Spain. To English ears they convey a sort of vulgarity, which they neither do, nor were intended to do, with Spaniards. Never let Don Quixote be out of our travellers' alforjas. Let this be one of the "little books" which Dr. Johnson said no man ought ever "not to have in his pocket." It is the best hand-book for La Mancha, moral and geographical: there is nothing in it imaginary except the hero's monomania; an Españolismo breathes in every page. It treats only of Spanish persons and things, and hence it is so popular in the Peninsula,—Españoles sobre todos. It is an inexhaustible fund for illustration; it is the best comment on Spaniards, who themselves form the most explanatory notes on the work, which reflects the form and pressure of them and their country.

One word on the different and the best editions of this Shakspere of Spain.* The works of Cervantes,

* Cervantes and Shakspere died nominally on the same day—Peilicier says, 23rd April, 1616; but it must always be remembered, in comparing Spanish dates with English, that dates apparently the same are not so in reality. The Gregorian calendar was adopted in Spain in 1582, in England in 1751. We must therefore make an allowance between the old style and the new style, and add to the English date, in order to obtain the true corresponding Spanish date previously to 1701, 10 days up to 1609, and 11 afterwards. Cervantes lived and died poor, Spain, ever ungrateful to those who serve her best, raised no monument to his memory. It is only the other day that she has given him a stone, to whom living she denied bread.
especially his capo d'opera 'Don Quixote,' have gone through many. Happy the man whose eye can glance on a goodly set of the earliest, worthily arrayed in fawn, olive, and tender-tinted old morocco, to wit the first edition of the second part, Juan de la Cuesta, Mad. 1605; the first edition of the same, as amended by the author, Juan de la Cuesta, Mad. 1608; the first edition of the second part, Juan de la Cuesta, Mad. 1615. Brunet, in his 'Manuel du libraire' (i. 370), and in his 'Nouvelles Recherches' (i. 295), gives a careful list of other editions; the finest, that "de lafo," was published for the Academy of Madrid, by Ibarra, 4 vols. fo. 1780, and no grand library should be without it. That of "Juan Anto. Pellicer," 6 vols. 8vo. Mad. 1798, contains many valuable notes. The last, and after all the best, is that of Don Diego Cen­menia, the author of the 'Memoirs of Queen Isabella,' 6 vols. 4to. Mad. 1833-39. The premature death of the editor prevented him from super­tending the publication of the last volumes.

Don Quixote has been translated into most languages; but England, whose practical genius anticipated this travestie of the knight­errant in the Sir Topaz of Chaucer,—England, the real nation for wit and genuine caricature, the land of Butler, Fielding, and Hogarth, has published more and more splendid translations of Don Quixote than all the rest of the continent. The most esteemed are those of Smollett, Jarvis, and Motteux; but the best, per­haps, is the earliest, that of Thomas Skelton, 1612-1620, which breathes the spirit of the age and quaint manners. It is, however, a pecado mortal—a heresy—to read Don Quixote except in his own Spanish. Such authors fix a language, as from the feeling that they cannot be adequately translated we learn the original. What idea can be formed of Shakspeare, when curled and powdered by Monsieur Ducis? Even Schiller and Schlegel, translating into a cognate idiom a cog­nate work, have often missed the charm, and turned English gold into German silver.

Cervantes, like Velazquez, was not merely a portrait-painter of the hidalgo, but a universal genius, although their great emphatic excellence has somewhat concealed their other productions: thus he was a poet—an author of comedy, tragedy, satire, and light novels. To him was granted that rarest gift of the Deity, invention, that spark of the Creator's own prerogative. The popularity of Don Quixote has eclipsed the other works of Cervantes, and his taste and style in the drama approached too nearly to the Greek theatre to succeed with Spaniards, whose Hispanolismo prefers the particular nature by which it is surrounded. His 'Numantia' and 'Trato de Arget' have been compared to the 'Persia' and 'Prometheus.' This Iberian Æschylus gave way before the rising sun of Lope de Vega; he retired, as Walter Scott did before Byron, to immortalize himself by his novels. Lope de Vega was also imitated by the elegant and poetical Calderon, and the soft harmonious Guillon de Castro. These three illustrious authors were as nearly contemporaries as Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides among the Greeks; Shakespere, Ben Jonson, and Ford among the English. They elevated their stage to the highest pitch of excellence, from whence it soon declined, for such is the condition of human greatness. The first edition of the theatrical works of Cervantes, 'Ocho Comedias y Ocho Entremeses,' was published at Mad. by the Viuda de Alonzo Martin, in 1615. It was republished at Mad. in 2 vols., 1749.

The amusing little satire in verse of Cervantes, 'El Viaje al Parnaso,' has not been sufficiently estimated out of Spain. The first edition is that of Alonzo Martin, Mad. 1614; Sancha republished it at Mad. in 1784.

The first and rare edition of his other novels, 'Novelas exemplares,' is that of Juan de Cuesta, Mad. 1613;
in default of which the collector must be contented with the Mad. edition of Sancha, 2 vols., 1783: 'Los trabajos de Persiles' were first published at Mad. in 1617.

One word now for honest Sancho Panza’s proverbs Refranes, which are peculiarly classical, Oriental, and Spanish. These ethical maxims Προμαχ, these wise saws and instances are in the mouth of every Solomon or Sancho of the Peninsula; they are the "re-frain," the chorus and burden of their song: they are the condensed wisdom of thousands, until the best are the pages of this book. These ethical maxims innumerable proverbs. The Duchess compares their song: they are the condensed refrain, seldom failed of making the bearers’ memories; hence this wit with this admixture of humour, truism, twaddle and common sense; a proverb well couched in short, Hudibrastic doggrel like sparks on the prepared mine of experience and knowledge of ages, when the wit of one man becomes the wisdom of thousands, until these Voces populi have really become Voces Dei. The constant use of a refrain gives the Spaniard his sententious, dogmatical admixture of humour, truism, twaddle and common sense; a proverb well introduced—magnas secat res: it is as decisive of an argument in Spain as a bet is in England. From being couched in short, Hudibrastic doggrel they are easily remembered, and fall like sparks on the prepared mine of the hearers’ memories; hence this shooting a discourse always is greeted with a smile from high or low: it is essential, national, and peculiar, like the pitch borracha to Spanish wines, and garlic in their stews; therefore we have seldom failed tolard our humble pages with this flavouring condiment. There are many printed collections: the best are the 'Refranes o proverbios en Romance,' by El Comendador Hernan Nuñez, fol. Salamanca, 1555, of which there is a modern edition, by Repulles, 3 vols. duo. Mad. 1804. He was the Greek "Comendador" to whom the Duchess compares Sancho and his innumerable proverbs. The 'Refranes,' 4to. Mad. 1675, by Juan Martinez Fortun, is an excellent collection, and traces many of them to a Latin and ancient origin. The Refranes in the Dictionary of the Academy were printed in an 8vo. at Barcelona in 1815.

Seville to Badajoz. There are two routes, and first for that by the mountain road.

ROUTE IX.—SEVILLE TO BADAJOZ. Aracena 18
Segura de Leon 6
Valencia 3
Zafra 3
Fe. del Maestre 3
Sa. Marta 2
Albuera 3
Badajoz 4

This must be ridden; for the first 24 L. see p. 287. At Valencia, 3 L. from Segura de Leon, is another fine castle. Passing Medina de las Torres we reach Zafra, placed under a denuded ridge to the I.: pop. about 6000. This most ancient city was the Segeda of the Iberians and Julia Restituta of the Romans: the posadas are very indiffer­ent. This town is full of buildings begun in better times and on a grand scale; they have either remained unfinished, or have been gutted and destroyed by the French under Drouet, in 1811.

The great lords of Zafra were the Figueroas, whose dukedom of Feria is now merged in that of the Medina Celi. Their shield, charged with canti­ng fig-leaves, was placed on all the edifices of the city, but were mostly defaced by the French republican soldiers. First visit the ducal Palacio, passing out by the handsome granite Puerta del Acebuche: this Gothic Al­cazar was erected, as an inscription over the portal states, by Lorenzo Suarez de Figueroa, in 1437. Near the porch is one of the curious primitive iron-ribbed cannon: there were many others here, which, as at Guadix, the invaders destroyed when they plundered the once curious armoury. The patio has been modernized in the Herrera style, and is handsome, with fine marbles, Ionic and Doric pillars, and a fountain. The interior has been gutted by the enemy, and changed by the stewards of the duke, who have from time to time, suited this once lordly dwelling to their base wants and tastes. The open arched galleries between the
huge towers of the Alcazar, command fine views over the environs.

Adjoining to the Alcazar is the unfinished convent of St. Marina, which was desecrated by the invaders. In the chapel observe the sepulchre of Margaret Harrington, daughter of Lord Exton, erected in 1601 by her cousin, the Duchess of Feria, also an Englishwoman; she was the Jane Dormer, the most trusted of Queen Mary's ladies of honour, and the wife of Philip II.'s ambassador in London at the important moment of Elizabeth's succession. Her body rests here, but she sent her heart to England. Her effigy kneels before a prie Dieu, with a mantle on her head; it was once painted, but has been whitewashed: her portrait was destroyed by the French.

Going out of the Puerta de Sevilla is a little alameda, with a delicious waterspring brought in on arches, and called La fuente del Duque. Among the fine unfinished Grceco-Romano buildings in Zafra, observe the magnificent marble Doric and Ionic patio of La Casa Grande, built by the Dazas Maldonados, and the fine colonnades, estén por acabar; notice also the Doric and Ionic brick tower of the Colegiata—queda por concluir.

Visit next the Sta. Clara, founded in 1428 (see date over portal), by the Figueroas; the invaders desecrated this convent and mutilated the recumbent figures of the founder and his wife, and a Roman statue in a toga and sandals: observe the effigy of Garcilazo de la Vega, killed before Granada in the presence of Enrique IV.; remark his singular bonnet. The French made this gallant knight's statue the butt of wanton outrage, with others of the Figueroa family; observe that without a head, called Doña Maria de Moya.

The road at Zafra diverges, and passes either to Merida, nine L., by dreary Almandralejo and arid Torre Mejía, or by the high road through Albuera.

This is the diligence-road, and is extremely uninteresting; it winds over the Sierra Morena chain. Few travellers are ever met with save the migratory caravans, which bring corn down from Salamanca and take back salt from Cadiz. Nothing can be more savage or nomade; the carts, oxen, men, and dogs are all on a par, but their nightly bivouacs by the sides of the roads, in the glens and underwood, are very picturesque. Ronquillo rejoices in having given birth to the famous Alcalde of Charles V., whose Draco process has passed into a proverb; it was he who hung up the Bishop of Zamora at Simancas; he convicted and executed all culprits—the old for what they had done, the young ones for what they would have done had they been spared and grown up.

Above Sta. Olalla is a ruined Moorish castle, whence enjoy a panorama of mountains. Soon we enter Estremadura (see Sect. vii.). Albuera, a miserable village, and a "glorious field of grief," owes its renown to the murderous conflict, May 16, 1811, between Soult and Beresford. Passing the bridge the town rises in front; the battle took place on the ridge to the l.; after Massena, instead of driving the English into the sea, as he boasted, was himself driven by them from Santarem, the Duke advanced on Estremadura to retake Badajoz; but his plans were marred, by Mahy's negligence in Galicia, which forced him to return and leave Badajoz to Beresford: how prophetic was his letter, dated the day before the battle, when far away, "I certainly feel every day more and more the difficulty of the situation in which I am placed; I am obliged to be
everywhere, and if absent from any operation something goes wrong." Here rapid expedition was everything; the fortress was to be pounced upon before the French could relieve it, yet Beresford's "unfortunate delay" gave Philippon, an active and first-rate officer, the governor, time to provision and strengthen the place, and enabled Soult to march from Seville to its relief. Blake and Castaflos, gluttons for fighting, then persuaded Beresford to risk a general action when nothing could be gained by a victory, for the siege was virtually raised, while a reverse would have entirely paralysed the Duke and neutralised the glories of Torres Vedras. Beresford had only about 7000 English, and although he knew the ground well, "occupied it," says Napier, "in such a manner as to render defeat almost certain." He was the only man in the army who did not see that the hill to the r. was his really vulnerable point; and to make bad worse, here he placed the Spaniards. Soult saw the blot, and attacked and drove them back without difficulty, and the "whole position was raked and commanded."

The natural thing now, as the Duke wrote the Duke, "is very large, but their want of discipline, and the impossibility of moving them under fire."

Of the 57th, "out of 1400 men 1050 were killed and wounded;" "the dead lay in their ranks, every man with a wound in the front." Their brave leader fell at their head cheering them on to the bayonet charge, which, as usual, settled the affair. "Then 1500 unwounded men, the remnant of 7000, stood," says Napier, "triumphant on the fatal hill." "This little battalion," says the Duke, "alone held its ground against all the French colonnes en masse." Soult in vain pushed on with the reserves under Werlé, who was killed, and his troops fled, throwing away their arms (V. et C. xx. 242): "Mais que pouvaient 5000 baionnettes contre un ennemi quatre fois plus nombreux;"—for thus 1600 men are converted into 20,000 men in buckram by one dash of the pen.

Beresford, who had actually ordered Halket to retreat, was saved, says Napier (xii. 6), by Sir H. Hardinge, who, on his own responsibility, brought up Cole and Abercrombie; others, however, and Beresford's dispatch assign this merit to Cole, who in fact was the superior officer.

Both armies bivouacked on the ground; and had Soult the next day, with his 15,000 Frenchmen, ventured to renew the attack against 1600 English, he must have succeeded; but awed by their bold front he retired, leaving nearly 1000 wounded to his repulsor's mercy. His army, even in the words of Belmas (i. 184), his own author, "se débanda dans le plus affreux désordre; le moral s'étirait fort affecté."

The Duke estimated Soult's losses at "from 8000 to 9000;" the French admit 2800. The English loss was 4158; the Spanish only 1365. "Our loss," wrote the Duke, "is very large, but we must expect loss whenever we engage the British troops with the Spaniards as allies. Their men are brave enough, but their want of discipline and power of manœuvring throw on us the great burden of the field." The Duke in public shielded Beresford, whose capabilities for drilling the Portuguese he justly appreciated.
"Another such a battle, however," wrote he privately, "would ruin us. I am working hard to set all to rights again." On the 21st he visited the field, and in a few weeks offered Soult another chance of another victory, which the Marshal, who knew that a better man was come in, politely declined. Soult also claimed the "complete victory" as his; and now his non-succès is ascribed to the numerical superiority of the English. Durosoir (Guide, 244) says 20,000 French fought against 45,000 English or Spaniards; Bory (Guide, 109) says 22,000 against 50,000, Soult's real forces amounting to 19,000 foot and 4000 horse; for the truth, read Napier (xii. 6), and his unanswerable and unanswerable answers to Beresford, vol. vi. and the Duke's 'Dispatches' (vol. vii.). The Portuguese also claim the fighting as theirs, "après la bataille d'Albuera," relates Schepeler, "j'entendis moi-même, un officier Portugais dire, 'Les Espagnols se sont battus comme des lions, les Portugais comme des serpents, mais les Anglais Niente Niente!' (not at all;) dit-il avec dédain;" and the Spaniard Blake, in his letter thanking the Regency for making him a captain-general for his services on this day, never even alluded to the English.
SECTION III.
RONDA AND GRANADA.

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SKELETON TOURS FOR RIDERS.

No. 1.
Ecija. Gibraltar.
Osuna. Malaga.
Ronda. Alhama.
Gaucin. Granada.

No. 2.
Granada. Almeria.
Padul. Adra.
Lanjaron. Motril.
Uijijah. Durcal.
Berja. Grdnada.

The best geological and botanical tours are the three last Routes. The early summer and autumnal months are the best periods for these excursions.

THE SERRANIA DE RONDA.

The jumble of mountains of which Ronda is the centre and capital, lies to the l. of the Guadalquivir's basin between the sea and the kingdom of Granada. The districts both of Ronda and Granada are an Alpine interchange of hill and valley; although only separated a few leagues from the plains of Seville and Malaga,
the difference of climate and geography is most striking; thus while the wheat harvests are over in the tierra caliente about the middle of May, the crops in the Vega of Granada are green in June. These mountains form the barrier which divides the central zone from the southern, and are a sort of off-shoot from the great Sierra Morena chain.

The roads, as might be expected, are steep and rugged; many are scarcely practicable even for mules. The Spaniards in olden times never wished to render their Seville frontier very accessible to the Moors, and now the fear of facilitating an invasion from Gibraltar prevents the bettering the communications, even where Spanish apathy and the Alpine nature would permit. The goat and smugglers continue to be the Macadams of the Serrania; and, however the Rondeños may resemble our Welsh mountaineers in Rebecca propensities, they have at least fewer turnpike grievances. The distances are given approximately, they are Alpine leagues. The inns and accommodations are no better than the roads, and suit the iron frames, and oil and garlic digestions of the smugglers and robbers, who delight, like the chamois, in hard fare and precipices. The traveller must attend to the provend or proband, as the great authority Captain Dalgetty would say: a caballero visiting these hungry localities should "victual himself with vivers" for three days at least, as there is no knowing when and where he may get a tolerable meal.

Ronda and Granada are like spiders placed in the middle of many tangled communications with other towns. Their snowy sierras are reservoirs for the Tierras calientes, and the fruits and vegetation in the fresh hills are those of Switzerland; thus to the botanist is offered a range from the hardiest lichen of the Alps, down to the orange and sugar-cane in the maritime strips. The artist and sportsman will revel in these wild districts; they can only be visited on horse or mule back. This serrania is best seen in the summer, for at other times either the cold is piercing, or the tremendous rains swell the torrents, which become impassable.

The natural strength of the country has from time immemorial suggested sites for strong "hill-forts," the type of which is clearly Oriental. The description of what these works of Phoenicians and Carthaginians were in the time of Caesar still holds good. "Oppidorum magna pars ejus provinciae montibus fere munita, et natura excellentiis locis est constituta, ut simul aditus ascensusque habeat difficiles; ita ab oppugnationibus natura loci distinetur, ut citivates Hispaniae non facile ab hostibus capiantur" (Hirt. 'B.H.' 8). Thus Astapa and others set the example to Gerona and Zaragoza, and during the war the French were continually baffled by these Highlander Guerrilleros, who, good shots behind rocks, offered more lead than gold. The enemy was very shy accordingly in attacking these honeycomb hives of Rondenian hornets, who waged a war to the knife, or that guerrilla or petty war, for which the character both of the country and the natives was equally well suited. The Ronda partisans rivalled those of the Basque provinces, Navarre, and Catalonia, but the same causes everywhere produce the same effects. The hardy, active Highlanders, bred in an intricate country, knew well how to defend their Roncesvalles passes, while the vicinity of Gibraltar filled the country with smugglers, raw materials for the bandit, latro factioso, and guerrillero.

The Ronda smugglers are some of the finest and most picturesque of their numerous tribe in Spain; their illegal pursuit is, in fact, the only real, active, and well organized system of the Peninsula. Mr. Macgregor, in his commercial report on Spain, London, 1843, calculates that 300,000 persons are directly and indirectly interested in this vocation. Everybody smuggles more or less; but thus alone are custom-house anomalies and blunders of Chancellors of the
Exchequer to be corrected; in this misgoverned land, the fiscal regulations are so ingeniously absurd, complicated and vexatious, that the honest legitimate merchant is as much hampered as the irregular trader is favoured; the operation of prohibitory and excessive duties on articles which people must, and therefore will have, is strikingly exemplified on all the frontiers of Spain, especially in Catalonia, Andalucia, and on the Portuguese line; in all these the fiscal scourge leads to breaches of the peace, injury to the fair dealer, and loss to the revenue; the enormous profits tempt the peasantry from honest occupations, and render those idle, predatory, and ferocious, who under a wiser system would remain virtuous and industrious; it is the curse of Spain and Spaniards; it fosters a body of reckless, active armed men, who know the country well, and are ready for any outbreak. They emerge, elements of disturbance, from their lairs, whenever the political horizon darkens, just as the stormy petrel comes forth from its hidden home to usher in the tempest. Smuggling habituates the already well-disposed Spaniard to a breach of law, to a defiance of constituted authority, and increases his previous natural and national non-estimation of and disrespect for legality.

A deep-rooted hatred to the restrictions of excise, which pinch the belly, is as natural to the heart of man, as a dislike to duties on dress is to the soul of woman; however stringent the laws they will be evaded, and in Spain this evasion is by no means thought to be a heinous crime; it is held at the worst to be only a conventional, not a moral offence, a malum prohibitum, not a malum per se; those who defraud the custom-house are only considered as attacking an administration by which the nation at large is robbed. The masses of the people in Spain go heart and soul with the smuggler, as they do in England with the poacher. They abet and shield a bold useful man who supplies them with a good article at a fair price. The villagers aid and assist him, nay, some of the mountain curates, whose flock are all in that line, scarcely deal with the offence even as a pecado venial, and readily absolve those who pay for a very little detergent holy water.

The Spanish smuggler, so far from feeling himself to be a criminal or degraded, enjoys in his country the brilliant reputation which attends daring personal adventure, among a people proud of individual prowess. He is the model of the popular sculptor and artist, and is the hero of the stage, its Macheath: he comes on dressed out in full Majo costume, with his retajo or blunderbuss in his hand, and sings the well-known Seguidilla: "Yo que soy contrabandista, yo ho!" to the delight of the old and young, from the Straits to the Bidasoa, tide-waiters not excepted. In his real character he is welcome in every village; he brings sugar and gossip for the curate, money and cigars for the attorney, ribands and cottons for the women. He is magnificently dressed, which has a great charm for all Moro-Iberian eyes, whose delight is Boato, or external ostentation. He is bold and resolute. "None but the brave deserve the fair." He is a good rider and shot, knows every inch of the intricate country, wood or water, hill or dale; he swears and smokes like a man, and displays, in short, all those daring, active, and independent personal energies which a debasing misgovernment has elsewhere too often neutralized.

The expensive preventive service of Resguardos, Carabineros, etc., which is every where established in order to put down the smuggler, in reality rather assists him, than otherwise. The empleados of all kinds receive a very small salary, and that is often ill-paid. It is impossible to resist the temptation of making in one evening more than a six months' pay: practically the custom-house officers receive their emoluments from the smuggler, who can readily obtain all the official documents, legal certificates, etc. on false returns; again
on the frontier, where armed parties are stationed to intercept smugglers, a free passage is bargained for with those very guards, who were placed there to prevent it: quis custodes custodiet? The commander, when duly bribed, pretends to receive information of smuggling in a distant quarter, withdraws his men, and thus leaves everything open for "running the cargo." These gentry, in fact, only worry inoffensive travellers, or, in a word, all who do not pay them hush money.

The traveller near Gibraltar will see plenty of the Rondóno Contrabandista, and a fine fellow he is: a cigar and a bota of wine open his heart at the Venta fire-side, and he likes and trusts an Englishman, not that he won't rob him if in want of cash.

SEVILLE TO GRANADA.

There are many ways of performing this journey; 1st, by steam to Cadiz and Malaga, and thence in the diligence; 2ndly, by riding across the wild country through Osuna; 3rdly, by going in the diligence to Cordova, and then riding over the mountains by Alcalá la Real; and 4thly, which perhaps is the best for ladies, by coach to Andújar, and then across to Jaén, or by the Madrid diligence up to Bailen, and thence taking the down diligence to Granada.

ROUTE XI.—SEVILLE TO GRANADA, BY OSUNA.

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<td>Alameda</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Va. de Archidona</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loja</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Va. de Cacín</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Granada</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>36</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

This can scarcely be called a road, it is, however, practicable for carriages during the summer; indeed roads are the great desiderata in Andalucía. This is the route taken by the galera or waggon, which performs the journey in six days; in England a railroad would run it in six hours. The posadas are very bad; attend to the provend; well-girt riders may do the journey in four days.

These districts, although the soil is fertile and the suns genial, have been abandoned by the Spaniard since the Moorish conquest. Corn plains have become dehesas, and the lair of the wolf and robber; those travelling with ladies should never venture on this route without a strong escort.

At Gandul is a Moorish castle, amid palms and orange-groves, after which a wide level leads to Arabal; Morón rises on its conical hill to the r. Osuna is a large town of 15,000 souls, and dominates over its fertile plain. The best posada is at the outside, coming from Seville; the apex of the triangular hill is crowned by a castle and the colegiata; the streets are straggling; the buildings are whitened with cal de Morón; the carnation pinks, which are imbedded in pots in the houses, are superb.

Osuna was called Gemina Urbanorum, because two legions, and both of Rome, happened to be quartered there at the same time. The Spanish annalists prefer deriving the name from Osuna, daughter of Hispan, who married Pyrrhus, a killer of bears; hence the arms of the city, a castle with two bears chained to a window. The early coins found here are numerous and curious (Florez, 'M.' ii. 625). Osuna was taken from the Moors in 1240; Philip II. granted it to Pedro Giron, whom François I. used to call Le bel Espagnol; for this noble family the Geryons, consult the 'Compendio de los Girones,' Jer. Gudiel, Alcalá, 1577. The Girones became its true patrons. Juan Tellez, in 1534, founded
the church, and his son, in 1549, the college; the students were bound particularly to defend the Immaculate Conception. Ascend to the castle; the panorama is extensive; the colegiata, a fine church, was converted by Soult into a citadel and magazine, for as in olden times Osuna is an important military position from its abundance of water (Hirt. B. H. 41). The French soldiers amused themselves with mutilating the terra cotta sacred subjects over the cinque cento portal, and with firing at the fine Crucifixion by Ribera, which was afterwards restored by Joaquin Cortes. There also are four gloomy pictures by Ribera, in the Retablo. The marbles of the pavement are fine; the enemy carried off more than five cwt. of ancient church plate; a gilt Cordovan cup has alone escaped. Visit the catacombs below. The Patio del Sepulcro is in Berrugaute taste. In the Sacristia is a Christ, by Morales. The vaults are supported by Moorish arches. The ancestors of the Girons lie in a labyrinth of sepulchral passages.

Leaving Osuna two short L are Aguas dulces, whose sweet waters create an oasis in these aromatic dehesas. Estepa lies to the left about two L. from Roda, on the road to EciJa; some traces of Astapa are yet visible on the hills of Camorilla and Camorillo. This guerrillero hill-fort rivalled Numantia, and when besieged by the Romans, 547 u. c., its inhabitants destroyed themselves, their wives and children, on a funeral pile rather than surrender (Livy, xxviii. 23). For the old coinage see Florez, ‘M.’ ii. 624.

Roda is, as its Arabic name Rauda implies, a garden of roses, roda; between Pedrera and Va. de Archerdon are the robber haunts, la Va. de Cobalea and El cortijo de Cerezar, where Jose Maria so long ruled; indeed this broken and intricate country is made for ladrones and beasts of prey; they have at no time in Spanish history been wanting here; the most celebrated was, perhaps, Omar Ibn Hafsun, who, like Viriatus, became “ex latrone Dux,” and for many years, in the ninth century, disputed dominion with even the califs of Cordova; he was a renegade Christian by origin.

Alameda lies amidst its oak woods or encinares on the brow of a hill; the shooting is excellent. Passing on to the r. in the plain is the salt lake of Antequera, which glitters like a mirror; the city and the Lovers’ Rock lie beyond (see p. 335).

A wild cross-road communicates between Antequera and Andujar, 19 L. through Benameji Cabra and Porcuna; and another equally cut-throat track runs from Antequera to EciJa, 12½ L. through La Roda.

After quitting the Va. de Archerdon we ascend the steep Puerto del Rey to Loja, which is, as its Arabic name implies, the “Guardian,” the advanced sentinel of the Vega of Granada; it is very picturesque. The castle towers from a rock in the middle of the town; below runs the Genil, crossed by a Moorish bridge, and beyond rises the Sierra Nevada, with its diadem of snow. There are two posadas; pop. 13,000.

Loja, being the key to Granada, was once of great importance. Ferd. and Isab. besieged it in 1488, and took it after thirty-four days, very much by the aid of the English archers under Lord Rivers. Mr. Irving, in his ‘Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada’ (which here should be read), gives a “romantic” account of this affair (ch. xxxix.). “Lord Rivers was the first to penetrate the suburbs, and was severely wounded. His majesty visited the tent of the English earl, and consoled him for the loss of his teeth by the consideration that he might otherwise have been deprived of them by natural decay; whereas the lack of them would now be esteemed a beauty rather than a defect, serving as a trophy of the glorious cause in which he had been engaged.” The earl replied that “he gave thanks to God and to the Holy Virgin for being thus honoured by a visit from
the most potent king in Christendom; that he accepted with all gratitude his gracious consolation for the loss he had sustained, though he held it little to lose two teeth in the service the God who had given him all.” How different is the historical account of an eye-witness, Peter Martyr, whose charming epistles none should fail to peruse in these localities (Lett. lxii. Elz. Ed.): “Ab orbe venit Britano juvenis, animo, genere, divitiis, et titulo poUens, miliarum patrio more arcubus et pharetris armatorum catervâ. Is post fortia testibus licuit exire, deportatur exanimis. Prioribus ictu saxi dentibus amissis. Cura exactissima vitam salutafum: Reginam ubi primum dens, possit, lepide respondit: placuit Regi solvâ domum, fenestellam se qua facilius quod intus Jateret inspici caverat, qua facilis quod intus lateret inspiri possit,” lepide respondit: placuit Regibus argute dictum, atque honestis illum muneriibus donatum ad natale solum in Britanniam remiserunt.”

Between Loja and Lachar are two wretched ventas: La del Pulgar might better be called de las Pulgas, from its host of vermin. Passing a mountain torrent is La Vâ. de Cacín, and then opens the celebrated Vega of Granada like the promised land.

SEVILLE TO GRANADA, BY CORDOVA.

Go in the diligence to Cordova; then hire horses and ride over the mountains. The roads are bad, the inns no better. Attend to the provend. The scenery is alpine and full of picturesque castles and localities, celebrated in Moro-Hispano foray.

ROUTE XII.—CORDOVA TO GRANADA.

St. Crucita . . . . . . . . 4
Castro del Río . . . . . 2½ . . 64
Baena . . . . . . . . . 2 . . . . . 83
Alcâld la real . . . . . 6 . . . . . 142
Puerto Lope . . . . . . 3 . . . . . 174
Pinos puente . . . . . 2 . . . . . 194
Granada . . . . . . . . 3 . . . . . 224

After passing over tiresome complaints and dehexas, ascending and descending, crossing and recrossing the Guadajoz, we reach Castro del Río, on an eminence, and hence, through wild districts studded with atalayas, to Baena, a ride of twelve hours.

This is one of the most considerable towns of these districts: pop. above 10,000. The Posada is bad. The town is built on a slope crowned with a castle, once the property of the great Captain. It has a good plaza and two churches. The site of the Roman town is still marked, and antiquities are constantly found and destroyed: in 1833 a sepulchre was discovered, said to be that of the families of Pompey and Gracchus.

The climate, water, and fruits are delicious: in the river Marbella is a sort of tench called here Arriguela, which the naturalist should examine and eat. The botany and mineralogy are also curious, and should be investigated. The arms of the town are
five Moors’ heads, which were cut off by five Spaniards, from Baena, after a desperate combat.

From Baena the direct road runs to Antequera, 12 L.; through Cabra (Zagabrum, Agabra, Punicé a fort) 3 L., which is a rich agricultural town. Pop. above 12,000. It once was a see: the tortuous town is built under two hills, the Plaza, although irregular, is striking, and the streets on the level are handsome and cleansed with running water; there is a curious old stone used for the font in San Juan. The town is surrounded with gardens, which produce excellent fruits and vegetables, from the abundance of water. The wines made in the Pago de Rio frio vie with those of Montilla. The geologist should examine an extinct crater at Los Hoyones, and the curious cave de Jarcas. Lucena, Elizada, is another of these large towns which no one visits. Pop. under 19,000.

Like Cabra, it also is placed under two hills, with the best built streets on the level; it abounds in fruits of a rich well irrigated soil under a glorious sun. The apricots are renowned. Here, April 21st, 1483, the Conde de Cabra took Boabdil, El Rey chico de Granada, a prisoner. Three L. on is Benamegi, near the Xenil, a town of bandit and robber ill-fame. Hence, by dehesas and despoblados, 4 L. to Antequera (see R. xix.).

Continuing R. xii. and leaving Baena, although it is only 24 miles to Alcalá la real, it is a seven hours’ ride. The picturesque town, with its bold towers, rises on a conical hill: the streets are steep, the Alameda is charming, and the Posada iniquitous. This was once the stronghold of the Alcaide Ibn Zaid: being taken, in 1340, by Alonzo XI. in person, it obtained the epithet Real. The beacon tower La Mota was erected by the Conde de Tendilla, the first governor of the Alhambra. Here, Jan. 28th, 1810, Sebastián came up with the runaways from Ocaña and again routed Areizaga and Freire, who fled to Murcia, abandoning guns, baggage, and everything. A mountain defile to the l. leads to Jaen.

Passing onwards through strong defiles, where Freire, however, made no stand, Iltora lies to the r., on a hill. Soon the glorious Sierra Nevada is seen through an opening in the hills; and, after passing the Venta del Puerto, the Vega expands to the view. It was on the bridge of Pinos, which is soon crossed, that Columbus was stopped, in Feb. 1492, by a messenger from Isabella, who informed him that she would espouse his scheme of discovery. He had retired in disgust at the delays and disappointments which he had met with in the court of the cold cautious Ferdinand. Isabella, urged by the good prior of Palos, at last came forward. Thus Columbus was recalled, and she was rewarded with a new world. It was in the very nick of time, and even then he hesitated to replunge into the heart-sickening intrigues. Had he proceeded on his journey to our Henry VII., that sagacious monarch, ever alive to maritime expeditions, would have listened to his scheme and S. America would have been English and Protestant: on such trifles do the destinies of nations turn.

The wooded Soto de Roma, the Duke of Wellington’s estate, lies to the r.; to the left is the hill of Elvira (see post), one of the advanced guards of Granada.

ROUTE XIII.—SEVILLE TO GRANADA BY JAEN.

Go in the diligence to Andújar (see R. viii.), and thence by a bad but carriageable road to Jaen, 6 L.; or go on to Bailén, and then take the down diligence to Jaen, 6 L. The Guadalquivir is passed at the dangerous and inconvenient ferry of Mengibar. Both these routes are uninteresting, and often robber-infested, being carried over treeless plains, cold and wind-blown in winter, calcined and dusty in summer. The road from Jaen to Bailen was commenced in 1831.
Moors, as they were expelled from other parts, flocked as their last refuge.

Jaen is a bishopric conjointly with Baeza. The cathedral is built after the style of its metropolitan at Granada and Malaga. The old Mosque was pulled down in 1492, and in 1525 Pedro de Valdelvira introduced the Greco-Romano style; the plan is noble and regular. There are four entrances: the W. façade stands between two fine towers; the Corinthian interior is all glare, whitewash, and looks quite like a Pagan temple.

The Sacristia is elegant: the grand relic is La Santa Faz, El Santo Sudario, or, as it is commonly called, El Santo Rostro, the Holy Face of our Saviour, as impressed on the handkerchief of Sæ Venonica—(verum icon, the true portrait) which, like a copperplate, has given off so many copies for true believers. It belonged to St. Ferdi., and is carved all over Jaen. It is copied also in small silver medallions nielllos, in black and white, which are worn by the peasants and robbers as amulets.

Jaen, indeed, is a modern Tripoli, the to tou theou prosopon of the ancients. The relic is shown to great personages privately, and to the public on grand festivals; the peasantry rely upon it in all calamities, yet it could not save them from the French, who reasoned like Dante's Devil in the "Inferno" (xxi. 48). "Qui non ha luogo il Santo Rostro," for Lucca boasts a duplicate, called "Il Volto Santo." Those curious as to their authenticity may consult Discursos de las Efigies y verdaderos retratos non manufactur del Santo Rostro," Fru. Villanueva, fo. 1637.

Visit the Alameda with its alpine view; walk through the tortuous old town to the Fuente de Magdalena, which bursts from a rock as if struck by the wand of Moses. It was at Jaen that Ferdinand IV. died suddenly, in his 26th year, on Sept. 7, 1312, exactly thirty days after he was summoned to appear before the tribunal of God by the two brothers Pedro and
Juan Carvajal, of Martos, when on their way to execution by the king's orders and without sufficient evidence of their guilt. Hence Ferdinand is called El Emplazado. Mariana (xv. ii.) compares his mysterious death to those of Philippe le Bel and Clement V., the French pope, who were summoned by the templar, De Molay, to appear before God within a year and a day to account for their perfidy, lalpine, and butchery; they both died in 1314, and at the exact period of their summons.

Jaen, in July, 1808, was most dreadfully sacked by the French, under Gen. Cassagne; for its history, legends, and antiquities, consult 'Santos y Santuarios,' Fo. de Vilches; 'Historia de Jaen,' Barro. Ximenez, Paton, 1628—the real author was the Jesuit Fernando Pecha; 'Anales Ecclesiastios,' Martin de Ximena Jurado; the substance, however, is incorporated in 'Retrato de Jaen,' 4to., Jaen, 1794.

The road to Granada was opened in 1828. It is highly picturesque; the first portion runs through a well-watered valley full of figs, apricots, and pomegranates. The gorge then becomes wilder and narrower and is tunnelled at the Puerto de Arenas; the engineer was named Esteban, and the work is excellent. There are some new Posadas on this road. Those who are riding may put up either at miserable Campillo, or go on 1 ½ L. to Campotejar; and if they wish to quit the dusty road, may turn to the r. at a cortijo, ¾ of a L. from Campillo to Benaluy 1 L., thence to Colmara 4 L., and thence 2 L. to Granada, a lonely but beautiful ride.

ROUTE XV.—SEVILLE TO RONDA,
BY OLVERA.

Gandul 3
Arahal 4 7
Moron 2 9
Zafaramugon 2 11
Olvera 2 13
Setenil 2 15
Ronda 2 17

For Gandul and Arahal see p. 325. It is best to push on the first night to Moron-Arumi, pop. 7000. The chalk, Cal de Moron, is that with which the fatal whitewash is made, by which so much mediæval and Moorish decoration has been obliterated. But as old Feltham said of the Dutch, they are more careful of their house fronts than of their bodies, and of their bodies than of their souls.

In the Sierra de Leita, are remains of old silver mines, and lead-stones and emeralds are found here. Moron is a notorious den of thieves. Even the women, according to Rocca, opposed the French while the citizens of Andalucia yielded; these are the worthy mothers of the noble mountaineers into whose fastnesses we now enter. Olvera rivals Moron in notoriety of misrule, pop. 6000. It is the refuge of the 'man of blood; hence the proverb, "Mate al hombre y vete á Olvera," kill your man and fly to Olvera. The inhabitants on one occasion being compelled to furnish rations to a French detachment, foisted on them asses' flesh for veal; this insult, says M. Rocca, was thrown always into their teeth. "Vous avez mangé de l'âne à Olvera." His 'Guerre en Espagne' is a charming well-written book, and one of the best French military accounts. It details hardships endured by his countrymen in these hungry hills, where for one cook there were a thousand sharpshooters. Rocca afterwards married Madame de Staël.

ROUTE XVI.—SEVILLE TO RONDA,
BY ZAHARA.

Utrera 5
Coronil 3 8
Puerto Serrano 4 12
Zahara 2 14
Ronda 4 16

Set out from Seville in the afternoon and sleep at Utrera (see p. 235), and then perform the rest in two days. The dehesas y despoblados extend to castle-crowned Coronil. The Puerto is the mountain-portal through which robbers descend to infest the high road.
to Cadiz. After tracking and crossing the Guadalete we reach a new *venta* built under Zahara, which is a true Moorish eagle's nest crowning its pyramidal hill. The capture by Muley Aben Hassan in 1481 was the first blow struck in the war, which ended in 1492, by the conquest of Granada, just as that of Saguntum by Hannibal led to the downfall of Carthage; hence by the *Cuesta de la Viña* by picturesque defiles to Ronda. Neither of these routes should be ventured on except from absolute necessity.

**ROUTE XVII.—SEVILLE BY ECIIA, TO RONDA.**

Those who have not seen Cordova will, of course, go there in the diligence and return in the diligence to Ecija, and thence take horses for the Sierra.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Town</th>
<th>Miles</th>
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<tr>
<td>Osuna</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saucejo</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vl of Grenada</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Setenil de las Bodegas</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ronda</td>
<td>3</td>
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</table>

Sleep at Osuna. The ride is desolate; at Saucejo, it crests the hills; thence to Ronda in about six hours. It is a dreary, lonely, dangerous journey.

**Ronda** has a tolerable posada, *de las animas*, in the old town, but it is better to lodge in one of the private houses on El Mercadillo; the best by far is that of Sra. Dolores, near the Plaza de Toros. Roman Ronda, Arunda, lay 2 L. north, at Acinipo, now called Ronda la Vieja. The Moors, who chose new sites for most of their cities, used the ancient one as a quarry for their Rondáh, as the Spaniards have done since. The corporations have been the chief Vandals. The ruins, considerable in 1747, now scarcely exist, and do not deserve a visit. The coinage is described by Florez (M. i. 153).

Ronda, say the Spaniards, is the Tivoli of Andalucía, but Trajan, although an *Andalus*, built no villa here: its Maecenas was the Moor. The town hangs on a river-girt rock, and is only accessible by land up a narrow ascent, guarded by a Moorish castle. It contains 18,000 inhabit., bold, brave, fresh complexioned mountaineers, smugglers, and bull-fighters, and *Majes muy crudos*. It was taken by surprise by Ferd. in 1485. The Tafo, or chasm, is the emphatic feature.

**The Guadalquivir, the "deep stream,"** called lower down El Guadairo, girdles Ronda as the Marchan does Alhama, the Tagus Toledo and the Huecscar and Jucar do Cuenca. Those in search of the picturesque, will begin at the old bridge of Sª. Miguel, and descend to the mill below. The modern bridge, which at the other extremity of Ronda spans a gulf nearly 300 feet wide, and connects the new and old town, was built in 1761, by José Martin Aldeguela; standing on it, "t is dizzy to cast one's eyes below." The Moorish mills in the valley must be descended to, passing out of Ronda by the old castle. The view from them, looking up to the cloud-suspended bridge, is unrivalled. The arch which spans the Tafo hangs some 600 ft. above, like that in the Koran, between heaven and the bottomless pit; the river, which, black as Styx, has long struggled, heard but not seen, in the cold shadows of its rocky prison, now escapes, dashing joyously into light and liberty; the waters boil in the bright sun, and glitter like the golden shower of Danaé. The giant element leaps with delirious bound from rock to rock, until at last broken, buffeted, and weary, it subsides into a gentle stream, which steals like happiness away, adown a verdurous valley of flower and fruit; no inapt emblem of the old Spaniard's life, who ended in the quietism of the cloister, a manhood spent in war, hardships, and excitement. There is but one Ronda in the world, and this Tafo and cascade form its heart and soul. The scene, its noise and movement, baffle pen and pencil, and like Wilson at the Falls of Terni, we can only exclaim, "Well done, rock and water, by Heavens!"
In the town, visit the Dominican convent; the Moorish tower stands on the verge of the chasm. There is another Moorish tower in the Co. del Puente viejo; visit, in the Co. Sq. Pedro, La Casa del Rey Moro, built in 1042, by Almonated, who drank his wine out of jewel-studded goblets formed from the sculls of those whom he had himself decapitated (Conde, ii. 26). Here is La mina de Ronda, a staircase cut down to the river in the solid rock. Descend to the singular Nereid’s grotto below; it was dug by Christian slaves, in 1342, for Ali Abou Melle; the steps were protected with iron; these the Spaniards sold, and they were then replaced with wood; these General Rojas, the governor, who lived in the house, used up, in 1833, for his firing.

Ronda is an intricate old Moorish town of tortuous lanes and ups and downs. The houses are small; the doors are made of the fine Negal, or walnut, which abounds in the fruit-bearing valleys. The Peros, Samboas, Ciruelas, and Melocotonos are excellent; indeed the apples and pears of Ronda are proverbial. The damsels, unlike those of tawny Andalucia, are as fresh and ruddy as the pippins. Ronda is the cool summer residence for the wealthy of Seville, Ecija, and Malaga. It is highly salubrious: the longevity is proverbial; thus Vicente de Espinel, born here in 1551, died at the age of ninety; he was one of the best musicians, poets, and novelists of Spain; he translated Horace’s ‘Art of Poetry.’ Espinel had served in the campaigns of Italy, and in his picaresque tale of Marcos de Obregon gives his own adventures; it is from this work that Le Sage borrowed freely for his Gil Blas.

The longevity of Ronda is expressed in a proverb, En Ronda los hombres a ochanta son pottones. These hardy octogenarian chickens, according to M. Rocca, used to hide in the rocks, and amuse themselves with popping at the French sentries. The land-gate was repaired by Charles V. The Alcazar, or castle, is the property of the Giron, and the Duque de Ahumada is hereditary governor. The French blew it up, on retiring, from sheer love of destruction, for it is entirely commanded, and since the use of artillery valueless as a military defence.

The fine stone-built Plaza de Toros, or bull arena, is in the new town, near the rose-garnished Alameda, which hangs over the beetling cliff: the view from this eminence over the depth below, and mountain panorama, is one of the finest in the world. The Fiestas are of the first order. The building itself, and all the cells for the bulls, and the contrivances for letting them in and out, are worth examination.

May 20th is the time to see Ronda, its bulls and Majos in their glory. This is the great leather, saddlery, embroidered gaiters, and horse fair, to which many detachments of English officers ride from the Rock, and some in one day. The Maestranza, or equestrian corporation of Ronda, takes precedence over all others.

The Ronda horses are small, but active: José Zafían is the Anderson of the Serranía. Excursions may be made to Ronda la Vieja, to the picturesque cavern, La Cueva del Gato, which lies about 2 L. N. W., from whence a rivulet emerges and flows into the Guadairo. For antiquities consult ‘Dialogos por la Historia de Ronda,’ 1766, Juan Riera; also Carter’s excellent ‘Journey,’ 1777.

Route XVIII. — Ronda to Xerez.

Grazalema . . . . . 3
El Bosque . . . . . 3 . . . 6
Arcos . . . . . 3 . . . . . 9
Xerez . . . . . 5 . . . . . 14

This, one of the wildest rides in the Serrania, is eminently picturesque. Passing the almond and walnut groves of the valley of the Guadairo, we enter a dehesa of cistus and quercus Quexigo. About half way is a rocky gorge, a robber-lair. Here we once counted 15 monumental crosses in the space of 50 yards; they are raised on the “heap.
of stones" (Josh. vii. 26); the "shreds, flints, and pebbles thrown for charitable purposes" on the murdered traveller's grave. It was an Oriental and Roman custom to cast if only one stone. Quam­quam festinas non est mora longa. A simple cross bears the name of the vic­tim, and the date of his being cut off in the blossom of his sins, no reckoning made. (See p. 47.)

Grazalema, Lacidulia, is plastered like a martlet-nest on the rocky hill. It can only be approached by a narrow ledge. The inhabitants, smuggIers and robbers, beat back a whole division of French, who compared it to a ·land

It

The Arcos barbs, and their watchful daring riders, are renowned in ancient ballads. They were reared in the plains below, and especially in the once famous Haras of the Carthusians of Xerez. The intervening country is without interest.

ROUTE XIX.—RONDA TO GRANADA.

Cueva del Becerro .
Campillos
Bobadilla
Antequera
Archidona
Loja
Granada

The only mid-day halt is the venta at the Cueva del Becerro, "Cave of the Calf," a den fit for beasts. Nature, indeed, enthroned in her alpine heights and green carpeted valleys, has lavished beauty and fertility around; man alone and his dwellings are poverty-stricken. About half way on to Campillos, Teba, Theba, rises on the r. It is not worth ascending up to. The name has puzzled antiquarians. It occurs in the Egyptian Thebais, and Tapé in Coptic means "head, capital." The son of Abraham by the concubine Remnah (Gen. xxii. 24) was called Teba. Thebes in Boeotia was founded by the Phenician Cadmus; and the word Teba, in Boeotian dialect, signi­fied a hill (M. Varro, 'R. R.' iii. 1), which coincides with this locality. Then come in the Bryants and Fabers, and other dabbIers in Noetic and Archite archeology, who contend that Teba, in Syriac (Tzeses, Sch. Lyc. 1206) a heifer, and in Hebrew an ark, alluded to the female symbol of the regeneration of nature, in contradis­tinction to the male principle Gor (Hebrew), Σωπος, a bull and a coffin. Theba (not this one), say they, was the eminence on which the Noetic ark rested, but perhaps they may be wrong.

Andalucian Teba was recovered from the Moors by Alonzo XI. in 1328. Bruce, according to Froissart, when on his death-bed, called the good Lord James of Douglas, and told him that he had always wished to fight against the enemies of Christ, and that he now, as he had been unable to do so
while alive, selected him, the bravest of his knights, to carry his heart, after his death, to the Holy Land. As there were no ships going directly to Jerusalem, Lord James proceeded to Spain, and thinking fighting the Moors in the intermediate time would be the most agreeable to the wishes of the deceased, proceeded to the siege of Teba. He wore the royal heart in a silver case around his neck. In the critical moment of the battle, he and his followers were abandoned by their Spanish allies; then the Good Lord threw the heart of the Bruce into the fiercest fray, exclaiming, "Pass first in fight, as thou wast wont to go, and Douglas will follow thee or die," which he did; for historic references see 'Quart. Rev.' cxxviii. 310.

There are two decent posadas at Campillos.

Antequera, Anticareia, was in the time of the Romans, as now, an important city of the second order; lying, however, out of the high road, it is seldom visited. The best inns are La Corona, and that of Pedro Ruiz, Calle de las Comedias. The ancient town was situated at Antequera la Vieja. The remains of a palace and a theatre, almost perfect in 1544, were used as a quarry to build the convent of St. Juan de Dios; a few fragments were saved by Juan Porcel de Peralta, in 1588, and are imbedded in the walls near the Arco de Gigantes, going to the castle court. Others were then brought from Nescania, 7 miles W., where a hamlet was erected in 1547 for the invalids who came to drink the waters of the old Fons divinus, now called the Fuente de la Piedra, because good for stone and gravel complaints.

Antequera (Antikeyrah) was recovered from the Moors in 1410 by the Regent Fernando, who hence is called "El Infante de Antequera." He gave the city for arms the badge of his military order, La Terraza, the "vase," the pot of lilies of the Virgin, under which the mystery of the divine incarnation was shrouded (see 'Quart. Rev.' cxxiii. 130). Antequer contains some 20,000 souls. They are chiefly agricultural, wear the majo dress, and are fond of green velvets and gilt filigree. In the fertile plain is a peculiar salt laguna, or lake. The town is clean and well built. The Colegiata, which was gutted by the French, has been partially refitted; but poverty of design unites with poverty of material. The castle is Moorish, built on Roman foundations. Observe the Barbican. Ascend the Torre Mocha, with its incongruous modern belfry. Observe the Roman frieze and cornice at the entrance. The view is striking. In front, the Lover's Rock rises out of the plain, and to the r. the three conical hills of Archidona. The castle is much dilapidated. The curios old mosque in the inclosure was converted by the French into a storehouse, and the magnificent Moorish armoury disappeared when the city was sacked; the enemy, at the evacuation of Antequera, wished, as usual, to destroy the castle, but Cupid interfered; the artillery-man left to fire the train lingered so long, taking his last farewell of his nut-brown querida, that he was himself taken prisoner, and the walls escaped. When we were last at Antequera, the governor was in the act of taking down the Moorish mosque, to sell the materials and pocket the cash —Cosas de España.

Antequera, probably because it suits the rhyme, is the place selected by the proverb which indicates the Oriental fatalism of Spaniards, and their individuality, each person taking first care of himself: "Salga el sol por Antequera, venga lo que viniera, el ultimo mono se ahoga. I'll be off, for the last monkey is drowned." This is but another version of our—"The devil takes the hindmost," and the French "sauve qui peut;" but a minding number one is of all ages—occupet extremum scabies: al postremo le muerde el perro.

From Antequera there is a new carriageable road to Malaga, 9 L. Ascending the height is a lusus naturae, called el Torcal, an assemblage of stones which
look like a deserted town. The 8 L. are dreary and townless. Passing the Boca del Asno are the wretched ventas, de Galvez, 4 L., de Linares, 2 L., and de Matagatos, 1 L., a true kill-cat den, where none but an ass will open his mouth for food. The views on descending to Malaga are delicious.

The ride to Granada is pleasant. Leaving Antequera we reach the banks of the Yequas, and the Peñon de los Enamorados, which rises like a Gibraltar out of the sea of the plain. Sappho leaps of true love, which never did run smooth, are of all times and countries. Here, it is said, a Moorish maiden, eloping with a Christian knight, baffled their pursuers by precipitating themselves, locked in each other's arms, into a stony couch. The verdurous valley is still the mid-day halt of the sunburnt traveller, under the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

"Flamina muscus ubi et viridissima gramina ripa umbra."

Speluncæque tegunt et saxeæ procul

Leaving the rock to the 1. the road turns to Archidona, Xapnado, and thence winds to Loja. (See p. 326.)

ROUTE XX.—RONDA TO MALAGA.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Route</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Al Borgo</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Casarabonela</td>
<td>2 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cartama</td>
<td>3 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Malaga</td>
<td>3 11</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Those who ride this wild mountain route must indeed rough it. A lonely venta, near Casarabonela, after descending the Cuesta de Cascoral, is the usual halting-place; and bad it is, but perhaps less bad than the venta of Cartama, which may be left to the r. Cartama, Cartina, is built on a hill; "car," "kartha," show its Punic origin. It was once a fine city (see Livy, xl. 47); although some think that he refers to another Cartina, near Ucles; remains, however, are constantly discovered, and, as usual, either neglected or broken up by the peasantry. Mr. Mark, consul at Malaga, observing some marble figures worked as mere stones into a prison wall, offered to replace them with other masonry, in order to save the antiques. The authorities, suspecting that they contained gold, refused, but took them out themselves. Mr. Mark with difficulty prevented their being sawn in pieces at Malaga. The authorities having again refused to sell them, not knowing what to do with them, cast them aside like rubbish outside the town; these gentry, being perfectly ignorant of the real value of these matters, whenever a foreigner wishes to have them, pass at once into hyperbolical notions, and estimate at more than their weight in gold, relics which they before considered more worthless than old stones.

Leaving Cartama we soon emerge from the Sierra, and enter the rich plain of Malaga.

ROUTE XXI.—RONDA TO GIBRALTAR.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Village</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Atajate</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gaucin</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>San Roque</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gibraltar</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

This mountain ride threads hill and dale, along the edge of precipices. At the bottom of an alpine defile is la Fuente de la Piedra; it is placed in a funnel from which there is no escape should a robber ambuscade be laid. Thence, scrambling up the mountains, we pass Moorish villages, built on heights, with Moorish names and half-Moorish peasantry, e.g. Atajate, Benali, Benarraba, Ben Adalid, Ben Alaurin. These settlements of Beni, "children," mark the isolating love of tribe which the Arabs brought with them from the East, implanting on a new and congenial soil the weakness of the nomade race of Ishmael, whose hand is against every one, and against whom every hand is raised. These unamalgamating "Beni" united, however, against the invader, who found in such robbers more than their match. The hard-working highland peasants cultivate every patch of the mountain sides, terracing them into hanging gardens, and bringing up earth from below in baskets.

Gaucin is most romantically situated on a cleft ridge. The posada is
tolerable. Here (Sept. 19, 1309), Guzman el Bueno was killed, in the 53rd year of his age. Ascend the Moorish castle, much shattered by an explosion, April 23, 1843. The view is glorious. Gibraltar rises like a molar tooth in the distance, and Africa looms beyond. In the hermitage of the castle was a small idol, *El niño Dios*, which, dressed in a resplendent court suit, was held in profound veneration far and wide.

Leaving Gaucin is a tremendous descent by a sort of earthquake-dislocated staircase, which scales the wall barrier to this frontier of Granada. The road seems made by the evil one in a hanging garden of Eden. An orange-grove on the banks of the Guadaira welcomes the traveller, and tells him that the Sierra is passed. This oleander-fringed river is crossed and re-crossed, and is very dangerous in rainy weather, *Cum fera diluvies quiem invitat annem.* After passing the ferry of the Xenar, sweet glades of chestnut and cork trees reach to San Roque. Observe the shepherds armed, like David, with their sling, wherewith they manage their flocks. This the Phenicians introduced, and it became the formidable weapon of the Oriental and Iberian (Judith vi. 12; Pliny, *N. H.* vi. 56; Strabo, iii. 255). It was much used in the Balearic Islands, hence so called *apo tou ballew*. These are the slings with which the shepherds knocked out Don Quixote's teeth. Compare the *Hondas* of Old Castile.

This mountain route from Gaucin is very severe: a much easier one, and a single day's ride, lies by the valley of the Guadaira, avoiding the hills. Leave Ronda by the Mercadillo, descend to the river, keep along its pleasant banks to Cortes, which is left about 1½ mile to the r., without going to it; then continue up the river valley, to the back of Gaucin, which rises about 3 miles off to the l., and is not to be entered. Ascend the hill to the Ximena road, and soon strike off to the l., through *la boca del Leon* to the Corkwood, and thence to San Roque. The *Arrieros* try to dissuade travellers from taking this valley, and by far the best route, in order to get them to sleep at some friend's house at Gaucin, and employ the horses for two days instead of one.

San Roque was built in 1704 by the Spaniards, after the loss of Gibraltar; they used up as a quarry the remains of Carteia. (See p. 228.) It is named after this modern Esculapius, who had a hermitage here, and no place is more wholesome; it is the hospital of the babies and "scorpions of Gib." who here get at San Roque "sound as roaches." Macrae's hotel is very good. The town is very cheap; a family can live here, as at Algeciras, for half the expense necessary at Gibraltar. It is the chief town of the *Campo de Gibraltar*: pop* about 7000; and has always been made the headquarters of the different Spanish and French armies, which have *not* retaken Gibraltar. The descendants of the expelled fortress linger near the gates of their former paradise, now, alas! in the temporary occupation of heretics; they indulge in a long-deferred hope of return, as the Moors of Tetuan sigh for the re-possession of Granada. The king of Spain still calls himself the king of Gibraltar; of which the alcaaldes of San Roque, in their official documents, designate themselves the authorities, and all persons born on the Rock are entitled to the rights of native Spanish subjects. The town, from being made the summer residence of many English families, is in a state of transition: thus, while the portion on the Spanish side remains altogether Spanish, and the road to the interior execrable, the quarter facing "the Rock" is snug and snug, with brass knockers on the doors, and glass in the windows; and the road is excellent, macadamized by the English for their own convenience. No San Roquian ever looks towards Spain; his eyes, like a Scotchman's, are fixed southward on "La Placa," the place for cheap goods and good cigars; his el dorado, *his ne plus ultra.* At every step in advance Spain re-
cedes; parties of reckless subalterns gallop over the sands on crop-tailed backs, hallowing to terriers, and cracking hunting-whips—animals, instruments, and occupations utterly unknown in Iberia. Then appear red-faced slouching pedestrians in short black gaiters, walking “into Spain,” as they call it, where none but long and yellow ones are worn: then the nurserymaids, men, women, and everything, vividly recall Gosport and Chatham. Spain vanishes and England reappears after passing the “Lines,” as the frontier boundaries are called. In these truly Spanish outposts, everything looks a makeshift and expedient. The civil and military establishments of Spain, everywhere out of elbows, are nowhere more so than here, where, as at Irun, they provoke the most odious comparisons. The miserable hovels are the fit lair of hungry officials, who exist on the crumbs of “the Rock,” one broadside from which would sweep everything from the face of the earth. These “Lines” were once most formidable, as Philip V. erected here, in 1731, two superb forts now heaps of ruins; one was called after his tutelar saint, Felipe, the other after St. Barbara, the patroness of Spanish artillery. The British agent at Madrid was instructed to remonstrate against the works, but he wrote back in reply, “I was assured if the whole universe should fall on the king to make him desist, he would rather let himself be cut to pieces than consent” (Cox, ‘Bourb.’ iii. 240). The works were so strong, that when the French advanced in the last war, the modern Spaniards, unable even to destroy them, called in the aid of our engineers under Col. Harding, by whom they were effectually dismantled: this is now a fait accompli, and they never ought to be allowed to be rebuilt, since to raise works before a fortress is a declaration of war; and as Buonaparte’s announced intention was to take Gibraltar, Sir Colin Campbell was perfectly justified in clearing them away, even without the Spaniards’ permission.

Now this destruction, a work of absolute necessity against the worst foe of England and Spain, is made, with La China and St. Sebastian (see Index), one of the standing libels against us by the French and Afnancesado Spaniards. Fortunate indeed was it for many Spaniards that Campbell did destroy these lines, for thus Ballesteros was saved from French pursuit and annihilation by skulking under our guns (Disp. Dec. 12, 1811). Ferd. VII. was no sooner replaced on his throne by British arms, than this very man urged his grateful master to reconstruct these works, as both dangerous and offensive to England. Gen. Don thereupon said to the commander at Algeciras, “If you begin, I will fire a gun; if that won’t do, I shall fire another; and if you persevere, you shall have a broadside from the galleries.” If Spain meant to retain the power of putting these lines in status quo, after the expulsion of the French, she should have stipulated for this right to rebuild them, previously to begging us to razee them for her.

Beyond these lines are rows of sentry-boxes which enkennel the gaunt, ill-clad, ill-fed, Spanish sentinels, who guard their frontier on the expansa lobos or scare-crow principle—true types of (cura, they stand like the advanced out-posts of Virgil’s infernal regions,

“Et metus et malesuada fames et turpis Horribiles visus.” [Egestas, A narrow flat strip of sand called the “neutral ground” separates the Rock from the mainland; hence, seen from a distance, it seems an island, as it undoubtedly once was. The barren, cinder-looking, sunburnt mass is no unfit sample of tawny Spain, while the rope of sand connection is a symbol of the disunion, long the inherent weakness of the unamalgamating component items of Iberia.

Cross however that strip, and all is changed, as by magic, into the order, preparation, organization, discipline, wealth, honour, and power of the United
Kingdom. The N. side of Gibraltar rises bluffly. It bristles with artillery: the dotted port-holes of the batteries, excavated in the rock, are called by the Spaniards “los dientes de la vieja,” the grinders of this stern old Cerbera. The town is situated on a shelving ledge to the W. As we approach, the defences are multiplied: the causeway is carried over a marsh, called “the inundation,” which can be instantaneously laid under water; every bastion is defended by another; a ready-shotted gun stands out from each embrasure, pregnant with death,—a prospect not altogether pleasant to the stranger, who hurries on for fear of an accident. At every turn a well-appointed, well-fed sentinel indicates a watchfulness which defies surprise. We pass on through a barrack teeming with soldiers’ wives and children, a perfect rabbit-warren when compared to the conventional celibacy of a Spanish “quartel.”

The “Main, or Waterport street,” the aorta of Gibraltar, is the antithesis of a Spanish town. Lions and Britanias dangle over innumerable pot-houses, the foreign names of whose proprietors combine strangely with the Queen’s English. “Manuel Ximenez—lodgings and neat liquors.” In these signs, and in the surer signs of bloated faces, we see with sorrow that we have passed from a land of sobriety into a den of gin and intemperance: every thing and body is in motion; there is no quiet, no repose, all is hurry and scurry, for time is money, and Mammon is the god of Gib, as the name is vulgarized, according to the practice of abbreviators and conquerors of “Boney.” The entire commerce of the Peninsula seems condensed into this microcosm, where all creeds and nations meet, with nothing in common save their desire to prey upon each other; adieu the formal highbred courtesies of the Don, the mantilla and bright smile of the dark-eyed Andaluca. The women wear bonnets, and look unamiable, as if men were their natural enemies, and meant to insult them. The officers on service appear to be the only people who have nothing to do. The town is stuffy and sea-coaly, the houses wooden and drugged, and built on the Liverpool pattern, under a tropical climate; but transport an Englishman where you will, like a snail, he takes his house and his habits with him. Those who settle on the Rock, civil or military, know but little of Spain beyond St. Roque, and in this only do they resemble Spaniards, who seldom know, nor care to know, anything beyond their own town or district.

The traveller who lands by the steamer will be tormented by cads and touters, who clamorously canvass him to put up at their respective inns. They are second-rate and dear, e. g., “Griffith’s Hotel,” “Mrs. Crosby’s Club-House,” “Dumoulin’s French Hotel.” At “Griffith’s” is one Messias, a Jew (called Rafael in Spain), who is a capital guide both here and throughout Andalucia. The other posadas are mere punch and pot-houses, nor is the cookery or company first-rate: “Different nautis, cauponibus atque malignis;” but the hospitality of the Rock is unbounded, and, perhaps, the endless dinnering is the greatest change from the hungry and thirsty Spain. As there are generally five regiments in garrison, the messes are on a grand scale; more roast beef is eaten and sherry drunk than in the Cuatro Reinos put together: but there is death in the pot, and the faces of the “yours and ours” glow redder than their jackets; a tendency to fever and inflammation is induced by carrying the domestics and gastronomies of cool damp England to this arid and torrid “Rock.” This garrison is one of the strictest in the world, since the fortress never can be taken except by treachery or surprise: everything is on the alert; the gates are shut at sunset and not opened until sunrise, and after midnight civilians are obliged to carry a lantern. These rules do not apply to officers. No foreigner can reside on the Rock without some consul or householder becoming his surety and respon-
sible for his conduct. Permits are granted by the police magistrate for ten, fifteen, or twenty days. Military officers have the privilege of introducing a stranger for thirty days, which with characteristic gallantry is generally exercised in favour of the Spanish fair sex. Those who wish to draw or to ramble unmolested over the Rock should obtain a card from the town-major, which operates as a passport.

Spanish money is current at Gibraltar, but some changes have been made.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Doubloon (or onza, at 5½d.)</th>
<th>D.</th>
<th>R.</th>
<th>Q.</th>
<th>£.</th>
<th>s. d.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>the dollar</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>½ ditto ditto</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>8</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Four-dollar piece</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
<td>0</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>7</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dollar, pillared, Mexican</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td>0</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>or Colombian</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>½ ditto, Spanish</td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>ditto, ditto, or 3-real piece</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
<td>11</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ireal y media, or 1 quartos</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doce</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>English penny</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ditto halfpenny</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>½</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ditto farthing</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Chavo, half an English</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>farthing, or 4 quartos</td>
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Mem.—English silver coins are scarcely ever used except by travellers. The value of a shilling is only 11d., in mixed copper and silver money, or 2 reals and 11 quartos; English 6d. changes for 5½d. or 1 real 6 quartos. The copper coins are a mixture, a few from every nation: none go for more than 2 quartos, except the English penny.

The English at Gibraltar have Anglicized Spanish moneys; the letters D, R, and Q, above, mean dollars, duros, royals, reales, and quarts, quartos. The Pesos fuertes are usually called "hard dollars"; the onza is called the doubloon, and is divided into only twelve imaginary reals. The comparative value of English and Spanish moneys has at last been fixed by proclamation at 50 pence the dollar, and at this exchange the civil officers and troops are paid. The real value of the dollar varies in mercantile transactions according to the exchange, being sometimes as low as 48 pence, at other times as high as 54. Letters of credit on the principal Spanish towns can be procured from the Gibraltar merchants, Mr. S. Benoliel, Turner and Co., or Messrs. Cavalleros.

Strictly speaking, Gibraltar, which is an English garrison transported into Spain, is foreign to our handbook; yet as it is one of the great lions of Andalusia, it must be visited, and, therefore, will be briefly described. Here, among other things which are rare in Spain, is a capital English and foreign library, called "the garrison library." This was planned in 1793 by Col. Drinkwater, and completed at the public expense by Mr. Pitt. It contains, besides newspapers and periodicals, a well-selected collection of about 20,000 volumes.

Here let the traveller, with the sweet bay and Africa before him, and seated on an easy chair, also not a thing of Spain, look through the excellent 'Historia de Gibraltar,' by Ignacio Lopez de Ayala, Mad. 1782. Three books of this work were put forth just when all the eyes of Europe were bent on the "Rock," which the Count d'Artois (Charles X.) came to take, and did not. The fourth was never published, and the why will be found in the 'History of the Siege' by Col. Drinkwater, 1783, and republished by Murray, 1844. It details the defence, and utter frustration, by sea and land, of the fleets and armies of Spain and France. For the "Strait" consult the 'History of the Herculean Straits,' by Col. James, 2 vols. 4to., London, 1771; yet it is a mass of matter handled in a dull, uncritical manner. 'Cyril Thornton,' the amusing work of Capt. Hamilton, is somewhat obsolete in his picture of the officers and their messes; drugkness is unknown now, the cigar has ousted Bacchus, and postprandial indulgences are carried on with the weed at adjourned quarters, proper and improper. There is a small 'Handbook for Gibraltar,' London, 1844. Roswell and Bartolots are the best booksellers on the Rock.

The bay is formed by two head-
lands, by *Europa Point* on the Rock, and by *Cabrila* in Spain. Its greatest width from E. to W. is five miles, its greatest length from N. to S. about eight: the depth in the centre exceeds 100 fathoms. The anchorage is not, however, very good, and the bay is open and much exposed, especially to the S. W. winds. The old mole offers a sort of protection to small craft: notwithstanding the commerce that is carried on, there are few of its appliances—quays, wharfs, docks, and warehouses. The English seem paralyzed in this climate of Spain. The tide rises about four feet. The Rock consists principally of grey limestone and marble; the highest point is about 1500 ft., the circumference about seven miles, the length from N. to S. about three. It has been uplifted at a comparatively recent epoch, as a sea-beach exists 450 ft. above the water's level. It was well known to the ancients, but never inhabited. The Phœnicians called it Alube; this the Greeks corrupted into Καλυβη, Καληγη, *Calpe*, and then defying nature as audaciously as etymology, they said it signified "a bucket," to which shape they compared the rock; "a tub to a whale:" but they caught only at sound, not sense, and affixed a meaning of their own to all names of the barbarians: our *Bull and Mouth* corruption of Boulogne harbour or mouth is an apt illustration of ancient Graecoian practice. *Calpe* was the European and *Abyla* the African pillar of Hercules, the *nec plus ultra* land and sea marks of jealous Phœnician monopoly: here, in the words of Ariosto, was the goal beyond which strangers never were permitted to navigate, la meta que pose ai primi naviganti Ercole invitito. The Romans are thought never to have really penetrated beyond these keys of the outer sea the Atlantic, before the reign of Augustus (Florus iv. 12). *Abyla*, Abel, *Harbel*, signified the "mountain of God." This the English call "Ape's hill," a better corruption, at least, than the Greek bucket. The Moors call it Gibel Mo-o-sa, the Hill of Musa. The Spanish name is *Cabo de Bultones*, Cape of Knobs. *Calpe* has been interpreted Ca-alpe, the cavern of God, and Cal-be, the watching at night. *Cal, Coll, Cala*, is a common prefix to Iberian and Oriental terms of height and fortress. Ayala derives *Calpe* from the Hebrew and Phœnician *Galph, Calph*, a caved mountain; and rejects the Galfa or *Calpe, quasi Urna*. Be these names what they may, the high rocky fronts of each continent remain the two pillars of Hercules; what they originally were, was an unsettled question in Strabo's time (iii. 258), and now may be left in peace. Joseph Buonaparte, Feb. 1, 1810, decreed the erection of a third pillar: "Le Roi d'Espagne veut que entre les colonnes d'Hercule s'éleve une troisième, qui porte à la postérité la plus reculée et aux navigateurs des deux mondes la connaissance des chefs et des corps qui ont repoussé les Anglais" (Bélmás, i. 424), and this near Tarifa, Barrosa, and Trafalgar! alas! poor Pepe! "Cela ne vaut-il pas la peine qu'on en rie?" In the mean time Gibraltar bears the name of its Berber conqueror, *Gebel Tarik*, the hill of Tarik, who landed, as Gayangos has demonstrated, on Thursday, Apr. 30, 711. He contributed much to the conquest of Spain, and was rewarded by the kalif of Damascus with disgrace. Tarik was a true Pizarro: he killed his prisoners, and served them up as rations to his troops (Reinaud, 'Inv. des Saracins,' 5). This delicacy still exists in the Spanish bills of fare: the *entree* is now pleasantly called un *quisado à la Quesada*, the patriotic nacionales having killed and eaten part of that rough and tough royalist.

The fierce Berbers who accompanied Tarik had for ages before looked from the heights of the Rif on Spain, the land of their Carthaginian forefathers: many were their efforts to reconquer it, even during the Roman rule, from the age of Antoninus (Jul. 13) to that of Severus (Aelian Sp. 64). These invasions were renewed under the Goths, espe-
Gibraltar was first taken from the Moors, in 1309, by Guzman el Bueno; but they regained it in 1333, the Spanish governor, Vasco Perez de Meyra, having appropriated the money destined for its defence in buying estates for himself at Xerez (Chron. Alon. xi. 117). It was finally recovered in 1462 by another of the Guzmans, and incorporated with the Spanish crown in 1502. The arms are “gules a castle or and a key,” it being the key of the Straits. Gibraltar was much strengthened by Charles V. in 1552, who employed Jn. B. Calvi in raising defences against Barbarossa.

It was captured during the War of the Succession by Sir George Rooke, July 24, 1704, who attacked it suddenly, and found it garrisoned by only 150 men, who immediately had recourse to relics and saints. It was taken by us in the name of the Archduke Charles: this was the first stone which fell from the vast but ruinous edifice of the Spanish monarchy, and George I. would have given it up at the peace of Utrecht, so little did he estimate its worth, and the nation thought it “a barren rock, an insignificant fort, and a useless charge:” what its real value is as regards Spain, will be understood by supposed Portland Island to be in the hands of the French. It is a bridle in the mouth of Spain and Barbary. It speaks a language of power, which alone is understood and obeyed by those cognate nations. The Spaniards never knew the value of this barren rock until its loss, which now wounds their national pride. Yet Gibraltar in the hands of England is a safeguard that Spain never can become a French province, or the Mediterranean a French lake. Hence the Bourbons north of the Pyrenees have urged their poor kinsmen tools to make gigantic efforts to pluck out this thorn in their path. The siege by France and Spain lasted four years. Then the very ingenious Mons. d’Arçon’s invincible floating batteries, that could neither be burnt, sunk, nor taken, were burnt, sunk, and taken by plain Englishmen, who stood to their guns, on the 13th of Sept. 1783. Thereupon Charles X., then Count d’Artois, who had posted from Paris to have glory thrust upon him, posted back again, after the precedent of his ancestors, those kings of France with 20,000 men, who march up hills, and then march back again. He concealed his disgrace under a scurvy jest: “La batterie la plus effective fut ma batterie de cuisine.” Old Elliott stood during the glorious day on the “King’s Bastion,” with Genl. Boyd, by whom it was erected in 1773. Boyd, in laying the first stone, prayed “to live to see it resist the united fleets of France and Spain.” He died to carry out his prophecy; and in it he lies buried, a fitting tomb: Gloria autem minima consecrata.

Gibraltar is now a bright pearl in the Ocean Queen’s crown. It is, as Burke said, “a post of power, a post of superiority, of connexion, of commerce; one which makes us invaluable to our friends and dreadful to our enemies.” Its importance, as a dépôt for coal, is increased since steam navigation. Subsequently to the storming of Acre, new batteries have been erected to meet this new mode of warfare. Sir John Jones was sent out in 1840, and under his direction tremendous bastions have been made at Europa Point, Ragged Staff, and near the Alameda: while heavier guns have been mounted on the mole and elsewhere. Nor need it be feared that the bastions and example of Boyd will ever want an imitator in secula sæculorum.

Gibraltar is said to contain between 15,000 and 20,000 inh., exclusive of the military. In day-time it looks more peopled than it really is, from the number of sailors on shore, and Spaniards who go out at gun-fire. The differences of nations and costumes...
are very curious: it is a motley masquerade, held in this halfway house between Europe, Asia, and Africa, where every man appears in his own dress and speaks his own language. Civilization and barbarism clash. The Cockney, newly imported in a week per steamer from London, is reading this 'Handbook' alongside of a black date-merchant from the borders of the deserts of Timbuctoo, and each staring at his nondescript neighbour. It is a Babel of languages. Nothing can be more amusing than the market-places. Of foreigners, the Jews, who are always out of doors, are the dirtiest; the Moors, the cleanest and best behaved; the Ronda smuggler, the most picturesque. The houses, the rent of which is very dear, are built on the Wapping principle of paltry, stuffy vulgarity, with a Genoese exterior; all is brick and plaster and wood-work, cribbed and confined, and filled with curtains and carpets, on purpose to breed vermin and fever in this semi-African hotbed; they are calculated to let in the enemy, heat, and are fit only for salamanders and "scorpions," as those born on the Rock are called. The monkeys, in fact, are the oldest and wisest denizens of the Rock; they live cool and comfortable on the sea-blown cliffs. These English furnitures and comforts are positive nuisances; we sigh for the cool penury of Algeciras. The narrow streets are worthy of these nutshell houses; they are, except the main street, yclepped "lanes," e.g., Bomb-house Lane and Horse-barrack Lane. Few genuine Moro-Peninsular towns have any streets; the honesty of England scorns the exaggerations of Spanish Calles, and calls things here by their right names.

The principal square is the "Commercial." Here are situated the best hotels and the "Public Exchange," a mean building, decorated with a bust of Gen. Don. Here are a library and newspapers, and a sort of club, to which travellers, especially mercantile, are readily admitted. In this square, during the day, sales by auction take place; the whole scene in the open air, combined with the variety of costume, is truly peculiar. The ordinary out of doors dress of the females of the lower classes is a red cloak and hood, edged with black velvet.

Gibraltar is a free port in the full extent of the term. There are no custom-houses, no odious searchings of luggage; everything is alike free to be imported or exported. Accordingly the barren Rock, which in itself produces nothing, and consumes everything, is admirably supplied. This ready-money market infuses life into the Spanish vicinity, which exists by furnishing vegetables and other articles of consumption: the beef, which is not a thing of Spain, comes from Barbary. Gibraltar is very dear, especially house-rent, wages, and labour of all kinds. It is a dull place of residence to those who are neither merchants nor military. The climate is peculiarly fatal to children during early denition; otherwise it is healthy. It is, however, extremely disagreeable during the prevalence of easterly winds, when a misty vapour hangs over the summit of the Rock, and the nerves of man and beast are affected.

The Gibraltar fever, about which doctors have disagreed so much, the patients dying in the meanwhile, como chinches, is most probably endemic: it is nurtured in Hebrew dirt, fed by want of circulation of air and offensive sewers at low tide. It is called into fatal activity by some autumnal atmospheric peculiarity. The average visitation is about every twelve years. The quarantine regulations, especially as regards ships coming from the Havana and Alexandria, are severe: they are under the control of the captain of the port. There is an excellent civil hospital here, arranged in 1815 by Gen. Don. The Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Jews have their wards separate, like their creeds.

Gibraltar was made a free port by Queen Anne; and the sooner some
change is made the better, for the "Rock" is the asylum of people of all nations who expatriate themselves for their country's good. Here revolutions are plotted against friendly Spain; here her revenue is defrauded by smugglers, and particularly by alien cigar-makers, who thus interfere with the only active manufacture of Spain (see Seville, p. 277).

Gibraltar is the grand dépôt for English goods, especially cottons, which are smuggled into Spain, along the whole coast from Cadiz to Benidorm, to the great benefit of the Spanish authorities, placed nominally to prevent what they really encourage. The S. of Spain is thus supplied with as much of our wares as it is enabled to purchase. No treaty of commerce would much increase the consumption; while the mooting it rouses the clamour of France, and alarms the Barcelonese, who excite the Espaňolismo of the Peninsula by swearing that Spain is sold to England, which sucks out her gold. Our urging a treaty of commerce on Espartero hastened his downfall, by giving a new handle to old falsehoods. All the suspicious and ignorant, whoisename here is legion, were taught by a venal Afrancesado and Catalan press to believe that he was the tool of the Manchester cottonocracy. (See Catalonia, Sect. vi.)

Many and excellent reforms have been made in Gibraltar, long a spot of much mismanagement and expense. England now derives a surplus revenue, after paying the governor and civil officers, &c. It is cleansed and lighted by a rate on houses. Spirits pay a considerable, and wine and tobacco a small duty. The military officers are paid by government, to whom Gibraltar is a most valuable dépôt for shipping troops to the colonies; and the new fortifications have naturally been paid for at the cost of the mother state.

The "Rock," in religious toleration, or rather indifference, is again the antithesis of Spain. Here all creeds are free, and all agree in exclusive money-worship. There are now two bishops here; the older is a Roman Catholic, and appointed by the Pope in partibus infidelium. The Sa. Maria is his church; it is poor and paltry, and very unlike the gorgeous pantheons of the Peninsula. Romanism stands abashed before the Bible, and, as in England, puts away her images and superstitions, and brings forth her many redeeming good qualities. The peaceful state of rival creeds was, however, sadly disturbed by a Dr. Hughes, a Whig appointment, who coming as R. C. bishop from Ireland, introduced, in 1839, his patrons' infection of agitation, and disputed the power of the civil courts. The law, however, administered by that upright judge Barron Field, our good friend, was not to be defied, as this "traverser" discovered during some months' imprisonment. The former and sound policy was, only to appoint a foreigner to this see, who would simply do his religious duty without any taint of home politics.

Gibraltar, in good old Roman Catholic times, had its local saints and miracles, like every other Spanish place. Consult Portillo, book iv. Sevilla, 1634, and Ayala. To them the Spaniards fled when attacked by Adm. Rooke. Now Elliott and Boyd are the English tutelars, and the bastions and galleries are their Milagros.

The Jewish synagogue is noisy and curious; the females do not attend, as it is a moot point with their Rabbins whether they have souls, nor do the men pray for them—at all events, they only thank God in their orations that they are not women. There is a ci-devant convent chapel in the governor's house for Protestants, and a newly erected church or cathedral in the Moorish style, and not before it was wanted: this was finished in 1832. Gibraltar has now a Protestant bishop, and thus at last has been wiped out the scandalous neglect of all our governments at home for the spiritual wants and religious concerns of its colonists: while the activity, intelligence, and industry of England have rendered every
nook of the Rock available for defence, no house until lately was raised to God. The colonization of the English Hercules has never been marked by a simultaneous erection of temples and warehouses; a century elapsed, in which more money was expended in masonry and gunpowder than would have built St. Peter's, before a Protestant church was erected in this sink of Moslem, Jewish, and Roman Catholic profligacy.

The law is administered here according to the rules and cases of Westminster Hall, and those technicalities which were meant for the protection of the innocent, have become the scaph-holes of the worst of offenders: It might be apprehended that a code and practice fitted by the growth of centuries for a free and intelligent people, would not work well in a foreign garrison with a mongrel, motley, dangerous population, bred and born in despotism, accustomed to the summary bow-string of the Kaid, or the pasar por las armas of the Spaniards; accordingly when gross violations of international law and common sense take place, the Spanish authorities never give credit to the excuse of the English that they are fettered by law, by imperfect power. As they do not believe us to be fools, they set us down for liars, or as willingly encouraging abuses which we profess to be unable to prevent; such, say they, are the tricks of "La perfida Albion."

Gibraltar is soon seen; nowhere does the idler sooner get bored. There is neither letters nor fine art, the arts of making money and war excepted. The governor of this rock of Mars and Mammon resides at the convent, formerly a Franciscan one. It is a good residence. The garden, so nicely laid out by Lady Don, used to be delicious. Scotch horticulture under an Andalucian climate can wheel every-thing out of Flora and Pomona.

The military traveller will, of course, examine the defences and the "Guards." He may begin at "Land Port;" walk to the head of the Devil's Tongue Battery; visit the "fish-market;" observe the funny tribe, strange in form and bright in colour; besides these monsters of the deep, snails, toads-stools, and other delicacies of the season are laid out for your omnivorous foreigner. The fish is excellent and always fresh, for whatever is not sold during the day, is either given away or destroyed at gun-fire.

Now follow the sea or "Line Wall" to the "King's Bastion;" give a look at the new church, or cathedral of Holy Trinity, a heavy semi-Moorish temple for the Protestant bishop of the Mediterranean diocese; in the inside lies Gen. Don, the Balbus of the Rock, which bestrengthened and embellished; his bones rest on the site which he so loved and so much benefited.

Now pass out the "South Port" by the gate and walls built by Charles V., into the Alameda or Esplanade, formerly called the "red sand," and a burning desert and a cloacal nuisance until converted by Gen. Don, in 1814, into a garden of sweets and delight, of geranium trees, and bella sombras; and beautiful is shade on this burning rock: thus Flora is wedded to Mars, and the wrinkled front of a fortress smoothed with roses. The "guard-mountings" and parades take place on this open space; the decorations of the garden are more military than artistic: here is a figure-head of the Spanish three-decker "Don Juan," a relic of Trafalgar; observe a caricature carving of old Elliott, surrounded with bombs as during the siege; a bronze bust of Wellington is placed on an antique pillar brought from Le-pida, with a doggish Latin inscription by Dr. Gregory. Close by, Neptune emerges from the jaw-bones of a whale, more like a Jonah than a deity; under the leafy avenues the fair sex listen to the bands and gaze on the plumed camp, being gazed at themselves by the turbaned Turk and white-robed Moor. At one end of this scene of life is a silent spot where officers alone are bu-
ried; no "Nabant" or "Scorpion" is permitted to intrude. They don't belong to ours; and caste rules over the dead and living: this ton de garrison is the exception to the universal toleration.

This part of the fortress has recently been much strengthened, and may now defy attacks from armed steamers. A very formidable work has been sunk on the glacis, and is christened Victoria battery. The new bastion running from the Orange bastion to the King's, and a very magnificent defence, bears the name of Prince Albert. Another, from its sunken level and zigzag form, is familiarly called the Snake in the Grass.

The surface of the Rock, bare and tawny in summer, starts into verdure with the spring and autumnal rains; more than 300 plants flourish on these almost soilless crags. Partridges and rabbits abound and are never shot at. The real lions of "Gib." are the apes, los monos, for which Solomon sent to Tarshish (1 Kings x. 22). They haunt the highest points, and are active as the chamois; like delicate dandies, they are seldom seen except when a Levante, or E. wind, affecting their nerves, drives them to the west end. These exquisites have no tails and are very harmless. There is generally one, a larger and the most respectable, who takes the command, and is called the "town-major." These monkeys rob the gardens when they can, otherwise they live on the sweet roots of the Palmita; for them also there is a religious toleration, and they are never molested: but such is the principle of English colonization, ne quies movere. We do not seek to unnationalize the aborigines, whether men or monkeys.

M. Bory, speculating con amore on "ces singes," has a notion that men also came from Africa into Spain (Guide, 237), and hence into France. Now, as far as Spain is concerned, the monkeys are confined to this rock. M. Bory scorned to ape his learned countryman D'Hermilly, who opined that the Iberian aborigines arrived directly from heaven by air; indeed, the critical historian Masden, who knew his countrymen better, had ventured to hint in 1784 that they might have possibly arrived by land.

Be that fact as it may, leaving these wise men and monkeys, to the r. of the gardens are "Ragged-staff Stairs" (the ragged staff was one of the badges of Burgundian Charles V.); this portion, and all about "Jumper's Battery," was, before the new works, the weak point of the Rock, and here the English landed under Adm. Rooke. Ascending "Scud Hill," with "Windmill Hill" above it, and the new mole and dockyard below, is the shelving bay of Rosia. Near this fresh, wind-blown spot, which is sometimes from five to six degrees cooler than the town, is the Naval Hospital, and fine Spanish buildings called the "South Barracks and Pavilion." The "Flats" at Europa Point are an open space used for manoeuvres and recreation. Gen. Don wished to level and plant it, but was prevented by some engineering wiseacres, who thought level ground would facilitate the advance of an enemy! and the troops were exercised on the burning neutral sands for the benefit of their legs and eyes. That most expensive article, a good English soldier, was too long scandalously neglected at "Gib.," and in nothing more than his barrack and his water; a better order of things was commenced by Gen. Don. Some new tanks have recently been made for each barrack. The supply, for which the soldier was charged, was brought in (when the public tanks got low) from wells on the neutral ground at a great expense. The salubrity of these Europa Point and Windmill Hill barracks is neutralized by their distance from Gibraltar; when not on duty, the soldier is in the town or Rosia pothouses; there he remains until the last moment, then heats himself by hurrying back up the ascent, and exposing himself to draughts and night-air, which sow the seeds of disease and death.
Shade, water, and vegetables are of vital importance to soldiers brought from damp England to this arid rock. Were the crags coated properly with the manure and offal of the town, they might be carpeted with verdure, and made a kitchen-garden. If ever Gibraltar be lost, it will be from treachery within; and this was once nearly the case, from the discontent occasioned by the over discipline of a royal martinet governor. The evil will arise should any effete general, or one who has never seen active service, be placed there in command. He might worry the men and officers with the minutiae of pipe-clay pedantry: under this scorching clime the blood boils, and the physical and moral forces become irritable, and neither should be trifled with unnecessarily.

The extreme end of the Rock is called "Europa Point;" here, under the Spaniards, was a chapel dedicated to la Virgen de Europa, the lamp of whose shrine served also as a beacon to mariners; she has supplanted the Venus of the ancients (see p. 229). Now a new Protestant lighthouse and batteries have been erected: on the road thither are some charming glens, filled with villas and gardens; albeit these pretty Rures in Márte's savour more of the Cockney than Hercules. Round to the E. is the cool summer pavilion of the governor, nestled under beetling cliffs; below is a cave tunnelled by the waves: beyond this the Rock cannot be passed, as the cliff's rise like walls out of the sea. This side is an entire contrast to the other: all here is solitude and inaccessibility, and Nature has reared her impregnable own bastions: an excursion round in a boat should be made to Catalan Bay. Returning from this extreme point, visit St. Michael's Cave, some half way up the Rock; here affairs of honour of the garrison are, or used to be, frequently settled. The interior of this extraordinary cavern is seen, to greatest advantage when illuminated with blue-lights: after this visit the Moorish water-tanks, which have offered both a model and an example to ourselves. The naval commissioner's house, on this slope, long the head-quarters of jobbing, is the perfection of a Mediterranean villa. Among the many caverns of this Calpe, or caved mountain, is that called "Beefsteak Cave," above the flats of Europa. Nomenclature assuredly marks national character, and this savours more of M. Foy's beef-fed Briton than of the hungry, religious Spaniard, whose artillery-tank at Brewer's barracks below is still called "Nuns' Well."

Another morning may be given to visiting the galleries and heights: first ascend to the castle, which is one of the oldest Moorish buildings in Spain, having been erected in 725 (?) by Abu Abul Hajez, as the Arabic inscription over the S. gate records. The Torre Mocha, or Torre de Omenaje, is riddled with shot-marks, the honourable scars of the siège: near this the "galéries" are entered, which are tunnelled in tiers along the N. front; the gold of England has been lavished to put iron into the bowels of the earth. These batteries are more a show of terror than a reality: they are too high, and soon fill with smoke when the cannon are fired off; at the extremity are magnificent saloons, that of Lord Cornwallis and the "Hall of St. George," where immortal Nelson was feasted.

Visit next "Willis Battery;" the flats which overhang the precipice were once called el Salto del Lobo, the Wolf's leap; then ascend to the "Rock gun," placed on the N. of the 3 points; the central is the "signal post;" here at sunrise and sunset is fired a gun, which, "booming slow with sullen roar," speaks a language which is perfectly understood by Spaniards and Moors, and by the French too, according to the Seguidilla:

"Tiene el Ingles un Cañón
Que se llama Boca negra,
Y en diciendo Canoñazo,
Toda la Francia tiembla."

This is the protocol which should be
used to silence the Tarifa class of insults (see p. 226). The Spaniard in authority, like the nettle, stings the hand that treats him gently; the Duke knew how to grasp him with iron clenches.

"The only way to get them to do anything on any subject, is to frighten them." (Disp. Nov. 2, 1813). Again, Nov. 27, 1813, "You may rely on this, that if you take a firm decided line, and show your determination to go through with it, you will bring the Spanish government to their senses, and you will put an end at once to all the petty cabals." "Nothing," says the Duke, "can ever be done without coming to extremities with them" (Disp. Dec. 1, 1813). A man-of-war in the Bay of Cadiz will effect more in a day than six months' writing reams of red-taped foolscap: this was Elizabeth's and Cromwell's receipt. No Spaniard, prince or priest, ever trifled with their Drakes, Blakes, and other naval diplomats.

The signal-house, under the Spanish rule, was called el Hacho, the torch, because here were lighted the beacons in case of danger: near it is la Silleta, the little chair, to which formerly a narrow path led from Catalan Bay; it was destroyed to prevent surprises, as Gibraltar was once nearly retaken by a party of Spaniards, who crept up during the night by this Senda del Pastor; they failed from being unsupported by their friends at the Lines, who, true Socorros de España, never arrived at the moment of danger; and when the English scaled the hill, the assailants were unprovided even with ammunition. The S. point of the Rock is called O'Hara's Tower or Folly, having been built by that intelligent officer to watch the movements of the Spanish fleet at Cadiz; it was soon afterwards struck by lightning, which completed its inutility.

The view is magnificent; it is indeed the sentinel watch-tower of the Mediterranean, the battle-sea of Europe, to visit whose shores must ever, as Johnson says, be the first object of travel.

Descending amid zigzag, admirably engineered roads, chiefly the work of Gen. Boyd, the views are delicious, while the browsing wild goats form foregrounds fit for Claude Lorraine. The sandy strip, or neutral ground, has a cricket-ground and a race-course.

cosas de Inglaterra: passing the Devil's Tower, an ancient barbacan, is an approach to Catalan Bay.

Inland excursions may be made to St. Roque, 6 miles; to Carteia, 5 miles; to Ximena, 24 miles, with its Moorish castles and caves; to Tarifa, 24 miles (see Route i.); to Algeciras, 10 miles, and what a contrast does Algeciras present to Gibraltar in men and manners. Many a bitter recollection must escape from the Spaniards when they look upon their own deserted harbour, and gaze upon the forest of masts rising under the guns of the opposite fortress, from the numerous vessels which daily extend commerce to all parts of the world; when they hear the busy hum wafted across the bay to their lazy silent port, it must, one would think, awaken the sleeper, and convince their rulers, bigoted, ignorant, and prejudiced as they are, of the effects of activity, industry, and liberty, civil, religious, and commercial.

There is excellent shooting in the neighbourhood of Gibraltar, especially the woodcocks in the "Cork Wood," and partridges and wild fowl in the vicinity of Estepona. Excursions on horseback, or with the gun, may be made to the convent of Almoraima, 14 miles, and 4 miles on to the nobly situated castle of Castellar, the property of the M's de Moscoso, who owns large estates in these districts. Sebastian el Escribano is the best guide there, but the "Gib." hacks know the way blindfold; for fox-hounds, the "Calpe Hunt" have been kept ever since 1817, when started by Adm. Fleming. The Nimrods confirm the idea of Spaniards, that the English are either Locos o Demonios, mad, devils, or both. Foxes are rather too plentiful, as Don Celestino
Cobos, the owner of the first Venta cover, is a great preserver; and since the hunt gave him a silver cup, a vulpicide is unheard of. The best "meets" are "first and second Ventas," Pine Wood, Malaga Road, and D. of Kent's farm. Horse-keep is reasonable, about two dollars per week for each horse; the price of a nag varies from 20 to 150 dollars.

None should omit to cross the Straits, and just set foot on Africa; the contrast is more striking than even passing from Dover to Calais. Travelling slowly by land, we glide imperceptibly over frontiers of different countries, and are prepared for changes, but by sea the transition is abrupt. The excursion into Barbary is both easy and interesting. The partridge-shooting and wild-boar hunting, near Tetuan, are excellent; a small steamer, called El Andaluz, set up, it would seem, to facilitate smuggling, runs from Algeciras to neighbouring ports. There is also a constant communication by Misticos and other craft between Barbary and the "Rock," which is supplied with beef by contract with the Emperor of Morocco. Cross, therefore, over to Tangiers, which once belonged to England, having formed part of the portion of the Portuguese wife of Charles II. Put up at a Scotch lady's house, or at Joanna Correa's; one Ben Elia also takes in travellers, for he is a Jew. Visit the Alcazar, the Roman bridge outside the town, and the Swedish and Danish consuls' gardens. Obtain by application to the English consul a soldier as an escort, and ride in twelve hours to Tetuan; lodge in the Jewish quarter. The daughters of Israel, both at Tetuan and Tangiers, are unequalled in beauty: observe their eyes, feet, and costume; they are true Rebeccas. Visit the Kaid Hash-Hash in the Alcazar, taking a present, for Bachshish is here everything; visit also the bazaar and the Sultan's garden. Tetuan was founded in 1492 by the refugees from Granada; many of the families yet exist, who retain the title-deeds of their former estates, and the keys of their doors ready for re-occupation. Tetuan and its population may be taken as a type of what the Spanish Moor and his cities were: the Jews speak a corrupt Spanish. There is no danger or difficulty in this interesting African trip. The Spaniards despise the Moors; being utterly ignorant of their real condition, they fancy Tetuan to be a wilderness of monkeys; hence the proverb, se fue a Tetuan para pillar Monos. The old leaven of mutual hatred and ignorance remains, and there is no love lost on either side.

Another day's sail may be made from Algeciras to Ceuta; this opposed rock to Gibraltar is the Botany Bay of Spaniards. The name is a corruption of "septem," the seven hillocks on which it is built; it is very strongly fortified, especially on the land side, and is well garrisoned for Spain, with 5000 men. Ceuta should belong, as it once did, to the owners of Gibraltar, and then the command of the Straits would be complete, except in fogs; and we deserve to have it, for during the war such was the neglect and incapacity of the Spanish juntas, that the Moors would have retaken it, had not Sir Colin Campbell sent over an English garrison, at the request of the Spaniards themselves (Disp. Nov. 27, 1813). No sooner were the Cadiz Cortes saved by the victory of Salamanca, than they contemplated passing a law to prevent any foreign soldier (meaning British) from ever being admitted into a Spanish garrison, and this when their only garrisons not taken by the French were precisely those which, in their hour of need, they had entreated England to defend. (Disp. Apr. 2, 1813.)

The town is very clean, and paved in a mosaic pattern. Posada, la de Rosalía: the (formerly) English barrack is now a wretched Presidio. Out of sight, out of mind and pay, is an Iberian maxim, and doubly so when convicts are in question: in fact, all the Spaniards are confined to their rock, and kept in presidio by the Moors, who shoot at them.