

Immediately beneath this ball was the gallery, whence the mulzzims convoked the faithful to their stated devotions. The ascent of the tower is effected by a spiral stairway without steps, and of such gradual inclination that a person walks up with scarce an effort, as he would ascend a gentle hill. In more modern times the globe has been removed, and a small tower of inferior diameter has been erected above, making the entire present height of the whole construction three hundred and sixty-four feet, more than two-thirds of the higher pyramid. This immense mass terminates in a colossal statue in brass of a female, intended to represent the Faith. This is the famous Giralda or weathercock, one of the great wonders of Spain, and the subject of many a poetic allusion. It is certainly a little singular that any good catholic should have thought of setting the emblem of his faith up for a weathercock, to turn about with every change of wind; though the different destinies which have ruled Seville, and the widely different religious usages with which this same tower has been associated, all point to the possibility of variation. As I walked up the winding ascent in the interior of the tower, it was evident to me that two cavaliers, accoutred with spear, shield, and helmet, and mounted upon their war-horses, might easily ride side by side to the top, as is said to have been done.

on more than one occasion; and as for the Knight of the Mirrors, though he told Don Quixote many a lie, he was at least within the bounds of probability when he recounted his adventure with the giantess Giralda. From the gallery at the top of the tower, too, one may estimate the difficulty and danger of the fearful feat executed by that wild warrior Don Alonzo de Ojeda*. The view from this immense elevation is necessarily a fine one. The huge cathedral below, and round about it the city with its many churches, its hundred convents, its Alcazar and amphitheatre; without these, the ancient walls and time-worn turrets of Hispalis; the masts, yards, and streamers of the vessels in port, and the leafy promenades that offer shade and shelter for the daily and nightly exercises of the Sevillians; and, in the remoter portions of the panorama, a vast tract of level country traversed by the winding Guadalquivir,—all combine to furnish a delightful picture.

But to return to the interior of the cathedral: it is very rich in paintings, statues, and relics, and contains the tombs of many cavaliers whose names are deservedly dear to the Spaniard. Here rest the remains of Ferdinand Columbus, a great benefactor of Seville; of Maria Padilla, the guilty mistress,

* Irving's Life of Columbus.

or, as some say, the unhappy wife of Peter the Cruel. Here too may be found all that could die of St. Ferdirand, by whom the Cathedral was conquered and consecrated; a man, according to Father Mariana, who was endowed with all the personal gifts and mental acquirements that any one could desire; of whom it was doubted whether he excelled for goodness, greatness, or good fortune. So pure, indeed, were his manners, that they won him while living the surname of Santo, and caused him after death to be regularly enrolled upon the list of the beatified*.

A far finer sight, however, than all these marble heaps that cover the bones of the departed, is found in the many beautiful paintings that adorn the walls and chapels of the Cathedral. They are above all praise. It is indeed only in Seville that one may properly appreciate the school of Seville. This school owes its chief celebrity to Murillo, born in Seville, like his great master Velasquez, and who spent the greater part of his life in painting for the churches, convents, and hospitals of his native city. Scarce a public edifice there but contains something from the pencil of this great man. The

* One of his saintly qualities was his detestation of heresy, which was so great that he personally performed the drudgery, on more than one occasion, of carrying wood to the bonfire of an unbeliever.

Hospital of Charity, near the bank of the river, is especially rich in these precious productions. Among the number are the return of the Prodigal Son, and Moses smiting the rock in Horeb. The men, women, children, and even the beasts of the thirsty caravan are drinking with a joyful avidity that gives almost equal delight to the spectator.

The amusements of Seville are sufficiently numerous; for the people of that city are famous all the world over as a light-hearted, laughter loving people, eternal scratchers of the guitar, and dancers of the waltz and *bolero*. They have a tolerable company of comedians, and a very good Italian opera. Here, however, more than elsewhere, the bull-fight constitutes the leading popular amusement; and the amphitheatre of Seville—said to be a very fine one—is looked up to by those of Madrid, Ronda, and Granada in the light of a metropolitan. The right way to turn a bull with the lance, or fix a *banderilla*, or deal the death-blow, is always the way it is done in Seville—“*Asi se hace en la Plaza de Sevilla!*” There is, however, another amusement, which, though not so passionately beloved by the people of Seville, is, nevertheless, more frequently enjoyed; for the *fiesta de toros* seldom comes more than once a week, and costs money, whereas the *paseo* takes place daily, and may be shared by the poorest citizen.

There are several pleasant promenades in and about the city. You may wander through the orange grove of the old Alcazar; or cross over to Triana, and take a look at the convent of the silent Carthusians; or, following the receding tide as it floats along the quay, you may mingle amid the motley group of sailors and landsmen there assembled, until you pause to contemplate the famous Golden Tower—a venerable pile which has been visited by Sertorius and by Cæsar. Thence, turning back upon the Betis, you may seek the shade of the neighbouring *alameda*. Here you find a throng of soldiers, citizens, and peasants; with priests and friars, no longer so grave as in Madrid and Toledo: perhaps, too, a light-hearted Frenchman from the garrison at Cadiz, who has come in search of a little amusement, moving about as if he had lived all his life in Seville, and already on the best terms in the world with some dozen of newly-made acquaintances; or else an Englishman from Gibraltar, buttoned to his chin in his military frock, between which and his slouched foraging cap he looks defiance upon the multitude. Here too are hosts of gracious Sevillanas, with pretty nurses not a few, and groups of boys and girls following in the train of their parents. Whilst the children, caring little for the thoughts of others, abandon themselves without restraint to the frolic

of their disposition, the full-grown, on the contrary, scarce seem to live for themselves. With the men, all is deference, courtesy, and submission; with the women, a winning display of charms, of graces and fascination. Little do these happy mortals remember that the ground which they now tread with so free a step has been stained by the crimes of Peter the Cruel, has heard the reproaches of the murdered Abu-Said, or rung with the wailings of Doña Urraca de Orsorio!

The last afternoon of my stay in Seville was spent in a short excursion to the ruins of Italica. I made it afoot and alone, for the want of a better conveyance and better company. The distance is about five miles; and when I had travelled three of them, through a country flat, marshy, and poorly cultivated, though susceptible of the highest improvement were the land held under a different tenure, I found myself in front of the convent of San Isidro. An aged friar of the order of Mercy, who was walking under the trees that stand on the knoll in front, attended by two very good companions on a promenade, his staff and snuff-box, readily answered my inquiries concerning the convent and Italica. It appears that San Isidro owes its foundation to Alonzo Perez de Guzman, better known in Spanish annals by the appellation of

Guzman el Bueno. His remains, with those of his wife, now repose within these walls, raised by their piety.

When the good monk had told me all about Guzman and about the convent, where masses are daily said for the souls of the founders, he pointed out the direction of Italica. Having taken leave of him, I pursued my way, and presently passed through a miserable collection of hovels, called Santi Ponce. To the left, and a little farther on, are the hills, upon which, like Rome of old, once stood Italica, a city of great wealth and magnificence under the Roman domination. Its total decline and utter desolation can scarce be accounted for by the proximity of Seville, and by the variation in the course of the Guadalquivir, which now takes its way many miles to the left, though it formerly bathed the walls of Italica. An amphitheatre, which may still be distinctly traced between two hills, is the only lingering remnant of so much greatness. Having penetrated up the ravine in which it lies, I came to a place where a boy was busy turning water into four earthen jars that were balanced in a wooden frame upon the back of an ass. The spring at which he filled them stood opposite to the amphitheatre, and emerged from the side of a hill. On entering the aperture, I found that it was the work of art, ap-

parently the remnant of an aqueduct, constructed to convert at pleasure the neighbouring arena into a lake for the display of naval races and engagements. The boy lent me the gourd with which he took up the water, and having drunk I clambered to the top of the ruin. This amphitheatre is not a large one, its greatest diameter being only two hundred and ninety feet, and the less two hundred. Its form and extent are now all that one may discover; the seats and facings of hewn stone having all been removed to build the convent of San Isidro, or make a breakwater in the Guadalquivir. The benches, which had been often crowded with their thousands on thousands piled, which had rung with the approving shouts of so many happy and exulting Italicans, now offered nothing but a succession of hillocks and chasms overrun with weeds; whilst the arena below, fattened for centuries with the blood of wild beasts and gladiators, was covered with a heavy crop of waving wheat, which each instant changed its hue, swept by the passing gales as they entered the arches of the amphitheatre. Thrown, as I was, alone upon this deathlike solitude, it was scarce possible to realize that the city which now neither owns a house nor an inhabitant was indeed that Italica that furnished Rome with three of her mightiest emperors; nay, that the very amphitheatre

where I now stood, the native of a newborn land, had been oft graced by the presence of Trajan, of Adrian, and Theodosius; of Trajan, the disciple of Plutarch; *Trajanus Optimus*; he of whom the Romans spake, when they were used to exclaim at the inauguration of an emperor, "May he be happier than Augustus! may he be better than Trajan!"

On my return homeward I remembered that there was a convent of Carthusians on the bank of the river above Triana, and turned aside to seek admittance. After much knocking at the postern, a surly old porter came to reconnoitre me through a little wicket, but refused to let me enter, or even to go himself to ask permission of the prior. The season was one of solemnity, and the devotion of these sons of Saint Bruno could not suffer interruption. I turned away in disappointment, and walked quickly along a narrow path which skirted the bank of the river. The rapidity of my pace soon brought me up with an officer who was walking at a slower rate in the same direction; and as the path chanced to grow narrower just there, he politely stood aside to let me pass him. He was dressed in an oil-cloth cocked-hat, with a red cockade covering the whole side of it, which was in turn partly concealed under two broad stripes of tarnished gold lace. His coatee of green, with a strap on either shoulder, and his legs, which were

bent to the saddle, together with the height and heaviness of his tread, announced a captain of cavalry. Instead, however, of a sabre, he carried nothing but a yellow walking-cane; and as for his cheek-bones and mustaches of black and gray, they were quite as hollow and quite as crest-fallen as those of Don Quixote. He was evidently a poor officer—a very poor officer. Poor as he might be, however, the courtesy with which he stood aside, putting out his cane to keep him from falling into the Guadalquivir, whilst with his left hand he waved for me to pass on, was at least entitled to an acknowledgment, and this was in turn a fair introduction to the discourse which followed.

He soon learned that I was a stranger—an American, and had been disappointed in seeing the convent. He too had failed to gain admittance; but his errand had related to something else beside mere curiosity. It appeared that he was an *indefinido*; and, when I asked him if he had made himself obnoxious during the Constitutional system, he said No—he had ever been true to his king, perchance to the prejudice of his country. He had long since been regularly purified, and was now ready to go whithersoever the king his master might be pleased to send him. But no orders came for him to go upon active service, nor had he and many others in

Seville received any half-pay for near a year. What could he do? It was too late in life for him to begin the world anew. He could not work—and he glanced at the soiled embroidery of his uniform. He had to struggle along with his wife and two children the best way he could. A relation who had a place in the Cathedral had done something for them, and the Prior of Cartuxa had been very charitable. His necessities, however, had outgrown these scanty supplies, and he had gone again to-day to the convent to seek relief from pressing want, but he had not seen the prior. Meantime his wife was at the term of her pregnancy, and he did not know where he was to find bread for her and for the children, much less the comforts and assistance called for by her peculiar condition. The threadbare dress of the veteran, his meager countenance, the contending sense of pride and poverty there expressed, and the tearful eye that proclaimed the triumph of the last, were so many pledges of the faithfulness of his tale. Doubtless he had not overcome his shame, and made me privy to his poverty, for the sake of being pitied. I did what I could for him, though it was rather in accordance with my means than with my own will or his necessity. The old man was grateful. He begged me to stay a day or two in Seville, and promised to procure me the sight of the Cartuxa and

of whatever else was still worthy of being seen. He now walked quicker than before, and seemed as anxious to reach his home as he had lately appeared unwilling to go there.

In this way we gained the bridge of boats, which now, as in the time of the Moors, connects the banks of the Guadalquivir*. The setting sun had already withdrawn from the surface of the stream, and was shedding his last rays upon Seville; gilding her antique towers and gateways, and shining through the spars and rigging of a dozen petty feluccas that lay at intervals along the quay. The tale of the poor officer, the season, and the sight were all of a melancholy cast. Could this then be the same Seville that had witnessed the departing ships of Columbus, Ojeda, Cortez, and Magellan, and acted such a brilliant part in the conquest and colonization of the other hemisphere? which long received the undivided tribute of a virgin world, and was thronged by the ships and merchants of all Europe,

* Some modern antiquarian has pretended to find at Seville a tunnel under the Guadalquivir, similar to the one now attempting at London, and said to have been the work of the Saracens. No such means of communication between the opposite banks is mentioned by the Arabian writers translated by Conde; and we well know that the destruction of the bridge of boats by Saint Ferdinand led to the immediate surrender of the city.

bringing their richest productions to barter for the gold of the Spaniards? In the various revolutions of the moral as of the physical world, may she not hope again to recover her lost magnificence? or is she indeed destined to wander back to the condition of Italica?

I had come to Seville with expectations greatly raised, and had met in some measure with disappointment. Instead of the delightful situation of Cordova, the at once protecting and cooling neighbourhood of the Sierra Morena, and the pleasing alternation of hill and dale that there meet the eye—here, if you except a highland in the direction of Italica, the surrounding country is flat and marshy, which, in connexion with its partially drained and poorly cultivated condition, furnishes the fruitful source of fevers. Indeed, were it not for the thousand interesting associations that hover over Hispalis and Seville; had not San Fernando taken the city, and Peter the Cruel delivered Leonor de Guzman into the hands of his mother and her rival, and stabbed the Moor, and burnt Doña Uracca; had Algeber forgotten to build the Giralda, and Ojeda to stand upon it with one leg, whilst he flourished the other in the air for the gratification of Isabella, I would not give a pin to have seen it. But it ill becomes the merchant to speak disparagingly of his

merchandise, or the voyager to undervalue his; so I will even send the untravelled reader away regretful and envious by quoting an old proverb quite common in Spain:—

“He who hath not Seville seen
Hath not seen strange things, I ween.”

“Quien no ha visto Sevilla
No ha visto maravilla.”



Costume—Seville.

CHAPTER XVII.

SEVILLE.

Steamer *Hernan Cortes*.—*Guadalquivir*.—*Bonanza*.—Perplexities at *Santa Maria*.—Arrival at *Cadiz*.—Its Situation and early History.—Its Destruction by *Essex*.—Present Condition.—Appearance.—The *Gaditana*.

THE clock had scarce struck four on Monday morning, the twenty-third of April, ere I heard a knocking at our outer door. I was on the alert, as a man on the eve of departure is apt to be, and readily conjectured that it could be no other than the porter, who had promised to call me, and carry my trunk to the steamer that was to start that morning for *Cadiz*. Having dressed myself by the aid of a small lamp that was burning in the vestibule, I bade farewell again to my female friends on the other side of the partition, who had been waked by the tumult, and who, although I had received their hearty well-wishes the night before, were still nowise niggard of their commendations to God and to the Virgin. This, if it was attended with no other advantage, at least served to send me away from *Seville* with the happiest impressions.

On gaining the street, I noticed that the porter avoided the direct route, and, passing close to the

Cathedral, took a broader street that lay to the right. Having asked the reason of this, he told me that several passengers, while going to the quay a few mornings before, had been waylaid and plundered. Quite as much interested as himself in avoiding such a rencontre, I assented; and having passed the gate, we proceeded along the quay, and arrived safely on board the Hernan Cortes. The coolness and mist of the morning, and the darkness that precedes the dawn, made the deck unpleasant, and furnished an inducement to dive below in search of better weather. Though this was the only steamer known in the country where the discovery first met with a successful application, it had been built in England, and, if not so gorgeously decorated as is usual with us, possessed every thing that one might desire in the way of comfort. Some twenty or thirty gentlemen were stretched at full length upon the settees and benches, or else sitting round a dim lamp that stood on the table before them, engaged in a sleepy scattering conversation. Politics being a proscribed topic among Spaniards, they talked of pleasure. The performers of Seville were compared with those of Cadiz, the bolero and bolera were discussed, and various opinions were put forth upon the stars of the opera. Commerce, of course, came in for a share of notice among commercial men; and all joined in deploring

its unequalled depression, though no one did more than advert to the cause. From Europe they passed to America, to Cuba, Mexico, and the United States, where some of them had been. It was delightful to hear my native land spoken of by Spaniards, in the language of unprejudiced eulogy; the equal footing upon which foreigners are admitted into it; the way in which commerce is left to take care of itself, and the merchant to dispose of his capital as he pleases; and the singular liberty enjoyed by both citizens and strangers of coming without any passport, and of going from city to city, and from state to state, without asking the permission of any one. And yet with all this freedom, there was far more security than at Cadiz—a robber or a murderer was inevitably brought to justice. This led them to speak of a robbery which had lately been committed upon Ximenez, a merchant of Cadiz. Several thousand dollars had been taken from his counting-house, and the persons who had been engaged in it, from being poor people, were now seen leaving off their labor, and enjoying a momentary affluence; yet there was no taking hold of them, no convicting them of the theft, though every one knew them to have committed it. These gentlemen evinced an intelligence and a knowledge of what was passing in the world, which I had nowhere met with in Spain. It was the first

time, since I had crossed the Pyrenees, that I had found an occasion of conversing with Spaniards on my own country, in my own language.

When the light began to break in upon us through the cabin windows, and down the feebler glimmering of the lamp, we were tempted to return to the deck. As the sun rose, the mists gradually floated away, disclosing a scene in which we looked in vain for the beauties of Andalusia. The Guadalquivir below Seville passes through a level plain, and divides itself into three branches, which reunite before it empties itself into the sea, near the port of San Lucar. These lowlands are almost entirely without cultivation and inhabitants, if you except a few herdsmen who tend the cattle and horses that graze in large droves upon the meadows. As there are no dykes, the river sometimes overflows its banks, and covers the country with devastation. Towards the mouth, the meadows give place to sand-banks thrown up by the sea, and covered with pine woods that furnish abundance of charcoal. On the right the course of the stream is followed by a single continuous hill, which is a minor branch of the Sierra Morena, holding out to the last, and dying only in the ocean. In the east, of the two hundred towers of Seville, the Giralda alone still lingered above the horizon.

Having asked some questions respecting the na-

vigation of the Guadalquivir, I was informed that it was no longer navigable to Seville for vessels drawing more than nine feet of water, but vessels of three or four hundred tons may enter the river. This, however, is now a matter of little importance, since few vessels of any class are found to profit by it*.

As we descended the stream, the breeze gradually came in strong from the ocean, and made it evident that we should not be able to reach Cadiz in the packet; for the sea is said to be rough on the bar. Under these circumstances it was determined that we should put into Bonanza. As we entered this little port, we passed through a fleet of fishing and coasting vessels that were riding at anchor. One of the seamen of the packet, who belonged to Huelva, pointed out a felucca among the number, which was commanded by a descendant of Martin Alonzo Pinzon, who bore so conspicuous a part in the first voyage of Columbus. As we went by the little felucca, which might be noticed among the rest for its neat order and compact rigging, a fine looking young man stood up to see us pass. This was no other than Pinzon, with whom the sailor exchanged a shout of recognition. The sailor told me that Palos, which witnessed the departure

* The Guadalquivir abounds in excellent fish. The shad, so much esteemed in America, makes its annual visits here.

of the adventurous enthusiast and the glorious return of the discoverer, is now so dwindled that it scarce owns half a dozen fishing-boats. Huelva has been increased by emigrants from Palos, and the Pinzons are among the number. There are four families of them. They are not wealthy, but are much respected, and are very proud of their ancestor, whose papers and journals they preserve with religious reverence. Well may they be proud of Martin Alonzo; for the honor of having acted the important part he did in the discovery of another world is not less a subject of honest exultation than the proudest achievements of a Cid, a Guzman, or a Gonsalvo.

A boisterous scene awaited us at Bonanza, whose peaceful and pleasant name might have led us to look for better things. Scarce, indeed, had our anchor dropped and the packet tended to the tide, before we were surrounded by boatmen from the shore, offering to land us; for to have taken the packet alongside of the wharf would have been a dangerous infringement of their rights. Here ensued a scene of bustle and clamor for precedence which drowned entirely the hiss of the escaping steam. On reaching the wharf new troubles awaited us; herds of hungry porters seized upon our trunks, while custom-house officers stopped us at the gate to examine their contents, and see what we might

be smuggling from Seville to Cadiz. These trials passed; yet another set met us on the beach, where a number of calesas were drawn up to carry us to Santa Maria, which stands upon the bay of Cadiz, opposite the city. The drivers, accoutred in the genuine breeches and many-colored jacket proper to caleseros, rushed round us, smacking their whips and praising their mules and horses; or calling our attention to the softness of the cushions, or to the painting of a ship or a saint, which adorned the back. Among the passengers was a British colonel with his lady. He could scarce say yes and no in Spanish, and yet was surrounded on every side by these clamorous mortals, talking to them as fast as they could, and at the top of their lungs. The boatman demanded an additional peseta—the custom-house officer thrust out his hand for a fee—and the porter sat upon his portmanteau, as if determined to maintain possession until fully remunerated; while the caleseros were calling his attention to their vehicles. The poor man understood not a word of it; he only knew that there was a general conspiracy to cheat him, and was determined to resist the injustice, instead of submitting quietly to the operation. He was a stout, well-set man, with a fiery complexion, which seemed no unfair indication of his character; for he looked as though he would willingly have whipped off the head of every

sinner of them, casting his eye first on his sword and then on his wife, the recollection of whom recalled him always to the more pacific use of words. He talked to them in no very good French, then attempted a word or two of Spanish, which the fellows repeated by way of ridicule, and at last fell to cursing them soundly in plain English. They were not to be intimidated. They called him "God damn," and insisted upon having the money. In this situation, a fellow passenger came to his assistance with an offer of interpreting for him. By a little lowering of demands on the part of these worthies, and an increased anxiety to get forward on the other, the matter was presently arranged, and the colonel set out for San Lucar in a calesin, drawing sundry comparisons between England and Spain, which were by no means favorable to the latter. By this time all the other passengers had gone away, and left me alone to fight it out for myself. There were, however, several calesines untaken; so putting myself up at auction, I presently knocked down to the lowest bidder, and hurried away, aiding the driver in beating the horse soundly, that we might overtake the rest of the caravan. This was a matter of no small importance; for, though the country was sandy and open, we were now attended by not less than six horsemen paid by the proprietors of the packet; and I had always

found that the danger from robbers was in proportion to the strength of the escort. It appeared indeed, from what had been said on board, that the caleseros are connected with the robbers, and sometimes lag behind, when they take advantage of an angle of the road to pick up a straggler—at others, they seize boldly upon the inn that stands upon a hill midway between San Lucar and Santa Maria, and have a regular rencontre.

We reached the port of Santa Maria at sunset, and without any adventures. We were extremely anxious to pass the night in Cadiz, rather than in the indifferent inns of Santa Maria. But the tide was now too low to leave the river, and though one of the boatmen endeavoured to get us on board of his felucca, with a view of making sure of us for the morrow, yet the representations of the landlord of the posada, who was anxious to have our company, connected with the experience of some of the party respecting the danger of crossing the bar, induced us to wait until morning. After a poor dinner, which was a little qualified by some genuine Sherry, one of my fellow-travellers proposed a ramble, to which I gladly assented. On leaving the posada we struck into a path leading along the bank of the small stream which flowed beneath our balconies, and the mouth of which forms the little port of Saint Mary. This is the Guadalete, upon

which stands the famous old city of Xerez. Near Xerez was fought, eleven centuries since, that celebrated battle between the Arab Taric and Don Roderick, the last of the Goths, which decided the fate of Spain. An old tradition says, that Roderick having lost the day, escaped to Portugal, where he died in obscurity, upon the authority of which Southey has undertaken to resuscitate him. The Arabians assert that his head was sent to Damascus, and the Spanish chroniclers will have it that he was drowned, like many of his followers, in this same stream of Guadalete, and that a part of his royal apparel was found upon the banks. Xeres is also celebrated in Spain for its fine horses, and all the world over for the excellence of its wine. Santa Maria is the depot of this product; the first qualities are much finer and far more expensive than the best wines of Madeira. Having rambled through the pleasant paseo, which lies northward of the town, and admired some fine specimens of the black-eyed beauties, for which Santa Maria is famous, we returned to the posada.

The next morning we rose at an early hour, and found ourselves as badly off as we had been the night before; for the tide had flowed and ebbed again, and was now once more at the lowest. The masters of two of the feluccas had, however, been wiser than their brethren; for during the night

they had moved them without the bar. Several caleseros, who had concerted with the boatmen, had their calasines drawn up at the door, and offered to convey us round to the feluccas. The idea that the tide would be at the same point again the next morning had not occurred to us in the evening, and our host had neglected to remind us of the fact, lest he should lose our society in taking his chocolate. As the matter stood, there was no alternative between taking the advice of the posadero and the boatmen whose feluccas were at the quay, that we should wait the flowing of the tide, or of the caleseros and the boatmen from without, who insisted that we should arrive two hours sooner at Cadiz by employing them. The most expeditious way of escaping from these perplexities and torments seemed the best, and we, one and all, determined to go round with the caleseros. This arrangement, and its general adoption by the whole party, did not at all suit the views of the watermen, who were thus left without employment. When persuasions and arguments failed, they called us fools for paying away so much money uselessly, and after growling at the caleseros, they presently began to quarrel with them. When we started off, they even caught hold of the backs of the calasines to stop them. This brought them sundry strokes with the whip, followed up by others upon the rumps of

the horses, which soon relieved us of the embarrassment, and sent us away in a hurry, with the curses of the watermen, leaving an open quarrel between them and the caleseros, to be afterwards settled over a pot of wine, or more summarily decided by the arbitration of the knife. This was not the last source of vexation ere we reached Cadiz.

When we got to the beach opposite to the feluccas, several fishermen volunteered their services to carry us on their shoulders to them. When this service had been rendered, they demanded an exorbitant remuneration, which some of us consented to pay, but which an honest Catalan, who had labored hard to earn his money, and thought that what had given so much trouble in collecting was at least worth taking care of, absolutely refused. He was a very robust, portly man, and had made quite a ludicrous figure in coming off, mounted upon the shoulders of the fisherman. He said not a word about the price then, but kept cautioning him against letting him into the water, and promising what a world of money he would give him if he arrived safe. As the water grew deeper, and began laving the skirts of his coat, he tried to work upward on the fellow's shoulders, and puffed and blew as if he were already swimming. The difficulty over, however, he seemed to think less of it,

and beat the fisherman down to the half of his demand. This produced a new riot, and sent us on our journey in a squall. The occurrences of the day, and all that I saw of these people at Cadiz, Gibraltar, and Malaga, convinced me that the lower classes on the coast of Andalusia are the most quarrelsome, cheating, and vindictive rascals in the world. It suggested to me the source of a sweeping prejudice which I had formerly felt against all Spaniards; for in the colonial seaports, the Spaniards whom I had met, and from whom I had received my impressions of the national character, were all either from the ports of Andalusia or descendants of emigrants from that section of the Peninsula.

There was scarce a breath of wind in the bay of Cadiz, and the inward and outward bound vessels stood still with flapping sails, or only moved with the tide, whilst a boat was seen rowing under the bow of each to keep it in the channel. This being the case, we did not loose our sail, but the rowers took to their oars to toil over to the city, which lies eight miles from Santa Maria. They did not sit still and sweep the oar by the mere muscular exertion of the arms, shoulders, and back, but rose upon their feet at each stroke, sending the oar through the water by the weight of the body, as they let themselves fall towards the benches. Our

sailors ridicule this clumsy operation; but if this mode of rowing be less graceful than ours, it is certainly much less laborious. We had not gone far from the beach ere we came to the outer bar of the Guadalete. Here, upon a signal from the master, who stood up at the helm, the rowers all rested on their oars, and, taking off their hats, uttered a short prayer for the souls of the mariners who had been there drowned. This done, they crossed themselves, replaced their hats, and renewed their rowing, their conversation, and their songs. Formerly it was the custom to take alms, to have masses said for the ransom of such souls of drowned sinners as still continued in purgatory. The master of the felucca told me that there had been many, very many drowned there: scarce a year without its victims; for the surf comes in so treacherously, that after rowing over a smooth sea a wave is seen rising behind, at first small, but gradually increasing, and driving the boat sideways before it, comes surging over, fills the boat, and rolls it and the passengers in the quicksands. When I looked at the smooth surface of the sea as it now glided by us in ripples, I could not help reflecting upon the many miserable men that had there sank never again to rise; many an unhappy being balancing between sinking and swimming, whom a single one of these useless oars and planks that lay at the bottom of our boat would

have kept upon the surface—nay, whom a thread might have sustained until the arrival of succour.

In about two hours we reached the quay, one of the noisiest places in the world, and passed thence to the nearest gate, where numbers of custom-house and police officers were standing ready to search and examine every one who came in. We got off with a gratuity, not smuggled secretly, but openly administered into the hands of the functionary. This admitted us into the Plaza de Mar; an open place which lies just within the sea gate, and which was crowded with an odd collection of people. Here is held a market-place for the sale of all sorts of provisions; fruit, eggs, and vegetables, ice, barley, and lemon-water; American parrots trying to make themselves heard in the uproar; singing birds in cages or unfledged in the nest, opening their yawning mouths to receive the food offered them on the end of a stick—poor substitute for the parent's beak. And here, most strange of all, are sold grasshoppers, confined in little traps, to enliven the bedchambers of the Cadiz ladies with their evening chirp—unsatisfactory solace of the single and solitary. In addition to the noises sent forth by the venders of all these commodities and by the commodities themselves, there was a fearful jabbering in every tongue of Europe. Frenchmen were making their court to the pretty serving-maids and gypsies who fre-

quent the market, and asking for a rendezvous; Germans, Dutchmen, English, Italians, and even turbaned and bearded Moors, with their grave and guttural declamation, added to the confusion.

Cadiz is situated at the extremity of a peninsula which stretches out into the ocean northwestward from the island of Leon. South of this peninsula is the open ocean, stretching away towards the Mediterranean straits, while on the north is a deep bay formed by the peninsula itself and the Spanish coast, running in the direction of Cape Saint Vincent. The open bay furnishes a harbour which is not always secure, for the northwest winds sometimes bring in a heavy and dangerous sea; but the inner port, where the navy-yard is situate, is at all times safe and commodious. This admirable station for the pursuits of commerce attracted the attention of the earliest navigators. So long ago as eight centuries before the Christian era, the Phœnicians, having founded Carthage and pushed their dominions beyond the pillars of Hercules even to Britain, were induced to establish several colonies on the coast of Spain, where the abundance of silver and gold attracted them, even more than the fertility of the soil and the amenity of the climate. Of these colonies Gades was the principal.

It may be asked, What remains are there to bear witness to the existence of the past grandeur of