

Cadiz, the city which once sent forth the Carthaginian Hanno to explore and colonize Africa? Even the site of the temple remained a problem in modern times, until the year seventeen hundred and thirty, when its ruins were discovered under water near the island of Santi Petri, in consequence of an unusually low tide. This fact, in connexion with some accounts concerning the former extent of Cadiz, prove conclusively that it has been greatly wasted by the attacks of the sea, which, while it abandons the Mediterranean coast of Spain, is daily gaining ground on the side of the Atlantic. I had an opportunity of observing this for myself; for while I was at Cadiz, a portion of the beautiful wall which surrounds the city had fallen in, in consequence of the encroachments of the sea, and in many other places it was undermined and in a tottering condition.

Cadiz also contained many Phœnician, Greek, and Roman inscriptions and other antiquities. Among them was an odd epitaph, found upon the tomb of some man-hating cynic, who thought he had fled to the end of the earth. It ran, "Heliodorus, a Carthaginian madman, ordered me by his will to be put into this sarcophagus, at this farthest extremity of the globe, that he might see whether any one more mad than himself would come as far as this place to see him!" All these memorials of the past

vanished in 1597, when Elizabeth sent her favorite Essex, with two hundred ships and fifteen thousand men, including seamen and soldiers, to avenge the insults of the haughty Philip and his Invincible Armada. Lord Effingham commanded the fleet, accompanied by all the gallant spirits of the day; Lord Thomas Howard, Sir Corniers Clifford, Sir George Carew, Sir Francis Vere, and Sir Walter Raleigh. The destination of the fleet was not known until after it put to sea, and thus it arrived off Cadiz without any intimation. Essex, when he had prevailed upon the cautious admiral to make the attack, was informed that the queen, careful of his life, had ordered that he should keep himself in the centre of the fleet. He promised to do so; but no sooner did he see Sir Walter Raleigh leading boldly into the inner harbor, under a dreadful fire from the batteries on either side, than, throwing his hat overboard, he gave way to his impatience, and pressed at once forward into the thickest of the fire. The inner harbor was full of ships newly arrived, and laden with bullion and the precious commodities of America. These were run on shore by the Spanish admiral, the Duke of Medina; and when he saw that the headlong valor of the English was about to prove successful, he caused them to be fired. Leaving this scene of conflagration, Essex got possession of Puntalis; and, no longer ruled by

any will but his own, marched with his soldiers along the narrow causeway which leads from Leon to Cadiz, and, regardless of the batteries that swept his ranks, stormed the city sword in hand. The Spaniards fought as usual, from house to house, and many of the English were slain; of the Spaniards many more, not less than four thousand, but none in cold blood. When the resistance ceased, the town was given over to plunder, and the generals having taken their stations in the town hall, the principal inhabitants came to kiss their feet. The priests and nuns were dismissed unconditionally; but the rest of the population were compelled to give hostages for the payment of a stipulated ransom. This done, the treasure was embarked, the inhabitants were driven from their homes, and the city was delivered to the flames. Thus perished Cadiz, and with her the statue of Alexander, and every trace of her pristine greatness*.

Upon the later glories and still later misfortunes of Cadiz it is unnecessary to enlarge. The commercial prosperity of the city, the thousand masts that filled its port, when this was the only corner

* The plunder is said to have amounted to eight millions of ducats, and six millions perished with the fleet. The loss by the universal conflagration, like the misery consequent upon it, is of course inestimable. See Hume, Mariana, James's History of Straits, &c.

of the Peninsula untrod by the foot of the usurper; the fearless proclamation of the constitution of the year 1812 by the Spanish Cortes under the very fire of Matagorda; the later revolution in this same island of Leon by Riego and Quiroga, and the very troops who were about to depart to replace the cast-off fetters of the free Americans; and finally, the gloomy drama of 1823, are all things of yesterday, in the recollection of every one. But it may not be amiss to take a view of Cadiz, as she now presents herself to the attention of the stranger. Her population has been lately set down at sixty-two thousand; but it is doubtless much lessened since the fall of commerce, if any opinion may be formed from the number of vacant houses to be seen everywhere. To the standing number of the inhabitants, however, must now be added an army of ten thousand French, who have their quarters in and about the city. These add much to the life and gaiety of the place, in both of which particulars it would without them be very deficient. They are the soul of the theatres, the public walks, and the coffee-houses, where soldiers and officers meet as on a neutral ground, captains going with captains, lieutenants with their equals, and corporals with corporals, and where all ranks are noted for correct deportment and civility. I have often been amused with the conversation of the common soldiers and

sub-officers. Sometimes they admire the beauty of a female whom they have just passed, or who is walking before them, speaking critically of whatever is pleasing and lovely in her face or figure, and talking, perhaps purposely, in a high whisper, that they may be overheard, as if by accident, by the object of their admiration—not so loud as to embarrass, yet just loud enough to please and flatter. Sometimes, too, and much oftener, they talk about the prospects of war, and gaining glory and advancement; the corporal declaims upon *la tactique militaire*, and sighs for *quelque peu de promotion*, the height of his present ambition being to win the half silver epaulette of the sergeant-major, or to become a sub-lieutenant and reach the first step above the rank of *sous officier*. Even in their cups and revelry these light-hearted fellows continue to amuse; and when sometimes they sit too long over the hardy wines of Spain, forgetting that they have not to deal with the *petits vins* of their province, instead of passing insults, which among them can never be washed away except by blood, instead of drawing their swords, or belaboring each other with their fists, which they never do, whether drunk or sober, they seem, on the contrary, overcome with a rare kindness, and the most drunken fellow of the company is taken with the fancy of assisting his companions in this their helpeles scdition. Should a sudden

reel of this officious assistant, or the twisting of his spur or sabre, bring a whole group to the ground, instead of coming to blows they laugh at the accident, and fall to hugging and kissing each other. Hardy and intrepid upon the field of battle, the social sentiment is strong in the breast of the Frenchman: frank, generous, and loyal, he is a stranger to jealousy and suspicion; he is ever ready to give his hand to a friend, and lay his heart at the feet of the nearest fair one.

On the Sunday which I passed in Cadiz I was so fortunate as to witness a military mass, performed for the benefit of the souls of the soldiery. At the proper hour the general arrived and took his seat, attended by his staff and the veteran colonels of the different regiments, their breasts decorated with stars and other insignia. Presently the advancing troops are heard, and by and by they enter the church with clang of drum and trumpet; the arches resound to the stern orders of their commander, and the pavement rattles with their descending muskets.

The veteran *Sapeurs* with their bear-skin caps, their long beards, white aprons, and shouldered axes, march boldly up the steps of the altar, and seem ready to take heaven by holy violence. The drums are silent; the din of arms ceases; not a whisper is heard; and the solemn service commences. At length, the Host is elevated to the

contemplation of the multitude, a bell rings, and the soldiers, with uncovered heads and arms reversed, kneel humbly upon the pavement. At that moment a gently swelling burst of music is heard resounding in the dome, dissolving the soul into tenderness, and soothing it with the promise of reconciliation.

Though no nation and no soldiers are calculated to ingratiate themselves like the French, yet a yoke, whether it be made of wood or iron, is always heavy to the wearer. There are many abuses consequent upon this military occupation, injurious alike to the nation and the city. The French government, it seems, openly countenances the contraband introduction of goods from France, with the view of giving enlarged outlets to the national industry. Thus whole cargoes of flour, provisions, and even fancy goods, are landed under the pretence of being stores for the army; for it is one of the stipulations in the treaty between the two nations, that all stores for the use of the auxiliary armies may be introduced from France, free of charge. The government is, doubtless, unwise in encouraging these practices, or at least in employing its military and naval officers in such service; for any slight advantage that may be thus gained by the monopoly of a lucrative trade is more than counterbalanced by the moral injury which it produces upon the mi-

litary character. The best proof of this is found in the result. The French ships of war, stationed at Cadiz, instead of cruising about to gain that nautical experience which the officers so greatly need, remain almost constantly in port. The officers pass the greater part of the time in the gaities of the shore, or employ themselves in smuggling valuable goods into Cadiz and the environs; nay, to so shameful an extent is this thing carried, that I have even heard of their going on board an American ship, newly arrived from the Havannah, to offer their assistance in landing any Spanish cigars that the captain might be anxious to send on shore without encountering the vexations of the custom-house. This sickly and demoralizing contraband, with an occasional arrival from the colonies, and a coasting trade, frequently interrupted by the South American pirates, comprise the whole commerce of this once flourishing mart. The impoverishment consequent upon such a decline, in a place entirely destitute of agricultural resources, is sufficiently obvious; and the evil has been increased into tenfold misery by the proscription of many patriots—a class more numerous and respectable in Cadiz than elsewhere—the confiscation of their property, and abandonment of their families to starvation and ignominy. This misery speaks for itself. Scarce, indeed, may one go forth into the streets, by day

or night, without being pursued by crowds of beggars, and not unfrequently by women decently dressed, who still preserve a semblance of their former elegance, though begging their daily bread.

The decline of Cadiz is, however, so modern a disaster, that it still continues to maintain its beauty. It is entirely surrounded by a fine wall, washed by the waves, within which is a rampart, forming the complete circuit of the city, and affording a continuous walk, which commands a broad view of the sea without, or of the bay and distant land and the narrow isthmus leading to the Isla. Within this rampart lies the city, beautifully laid out in squares, and fine streets, with side-walks, crossing each other at right angles. The houses are very beautiful, as well as admirably adapted to the climate. They are built in the style which was introduced by the Arabs, and is now general throughout Spain, being of two stories, with a square court in the centre, surrounded by a double gallery, supported on columns of marble. In summer an awning is spread over the area of this square, and being sprinkled with water from time to time, the place is always kept cool. The sun is never permitted to enter this pleasant retreat, where the evening tertulia is held, where the chocolate is served, and the lover is admitted to touch his guitar and pour out his passion in the eloquence of song, or to listen to a

sweeter melody, and catch the spirit of wit and merriment from the frolic sallies of some bewitching Gaditana. The windows on the street reach from the ceiling to the tile floor, so as to leave a free passage for the air. Each has a balcony, furnished with a green veranda, through the lattices of which you may sometimes catch sight of a fair tenant, sitting amid plants and flowers, covering a handkerchief with the elaborate embroidery which the Spanish ladies love, whilst the rose, the geranium, and the lavender encompass her with perfumes, and the canary which hangs above keeps constantly greeting her with his song.

There is nothing remarkable at Cadiz in the way of paintings and public buildings. The convents and churches are in smaller numbers and on a poorer footing than elsewhere; for they and commerce do not seem to have flourished together. There are, however, several benevolent institutions which do great credit to the public spirit of Cadiz: such are the almshouse, where several hundreds of poor people are maintained at the public expense, doing what they can towards supporting themselves, and receiving pay for what they earn over and above their own maintenance; and the Academy of San Fernando, where the fine arts are gratuitously taught with even greater skill than at Madrid. Such also is the Society of Friends of the Country,

similar to that of Madrid. The patriotic individuals who compose it have here established a garden for the cultivation of valuable foreign plants and other productions. Among other things that may be seen in this garden is the cochineal insect. The eggs of the female are put into a little piece of gauze, and pinned to a leaf of the prickly pear. When hatched they crawl through the apertures of the gauze, and spread themselves over the plant, which furnishes them with food. When they have gained the full growth, and are bloated with blood which furnishes the dye, they are knocked with a knife from the plant into some liquid which destroys life. They are then packed up in their natural state, and become a marketable article. These insects were for a long while considered the seed of some Mexican plant; but the agricultural societies of Cadiz, Seville, and Malaga, are now busily employed in distributing them gratuitously among the cultivators. As the plant and insect thrive well in this genial climate, and require very little trouble and attention, this most precious of all dyes, which furnishes the manufacturer with his crimson, the landscape painter with his carmine, and the frail and pale-faced with their rouge, is likely to become both cheap and abundant.

The best view of Cadiz, to give a general idea of its situation and appearance, is from the top of the

signal tower. Thence the eye takes in a prospect, which, to those but little accustomed to sea scenery, must indeed be enchanting. If you look eastward, your eye follows the narrow causeway leading to Leon, takes in the batteries that defend the inner harbor, and discovers the verdant coast, whitened at intervals by many villages. Medina Sidonia, founded by the Phœnicians of Sidon, rears itself in the distance; and farther yet may be faintly seen the cloud-covered mountains of Ronda. Returning seaward, you follow the line of the bay, and point to Puerto Real, Santa Maria, and Rota, taking in the fleet that floats in the roads, and the ships that every where cover the sea, where wave succeeds wave in dwindled perspective, until far in the west it is seen to blend its blue outline with the kindred azure of the sky.

Nor does Cadiz itself lose any thing when thus seen from above. Instead of an awkward medley of tile roofs and chimneys, the tops of houses are laid out in terraces, and covered in some instances with orange-trees and flower-pots. Almost every house has its towering kiosk, where, in the cool of the evening, the wealthier classes repair, to enjoy the view and fly kites, for which diversion men, women, and children, have an equal passion. Even the great Ferdinand caught the kite-flying infection; for while the greater Angouleme—Pacificator

of Andujar—was seducing the virtue of the Trocadero, and buying the privilege of having his deeds of arms emblazoned upon the arch reared in honor of Napoleón, Ferdinand was flying his royal kite, and smoking *habanos puros*—indifferent to the result of a contest, which was merely to decide whether he was to be henceforth the servant of the constitution or the slave of the clergy.

But let me not forget the Plaza de San Antonio, nor, least of all, the shady Alameda; for these are the nightly resort of all the fashion and beauty of Cadiz. No one who has been there has ever dared to gainsay the charms of the Gaditana—none to deny that, of all the creatures in creation, she is the most lovely, the most enchanting. She is, for the most part, tall, slender-waisted, and delicate; yet no one, who had an eye to the healthy fulness of her cheek and roundness of her limbs, and to the assured precision and elasticity of her step, would ever accuse her of leanness or flaccidity. As for her ankle, it is round and springy, and is seen to tenfold advantage through the silken net-work of her stocking. Her well-turned foot, ready at each step to abandon its little slipper, is taken up and put down again naturally, and without affectation, yet with an exquisite grace. Her *basquiña*, once a petticoat of mohair, but now a silken gown, is festooned with cord and tassels or golden bells, and

loaded with lead so as to fit closely round a form, to which the climate allows the incumbrance of but a single additional garment. Whilst the right hand opens and shuts the fan, or waves it with wondrous volubility in signal of recognition, the glossy taper fingers of the left, sparkling with gold and precious stones, confine the floating sides of the mantilla, and assist in concealing those charms the *basquiña* alone is scarce able to cover. The rich folds of the mantilla give a spread and dignity to the bust, yet do by no means conceal the jet black festoons of her hair, her round and sunny cheek, her coral lips, and those black and brilliant eyes, now full of animation and fire, now ready to dissolve with tenderness, and seeming to beseech you to woo and to win her. Nowhere does the material woman reach the perfection of Cadiz; nowhere does she attain so rare a grace. There is, indeed, a charm in every look of the Gaditana, a harmony, a fascination in each well-poised movement, that at once storms the senses, and breaks through the barrier of the most stubborn morality*.

* It is a little remarkable, that in all ages the females of Cadiz have been famous for their singular grace and beauty. Under the Roman domination their fame knew no other limits than those of the empire, throughout which they were noted for their elegance, their gaiety, and their powers of fascination. If we may believe the Childe, the race has by no means degenerated in these days of the *basquiña* and mantilla.

CHAPTER XVIII.

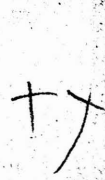
KINGDOM OF SEVILLE.

Levanter.—The Tartana and her Company.—Leave Cadiz.—Return and take Horse.—Leon, Carraca, and the Sacred Salt Pans.—Chicklana and Vegel.—Night Ride in the Mountains.—The Nightingale.—Morning Ride and Robber Scenes.—First View of Gibraltar.—The Mouth of Fire.—Contrast.

ONE of my first cares on reaching Cadiz had been to find a vessel bound to Gibraltar. For this purpose I was referred to one Signor Maccaroni, a pains-taking Italian, who kept a petty shop near to the Plaza de Mar, for the sale of seaman's clothing. As a collateral branch of trade, he received the consignment of small craft commanded by his countrymen, into whose hands the chief coasting trade of Spain is now fallen; for vessels are no longer able to sail, even coastwise, under Spanish colors, from the numbers and boldness of the South American pirates. I found in the Signor a thin-legged meager-faced little man, snuffed to death, and wasted with the cares of business. When he had learned my desire, he told me, in modified and sweetened Spanish and in a great hurry, that he had something that would suit me exactly; that there was a *tartana*, which he had just been clearing at the

custom-house, and that if the levanter stopped blowing, God willing, it should set sail the next morning. We were yet talking the matter over when the master of the tartana entered—a stout, double-fisted, hale, old man, with a white, weather-beaten face, and eyes screwed up to a focus from much looking at squalls and levanters. We soon agreed concerning the price, and the master, who had been reconnoitring the heavens, added, that the clouds were rising in the west, and there was a prospect of wind from that quarter. The clouds, however, rose to little purpose; they were driven back again by the levanter, which continued to blow on, all prognostications of the weatherwise to the contrary notwithstanding. This state of things continued, day after day, for nearly a week.

It is quite bad enough to suffer from impatience and disappointment under any circumstances; and in a levanter, where mingled languor and irritability comes over the whole creation, the case becomes intolerable. He who has been at Cadiz at such a time will never forget his sensations. They are well described by Fischer, in his interesting letters on Spain. “When the *solano* blows at Cadiz, the wind comes pregnant with suffocating vapors from the African desert; the atmosphere has the appearance of bluish vapor, and seems fairly on fire; and the sun, as seen through it, looks large and broken; the sea



becomes calm and smooth, the water so warm that the fish come panting to the surface. The air is close and burning, like the atmosphere of an oven, and the birds show their uneasiness in it by flying in a lower region, dogs hide themselves, cats seem in a rage, mules gasp and stagger, fowls become restless, and pigs roll over in the dust. In man it produces tension of the nerves, renders circulation slower, and excites to excess and voluptuousness; the imagination is bewildered, the senses inebriated, and all abandon themselves to a resistless instinct which is excited by solicitation and authorised by example."

Every thing, however, has its end, and so has a levanter. At length the wind became calm in the night, and with the morning sun a breeze sprang up from the west, bringing with it the refreshing air of the ocean. Our captain went round, beating up the quarters of his passengers, and before the ebb tide began to make at noon we were all snugly deposited upon the deck of the little tartana. She turned out to be a vessel of about thirty tons, with one large lateen sail, a jib and jigger, which was planted upon the taffrail and took care of itself without assistance from the crew. As for the cabin, it was about six feet long, with two beggarly births which served as benches; one of which was assigned to a female passenger, the other to me. A little

table constituted the only furniture of the cabin, and a colored print of the Virgin from a picture of Raphael its only ornament. This formed a sort of shrine against the rudder case. As we were sailing under the auspices of her ladyship and indeed bore her name, the little barque being called the Virgin of Carmel, so soon as I discovered her presence I hastened to make my obeisance. Among our passengers was a rough-spoken, but shrewd and sensible Catalan, who was going to Lisbon, but who, not being able to sail direct from the existing non-intercourse growing out of the fear of constitutional contagion, had obtained a passport to return to Catalonia, intending to shape his course according to his own fancy, when he should find himself in Gibraltar.

Beside the female passenger who shared the cabin with me, there were several other women who sat in the hold. There was also a Moor of Tetuan. He was a middle-sized, good-looking man, with a large white turban over a red cap, a pair of big cloth breeches that were put on with a drawing-string or sash, and a neat blue jacket, slashed at the sleeves and covered with embroidery. A loose *haick* or cloth overcoat, without cape or collar, completed his costume. He had traded many years to Spain in a petty barter of fruit, slippers, and other productions of his country, and spoke the language

well, though with an addition to the strongly guttural accent which is proper to it, and which doubtless had its origin from the intercourse with his countrymen during the period of their domination. He was an intelligent, liberal fellow enough, and, with the exception of his dress, which was completely national, he looked less like an Arab or Moor than many Spaniards to be daily met with in Andalusia. Indeed, his ancestors were of Granadian origin, and his name of Muhamad-Bueno, as I saw it endorsed on his passport, had certainly as much of Spanish in it as of Arabic. He seemed, too, to have a strong feeling of pride for Andalusia, and boasted much of its luxuriance and beauty. He spoke of its mild temperature, its pleasant sky, of the regularity of the seasons, of the valuable mines contained in its mountains, the fertility of the soil, and the variety and abundance of its productions; its excellent wheat, delicious fruits, the beauty and perfumes of its flowers, and the value of many plants, which now grow unknown and ungathered upon its mountains; but above all, he seemed to remember the freshness and abundance of the waters which trickle everywhere down the side of its mountains, slaking the thirst of men and animals, and quickening the earth with fertility and beauty. His countrymen, though now they could scarce procure the privilege of passing like

strangers over its soil, had once introduced many plants and trees before unknown, and which now form its greatest riches; as well as the system of cultivation still practised by the Spaniards. Though Muhamad seemed a familiar, amusing fellow, he was yet a strict observer of the tenets and prescriptions of his faith. After making a sparing meal of some fried fish which he brought with him in a straw pannier, he washed his hands carefully over the side of the vessel, and at sunset, turning his back upon the west, he bent forward in a reverential posture, and seemed busied in his devotions.

As soon as the master arrived on board, he hastened to remove his beaver hat, high-heeled boots, and a long blue coat, which, to use a sea phrase, sheeted close home to his ankles. These being snugly deposited in a chest, were replaced by a broad-brimmed tarpaulin, a pair of canvas trousers, which had stiffened to the shape of his legs, and a well-worn jacket, that had little to fear either from tar or tallow. This done, the captain hopped upon deck, quite himself again, and began bustling about to hoist the boat in and lash it to the deck, arrange the sails, and rigging, and shorten in the cable. The remaining time, until high water was employed in writing the log; a task which was executed under the direction of the captain by a young Spaniard of broken-down appearance, whose

cachuca might have bespoken the victim of some political heresy*. As for the master himself, though his appearance and conversation would have promised better things, he could not write a word, not even his own name, though Italian and made up of vowels. The scribe was not the only Spaniard of our crew; they were nearly all of that nation, the vessel itself being owned in Cadiz, though sailing as the property of the Genoese captain. Nothing that I had yet seen in Spain furnished so complete an illustration of her fallen fortunes. Here was the property of a nation, which in the last century claimed the rank of the second naval power in the world, forced to skulk and take refuge under the banner of a petty Italian state.

When the ebb began to make we loosed and spread our sails, weighed anchor and turned to windward, until the lighthouse, which stands upon the point of rocks west of Cadiz, was completely under our lee. We then bore away to the south with flowing sheets, and when the sun sank behind the well-defined horizon, Cadiz, with its snow-white dwellings, its many belvederes and lofty light-tower, seemed ready to merge into the ocean. Thus we went quietly forward; the wind was light, and the sea was covered in every direction with vessels large

* Caps were the badge of the Constitutionalists.

and small, intersecting each other's tracks, as, with various intent, though with equal assiduity, they sought or abandoned the port, or stood for the entrance of the Mediterranean.

Having discussed the leg of a capon and some Seville bread, seasoned with a bottle of Manzanilla sent me by a friend, while the captain and crew were busy with the humbler fare of oil, vinegar, garlic, and red herrings, I continued rolled in my cloak and reclining upon the deck until a late hour, beguiled by the interesting conversation of the Moor and the well-sung song of our Italian captain. At last, overcome with sleep, I sought out my berth below. It was filthy enough, and by no means exclusively my own; yet the dash of the water as we cut it with our prow, the roll of our little bark, and the flapping of the sails, all promoted drowsiness, and soon put me to sleep with the prospect of waking the next morning at Gibraltar. But this world is one of disappointment, more especially the watery portion. Not long after midnight I was roused by the quickened roll of the tartana, the shifting of sails, rustling of cordage, and noise of feet upon deck, as the seamen obeyed the orders of their commander. The women, too, in the hold, as well as my fellow-passenger in the cabin, who had ate heartily of the provisions the evening before, were now paying the customary forfeit, retching, sighing,

and bewailing their fate, in a way to inspire the pity of any one but a sailor. Gathering myself up, I projected my head above the companion, when the mystery was soon solved by the doleful note of the captain, as he stood at the helm looking reproachfully in the direction of the wind, and crying — "*Levante! levante!*" The fact was, that though there had been a light western breeze on our departure from Cadiz, yet the wind and sea still continued to move out of the Mediterranean. Nevertheless, as there is uniformly a strong current running into the Straits, I took it for granted that there would be nothing to hinder us from proceeding in our bark, which, though small, was better adapted to encounter head winds and stormy weather than the deckless caravels in which the countrymen of our captain had started three centuries before, from nearly the same point, in search of a new world. The result showed that I had not made due allowance for the creeping caution of Mediterranean mariners; for, on returning to the deck at sunrise, I found that the captain had been frightened back by the size of the waves. The direction of our prow was changed from south to north, the bold head-land of Trafalgar was fading from view, and the white dwellings of Cadiz were again rising above the horizon, like the marble monuments of a church-yard. The disappointed and unwelcome

feeling with which Cadiz now broke upon me excited the comparison. The evening before I had parted with the place in an excellent humor and with the happiest impressions, admiring its beauty, and exclaiming with the poet—"Adieu! fair Cadiz! yea, a long adieu!"—But now, at the expiration of a dozen hours, I was ready to send it to the devil.

As we beat out of the harbor the night before so now we had to beat in again. Every one on board looked unhappy; the women had gone through their sea-sickness to no purpose; the captain seamed his forehead into such a fearful frown that the number of wrinkles were doubled, and even the face of the philosophic Moor had grown longer by a fathom. I was no stranger to their feelings; and when I landed upon the wharf, encountered anew the persecutions of the aduaneros, passed through the Plaza de Mar, and by the shop of the little Italian, who was astonished to see me, and assailed me with a volley of irritating questions. I really felt miserable. Every one seemed to be pointing at me and pitying my disappointment. I felt unwilling to meet the friend whose kindness had rendered my stay at Cadiz so agreeable, and of whom I had taken leave for at least the half-dozen time. I was almost ashamed even to return to the inn, though an innkeeper seldom grows tired of exercising hospitality.

Determined to encounter robbers, murder, and any other evil, rather than trust again to the uncertainty of the elements, I procured a couple of horses and a guide the next morning, and after breakfast set out from Cadiz, bag and baggage. The horses were sturdy active beasts, with long and shaggy manes and tails; an indication of having, like their compatriot, Rosinante, the further advantage of being horses of all points. I was mounted upon the lighter beast of the two, with a large Spanish or rather Moorish saddle, high before and behind, with broad stirrups of sheet iron, which, being pointed at the corners, served the additional purpose of spurs. The bridle was single, with a heavy curb-bit, by means of which one could bring the horse from a gallop back in a twinkling upon his haunches. A pack-saddle being accommodated upon the back of the other animal, my trunk was secured upon it crosswise, and behind it sat the guide directing his horse, though a spirited animal, by means of a halter. As for my guide and only companion in this expedition, he was a stout and fine-looking Gallego, of about forty years, who had begun by being a porter in Cadiz, and, having got together a little money, had bought horses, and now served as a guide to travellers wishing to pass to Seville, Ronda, Gibraltar, or Malaga. Though dressed in a jacket and tight breeches and leggings, after the manner of

Andalusia, he still preserved a memento of Galicia in the color of his dress, the favorite green of his native mountains. He proved to be a faithful, active, sprightly, and well-disposed fellow, so that I soon felt at home in his company.

Leaving Matagorda and the notorious Trocadero on the left, together with Fort St. Louis, built by that sturdy old cruiser Dugay Trouin, we came over a Roman causeway to the Isla de León, for ever memorable as the birth-place of the second Constitution. This place, called also the city of San Fernando, contains the principal observatory of Spain, where the Nautical Almanac and Ephemeris are still calculated and published for the benefit of navigators and astronomers. Carraca, too, which lies in the neighbourhood, and opens upon the bay of Cadiz, was once the first arsenal of Spain, and the great stronghold of her naval prowess. There was little left to indicate its character and uses. Of the eighty ships of the line, which Spain could have sent to sea at the close of the last century, only one was to be seen. It was, as my guide told me, one of those brought from Russia in the year 1820, to carry out the expedition destined to re-establish order in America, and which chose rather to turn its attention to the redress of domestic grievances. As it lay abandoned, without anchor or cable, with a single mast standing, and

careened against a mud bank, it furnished a fit, yet mournful, emblem of national decline.

Having passed through a sandy tract, which, like Cadiz, seems a sort of neutral ground in dispute between land and water, and destined, if we may judge from experience, to fall entirely under the dominion of the latter, we at length crossed the arm of the sea which insulates the Isla, and trod upon terra firma of a less equivocal character. In looking back from this point many conical heaps of salt, produced by the evaporation of sea water, may be seen rising like tents upon the even surface of the shore. Salt being, as well as tobacco, one of the government monopolies, is sold at so high a price to the natives, as even to check the use of it to a certain extent. At the same time the people of the neighbourhood may see foreigners take it away by the ship load, and for a mere trifle. The Spaniards neither understand nor admire this odious distinction. They are willing to pay a high price to government for their scanty pittance of tobacco, because it comes from the *extrangeros*; but this measuring out of salt, a produce of their own country, by the quart to Spaniards and by the bushel to the English, is an economical subtlety altogether beyond their comprehension. They, perhaps, find some cause of consolation in the pious name bestowed upon the salt-pans from which they receive their

supply; for here ships, shops, boats, and coaches have by no means the exclusive appropriation of the Virgin. What think you of the *Salina de Maria Santisima*? and what of the *Salina del Dulcissimo Nombre de Jesus*?

Chiclana, through which we next passed, is a pretty pleasant place, which, in the better days of Cadiz, originated in the wealth of her merchants, who built summer-houses here, their daily retreat from the dust and drudgery of the shop and warehouse. Hence its honorary surname, Aranjuez of Cadiz. Leaving Chiclana, our road passed over a sandy country, covered at intervals with pine forests and broken into hill and dale. It became still more irregular, the mountains higher and the ravines deeper, as we advanced, gaining greatly, however, in fertility. This was especially the case at Veger, where we halted to dine and refresh our horses, during the heat of the day. Veger is one of the most singular places in Spain. It stands with an imposing attitude upon the very pinnacle of a precipitous mountain, which rises to the sudden height of near a thousand feet above the little stream, with its corresponding valley, by which it is almost encircled. Without, rises an amphitheatre of still higher mountains, which everywhere bound the horizon and isolate this little spot within a world of its own. The situation is impregnable; and this, as

well as the singular fertility of the surrounding country, must have rendered it a chosen hold of the Moors, an agricultural and pastoral people, who, while they sought out and fortified the strongest posts, to check invasion and perpetuate their conquest, were ever alive to the natural beauties of the country. It had evidently been an important city in their time, judging from the many remains of towers and defences which still crown the crest of the hill, and from the now deserted caves dug into its steep side to aid in lodging a redundant population. The whole slope from the tower down to the valley, though very precipitous, forms a continuous vineyard, which is reached, when the vines are to be pruned or the fruit gathered, by zigzag steps and terraces. As for the valley below, it is a perfect garden, planted with fields of wheat and groves of orange, the chosen abode of the nightingale.

While our dinner was preparing I was near being arrested in my journey through the ignorance and stupidity of a custom-house officer, who, in examining my trunk for money or other articles of contraband, happened to fall upon a bundle of despatches, which even Cacaruco had spared, and which he seemed determined that I should carry no farther. In vain did I explain to him that they were for the government of the United States, and sealed with the seal of the American minister; he had never heard either

of the country or the individual. Equally in vain did I show him a duplicate passport from the minister of the interior, ordering all whom it might concern to help me forward in my journey, headed by a long list of titles and honorary distinctions, and followed by his signature and, what was of far greater consequence, his *rubrica* or flourish, which was tied and twisted most inextricably*. All was of no avail, and I should certainly have been arrested had I not hastened to make use of a nostrum which I carried in my pocket, and which at once quieted every qualm of the functionary.

Relieved of this troublesome fellow, and refreshed by food and repose, we set forward at four from Veger, and passed along the little stream, which is navigable for small vessels nearly to the foot of the mountain. When we turned aside, the surface of the country became broken, rugged, and almost uninhabited. This was especially the case in crossing a mountain which lay in our way, and to which we came at nightfall. Here ragged oaks and equally ragged cork-trees completely beset our path, and seemed to dispute possession of the niggard soil.

* Our readers may not be aware that in Spain a signature is not valid without a flourish. Of the two, a signature without a flourish is worth less than a flourish without a signature. The cause of this peculiarity is, that the flourish is thought to baffle forgery more effectually. Hence there is a great deal of refinement in the invention of rubricas, and occasionally a little dandyism.