

There was now, as throughout the journey, no road, but a variety of diverging paths, of which the guide chose the most direct. Though the descent was sometimes so steep and intricate that the path seemed completely closed a few feet in advance, yet our horses picked their way along with infinite sagacity and without any hesitation. But if they took care of themselves, they left us to do the same. We had now to lie flat upon the saddle, to escape the branch of a tree; now to lift a foot or swing both legs on one side, to avoid the contact of a rock.

Descending this inhospitable mountain, we reached the level country, seemingly fertile and rich in natural productions, and needing only the seconding efforts of man to become a perfect paradise. We found it, however, but little cultivated, and abandoned to cattle and brood mares, with, here and there, the hut of a herdsman. Of their neighbourhood we were always notified at the distance of a mile or more by the snuffing and neighing of our horses, who seemed often disposed to wander from the beaten track in search of company. My steed, who found he had to deal with a stranger, was especially wrong-headed and obstinate; indeed, he required much jerking of the bridle and forcible persuasion from the sharp corners of my stirrups, to curb his licentiousness and bring him back to a sense of

duty. We paused at several of the huts that lay in our way, to light a cigar or beg a glass of water; and the guide would take such as were of his acquaintance aside, and talk with them in a low tone, inquiring, as I presumed, whether the road were open and free from salteadores. Other huts, whose tenants were in bad odor among the muleteers, were passed at a gallop, to prevent the trunk from being discovered, and avoid investigation, which might prove troublesome. As we dashed by, we could see all that was going on within; the faggots heaped up and crackling in the huge chimney which rose from the centre of the building, the women busied with the evening meal, and the swarthy, skin-clad peasants with neglected beard and shaggy hair, sitting upon the threshold, their bright eyes gleaming from the reflection of the fire, whereas they could only catch an indistinct glance at our figures, as we darted through the glare of the doorway.

Towards ten o'clock, we began to ascend a second mountain, and when near the top halted at an obscure stopping-place, where we were to pass the night. It was a small cottage built of stones and mud, and thatched with straw. It consisted, as usual, of a single story, with the earth for a floor, and the sooty roof for a ceiling. The chimney rose from the centre, the side upon which it opened served as a kitchen and eating-room, and the other

half of the dwelling was screened off for a general bedroom. Opposite was a shed for the horses. Diego, upon whom fell all the cares of providing for the journey, hastened to order such food as might be found in our humble caravansary. This was not very choice; some bacon broiled before the fire, and a huge earthen basin containing eggs and garlic, floating about in the oil which had served to fry them. A ride of fifty miles, the mountain air, and the evening breeze, had prepared me to assist in despatching this pittance. That business disposed of, Diego sought out the stable, stretched himself beside his horses, and went to sleep to the music of their jaws, as they discussed their barley; and I, before throwing myself on the less inviting bed, prepared for me in the adjoining room, wandered out to take a draught of the fresh breeze, perfumed as it was by the thousand aromatic plants that grow wild upon the mountains of Andalusia.

There I found an inducement to linger much longer than I had anticipated. I had been already delighted during the day's ride, especially after sunset and the commencement of twilight, by the singing of nightingales, which abound in Spain, and particularly in Andalusia. On this occasion there were two perched upon neighbouring trees, in which were doubtless the nests of the females. They sung alternately, and evidently waited for each other;

the one only commencing some time after the other had finished. Thus they exercised a degree of deference and politeness towards each other, not always observed in the colloquies of more reasonable creatures. Their prevailing note was as usual, that sweet and swelling strain, which, beginning in a low whistle, passes from rapid quavers to well articulated modulations, and grows fuller and fuller for a few seconds, until it reaches the pitch of force and melody, thence declining to a close by an equally happy and harmonious gradation. This pleasing contest reminded me of Pliny's animated, and perhaps rather imaginative, description of this little musician; how the young ones are taught by the old, listen attentively to their lesson, and strive to repeat it; how the more experienced songsters dispute among themselves for the palm of supremacy, and grow obstinate in the contest—the conquered, at length, losing his life, and rather renouncing his respiration than his song. I had passed nearly two years in Europe, and from living mostly in cities had missed hearing this bird until now. A friend had told me in reference to the received opinion of its mournful, melancholy note, "You will find it a lively, sprightly bird, and its song the joyful outpouring of a healthy, hearty, happy individual." And so indeed it proved. I at once became enamoured of the little songster. Some months afterwards, having

in vain sought to steal unseen upon him in the bushes which resounded with his melody, I at length caught sight of the rusty little songster, in a cage which furnished his coyness with no concealment. I wondered, with the naturalist, that so small and mean a body should supply so loud a voice—such a fund of spirit and earnestness *. In the present instance the music of the nightingale fell upon my ear with the charm of novelty; it beguiled me of the repose required for the renewal of our journey; and when I at length found myself in the filthy and over-tenanted sleeping-room, and upon the comfortless bed that had been assigned me, I thought it was but a poor exchange for the calm star-light without, the sweet breath of the mountain, and the song of the *ruiñeñor*.

The next morning we were in motion at an early hour. Several countrymen, who had passed the night in the same cottage, and who were going to San Roque, willingly availed themselves of our company. If our road had been rough and even dangerous the day before, it became still more so this morning, in crossing the higher ranges of mountains, which here form a barrier between the waters of the Atlantic and Mediterranean. Precipices towered high around us; rocks were piled on rocks;

* *Tanta vox tam parvo in corpusculo, tam pertinax spiritus.*—PLINY.

whilst between lay ravines of yawning depth, whose horrors were magnified, by being imperfectly seen through the ragged branches of the cork trees. As we wound through these mountain defiles, our little party found a doubtful pleasure, as usual, in recounting the robber stories by which the rocks and trees and occasional crosses were consecrated.

During ten years that Diego had travelled this road, he had been attacked three times by banditti, and robbed twice. Once, when he had ridden nearly through a narrow pass, and heard himself called upon by the robbers in ambush, with the usual war cry of "*A tierra, ladron!*"—he had turned his horse short round, and calling to those who followed to do the same, hurried away at a gallop. The exasperated marauders jumped at once from their concealment, and taking aim as he fled, greeted him with a volley from their carbines. One of the balls took effect in the haunch of his horse, the other in his own thigh; but he got away by dint of hoof to the nearest dwelling; and in another fortnight he was again in the saddle.

The year before, he had been plundered at the bottom of the ravine to which we were approaching, by *carboneros*, who had been making charcoal in the neighbouring woods, and had prepared to close their campaign by besetting all the paths and taking every one who passed during the day. The Gallego

was allowed to cross the ravine in security, and had entered the path beyond, when he heard a sudden rustling in the bushes, and footsteps behind him, accompanied by the usual salutation. Trusting to his former success, he pressed the flanks of his horse, and struck forward. But he had scarcely galloped a few steps, when he found a fellow directly in his path, pointing his gun right at his eye, and seemingly in the very act of pulling the trigger. There was no alternative. He stopped his horse, threw himself upon the ground, and lay flat upon his face, in hopes thus to deprecate the rage of the robbers. The goodness of his horse, and a new jacket and hat with a pair of worked leggings, which he had bought the last time he was in Seville, pleaded strongly in his favor, and he was permitted to go away barelegged and hatless.

When I thought what a loss this must have been to my poor Gallego, I could not help reflecting what small inducements there were in Spain to industry and economy. In that country there is neither truth nor reason in the commonly received adage, "Honesty is the best policy." Another of our party had been caught in the same scrape, and had been stripped to his shoes and beaten into a jelly, for having attempted to conceal a few reals, which he had with him. Nay, they tied his hands and feet, and left him at a distance from the road,

where he might have died of heat and hunger, had he not been relieved by some good Samaritan, who happened, as he passed, to catch the sound of his lamentations.

When we came to the scene of these operations, we wound slowly down amid the rocks and trunks of trees, until we reached the muddy brook which ran at the bottom of the ravine; thence we ascended again in the same order, the Gallego taking the lead. When he had got clear of the worst impediments, he struck forward at a gallop, leaning his body over the trunk, and looking with a hurried glance from side to side, as there occurred an opening in the woods. There was a wild excitement in these little risks, which gave an interest to whatever I saw, and prepared me to appreciate the more quiet beauties of the country, and the security inspired by the neighbourhood of man, as we left the region of the mountain and descended into the smiling valley which receives its torrents.

After breakfast, we left the pretty village of Los Barrios, one of the favorite resorts of the people of Gibraltar, who often fly to the main land from the dust and bustle and business of the Rock, in search of purer air and a less equivocal verdure. On crossing a hill we came suddenly in sight of the Mediterranean. The bay of Gibraltar lay open before us, Algeziras and the land beyond stretching away

to the right hand, while, farther on the left, the solitary Rock itself rose from the ocean, at the extremity of the long sand beach, into which the mountains gradually decline, seagirt on every side except towards the Andalusian coast, with which it seems united only for some mischievous purpose. The ships in the bay, though distinct and conspicuous, seemed mere points in the comparison.

There is something singularly formidable in the appearance of the Rock, whether seen near or from a distance. In looking at it from the east and west, many persons have discovered in its form the rude outline of a crouched lion. Nor do you need the remembrance of its natural and artificial strength, nor yet that the lion is the emblem of Britain, to help you out with the association. The precipitous bluff, which rises perpendicularly more than a thousand feet above the neutral ground, furnishes by no means an unreal resemblance to the head of that fierce and frowning animal; the rugged ridge may represent his mane, while the gradual decline to the south, and the abrupt termination in the sea, all serve to perfect the comparison.

From hence we followed the sand of the sea beach, left hard by the receding tide, and clattered merrily along. Diego sang for joy to be so near the end of his journey. With myself the prospect of meeting friends, and hearing from others, fur-

nished no inferior motives for exultation. We were detained at a group of ruinous buildings, which forms the Spanish barrier, until our passports could be examined, and Diego should pay a dollar or two of his little earnings for permission to pass his majesty's dominions; and this he has to do every time he comes to Gibraltar.

Nothing could be more striking than the contrast which every thing presented, as I passed the narrow interval which separates Spain from Gibraltar. It so happens, that the very poorest of the Spanish troops are stationed here, and that every thing connected with the public service denotes more than usual ruin and dilapidation. The soldiers on duty were ragged, their schaikos often stretched out of shape, and kept from falling over their eyes by a handkerchief thrust between them and the forehead, until they projected in front like the self-sustained pent-house of a Low Dutch dwelling. Some wore shoes and gaiters, others hempen sandals. In this neglected garb, however, you could see a well-made and sinewy, though starved form, a weather-beaten face and black and bristly mustachios, which, with the keen eye of the poor soldier, denoted a fund of military spirit. Besides these troops, the traveller is beset by groups of beggars, vagrant gypsies, squalid unwashed men and half-naked women, paralytic and rickety wretches from the quicksilver mines,

converted by their baneful toils into monsters of deformity.

How different every thing within the English lines! I first came to a drawbridge of neat construction; then a guard-house with a snug lodge for the person who is charged with the service of watching those who enter and depart, and who sits comfortably under cover. Beside this man, and to secure his obedience, stood a British soldier as stiff as a statue; his coat, cap, and shoes, all brushed to perfection; his trousers, ruffles, plume, and belts, as white as washing and pipeclay could make them; and his musket, where not colored, reflecting the sunbeams like a mirror. Though his form was less muscular and his eye less martial than those of the poor Spaniard without, he was, nevertheless, larger and better fed, and was ready, by the force of discipline, to do any thing and go any where.

On a nearer approach to the fortress, I paused for a moment to look upon its rugged front with a mingled feeling of awe and admiration. Here the whole art of defence has been exhausted. The entire face and foot of the mountain is covered with defences and bristling with cannon. The level ground below, the slopes and ridges, and every inequality of surface, have been converted into batteries. Even the precipice itself, where nature, having precluded all approach, refuses a foothold

for a single warrior, is perforated with yawning port-holes suspended near a thousand feet above, and ready in a moment to be converted into mouths of fire. All these cannon pointed at the place upon which I stood, their tompions out, to denote preparation and a readiness to be lit up in a moment into one vast blaze, as terrible as the thunder of the heavens.

After passing through several parallels, where all denoted the most perfect state of order and preparation, I came to the neat market recently erected without the gate, and the general landing-place of man-of-war's-men and merchant sailors of every nation in Europe. Here one may see filthy Jews, big-breeched Moors, wily Greeks, spluttering Dutchmen, and flippant Frenchmen; smooth-tongued Italians, long-waisted and red-capped Catalans, and English sailors, with their neat tarpaulins and blue jackets. As you penetrate into the town, all denotes the stir and bustle of commerce, an immense business confined within narrow limits. Goods are constantly landing and embarking, and carts and wagons passing in every direction. The people no longer moved slowly as in Spain, nor loitered about the corners; every one had something to do, every one was in a hurry. Salutations were abrupt, and ceremonies dispensed with. "How do?" was the word, without waiting for an answer. Even the Spaniards residing here

seem to have caught the impetus. Instead of their long "How are you?" and "God guard you!" I now heard nothing from them but a sudden "*Salud*," as they were forced against, and bounded away from each other in the crowd. The officers of the garrison, amid all this bustle, seemed the only men of leisure. They sat on horseback, dressed in their neat red Moorish jackets, with foraging caps covering their faces often equally red; their horses drawn up in the middle of the street to the obstruction of the drays, or planted at the only crossing-place for foot-men. Others monopolized the side walk, driving the trader into the street; whilst elsewhere a couple, as if mutually unwilling to sacrifice dignity by coming towards each other, carried on their conversation for the public benefit from either side of the street, saying very flat things, with arms folded or a-kimbo, and in a very 'pon-honorish tone, as though each were talking through a quire of paper. Here was music too, and marching, and ladies, and every thing that can be seen in the whole world, reduced into a narrow compass. There was much in all this to please, and yet there was much that was displeasing. I now saw again, in the appearance of many of the moving multitude, those indications of intemperance to which I had been long a stranger—swollen and unwieldy bodies, surmounted by fiery faces, mottled

with blotches and carbuncles. Every where along the main street stood open tap-rooms—the ready reservoirs of all this intemperance. The well-rubbed bottles glistened upon the shelves, with each its silver label, while the alternate glasses were surmounted by lemons, to make the poison palatable to beginners. It was long since I had seen anything like this; and it pained me to remember, that had I been transported as suddenly into my own country, I might have met with objects equally hateful and disgusting. The contrast brought into strong relief the frugal, temperate habits, the sinewy conformation, and manly bearing of the Spanish peasantry. Nor could I help reflecting, that if their case called upon us for commiseration, there was also some room for admiration and for envy.



Costume of Andalusia.

CHAPTER XIX.

KINGDOM OF SEVILLE.

Gibraltar.—Early History.—Under Saracen Domination.—Under Spaniards and British.—Spanish Attempts at Recovery.—The late Siege.—Advantages to Possessors.—The Town.—The Crazy Greek.—Amusements.—The Alameda.—Europa.—Moorish Castle and Excavations.—Excursions to the Summit.—St. Michael's Cave.—A Ship.

THE Rock of Gibraltar is, as its name imports, an immense mountain of stone, rising abruptly from the sea, at the southern extremity of Spain and of the European continent. It is separated into two distinct sections by a lofty ridge, which, beginning abruptly at the northern extremity, rises still higher until it has reached an elevation of fourteen hundred feet, thence declining gradually, and terminating in Europa Point, the southern extremity of Europe. The eastern section, which looks upon the Mediterranean, is either perfectly perpendicular, like the Bluff Point at the north, which faces the Spanish lines, or else so steep and craggy as to be altogether inaccessible. The western front, though interspersed with dangerous precipices, offers some gradual slopes, which have furnished sites to the town, as well as many isolated dwellings. On this side are the only landing-places.

This formidable spot of ground, which has been the cause of so much bloodshed and contention, is yet only three miles long, and but seven in circumference. It is not quite insulated, being connected with the Andalusian coast by a narrow sandy neck of land, which rises but a few feet above the level of the sea. On every other side it is surrounded by water; and its coasts are so rough and precipitous that it can be approached only in a very few places. The entire eastern half, as we have said, is utterly inaccessible. To the west there is a deep bay extending completely over to Algeziras and the corresponding peninsula, which runs out to form the northern point of the Herculean Straits. This is the harbour of Gibraltar, an unsafe roadstead, whence vessels are often forced from their anchors, and driven high and dry upon the above.

This place, until the invasion of the Saracens, was known by the name of Calpe. Its position in front of the opposite mountain of Abyla, and at the opening of that vast sea of unknown waters which none had ever penetrated, or penetrated to return, awakened at an early period the attention of the ancients. The strangeness of its situation with respect to the adjacent country, the deep, dark cave which is still an object of wonder in modern times, and its total difference in form and figure from the other parts of the known world, doubtless aided

the imagination of a superstitious age in inventing the fable, which has connected its origin with the achievements of a deified hero of still earlier antiquity. As the story goes, Hercules, having conquered the Girons, as we have seen at Cadiz, caused immense stones to be thrown into the mouth of the strait, until a great mountain rose up on either side in honor of his victory. These are the ever famous pillars of Hercules. This wild fable was, doubtless, invented after the real pillars erected at Cadiz were destroyed or forgotten, and the *ne plus ultra* was added, to signify that Calpe and Abyla were the ends of the earth.

Gibraltar was for a long time a strong hold of the Moors; when it returned into the possession of its proper owners it continued for many centuries to form an appendage of the Spanish crown, as of the Spanish territory. Charles V., aware of its importance, caused its fortifications to be enlarged and modernized, until it was esteemed impregnable. There is still a gate standing, which bears the arms and inscription of that great prince. Gibraltar had been lost to the Granadians in consequence of a civil war and a disputed succession, and under similar circumstances it was afterwards lost to Spain. While the Austrian and Bourbon competitors were struggling, in 1704, for the Spanish crown, the weakened garrison, having only one hundred and

fifty men to manœuvre one hundred guns, was pounced upon, and became the prey of a third party. The taking of Gibraltar was the consequence of a failure; for Admiral Rook, having been sent to Barcelona with troops under the command of the Prince of Hesse d'Armstadt, had failed to effect the object of his expedition. Dreading the reflections of a disappointed public, he called together a council, in which it was determined to attack Gibraltar. On the 21st July the fleet arrived in the bay, and eighteen hundred English and Dutch were landed upon the beach. The fortress was summoned to surrender, and, on receiving a refusal, the batteries were opened, and the enemy, who were scarce in numbers to lend each other encouragement, much less co-operation, were driven from their guns. The governor was again summoned to surrender; and now, conscious of his own weakness, and dreading an assault from the intrepidity of the English sailors, who mounted the mole sword in hand, he felt that nothing remained but submission. The possession of this fortress, to recover which Spain has sacrificed tens of thousands of men and millions of money, was purchased by the British with the trifling loss of sixty killed and two hundred and twenty wounded.

The new dynasty, sensible of the importance of this loss, set at once about repairing it. An army

was assembled before the fortress, and a heavy cannonade opened. But the British returned ball for ball, and the Spaniards, finding that force was hopeless, determined to try the effect of stratagem. They came to the desperate resolution of surprising the garrison, even in the presence of the British admiral, who was in the bay at the time. On the thirty-first of October, five hundred volunteers made a vow never to return alive, except as masters of Gibraltar. To prepare themselves for a too probable death, they began by confessing themselves and taking the sacrament. In the dead of the night, this truly forlorn hope was conducted by a goat-herd round the back of the Rock to the south, and thence to Saint Michael's Cave, which they reached unperceived. In the many concealments of this singular place, they continued all day undiscovered. When night had again returned, and all the garrison, except the customary guards, were buried in sleep, they sallied out and scaled the wall of Charles V., surprising and cutting to pieces the Middle Hill guard. Here, by the aid of ladders and ropes, they drew up a party of several hundred, which had been ordered to sustain them. It had been concerted that these brave soldiers, if they succeeded in the preliminary parts of the attack, should be supported by a party of French troops, whilst a feint attack was to be made in some

other quarter, to divert the attention of the besieged. They had effected the most difficult and dangerous part of the service, with complete success; but some misunderstanding had taken place among the commanding officers, and the intrepid Spaniards were abandoned to their fate. They and their achievement were sacrificed to some petty point of military etiquette. They waited in vain for the feint attack and for succour. Meantime the alarm had been given in the garrison, and a body of British grenadiers marching up to the top of the rock, fell fearfully upon them, killing some, driving others over the precipice, and taking the rest prisoners. Such was the fate of this gallant enterprise, conceived and conducted with equal hardihood, and which needed but a little well-timed co-operation to have become completely successful.

The Spaniards, though soon afterwards at peace with England, continued to keep a watchful eye upon the garrison, and seem at various times to have meditated a surprise. At length, in 1726; they assembled an army of twenty thousand men under the Marquis de Las Torres, at Algeziras, whence they marched round the bay, and established themselves in front of Gibraltar. The Spaniards continued gradually to advance towards the garrison, answering the remonstrances of the British general by saying that they were on their master's

ground. At last, when they had almost reached the point of the Rock, the batteries opened upon them, and the fire was quickly returned. When under the corner of the Rock, the Spaniards commenced a mine, intending to blow up the north-east corner of it, and thus, if possible, to destroy at a single explosion the garrison and its defences, filling up the trenches, and opening in the confusion a road for the assailants. Some consider the idea ridiculous, to attempt even the partial destruction of such a mountain. The Spaniards, from their making the attempt, must have been of a different opinion. The experiment was never tried, for the operations of the assailants were soon after terminated by peace.

In 1760, Gibraltar had well nigh fallen into the hands of the Spaniards, without any exertion. A conspiracy was formed in the garrison by two regiments, which had been long on the station and still continued without a prospect of relief, to surprise and massacre the officers and all others opposed to their designs; then to plunder the place, secure the military chest, and purchase themselves a retreat into Spain by the surrender of the fortress. The number of the conspirators amounted to nearly a thousand, and they might, perhaps, have executed their purpose, had the plot not been discovered in the course of a drunken quarrel.

But all the efforts made to recover this important fortress become insignificant, when compared to the siege which it sustained during the great war, set in motion by the struggle for American independence. This famous siege lasted nearly four years. The Duke de Crillon commanded the allies, assisted by the young Dukes of Artois* and Bourbon, who had come to learn the art of war in a contest, which occupied the attention of all Europe. The defence was conducted by the brave General Elliot, with equal courage and good conduct. The number of rounds from the allied batteries was sometimes one thousand a day. The total of rounds on both sides amounted to half a million. The loss of life was of course proportionate. All the known arts of taking towns were exhausted, and new inventions in the science of destruction date from the siege of Gibraltar. Among the number were the ten floating towers of the allies, which mounted two hundred guns, and were so cunningly contrived, that they were both ball and bomb proof, and had nothing to fear from any known art of annoyance. But they were not provided against possible inventions. In this emergency, the expedient was tried by the British of heating shot in furnaces, and discharging them red-hot at these moving fortresses, which were able to approach the walls and place themselves in

* Afterwards Charles X.

the most assailable positions. The expedient succeeded; the shot penetrated and fired the wood, and at midnight those floating castles, which in the morning had been the terror of the besieged, furnished huge funeral piles for the destruction of the besiegers. The situation of the brave but unfortunate Spaniards, shut up in these sea-girt towers, is enough to make the heart bleed. Assailed by balls of fire from the fortress, by flames from within, surrounded by an adverse element, and their escape cut off by the British flotilla, all that remained to them in their extremity was a choice of deaths. This terrible siege is full of such incidents, and, were they recorded with equal genius, it could scarce possess inferior interest to the retreat of Xenophon, or the campaign of Moscow.

If Gibraltar has defied the efforts of the Duke de Crillon, backed by two princes of the blood, it has also resisted the will of Napoleon. It still continues in possession of the British, and doubtless will so continue, if not lost by some such accident or surprise, as have already well nigh delivered it into the hands of the Spaniards. It may be questioned, indeed, whether Britain would not be the better for the loss. She is at an enormous expenditure for the support of four thousand men, and for the repairs of the works; while in time of peace she draws no peculiar advantage from it, as

the port is free to every flag, and other nations enjoy all the benefit of the establishment without paying any portion of the expense. The facility which the situation of Gibraltar furnishes for the introduction of contraband goods, and the use made of it to smuggle large quantities of British manufactures, are considered among the greatest advantages derived from the possession. But how enormous must be the value of the goods introduced, to make the individual profits equal to the national expense! Gibraltar is said in time of war to command the entrance of the Mediterranean. But the command of the Mediterranean belongs to the strongest fleet; for the width of the Straits, which varies from ten to twenty miles, renders ships regardless of the batteries of both Ceuta and Gibraltar. It is rather useful, therefore, as a place of refuge than of annoyance, and would, consequently, be more advantageous to some other power than the one which claims the mastery of the ocean. Indeed, if we look back upon the history of the last century, during which Britain has possessed Gibraltar, whilst it may be easy to compute the millions of the hard-earned money of her subjects here expended, it would perhaps be difficult to point to a single instance in which it has been productive of any commensurate advantage. Here is a direct and

positive expense encountered with a view to a very remote and barely possible benefit.

The present town of Gibraltar is situated on the western side of the Rock, beginning just within the lines, which open upon the mole and isthmus, and extending a half mile southward. As the level is barely wide enough to give room for a single principal street and two or three smaller ones, the town has extended itself up the steep acclivity; so that ranges of buildings, reached by flights of steps, are seen towering above each other with an highly picturesque effect. In the centre of the town stands a fine Exchange, erected at the expense of the merchants. In the upper story is a beautiful room, kept in the most perfect order, and provided with a well-selected library and with journals from all parts of the world. It was truly delightful to me, on being introduced by a friend to the privileges of this room, to pass from the solemn silence of Spain and its single gaceta, to a complete knowledge of all that was passing in the world. The Exchange, with the courthouse and a fantastic church with Moorish columns and arches, now building, are the only remarkable edifices of Gibraltar. The private dwellings are by no means what they should be. Though in a southern climate, they are built in a northern taste, close and snug and compact,

instead of being open, with courtyards and lofty ceilings, and long windows and balconies for the enjoyment of the air.

The convent, so called from its having been the abode of monks in more catholic times, is the residence of the lieutenant-governor. General Don, the present lieutenant-governor, has grown old in the command of Gibraltar, and much of the neatness, exact order, and discipline observable throughout the garrison is attributable to his taste and activity. In the convent is a small church fitted up for the use of the garrison. It is the same with the chapel of the ancient convent, and is of Gothic construction. The scene presented in this little chapel on Sunday is very characteristic. The collection of red coats, and gold lace, and epaulettes; the staid and humble demeanour of the citizen admitted by peculiar privilege into the military sanctuary, and the pert look of his pretty daughter; the unruffled robes and holiday devotion of the regimental chaplain, and the well-brushed sergeant officiating as clerk below,—were entertaining enough, though I found my pleasure taxed by the infliction of a long sermon from a well-bred clergyman. The music by a band selected from all the performers in the garrison was excellent.

The population of Gibraltar is about twenty thousand, consisting of people of all nations, brought

together by the facilities which the place possesses for trade: for, situated as it is at the entrance of the Mediterranean, it affords a convenient entrepôt, whence valuable cargoes may be distributed over the adjacent coasts. There is also an extensive demand for the subsistence of a large population entirely dependent upon external supplies. Though this mixed society must be detestable to the permanent inhabitant, it offers a singular and amusing study to the stranger. Often have I been diverted during a lazy hour in gazing from a window of the library upon the assembled multitude below. It furnished indeed a singular medley of humorous characters and persons. The high-handed hauteur of his majesty's officer, as he lounges at a corner, in utter scorn of the busy crew of bargainers; the supple cit, who bows breast low to him in hope of a nod of condescension, ere he turns to cheapen the beans or coffee in the hands of some still humbler broker; the less supple bearing of a rough skipper, accustomed to bang and bully and be a little king upon his own quarter-deck; the sullen demeanour of the turbaned Moor, who sits cross-legged at a shady corner; and the filthy, slipshod, abject Jew, who sells slippers or oranges, or serves officers, merchants, sailors, or Moors as a beast of burden. These Jews come from Barbary, where they settled in great numbers at the time of their expul-

sion from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella. Many of them are traders and very rich, living in great state. These assume the European costume, and lose every thing of the Jew but his characteristic physiognomy; but the greater number serve in menial offices as laborers. They wear loose bagging breeches reaching below the knee, a tunic, and a haik or capote of cloth or of bedticking. This garment is very large, with sleeves and a hood. It is put on like a shirt, without any opening except for the head and hands. Their garb is indeed much like that of the Moors, except that instead of a turban, which in Morocco would be taken away from them head and all, they cover their shaven crowns with a close skull-cap. They are an ill-formed, disgusting race, with a bent and abject bearing, immense fish-like eyes, and fleshy swollen ankles that receive no protection or support from the large slippers which they drag after them over the pavement. It is impossible to conceive a stronger contrast than is furnished by these poor oppressed Israelites, and the well-turned, gaily dressed mountaineers, who come for contraband goods from the Sierrania of Ronda. These noble-looking fellows are alike free from haughtiness and humiliation. Bred among the mountains, and passing half of their lives in the saddle, with their good carbines

beside them, they are accustomed to avenge their own wrongs, and own allegiance to none but their village curate, the girl of their hearts, and the Virgin Mary.

Not the least singular figure to be seen upon 'change at Gibraltar was an old Greek captain, who made a voyage to America many years ago, carrying a cargo of wine which went to a bad market. On his return to Gibraltar with a Flemish account of the proceeds, the poor Greek was thrown into prison, whence he only escaped with the loss of his reason. He still continues in Gibraltar, wanting both means and inclination to get away from the scene of his misfortunes, and living rent free in a little hovel upon the flat roof of the theatre. Nor will he associate with any creature except with dogs, of which he has a whole family. In the night season, while the strumming of the orchestra below, the rant of the players, and the rattle of the castanet come faintly to him, he sits upon his threshold and holds communion with his friend the moon; and when the noontide heat drives him from his hovel, he seeks the shade below, and moves from side to side keeping in the shadows. Poor fellow! well do I remember to have seen him in America in my boyish days; and many a time, when I have been plodding the weary road that led

to the school, with dictionary and Julius Caesar hanging heavy at the end of my strap, have I come upon the track of the Greek, and followed him street after street, filled with wonder at his outlandish garb and the bigness of his breeches. It chanced one hot morning, as I was emerging from my lodgings, that he was sitting in the shade of the doorway. The place was private, and I found some excuse for opening a conversation. But I made a bad choice in putting him in mind of America; for he presently grew enraged, swore like a trooper at the American merchants, calling them, in no very genteel Spanish, all the rogues he could think of. He vowed that he would go to Greece, fit out a ship, and sink every American he met. Gathering himself up out of the dirt, he drew his red cap over his brow, and strode off, followed by his dogs, as if bent on the immediate execution of his purpose. He was a fine-looking veteran, with a muscular frame, a manly face, and long red mustaches. Upon the whole, he would have made no contemptible figure on the deck of a rover. But, poor fellow! his imbecility will defend us from his revenge; for he will never be able to tear himself from the society of his faithful dogs, nor from his friendly hovel on the top of the theatre.

The diversions of the garrison consist in rambles