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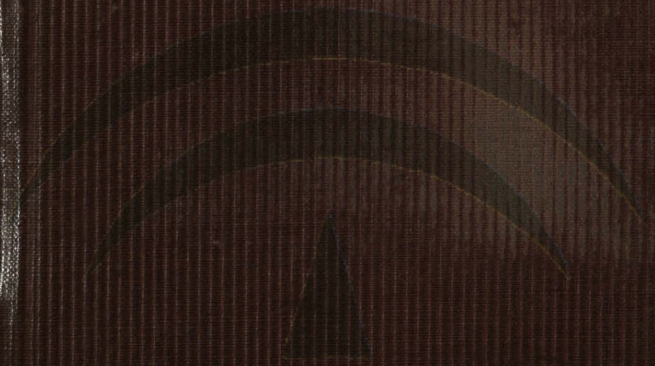
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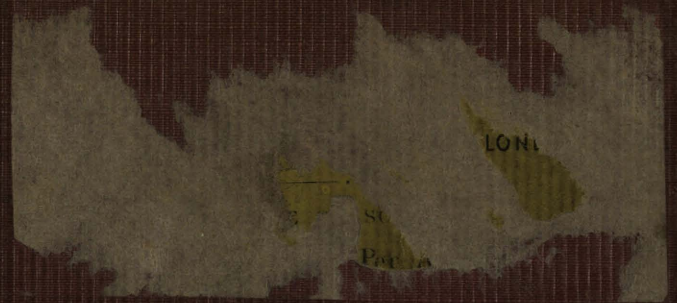
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JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

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R 281

# LETTERS FROM SPAIN

IN 1856 AND 1857.

BY

JOHN LEYCESTER ADOLPHUS, M.A.

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y General  
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JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

HAY DE TODO, *menos talento,*  
*Spanish Posadero.*

Donativo del Sr. Conde de  
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de la Alhambra. 1908

LONDON:  
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.  
1858.



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LONDON: PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET,  
AND CHARING CROSS.



## INTRODUCTION.

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It is familiar to every one who has travelled in Spain, or read books on Spanish travel (and who has not read Ford's 'Gatherings'?), that, when a wayfaring caballero alights at a Spanish country inn and inquires what is to be had for dinner, the reply is always "Hay de todo" (there is everything). It is equally well known that when the caballero begins to specify what victual, out of all that nature and science furnish, he would choose for his meal, the answer most commonly is "No hay" (there is none). No fish, no soup, no fowls (except perhaps live ones), no cutlets: a "negative catalogue," as Johnson expresses it, rivalling the Doctor's celebrated bill of fare at Glenelg. Nevertheless, if the traveller will resign himself, and with a cheerful spirit accept lo que hay (what there is), he may possibly find, in the arroz or tortilla which at last comes upon his table, something which he can eat with more zest than he expected, and sleep upon without indigestion.

Presuming that the reader knows these things, his

present undeserving entertainer salutes him with the posadero phrase which has become almost proverbial, to prevent his feeling surprise if, in a book pretending to describe Spain, he finds no history, no statistics, no geology, no antiquarian researches, no political speculations. As the words, when truly construed, imply, he is asked to receive indulgently what his host can set before him; and if he finds anything in it which encourages appetite and satisfies taste, refrain awhile from thinking of the more nutritious food that might have been produced at a better establishment. One advantage at least he has over the traveller; that, if utterly disappointed, he may take up another book: the caballero is more than commonly fortunate if he can find another roadside posada.

The following pages are a transcript of letters addressed by the author to his wife during two short vacations passed in travelling through part of Spain, in the interval of very different occupations. They were written, as his habit has been on similar occasions, for domestic perusal, and the entertainment of some few intimate friends. For his now venturing to make them public he might allege the ordinary excuse of persuasion by flatterers; but it has always appeared to him that, where such urgencies are imprudently yielded to, the real betrayer



is "a treacherous inclination:" for, if any discreet gentleman had in his charge the manuscript of another person, and thought as poorly of it as literary men profess to think of their own works, importunity alone, though from his dearest friends, would hardly induce him to publish it.

The only apology which the author can seriously make for adding one to the multitude of slight books on Spain is, that, having some practice in this kind of writing, and habits of labour to which the exercise was congenial, he has been able, in the daily course of travelling, to fix while they were recent, and to throw promptly into narrative and description, the impressions made upon his mind by new scenes and new manners, in a land teeming with beauty and still rich in originality: the images have been given before they were obscured by time, or confused with ideas subsequently acquired: and if this has been done with apparent truth and with some freshness of effect, the work may have a feature which will entitle it to be looked at among the crowd.

To preserve this characteristic, and not from blindness to faults, he presents the letters as they were written at the times of which they bear date. Much, of course, is omitted; but in other respects hardly any alteration has been made, except to reunite the context

where sentences have been struck out, or to correct mere mistakes or repetitions. If anything has appeared worth adding from recollection, or from the few memoranda he has kept, it has been thought better to subjoin a note than to alter the original text, except in some trifling instances, where the addition was too slight for a separate paragraph. The reader, therefore, has, with little exception, the gossip of each day as it was set down ; superficial, indeed, and sometimes perhaps inaccurate, but presenting occurrences faithfully as they appeared to the writer, and deriving no ornament from the imagination. Such a work cannot pretend to high literary merit, but, if it contains any better material than the once celebrated Spanish tour of the last century which related

“— how Richard strayed from post to post,  
What towns he dined in, and what bridges crossed ;  
How many eagles by the way were seen ;  
How many asses grazed along the green,”\*

it may occupy an hour or two not quite unprofitably ; it may do some service in chronicling the changes which even Spain undergoes from year to year ; and, at any rate, it may be usefully taken into council by those who are projecting a Spanish journey.

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\* Heroic Epistle from Doña Teresa Pinna y Ruiz, of Murcia, to Richard Twiss, Esq., F.R.S. : London, 1777.



The author has been anxious to avoid any undue licence in the mention of persons with whom his travels brought him into association. In many instances a blank or initial is substituted for the name appearing in the original letter ; and that reserve has been departed from only where the person, by his station or otherwise, was so fully in the public view already that an allusion to him by name could hardly be deemed obtrusive ; or where he was, locally, so far removed from any society in which this book is likely to circulate, that the direct mention of him would probably never come to his knowledge, or at all events would not draw upon him any irksome notice.

The reader shall not be detained by any further parley. Swift wrote to Gay, on purchasing his *Beggar's Opera*, "I find there is neither dedication nor preface, both which wants I approve : it is in the grand goût."\* Great men may present themselves thus unceremoniously ; smaller ones are less sure of their welcome, and may wisely use more form. The present author has knocked at the reader's library door and given a word of explanation : and, having done so, he proceeds to deliver his packet.

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\* Letter to Gay (November 27th, 1727), in Bowles's edition of Pope's Works, vol. ix. p. 107.

# CONTENTS.

---

---

INTRODUCTION .. .. . Page iii

## LETTER I.

Southampton — The Madrid — The Himalaya .. .. . 1

## LETTER II.

The voyage — Spithead fleet — The Needles and Isle of Wight — Dorsetshire coast — Life on board the Madrid — Spanish coast — The Cies — Vigo Bay — Visit from the Company's agent — Merchant-women — Galician costume — Changing money — Oporto — The Gallegos — Sail up the Tagus — Ramble in Lisbon — Landing at Cadiz — The hotel — Morning on the Alameda — The Cathedral — Loss of the Madrid in 1857 — Fielding's voyage to Lisbon — Cadiz at first view .. .. . 2

## LETTER III.

The fish-market — A gentleman's house in Cadiz — An evening party — The weather — Walk of the Andalusian women — Theatre — El Si de las Niñas — The sainete — Murillo's paintings — Watch-towers — General view of Cadiz — Costume — Spanish puffing — The guide .. .. . 25

## LETTER IV.

Hospitality — Mrs. Blanco's fláons — Don Juan Tenorio — Xerez — Wine-stores — The Cartuja — Pictures — Roderick's last battle-field — The manta — Tea-party — April weather — Zorrilla — Calderon's 'Magico Prodigioso' — Calderon and Lovelace .. .. . 36

## LETTER V.

Evenings at Doña C.'s — Venta de Vejer — The landlady's misfortunes — Journey from Cadiz — Isle of Leon — San Fernando — Chiclana — The roads — Vejer — Journey to Tarifa — A carbineer — Venta of Taibilla — The sea-shore — Africa — Lodging at Tarifa — The town — Female costume — Supper at the venta — The fort — Scenery — Road-mending in Spain — View of Gibraltar — Algeciras — Gibraltar

Page 48

## LETTER VI.

Gibraltar — The inhabitants — The Alameda — Evening military parade — English greetings — The horses — Mozo — Europa Point — Trees, flowers, and scenery — Some wants at Gibraltar — The Heights — The Galleries — St. Michael's Cave — O'Hara's Tower — Cathedral and chapel — Watching for arrivals.. 66

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

## LETTER VII.

Gibraltar not Spain — Catalan Bay — A Spanish 'King John' — The magistrate and clergy — Scenery and sea prospects — Vegetation — Spanish proverb — Arrival of French steamer — Rosia — Captain Grey's garden — The Bustler .. .. 81

## LETTER VIII.

Embark for Tangier — The voyage — Landing — An illegal entrance — Encampment of pilgrims — Mrs. Ashton's hotel — The town and people — Camels — Visit to the English consul — A Jew's residence — The Alcazar — The Pasha and his son — Douceurs — The prison — The Pasha's horses — A Moorish woman — Garden out of town — Visit from the Cadi — An evening ramble — Superstitions — Visit to a Jew's on the Sabbath — Jewish lady full-dressed — Gardens — Excursionists by the Bustler — A Malaga waitress — Dance of slaves — Return to Gibraltar .. .. . 89

CONTENTS.

x

LETTER IX.

Return to Gibraltar — Journey to Ronda — St. Roque — Appearance of the country — The Guadiaro — A venta and its family — Gaucin — Clapping hands — The posada — The prospects and the roads — Ronda — Situation and description of the town — The hotel — Questions to travellers — Ronda compared with Tivoli — Cuevas del Becerro — The venta — Travelling party — Castle of Teba — Campillos — Antequera — Road to Malaga — Malaga — Party at the hotel — The town

Page 112

LETTER X.

Journey to Velez-Malaga and Alhama — Bull-fight — Circus of Malaga — The matador Cuchares — Slaughter of horses — Character of the bulls — Disturbance at the close of the spectacle — Visit to the cathedral of Malaga — Another bull-fight .. .. . 139

LETTER XI.

Another bull-fight — Turbulent dispositions in the towns — Quarters at Velez-Malaga — Travellers' fellowship — Journey continued — The knifegrinder — Loja lead-mines — Snowy mountains — Alhama — The inn — Baths — Granada — "Ay de mi Alhama" — The Alhambra — Torre de la Vela — Granada by moonlight — Festival night — Dance in the posada — The Vivarrambra illuminated — Procession, of the Corpus Christi — Generalife — Departures .. .. . 154

LETTER XII.

Granada — The Alhambra — Generalife — The dog of the Alhambra — Zubia — Robbery of the malleposte — Tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella — Memorials of King Boabdil — Los Martires — Scenery of Granada — The fair — Gipsies — The Albaycin — School in a rock-cave — Churches — Gonsalvo de Cordova — Calle de las Tablas — Zacatin — Suburb walks — San Nicolas — A politician — Dancing and the castanet — Efforts of government to preserve archives .. .. . 173



## LETTER XIII.

Detention at Baylen .. .. . Page 186

LETTER XII. *Continued* .. .. . 187

## LETTER XIV.

Seville — Portéla's departure — Granada — Breakfast company at the café — The guide Ximenez — Diligence journey to Baylen — Spanish coaching — View of Jaen — Arrival at Baylen .. .. . 202

## LETTER XV.

Baylen — The battle-field — Andujar — Robbers and patrol — Travelling precaution — Aldea del Rio — Bacallao — Sierra Morena — Pedroabad — Carpio — Alcolea — Cordova — The cathedral — Site of Abderrahman's palace — Ascent of the Sierra — Recluses — Interesting objects in the town — Diligence journey to Seville — Ecija — Carmona — Arrival at Seville — Cathedral — Notes on the Moorish palace near Cordova, and on robbery in Spain .. .. . 209

## LETTER XVI.

Approach of summer — Seville in curtains — The cathedral and Giralda — Zurbaran and Murillo — La Sangre — Figaro's house — Alcazar — House of Pilate — Lonja — Amateur felonies — Caridad — Duc de Montpensier — University — Cathedral library — Bailly the cicerone — Introductions in Seville — Spanish and gipsy dances — Bull-fight — Dominguez — Italian opera — Promenades and patios — Visit to Italica — Capilla de los Reyes — Tobacco manufactory .. 239

## LETTER XVII.

Arrival in England .. .. . 260

## LETTER XVIII.

( A LETTER TO THE READER. )

- Fate of toreros — Bull-fighting — English censures upon it —  
 Its effect on popular character — Triana — River walk under  
 walls of Seville — New Plaza — Zurbaran and Murillos at the  
 Museum — Remark on pictures of the Virgin Mary — The  
 Caridad — La Sed — San Juan de Dios — Murillo's house  
 — Supposed Zurbaran at the University — Seville students  
 — Steam voyage from Seville to Cadiz — Cadiz in June —  
 Lampon on Espartero.
- Voyage to England — Cape St. Vincent — Lisbon — Cintra —  
 M. Barbès — Signalling the Madrid for news — Vigo —  
 Pratique — Crossing Bay of Biscay — Ushant — The Channel  
 — Southampton .. .. . Page 261

## LETTER XIX.

- The Landes — Spanish frontier — The Bidassoa and Isle of Phea-  
 sants — Fuenterabia — San Marcial — Boy guide — Diligence  
 journey to San Sebastian — Fonda de Beraza — Fortress and  
 town of San Sebastian — Scene of the attack in 1813 —  
 Military mass. .. .. . 295

## LETTER XX.

- Great square of Pamplona — Cathedral and cloister — San Se-  
 bastian — Alameda — Casa de Misericordia — Dance in the  
 market-place — Theatre — Calesa travelling — Valley of the  
 Bidassoa — Vera — Valley of Bastan — Elizondo — Smuggling  
 — Prospect of France from the Puerto de Maya — A veteran  
 of Cabrera's wars .. .. . 306

## LETTER XXI.

- Wedding supper at Pamplona — Throwing beans — Journey to  
 Pamplona from Elizondo — Bridge of Soraurén — City of  
 Pamplona — The great square — Walk round the ramparts —

Cathedral — Roman antiquities — Alameda — Equestrian performances — Opera — Landlord and family at the fonda — New police at Zaragoza — Journey from Pamplona — Canal of Aragon — Moncayo mountain — Don Quixote — Site of the Duke's palace — Zaragoza .. .. . Page 318

## LETTER XXII.

Zaragoza — The Portilla gate — The heroine Agustina — Cathedrals — Virgen del Pilar — Kissing the pillar — Church treasures .. .. . 334

## LETTER XXIII.

Zaragoza — Ruins of Sta. Engracia — New walks — The Coso — Scenes of the two sieges — The town and country people — Costume — Walks under the town walls — The streets and houses — Cathedral of the Seu — The leaning tower — Application for the key — A Mayor's siesta — View from the tower — Night journey to Huesca — Scenery of the town and suburbs — Salto de Roldan — Churches and La Campana — An Aragonese gentleman — Departure for Jaca — Mountain venta .. .. . 340

## LETTER XXIV.

Journey from Huesca to Jaca — Oroel mountain — City of Jaca — Posada del Catalan — Journey to San Juan de la Peña — Scenery — The modern convent — Voto the hermit — The ancient cloister — Chapel of the hermitage — Pantheon of the Kings — Jaca canons — Santa Cruz — A Cura's house and housekeeper — Chronicles of San Juan de la Peña — Spanish manners and language .. .. . 356

## LETTER XXV.

Pass of Jaca — Posada of Canfranc — Tea in the Pyrenees — Head of the pass — First view of France — Fellow travellers — Urdos — Gardener's house — Journey to Bedous — Douane .. .. . 378

## LETTER XXVI.

Ascent of the Marcadaou Pass from Cauterets — Spaniards crossing the border — View into Spain — Pyrenean woods —  
 — Lodging-house at Torla — Venta de Bujaruelo — Cirque de Gavarnie — French sportsmen — The izzard — Pass of Bujaruelo — Frontier regulations .. .. . Page 384

## LETTER XXVII.

Scenery of Bujaruelo — A carbineer — Journey to Torla — Grand scenery — Torla — The Casa Biou — Return to Bujaruelo — A weather wizard — Cirque of Gavarnie — Pyrenean guides — Smuggling .. .. . 396

## LETTER XXVIII.

Journey from Luchon to the Port de Venasque — Maladetta Mountain — Return by the Port de la Picade — Luchon to Toulouse .. .. . 405

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UNTA DE ANDALUCIA



# LETTERS FROM SPAIN.

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## LETTER I.

Southampton — The Madrid — The Himalaya.

Southampton, April 17th, 1856.

..... WE had a pleasant journey, and were here in good time. The first thing was to go on board the Madrid. A——\* speaks well of the ship, as old-fashioned but trustworthy; she is paddle, not screw. The officer we saw on board seemed discontented at her being sent off again out of turn, while the ship in turn (the Sultan) stays for the naval review. We strolled round the docks, and went on board the Himalaya, a beautiful vessel, enormously large, yet so well proportioned and highly finished that the effect is smallness and delicacy. The night was bitterly cold.

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\* The author's fellow-traveller to Southampton, an experienced seaman.

## LETTER II.

The Voyage — Spithead fleet — The Needles and Isle of Wight — Dorsetshire Coast — Life on board the Madrid — Spanish coast — The Cies — Vigo Bay — Visit from the Company's agent — Merchant-women — Galician costume — Changing money — Oporto — The Gallegos — Sail up the Tagus — Ramble in Lisbon — Landing at Cadiz — The Hotel — Morning on the Alameda — The Cathedral — Loss of the Madrid in 1857 — Fielding's voyage to Lisbon — Cadiz at first view.

Off French Coast, April 18th, 1856,  
half-past 11, morning.

OUT of sight of land for two days, with "nothing to look forward to" (as you say at home) before Vigo, I write a few lines to pass the time. I have had everything my own way as yet, except the weather being still abominably cold. Though we have a good deal of wind, as we may judge by the tossing of vessels that meet us, our voyage is very smooth, the wind being with us.\* We have carried sail all the way and gone nine or nine and a half knots an hour. . . . I had reckoned upon being invalided as soon as we got out of the Southampton Water, and was agreeably surprised at finding no material change in the motion. We had a

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\* "A strong north-easter, if it were against us," was the somewhat Irish remark of our captain.

distant glimpse of the Spithead fleet—a city of masts (cities rather, for it seemed divided into two), filling up the distance between the point of the Southampton Water and the Isle of Wight. As we went down the Channel, in a fine sunny afternoon, the diorama of the coasts of old England, though a distant one for the most part, was beautiful. We passed close to the Needles, however, which I had never seen from the sea before; they are not very stupendous, but the worn milk-white rocks standing out like three castles from the shore, and the bold white point of cliff, the steep down, and the lighthouse, above, make one of the finest coast-points I know. All along the Isle of Wight the outlines of the land, soft and undulating slopes, folding one within the other, are a delight to the eye. Let me praise my own country a little, before opening my eyes, as I hope I soon shall, to wonder at another. After the Isle of Wight we passed the bold promontory of St. Alban's Head, and I saw, still at a distance, the wedge-shaped Isle of Portland,\* stretching far into the sea under the declining sun. The lights of its two lighthouses were the last objects seen when I left, off pacing the deck, about nine o'clock. The Captain said we should be off the Start Point of Devonshire about three in the morning, and then stretch

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\* The broad end to the south, the small to landward.

away for the Bay of Biscay. We are now entering the Bay.

Nothing can exceed the kindness and attention of the people of this steamer. You are invited to perpetual meals (which as yet I have not found disagreeable), and they inquire after your comfort with a punctuality and concern which almost surprises one in such an establishment. To be sure they have leisure for it, for our first-class passengers do not, I think, amount to a dozen; in summer they sometimes have ninety. I presented the Captain with my letter of introduction. He (Captain Bradshaw) is a good-natured homely seaman, and promised to do all he could for my comfort; and the first thing he did towards it (inferring from Mr. Z—'s letter that I was an invalid) was to move me from my berth to one more in the centre of the ship, freer from disturbance and more convenient, as it is made for three people, and I have it to myself. Still, when I first "turned in," I thought it both close and cold, and was annoyed by the throbbing of the paddles against my head; but somehow I slept more hours than I had for many nights before.

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19th April.

A beautiful morning, comfortable sun, but wind still cold, the great Bay all in a laughing ripple, but giving



little motion to the ship; our sails still set, not only the ship's sails, but those of three boats hanging at the sides, and a kind of duster at the mizen; this, however, is to dry the small canvas, not for speed, though it helps a little. None of our male passengers, I believe, have been ill, and the two or three ladies appear now and then. One has made the voyage eighteen times. Yesterday we had only to look at sea and sky, trudge the deck, eat and drink, and make acquaintance with each other.\* A very few vessels appeared in the morning; one we passed near to, a transport with troops from Malta; the salute by raising flags on both sides was something to do.

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\* The more active passengers amused themselves with quoits made of rope. Another incident of this vacant day may be worth mentioning: In the afternoon, when every one was nearly unoccupied, I heard the captain say to an officer on the quarter-deck, "Ring the fire-bell." The easy way in which the order was given and received prevented it from being very terrific, though I was at a loss for its meaning. As soon as the bell rang, all the hands of the ship assembled and ranged themselves in order on the quarter-deck; the bell being, it seems, a signal for the purpose of testing the readiness of each man to present himself under the captain's eye at an unexpected call. The ship's force was fifty-one men and boys, including engineers.

Half past 9 at night.

Nothing to tell of still but sea and sky ; no coast and no ship, except the almost invisible sail of a sloop in the far east. We passengers have been parading the deck in a windy moonlight night, all well and lively. The wind is doing great things for us ; we shall round Cape Finisterre in the night, I believe, and I have desired to be called early, that I may open my eyes upon Spain. The mid-day sun was a southern one, enough so to leave marks on the face, but the wind is an austere blast still.

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April 20th.

Sunday morning ; leaving Vigo.—I have lived a week since I last wrote. About seven the steward gave me notice that we were running along the land. I hastened up, and cast eyes for the first time on the Peninsula, the bleak highland coast of Galicia, four or five miles on our left, stretching far before and behind us.\* In the extreme distance I could just see Cape Finisterre through the haze. We had passed it about five. A simple middle-aged lady (on her way to

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\* The principal objects were long rounded hills : promontories of bare white rock : the lighthouse of Cape Corrobedo some miles onward.

a religious house in Spain) was up and down all night, in fear that the Captain would run us against the Cape ; indeed, I overheard her lecturing him on the subject before I went below. We were still carrying sail ; between nine and ten we passed the mountainous islets called the Cies,\* which form a breakwater at the mouth of Vigo Bay, and sailed up the bay. It is a very pretty highland inlet, not unlike some of the bolder parts of the Ayrshire coast, and was beautifully mottled with sun and cloud ; the hills bleak and stony, but the country below less wild and forlorn than the

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\* They are brown, jagged piles of rock with some scanty covering of turf, and are sometimes called the islands of Bayona, from the old fortified port of that name about two leagues distant. It seems established that this Bayona, and not Bayonne, is the place associated in Lycidas with Namancos—

“Where the great vision of the guarded mount  
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold”—

Mr. Todd, the industrious editor of Milton, having ascertained that Namancos, as well as Bayona, appears on the coast of Galicia in Mercator's Atlas.—Todd's 'Milton,' vol. v. p. 49, 3rd ed. No one, probably, would have thought either place worth much inquiry, if their names had not pleased the ear of a great poet, and so become blended with the richest harmonies of his verse. Many places, and some men, live in remembrance because they have well-sounding names, more than for any other reason.

coast outside; a great deal of it cultivated, and most parts well sprinkled with villages and lone houses; the last, I suppose, a good sign of the civilization of the country round.

Vigo soon appeared on our right, a small town of square whited or coloured houses, compactly arranged on the point of a hill, but with something bleak and ghastly in its appearance, which I cannot well explain.\* Two forts just above; a cathedral, not very stately; and a huge yellow square tower, the taste of some private barbarian, are its chief features; there is a beach of sand; and a few small vessels lay off. As we drew near, the Madrid fired a gun, which was not answered. I said to one of our mates, "Do not they return our salute?" "Oh no," he said; "ours is only a notice we give them, for they generally require a toothpick and a glass of water before they begin to move." Presently a comely-looking boat enough began to approach: "See," said our captain to the Admiralty agent, who goes with the Madrid in charge of the letters, "that is a government boat; did you ever see such oars? Look at the bow oar!" And a queer little truncheon it was. Our Company's agent came with her, and the captain and he went to business,

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\* I believe one cause was that the houses were bare of all architectural decoration, and had the raw look given by new whitewash.

in the course of which the captain handed him a despatch to you which I had got ready, and I saw him tuck it under the red tape of a packet in his hand to go by their homeward ship, the Tagus, this evening. Plenty of boats began to move off now, for there were eighty natives, all of the lower class, to go with us as passengers. Nearly the first persons who stepped on board, however, were two merchant-women, shawled and muffled like Perea Nena, with baskets of flowers, oranges, oysters, boiled crabs, and other merchandize; and soon there was such a cry of "mire!" "comprad!" (look! buy!), mixed continually with the word "chelingas" (shillings), and so many graces of action, tapping one, pulling another, pushing off the boys and sailors who were obtrusive, but all with a certain air of good breeding, that the performance quite enchanted me. I bought a bundle of the flowers, chiefly roses, to sweeten my berth, but they were a tousled affair enough, though sweet. The oranges were not very tempting either, but the women declared they were "llenas de agua" (full of juice); and the crabs "muy ricos" (very rich). They also tempted you to change money, and when I declined this, saying "gracias," with a lisp, as I had been taught at home, one of them, who squinted like a demon, corrected me—"Grassias, grassias." This was my first Spanish lesson. The other woman, though hard-featured, was a comely person enough, and became her chintz-



patterned shawl and red hood very well; she had a neat and clean bare head, with the hair clubbed behind, splendid gold earrings, and below her shawl a gold necklace. They went away, very graceful and self-satisfied, among the last boaters, and, I dare say, carried off a handsome earning. As to the men, it would be impossible to describe the various figures; the hats turned up all round (sometimes with a raised pattern, *muy rico*); the Galician headpiece, exactly that of the Gallego in the Spanish ballet; and the patched suits of the lower boat-people, which were sometimes literally harlequin jackets and trousers, gay colours being selected for the patches. In all this odd costume, however, there were a few fine thoughtful-looking faces and handsome eyes; the rest of the countenances ox and sheep. The crowd upon our second deck is really worth looking at.

An hour and a half, in a bright morning and a bay sheltered from the wind, passed delightfully in watching these novelties. Nobody from our vessel landed, and when our business was finished we steamed out again. I found that I could understand more than I expected of the chatter of the common people; and when the squinting woman said "*Soy muy pobre*" (I am very poor), I humbly ventured to be jocular, and said "*Yo tambien*" (so am I), at which she grinned and shook her head, and persecuted me more than ever.

We are just off the mouth of the Minho (quarter

past two). Here Portugal begins : a bold stony coast still, but green and peopled.

I am told the women who proposed to change money really meant begging, and that if you had not small coin enough they would give it you. Strange, for they certainly proposed to change as much as a sovereign.

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Monday evening (21st), half-past 6.

We have just finished the manœuvre of passing the bar of Lisbon, outwards, in rainbows and squalls, and against a head wind ; for the breeze that led us well in is against us of course coming out. The skies were grand : the tops of " Cintra's glorious Eden," a jagged line of mountain something like the Seven Mountains on the Rhine, swept by the skirts of showers ; the sun struggling with gigantic indescribable masses of cloud, and the heavens behind all azure and silver gauze. We are now upon our old course, and have hoisted sail again.

To resume yesterday : From the Minho to the Douro we coasted a green country, thickly scattered with white houses and villages, and showing the level line of vineyards. At the mouth of the Douro a recess opened upon us, in which is Oporto. The town occupies a point of the bay, and seems a stately mass

of buildings, but the banks of the river, as far as you see up, seem also full of habitations. I had not yet seen any place on the Peninsula which had so much the appearance of being wealthy and inhabitable. One thing was odd. On the opposite bank to Oporto was a handsome-looking white house, built not long since as a villa, with a spacious wood overhanging it; but the wood, I was told, proved such a harbour for thieves that the gentleman gave up inhabiting the house. This and many other things about the Oporto coast were told me by the —— party,\* whose recollections of the old familiar points came thick upon them, and made the approach to the Douro very entertaining. They were to leave us here; a difficult point to resolve upon, for there is a vicious bar near Oporto, and the evening, near sunset, was rather rough, and our vessel did not come within four miles of the land. But, such is travelling in Portugal, if they had landed at Vigo they would have had four days' difficult journeying to reach Oporto. A boat came off with ten small but hardy fellows rowing, and the party got away, the lady with good courage enough; mightily they tossed, and our own speed and the height of the waves soon took them from our sight. We kept on a lordly course, but there is a kind of ground swell all

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\* An English family, passengers from Southampton, and having relations in Oporto.

down the Portuguese coast which made us roll heavily all night. I was quite well, however, and did not repent having made a stout Sunday dinner of roast beef and plum pudding.

This morning I went on deck between seven and eight o'clock. On the left, peering over some hills, were two horn-like points which proved to be the turrets of the famous palace of Mafra : farther down the coast were the heights of Cintra and the Rock of Lisbon. Soon after ten we passed the first fort of the Tagus.

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Tuesday, 22nd, 10 o'clock.

A blessed morning : bright sun, clouds nearly all gone ; the sea quiet as the Thames ; awnings spread on deck ; the passengers all in glee, and a shoal of porpoises playing about the ship. This is a great gaze to our Gallegos, who crowd the sides, almost to a man, to look at them. Poor people ! this morning is quite a resurrection to them : yesterday their main-deck was like a battle-field after the engagement ; strewn with cloaks and mantas and blankets, with faces of patient suffering (from cold and qualms) peeping out of them. One poor boy was the very likeness of Ishmael in West's picture. Now they are all alive in their quiet way ; some drinking water out of bottles and bags ; one squeezing dismal low notes out of a flute ; here and

there one smoking. I made my first experiment of offering a cigar ; the man showed his teeth, touched his cap with the air of a military officer, and, by way of return, offered light from his box. The dresses I can no longer attempt to describe, nor the umbrellas, nor the jugs and jars. The man dressed as in the Spanish ballet, all in brown down to his gaiters, with a brown sheath on his head by way of cap, and features grotesque enough to match, is my favourite study still. The Gallegos land at Cadiz: they go out to do water-carrying and other drudgery for the summer months.

Our sail up the Tagus was very interesting, and the features of Lisbon grow upon you in very fine gradation: the outer forts, one of them, Bugio, set by itself in the sea; then the fanciful Moresco-looking fort of Belem; then the mass of shipping, the greatest, I think, I have seen out of England, points out the place of the city; the palaces, old and modern, appear, one on the low ground, the other on a bold point of hill; and Lisbon itself opens upon you—mass after mass of white houses and churches, entirely covering, as it seems, a succession of undulating hills; the noble river below wide enough, and not too wide, to be the theatre of such a scene. As a mere pile of buildings, it is grander, I think, than Naples. I cannot, indeed, after the short view I have had, quite account for the effect it produces on you: of architectural beauty there



is but little ; no one very striking edifice. In picturesque effect it is far and far inferior to the beautiful Genoa ; yet, looking merely to the town itself, it dwells upon the mind with an effect of majesty that cannot be resisted. The neighbouring scenery, except the fine expanse of river, does not help much ; it is bleak and poor. When the government boats had joined us and gone through their ceremonies, we passengers had leave to go on shore for three or four hours, and I made the trip with a young Gibraltar officer. Seldom have I seen four handsomer-looking sailors than the three men and boy who rowed us ashore. We landed near the Praça do Commercio, which the sailors call Black Horse Square, from a very large and very tame equestrian statue\* in the middle of it. Our place of disembarking was at a little esplanade with rows of young limes, all in fresh leaf, and at their feet geraniums in a blaze of flower.

I can tell you little of our ramble. It was all hurry, and, having no Portuguese, and no map of the town, we were benighted in ignorance. A youth pretending to be a guide hooked on to us, but he had not above twenty words of English, and could not understand anything we said. I admired the width of the principal streets, and the boldness with which they

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\* Of Don José I. ; erected in 1775.—Handbook of Portugal, p. 27.

go up and down hill: some of them had handsome shops. The effect of the town is strikingly modern; but this is no wonder, when you remember the sweep made by the earthquake a century ago. We saw one interesting relic of this, the Carmo Church, never since rebuilt; an elegant Gothic ruin, the great gateway very rich, and still buried, apparently, to one-third of its height. Of the people we met, the better sort were dressed much as in other European towns, only that long and large cloaks were commonly worn by the gentlemen, even on horseback; and if they are not riding on donkeys, they contrive to look bundled up as if they were. The deeply swarthy complexions and un-European ugliness of some of the common people are very striking. We saw some rather handsome carriages, and fine small horses. The public cabs are quite a caricature, toppling things upon immensely large wheels, with skeleton horses; the driver however of one that we got into was a much smarter person than we see in the same line at home. We drove quite through the town to see the famous aqueduct which brings water from Cintra. This they show you rather untowardly, by carrying you through the interior, gallery after gallery, a series of tunnel perspectives which I got tired of; the water runs down each of these vaults at the side, in a little stone channel. At last they let us see the exterior, which is handsome enough, spanning (where we saw it) a rural but wildish-

looking green valley. The prettiest thing about the aqueduct is the main entrance, a stone hall filled with the water which is here collected in a reservoir. The breath and sound of it must be delightful in hot weather, and were pleasant to us who were just from sea. On our return we went into the new public garden, the Passeio da Estrella, adjoining one of the handsomest churches. The garden is pretty, but no one was there at this time of the day. It was striking, after what we had left in England, to see the trees in full leaf, and every bed rich in flowers. The geraniums quite form thickets, and the hanging, matted creepers were so luxuriant that a strong wind lifted them up with difficulty like heavy carpets. Our guide wandered from us here, but we inquired and guessed our way to the embarking-place, where we had appointed our boat, and we got on board the Madrid merrily, in good time to sit down to dinner with our Captain.\* Here ends my journal till Cadiz. I shall have to make up a hurried packet there, that it may go back with the Madrid on her return from Gibraltar. We took in a great many new passengers at Lisbon, but, coming so late, they do not fraternize with the old ones. I was disappointed at not seeing Cape

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\* It ought to be mentioned that in this excursion we perceived no trace of the nuisances to sight and smell which used to offend travellers in the streets of Lisbon.

St. Vincent. I ordered the steward to call me for it, but we passed too early, he said. The paddles make my hand shaky; but I hope you will read all this in due time without difficulty.

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Tuesday night, Cadiz, Hotel Blanco, April 22nd.

Well, here I am, fairly launched into Spain. We have had the quickest passage the Madrid ever made: we left Southampton at two in the afternoon of Thursday, and finally quitted the ship to go into Cadiz at six in the evening of Tuesday. We carried sail nearly the whole of the way, and have had very fine weather. The atmosphere has been very much milder to-day and the sky purer and brighter. The Captain says there is always a perceptible change after passing Cape St. Vincent. Cadiz, with its white buildings facing the afternoon sun, started beautifully from the sea, and at first reminded me of Venice, but it is not at all like it when you draw near. I went ashore in a large sailing-boat with some of my lady and gentlemen fellow-passengers, and a whole host of the Gallicians, including my brown friend: indeed, they tumbled in so recklessly that some of my neighbours began to cry "Vamos al fondo" (we are going to the bottom), but all ended well. I do not think we were fewer than thirty-five. We were taken to a strange dark

vault of a douane, and the officers did their duty as good-natured douaniers sometimes do, opening the packages as if they were afraid something would bite them, and modestly closing them again as fast as possible. This hotel is close to the sea, looking out upon the Alameda. It is an odd, Mrs. Radcliffe looking place,\* but they seem kind, honest people, and a most simple-minded waiter attends me. Things look exotic to my heart's content in this town, but I have seen little yet. It was nearly dark before I could get to the Alameda, and I could hardly form an opinion of the few promenaders; but the outlines of palm-trees against the clear glowing sky reminded me (if that had been necessary) how far I had come since Thursday. I strolled from thence up a narrow street called Maldonado to the large square of La Constitucion,† which was full of loungers, but I did not explore farther, for, giving all due honour to the Madrid, a spacious bed on firm ground is tempting after five nights at sea.

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\* On a very small scale; but night and novelty exaggerated its dimensions at first.

† More commonly called by its older name, Plaza de San Antonio. I observed in other Spanish places that the same pompous new name was discarded in common conversation, and the more familiar one used. Antequera has a forlorn Plaza de la Constitucion, better known as Plaza de San Francisco.



Cadiz, April 23rd, noon.

I have called at Mrs. —'s\* (at eleven o'clock), but was too early to see her. I am to call again at three. Her sister, Doña T., came down to receive me. I get on with Spanish according to the French definition of "tellement quellement," namely, "plus mal que bien;" but I was very proud of being able just now to explain in Spanish to Mrs. Blanco, my hostess, a printed letter of business from the English Post-office. At Doña C.'s I was helpless; and she had told her sister that I spoke Spanish perfectly well.

I have two delightful little summer cabins for bed and sitting room (horrible for winter, I should think), looking along the Alameda and ramparts, at the foot of which is the sea. If you find Rota in the map, and draw a line from it to Cadiz, you will have my point of view at this moment. The first stroll out this morning was an enchantment, the sky so pure, the sea so bright and calm, and the air (though still rather chilly) so light and caressing, slightly scented by some fragrant trees on the Alameda, and relishing a little of the sea.

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\* Mrs. —, a friend of the author's family, Spanish by birth, but married to an English gentleman established at Cadiz, who was absent at this time. Her Spanish friends of all classes (for she was popular with all) used to speak of her by her baptismal name, Doña M. del C., or, more shortly, Doña C.

The trees, however, are not generally in full leaf yet. I see most of the men wearing cloaks, and it gives a striking appearance to the public places, and not altogether conciliating: it looks as if men lived in distrust of each other and of the atmosphere. Picturesque as it is, I prefer (so far as it is characteristic) the open breast of John Bull. One thing delights me already in Spain, the grace and significance with which all classes express themselves by a wave or slighter movement of the hand. I do not remember anything equal to it elsewhere: the fan exercise is a branch of it. I had, by the bye, a significant wave this morning from a female not over comely or young, from a curtained window just off the Alameda, with a friendly "Comm inn," for fear I should have been dull at gestures. At the sober hour of eight this rather surprised me.\*

I walked through the principal streets and squares before breakfast (after chocolate), and went into the cathedral, a very heavy modern building. Here for the first time I saw the women at their devotions, couched upon the ground. I noticed some helping themselves up with their hands, which is not picturesque. You see I am adopting the custom of sitting still in the middle of the day, though the weather is hardly warm

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\* It should be added that I do not recollect any other instance of such a public salutation in a Spanish town.

enough to require it, and there are some people strolling. But, placed as I am, I shall be but too willing to see Cadiz by sitting at my balcony, musing on the sea, and watching the few loungers on the Alameda, the idle fellows angling from the rampart, and the still more idle ones who sit or stand looking on, under trees that do not shade them.

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NOTE.

The few lines intrusted to the Steam Company's agent at Vigo (who forwarded them punctually ; see page 9) ended—"I have had an excellent passage hitherto, and am quite well:" with the postscript " $\frac{1}{4}$  past 9, Sunday morning. Entering Vigo Bay. Excellent well." Alas! in the next spring the unfortunate Madrid, entering Vigo Bay to all appearance as prosperously as when I wrote this, ran upon a hidden rock, foundered, and was totally lost. Her passengers and crew were saved, but her lading went the way of those old treasures which according to popular belief, still bestrew the bottom of this bay. The rock, it appears, was not marked in the English Admiralty Chart. The chart was corrected ; but our poor honest and jocund captain lost his employment with his ship. Though he sinned against the precept of Horace and (which was worse) against the orders of the Peninsular Company, "*nimum premento littus*" (by hugging the shore too hard), I am sure that this disaster must have been lamented by every one who

was his passenger on the voyage I have been describing, for he seemed deservedly popular with all.

The timorous lady who was afraid of Cape Finisterre rises, on this event, to the dignity of a Cassandra; but she will probably never be informed of her triumph, or of the liberty I have taken in making mention of her alarms.

It has become almost a puerility to marvel at the contrast between modern steam travelling and the packet and posting journeys of former days: yet a traveller who has with perfect ease and unconcern passed from Southampton Water to the Tagus in four days cannot without some wondering self-congratulation call to mind Fielding's long querulous *Odyssey*, 'The Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon.' Let him not fail, however, to acknowledge, with gratitude to our great classic, that the world would have lost a great deal of entertainment, and some good instruction, if Fielding had gone to Lisbon by steam.

The first approach to Cadiz deserves a few additional words. Fortunate is the traveller who sees this city for the first time from the sea on a fine day. On the 22nd of April, after passing Cape St. Vincent early in the morning, we lost sight of the land about one in the afternoon, where the coast sweeps inward from Cape St. Mary. The sails were hauled down, and we passengers employed our time in anxious speculations upon the possibility of our being at sea another night. Between three and four the fair phantom of Cadiz gleamed upon us through a hazy atmosphere; it brightened, and the gay lines of chalk-white building shone out clear above

the massy sea-walls as we approached the port. There is no foreground; no gradation; the terraces seem to start at once from the sea, as Venice does (or did before there was a railway) when first seen from Fusina. But, after a short view, the mind, as well as the eye, finds a wide difference between the bright, flat, newly whited house-fronts of Cadiz and the time-tinted marble palaces and churches of Venice.



P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

## LETTER III.

The fish-market—A gentleman's house in Cadiz—An evening party—The weather—Walk of the Andalusian women—Theatre—'El si de las Niñas'—The sainéte—Murillo's paintings—Watch-towers—General view of Cadiz—Costume—Spanish puffing—The guide.

Cadiz, April 24th, 1856.

I HAVE been taking a siésta, till disturbed (one o'clock) by the remonstrances of a man to his mul-a in the street; and found it come as naturally as if I had done it always. The Madrid went by this morning, carrying, I hope, my letter put into the consul's box yesterday.

I passed a great deal of yesterday in visiting. . . . I am told I have just missed the fair of Seville, which was made additionally gay by the King\* of Portugal being there, on a visit, I believe, to the Montpensiers. Talking of the King—I landed on Tuesday at the great fish-market, and the people at the fish shambles made such a loud, eager, plaintive

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\* The ex-regent, who was commonly spoken of here as the king.



noise, as the manner of market-people is here, and the place was so filled with groups seeming both busy and idle, that I asked my porter (thinking something unusual was happening) whether there was a fiésta, or what was going on. A grave civic guard standing by said, "They are expecting the King of Portugal." Never was such a sacrifice to the supposed necessity of saying something: if the King's being expected three or four days hence made something that almost seemed to betoken a pronunciamiento, what must it be when he actually comes!

At three o'clock I called upon Doña C., and made a long visit. She received me most kindly, and was looking very well, in a dress of the Spanish mode, handsome but plain black. She showed me over her whole house, from the kitchen, which is a very stately one, to the roof. The rooms are very handsome, running round an inner court, and extending a great length backwards; crowded with pictures and pretty things, and everywhere as sweet, fresh, and airy as the most critical English senses could require. At the top of the house, up many steep flights of steps, is a terrace, where she says she is every morning at six o'clock cultivating her flowers, and a very pretty show they make. On the same terrace is her laundry, taken care of by a stout English-looking damsel (Pepa by name), with a goodly row of the huge water-jars of this country at her hand: for water here is not "laid on,"

but brought up by Gallego labour.\* In the evening I went there to tea: it was merely a quiet gossiping party, in the window of the ground-floor room, on a level with the large square of San Antonio, where the shifting busy groups were a great part of our amusement. The window had, as usual, a strong ornamental ironwork (the *reja*) towards the street, but, as we sat on the level of the foot passengers, the idle boys did not scruple now and then to take a look in. I was quite enabled to understand how, at more quiet hours, love-making is, or used to be, carried on at a Spanish *reja*. When I arrived there were only Doña C., her sister, and two other ladies, one very pretty. When I found myself with three ladies, only one of whom spoke anything but Spanish, and that one not much, I wondered how I should get through the adventure, and stupid enough I was; but I made the best fight I could. Two or three gentlemen dropped in; one a medical doctor, I believe, who was fêted by having a little pan with hot charcoal sent for, to light his cigarillo: he smoked it out with great decorum, and invited me to do the same; but smoking a cigarillo in a party of

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\* The Galician peasant who exports himself to seek his fortune in other provinces is looked to in a Spanish family as the daily visitor for purposes of drudgery, and is called "*the*" Gallego, as, in a small country establishment in England, people talk of "*the*" pony.

ladies was too doubtful a manœuvre for such a novice as I am.

After tea, Doña C. sent over to the Casino (a club news-room) for an English gentleman to introduce me there, and I have the entrée while I stay.\* Mr. G——, the Russian Consul, to whom M. de M—— introduced me, has asked me to join his party in a box at the theatre; the very thing I should have wished, as the performance is Moratin's comedy of 'El Si de las Niñas,' the first Spanish play I ever read.

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

April 25th.

The climate here does not deserve the compliment of sleeping siestas, or keeping in-doors. We have had gales and rain during the night, and to-day wind still, and a sultry haze over the bay: the reefs of rocks (of which there are several in sight) look all white, as if the sea showed its teeth.† They say here that the

\* The Casino Gaditano was a pretty and well-ordered club-house, and in my two short residences at Cadiz I found it a very agreeable resource.

† Among them are Las Puércas (the sows), low islets of rock, just showing a flattish surface above the water, something like the flank of a swine. On one of these

spring has not well set in yet, and for this reason, and partly in consequence of the fêtes at Seville, I have been disappointed in the famous Alameda promenade, where I expected so much beauty and fascination. I have seen little indeed of either, though I live over the Alameda, and have gone out at the most approved hours. There is a certain number of lady-like women in black, with veil, mantilla, and fan, and sleek heads; of their feet the present style of dress prevents my saying much. I think, however, that, from the figures I have already seen, I understand the beauty of the Andalusian walk: the excellence of it is like that of a fine rider, who looks as if he were all one with his horse: a woman elsewhere does not always walk as if she were all one with herself; but here there is a harmony of motion in the whole form: the woman walks with her feet, hands, fan, elbows, head, all in tune; every part in a perfect understanding with the rest, and seeming as if born so. The particular movement of the feet is hidden by the long dresses, as it is with us; one judges of it by the effect.

I joined Mr. G. and his family in their box at the Teatro Principal; a very large theatre, but mournfully

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Villeneuve's Bucentaure, the unfortunate ship of an unfortunate admiral, was wrecked in the great storm after the battle of Trafalgar.

empty. 'El Si' went off but flatly: the actors were not bad (the *dévôte* old lady who travels with a thrush, extremely good), but for the most part they were drearily respectable.\* We had afterwards a

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\* Or, as it was well expressed in Beresford's 'Miseries of Human Life,' "intolerably tolerable." In such hands the delicate animation of Moratin's genteel comedy (as it used to be called in the days of Cumberland) quite faints away.

Modern Cadiz has proud theatrical reminiscences, for Martinez de la Rosa's first tragedy, 'La Viuda de Padilla,' was produced here while the French were bombarding the city, in July 1812; not, however, at the *Téatro Principal*, for the enemy's shells were so troublesome there that a temporary wooden theatre was erected in a safer quarter. See 'Obras de F. Martinez de la Rosa,' vol. iii. p. 46, Paris, 1838; Schack, *Geschichte*, &c., vol. iii. p. 510, Berlin, 1846. The drama is not silenced by warlike alarms, as the laws are: at Paris crowds flocked to the '*Pie Voleuse*' when the Allies were behind *Montmartre*; and in London during the riots of 1780, when thirty-six incendiary fires were blazing in the town, Colman's theatre in the *Haymarket* took 20*l.*—Colman's '*Random Records*,' vol. i. p. 314. But Cadiz, in the summer of 1812, was crowded with a brilliant society, in which political exaltation gave an impulse to gaiety and the love of pleasure. See *Toreno*, *Historia del Levantamiento*, &c., de España, vol. iii. p. 103, Paris, 1838; and a lively description of Cadiz at this period in Salvandy's '*Don Alonso*,' vol. iv. pp. 81-85, 4th ed., Paris, 1828.

sainéte \* (broad farce), part of it good buffoonery enough, but I did not understand it much, and doubt if there was much to be understood. We did not get out till near twelve, and walked home, though it must have been nearly half a mile to Mr. G.'s: I do not think I saw any carriage at the doors, and the ladies walked away with as much unconcern as at mid-day. To be sure we had powerful protection, for there are watchmen (*serénos*) like our old "Charleys," who cry (the hour I suppose), and have not only lanterns, but a stout pike with a very short point. But I saw no unruly company. This place seems a very sociable and kind one; indeed I am so much at home that the lull in my travels is getting too great.

This morning I went to see some Murillos at the Capuchin Church, the only ones here which Ford

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\* I think the title was *El Labrador y el Usía* (the Labourer and the Seigneur). The humour of one of the scenes, and good farce enough it was, lay in the performance of a ridiculous village orator who headed a deputation to the great man.

The *sainéte*, properly so called, appears to have been an interlude thrown in to relax the attention of the audience when it might be overstretched by the principal piece. For this purpose it could not be too grotesque. The *intermède* in Molière's 'Malade Imaginaire,' where Polichinelle frightens the archers of the watch, is a perfect French *sainéte*.

much praises. The altarpiece cost Murillo his life by a fall he had while painting it. It is a Marriage of St. Catherine, very clear and sweet in the style, but without much of the ideal about it. The head of a St. Francis, also by Murillo, struck me as exceedingly fine.

This town is remarkable for watch-towers; almost every considerable house has one, high above the leads, with accommodation for gazing about. I went to-day to one of the highest, Torre del Vigia,\* which is in public use for a kind of semaphore: the view of Cadiz from it is exceedingly pretty, and unlike any of the kind I have seen; the town is so purely white, that it looks as if dug out of chalk, no smoke overhanging, and no trace of damp or soot. Two ominous weeds, however, have started up, an odious factory chimney belonging to a new cotton-mill, and the chimney of a gas-work. I hope the disfigurement will not spread. Cadiz is indeed a pretty place, though some of its aspects towards the sea must be dreadfully bleak and wind-beaten. The streets are narrow, except the Ancha (broad) Street, but airy and sweet, and you seldom go far without a view of the sea. The houses seem as if they were under perpetual whitewash, and you look down long bright vistas of these clean build-

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\* El vigia is a man stationed to keep a look-out for vessels.



ings, with wide projecting bay windows (not bow for they are square), the rejas and balconies painted of a lively green, and sometimes adorned with coloured curtains and awnings. The costume of the lower class of men is generally the cloak, sash, and round turban-like hat.\* The gentlemen dress much as in other European towns, except when they wear the cloak; and the tone is that uniform one which commonly prevails in mercantile cities. Nobody seems in the slightest degree to notice what a stranger wears. As to buildings, I have not seen much of interiors except at one house; but the style seems to be handsome and comfortable. White marble is common, the stairs at my hotel are of it; and they use a very pretty cool but substantial mat, like the Indian, but made here of handsome brown and yellow patterns, often showing a good deal of taste.

'Don Juan Tenorio' is to be produced to-night "con el debido decoro" (with due decorum),† so I think I shall go and see a little of it.

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\* Sombrero Calañes; a black hat with spacious brim rolled up all round, and adorned here and there with a small tuft: a lumpish head-piece enough when ill made or clownishly worn, but capable of a very arch and gallant effect, as may be seen in the pretty Spanish print (from a French artist's drawing) of the Empress Eugénie on horseback.

† An incorrect translation. I supposed the words to

Doña C. tells me she had been looking out, at your request, for a person properly qualified to be my guide, and had provided one who often attends her husband in his travels about Spain. She says he is de toda confianza (trustworthy to the utmost). I have seen him, and a fine-looking fellow he is; but he is under a shooting engagement with some other gentlemen, and it depends upon Doña C.'s diplomacy whether he can be got off or not. If he can, I shall accept him. I

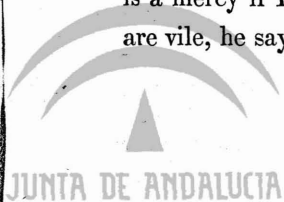
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be a guarantee by the discreet manager that the old "Burlador de Sevilla" should not be let loose upon the people of Cadiz without certain precautions; but it seems that "el debido decoro" means only a suitable getting up. Puffing has its own rhetoric in all countries, and in Spain its expressions are grave and stately, as might be expected. I have seen at Algeciras "Casa de pupilos, con *desenza*" (decencia); boarding-house kept, with decency. At Zaragoza, in 1857, I observed a traitor's announcement in the words, "Se da de comer con equidad y decencia al estilo de Barcelona." "Dinners given with equity and decency in the style of Barcelona." One can conceive an equity in the management of a dinner-table; but on another house I saw, "Se riza y corta el pelo, y afeitada, con equidad." "Hair curled and cut, and shaving done, with equity." What equity has to do with clipping and trimming I do not venture to guess.

While correcting this page I am told by a Spanish friend that "equidad, in their jargon, means reasonable terms."

took money at my banker's to-day, and asked if there was much chance of being parted from it on the road to Gibraltar; he said there was none at all, the roads were guarded and quite safe. Mr. G. tells me the same. This letter will go by Madrid and France. Recollect not to "esquire" me when you write.

My man has just been with me, and seems confident of making the trip. A more strapping, poaching-looking varlet could not well have been picked up. How I shall understand his Andalusian snuffle, time must show. As to robbery, with such a companion it is a mercy if I do not rob somebody else. The roads are vile, he says.



P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalif  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

## LETTER IV.

Hospitality — Mrs. Blanco's fláons — 'Don Juan Tenorio' — Xerez — Wine-stores — The Cartuja — Pictures — Roderick's last battle-field — The manta — Tea-party — April weather — Zorrilla — Calderon's 'Magico Prodigioso' — Calderon and Lovelace.

Saturday, April 26th.

PORTÉLA, my intended guide, has got his licence to attend me. The gentleman who had engaged him has resigned him to Doña C., so now you will consider me, for some time to come, under the direction of this Mentor. He seems to be a person universally known, and is familiar, they say, with Ronda and all the wild places on my intended journey. This excellent lady spoils me with kindness. One thing that rather amuses me in this seemingly safe town is that she will not even let me go home at night without a man to attend me. I dined with her yesterday, and of course revelled in Spanish table luxuries\* till I was ready

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\* I do not recollect that my hotel was eminent in this respect; but Mrs. Blanco's fláons (a sweet solid custard) recommended themselves both as a very good thing and as a pleasant interpretation of a word sometimes used by old English writers:—

to say "No puedo mas" (je n'en puis plus). I told her that I thought of going to 'Don Juan Tenorio,' and I found my billet taken, and her sister, Doña T., ready to go as a companion. This was a little formidable at first, as she speaks only Spanish, but she is a very kind and agreeable person, and, notwithstanding the shock to my idleness, I was very glad she went. The house was very well filled, and she introduced me to several persons, whom I found pleasant neighbours. The 'Don Juan' was a new version (poetical, but not musical) of the Don Giovanni story, somewhat modern and sentimental, but, as far as I could judge, written with great spirit. Zorrilla is the author. The statue comes to supper; but there is a churchyard full of statues, and you are taken to it twice; and the Don is saved, at last, by main force: while the Comendador grasps him by one hand, a nun statue catches him by the other, and in this position he repents of his crimes off hand, and cheats the devil. Don Juan was exceedingly well acted by a man from Madrid, who reminds me of Devrient. I was told he was a person of good family, and bred to mercantile life, not the stage. The nun too recited well, though she was fat and looked like an

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"Fall to your cheesecakes, curds, and clouted cream,  
Your fools, your *flawns*."

JONSON, *Sad Shepherd*, act i. scene 2.

Cadiz, as well as some of the other Andalusian towns, is great in confectionery.

overgrown white moth. It was very late and very tedious; and I had to be up at six to go to Xerez.

The morning gun always wakes me at daybreak, and long before six the waiter, who had been ordered to call me, burst into my room to inquire what time it was. I had a miscellaneous journey: walk to the Mole, about a mile off, in the port of Cadiz; steam to Port Sta. Maria, an hour's voyage; omnibus to the railway; railway about twenty minutes to Xerez.\* Xerez is a very old and said to be a very wealthy town, the metropolis of the sherry vineyards and wine-merchants; it seemed to me, however, a dull and slovenly place. I went to M. Domecq's stores with my letter of introduction from London, and was shown over their great halls, as large as churches, full of huge butts, which you are hospitably allowed to taste. I sipped amontillado, plain sherry, muscatel, and what we should call East India sherry, dark brown and burning, but a hundred years old.† Domecq's are said to be the oldest storehouses here.

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\* A line of passage much frequented by the Cadiz people, both for business and for pleasure; Xerez (now more usually spelt Jerez) being the destination for one purpose, Vista Alegre for the other.

† So styled, I imagine, and fairly, under the same law of identity by which a raven is said to be a hundred years old, though not an atom about him is that which came out of the egg.

A sight I more wished to see was the Cartuja (Carthusian convent), three or four miles from the town. The rain had so spoiled the road that a calesa could not travel it, and I was prevailed upon to go on horseback, taking a guide from the town, of course on horseback too. Time rather pressed, and I suppose it is the fashion of people who hire horses at Xerez to "go ahead," but my guide set off at a pretty round pace, my own horse was not at all loth to follow, and we got from canter to gallop. I found the Spanish saddle and stirrups do very well, and was glad to gain time, having uneasy thoughts about the train homeward. It was a green, bleak country, bearing grass and grain (here and there vines in sight), stretching to the banks of the Guadalete, which are low and sandy; the road running generally in small ravines, and often bordered with aloes and prickly pears. Much slush we went through, and some odd places we scrambled over, to escape bad steps in the road, till I saw the Cartuja, standing majestically on a plateau near the Guadalete: a noble mass of building, partly in the Gothic, and partly in what is called the Renaissance style. The convent was one of the establishments condemned a few years since, and now in the hands of government. The offices and outbuildings have been demolished, and the rest is at mercy. A government official gave leave for my being shown over the interior, and a very old man attended me. It is the first specimen I have



yet seen of the Spanish church magnificence, for there is nothing worth the name at Cadiz. I was led first into a beautiful cloister, four wide walks under Gothic arches; large, and of a light style, surrounding an open space planted with cypresses as high as the building: the ground between is now made useful with beans. The whole cloister, I think, is about equal in extent to Covent Garden, measured from the outer side of the arcades. All was in complete solitude, and a nightingale pouring out the most beautiful melody from one of the trees. My old guide, who was enthusiastic about the whole place, said that this bird was the chief of all nightingales, and besides his own song could imitate the note of every bird in the neighbourhood. The refectory, the chapter-house, and the great church were all princely and desolate, nearly perfect, though showing some ill-usage; the beautiful inlaid tiles almost all in their places, and some of the gilt mouldings as fresh as if they had been finished yesterday. The convent garden had flowers still, and there was an orangery with some blossoms. The private gardens attached to the cells had still some appearance of their old destination. A modern ruin like this, though not so solemn as an ancient one, is more affecting, as it brings back so much more forcibly the thought of human life and its reverses. The effigy of the poor founder, cut in a large slab on the floor in front of the high altar, looked melancholy

enough in the midst of all the desolation. A churchman whom I met at Doña C.'s says that a number of fine pictures belonging to the convent (some by Zurbaran) were disposed of by way of sale without any regard to their value.\* To judge from the Spanish newspapers, and what I hear in conversation, the fate of this fine building excites a good deal of interest, and I hope the government will not be barbarous enough to let it go to wreck.

From the convent I had a full view of the battle-field near the Guadalete, where Roderick, the last of the Goths, was defeated by the Arabs; the green solitude may have remained as it was from that time downwards, for there is no object or circumstance in the immediate view, except the convent itself, at variance with that impression.†

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\* They are enumerated in the description of the Cartuja by Ponz, *Viage de España* (vol. xvii. p. 276, Madrid, 1792). Some (the refuse, according to Mr. Ford) are in the Museum at Cadiz (*Handbook*, part i. pp. 134, 158, 3rd ed.). One; the Adoration of the Magi, mentioned by Ponz, is conjecturally identified by Mr. Stirling with a picture on that subject in the Cathedral of Cadiz (*Annals of the Artists of Spain*, vol. ii. p. 775). The finest, Mr. Ford says, "passed into England, having been sold dog-cheap at the sales of Louis-Philippe and Mr. Standish in 1853."

† Among the doubts which overshadow the romantic history of King Roderick, reasons have been alleged for

I returned at a more modest pace to the railway station, being now secure of my time. The railway carriages are pretty and comfortable, and the management seems good. The voyage from Port St. Mary to Cadiz was very disagreeable, with a rough sea, contrary wind, and a small boat, crowded with a body of soldiers on their march, who soon broke into explosions of sea-sickness.

I forgot to mention that I bought my manta and alforjas at Xerez, which is an approved depôt for such things. The manta is not at all of a showy pattern, though thoroughly Spanish. I saw a gay Valencian one with a wide (dirty) fringe, but the texture was slighter, and I thought the other more serviceable and in better taste, which I was strongly

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supposing that the great scene of this battle was not on the banks of the Guadalete, but on the lake of La Janda, near Medina Sidonia. (See the notes to book iv. c. 2, of Gayangos's 'History of the Mohammedan Dynasties in Spain': London, 1840.) The learned author admits, however, that the battle may have ended on the Guadalete, and this view is adopted by Mr. Ford (Handbook, pp. 148, 158, 3rd edit.). Thus we may save alive the quibble of Lope de Vega, cited by Southey in a note on Roderick (Works, vol. ix. p. 271, 1838), that the Guadalete should cease to be called *Water of Lethe*, since it had witnessed a never-to-be-forgotten catastrophe; and may believe that La Janda was the Quatre Bras of which Xerez was the Waterloo.

confirmed in by Portéla. I took him to Xeres from Port St. Mary, where he lives, that he might help me in these purchases. I drank tea with Doña C., two elderly lady visitors, and a priest with a Don Basilio hat; a clever man apparently, with a dejected but remarkably clear voice and very distinct articulation.

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Sunday, 27th April.

Another gusty morning, with rain; quite an English April, though with a softer atmosphere. I have discovered that Cadiz, at this time, is a watering-place out of season; in next month and July it will be full of company. If I get a day or two here on my return, I hope to see it in its glory. Lord Byron's "dark blue sea," I suppose, is deferred till the season; at present there is no such colour.

Doña C. insists upon my dining with her again to-day, so I must close this. My horses are gone to Chiclana, and I meet them there early to-morrow morning. The weather is improving, but they say such a rainy winter and spring in Spain are not remembered, and I see that the destruction of the roads will be a difficulty, real or alleged, wherever I go. But patience, incredulity, and early rising will do a good deal, I hope.

We have only to-day got a newspaper from England later than the day of my leaving it. This will go overland.

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NOTE.

The provincial reception of Don José Zorrilla's play, if such a test be a true one in Spain, gave proof that the writer had not lost the popularity which he enjoyed some years ago. Schack (*Geschichte der dramatischen Literatur und Kunst in Spanien*, vol. iii, p. 518), speaks of Zorrilla in 1846 as a young poet threatening to eclipse his competitors in lyric, narrative, and dramatic verse. The edition of his works published at Paris in 1852 consists of three closely printed octavo volumes. His facility appears to have been extraordinary; but the German critic, while applauding the richness and exuberance of a talent which, he says, occasionally ascends to the level of Lope and Calderon, laments his hasty and volatile habit of writing, and the want of finish and ripeness in his productions. The few plays of Zorrilla which I have read confirm this criticism. They open with a promising effervescence, but pall long before the conclusion. His dialogue (as far as my small knowledge of Spanish enables me to judge) is often very pointed and dramatic, sometimes poetical. His opening scenes have a spirit and an air of originality which raise lively expectations; but the sequel languishes, and, whether from want of resources, or from impatience of

continued effort, the conclusion sinks into weakness, or wanders away in extravagance.

In 'Don Juan Tenorio' the catastrophe takes place in a "Panteón" where monuments have been erected to the victims of his licentiousness or ferocity. The scene has already been shown in a previous act; with the stone-cutter touching off his last performance. One of his works is the statue of Doña Inéz, the novice, who had been snatched by death from the Don's unhallowed enterprises, and, by some unaccountable chance, had left in his mind a sentimental passion. The lady-statue informs him that Heaven has commissioned her to offer him a short season for repentance; and the conclusion is a medley of the 'Convidado de Piedra,' 'The Siege of Corinth,' and 'Robert le Diable.' Molière, in 'Le Festin de Pierre,' introduces an awkward female spectre, who utters a warning without success; and, in 'El Convidado,' Molina (who has treated this story far better than any other dramatist within my knowledge) makes the libertine ask for a confessor just as the infernal gulf is opening, the unseasonableness of which demand is properly pointed out by the Comendador. But that Don Juan should repent and be saved is worse than calling in the mob to shout a reprieve for Captain Macheath.

One speech in Zorrilla's play, delivered with great feeling and energy by the actor, and evidently greeted as a favourite passage by the audience, was the seductive address of Don Juan to the novice when he has borne her from her convent to his country-house on the Guadalquivir. The imagery, the soft flow of the verse, the appeal to all surrounding natural objects as inspiring love, and the word "amor" completing the cadence at

the end of every period, called to my mind a beautiful scene in Calderon's 'Magico Prodigioso,' which Zorrilla manifestly imitates, though with the spirit of a poet, not of a mere copyist. It is that in which the Christian virgin Justina is subjected to the immediate temptation of the Evil Spirit, and, under his influence, the sights and sounds hitherto most peaceful and unblameable, the vine, the nightingale, the sun-flower, suggest images of the earthly passion against which her soul has been religiously closed: and when, with increasing perturbation, she asks herself the meaning of this "tumult in a vestal's veins," an unseen minstrelsy breaks in at every pause of her soliloquy with the chaunt—"Amor, amor!"

Calderon was happy in the artificial grace (too artificial to be dramatic according to modern conception) of casting a speech into short divisions, each closed by a refrain ending upon the same word. One instance of this, if it rightly strikes me, ought to have a peculiar interest for English readers. It is in 'La Vida es Sueño,' where the imprisoned Sigismund, in a long poetical soliloquy, harps upon the word "liberty." The turn of these lines irresistibly brings to my mind the fine Cavalier lyric of Richard Lovelace, "To Althea, from prison." The course of thought is the same in each, though in opposite directions: Sigismund compares himself to the birds, the fishes, the wild beasts, the running stream, and exclaims, as he contemplates each in turn—

"Y teniendo yo mas alma,  
Tengo menos libertad?"

\* \* \*

"Y teniendo yo mas vida,  
Tengo menos libertad?"



“While with more life gifted, I  
Am denied its liberty.”

\* \* \*

“But with more of soul than it,  
I am grudged its liberty.”

Lovelace sings of the winds, the fishes, angels, gods,  
and the close of each stanza is almost an echo of Cal-  
deron :—

“Fishes that tipple in the deep  
Know no such liberty.”

\* \* \*

“Enlarged winds that curl the flood  
Know no such liberty.”

Neither chronology nor history forbids the supposition  
that Lovelace may have caught up a melody from the  
‘Vida es Sueño.’

The justly popular writer whose translation I have  
cited (‘Life’s a Dream,’ &c., ‘with an Essay,’ &c., ‘by  
Richard Chenevix Trench,’ London, 1856) does not  
notice this resemblance (perhaps might not admit it),  
and has lessened it by not always making (as Calderon  
does) the recurrent line end with the word “liberty.”

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I have lately heard with great pleasure that the  
Cartuja is to be preserved as a national monument, on  
the intercession principally of the Duc de Montpensier.

## LETTER V.

Evenings at Doña C.'s — Venta de Vejer — The landlady's misfortunes — Journey from Cadiz — Isle of Leon — San Fernando — Chiclana — The roads — Vejer — Journey to Tarifa — A carbineer — Venta of Taibilla — The sea-shore — Africa — Lodging at Tarifa — The town — Female costume — Supper at the venta — The fort — Scenery — Road-mending in Spain — View of Gibraltar — Algeciras — Gibraltar.

Venta de Vejer, April 28th, 1856.

I took leave of that kindest of women last night, really ashamed of all the trouble she has given herself about me. Even this morning she was up at half-past five, dismissing my guide, who slept at her house, and giving him charges and cautions. I wish you could possibly be at one of her evening gossips: nothing can be more different from our English style. You dine in a parlour which looks to the Plaza, but runs back very deep into the house: and the table is placed so as to command the central marble paved court round which all the rooms run, and to have a view of every one who comes into the house; the door of the room is open, and very often she has something to say to those who pass. Before dinner is well over, callers begin to drop in, and perhaps sit down to the table and take

some sweets; then all adjourn to the window, and take seats looking into the square, on a level with the foot passengers. Yesterday three ladies came in, a mother with two young daughters, both pretty, and smart specimens of Andalusian belles. The two señoritas perched themselves in the corners of the window sill, and we seniors sat round. The dialogue of the ladies, though I did not half understand it, amused me excessively: a loud, eager, staccato talk, rattled out with prodigious haste, and yet with firmness and precision; as if any one had been running up and down stairs in pattens: and it seemed to be pretty much cut into lengths, each delivering herself, as if of so many couplets, and then another taking up the conversation in the same way: heads, hands, and fans all working and helping the argument. They were discussing the moral of 'Don Juan Tenorio.' After a while you return to the table to tea, and by that time some visitors have gone, and others drop in: all go quite early.

I am now in one of the roughest of my journeys, at a real Spanish Venta, but not destitute of all food; the very dialogue took place about killing a hen which I was taught at home in one of my Spanish lessons. The place is a small square court with rooms round it, the upper ones opening upon a balcony. Mine had literally nothing, when I first went up, but the clean whited walls and a tressel, which it will require some activity to jump upon presently; but in a wonderfully

short time the mistress of the house, a gaunt but pleasant-looking woman, and her daughter, rather handsome, brought in chairs, rush mats, a table and bedding, and made the place habitable. There are no glazed windows, only doors opening against the hill side; two doors opposite look out upon the balcony and court. The posada is by a river, at the foot of a mountainous height, on the top of which is the old Moorish town of Vejer. For five months this winter and spring the house was unapproachable in the way of business, there being so much water out: the people had to live upon their capital, and were almost in despair. The poor woman related this to me with so much energy that Portéla came up, I really believe thinking that she was scolding me, for it sounded like it. "Llegamos vestidos, y salimos en cuéros," she said: "We come with clothes on, and we go away stripped to the skin;" a proverbial expression, I suppose. We are well looked after here at least, for there is a post of Royal Carbineers next door to us. I have had the trial of my tea apparatus,\* and with tea and fried eggs, and very good bread, see no great cause yet to complain of the posada.

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\* On the suggestion of a Spanish friend experienced in travelling, I carried not only tea, but a small tea-kettle and teapot with me; and I had reason to be thankful for the advice.

To begin more methodically; I left Cadiz at half past seven in an open calèche to meet the horses at Chiclana. The drive at first was along a narrow, sandy tongue of land which connects Cadiz with the Isle of Leon, and is cut asunder by a fort, the Cortadura. On one side of it is the inner harbour of Cadiz; on the other, the main sea, and sands: a bark wrecked some weeks ago still lies there. The Isle itself (the scene of so many political events in our time) is a dreary place, looking flat and swampy, and a good deal occupied by the government saltpans: the salt stands in the open air in pyramidal stacks, which, I was told, do not suffer from the weather. San Fernando, the capital of the Isle, is a smart-looking town with a wide foot pavement, and more than necessary breadth in the street, yet the pavement so badly kept that we were obliged at one place to turn into a side street to get by. I saw the house (a long, rather ugly, yellow one) where the Cortes so much talked of during the French invasion used to assemble. Chiclana stands upon a hill, looking over the swampy ground of the isle, and is much resorted to from Cadiz. I was not able to see much beauty in it. Portéla took me to a comfortable little posada where I had an excellent breakfast, and some wine, a kind of Amontillado, made in the house, and very good. The horses were then brought out and loaded, and we began our ride about one in the afternoon. Portéla leads the way upon one,

I follow, and then comes a third rider who has the charge of the baggage. I objected to the additional man at first, but since our journey began I have seen that one man and horse would hardly have done for the work we have, on so rough a journey, and with roads (or tracks) so torn up by the weather. The second man does not receive any daily wages from me, and he enables Portéla to devote himself more exclusively to my service.\*

We were soon clear of Chiclana, and upon a wide lone expanse of green country, grass, shrubs, and scattered low wood; on the right the sea,† and the famous heights of Barroña; on the left, at a great distance, a broken line of mountains, upon one of which, conspicuous all over the country, is the old Moorish town of Medina Sidonia, built, as their fashion was, on the shoulder of the hill, and remarkable by its whiteness as well as its position. We had a road, but it was little more than a track, and we continually swerved from

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\* Townsend (Journey through Spain, vol. i. p. 1) advises that a traveller who rides should have two servants; moreover, that one should be a Spaniard and the other a Swiss; and that each should have a gun slung by the side of his mule. This, however, was the travelling of seventy years ago.

† The round-topped promontory of Conil was the chief landmark on the coast. I tried, but in vain, to catch sight of Cape Trafalgar.