

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SLAVE-TRADERS

(Continued).

AN old and venerable-looking man, with the most beautifully curling gray hair I have ever seen, here unfolded his views upon the subject, and to my utter astonishment proved to be a hoary sinner and inveterate slave-monger. He moralised on the question with the unction of a Paley—on the law of nations like a new Vattel. Unfortunately his views were strongly perverted, and the stain of human blood made to look as agreeable as possible—a delicate crimson, a soft and blushing pink—was over them all. He felt persuaded, he said, that slave emancipation was only *filosófico* in theory [he meant *filantrópico*, a common mistake in the Peninsula], that the traffic in slaves was blameable where it was abolished by law, but blameable in no other respect; that the violation of positive human enactment constituted the sole offence, and that when its existence was legally sanctioned, slave-dealing was no crime. A *priest* who stood by his side, nodded assent to every word of this, and was evidently as sincere as if he were treating it as a case of conscience! But the *Padres* of the Peninsula are wanting in general information, and their erroneous ideas may therefore

be in some degree palliated. This man strikingly evinced the perils of a little learning, for he quoted St. Paul in support of the consistency of slavery with Christianity.

I remarked that he confounded the permission accorded to individuals to remain in this state, with the horrors, crimes, and murders, of the battles done in Africa, to subjugate and sell into slavery whole tribes and districts, the atrocities of the middle passage, the infliction of the chain and lash; and that humbly to bear these ills was a widely different thing from their fiendish perpetrations upon others and from subsisting upon human flesh! The Padre, the gray-haired venerable-looking man, Vinente, and the whole circle smiled; and the latter said that, bad as they were, he believed they had never for the love of lucre done their best, like the English, to poison the three hundred millions of their neighbours in the Filippina possessions, the Chinese. This was deemed so good a hit, that my strong reclamations only got me laughed at: a result which it is most difficult to avert, and most dangerous to the cause of truth to invite in Spanish circles. Above all things, be not too hot an enthusiast, and let nothing send you into loss of temper. A laugh against you is nearly fatal. Breasting the rolling tide of prejudice, I asked the Padre whether the murders of Mexico and Peru were done with opium or the sword? The good man stared, and seemed puzzled in his geography; apparently somewhat doubtful whether the places named were in the earth or moon. Upon reflection he had heard of Peru and "*Meghico*," but as to any

*asesinatos** there committed, they had not reached his knowledge. "Now, thumb thy breviary, enlightened man!" I said, "and mutter the martyrdoms therein recorded; and when thou shudderest at the name of Domitian, be assured that it is a mistake, and that thou shouldst read Pizarro!"

Amongst the circle, and with eyes malevolently flaming upon me, because I was an Englishman, was the most extensive and inveterate slave-dealer in the world—the notorious Pedro Martinez. This man has carried on the trade in human flesh since boyhood, and has realised by the vile traffic 3,000,000 dollars, or upwards of half a million sterling. He has established two great commercial houses thus supported, in Cadiz and Havana, trading under his own name alone in Cadiz, and in Havana under the firm of "Martinez y Compañia," and limiting their operations chiefly to the carrying trade between the coast of Africa, the Brazils, and West Indies. Martinez is a very common and sinister-looking person, upon whose brow the iniquities of his profession seemed to me to be stamped and furrowed. He is gaunt, and stoops; and looks what the Spaniards call a "*furca ambulante*," or walking gallows. Honest men here, for the most part, dislike his society. In Havana, where the mask is entirely thrown off, and where slave-dealing carries with it much less opprobrium, Don Pedro Martinez is quite a popular character, and a large portion of his early days were spent there. He began life as a smuggler, and passed from that, by an easy transition, to the more con-

* Murders.

genial pursuit of the traffic in slaves. The first field of his operations was the carrying trade between Havana and Mexico.

Having amassed a great deal of money in what he calls "the good old times," by successful contrabandist transactions, he extended his sphere to the more productive war on humankind—purchased ship after ship, till he had a regular fleet on the seas, and his vessels were perennial visitors at every port on the western coast of Africa. For many years this man has not dared to enter any English possession, or touch at any British port, having been fined some thousands of pounds, a few years back, in a court held for the trial of a slaving vessel at Gibraltar; and notwithstanding his proximity to that possession, and his frequent occasions to visit it in connection with his business, he would probably as soon set his foot inside the Plutonian gates *before his time!*

Martinez, as a great authority upon all questions connected with the slave-trade, must needs assert his opinions, and this he did with a barefaced and disgusting levity which even in him was astounding. He ridiculed, like all his countrymen, the notion of English sincerity, and spoke of slaves and slavers as the only profitable investment of capital—a fact (he added) so well known to London merchants, that there were many there who still preferred it to all other speculations, and conducted it covertly but in perfect and unassailable security. He alluded to the recent trial in London, which was then at Cadiz the subject of universal conversation, and pointed to its results as clearly demonstrating the impossibility of

reaching the secret dealer, with the law. "*Valga me Dios!* here I am," said he. "Am I the worse for all their gabble? I wish to know whether I may not turn an honest penny by supplying the markets of the world with the goods most in requisition? The *palavrada* amongst the most trafficking people on earth shall not put down our traffic, though doubtless it would be very convenient to have all the profit to themselves. They may poison China, and pay 30,000 dollars a year for the support of Juggernaut's temple, but they shan't juggle Spain! The London stock-jobbers scorn all transactions but those in the funds; but, *caramba!* the slave is a still more money-making animal. They may seize on vessels, if they will, *because they are rogues*—but where we lose one we gain ten!" I did not answer the fellow, but looked at him with ineffable scorn. "There is not a more comfortable creature in the world," he proceeded, "than the settled slave. He is cared for in every possible shape."

"Yes, like the ox," I said, "which is fed, but goaded."

"*Ea pues!* a few lashes only give him an appetite for his dinner."

"Cruel man, you might vindicate an assassin thus. He only puts his victim out of pain."

"This comes," proceeded Martinez, "of tea-drinking in *Exeter Hall*. The English are a pious people, religiously intent on promoting their interests, and crying down all traffics but their own. 'There is nothing like leather;' and there was nothing like the leathern thong before *los Britanicos* discovered that

they could not monopolise its virtues in promoting activity in the slave."

"Heartless fiend!"

"Yes! we are heartless, because we do not take pity on the grasping decay of British trade." And the whole slave-dealing circle laughed immoderately.

"*Buenas noches, Señores!*" I turned on my heel, and retired.

A common argument with Spanish slavers is, that England is alone in her views of "pestilent philanthropy;" that neither in France nor in Holland are these ideas received with favour; that the measure of Slave Emancipation was passed in the British Parliament through motives purely political (an enormous lie); that some fifty supporters of the government in the House of Commons had threatened to pass over to the opposition in a body, unless the bill were carried; and that a government, too enlightened itself to harbour so ruinous a project, was thus constrained by a junta of enthusiasts; that the extinction of slavery and the slave-trade has involved the British West Indian possessions in ruin; that much of our island agriculture has been abandoned because of the exorbitant wages demanded for free labour; and that the bitterness of British repentance for this foolish act is proved by the corresponding bitterness with which the prosecution of the traffic by other nations is hunted by the fleets of England; and still more by the eagerness with which the natives of India are crimped and shipped off to the Mauritius, to do precisely, under another name, what Spanish subjects do more honestly. Thus does perverting and infernal

sophistry explain away this glorious sacrifice—an act unparalleled in ancient or modern times—an act which posterity will hail with wondering admiration, which stands alone in historic records, the brightest triumph of humanity; the cautery self-applied, the probe self-inflicted, the loss and destruction self-endured—an act which, like every effort of self-denying virtue, bears within it the germ of future heroic enterprise, and carries in the approval of conscience and the sanction of high honour its own and best consolation. Let Spaniards boast of this wreck of their golden trade, put slave-decks in all their ships, and shackles in all their ballast; let them hug the blood-money which Virtue would scorn to touch; let them amass gigantic wealth from human tears and suffering; let it be known that the richest men in Cadiz have made their fortunes by slave-dealing, and that at this hour slaves are insured there by private notes-of-hand—we envy not their feelings; we touch not their monopoly of shame!

If enormous outlay of money can prove sincerity—and at the present day it seems the least fallible human test—it is surely enough to silence the most calumnious, that in 1842 we had fifty-eight ships employed solely for the suppression of the slave trade, at a total expense for materials and wages of 575,000*l*. It will be more intelligible to Spaniards to say that, after paying in compensation money to the West India proprietors forty times as much, our determination to suppress this villany costs us yearly fifty-seven millions of reals.

The shelving of Cadiz, since the closing of the

Spanish ports, is complete. There being now but little comparative resort of vessels, the *matériel* for the successful prosecution of this traffic is sought elsewhere. Even the purchase of vessels designed for the slave trade is now almost invariably effected in England, and experienced agents have their eyes actively engaged in more than one British port, in ascertaining which are the fastest-sailing vessels, and treating, upon occasion, for their purchase. These contemporary slaving exploits, though for wise purposes kept secret in England, are perfectly well known in Cadiz; and Cuba, and Puerto Rico, under the patronage of Governor O'Donnell, who belying the soldier's character, takes a revenue out of human misery (for slaves can now be imported legally at the Governor's fee of twenty-five dollars per head) have no reason to complain that *el tráfico* fails them. The pro-slavery O'Donnell, who calls himself a soldier, and boasts now and then of his British pedigree, is less generous and more despotic under a virgin Queen and in an enlightened age, than were the military officers of Spain in the days of Philip the Second. "The rest were saved," says the illustrious Mendoza in his *Guerra de Granada*; "and amongst them Don Geronimo de Padilla, who, though wounded, fought valiantly until he fell, when '*le sacó arrastrando por los piés un esclavo á quien el dió libertad*,'—he was dragged by the feet out of the thicket of the fight by a slave to whom he had given liberty."

CHAPTER XVII.

ASPECT OF ANDALUCÍA.

IN southern Spain, the noble and striking palm-tree at once arrests your eye, and all, above and around you, has an Oriental aspect—the blue and burning sky, the parched and sandy soil, the general desert air, the strange and magnificent growths, from the tufted aloe and cactus to the slender and ragged boughs of the blossomed pomegranate: all is of the East. You, northern man! are transported in spirit to the cradle of the world. Before your eyes, wherever you turn, are “the ox and the ass,” “the vine and the fig-tree” of the Bible. You realize in all its parts the picture of the Koran: “Palm-trees with heavily laden branches, vineyards, olive-grounds, and gardens with pomegranates and fruits of every kind.”

The peasantry of Andaluçía are to this day half-Moorish, half-Christian in their superstitions. They wear amulets (sometimes inscribed with Arabic letters) as a preservative against every ill. In these the Gitanos regularly deal. They likewise wear, concealed in their dress, crosses made of the laurel stalk, as a preservation against lightning and a hundred other calamities. The laurel was so regarded by the ancients, and was likewise sacred to Apollo, and the wearing of it cruciform is an evident admixture of

Christian with heathenish rites. It is held to be a most potent charm against witches and goblins.

The lust of gain has penetrated even into Andalucía, and the universal tendency of the age to money-making is beginning to exhibit itself here, among men who sleep whole days in the sun. Perhaps this mean passion, like many another vile thing, will have its use, and prove the instrument of their regeneration. A farmer of Ronda told me, that the country-people now-a-days respect a dollar more than they used to do a Capitan Mayor.

Swaggering in the men, and great vivacity in the women, are still prevailing characteristics of the Andalucían population. The province has been, not incorrectly, called the Spanish Gascony. The showy and striking costume of the Majos is a perpetual stimulant to personal vanity, and their exaggerated deportment is a standing joke in the theatres of Spain. It is ridiculed even by the Andalucíans themselves, in one of their most popular and celebrated songs, "El Valenton del Perchel." A perfect Majo costume is extremely expensive, and the instances are not rare where the cost is from 40*l.* to 50*l.* Many of the young gentry are proud to display this national *traje*, which sets off a fine figure to a perfection that perhaps no other European costume attains. The mechanical classes of course but seldom disport the finer materials, but the wealthy Majo presses the richest silks and velvets into his service. The sleeves and back of the full-dress jacket are invariably slashed or figured, and adorned with silver or silver-gilt clasps and tags—sometimes the dress is entirely black, and

strewn with ornaments in jet. Braiding is universal, the small-clothes are worn very short, and the finest silk stockings, gold chains, and a watch in each waist-coat pocket, complete the attire of a southern *maravilloso*.

They say they are long-lived in Andalucía. I met a man in Seville who was a *contemporary of Louis XIV.*! You may stare, but that person is still living, and not more than 129 years of age. He was born in the year that the Grand Monarque died, 1715, and the first Bourbon was fresh on the throne of Spain in his infancy. It would be silly to say, like the paragraphs we meet, that this patriarch has "the perfect use of all his faculties," but, though an occasional dotard, he is not particularly stupid.

The Andalucians are fond to excess of wit and gaiety, and the recent turn of events having given to everything a political complexion, they vented their humours in piquant brochures and humorous *hojas volantes*. They are diligent readers, too, of *Fray Gerundio*, and *El Mundo*, the *Charivari* and *Corsaire* of the Spanish capital—and in every café in the south you will find them much more sedulously thumbed than the *Eco del Comercio* or the *Castellano*.

How the fair Andalucians contrive to pass their time, without once peeping into a book from month's end to month's end, with no pastime but church, no excitement but devotion and an occasional dash of love, it is not easy to conjecture. The balcony and the paving-stones in the streets beneath, when surveyed in perpetuity, become a little fatiguing; the coarse rugs and mats hung over the window-fronts to

subdue the glare of a torrid sun, make street-gazing less pleasurable than in other cities. The passing of a vehicle is a rare occurrence, love is for the twilight or the midnight hour, and the most determined church-going cannot kill more than a couple of hours per day. How fill up the immense vacuum?—how complete the “*dies solida*” without ever darting those bright eyes into any book more interesting than the *Rosario de la Virgen*, or the *Horas Castellanas*? The accomplishment of reading is by no means universally diffused, beads are, still, more in use than prayer-books, and when my landlady once—a lady of respectable station, whose titles were as formal as those of her sovereign, being always, by a courtesy extended to every milliner, styled “*La Señora Doña Isabel Maria*,”—was requested to sign a receipt for my quarter’s rent, she could not; and her son, a youth of twenty, could not write it without black lines to guide him.

They are no ways particular in these southern latitudes about the character of their “turn-outs,” displays and equipages. In the interior, an Hidalgo’s wife and daughters roll to church in the old family coach dragged by bullocks; in the great towns, a marchioness is drawn in state by four raw-boned high-trotting Rocinantes, on whose necks rattle more bells than in a muleteer’s convoy; and Don J— R— may be seen riding about on a diminutive mule, with his servant after him, liveried by a single stripe of red sewn on the collar of a greasy coat, and mounted, Sancho-like, on a donkey!

Throughout Andalucía, and the southern districts, prayers for rain are of frequent occurrence. They

implore the Creator for storms, as in the North of Europe we pray for fine weather. The southern coast is sandy and arid; and when several months have elapsed without rain, the ground becomes so parched up, so hard and unkindly to agricultural purposes, that it is impossible for the labourer to get the plough into it. Famine, general or partial, ensues. But a bountiful Providence makes this visitation rare. The peasants have a proverb—*Tierra no labrada no da pan*, “Land unlaboured yields no bread;” and it is melancholy when the lack of labour proceeds not from lack of desire to work, but from physical impossibility. Irrigation always produces plentifully; but it is so toilsome and expensive, that it is never otherwise than partially applied. The Christmas weather here is almost invariably in an extreme degree magnificent. Beneath a brilliant sun, and a pure and charming sky, you pluck and eat the oranges off the tree. You are not crushed then by the excessive sultriness of summer; but, perhaps, a poison lurks beneath this splendour, and your enjoyment of months of cloudless weather will have starvation for a set-off in the ensuing season.

The horses of Andaluçía are the very reverse of those of Galicia, of which the proverb says, that “they are little in body, but great in cunning.” The southern breed is, for the most part, tall, sinewy and generous, and the pace is almost invariably an amble. This the inhabitants term *piafar*, and an extremely graceful and pleasant movement it is, displaying the limbs of the animal, which are generally slender, to the best advantage. The tail and mane are worn very long,

the former almost sweeping the ground; and the absence of that ridiculous docking which we cultivate in England, combines, with his peculiar paces, to give to the Andalucían barb that air of stateliness and pride for which he is so celebrated. Now and then you meet horses of the most beautifully perfect figure; but, notwithstanding all that tourists and poets have written, the race is, for the most part, rawboned.

You cannot have spent many days in Andalucía, before you will admit that you are amongst, perhaps, the most extraordinary people in the world, and, in many respects, the most delightful society. The imagination here is perfectly filled. You are more rapidly enchanted, and more slowly disenchanted, than in any other European country. At every fresh foot-step, especially in the country parts, the scenes of *Don Quixote* are reproduced, and the coldest leave this with regret.

With all its sandy and sterile aspect, the soil of southern Spain is immensely fertile in its own peculiar growths, and will produce anything with the aid of water and a moderate share of agricultural labour. The fruit-market of Gibraltar will attest this. I saw by the bridge of Seville, lying in a heap, 6,000 melons of the finest description, selling at a halfpenny a piece!

All along the coast here, as far as Malaga, if you had visited it a quarter of a century back, you would have walked through rows of thriving sugar-canes, swelling with their rich juices under a sun as burning at times as that of Jamaica. In fact, those Spaniards

who have been to Cuba, can perceive little difference between its summer and that of Andalucía. Fiscal regulations have since exploded the growth of sugar in Spain—it seems a hard and barbarous policy which frustrates the beneficence of nature—and the lands which were thus before made fruitful, are now, for the most part, untenanted. But during Riego's short-lived and unfortunate operations in Andalucía, his irregular, and, as the event proved, cowardly levies trod down, as did likewise the French, too many of these cultivated fields—not for the sake of the sugarcane, which was of small use to them, but of the melons, of which inviting rows were planted between the rows of cane. Such of these as were ripe they made short work of, scooping them in dozens with their knives, where they had knives, and ripping them up with their bayonets where they had no other cutting instruments. With an imperfect commissariat, with no commissariat at all, the farmers were called on to contribute, or rather contributed without being called on, and Riego pretended to little control over his hungry guerrilleros.

Some twenty-five years ago the first steamer was observed off this coast by a knot of rustics. They were simple Andalucían fishermen, and never had heard a syllable in all their lives of scientific progress, mechanical force, cylinders, boilers, Fulton or Watt. The colour fled from their cheeks, their knees shook like green boughs, their hands trembled, their nets fell to the ground. If it wasn't *el diablo marino*, at the very least it was a great *hechicero*.*

* Wizard.

“By my Santiguada,”* said one, “it’s a ship on fire. Where there’s smoke, there’s flame.”

“It’s a dragon,” said another. “Don’t you see the great claws he keeps ever moving round and round? How he churns the water into mountains of foam!”

“*Cachorro*,” said a third, “a dragon of hell it is, or Sathanas himself. If it was a ship, how could it move without an inch of canvas?”

“*Es verdad*,” murmured a dozen voices in the subdued tones of conviction, while as many approving heads nodded in unison.

“I’m thinking,” said an old fellow, who had cruised during his youth for thirty years about the Spanish Main, “it is like enough it may be Señor Vanderdecken, the Flying Hollander’s ship, that never is to get any rest till the day of judgment. I saw him once myself, cruising off the Cape in terrible rough weather. I only got a glimpse of him for less than half a minute, in a blinding flash of lightning, and I’ll be almost sworn its the same.”

“*Madre de Dios!*” ejaculated several of the party, crossing themselves.

“He’s broad enough in the beam for a Dutchman,” said a funny old *faquin*, who did not quite give in to the superstitious notions of his companions, and neither crossed himself, nor invoked celestial aid; “and if it be the cruiser of the Cape, he’s got strangely out of his latitude.”

At this moment the strange vessel, being inclined to bring to, let off a portion of her steam, with that

* Sign of the cross.

horrid whistling [noise, which] even we, with all our experience, pronounce to be infernal. No wonder that it completed the discomfiture of the unsophisticated fishermen.

"*Ahi será el diablo!*"* exclaimed the bow oar, and pulled ashore as fast as he could, emulously and tremulously aided by his companions. When they reached land, the terrible sound still screeching in their ears, boat, nets, sails, oars, all were in an instant abandoned; and with loud prayers to the Virgin and the Saints for aid, they betook themselves to sanctuary in the Church of Santelmo.

It speaks but little for Andaluçian industry not to monopolise wholly the supply of the garrison of Gibraltar. It is planted amongst them like a standing prize to agricultural exertion, and for all their productions there is the readiest access here by land and by sea. But it gives them as much as they will choose to do to keep themselves from starving; and to legitimate gains they seem entirely indifferent. To the shame of Andaluçía be it told, that the most part of the daily supplies of this garrison, of 5,000 military and 15,000 civilians, besides the stipulated heads of cattle, come from Africa! I have seen the mole strewn with eggs, poultry, and small live stock from Tangier and Tetuan, and indeed I have never seen it that it was not thus invaded. The very wine consumed in the garrison comes from Catalonia; the hams and cheese (when not English) from Valencia; the bacon and cured fish from the Asturias and Galicia. Eggs and poultry come weekly to both Gibraltar and Cadiz

* That's clearly the Devil.

from Tavira in Portugal, and from Lisbon an occasional cargo of onions. I have known Portuguese *cahiques* to come there entirely laden with this one article, for the growth of which the light and sandy soils of Andaluía are peculiarly fitted, and indeed are peculiarly famed. What then? They will not grow without planting the seed in due season; and for this the natives are too lazy. The supplies, even of Cadiz, come from a considerable distance.

Hams from the mountains of Asturias are much consumed at Cadiz. The insulated position of the town, the narrowness of the long strip of land which connects it with the continent, and the arid character of the soil, combine to make it indispensable that the bulk of its food should be imported. The *papa*, a sort of potato, consumed in great quantities by the common people, is shipped round Galicia and Portugal from the Asturias, as well as enormous quantities of bacon and ham. The better quality of potatoes comes from Malaga, being usually sold wholesale at twelve reals, or half-a-crown the arroba of about thirty pounds.

Garbanzos, a small grey pea, highly prized and largely consumed, are imported chiefly across the bay of Cadiz from Xerez, and pimientos (for which a Spaniard would sell his soul,) from Castile.

A superior class of melons comes from Valencia, and is sold wholesale at ten reals the dozen, or two-pence a piece. This is dear, for in all the inland parts of Andaluía they are never more than a penny. Nuts of all descriptions, almonds and walnuts, come chiefly from the Ronda. Other fruits are for the most part pro-

duced in the neighbouring Isle of Leon, or come across the bay of Cadiz, from Rota and Port St. Mary's. In Cadiz, during the season, you meet every variety of the finest grapes in the world, and clothed with every inviting hue; from the *tintilla* or *morillon* of deepest black, yet tinged with an exquisite purple bloom, to the delicious muscatel with its full rich globes of amber, scenting the air with Sabæan odours, tempting, yet not cloying, with its sweetness, and naturally grouping with shapes of beauty its ripe and clustering *racimos*.

Cadiz and Seville are largely supplied with preserved fish from Galicia, carried round the coast in polacres. The rich-flavoured Sardina and the substantial Pescado, are the species principally forming this traffic; and the port which ships the largest supply is Coruña. Before the port of Cadiz was closed, large quantities of Newfoundland cured fish were entered there, and greatly prized by the people under the name of "*bacallas*,"—a local name for codfish, but so celebrated as to have found a place in the works of Cervantes. Oysters and muscles are largely consumed, being picked up around the fortifications by half-naked boys and men, or conveyed in cargoes from the coast of Portugal.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CADIZ AND ITS BAY.

THERE is a melancholy, to a reflecting mind, overhanging the aspect of Cadiz from its bay—the fair city just rising above the water's edge, and ready to be engulfed (a fate that, probably enough, awaits it)—which the sight of no maritime city in Europe can parallel. None other in bygone ages has seen such wealth wafted to its harbour, none other now is such a sleeping solitude. Commercially it is dead. Its port is closed against the world by the wilful act of its rulers, and its merchant navy suffices only to make more conspicuous its scanty proportions. Here, where the rich galleons and the memorable Armada floated, a few fishing-smacks, *foreign* ships of war, and vessels engaged in the wine export, are now the only visitors. When the limbs of the rotten frame of the great Spanish empire dropped asunder some twenty years since, Cadiz, more than any portion of the kingdom, was paralysed by the shock. Since the declaration of freedom in South America, and the proclamation of the new Constitution on the 5th September, 1820, since the decisive victory gained by the Columbian army in 1821, since the recognition of the independence of Columbia, Peru, and Mexico in the following year, the shipments of specie and of bar gold, which were the heir-loom of southern Spain, have

been transferred to London, and Cadiz is a commercial desert, a sea-Palmyra !

So late as the time of Philip II. Cadiz was little more than a fishing village, and the bay, as an anchorage for these proud galleons which were the envy of the world, was merely a dependency of Seville. Situated eighty miles inland, by water only accessible to smaller vessels, the latter city was one of the most illustrious in Spain, and was numbered amongst the principal maritime towns of Europe. The bulk of its population were engaged in commerce ; but the Lonja or Exchange, then so crowded, is now a hall of the loneliest silence, where no footstep, save that of the curious traveller, ever resounds ! Seville was ever a nursery of sailors, whence enthusiastic sea adventurers and conquistadors went forth rejoicing. It was a lake of wealth, yet they thirsted for more. Every galleon as it arrived was a goad to hardy enterprise ; and hence were disgorged the fleets of Peru and Mexico. Cadiz gradually won this commerce to herself, and the very transit of the wealth of Spain and her colonies was sufficient for this town's enrichment. The merchant-princes of Tyre and of the Italian Republics might here have found a parallel.

What a thrilling sight was the arrival of the galleons of old ! Italy, Germany, the Low Countries, all were anxiously and deeply interested in the arrival or destruction of this *matériel* of Spanish ambition. Often was the report from Cadiz tremblingly awaited at the Escorial. Wars, intrigues, and extravagances, were perpetually emptying the coffers of the State.

"We are waiting for the galleon," wrote Marshal Tessé. "If it should perish in a tempest, or be carried off by an enemy, all would be despair!"

But now how changed and forgotten! In looking at this noble bay, and at the low and lengthened sweep of the city's fortified wall, where nothing breaks the chain of silence, or disturbs the monotony of repose; you think you behold one of those panoramas of painted canvas, in which nothing is absent but life, and nothing wanted but reality. You have fallen amongst the beautiful places of the earth, and still you think it a dream. Surely it is a pasteboard town and blue expanse of waters that stretches away before you! nothing can live that is so ceaselessly dull and motionless. No bustling trade awakes this harbour. How could it, since the port of Cadiz is closed against all the world? By universal consent, it is better situated for commerce than any port in Europe. But what is this to Spaniards? Laziness, lounging, and lying-abed, are what chiefly flourish there. Cadiz is sunk in a long siesta, and her commerce is exchanged for coquetry.

The Alameda at Cadiz is perhaps the scene of as inveterate a display of vanity as can be witnessed in any part of the world. Men and women think of little but displaying their figures to the best advantage. The graceful mantilla, and the naked arms and shoulders (for thus they are worn almost universally) encourage rivalry amongst the women, and provoke gallantry in the men. The tight and delicate *chausure*, the very open flesh-coloured or black silk stocking, the carefully-adjusted *tournure*, the studied and

admirably sustained *à plomb* of the waving figure, all are so many Circæan toils and irresistible spells to the ruder sex. The walk of these fair dames and damsels is a dance,—their movements and bendings are a modulated song,—the grace of their attire is itself a poetry. Beneath the glowing Andalucian skies, the mazes of the crowded Alameda at the sunset hour are perilous to susceptible hearts; and it is perhaps well that there is ever at hand a succession of cool sea-breezes to fan the burning cheek, and allay the fever of the throbbing brow, or the neighbouring Hospicio might be too small to hold the victims of passion in its chambers for the mad.

The rage for dress and personal decoration is pushed by the generality of young men to a lamentable extreme. The Alameda is every evening resorted to in the punctilious attire of a ball-room. In fact, the locomotion is quite like ball-room promenading. Many a poor fop has all his fortune on his back; and some I have known to nearly starve themselves that they might be able to pay their hairdresser's subscription of thirty reals per month.

Spain, which was once one of the most commercial countries in Europe, is now, as regards the disposition of its people, most decidedly anti-commercial. The contrabandists and the slave-traders alone are men of business. Honest, quiet, persevering, plodding gains, are neither understood nor appreciated. Irregular pursuits, great risks, great profits (or losses upon occasion) all that constitutes the gambler's excitement—these are the charms of Spanish speculation. It is the lingering spirit of the sea adventurer and conquis-

tador of old—the mad grasp at gold and diamonds—the quest of a fabulous El Dorado.

Calm and virtuous industry is little in vogue; commercial pursuits are little relished; the betting-book is more highly prized than the ledger. The very means which ignorant governments have pursued to promote the national industry have choked its revival; the closed ports of Spain have driven Spaniards as well as foreigners out of her marts of commerce; and the vortex of political intrigue, with all the fatally demoralising results of the rage for government employment, is swelled by the prevailing reluctance to engage in a mercantile career. In a country without commercial or social industry, with a most imperfect development of literary, scientific, and artistical tastes, what other pursuit than that of politics is open to young ambition? *Empleomania*, or the rage of government employment, is admitted by every enlightened patriot of Spain to be the clinging curse and bane of their community. It will ever be so until other pursuits become popular, and until advancing intelligence and a spirit of noble enterprise open out to her sons the variety of fields of vision which the imagination can readily embody for the Peninsula, when its hour of re-awakening comes. The only dread is, that a false civilisation may check the advance of its truer sister; that pride, well founded but unduly exaggerated, may blind the people to their defects, and make them hug their vices, and that the shadow of their former greatness may too coldly obscure the little light which crosses their path. If there is, indeed, to be a revival in Spain, it will most probably be effected

through the pursuits of liberal commerce; yet, so little is legitimate commerce regarded, that the officials everywhere seem to take a positive delight in impeding it. In every port and at every customhouse there is endless trouble and vexation; duties are often demanded before the cargo is discharged; and, during the last siege of Barcelona, the custom-house was fixed at Gracia instead of Barceloneta, the seaport: for no earthly reason but precisely such a caprice as if Wapping were transferred to West-end!

The foreign vessels which put in here, merely touch, for the most part, on their way to and from Gibraltar or the Mediterranean. One, a Dutch vessel, bearing the extraordinary name of the *Koophandelen Zecaart*, touched at Cadiz during my stay, laden with prime Hollands and cheeses; but, to the evident discomfiture of sundry *bons-vivans*, was not permitted to put on shore so much as an anker of her Scheidam or a slice of her savoury cheese. The vessel was merely permitted the privilege of watering, and left the mouths of the townspeople watering likewise. Such are the blessings of prohibition.

It will be new to readers in the north of Europe to hear of pustules or plague-spots all over a cargo of hides which entered the port of Cadiz last summer. These pustules were precisely the same as those which form themselves upon the human skin in this frightful disease, and were extending over every portion of the hides, when they were destroyed by fire.

One of the most extraordinary incidents of a sea-life that has ever come to my knowledge, occurred this winter on board the Spanish ship, *Apollo*, bound