

English. So it has always been and will be: Spain, at the critical moment, loves to fold her arms and allow others to drag her wheels out of the mire; she accepts their aid uncourteously, and as if she was thereby doing her allies an honour; she borrows their gold and uses their iron; and when she is delivered, "repudiates;" her notion of re-payment is by ingratitude; she draws not even on the "exchequer of the poor" for thanks; nay, she filches from her benefactors their good name, decking herself in their plumes. The memory of French injuries is less hateful than that of English benefits, which wounds her pride, as evincing her comparative inferiority.

Cadiz, being the "end of the world," has always been made the last asylum of gasconading governments, since they can run no further, because stopped by the sea: hither, after prating about Numantia, the Junta fled in 1810, setting the example to their imitators in 1823. Then the Cortes of Madrid continued to chatter, and write impertinent notes to the allied sovereigns, until Angoulême crossed the Bidasoa; when they all forthwith took to their heels, fled to Cadiz, and next surrendered. Thus this city, which so long resisted the mighty Emperor, because defended by England, when left to its single-handed valour, succumbed with such precipitation that the conquest became inglorious even to the puny Bourbon. Yet the city still glories in the epithet "*Heroica*," one in truth so common to Spanish cities, that the French, in 1823, when the mayors came out with their pompous titles and keys to surrender them *instante*, scarcely could refrain from laughter.

Cadiz, purely a commercial town, has little fine art or learning; *les lettres de change y sont les belles lettres*. It is scarcely even the *jocosa Gades* of the past; for the society being mercantile, is considered by Spaniards as second-rate. The women, however, fascinate alike by their forms and manners. Cadiz, it is said, is rather the city of Venus, the mother of love, than of the chaste Diana; and the frequency of consump-

tion in so fine a climate may be traced to the early, general, and excessive indulgence. The wretched foundlings in the hospital *La Cuna die como chinches*; this mortality, it is said—a modern massacre of the innocents—averages 75 per cent. The lower orders have borrowed from foreigners many vices not common in the inland towns of temperate and decent Spain. Cadiz, as a residence, is but a sea-prison; the water is bad, and the climate during the *Solano* wind (its sirocco), detestable; then the mercury in the barometer rises six or seven degrees, and the natives are driven almost mad, especially the women; the searching blast finds out everything that is wrong in the nervous constitution. The use of the knife is so common during this wind, that courts of justice make allowances for the irritant effects, as arising from electrical causes, the passing over heated deserts. Cadiz used to be much visited by yellow fever—*el vomito negro*—which was imported from the Havana. The invalid will find the soft and moist air somewhat relaxing; but the city is well ventilated by fresh breezes, and the sea is an excellent scavenger.

There are very few good pictures at Cadiz. The new *Museo* contains some 50 or 60 second-rate paintings, hundreds of books and pictures having been left to rot on the floors by the authorities; among the best, or rather the least bad, are, by Zurbaran, the San Bruno—Eight Monks, figures smaller than life, from the Cartuja of Xerez; two Angels ditto, and six smaller; the Four Evangelists, San Lorenzo and the Baptist. There is a *Virgen de la Faja*, a copy after Murillo, by Tobar; a San Agustin, by L. Giordano; a San Miguel and Evil Spirits, and the Guardian Angel. The pride of the Gaditanians is the Last Judgment, which, to use the criticism of Salvador Rosa on Michael Angelo, shows their lack of that article, as it is a poor production, by some feeble imitator of Nicholas Poussin. An echo also greatly amuses grown up children.

Cadiz is a garrison town, the see of a bishop suffragan to Seville. It has a fine new *Plaza de Toros*, built outside the town by Montes, who half ruined himself thereby. It has two theatres; in the larger, *El Principal*, operas are performed during the winter, and in the smaller, *el del Balon*, *Sainetes*, farces, and the national *Bailes* or dances, which never fail to rouse the most siestose audience. Ascend the *Torre de la Vigia*, below lies the smokeless whitened city, with its *miradores* and *azoteas*, its look-out towers and flat roofs, from whence the merchants formerly signalised the arrival of their galleons. While Madrid has not one, Cadiz possesses two cathedrals near each other. The old one, *La Vieja*, was built in 1597, to replace that injured during the siege. Its want of dignity induced the city, in 1720, to commence a new one, *La Nueva*; but the plans given by Vicente Acero were so bad that no one, in spite of many attempts, was found able to correct them, so the work was left unfinished in 1769, and the funds, derived from a duty on American produce, were regularly appropriated by the commissioners to themselves. The hull, used as a rope-walk, remained, like a stranded wreck on a quicksand, in which the merchants' property was engulfed, until the interior was completed by Bp. Domingo de Silos Moreno, chiefly at his own expense, during a time of civil war and church sequestrations. The florid Corinthian is overcharged with cornices and capitals, and bran-new pictures—daubs. Observe, however, in a chapel behind the high altar, a fine *Concepcion* by Murillo. There is a history of this cathedral by Javier de Urrutia, 1843.

The sea-ramparts which encircle the city, extending more than 4 m. round, are on this side the most remarkable; here the rocks rise the highest, and the battering of the Atlantic is the greatest as the waters gain on the land; their maintenance and rebuilding is a constant source of expense and anxiety. Here idlers, seated on the high wall,

dispute with flocks of sea-birds for the *salmonete*, the delicious red mullet. Their long angling-canes and patience are proverbial—*la paciencia de un pescador de caña*.

Los Capuchinos, the suppressed convent of San Francisco, were the headquarters of Lord Essex in 1596. Here is the *Academia de Nobles Artes*, with a museum, consisting chiefly of rubbish, and shabbily managed because of the old story "no funds." The building is now used as a lunatic asylum. The *Plaza de Mina* has been created out of the convent garden: then and there the *Dragon-tree*, bleeding from the tomb of Geryon, the last of its race, was barbarously cut down, and even the matchless palm-grove shorn of its glories. The chapel contains the Marriage of St. Catherine, the last work of Murillo, who in 1682 fell here from the scaffolding, and died in consequence at Seville: the smaller subjects were finished from his drawings by his pupil Fro. Meneses Osorio, who did not venture to touch what his master had done in the first lay of colours, or *de primera mano*. A San Francisco receiving the Stigmata is in Murillo's best manner. Notice also in a chapel opposite a *Concepcion*. These pictures were the gift of Juan Violeto, a Genoese, and a devotee to St. Catherine; but the chief benefactor of the convent was a foreign Jew, one Pierre Isaac, who, to conciliate the Inquisition, and save his ducats, took the Virgin into partnership, and gave half his profits to her, or rather to the convent. Some single figures by Zurbaran came from the Cartuja of Xerez.

Following the sea-wall and turning to the rt. at the *Puerta de la Caleta*, in the distance the fort and lighthouse of San Sebastian rises about 172 ft. above the rocky ledge, which proved the barrier that saved Cadiz from the sea at the Lisbon earthquake in 1755. Next observe the huge yellow Doric pile, the *Casa de Misericordia*, built by Torquato Cayon. This, one of the best conducted refuges of the poor in Spain, sometimes contains 1000

inmates, of which 300 to 400 are children. Its great patron was O'Reilly, who, in 1785, for a time suppressed mendicancy in Cadiz. The court-yards, the *patios* of the interior, are noble. Here, Jan. 4, 1813, a ball was given by the *grandees* to "the Duke," fresh from his victory of Salamanca, by which the siege of Cadiz had been raised, and Andalusia saved, in spite of the marplot Cortes.

Passing the artillery barracks and arsenal, we turn by the *baluarte de Candelaria* to the *Alameda*. This charming walk is provided with trees, benches, fountain, and a miserable statue of Hercules, the founder of Cadiz, and whose effigy, grappling with two lions, the city bears for arms, with the motto "Gadis fundator dominatorque." Every Spanish town has its public walk, the cheap pleasure of all classes. The term *Alameda* is derived from the *Alamo*, or elm-tree. Sometimes the esplanade is called *El Salon*, the saloon, and it is an *al-fresco*, out of doors *Ridotto*. *Tomar el fresco*, to take the cool, is the joy of these southern latitudes. Those who have braved the dog-days of the Castiles can best estimate the delight of the sea-breeze which springs up after the scorching sun has sunk beneath the western wave. This sun and the tides were the marvels of Cadiz in olden times, and descanted on in the classical handbooks. Philosophers came here on purpose to study the phenomena. Apollonius suspected that the waters were sucked in by submarine winds; Solinus thought this operation was performed by huge submarine animals. Artemidorus reported that the sun's disc increased a hundred fold, and that it set, like Falstaff in the Thames, with "an alacrity of sinking, hot in the surge, like a horse-shoe," or *stridentem gurgite*, according to Juvenal. The Spanish Goths imagined that the sun returned to the E. by unknown subterraneous passages (San Isid. *Or.* iii. 15).

The prosaic march of intellect has settled the poetical and marvellous of ancient credulity and admiration;

still, however, this is the spot for the modern philosopher to study the descendants of those "*Gaditanæ*," who turned more ancient heads than even the sun. The "ladies of Cadiz," the theme of our old ballads, have retained all their former celebrity, and have cared neither for time nor tide. Observe, particularly in this *Alameda*, their walk, about which every one has heard so much, and which has been distinguished by a competent female judge from the "affected wriggle of the French women, and the grenadier stride of the English, as a graceful swimming gait." The charm is that it is *natural*; and, in being the true unsophisticated daughters of Eve and nature, the Spanish women have few rivals. They carry their heads with the free high-bred action of an Arab, from walking *alone* and not slouching and leaning on gentlemen's arms, and daintily from not having to keep step with the longer-legged sex. They walk with the confidence, the power of balance, and the instantaneous finding the centre of gravity, of the *chamois*. The thing is done without effort, and is the result of a perfect organization: one would swear that they could dance by instinct, and without being taught. The *Andaluza*, in her glance and step, learns, although she does not know it, from the gazelle. Her pace, *el Pifafar*, and her pride may be compared to the *Paso Castellano* of an ambling Cordovese barb. According to Velazquez, the kings of Spain ought never to be painted, except witching the world with noble horsemanship, and, *certes*, their female subjects should never be seen except on foot, *Et vera incessu patuit dea*. As few people, except at Madrid, can afford to keep a carriage, all classes walk, and the air and soil are alike clean and dry. Practice makes perfect; hence the *élite* of the noblesse adorn the *Alameda*, while in London the aristocratic foot seldom honours the dirty earth.

The *Gaditana* has no idea of *not* being admired. She goes out to see, and still more to be seen. Her cos-

tume is scrupulously clean and neat; she reserves all her untidyness for her husband and sweet domestic privacy. Her "*pace*," her *aire* is her boast: not but what first-rate fastidious judges consider her *gracia* to be *menos fina* than that of the more high-bred *Sevil-lana*. Her *meneo*, however, is considered by grave antiquarians to be the unchanged *crissatura* of Martial.

The Spanish foot, female, which most travellers describe at length, is short, and with a high instep; it is plump, not to say pinched or contracted. An incarceration in over-small and pointed shoes, *il faut souffrir pour être belle*, occasionally renders the ankles puffy; but, as among the Chinese, the correct foot-measure is conventional; and he who investigates affairs with line and rule will probably discover that these *Gaditanas* will sooner find out the exact length of his foot, than he of theirs. The Spaniards abhor the French foot, which the rest of mankind admire—they term it "*un pie seco*," dry measure. They, like Ariosto, prefer "*il breve asciutto e ritondello pede*." Be that as it may, there can be no difference in opinion as to the stockings of open lace embroidery, *medias caladas*. They leave nothing to be desired. The Spanish satin shoe and white kid glove deserve the most serious attention of all our lady readers; although the former are somewhat too pointed, and cut too low in the quarter, whereby the pressure is thrown forward, and the tarsus and meta-tarsus uncovered, which occasions bunions; but vanity can endure even a corn.

Formerly the Spanish foot female was sedulously concealed; the dresses were made very long, after the Oriental *ποδηνος*, *Talaris* fashion; the least exposure was a disgrace; compare Isa. iii. 17; Jer. xiii. 22; Ezek. xvi. 25. As among the Germans (Tacitus, Ger. 19), so among the Spanish Goths, the shortening a lady's *basquiña* was the deadliest affront; the catastrophe of the Infantes of Lara turns upon this curtailment of Doña Lambra's *saya*. The feet of the Madonna are never

allowed to be painted or engraved; and it was contrary to court etiquette to allude even to the possibility of the Queens of Spain having legs: they were a sort of royal *αποδα*, of the bird of Paradise species.

Those good old days are passed; and now the under-garments of the *maja* and *bailarina*, dancer, are very short, they substitute a make-believe transparent *fleco* or fringe, after the Oriental fashion (Numb. xv. 38), or the old Egyptian (Wilk. ii. 81). The Carthaginian Limbus was either made of gold (Ovid, *Met.* iii. 51) or painted (*Æn.* iv. 237). Those of the *maja* are enriched with *canutillo*, bugles or gold filigree. They are the precise *καλασιτις* of the Greek ladies, the *instita* of the Roman. This short garment is made to look ample, it is said, by sundry *zagalejos* or *intimos*, under-petticoats, and ingenious contrivances and *jupes bouffantes*, bustles, and so forth; *no todo es oro, lo que reluce*.

The foot, although it ought not to be shown, figures much in Spanish compliment. *A los pies de Vmd.* is a caballero's salute to a Señora. *Beso a Vmd. los pies* is extremely polite. If a gentleman wishes to be remembered to his friend's wife, he says, Lay me at her feet.

Remember, in walking on this or any other alameda, never to offer a Spanish lady your arm, and beware, also, of the honest Englishman's shake of a Spanish lady's hand, *noli me tangere*. She only gives her hand with her heart; contact conveys an electrical spark, and is considered shocking. No wonder, with these combined attractions of person and costume, that the "Ladies of Cadiz" long continued to be popular and to exercise that womanocracy, that *Γυναικοκρασια* which Strabo (iii. 251) was ungallant enough to condemn in their Iberian mothers. But Strabo was a bore, and these were the old complaints against the "mantles and whimples," i. e. *las sayas y mantillas* of the Tyrian women, who, as the scholar knows (*Il.* vi. 290), embroidered the *mantilla* of Minerva's image.

But Cadiz was the eldest daughter of Tyre, and her daughters naturally inherited the Sidonian "stretching forth of necks, wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go" (Isa. iii. 6). Alas! for the sad changes making by the commonplace chapeau!

Barring these living objects of undeniable antiquarian and present interest, there is little else to be seen on this Alameda of Cadiz. The principal building, *El Carmen*, is of the worst *churriguerismo*: inside was buried Adm. Gravina, who commanded the Spanish fleet, and received his death-wound at Trafalgar. Continuing to the E. is the large *Aduana* or Custom-house, disproportioned indeed to failing commerce and scanty revenues, and where everything that is vicious and anti-commercial in tariffs is worthily carried out by officials hateful everywhere to travellers. Here Ferd. VII. was confined in 1823 by the constitutionalists. Thence the artist should pass to the *Puerta del Mar*, for costume, colour, and grouping. Here will be seen every variety of fish, and female from the mantiliad *Señora* to the brisk *Muchacha* in her gay *pañuelo*. The ichthyophile should examine the curious varieties, which also struck the naturalists and gourmands of antiquity (Strabo, iii. 214). Here, as at Gibraltar, the monsters of the deep in form and colour, blubbers, scuttle-fishes, and marine reptiles, pass description; *as triplex* indeed must have been about the stomach of the man who first greatly dared to dine on them. The dog-fish, the *Pintarojo*, for instance, is a delicacy of the omnivorous lower classes, who eat everything except toads. The fish of the storm-vexed Atlantic is superior to that of the languid Mediterranean. The best here are the *San Pedro*, or John Dory, our corruption from the Italian *Janitore*, so called because it is the fish which the *Porter* of Heaven caught with the tribute-money in his mouth; the *Salmonetes*, the red mullets (the *Sultan al hut*, the king of fishes of the Moors) are right royal:

have them fried simply in oil, and give directions that the trail, *las tripas*, be left in them, which Spanish cooks, the worst in the world, otherwise take out; here may be seen other fishes not to be found in Greenwich kitchens or in English dictionaries: *e. g.* the *Juvel*, the *Savalo*, and the *Mero*, which latter ranks among fish as the sheep does among animals, *en la tierra el carnero, en la mar el mero*. But *El dorado*, the lunated gilt head, so called from its golden eyes and tints, if eaten with Tomato sauce, and lubricated with golden sherry, is a dish fit for a cardinal.

The new prison and unfinished *Escuela de Comercio* are cited by natives among their lions. The handsome street, *la Calle Ancha*, and in truth the only broad street, is the lounge of the city; here are all the best shops; the *casas consistoriales* may be looked at. The chief square, and really a square, planted, and provided with seats, is placed under the protection of San Antonio, because his statue in 1648 came down from its pedestal to heal some sick. (Peyron, i. 243.)

The Cortes of Cadiz sat during the war of independence in San Felipe Neri. Their debates ended Sept. 14, 1813: many are printed in 16 vols., 4to. *Diario de las Cortes*, Cadiz, 1811-12. This Spanish Hansard is rare, Ferd. VII. having ordered all the copies to be burnt by the hangman as a bonfire on the first birth-day after his restoration. Whoever will open only one volume must admit that the pages are the greatest satire—the *Moniteur* excepted—which any set of misrulers ever published on themselves. The best speech ever made there was by the Duke (Dec. 30, 1812), after his usual energetic, straightforward, English fashion.

The members were perfectly insensible to the ludicrous disproportion of their inflated phraseology with facts; vast in promise, beggarly in performance, well might the performers be called *Vocales*, for theirs was vox et præterea nihil: an idiot's tale, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing, be-

ing mere *Palabras*, palaver, or “words, words, words;” “a *volley* of words” instead of soldiers; “a fine *exchequer* of words” instead of cash. The curse of poor Spain are these *juntas* or *cortes*, caricatures of parliaments, where things are talked about not done, or if done, done badly; it is adding insult to injury when the forms of free men are made instruments of tyranny.

Now as few things alter in Spain, and none so little as any governing body of any kind, hear the oracular Duke, who appears at once to have understood the Cortes by the instinct of strong sense: “The leading people among them have *invariably deceived the lower orders*, and instead of making them acquainted with their real situation, and calling upon them to make the exertions and the sacrifices which were necessary *even for their defence*, they have amused them with *idle stories of imaginary successes*, with visionary plans of offensive operations, which those who offer them for consideration know they have no means of executing, and with the hopes of driving the French out of the Peninsula by some *unlooked-for good*” (Disp., May 11, 1810). Again, “It is extraordinary that the revolution in Spain should *not have produced one man* with any knowledge of the real situation of his country; it really appears as if they were all drunk, thinking and *talking* of any objects but Spain: how it is to end God knows!” (Disp., Nov. 1, 1812). This, however, still is and has long been the hard lot of this ill-fated country. Spain, says Justin (xliv. 2), never, in a long series of ages, produced one great general except Viriatus, and he was but a guerrillero, like the Cid, Mina, or Zumalacarregui. The people, indeed, have honest hearts and vigorous arms, but, as in the Eastern fable, a *head* is wanting to the *body*. The many have been sacrificed to the few, and exposed to destitution in peace and to misfortune in war by unworthy rulers, ever and only intent on their own selfish interests, to the injury of their fatherland and countrymen.

Every day confirms the truth of the Duke’s remark (Sept. 12, 1812): “I really believe that there is not a man in the country who is capable of comprehending, much less of conducting, any *great concern*.”

THE BAY OF CADIZ.

A rail is in contemplation for this circuit; but in Spain, a land where, as in the East, time is of no value, and want of funds the chronic complaint, the natives seldom do to-day what can be put off for to-morrow, their beloved *Mañana*; and well did our wise Bacon wish that his tardy death might come from Spain: *me venga la muerte de España*. Even rail matters here move like our Court of Chancery; in fact, all love to leave something for posterity to do, and do not go to work, as they say, *con esa furia que por dñi se acostumbra, como si el mundo se fuera acabar*; so mean time take a boat.

The outer bay is rather exposed; the S.W., but the anchorage in the inner portion is excellent. Some dangerous rocks are scattered opposite the town, in the direction of Rota, and are called *Las Puercas*, the Sows—*χοιράδες*; for these porcine appellations are as common in Spanish nomenclature as among the ancients, and the hog-back is not a bad simile for many of such rocky formations. *Rota* lies on the opposite (west) side of the bay, and is distant about five miles across. Here the *tent* wine used for our sacraments is made; the name being nothing but the Spanish *tintilla*, from *tinto*, red. The next point is *La Puntilla*, and then that defended by the battery *Sa. Catalina*.

EL PUERTO DE STA. MARIA, Port St. Mary, and usually called *el Puerto*, the port (o-Porto), was the Portus Menesthei (*Le Min Asta*, Portus Astæ), a Punic word, which the Greeks, who, as usual, caught at sound, not sense, connected with the Athenian Menestheus. It lies distant from Cadiz 8 l. by land, 2 l. by sea.

Inns.—Near the landing-place is the *Vista alegre*, which to a *cheerful look-*

out unites cleanness and sundry English conveniences rare on the continent. Here the Guadalete enters the bay; the bar is dangerous, and much neglected. In the days of sailing-boats, prayers to the blessed souls in purgatory and making crosses were chiefly resorted to; now small steamers go backwards and forwards three times a day; the passage takes from half to three-quarters of an hour. The *Puerto* is pleasant and well built; pop. 18,000. The river is crossed by a suspension bridge: in the *Plaza de Toros* was given a grand bullfight to the Duke, described by Byron, better as a poet, than as a correct *torero*. The soil of the environs is rich, and the water so excellent that Cadiz is supplied with it to the cost of 10,000*l.* a-year, while ancient Gades was supplied by an aqueduct, which O'Reilly would have restored had he remained in office.

The *Puerto*, one of the three great towns of wine export, vies with Xerez and San Lucar. The principal houses are French and English. The vicinity to Cadiz, the centre of exchange, is favourable to business, while the road to Xerez is convenient for conveying down the wines, which are apt to be staved in the water-carriage of the Guadalete. Among the best houses may be named Osborne and Duff Gordon, whose *Amontillado* is matchless, Mousley, Oldham, Burdon and Gray, Pico, Mora, Heald, Gorman and Co. The *bodegas* or wine-stores deserve a visit, although those of Xerez are on a grander scale. The town is vinous and uninteresting: the houses resemble those of Cadiz: the best street is the *Calle Larga*; the prettiest *alameda* is la Victoria. Here Ferd. VII. landed, Oct. 1, 1823, when delivered from the Constitutionalists by the French, and forthwith proceeded to violate every solemn pledge to friend and foe. Here, July 30, 1843, Baldomero Espartero, the Regent Duke, driven out by the intrigues of Louis Philippe and Christina, concluded his first career on board a British line-of-battle ship.

The bay now shelves towards *Cabe-*

zuela, and narrows as it draws to the inner division; the mouth is defended by the cross-fires of the forts *Matagorda* and *Puntales*. At the latter Lord Essex landed in 1596 and *did* take Cadiz; which Victor bombarded from the former and *did not* take. Now row up the *Trocadero*, which divides an islet from the main land. Fort San Luis, once a flourishing place, was ruined by Victor, an enemy, in 1812, and annihilated by Angoulême, an ally, in 1823. Of his taking the *Trocadero*, the glory of the Restoration, even Messieurs Bory de St. Vincent and Laborde are ashamed. The French, led by the ardent and aquatic Gen. Goujon, passed through four and a half feet of water. "Les constitutionnels prirent alors la fuite," so the assailants, "sans avoir perdu un seul homme," carried the strong fort, "sans effusion de sang." Those who fight and run away, may live to fight another day. Yet Mr. Campbell, when Bacchi plenus it is to be presumed, apostrophised these truly *quick* heroes as dead ones:

"Brave men, who at the Trocadero fell
Beside your cannon, conquered not, though
slain."

Matagorda was dismantled by Victor; a few fragments may be seen at very low water.

At the head of the Trocadero, and on an inner bay, is *Puerto Real*, founded in 1488 by Isabella. This, despite of its *royalty*, is a tiresome poor and fishy place of parallel and rectangular streets. It was the headquarters of Marshal Victor, who, by way of leaving a parting souvenir, destroyed 900 houses. Here a new basin for steamers blessed by the Bishop in 1846, and waltzed in by the ladies, still excites the wonder of Cadiz. Opposite is the river or canal *Santi* or *Sancti Petri* (the Sancto Petro of olden chronicles), which divides the Isla from the main land. On the land-bank is one of the chief naval arsenals of Spain, *La Carraca*, the station of the *Carracas*, the *carracks*, galleons, or heavy ships of burden: a word derived from the low Latin *carriicare*, to load, *quasi*

sea-carts. The Normans invaded these coasts of Spain in huge vessels called *karákir*. This town, with the opposite one of San Carlos, was founded by Charles III. to form the Portsmouth and Woolwich of his kingdom. Previously to the Bourbon accession Spain obtained her navies, ready equipped, from Flanders, but urged on by France, and made the tool of the family compact, she soon warred with England; and now *La Carraca*, like El Ferrol and Cartagena, tells the result of quarrelling with her natural friend. These are emblems of Spain fallen from her pride of place through Bourbon friendship. Every thing speaks of a past magnificence. A present silence and desolation contrast with the former bustle of this once-crowded dockyard, where were floated those noble three-deckers, Nelson's "old acquaintances." The navy of Spain in 1789 consisted of 76 line-of-battle ships and 52 frigates; now "the Spanish fleet ye cannot see, because it's not in sight;" it is nearly reduced to that *armada*, decreed to be built in birthday gazettes of 1853. In truth non-commercial Spain (Catalonia excepted, which is not Spain) never was really a naval power. The Arab and Berber repugnance to the sea, and the confinement of the ship, still marks the Spaniard; and now the loss of her colonies has rendered it impossible for Spain to have a navy, which even Charles III. in vain attempted to force, although Mons. Gautier was his shipwright.

How changed the site and scene from the good old times when Mago here moored his fleet, and Cæsar his long galleys; when Philip anchored the "twelve apostles," the treasure-galleons taken by Essex; when Drake, in April, 1587, with 30 small ships destroyed more than 100 French and Spanish "big braggarts," singeing, as he said, "the King of Spain's whiskers;" here were collected in after times the 40 sail of the line prepared to invade and conquer England—St. Vincent and Trafalgar settled that; here, in June, 1808, 5 French ships of the line, runaways

from Trafalgar under Mons. Rosilly, surrendered *nominally* to the Spaniards, for Collingwood, by blockading Cadiz, had rendered escape impossible.

The *Santi Petri* river, the water key of *La Isla*, is deep, and defended at its mouth by a rock-built castle. This, the site of the celebrated temple of Hercules, was called by the Moors "The district of idols." Those remains which the sea had spared have chiefly been used up by the Spaniards as a quarry. Part of the foundations were seen in 1755, when the waters retired during the earthquake. For the rites of this pagan convent, see our paper in the Quar. Rev. cxxvi. 283. The river is crossed by the *Puente de Zuazo*, so called from the alcaide Juan Sanchez de Zuazo, who restored it in the fifteenth century. It is of Roman foundation, and was constructed by Balbus to serve both as a bridge and an aqueduct. The water was brought to Cadiz from Tempul, near Xerez, but both were destroyed in 1262 by the Moors. The tower was built by Alonso el Sabio, who had better have restored the aqueduct. This bridge was the *pons asinorum* of Victor, as the English never suffered him to cross it. Here the Marshal set up his batteries, having invented a new mortar capable of throwing shells even into Cadiz. The defeat of Marmont by the Duke at Salamanca recoiled on M. Victor—*abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit*. Now his failure is explained away by the old story, "inferior numbers." The allies, according to M. Belmas (i. 138), amounted to 30,000, of which 8000 were English "men in buckram," "Victor ayant à peine 20,000." For once Napoleon told the truth at St. Helena when he said, *Victor était un bête, sans talens et sans tête*.

From this bridge return by land through *La Isla de Leon*, so called because granted in 1459 to the Ponce de Leon family, but resumed again by the crown in 1484. This island was the Erythræa, Aphrodisia, Cotinusa, Tartessus of the uncertain geography of the ancients. Here Geryon (*Γερων*, a

fine old fellow, the *Stranger* in the Hebrew) fed those fat kine which Hercules "lifted;" and whose golden fleeces—fine wool—tempted the Phœnician argonauts; and his descendant the Giron (Duque de Osuna) is still the great Lord of Andalusia; but the breed of cattle is extinct, for Bætican beef, or rather *vaca*, cow, is now of the leanest kine, and the bulls are better for baiting than basteing.

San Fernando, the capital of the Isla, is a stragglng decaying town, but gay-looking with its fantastic lattices and house-tops, and the bright sun which gilds the poverty. Here the Junta first halted in their flight, and spouted (Sept. 24, 1810) against the French cannon. Salt, the staple, is made in the *salinas* and the marshes below, where the conical piles glisten like the white ghosts of the British tents, when our red jackets were quartered here. The salt-pans have all religious names, like the line-of-battle ships (when there were any), the wine-cellars of Xerez, or the mine-shafts of Almaden, e.g. *El dulce nombre de Jesus*, &c. In these marshes breed innumerable small crabs, *cangrejos*, whose fore-claws are tit-bits for the Andalus ichthyophile. These *bocas de la Isla* are torn off from the living animal, who is then turned adrift, that the claws may grow again for a new operation; chameleons also abound. At No. 38, just below the Plaza, Riego lodged, and proclaimed the "constitution" in 1820. The secret of this patriotism was a dislike in the ill-supplied semi-Berber army, to embark in the South American expedition with which Ferdinand hoped to reinforce the blunderer Morillo.

Passing the *Torregorda*, the busy, dusty, crowded, narrow road *La Calzada* is carried along the isthmus to Cadiz. Still called *el camino de Ercoles*, it runs where ran the *via Heraclea* of the Romans, which led to his temple: nor is the present road much more Spanish, since it was planned in 1785 by O'Reilly, an Irishman, and executed by Du Bouriel, a Frenchman.

A magnificent outwork, *La Corta-*

dura, cuts the isthmus, which, supposing it had guns and men, and either were in efficient order, it would defend. Now Cadiz is approached amid heaps of filth, which replace the pleasant gardens demolished during the war. To the left of the land-gate, between the *Aguada* and *San Jose*, is the English burial-ground, acquired and planted by Sir John Brackenbury, father of the present consul, for the bodies of poor heretics, who formerly were buried in the sea-sands beyond high-water mark. Now there is "snug lying" here, which is a comfort to all Protestants who contemplate dying at Cadiz, and are curious about Christian burial.

Cadiz is soon entered by the land-gate, the *Puerta de Tierra*. The walls and defences are sadly dilapidated, and might be taken by a bold boat's crew. The grand secret in any warfare against Spanish fleets, forts, or armies, is to attack them *instantly*, as they will "always be found wanting in everything at the critical moment."

Cadiz is a good point of departure for ships. Vessels sail regularly for the Havana; steamers proceed to England and Egypt, to Portugal and the Basque provinces and France; also to Gibraltar, Valencia, and Marseilles. Others navigate the Guadalquiver up to Seville, while diligences run by land to Xerez and on to Madrid. The days and hours of departure will be seen placarded on every wall and are known at every inn.

ROUTE 2.—CADIZ TO GIBRALTAR, BY
LOS BARRIOS AND TARIFA.

	Miles.
Chiclana	13
Va. de Vejer	16 .. 29
Va. Taibilla	14 .. 43
Va. Ojen	11 .. 54
Los Barrios	9 .. 63
Gibraltar	12 .. 75

The most expeditious mode is by steam, and the passage through the straits is splendid. The ride by land, for there is no carriage road, has been accomplished by commercial messengers in

16 hours. Taking that route, the better plan is to leave Cadiz in the afternoon, sleep at *Chiclana* the first night, and the second at *Tarifa*. Those who divide the journey into two days, halt first at *Vejer*; from hence there are two routes, which we give approximately in miles—and such miles! The first route is the shortest. At the *Venta de Ojen* the road branches, a track leads to *Algeciras*, 10 m.; it is a wild and often dangerous ride, especially at the *Trocha* pass, which is infested with smugglers and charcoal-burners, who occasionally become *rateros* and robbers. At all events, “attend to the provend,” fill the bota with wine, and the basket with prog. The most interesting route is—

	Miles.	
Chiclana	13	.. 29
Va. de Vejer	16	.. 43
Va. Taibilla	14	.. 59
Tarifa	16	.. 71
Algeciras	12	.. 80
Gibraltar	9	

Quitting the Isla at the bridge of Zuazo we reach *Chiclana*, on a gentle sandy eminence. Pop. 4000. It is the *landing*, not watering, place of the Cadiz merchants, who, weary of their sea-prison, come here to enjoy the terra firma. The air is pure and the baths luxurious. It is, moreover, a sort of medical Botany bay, to which the Andalusian faculty transports those many patients whom they cannot cure: in compound fractures and chronic disorders, they prescribe bathing here, ass's milk, and a broth made of a long harmless snake, which abounds near Barrosa. We have forgotten the generic name of this valuable reptile of Esculapius. The naturalist should take one alive, and compare him with the vipers which make such splendid pork in Estremadura (see *Montanches*), or with *les viperes de Poitou*, to whose broth Mde. de Sévigné attributed her good health. (Let. July 8th, 1685.) From the hill of *Santa Ana* is a good panorama; 3 L. off, sparkling, like a pearl set in gold, on a hill where it cannot be hid, basks *Medina Sidonia*, *Medinatu-Shidunah*, the

city of Sidon, thought by some to be the site of the Phœnician Asidon, but all these tit bits for the antiquarian are “Caviare to the general.” The sulphur-baths here, especially the *Fuente amarga*, are much used in cutaneous and cachetic complaints.

The town looks pretty from afar with its white houses, gardens, and painted railings, but it is ill-paved, worse drained and lighted, and, in fact, is not worth visiting, being a whitened sepulchre full of decay; and this may be predicated of many of these hill-fort towns, which, glittering in the bright sun, and picturesque in form and situation, appear in the enchantment-lending distance to be fairy residences: all this illusion is dispelled on entering into these dens of dirt, ruin, and poverty: reality, which like a shadow follows all too highly-excited expectations, darkens the bright dream of poetical fancy. Yet what would life be without hope, which still cheers man on, undaunted by experience. Again, once for all, it may be said that generally the correlative of the picturesque is the uncomfortable, and the better the food for the painter's eye outside the town, the worse the chance of bed and board inside.

Nothing can be more different than the aspect of Spanish villages in fine or in bad weather; as in the East, during wintry rains they are the acmes of mud and misery: let but the sun shine out, and all is gilded. His beam is like the smile which lights up the habitually sad expression of a Spanish woman. Fortunately, in the south of Spain, fine weather is the rule, and not, as among ourselves, the exception. The blessed sun cheers poverty itself, and by its stimulating, exhilarating action on the system of man, enables him to buffet against the moral evils to which countries the most favoured by climate seem, as if it were from compensation, to be more exposed than those where the skies are dull, and the winds bleak and cold. *Medina Sidonia* gives the ducal title to the descendants of *Guzman el Bueno*,

to whom all lands lying between the Gaudalete and Guadaíro were granted for his defence of Tarifa. The city was one of the strongest holds of the family. Here the fascinating Leonora de Guzman, mistress of the chivalrous Alonso XI., and mother of Henry of Trastámara, fled from the vengeance of Alonso's widow and her son Don Pedro. Here again that *cruel* king, in 1361, imprisoned and put to death his ill-fated wife Blanche of Bourbon,—the Mary Stuart of Spanish ballads,—beautiful, and, like her, of suspected chastity; this execution cost Pedro his life and crown, as it furnished to France an ostensible reason for invading Spain, and placing the anti-English Henry of Trastámara on the throne.

Leaving *Chiclana*, the track soon enters into wild sandy aromatic pine-clad, snake-peopled solitudes: to the r. rises the immortal knoll of *Barrosa*. When Soult, in 1811, left Seville to relieve Badajoz, an opportunity was offered the Spaniards, by attacking Victor in the flank, of raising the siege of Cadiz. The expedition was in an evil hour entrusted to Manuel de la Peña, a fool and a coward, but the favoured creature of the Duchess of Osuna. The expedition was mismanaged by this incapable from beginning to end. In February, 11,200 Spaniards, 4300 English and Portuguese, were landed at the distant Tarifa, when La Peña, instead of resting at Conil, brought the English to the ground after 24 hours of intense toil and starvation. Graham, contrary to his orders, had injudiciously ceded the command in chief to the Spaniard, who, on arriving in the critical moment, skulked himself away towards the Santi Petri, ordering Graham to descend from the *Sierra del Puerco* the real key, to the *Torre Bermeja*, distant nearly a league. The French, who saw the error, made a splendid rush for this important height: but the gallant Græme, although left alone in the plain with his feeble, starving band, and scarcely having time to form his lines, the rear rank fighting

in front, instantly defied the united brigades of Ruffin and Laval, commanded by Victor in person, and having riddled the head of their columns with a deadly fire, then charged with the bayonet in the "old style:" an hour and a half settled the affair by a "sauve qui peut." Victor decamped, while La Peña did not even dare to follow up and finish the flying foe. No single stroke was struck that day by Spanish sabre: but assistance from Spain arrives either slowly or never. *Socorros de España tarde o nunca*. This is a very favourite Spanish proverb; for the shrewd people revenge themselves by a *refran* on the culpable want of means and forethought of their incompetent rulers: Gonzalo de Cordova used to compare such help to San Telmo (see Tuy), who, like Castor and Pollux, never appears until the storm is over. Blessed is the man, said the Moorish general, who expects no aid, for then he will not be disappointed.

Graham remained master of the field. Then, had La Peña, who had thousands of fresh troops, but moved *one step*, Barrosa would indeed have been contemporaneous with Torres Vedras, for on that very day Massena too began his retreat. Victor, when he saw that he was not followed, recovered from his panic, and indited a bulletin, "how he had beaten back 8000 Englishmen." Now-a-days our lively neighbours claim a more complete victory, and, entering into details, relate how Graham's triple line, with 3000 men in each, was *culbuté* by the French, who were "un contre deux," and that "the loss of the eagles was solely owing to the *accidental* death of the ensigns." How very unlucky!

Touching the real truth of this engagement at Barrosa, what says the Duke (Disp., March 25, 1811), to whom Graham had thought it necessary to apologise for the *rashness* of attacking with his handful two entire French divisions?—"I congratulate you and your brave troops on the signal victory which you gained on the 5th; I have no doubt whatever that their success

would have had the effect of raising the siege of Cadiz, if the Spanish troops had made any effort to assist them. The conduct of the Spaniards throughout this expedition is precisely the same as I have ever observed it to be: they march the troops night and day without provisions or rest, and abusing everybody who proposes a moment's delay to afford either to the fatigued or famished soldiers; they reach the enemy in such a state as to be unable to make any exertion or execute any plan, even if any plan had been formed; they are totally incapable of any movement, and they stand to see their allies destroyed, and afterwards abuse them because they do not continue, unsupported, exertions to which human nature is not equal." La Peña, once safe in Cadiz, claimed the victory as *his!* and now the English are either not mentioned at all by Spanish historians (Igartuburu, p. 179, Madoz, vii. 324), or the ultimate failure of the expedition is ascribed to *our* retreat! (Maldonado, iii. 29.) La Peña, *el delincuente honrado*, was decorated with the star of Carlos III. and Ferd. VII., in 1815, created a new order for this brilliant *Spanish* victory!! The Cortes propounded to Graham a grandeeship, as a sop, which he scornfully refused. The title proposed, *Duque del Cierro del Puerco* (Duke of Pig's-hill), was in truth more euphonious among bacon-loving Spaniards than ourselves.

Buonaparte attributed Victor's *defeat* to Sebastiani (Belm. i. 518, 25), who, influenced by jealousy of his colleague, confined himself to advancing to *San Roque*, where he remained pillaging.

Barrosa was another of the many instances of the failures which the *disunion* of Buonaparte's generals entailed on their arms. These rivals never would act cordially together: as the Duke observed when enclosing an intercepted letter from Marmont to Foy, "This shows how these *gentry* are going on; in fact, each marshal is the *natural* enemy of the king (Joseph) and of his neighbouring marshal" (Disp., Nov. 13, 1811).

Spain.—I.

The ride from Barrosa to Tarifa passes over uncultivated, unpeopled wastes. The country remains as it was left after the discomfiture of the Moor, or looks as if man had not yet been created. To the r. is *Conil*. 3 L. from Chiclana, and 1 L. from Cape Trafalgar. Pop. 3000. Built by Guzman el Bueno, it was famous for its tunny fisheries. In May and June the fish return into the Atlantic from the Mediterranean. The *almadraba*, or catching, a most Arabic affair, as the name implies, used to be a season of great festivity. Formerly 70,000 fish were taken, now scarcely 4000; the Lisbon earthquake of 1755 having thrown up sands on the coast, by which the fish are driven into deeper water: the "*atun escabechado*," or pickled tunny, is the *ταρ-χυνι*, the "Salsamenta," with which and dancing girls, Gades supplied the Roman epicures and amateurs. Arcestratus, who made a gastronomic tour, thought the under fillet to be the incarnation of the immortal gods. Near *Conil* much sulphur is found.

The long, low, sandy lines of *Trafalgar* (Promontorium Junonis, henceforward Nelsonis) now stretch towards Tarifa; the Arabic name, Taraf-alghar, signifies the promontory of the cave. This cape bore about 8 m. N.E. over those hallowed waters where Nelson, felix opportunitate mortis, sealed the empire of the sea with his life-blood; for things so great can only be carried through by death: *Nelson* was that glorious concentration of national spirit, which made and will make every English sailor do his *duty* to the end of time.

Trafalgar—tanto nomini nullum par eulogium—changed Buonaparte's visionary invasion of England, into the real one of France; England left now with no more enemies on the *sea*, turned to the *land* for an arena of victory. The spirit of the Black Prince and of Marlborough, of Wolfe and of Abercrombie awoke, the sails were furled, and that handful of infantry landed on the most western rocks of the Peninsula which marched in one triumph-

ant course until it planted its red flag on the walls of Paris. This doing the *old* thing in the *old* style is thus pleasantly referred to by M. Foy, i. 197: "Bientôt cet *art nouveau!* pour les Anglais allait leur devoir nécessaire presque à l'égal de la science navale."

Nelson, on the memorable Oct. 21, 1805, commanded 27 small ships of the line and only four frigates: the latter, his "eyes" were wanting as usual; he had prayed for them in vain, from our wretched admiralty, as the Duke did afterwards. The enemy had 33 sail of the line, many of them three-deckers, and seven frigates. Nelson, as soon, as they ventured out of Cadiz, considered them "his property;" he "bargained for 20 at least." He never regarded disparity of numbers, nor counted an enemy's fleet except when prizes after the *battle*—synonymous with him with victory. He, with hope deferred, had long chased them over wide seas, in full cry, every rag set, every sail bursting with impatience, and No. 16 signal for "close action" hoisted; and now, when at last he saw them, it was to give his "Nelsonic touch" no "drawn battles now," but simple—*Annihilation*.

Nelson was wounded at a quarter before one, and died 30 minutes past four. He lived long enough to know that his triumph was complete, and the last sweet sounds his dying ears caught were the guns fired at the flying foe. He died on board his beloved "Victory," and in the arms of its presiding tutelary, only 47 years old: "yet," says Southey, "he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done, nor ought he to be lamented who died so full of honours at the height of human fame, and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us not, indeed, his mantle of inspiration, but a name and example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England; a name which is our pride, and an example, which will continue to be our shield and our strength.

Thus it is that the spirits of the great and wise continue to live and to act after them." This indeed is immortality.

The Spaniards fought well at *Trafalgar*, the nadir of their marine, as *Lepanto* was its zenith: Gravina, their gallant noble admiral was wounded and died, refusing to have his arm amputated, and telling Dr. Fellowes, that he was going to join *Nelson*, the "greatest man the world has ever produced."

The French vice-admiral, Dumanoir, having kept out of the action, fled at the close, "backing his topsails," says Southey, "to fire into the captured Spanish ships as he passed," when the indignant crews intreated to be allowed to serve against their quondam allies. This Dumanoir, with four runaways, was caught, Nov. 4, off Cape Finisterre by Sir Richard Strachan, when all were taken, his own ship, the "Formidable" being the first to strike. This man, who, Southey thought, "ought to have been hanged in the sight of the remains of the Spanish fleet," was acquitted at Toulon, because he had "*manceuvré selon l'impulsion du DEVOIR et de l'honneur!*" and was made a count in 1814 by Louis XVIII. Nelson's notions of honour, duty and manœuvring were after a different fashion. His *manœuvre*—a nautical novelty indeed—was to break the long line of the foe with a short double line; a manœuvre which few foreign fleets will try against an English squadron, whose guns would sink their opponents as they approached singly; however according to M. de Montferrier, 'Dictionnaire de la Marine,' Paris 1841, "C'est à cette science, la *manœuvre*, que la marine Française doit toutes ses victoires; en effet, il n'y a point d'exemple, où, à forces égales, une armée Anglaise nous ait battus!"

Be that as it may, some how or another, this *Trafalgar* "*settled Boney*" by *sea*, to use the Duke's phrase, when he did him that service by *land*; all his paper projects about "ships, colonies and commerce," all his fond phrases of "French lakes," were blown to the winds; accordingly,