

Just outside the town, on the road to Archidona, is *la Cueva de Mengal*, which looks E., and is some 70 ft. deep, it was only examined for the first time in 1842, by Rafael Mitjana, an architect of Malaga. He got the interior cleared out, by assuring the Antiquarian authorities, but not antiquarians, that treasures were buried there. It was long known by the shepherds and neglected; some consider it Celtic, others Druidical. See the *Memoria*, published by Mitjana. 8vo. Malaga, 1847. Observe the hawkheaded form of the *Peñon*, and the profile of a female cut as it were from the hill above Archidona: on leaving this *Cueva* we reach the banks of the *Yeguas*, and the *Peña* or *Peñon de los Enamorados*, which rises like a Gibraltar out of the sea of the plain. Sappho leaps of true love, which never did run smooth, are of all times and countries. Here, it is said, a Moorish maiden, eloping with a Christian knight, baffled their pursuers by precipitating themselves, locked in each other's arms, into a stony couch. (See the story at length in Mariana, xix. 22, and in Southey's ballad on Laila and Manuel.) The verdurous valley is still the mid-day halt of the sun-burnt traveller, who tastes the joy of living fountains of water under the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

"Flumina muscus ubi et viridissima gramina ripa
Speluncæ que tegunt et saxea procebat umbra."

Leaving the rock to the l., and passing a pretty olive-grove, the road turns to Archidona, *Χαρχηδων*, and thence winds to *Loja*. (See p. 255.)

ROUTE 22.—RONDA TO MALAGA.

Al Borgo	3	
Casarabonela	2	5
Cartama	3	8
Malaga	3	11

Those who ride this wild mountain route must indeed rough it. Attend carefully to the provend, for, however satisfactory the banquet of alpine scenery, there is more food for the painter and poet's eye, in fine frenzy rolling, than for his body. The ride takes 13 good h. with stout horses;

ladies had better brave the fatigue than the Posadas, and ride it at once, leaving *Casarabonela* and *Cartama* about $\frac{1}{2}$ a L. to the rt.; you can ride from Ronda to a wood $\frac{1}{2}$ a league beyond *el Borgo*, in 5 h.; thence to a venta 1 L. beyond *Casarabonela*, $2\frac{1}{2}$ h.; dine there; thence to Malaga in about 6 h., by a plain that seems never coming to an end.

By the other route, after leaving Ronda and ascending the *Puerto de los Espinillos*, and passing the arches of the aqueduct, cross the stream *del Toro*, and thence to the *Puertos del Viento*, and on to that *de los Empedrados*. Wind-blown and stony indeed are these mountain defiles, nor is the locality near the latter, which is called *Dientes de la Vieja*, ill named; a broken wild tract leads to miserable *El Burgo*, with its bridge and hamlet. Thence over a *dehesa* by the passes of *El Hornillo* and *Media Finega*, to the stream and wretched venta of *Casarabonela*. After descending, the *Cuesta de Cascoral* is the usual halting-place; and bad it is, but perhaps less bad than the venta of *Cartama*, which may be left to the r. about $\frac{1}{2}$ a L. There is also a farm or *Cortijo de Villalon* farther on, where travellers may rest at night. *Cartama*, *Cartima*, is built on a hill, and the prefix "*car*," "*kartha*," shows its punie origin. It was once a fine city (see *Livy*, xl. 47); although some think that he refers to another *Cartima*, near *Ucles*; remains, however, are constantly discovered, and, as usual, either neglected by the authorities or broken up by the peasantry. On one occasion the late Mr. Mark, consul at Malaga, observing some marble figures worked as old stones into a prison wall, offered to replace them with other masonry, in order to save the antiques. The authorities, suspecting that they contained gold, refused, but took them out themselves, and were with difficulty prevented sawing them in pieces, and at last, not knowing what to do with them, cast them aside like rubbish outside the town. Spaniards being generally ignorant of the real value of these matters, whenever a foreigner wishes to have them pass at once into hyperbolic

notions, and estimate at more than their weight in gold, relics which they before considered more worthless than old stones. Leaving *Curtama* and the Sierra, we enter the rich plain of *Malaga*, studded with ruins, villages, and *haciendas*.

ROUTE 23.—RONDA TO GIBRALTAR.

Atajate	2	
Gaucin	3	5
San Roque	6	11
Gibraltar	2	13

This superb mountain ride threads hill and dale, along the edge of precipices. By starting from *Ronda* at 7 A.M. you may reach *Gaucin* about 3½ P.M.; next day, by leaving *Gaucin* at 6 P.M., you get to Gibraltar between 4 and 5 P.M.; you can ride easily from *Ronda* to *San Roque* in 15 hours, halting 2 at *Gaucin*. There is also a lower and smoother road by which *Gaucin* may be avoided altogether (see next column). At the bottom of an alpine defile is *la Fuente de Piedra*, placed in a funnel from which there is no escape should a robber ambuscade be laid. Thence, scrambling up the mountains, we pass Moorish villages, built on heights, with Moorish names and half-Moorish peasantry, e. g. *Atajate*, *Benarraba*, *Benadalid*, *Ben Alauria*. These settlements of *Beni*, "children," mark the isolating love of tribe which the Arabs brought with them from the East, implanting on a new and congenial soil the weakness of the nomade race of *Ishmael*, whose hand is against every one, and against whom every hand is raised. These unamalgamating "*Beni*" united, however, against the French, who found in such robbers more than their match. The hard-working highland peasants cultivate every patch of the mountain sides, terracing them into hanging gardens, and bringing up earth from below in baskets.

Gaucin is most romantically situated on a cleft ridge. The *Posada de la Paz* is tolerable, but not cheap: the *Posada Inglesa* or *del Rosario* is newer. Here (Sept. 19, 1309) *Guzman el Bueno* was killed, in the 53rd year of his

age. Ascend the Moorish castle, much shattered by an explosion, April 23, 1843. The view is glorious. Gibraltar rises like a molar tooth in the distance and Africa looms beyond. In the hermitage of the castle was a small image of the Infant Saviour, *El niño Dios*, which, being dressed in a resplendent French court suit, was naturally held by Spaniards in profound veneration far and wide. Some of the miracles he works seem positively incredible. This image is now worshipped in the parish church.

Leaving *Gaucin* is a tremendous descent by a sort of earthquake dislocated staircase, which scales the wall barrier to this frontier of Granada. The road seems made by the evil one in a hanging garden of Eden. An orange-grove on the banks of the *Guadaíro* welcomes the traveller, and tells him that the Sierra is passed. To those coming from Gibraltar this mountain wall is the appropriate barrier to Granada, while *Gaucin* crests the heights like a watchful sentinel. This oleander-fringed river is crossed and re-crossed, and is very dangerous in rainy weather. On its banks is the lonely *Venta del Guadaíro*, where whatever provend you have brought with you can be washed down with wine of *Estepona*, whose flavour is pleasant, and colour amber and yellow. By cutting off now to the l., and keeping along the sands to Gibraltar, you can avoid *San Roque*, and thus, if late, save 2 L. Those who go to *San Roque*, after passing the ferry of the *Xenar*, sweet glades of chesnut and cork trees, will duly and pleasantly arrive. Observe the shepherds armed, like David, with their sling, wherewith they manage their flocks. This, introduced by Phœnicians, became the formidable weapon of Oriental and Iberian (*Judith* vi. 12; *Plin*, 'N. H.' vii. 56; *Strabo*, iii. 255). It was much used in the Balearic Islands, hence so called, *απο του βαλλειν*. These are the slings with which the shepherds knocked out *Don Quixote's* teeth. Compare the *Hondas* of Old Castile.

This mountain route from *Gaucin* is rather severe: an easier one, but a

long single day's ride, lies by the valley of the Guadairo, avoiding the hills. Leave *Ronda* by the *Mercedillo*, descend to the river, keep along its pleasant banks to *Cortes*, which is left about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile to the r., without going to it; then continue up the river valley, to the back of *Gaucin*, which rises about 3 m. off to the l., and is not to be entered. Ascend the hill to the *Ximena* road, and soon strike off to the l., through *la Boca del Leon* to the Corkwood, and thence to *San Roque*. The *Arrieros* try to dissuade travellers from taking this valley, and best route, in order to get them to sleep at some friend's house at *Gaucin*, and thus employ the horses for two days instead of one.

San Roque. There is good accommodation at Macre's Hotel, *El Correo Ingles*, Calle San Felipe. The town was built in 1704 by the Spaniards, after the loss of Gibraltar, when they used up the remains of time-honoured *Carteia* as a quarry. It is named after its tutelary saint, San Roque. This modern Esculapius is always, like his prototype (Paus. ii. 27, 2), painted with a companion dog, who licks the wound in his thigh: here he has a hermitage and fixed residence; consequently, perhaps, no place is more wholesome; it is the hospital of the babies and "scorpions of Gib," who get at San Roque "sound as roaches;" in fact, as in cases of royal touching for evil, when a patient is given over, he is pronounced incurable by *Rey ó Roque*. The town is very cheap; a family can live here for half the expense necessary at Gibraltar: pop. above 7000. It is the chief town of the *Campo de Gibraltar*, and has always been made the head-quarters of the different Spanish and French armies, which have not retaken Gibraltar. The descendants of the expelled fortress linger near the gates of their former paradise, now, alas! in the temporary occupation of heretics, since they indulge in a long-deferred hope of return, as the Moors of Tetuan sigh for the re-possession of Granada. Even yet our possession of the Rock is not quite a *fait accompli*, and the king of the Spains still calls him-

self the king of Gibraltar; of which the *alcaldes* of San Roque, in their official documents, designate themselves the authorities, and all persons born on the Rock are entitled to the rights of native Spanish subjects. The town, from being made the summer residence of many English families, is in a state of transition: thus, while the portion on the Spanish side remains altogether Spanish, and the road to the interior execrable, the quarter facing "the Rock" is snug and smug, with brass knockers on the doors, and glass in the windows; and the road is excellent, macadamized not by the *Dons*, but by General Don and for English convenience. No San Roquan ever looks towards Spain; his eyes, like a Scotchman's, are fixed southward on "*La Playa*," the place for cheap goods, good cigars, and his *El Dorado*, his *ne plus ultra*. At every step in advance Spain recedes; parties of reckless subalterns gallop over the sands on crop-tailed hacks, hallooing to terriers, and cracking hunting-whips—animals, instruments, and occupations utterly unknown in Iberia. Then appear red-faced slouching pedestrians in *short black gaiters*, walking "into Spain," as they call it, where none but *long and yellow* ones are worn: then the shoals of babies, nursery-maids, men, women, and everything, vividly recall Gosport and Chatham. Spain completely vanishes and England reappears after passing the "*Lines*," as the frontier boundaries are called. The civil and military establishments of Spain, everywhere rather out of elbows, are nowhere more so than here, where they provoke the most odious comparisons. These semi-moor natives neither see nor feel the discredit and disgrace of the contrast. The miserable hovels are the fit lair of hungry bribetaking officials, who exist on the crumbs of "the Rock," one broadside from which would sweep everything from the face of the earth. These "*Lines*" were once most formidable, as Philip V. erected here, in 1731, two superb forts, now heaps of ruins; one was called after his tutelary

saint, Felipe, the other after Santa Barbara, the patroness of Spanish artillery. The British agent at Madrid was instructed to remonstrate against the works, but he wrote back in reply, "I was assured if the whole universe should fall on the king to make him desist, he would rather let himself be cut to pieces than consent" (Cox, *Bourb.* iii. 240). They were so strong, that when the French advanced in the last war, the modern Spaniards, unable even to destroy them, called in the aid of our engineers under Col. Harding, by whom they were effectually dismantled: this is at least a *fait accompli*, and they never ought to be allowed to be rebuilt, since to raise works before a fortress is a declaration of war; and as Buonaparte's announced intention was to take Gibraltar, Sir Colin Campbell was perfectly justified in clearing them away, even without the Spaniards' permission, to say nothing of their having petitioned him to do so.

Now this destruction, a work of absolute necessity against the worst foe of England and Spain, is made, with *La China* and *San Sebastian* (see Index), one of the standing libels against us by the Afrancesados. Fortunate indeed was it for many Spaniards that Campbell did destroy these lines, for thus Ballesteros and his *bigoños* was saved from French pursuit and annihilation by skulking under our guns (Disp., Dec. 12, 1811). Ferdinand VII. was no sooner replaced on his throne by British arms, than this very Ballesteros urged his grateful master to reconstruct these works, as both dangerous and offensive to England. Gen. Don, governor of Gibraltar, thereupon said to the Spanish commander at Algeciras. "If you begin, I will fire a gun; if that won't do, I shall fire another; and if you persevere, you shall have a broadside from the galleries." If Spain meant to retain the power of putting these lines *in statu quo* after our expulsion of the French, she should have stipulated for this right to rebuild them, previously to *begging us to raze them for her*.

Beyond these lines are rows of sentry-boxes which enkennel the gaunt

Spanish sentinels, who guard their frontier on the *espanta lobos* or scare-crow principle. These ill-appointed *Bisoños*, types of *Σπαρτια*, Egestas, stand like the advanced sentinels of Virgil's infernal regions,

"Et metus et malesuada fames et turpis Egestas
Horribiles visu"—

A narrow flat strip of sand called the "neutral ground," separates the Rock from the mainland; seen from a distance, it seems an island, as it undoubtedly once was. The barren, cinder-looking, sunburnt mass is no unfit sample of tawny Spain, while the rope-of-sand connection is a symbol of the disunion, long the inherent weakness of the unamalgamating component items of Iberia.

Cross however that strip, and all is changed, as by magic, into the order, preparation, organization, discipline, wealth, *honour*, and *power* of the *United Kingdom*—of *Britannia*, the *Pallas* or armed wisdom of Europe. The N. side of Gibraltar rises bluffly, and bristles with artillery: the dotted port-holes of the batteries, excavated in the rock, are called by the Spaniards "*las dientes de la vieja*," the grinders of this stern old Cerbera. The town is situated on a shelving ledge to the W. As we approach the defences are multiplied: the causeway is carried over a marsh called "the inundation," which can be instantaneously laid under water; every bastion is defended by another; guns stand out from each embrasure, pregnant with death,—a prospect not altogether pleasant to the stranger, who hurries on for fear of an accident. At every turn a well-appointed, well-fed sentinel indicates a watchfulness which defies surprise. We pass on through a barrack teeming with soldiers' wives and children, a perfect rabbit-warren when compared to the conventual celibacy of a Spanish "quartel."

The traveller who lands by the steamer—Gibraltar is some 1540 miles from Southampton—will be tormented by *cadés* and *touters*, who clamorously canvass him to put up at their respective inns.

"Club-house Hotel" is good and reasonable; rooms cool, large, and airy; very prudent travellers may agree about prices beforehand: "Griffith's Hotel," table d'hote, at 2s. 6d. "Dumoulin's French Hotel," *Fonda de Europa*, cheap and airy. *Parker's Hotel, Calle Real*, cheaper; Elias Natson there is a good guide. At "Griffith's" is one Messias, a Jew (called Rafael in Spain), who is a capital guide both here and throughout Andalusia. The hospitality of the Rock is unbounded, and, perhaps, the endless dinnering is one of the greatest changes from the hungry and thirsty unsocial Spain. As there are generally 5 regiments in garrison, the messes are on a grand scale. But death is in the pot, and some faces of "yours" and "ours" glow redder than their jackets; so much for the tendency to fever and inflammations induced by carrying the domestics and gastronomics of cool damp England to this arid and torrid "Rock." This garrison, one of the strictest in the world, is a capital school for young officers to learn their duty.

This being a fortress, on war footing, strict precautions are of course taken; everything is on the alert; the gates are shut at sunset and not opened until sunrise, and after midnight civilians used to be obliged to carry a lantern; nor is any one allowed out after midnight, except officers and those passed by them. No foreigner can reside on the Rock without some consul or householder becoming his surety and responsible for his conduct. These precautions are absolutely necessary, as this place can never be taken except by treason, and many are those who, under a species of cordial understanding, conceal a deadly *arrière pensée* of hatred. Gibraltar ("L'ombrageuse puissance."—*Maison*, p. 504) is excessively displeasing to all French tourists: sometimes there is too great a "*luxé de canons* in this fortress ornée;" then the gardens destroy "wild nature," in short, they abuse the red jackets, guns, nursery-maids, and even the *monkeys*: ever perfidious, say they, is the ambitious aggression of England.

The truth simply is, that this key of their lake is too strong, and can't be taken by their fleets and armies.

There is no real difficulty with respectable foreigners, who find plenty of persons ready to be security for their good behaviour: permits to reside are granted by the police magistrate for 10, 15, or 20 days. Military officers have the privilege of introducing a stranger for 30 days, which with characteristic gallantry is generally exercised in favour of the Spanish fair sex. Those who wish to draw or to ramble unmolested over the rock should obtain a card from the town-major, which operates as a passport.

Spanish money is current at Gibraltar, but some changes have been made.

	D.	R.	Q.	£.	s.	d.
Doublon (or onza, at 52 <i>d.</i> the dollar)	16	3	9	4
½ ditto ditto	8	1	14	8
Four-dollar piece	4	0	17	4
Dollar, pillared, Mexican or Colombian	1	0	4	4
½ ditto, Spanish	6	0	2	2
¼ ditto ditto, or 5-real piece	3	0	1	1
Reale y media	1	8	0	0	6	½
Doce	12	0	0	2	½	
English penny	4	0	0	0	1	
Ditto halfpenny	2	0	0	½		
Ditto farthing	1	0	0	¼		
Chavo, half an English far- thing, or ½ quarto

Mem.—English silver coins are scarcely ever used except by travellers. The value of a shilling is only 11*d.* in mixed copper and silver money, or 2 reals and 11 quartos; English 6*d.* changes for 5½*d.* or 1 real 6 quartos. The copper coins are a mixture, a few from every nation: none go for more than 2 quartos, except the English penny.

The English at Gibraltar have Anglicized Spanish moneys; the letters D, R, and Q, above, mean dollars, *duros*, royals, *reales*, and quartos, *quartos*. The *onza* is called the *doublon*, and the *pesos fuertes* "hard dollars;" each is divided into 12 imaginary reals, and each real into 16 quarts; besides this the English have coined 2 quarts and 1 quart, *i. e.* half-pence and farthings, with the Queen's head and reverse a castle. Much bother and considerable quiet cheating arises from people asking prices in shillings and sixpences,

by which, as they are to be paid for in Spanish moneys, the traveller is "done:" a prudent man will always bargain in the coins of the country. The comparative value of English and Spanish moneys has been fixed by proclamation at 50 pence the dollar, and at this exchange the civil officers and troops are paid. The real value of the dollar varies in mercantile transactions according to the exchange, being sometimes as low as 48 pence, at other times as high as 54. Letters of credit on the principal Spanish towns can be procured from the Gibraltar merchants, Mr. S. Benoliel, Turner and Co., or Messrs. Cavalleros and Mr. Rowswell.

At Gibraltar, among other things which are rare in Spain, is a capital English and foreign library, called "the Garrison Library;" planned in 1793 by Col. Drinkwater, and completed at the public expense by Mr. Pitt, it contains, besides newspapers and periodicals, a well-selected collection of some 20,000 volumes.

Here let the traveller, with the sweet bay and Africa before him, a view seldom rivalled, and never to be forgotten, and seated on an easy chair, (which is not a *cosa de España*) look through *Descripcion de Gibraltar*, Francisco Perez, 4to., Mad. 1636, or the excellent *Historia de Gibraltar*, by Ignacio Lopez de Ayala, Mad. 1782. Three books of this work were put forth just when all the eyes of Europe were bent on the "Rock," which the Count d'Artois (Charles X.) came to take, and did not. The 4th was never published, and the why will be found in the *History of the Siege*, by Col. Drinkwater, 1783, and republished by Murray, 1844. It details the defence, and utter frustration, by sea and land, of the combined fleets and armies of Spain and France. The *History of the Herculean Straits*, by Col. James, 2 vols. 4to., London, 1771, is a mass of dull matter, handled in an uncritical manner. The "Pillars of Hercules," by Mr. Urquhart, are the Ne plus Ultra of nonsense. See our paper inklings on it in the Quarterly, No. clxxii. There is a small *Handbook for*

Gibraltar, London, 1844, and a work on its botany and geology, *Flora Calpensis*, by Dr. Kelaart; but the ablest work, scientific and nautical, is the '*Mediterranean*,' 8vo. 1854, by Admiral Smyth. Rowswell and Bartolots are the best booksellers on the Rock.

The bay is formed by 2 headlands, by *Europa Point* on the Rock, and by *Cabrita* in Spain. Its greatest width from E. to W. is 5 m., its greatest length from N. to S. about 8; the depth in the centre exceeds 100 fathoms. The anchorage is not, however, very good, and the bay is open and much exposed, especially to the S.W. winds; then the vessels tug at their cables like impatient horses, and when they do break loose, get stranded. The wind currents generally sweep up and down through this funnel, "the straights." The E. or *Levante* causes terrible losses in the bay, and is termed the tyrant of Gibraltar, while the west is hailed as the liberator. The old mole offers a sort of protection to small craft: notwithstanding the commerce that is carried on, there are few of its appliances—quays, wharfs, docks, and warehouses—for even the English seem paralysed in this climate of Spain. The tide rises about 4 ft. The Rock consists principally of grey limestone of the oolitic period and marble; the highest point is about 1430 ft., the circumference about 6 m., the length from N. to S. about 3. It has been uplifted at a comparatively recent epoch, as a sea-beach exists 450 feet above the water's level.

The Rock was well known to the ancients, but never inhabited; nor is there any mention of any town on it. The Phœnicians called it Alube; this the Greeks corrupted into *Καλοβη*, *Καλπη*, *Calpe*, and then, defying nature as audaciously as etymology, they said it signified "a bucket," to which shape they compared the rock—"a tub to a whale." *Calpe* has been interpreted *Ca-alpe*, the cavern of God, and as *Cal-be*, the watching at night. *Cal*, *Coll*, *Cala*, is, however, a common prefix to Iberian and Oriental terms of height and fortress. Ayala derives *Calpe* from the Hebrew and the Phœ-

nician *Galph, Calph*, a *caved* mountain, and rejects the *Galfa* or *Calpe*, *quasi* *Urna*. *Calpe* was the European, and *Abyla* the “lofty” (the rock of Abel), the African pillar of Hercules, the *ne plus ultra* land and sea marks of jealous Phœnician monopoly: here, in the words of Ariosto, was the goal beyond which strangers never were permitted to navigate; *La meta que posse ai primi naviganti Ereole invito*. The Romans are thought never to have really penetrated beyond these keys of the outer sea, or the Atlantic, before the reign of Augustus (Florus, iv. 12). *Abyla*, Abel, Harbel, which according to many signified the “mountain of God,” rises some 2200 feet. Of this name the English made their “Ape’s hill,” a better corruption, at least, than the Greek “bucket.” The Moors call it *Gibel Mo-osa*, the Hill of *Musa*. The Spanish name is *Cabo de Bullones*, Cape of Knobs. Be these names what they may, the high rocky fronts of each continent remain the two metaphorical pillars of Hercules; and as what they originally were was an unsettled question in Strabo’s time (iii. 258), they now may be left in peace. Joseph Buonaparte, Feb. 1, 1810, decreed the erection of a third pillar; “*Le Roi d’Espagne veut que entre les colonnes d’Hercule s’élève une troisième, qui porte à la postérité la plus reculée et aux navigateurs des deux mondes la connaissance des chefs et des corps qui ont repoussés les Anglais*” (Belmas, i. 424), and this near Tarifa, Barrosa, and Trafalgar!!! Compare this with his brother’s bully pillar at Boulogne that lifts its head and lies, and the medal, prepared before hand, but not issued. *Descente en Angleterre, frappé à Londres!!*

In the mean time Gibraltar bears the name of its Berber conqueror, *Gebal Tarik*, the hill of *Tarik*, who landed, as Gayangos has demonstrated, on Thursday, April 30, 711. He contributed much to the conquest of Spain, and was rewarded by the khalif of Damascus with disgrace. *Tarik* was a true Pizarro; he killed his prisoners, and served them up as rations to his troops (Reinaud, ‘*Inv. des Saracins*,’

5). This delicacy formed a *rechauffé* in modern Spanish bills of fare: the *entrée* was pleasantly called *un guisado à la Quesada*, the patriotic *nacionales* having killed and eaten part of that rough and tough royalist in 1836.

The fierce Berbers had for ages before looked from the heights of the Rif on Spain as their own, and as the land of their Carthaginian forefathers: many were their efforts to reconquer it, even during the Roman rule, from the age of Antoninus (Jul. 13) to that of Severus (Ælian Sp. 64). These invasions were renewed under the Goths, especially in the 7th century (see *Isidore Pac.* i. 3). Their attempts failed so long as the Spaniards were strong, but succeeded when the Gothic house was divided against itself.

Gibraltar was first taken from the Moors, in 1309, by *Guzman el Bueno*; but they regained it in 1333, the Spanish governor, *Vasco Perez de Meyra*, having appropriated the money destined for its defence in buying estates for himself at *Xerez* (*Chro. Alons.* xi. 117). It was finally recovered in 1462 by another of the *Guzmans*, and incorporated with the Spanish crown in 1502. The arms are “gules, a castle or, and a key,” it being the *key* of the Straits. Gibraltar was much strengthened by *Charles V.* in 1552, who employed *Juan Baut^a. Calvi* in raising defences against *Barbarossa*.

Gibraltar, on which our sagacious *Cromwell* had an eye, was captured during the War of the Succession by *Sir George Rooke*, July 24, 1704, who attacked it suddenly, and found it garrisoned by only 80 men, who immediately had recourse to relics and saints. All ran away except the curate of *Santa Maria*, who was accused of remaining to “steal the sacramental plate” (*Ayala*, p. 325). This good priest rescued a *San José* from the heretics by putting the image on a mule and passing the saint for a living sinner. Thus *Æneas* fled with his *Penates*, and so the Goths transported their relics to the Asturias when *Toledo* was captured by the infidels. Gibraltar was then taken by us in the name of the Archduke *Charles*, and another stone

fell from the vast but ruinous edifice of the Spanish monarchy: but George I. would have given it up at the peace of Utrecht, so little did he estimate its worth, and the nation thought it a "barren rock, an insignificant fort, and a useless charge." So it was again offered to Spain if she would refuse to sell Florida to Buonaparte. What its real value is as regards Spain will be understood by supposing Portland Island to be in the hands of an enemy. It is a bridle in the mouth of Spain and Barbary. It speaks a language of power, which alone is understood and obeyed by those cognate nations. The Spaniards never knew the value of this natural fortress until its loss, which wounds their national pride, and led Buonaparte, when he found he could not *take it*, to say, that while it opened nothing and shut nothing, our possession of Gibraltar secured for France Spain's hatred of England. Yet Gibraltar in the hands of England is a safeguard that Spain never can become quite a French province, or the Mediterranean a French lake. Hence the Bourbons north of the Pyrenees, have urged their poor kinsmen-tools to make gigantic efforts to pluck out this thorn in their path.

The siege by France and Spain lasted 4 years. Then the very ingenious Mons. d'Arçon's *invincible* floating batteries, that could neither be burnt, sunk, nor taken, were soon either burnt, sunk, or taken by plain Englishmen, who stood to their guns, on the 13th of Sept. 1783. Thereupon Charles X., then Count d'Artois, who had posted from Paris to have glory thrust upon him, posted back again, after the precedent of his ancestors, those kings with 20,000 men, who march up hills, and then march back again. He concealed his disgrace under a scurvy jest: "La batterie la plus effective fut ma batterie de cuisine." Old Elliott stood during the glorious day on the "King's Bastion," which was erected in 1773, by Gen. Boyd, who, in laying the first stone, prayed "to live to see it resist the united fleets of France and Spain." His prayer was granted; there he died

contented, and lies buried in it, a fitting tomb; *Gloria autem minimè consepulta.*

Gibraltar is now a bright pearl in the Ocean Queen's crown. It is, as Burke said, "a post of power, a post of superiority, of connexion, of commerce; one which makes us invaluable to our friends and dreadful to our enemies." Its importance, as a *dépôt* for coal, is increased since steam navigation. Subsequently to the storming of Acre, new batteries have been erected to meet this new mode of warfare. Sir John Jones was sent out in 1840, and under his direction tremendous bastions were made at Europa Point, Ragged Staff, and near the Alameda; while heavier guns were mounted on the mole and elsewhere. Nor need it be feared that the bastions and example of Boyd will ever want an imitator *in sæcula sæculorum.*

Gibraltar is said to contain between 15,000 and 20,000 Inhab., exclusive of the military. In daytime it looks more peopled than it really is, from the number of sailors on shore, and Spaniards who go out at gun-fire. The differences of nations and costumes are very curious: a motley masquerade is held in this halfway house between Europe, Asia, and Africa, where every man appears in his own dress and speaks his own language. Civilization and barbarism clash here indeed. The Cockney, newly imported in a week per steamer from London, is reading this 'Handbook' while seated near a black date-merchant from the borders of the deserts of Timbuctoo, each staring at, and despising his nondescript neighbour. The Rock is a Babel of languages, and "you don't understand us" is the order of most market-places. Of foreigners, the Jews, who are always out of doors, are the dirtiest; the Moors the cleanest and best behaved; the Ronda smuggler the most picturesque. The British houses, the rent of which is very dear, are built on the stuffy Wapping principle, with a Genoese exterior; all is brick and plaster and wood-work, cribbed and confined, and filled with curtains and carpets, on purpose to breed vermin

and fever in this semi-African hotbed ; calculated to let in the enemy, heat, so that Nelson, who dearly as he loved the "old Rock," hoped that all the small houses at its back might be burnt ; "perhaps if half the town went with them it would be better." (Desp. March 20, 1805.)

These ill-contrived tenements are fit only for salamanders and "scorpions," as those born on the Rock are called. The monkeys, in fact, are the oldest and wisest denizens of the Rock, as they live cool and comfortable on the sea-blown cliffs. The narrow streets are worthy of these nut-shell houses ; they are, except the Main Street, ycleped "lanes," e. g. Bomb-house Lane and Horse-barrack Lane. Few genuine Moro-Peninsular towns have any *streets* ; the honesty of England scorns the exaggerations of Spanish *Calles*, and calls things here by their right names ; in fact, this and most things show that the bold Briton is an interloper, and not "of the country." But John Bull, like the snail, loves to carry his native shell with him, irrespective of changes of climate or habits of different conditions and necessities.

The "Main, or Waterport Street," the aorta of Gibraltar, is the antithesis of a Spanish town. Lions and Britanias dangle over innumerable pot-houses, the foreign names of whose proprietors combine strangely with the Queen's English. "Manuel Ximenez—lodgings and neat liquors." In these signs, and in the surer signs of bloated faces, we see that we have passed from a land of sobriety into a den of gin and intemperance ; every thing and body is in motion ; there is no quiet, no repose ; all is hurry and scurry, for time is money, and Mammon is the god of Gib., as the name is vulgarized, according to the practice of abbreviators and settlers of "Boney." The entire commerce of the Peninsula seems condensed into this microcosmos, where all creeds and nations meet, and most of them adepts at the one grand game of beggar my neighbour.

The principal square is the "Commercial." Here are situated the best hotels and the "Public Exchange," a

mean building, decorated with a bust of Gen. Don. Here are a library and newspapers, and a club, to which travellers, especially mercantile, are readily admitted. In this square, during the day, sales by auction take place ; the whole scene in the open air, combined with the variety of costume, is truly peculiar. The out-of-doors dress of the females is a red cloak and hood, edged with black velvet of Genoese extraction.

Gibraltar has one great comfort. There are no custom-houses, no odious searchings of luggage ; almost everything is alike free to be imported or exported. Accordingly, the barren Rock, which in itself produces nothing and consumes everything, is admirably supplied. This ready-money market infuses life into the Spanish vicinity, which exists by furnishing vegetables and other articles of consumption : the beef, which is not a thing of Spain, comes from Barbary. Gibraltar is very dear, especially house-rent, wages, and labour of all kinds. It is a dull place of residence to those who are neither merchants nor military. The climate is peculiarly fatal to children during early dentition ; otherwise it is healthy ; disagreeable, however, during the prevalence of easterly winds, when a misty vapour hangs over the summit of the Rock, and the nerves of man and beast are grievously affected.

The Gibraltar fever, about which doctors have disagreed so much, the patients dying in the mean while, *como chinches*, is most probably endemic ; it is nurtured in Hebrew dirt, fed by want of circulation of air and offensive sewers at low tide. It is called into fatal activity by some autumnal atmospheric peculiarity. The average visitation is about every twelve years. The quarantine regulations, especially as regards ships coming from the Havana and Alexandria, are severe : they are under the control of the captain of the port. There is an excellent civil hospital here, arranged in 1815 by Gen. Don, in which Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Jews have their wards separate, like their creeds.

Gibraltar was made a free port by

Queen Anne; and the sooner some change is made the better, for the "Rock," like Algeria, is a refuge for destitute scamps, and is the asylum for people of all nations who expatriate themselves for their country's good. Here revolutions are plotted against friendly Spain; here her revenue is defrauded by smugglers, and particularly by alien cigar-makers, who thus interfere with the only active manufacture of Spain.

Gibraltar is the grand *dépôt* for English goods, especially cottons, which are smuggled into Spain, along the whole coast from Cadiz to Benidorme, to the great benefit of the Spanish authorities, placed nominally to prevent what they really encourage. The S. of Spain is thus supplied with as much of our wares as it is enabled to purchase, nor would any treaty of commerce much increase the consumption.

Recently some reforms have been made in Gibraltar, long a spot of much mismanagement and expense, which now pays the governor and civil officers, &c. It is cleansed and lighted by a rate on houses. Spirits pay a considerable, and wine, tobacco, and licences a small duty. The military officers are paid by government, to whom Gibraltar is a most valuable *dépôt* for shipping troops to the colonies; and the new fortifications have naturally been paid for at the cost of the mother state.

The "Rock," in religious toleration, or rather indifference, is again the antithesis of Spain. Here all creeds are free, and all agree in exclusive money-worship. There are now two bishops here; the elder is a Roman Catholic, and appointed by the Pope *in partibus infidelium*. The *Santa Maria* his church, is poor and paltry, and very unlike the gorgeous pantheons of the Peninsula. Here, in the juxta-position of the Bible, he hides those "mummies" which show best by candlelight. Gibraltar, in good old Roman Catholic times, had its local saints and miracles, like every other Spanish place. Consult *Portillo*, book iv., Sevilla, 1634; and Ayala's *Historia*. To them the

Spaniards fled when attacked by Adm. Rooke. Now Elliot and Boyd are the English tutelars, and the bastions and galleries are their *Milagros*.

The Jewish synagogue is noisy and curious; the females do not attend, as it is a moot point with their Rabbins whether they have souls, to allow that would bring them to a too near equality with the male sex; nor do the men pray for them—at all events, they only thank God in their orations that they are not women, who, be it said, as far as bodies and beauty go, are often angels ready made. There is a *ci-devant* convent chapel in the governor's house for Protestants, and a newly erected church or cathedral in the *Moorish* style, and not before it was wanted: this was finished in 1832, and Gibraltar has, at last, a Protestant bishop; and thus at last has been wiped out the scandalous neglect of all our governments at home for the spiritual wants and religious concerns of its colonists: while the activity, intelligence, and industry of England have rendered every nook of the Rock available for defence, no house until lately was raised to God. The colonisation of the English Hercules has never been marked by a simultaneous erection of temples and warehouses; a century elapsed, in which more money was expended in masonry and gunpowder than would have built St. Peter's, before a Protestant church was erected in this sink of Moslem, Jewish, and Roman Catholic and Protestant profligacy.

The law is administered here according to the rules and cases of Westminster Hall, and those technicalities which were meant for the protection of the innocent, of course, have become the scapeholes of the worst of offenders. It might be apprehended that a code and practice hardly fitted by the growth of centuries for a free and intelligent people would not work well in a foreign garrison with a mongrel, motley, dangerous population, bred and born in despotism, accustomed to the summary bowstring of the Kaid, or the *cuatro tiros* of the Spaniards; accordingly, when gross violations of international law and common sense

take place, the Spanish authorities never give credit to the excuse of the English that they are fettered by law, and by imperfect power. As they do not believe us to be fools, they set us down for liars, or as the encouragers of abuses which we profess to be unable to prevent; such, say they, are the tricks of "*La perfide Albion*."

Gibraltar is soon seen; nowhere does the idler sooner get bored. There is neither letters nor fine art, the arts of making money and war excepted. The governor of this rock of Mars and Mammon resides at the convent, formerly a Franciscan one. It is a good residence. The garden, laid out by Lady Don, is delicious, but Scotch horticulture under an Andalucian climate can wheedle everything out of Flora and Pomona.

The military traveller will, of course, examine the defences and the "Guards." He may begin at "Land Port;" walk to the head of the Devil's Tongue Battery; visit the "Fish-market;" observe the finny tribe, strange in form and bright in colour: besides these monsters of the deep, snails, toadstools, and other delicacies of the season are laid out for your omnivorous foreigner. The fish is excellent and always fresh, for whatever is not sold during the day is either given away or destroyed at gun-fire.

Now follow the sea or "Line Wall" to the "King's Bastion;" give a look at the new church, or cathedral of Holy Trinity, a heavy semi-Moorish temple for the Protestant bishop of the Mediterranean diocese: in the inside lies Gen. Don, the Balbus, the Augustus of the Rock, which he strengthened and embellished; his bones rest on the site which he so loved and so much benefited.

Now pass out the "South Port," by the gate and walls built by Charles V. as defences against the Turks, into the Alameda or Esplanade, formerly called the "red sands," and a burning desert and a cloacal nuisance until converted by Gen. Don, in 1814, into a garden of sweets and delight, of geranium-trees and *bella sombras*; and beautiful is shade on this burning rock: thus Flora is wedded to Mars,

and the wrinkled front of a fortress is smoothed with roses. The "guard-mountings" and parades take place on this open space; the decorations of the garden are more military than artistic: here is a figure-head of the Spanish three-decker "Don Juan," a relic of Trafalgar; observe a caricature carving of old Elliott, surrounded with bombs as during the siege; a bronze bust of Wellington is placed on an antique pillar brought from Lepida, with a doggish Latin inscription by a Dr. Gregory. Close by, Neptune emerges from the jaw-bones of a whale, more like a Jonah than a deity; under the leafy avenues the fair sex listen to the bands and gaze on the plumed camp, being gazed at themselves by the turbaned Turk and white-robed Moor. At one end of this scene of life is a silent spot where officers alone are buried, and into which no "Nabitan" or "Scorpion" is permitted to intrude.

This part of the fortress has recently been much strengthened, and may now defy attacks from armed steamers. A very formidable work has been sunk on the glacis, and is christened *Victoria* battery. The new bastion running from the Orange bastion to the King's, and a very magnificent defence, bears the name of Prince Albert. Another, from its sunken level and zigzag form, is familiarly called the Snake in the Grass.

The surface of the Rock, bare and tawny in summer, starts into verdure with the spring and autumnal rains, which call the seeds into life; more than 400 plants flourish on these almost soilless crags. Partridges and rabbits abound, being never shot at. The real lions of "Gib." are the apes, *los monos*, for which Solomon sent to Tarsish (1 Kings x. 22). They haunt the highest points, and are active as the chamois; like delicate dandies, they are seldom seen except when a Levanter, or E. wind, affecting their nerves, drives them to the west end. These exquisites have no tails, and are very harmless. There is generally one, a larger and the most respectable, who takes the command, and is called the

"town-major." These monkeys rob the gardens when they can, otherwise they live on the sweet roots of the *Palmito*; for them also there is a religious toleration, and they are never molested: but such is the principle of English colonization, *ne quieta movere*. We do not seek to denationalize the aborigines, whether men or monkeys.

Mons. Bory de St. Vincent, speculating *con amore* on "ces singes," has a notion that men also came from Africa into Spain (Guide, 237), and hence into France. But his learned countryman D'Hermilly, following Ferreras, opined that the Iberian aborigines arrived directly from heaven by air; indeed, the critical historian Masdeu, who knew his countrymen better, had only ventured to hint in 1784 that they might have possibly arrived by land. Now, as far as Spain is concerned, the monkeys are confined to this rock.

To the rt. of the gardens are "Ragged-staff Stairs" (the ragged staff was one of the badges of Burgundian Charles V.); this portion, and all about "Jumper's Battery," was, before the new works, the weak point of the Rock, and here the English landed under Adm. Rooke. Ascending "Scud Hill," with "Windmill Hill" above it, and the new mole and dockyard below, is the shelving bay of *Rosia*. Near this fresh, wind-blown spot, which is sometimes from 5 to 6 degrees cooler than the town, is the Naval Hospital, and fine Spanish buildings called the "South Barracks and Pavilion." The "Flats" at Europa Point are an open space used for manœuvres and recreation. Gen. Don wished to level and plant it, but was prevented by some engineering wiseacres, who thought *level* ground would facilitate the advance of an enemy! and the troops were exercised on the burning neutral sands for the benefit of their legs and eyes. That most expensive article, a good English soldier, was too long scandalously neglected at "Gib.," and in nothing more than his dress, his barrack, and his water; a better order of things was commenced by Gen. Don. Some new tanks have recently been made for each

barrack. The supply, for which the soldier was charged, was brought in (when the public tanks got low) from wells on the neutral ground at a great expense. The salubrity of these Europa Point and Windmill Hill barracks is neutralized by their distance from Gibraltar; when not on duty, the soldier is in the town or *Rosia* pothouses; there he remains until the last moment, then heats himself by hurrying back up the ascent, and exposing himself to draughts and night air, which sow the seeds of disease and death. Shade, water, and vegetables are of vital importance to soldiers brought from damp England to this arid rock. Were the crags coated properly with the manure and offal of the town, they might be carpeted with verdure, and made a kitchen-garden. If ever Gibraltar be lost, it will be from treachery within; and this was once nearly the case, from the discontent occasioned by the over discipline of a royal martinet governor. The evil will arise should any effete general, or one who has never seen active service, be placed there in command. He might worry the men and officers with the minutiae of pipe-clay pedantry: under this scorching clime the blood boils, and the physical and moral forces become irritable, and neither should be trifled with unnecessarily.

The extreme end of the Rock is called "Europa Point; here, under the Spaniards, was a chapel dedicated to *la Virgen de Europa*, the lamp of whose shrine served also as a beacon to mariners; thus quite supplanting the Venus of the ancients. Now a new Protestant lighthouse and batteries have been erected: on the road thither are some charming glens, filled with villas and gardens; albeit these pretty Rura in Marte savour more of the Cockney than of Hercules. Round to the E. is the cool summer pavilion of the governor nestled under beetling cliffs; below is a cave tunnelled by the waves: beyond this the Rock cannot be passed, as the cliffs rise like walls out of the sea. This side is an entire contrast to the other: all here is solitude and inaccessibility, and Nature has

reared her own impregnable bastions: an excursion round in a boat should be made to Catalan Bay. Returning from this extreme point, visit St. Michael's Cave, some half way up the Rock; here affairs of honour of the garrison are, or used to be, settled. The interior of this extraordinary cavern is seen to greatest advantage when illuminated with blue-lights: after this visit the Moorish water-tanks, which have offered both a model and an example to ourselves. The naval commissioner's house, on this slope, long the head-quarters of jobbing, is the perfection of a Mediterranean villa. Among the many caverns of this Calpe, or *caved* mountain, is that called "Beefsteak Cave," which lies above the flats of Europa. Nomenclature assuredly marks national character, and this savours more of Mons. Foy's beef-fed Briton than of the hungry, religious, water-drinking Spaniard, whose artillery tank at Brewer's barracks below is still called "Nuns' Well."

Another morning may be given to visiting the galleries and heights: first ascend to the castle, which is one of the oldest Moorish buildings in Spain, having been erected in 725 (?) by Abu Abul Hajez, as the Arabic inscription over the S. gate records. The *Torre Mocha*, or *Torre de Omenaje*, is riddled with shot-marks, the honourable scars of the siege: near this the "galleries" are entered, which are tunnelled in tiers along the N. front; the gold of England has been lavished to put iron into the bowels of the earth. But the glorious defence made Gibraltar popular, and no money was grudged on defences, which Eliot had just proved were not wanting. These batteries are perhaps more a show of terror than a reality; at the extremity are magnificent saloons, that of Lord Cornwallis and the "Hall of St. George," where immortal Nelson was feasted.

Visit next "Willis Battery;" the flats which overhang the precipice were once called *el Salto del Lobo*, the Wolf's leap: then ascend to the "Rock gun," placed on the N. of the 3 points; the central is the "signal-post;" here

at sunrise and sunset is fired a gun, which, "booming slow with sullen roar," speaks the only language which is perfectly understood on both sides of the straits. This, like the sword of Alexander, cuts the knots—the *envodos y embustes* of the Spaniard in authority, who, like the nettle, stings the hand that treats him gently—the Duke knew how to grasp him with iron clench. "The only way to get them to do anything on any subject is to frighten them" (Disp. Nov. 2, 1813). Again, Nov. 27, 1813, "You may rely on this, that if you take a firm decided line, and show your determination to go through with it, you will bring the Spanish government to their senses, and you will put an end at once to all the petty cabals." "Nothing," says the Duke, "can ever be done without coming to extremities with them" (Disp. Dec. 1, 1813). A man-of-war in the Bay of Cadiz will, effect more in a day than six months' writing reams of red-taped foolscap: this was Elizabeth's and Cromwell's receipt. No Spaniard, prince or priest, ever trifled with their Drakes, Blakes, and other *naval* diplomats.

The feu-d'artifice, on the Queen's birth-day, is very striking; the royal salute begins at the Rock gun, comes down the hill, by the Galleries, to Willis's battery, and is then taken up by the troops at the bottom.

The signal-house, under the Spanish rule, was called *el Hacho*, the torch, because here were lighted the beacons in case of danger: near it is *la Silleta*, the little chair, to which formerly a narrow path led from Catalan Bay: it was destroyed to prevent surprises, as Gibraltar was once nearly retaken by a party of Spaniards, who crept up during the night by this *Senda del Pastor*; they failed from being unsupported by their friends at the Lines, who never arrived at the moment of danger; and when the English scaled the hill, the assailants were found to be unprovided even with ammunition: *cosas de España*. The S. point of the Rock is called O'Hara's Tower or Folly, having been built by that sapient officer to watch the movements of the