

tiful, and at this season of the year covered with flowers. It has also its bowers, monument to the Duke of Wellington, a bust and shield on a column, and a grotesque figure of General Eliot. At the entrance of the Alameda is a large flat piece of ground, where the regiments are drilled, and the music of the bands enlivens greatly the promenade. The views from there are very beautiful of the sea—the Straits and the coast of Africa. Beyond it, is what is called the South District, the most picturesque part of Gibraltar. The Alameda is the fashionable lounge, and in the cool of the evening, full of young officers of the garrison, pretty natives with fine figures and graceful mantillas, and English girls sustaining the reputation of their country, for the fairest complexions and the bluest eyes in the world. The town must be insufferably hot in the summer and autumn, for even now (20th of April) it is scarcely bearable. It is not the height of the thermometer,  $27^{\circ}$  in the shade, and  $24^{\circ}$  in the room, of Raumur, but the want of circulation of air, which makes Gibraltar intolerable. The rock rising immediately behind the town, reflects the heat and checks the currents of air, and causes, even at this season of the year, a stifling feeling extremely disagreeable. I prefer being on a mule exposed all day to an Andalusian sun, than lying on a luxurious English sofa in Griffiths' comfortable drawing-room. Fortunately

Gibraltar is soon seen, as one excursion up the mountain will satisfy the curiosity of most travelers. Permission is granted (on application) to see the Signal Towers, the O'Hara Tower, and the excavations. We first passed the Moorish castle, which is not shown. It is very picturesque, the entrance being ornamented with a fine circular arch, and it has evidently, from its battered appearance, done much service. We then went into the excavated galleries, which certainly are wonderful. Those towards the base of the rock, which were intended to be used for troops to retire into, and which are not shown now, existed before our conquest of Gibraltar.

The galleries the English have made, partly in imitation of these, contain thirty-seven guns. They say that the passages are not inconveniently filled with smoke when they are fired, except when there is a strong easterly wind. The holes for the mouths of the cannon are too small to be distinguishable until nearer the rock than any enemy could approach, and too small marks to hit, even if they saw them. A portion only of these guns (twenty four-pounders) are pointed towards the Spanish lines. Others are smaller, to defend the works, and prevent the lodgments of an enemy under the rock, where other guns could not reach them, and some are mounted on stocks, which rise and fall like a pair of scissors, so that the level can be instantly

changed. I forget what I was told was the length of the Spanish lines, I believe about fifteen hundred feet, and yet one hundred and sixty guns bear in this direction, not so much for the defence, as Gibraltar might well trust to its natural fortifications, but for the purpose of demolishing any works the Spaniards might erect. Besides the galleries, which are wonderful as tunnels, and the admirable way they are lighted, there are two rooms particularly deserving attention, the Cornwallis and the St. George's Hall. The latter is about fifty feet by thirty-five, and well proportioned in height. To an unscientific eye, these excavations seem the very perfection of fortifications, and not less wonderful are the different lines of works at the foot of the rock, which are best seen from the different openings in the galleries.

From the excavations we went to the Signal Tower, where the view is really splendid of the fine range of the Spanish mountains, St. Roque and Algeciras; of the two lines of hills forming the Straits, which from here appear to be rather low; and of the African coast, Ceuta very distinguishable, and Tangiers just perceptible. Gibraltar lies like a map beneath you. On one side, the lines, the cemeteries and kitchen gardens, and Catlin Bay, chiefly inhabited by fishermen; and on the other side a beautiful view of the South District, which is certainly the most picturesque part of the rock.

Houses, one large one belonging to a mess, barracks, and hospitals, are mingled beautifully with cliffs and trees. At a distance, Gibraltar seems quite barren, but all the crevices of the rocks are filled with aromatic shrubs, and wild flowers; and towards the South District, I observed a great quantity of the palmitas, with foliage like the doum palm-trees, the favourite food of the monkeys, the tenants of the rocks. From the Signal Tower we went to the Cave of St. Michael, which is worth seeing, even without light, and must be fine illuminated. Penetrating as far as the darkness would permit, the view is striking; looking towards the entrance, the stalactites hanging from the lofty roof are picturesque, and there are natural pillars standing in the centre, which in that dim light have the appearance of giants, with immense heads and broad shoulders, enveloped in mantles. From the Cavern we went to the O'Hara Tower, of which little but the ruin remains. The view from there of my favourite part of the island, the South District, is extremely beautiful. We then returned through avenues planted with geraniums, to our hotel. An abominably stupid *valet-de-place*, who pretends to speak and understand four languages, and really cannot speak or even understand one, and without a grain of information, or common sense, said we must have horses, which were only an incumbrance to us. We were an hour and a quarter reaching the

highest point, including the long time we were in the galleries, and the ascent is so easy, and road so good, any lady who is a tolerable walker, might dispense with a horse. We had to pay one and a half dollar each for them, one third of which was, I suspect, pocketed by the valet. I was sorry we did not see the inhabitants of the rock, the monkeys, who have the good sense to take refuge in the highest, coolest, and most inaccessible portions of the hill. Gibraltar bristles already with eight hundred guns, and other fortifications are in progress. It is impossible to view such an impregnable place, and to see and even feel the inconvenience of the rigid discipline, without acknowledging that it is an excellent nursery for our young soldiers, and without confessing that England has indeed reason to be proud of such an acquisition. It may be true, as Mr. Urquhart asserts, that the fortress has cost us fifty millions, but how many millions have English subjects gained by the commerce, illicit it is true, with this country. The quantity of our manufactures imported into the South of Spain was enormous, but at present the government has with a strong hand almost extinguished the unlawful trade, and the prosperity of Gibraltar is very much diminished. Several of the most extensive dealers have left, others are leaving, and the contrabandists as a class, have almost become extinct. Some have turned thieves and rob-

bers, but generally on a small scale, and travellers are safe from their attacks. On the way to St. Roque, I met a man who asked me if I had seen three contrabandistas, who had stripped his house of every article of value. A few still carry on the hazardous trade, and only yesterday the magistrate was employed in taking the deposition of an officer who had been stabbed by one of them. On the way from Granada, I asked my muleteers to be particular in pointing out to me every contrabandist we met; but so few of them are there now in the country, we only saw one, a fine-looking fellow, armed with a gun, and covered with a brown cloak, which reached to his Andalusian leggings. He was mounted on an excellent horse, and when we met him, turned out of the direct road into the hills. If, however, the commercial advantages of our possession of Gibraltar are for the present greatly diminished, a liberal tarif may probably soon establish a more legitimate trade; and the rock is of great political importance—it is a bridle on the ambition of France.

The Spaniards cannot like our retaining it, but when the Governor is as liberal as the present General, a good feeling always exists between the English and the Spanish population in the neighbourhood, who profit greatly from the advantages they derive in supplying the markets of Gibraltar. The Spaniards are apt to forget the services we

have rendered them, and this check on their pride, especially as it is possible they may some day have an Orleans Prince for a King, may in many ways be serviceable. The French wish to make the Mediterranean a French lake, but their dream is impossible, so long as we have Gibraltar at one end, and Malta and the Ionian Isles at the other.

The magnificent remains which still adorn the French colonies in Africa, and show us how Rome made every conquest an acquisition of power, appear to have no influence in suggesting to the French a better system of colonisation. England and Europe have no cause to envy the French possessions in Africa, which have hitherto only served as a safety valve to exhaust the treasure and overwarlike spirit of that country. Morocco is, however, our ally, and it is well we should be able, if requisite, to prevent their adding that kingdom to their other extensive conquests. Besides, what is Little Britain without its colonies? Should we not sink almost to the rank of a second-rate power without them, and shall we begin by abandoning the one that is most easily defended? Our colonies are splendid fields for the active spirits who create revolutions in other countries, and the sources of wealth to thousands. Long then may we possess "this bright pearl of the Ocean Queen's crown."\*

Gibraltar has its English church, a spacious

\* Handbook, p. 108.

temple, ornamented with horse-shoe arches, a wretched imitation of Moorish architecture, and the roof supported by columns in very bad taste. Every religion is of course tolerated, and there are many in this little place. The Jews are very numerous, and their costumes, and also those of the more picturesque and cleaner Moors, add greatly to the attractions of the streets, shops and walks. We had our passport arranged for Tangiers, but the wind being contrary, and no chance of a change, and nothing but small craft going, who never sail without a fair wind, we were obliged to abandon our excursion, which I cared less for, having spent eighteen months in Africa. The heat is already oppressive for an English lady, and our tour is only half completed.



## CHAPTER XVI.

ALGECIRAS—TARIFA—MOUNTAIN PASS—WILD DISTRICT—CHICLANA—ARRIVAL AT CADIZ—MUSEUM—THE CAPUCHIN CONVENT—THE CATHEDRAL—PUERTA DE SANTA MARIA—SHERRY WINE—VOYAGE TO SEVILLE.

WE had our passport arranged for Cadiz, and left disagreeable, hot Gibraltar without a single regret, except that we had not seen the monkeys. To speak to a native of these animals, is like talking to a Dutchman of tulips; they immediately become extraordinarily animated; magnify their numbers from less than two thousand to four thousand; talk of their being divided into three or four bodies, of their battles with each other, of their great size, large as men; and yet these enthusiastic admirers of the wonderful monkeys could not say how these vast hordes exist on the barren rock.

About an hour after leaving Gibraltar, we crossed the Guadarranque in a ferry-boat, and then passed the site of Carteia, a Phœnician city, of which

scarcely a vestige remains ; and after crossing the river Palmones, we arrived at Algeciras, ten miles from Gibraltar. The town is pretty ; the houses are low, but beautifully white, and the lattices of the windows and balconies, painted green, have a very pretty effect. We had a good dinner, and, as usual, plenty of fleas, at the Posada d'España.

We left Algeciras at seven o'clock, and after passing an aqueduct, soon began a steep ascent, and were three hours and a half in reaching the Venta de Ojen. I had arranged to go to Tarifa, an old Moorish town, called after Tarik, the Moslem chief, according to Mariana, but more probably after Tarif-Anajai, who commanded half the forces of Tarik.\* I should have liked to have seen the Moorish castle of Guzman el Bueno, who allowed his infant son to be murdered before the walls, rather than surrender to the Moors ; and I should also have liked to have seen a city which was the last abode of the Moriscoes in Spain ; such, at least, is the belief of the learned at Tetuan, as a very intelligent Moor informed me ; but I did not find out, until far too late, that my guide had taken a shorter road by a league. I was annoyed, as I take such interest in every vestige of the Moors ; otherwise, the views we enjoyed were splendid—of Gibraltar, the

\* Mohammedan Dynasties, vol. 1, p. 268.

Straits, Africa, Algeciras, and a foreground of wild crags, beautiful shrubs, and magnificent cork-trees. The path was the roughest I ever crossed, and four out of six horses fell; but every turn presented beautiful combinations of rocks and foliage. The ventorillo, the lowest kind of venta, furnished us a dozen eggs and some hot water, for which they charged five shillings. Mrs. H—— being fatigued with having been compelled to walk most of the way, I got the peasants to fasten a strong pole on each side of a chair, and carry her at a good pace to the next venta, a league further; but the road was good, compared to what we had passed.

The Handbook calls this a wild, dangerous road, and especially at the Trocha Pass, which is infested with smugglers and charcoal-burners, who occasionally become rateros and robbers; and certainly it is a place where any deed of darkness might easily be committed. Except at the two ventas, we neither met with habitations or men, and the few peasants that gathered round the venta were sad rough-looking fellows. The people of the neighbourhood are mostly charcoal-burners, and still have a bad reputation. Our friend, Monsieur L——, having the responsibility of carrying back to Toulouse his poor friend's will, thought it requisite to follow his Consul's advice, and hire an escopetero, or peasant, armed with a gun, as an additional protection through this wild district. He was con-

nected with the country, perhaps an old robber himself.

In the East, the guardianship of one Bedouin is a security against all his tribe, and the assistance of one escopetero was probably as good as a dozen, otherwise the addition of but an indifferent gun and another arm would not have protected us from attacks. He was a quiet, unassuming fellow, extremely taciturn, and walked on before the party at a rate we found it difficult to keep up with.

We were six hours afterwards in reaching La Barca, a posada, prettily situated at the foot of a range of hills, on the summit of which is the little town of Vejer. A bridge, leading over the river to the posada, increases the picturesque effect. Since we left the venta, our route has been over large plains, little cultivated, but the soil generally admirable. We observed here, as in many other places, La Era, or a piece of ground, near the houses, beat down hard, and often cemented, which is the thrashing-floor of the Bible. In Egypt, the sheaves are placed upon it, and the corn trod out of the ear by two oxen dragging a kind of harrow; here, they say, they use horses.

Many of these plains are inundated during the winter, for want of proper canals and drains, and burnt in summer; but nothing would be more easy than to make them as fertile as any country in the world. Wells and water-wheels would turn the

desert into a garden. Now they are covered with immense herds of cattle—horses, bulls, cows, sheep, pigs, donkeys, and mules. The peasants live in cottages thatched to the ground, resembling, at a distance, stacks of hay. The plains are generally surrounded with low hills, sometimes thickly planted with fine cork-trees and evergreen oaks, and having almost the appearance of a park in England. The Venta de Barca has a fair outside, but, as usual, nothing to be got but eggs.

The fatigue of the mountain ride seemed to have sent every one to bed sooner than is usual in the ventas, but the silence was soon disturbed by the screams of a lady, who had jumped into hers with too much agility, and the ricketty affair came down bodily, with a crash of rotten planks, enough to startle the strongest nerves. Being in the dark, and well read in the horrors, romances have depicted in solitary inns in Spain and other lands, her alarm was very great, not knowing what would happen.

We left Vejer at seven o'clock, and had an uninteresting ride of four hours and a half to Chiclana, over plains covered with flowers and shrubs despoilados, tenanted only by herds of cattle, where occasionally there was pasture. On our left lay the sandy lines of Trafalgar. "England expects every man to do his duty," was the last and great command of Nelson, and it seems to be written on every British sailor's heart. Afterwards we passed the Knoll

of Barossa, where Graham gained a more disputed victory.

It was extremely hot (at eleven o'clock, in the shade,  $26^{\circ}$  Raumur); before arriving at Chiclana, we passed a forest of pines, but they were too poor and too thinly planted to afford any shelter from the heat, and we were therefore glad to arrive at an excellent fonda, where we had an admirable breakfast of fish and cutlets, and very delicate good wine, and yet paid no more than for water and a little bread in the miserable ventas.

Chiclana has still open drains, exposed to an African sun, for the benefit of the children who are sent here to nurse, and invalids to feed on a soup chiefly made of long snakes, which are said to effect miraculous cures. The town seems tolerably pretty, but the country round has little beauty to boast of. We were glad to change our horses for the diligence to Cadiz, which however was nothing better than an omnibus. We passed St. Fernando, in the island of St. Leon, an extremely pretty, clean-looking town. The white houses, with their green lattices and balconies, have a very pleasing effect; and the Calle Reale, which we passed through, is one of the best streets for length and width I have seen in Spain. In the diligence were two good-looking Spanish officers, and two very pretty Cadiz girls: the latter appeared shy at first, but a flirtation was soon

established, and long before the journey was over they were the best of friends.

The view of the Bay of Cadiz seemed flat, after the scenery we have visited, but the fortifications, on entering, appeared strong. Our trunks were examined at the gate, and we walked from there along the port to the Hotel of the Alameda, which was full; and after trying several others, we were glad to find excellent rooms at the Orient, a French hotel.

Cadiz was founded by the Phœnicians three hundred and forty-seven years before Rome, says Mr. Ford. In 1596, the city was sacked by Lord Essex; and in 1628 and 1702, other ill-planned attempts were made by the English, and without success. The city strikes you, on entering, as perfectly beautiful—such a number of handsome houses and clean streets; but, like Malaga, it is a commercial town, and therefore has little fine art. In the museum are a few paintings, worth seeing. Several portraits of St. Bruno, by Zurbaran, remarkable only for the good colouring of the drapery; two angels with incense, the higher parts of these figures are very graceful, but the lower parts badly drawn. The best by Zurbaran, are two small paintings—St. Lorenzo and St. John the Baptist, Nos. 15 and 17. These are almost Raphaellesque in colouring; the embroidery of St. Lorenzo's gar-

ment elaborately painted. There is also in the museum a good Murillo—a Conception—from the convent of San Felipe Nari: it has the signature of the artist written in full, and looks like an original, but not one of his best; yet the expression of the Madonna is very beautiful, and the angels are well grouped. The painting has been badly restored in several places, especially the two little angels on each side of the Virgin. The museum contains a tolerable collection of casts for students.

The Capuchin convent contains several Murillos; one over the grand altar, consisting of a large centre painting, representing the Marriage of St. Catherine; above which is a small picture of the Father Eternal, with angels, very different from the same in our fine painting. There are also two more on each side of the large one; a St. Francis, above which is a Guardian Angel; and on the other side a St. Joseph and the Infant Jesus, and above the latter a St. Michael. All these, said to be by Murillo, are interesting as his last works; and there is no doubt that, when painting the St. Catherine, he fell from the scaffolding, and never recovered from the injuries he received, dying shortly afterwards at Seville. The paintings were finished by his scholars. I should not think he had painted any portion of the St. Michael and the Guardian Angel, very little of the St. Joseph, but perhaps more of the St. Francis, which is good,

only the large figures of the Marriage of St. Catherine; and these are unfinished, and want the warmth and life of his finishing touches.

The children are all by Osorio, with large heads quite out of proportion, and wanting entirely the exquisite grace with which his master painted cherubs. The composition of the painting is fine, and the attitudes of St. Catherine and the large angels full of grace.

In the same chapel, in the side aisle, is a dark picture of St. Francis receiving the Stigmata, by Murillo: the head of St. Francis is remarkably fine, full of expression and religion. On the opposite side of the chapel is a Conception, by Murillo, but the Virgin has not the beautiful expression of the one in the museum, though the cherubs supporting her are graceful, especially the one at her feet.

The *façade* of the new cathedral is in wretched taste, though the interior is rather a good specimen of churrigueresque. The aisles are formed by clusters of Corinthian columns, with heavy attics above the capitals. In the sacristy there is a good Magdalene, which they say is by Murillo; but it is not at all like his style—much more like Ribalta's.

There is in another chapel a Conception, by Murillo, but not in his best style; the lower part of the figure of the Virgin is too wide; but the expression is good, and the cherubs, especially one,

are very pretty. There is nothing else worth observing. The old cathedral is not worth visiting.

Cadiz is certainly the fairest city in Spain. The Torre de Tebiri should be ascended, whence the situation of the city, almost surrounded by water, may be seen, only a small narrow strip connecting the city with the continent; and the immense mass of sparkling houses, white as snow, contrasting vividly with the lapis-lazuli heaven above. The streets are so narrow, few are visible from this point; the long street of the Sacramento is the only one of importance that looks like a thoroughfare. The roofs of the houses are flat, and ornamented frequently with flowers; and many have small square towers, with sentry-boxes, for the inhabitants to enjoy the view and fresh air, sheltered from the oppressive heat of summer or the cold of winter. The yellow dome of the cathedral, and the churrigueresque church of the Carmen, are the most conspicuous buildings. The view of the fine bay is beautiful, but the country around is flat and uninteresting.

The views of Cadiz I admire most are from the fortifications near the Alameda, and more especially from the sea. The city seems to rise fairy-like from the deep blue waters, and the trees of the Alameda, which are of a good size, and the gay bright houses, with their green balconies and iron lattices, have a charming effect.

All seems new at Cadiz, so clean are the habitations and the streets ; indeed so very fresh is the white colouring and also the green paint, it seems like a city which had sprung up by enchantment all at once, and not the work of ages. Turn which way you will into the very long straight streets or the short ones, or the Plaza de la Constitución, or others smaller, the same freshness, the same bright colouring, the same remarkable cleanliness, are everywhere distinguishable.

The shops are good, but they make little show, most of the goods being inside. They appear to dread the evil eye, as none of their treasures are exposed to the jealousy of passers-by. The women seem justly celebrated for their easy, graceful, and natural walk, but I did not see much beauty.

We crossed over to Puerta de Santa Maria in a small steamer, which makes the voyage three times a-day. The town is pretty, and in the same style as Cadiz. We went into Messrs. Gaztelu Yriartes' bottega, an immense store, containing a prodigious collection of butts of sherry. We tasted the new wine, which was not drinkable, and afterwards, splendid Amontillado and brown sherries. We also tasted some delicious Muscatel, and very excellent Manzanilla, and made some purchases. About forty thousand butts are exported every year, three-fourths of the quantity to England, and almost all the rest to America. I have learnt that forty-two thousand five hundred and eighty-eight butts were

exported from the Bay of Cadiz, during the year 1850. The bottega was kept in excellent order, and it was really an imposing sight to see such an immense array of enormous butts of fine, generous wine.

On our return to Cadiz, I went to Mr. Wetherell's, and saw some few tolerable paintings, and, among many drawings, a very beautiful one by Alonso Cano, charmingly coloured. I saw also some impressions of Roman inscriptions, which he found at Italica, and which he has sent to England. I saw also this evening other galleries, but none containing paintings of any merit; and bad as they were they asked exorbitant prices for them.

We heard that a steam-boat was leaving for Seville, and that there would not be another for three days, an immense period to remain in a place, where yesterday the thermometer was  $27\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  Raumur in the shade, and mosquitoes and fleas intolerable; no works of art, and nothing in the world to see, all the streets being so much alike. Besides the anxiety of M. L—— to get on, and my own impatience to arrive at Seville, the prospect of seeing a bull-fight—the last, I was erroneously told, that would occur before June—made me determine to leave Cadiz this morning, and give up Xeres, which I regret, not for the sake of the wine bottegas, as I have seen a large one, which is all that is requisite; but there are there some Moorish remains, an old castle and a

gateway worth seeing, and I should have liked to have surveyed the scene of the eventful battle between the Moors and the Christians. As we passed by sea we could perceive the flatness of the land, uninteresting in the extreme, but admirably calculated for a great conflict. It was on the banks of the Guadalete that King Roderick lost his crown, and the Crescent was triumphant over the Cross. The pomp with which Don Roderick went forth to war, is characteristic of the times.\* He was arrayed in robes of gold brocade, his sandals were embroidered with pearls and diamonds, he had a sceptre in his hand, and he wore a regal crown resplendent with inestimable jewels. Thus gorgeously apparelled, he ascended a lofty chariot of ivory, the axletrees of which were silver, and the wheels and poles covered with plates of burnished gold. Above his head was a canopy of cloth of gold, embossed with armorial devices, and studded with precious stone. This sumptuous chariot was drawn by milk-white horses, with caparisons of crimson velvet embroidered with pearls. A thousand youthful cavaliers surrounded the car, all of the best blood and noblest spirit; all knighted by the King's own hand, and sworn to defend him to the last. Roderick called upon his soldiers to summon up the ancient valour of their race, and avenge the blood of their brethren. "One

\* Legend of Don Roderick, p. 49.

day of glorious fighting," said he, "and this infidel horde will be driven into the sea, or will perish beneath your swords. Forward bravely to the fight; your families are behind you, praying for your success; the invaders of your country are before you, God is above to bless his holy cause, and your King leads you to the field." The army shouted with one accord, "Forward to the foe, and death be his portion who shuns the encounter!"

When the two armies were advancing upon each other, and the eyes of Roderick fell upon the men in the front ranks, he was horror-struck, and was heard to exclaim, "By the faith of the Messiah! these are the very men I saw painted on the scroll found in the Mansion of Science of Toledo." The third day of the fight, El Tarik perceiving that the Moslems were losing courage, addressed them, and said: "O, Moslems! Conquerors of the West, where are you going? What will avail a base and inconsiderate flight? the sea is behind, the enemy in front, there is no safety but in your valour and in the assistance of God!"

The Christians struggled desperately, and for a while successfully, for they fought for their country and their faith; and the Moors were overcome by the multitude and fury of their foes, when Bishop Oppas and the two princes, sons of the late king, who had hitherto kept their forces out of the fight, went over to the enemy, and turned their weapons upon