

from its situation, is certainly better adapted than Madrid to be the metropolis of the empire. Before the use of artillery its local advantages were many and valuable; and notwithstanding its present state of decay, when we reflect that Livy mentions it as a town, in a period of his history more than two thousand years ago, it is not improbable that it may still exist, when Madrid, the mere creation of caprice and despotic power, shall have dwindled to a village, or stand, like Palmyra, a landmark in the desert.

CHAP. IV.

Route from Madrid to Cadiz and Algeçiras.

THE morning after my return to Madrid, the English letters were arrived; having nothing farther to expect, I prepared to take the road to Algeçiras, in prosecution of the objects of my journey. In Spain the best mode of travelling for a man not incommoded with baggage is to ride post. This is under strict regulations, and is performed either on horseback, or in a low four-wheeled calèche, generally drawn by three mules. Before setting out it is necessary to have a licence from the post-master, which gives the traveller a right of insisting on the established regulations throughout the whole

of his route. For this licence he must pay two Spanish dollars, and for the first post double the usual price. On horse-back the charge is about $\frac{3}{5}$ of a dollar per league, and including the gratuities to the guide or postillion at each post, and all other disbursements on the road, the expense of travelling in this manner in Spain may be computed at a dollar per league. It is best to carry your own saddle, especially for Englishmen, their mode of riding being different from that of most other nations. The saddles generally used in Spain are like those of the Moors, from whom they were no doubt borrowed, being cumbrous and high both behind and before, to give the rider a firmer seat. The stirrups are a kind of open wooden boxes, capable of receiving the whole foot, being a mere corruption of those used by the Turkish and the Asiatic cavalry, which are also broad and flat, being made of iron and sharpened at one corner, so as to supply the place

of spurs. The postillion carries the baggage before him, if it does not exceed forty pounds in weight ; but they are not scrupulous in taking more ; and as the post-horses are generally very good, there can be no mode of travelling more pleasant in fine weather.

On the 22d of October, in the afternoon, I leave Madrid. The guide carries my portmanteau, and flourishes a long whip, with which he may be said to be armed ; such is the force with which he seems to use it. Since leaving Lisbon, till now, I have scarcely seen a drop of rain ; but this very day the sky begins to be overcast with heavy clouds, and it is foretold that a wet journey awaits me. If however, I had needed any additional incentive, the current news of the day would have been sufficient. For a week past, it has been said, that positive orders have arrived from the French government, that the combined fleets should sail from Cadiz and give battle to the

English. A new French Admiral, who had arrived at Madrid, has again left it to supersede the present in command; and immediately upon his arrival in Cadiz it is expected the fleets will sail. If the English are off the harbour, perhaps I may arrive there in time to see the battle, nay, let it be only to hear the thunder of the cannon. With these ideas I bid adieu to Madrid; but cannot help noticing, more particularly now, the want of bustle and life in this city, since the noise of my postillion's whip, and the clattering of our horses over the stones, are sufficient to draw great numbers to the windows and doors of the streets through which we pass. It would hardly be excusable in a small village.

From Madrid to Los Angeles, the first post-house is two leagues and a half, or ten English miles. The post leagues are very seldom measured, being generally marked by computation, so that when enquiring about distances, the guide will

answer, that it is so many short, or so many long leagues. They are however, upon an average, fully four English miles, being seldom less, but often more. Los Angeles is merely two or three houses; but a neighbouring church, on a high ground, has some monkish tale of angels annexed to it; whence the name. The country presents nothing worthy of notice between Madrid and Los Angeles, nor even as far as Espartinas, the next post of three leagues. From Espartinas to Aranjuez, however, a distance of ten miles, we approach the banks of the Tagus, and the country assumes a pleasing appearance; seemingly better cultivated, and diversified with woods. The road running for several miles under avenues of trees, announces the approach to this favourite residence of the court. It is by far the pleasantest village or town, whatever it may be called, that I have yet seen in this country, and I am not surprized that the inhabitants of Madrid

should call it the garden of Spain. The Tagus being at this time swollen by the rain which had already begun to fall among the mountains near its source, swept along with a rushing noise underneath the bridge over which we entered the village. The king's palace is delightfully situated near the banks of this river, which are level and fertile, totally different from the romantic shape that they assume at Toledo, lower to the south-west. I cannot presume however to give any description of this Royal seat from merely passing through it. Even the temporary pleasure I enjoyed at seeing it was much diminished by the night drawing on dark and lowering; and before my new postillion was ready heavy drops had begun to fall, I rejoiced however to find myself well mounted, and we set off as usual at full gallop.

Immediately after leaving Aranjuez, we ascended a tolerably steep hill; but the road, as is universally the case near all the

royal seats, was excellent. We had not however long time to enjoy it, for a violent storm of wind and rain, which had been collecting for several hours, now broke upon us, and soon increased to such violence that the guide advised our return. This I refused, so that he had no resource but to make the best of his way through the rain, which fell in torrents, and so continued till we reached Ocana, a village on the top of a steep hill, two leagues from Aranjuez. It being now quite dark, and the storm continuing, I determined to remain here till day-break. As I had formed no expectations, I was not chagrined to find so few comforts in a Spanish inn. Although drenched to the skin, so that even my boots were filled with water, here was no cheerful fire, no clean room, no ready attendant. On each side of a large fire-place sat an old woman and her daughter cowering over two or three smoky bundles of wet brush-wood ; a chair, a table, and a small glim-

mering lamp formed the furniture; and here was all to which I had to look for comfort for the night. The old woman however received me very kindly, and shewed me to a room, which though also floored with earth like the kitchen, was better furnished, and provided with a bed. While I here changed my dress, she prepared my supper, which consisted of eggs fried in lamp oil, and together with coarse bread and garlick, formed a mess which a long fast and a ride of forty miles made me relish. When I was just ready to choke with thirst, my kind hostess again appeared, and set before me a small pitcher of wine, to wash down this precious composition. This formed my sole companion till I chose to go to rest, when, behold an alarming circumstance, and which might make a figure in romance. On removing a mat which lay at the bed-side, I found that it served to cover a hole; the entrance, as I saw by the help of my lamp, to a long dark vault. This, thought I im-

mediately, is to answer two purposes; first for the murderers to come unawares upon the poor sleeper, and then to cast his body into. After some pause, I covered the hole as before, and then piled up all the chairs in the room upon it in such a manner that with the least motion they must have fallen; then having bolted the door, I placed my pistols ready cocked under my pillow, and thus secured, in spite of daggers and pale-faced assassins, soon fell fast asleep. Nothing disturbed me till the break of day, when my postillion called me at the hour I had appointed. I then took an opportunity of examining this dreadful cavern; and discovered, oh gentle reader! that it was indeed no other than a large wine vault dug underneath the house, and the roof of which being only supported by beams of wood, had in some places decayed and fallen in; so groundless are often our apprehensions.

Being again on horseback, a ride of three and a half leagues, or about fifteen

miles, brought us to the village of La Guardia, situated on the summit of a range of broken ground, which presents at a distance the most singular appearance of natural fortifications, with regular out-works. This range is separated to the north from the country over which I had passed by a deep and fertile valley, in which are several high detached mounts, with sharp summits. La Guardia is a miserable village; but the whole surrounding country is highly worthy of the attention of the naturalist. From La Guardia two leagues through an open country brings us to Tembleque, a small town situated in the plain, and near a lake formed by the rains which in winter descend from the neighbouring hills. Hence this lake constantly decreases as the summer advances, although now covered with large flocks of wild-fowl, attracted by the effects of the late rains. I noticed also, in crossing the plains between La Guardia and Tembleque, that the ploughs were every where in mo-

tion, to take advantage of the earth being softened by the first rains. From Tembleque I proceeded fourteen leagues farther that day, which brought me to Manzanares. In all this distance Madridejos, four leagues from Tembleque, is the only place of any note; several of the other posts being merely single groups of two or three houses. During the greater part of this day I have a distant view of the Sierra Morena, or brown mountains; Sierra expressing their sawed or rugged appearance; and also cross some of the brooks which form the sources of the Guadiana. Manzanares is a small neat town, and carries on a considerable commerce with the neighbouring interior provinces, which, employing many carriers, gives the place some appearance of business. It stands upon a small stream which falls into the Guadiana at no great distance from its source. On my arrival, however, I was not much inclined to prosecute my enquiries in these points,

having ridden more than eighty miles that day ; but was well pleased with the prospect of a tolerable supper, and some good wine, which the appearance of the posada seemed to promise. In this I was not disappointed, being soon served with a dish of sausages stewed in oil, with tomatas and green pepper pods. This dish was accompanied with excellent bread, good salad, fruit, and wine ; and thus situated, what man alone could be more happy than solitary me. To crown all I retired to a decent bed ; and early the next morning left my benediction upon Manzanares.

There are two posts, of two leagues each, between Manzanares and Valdepenas, a small neat town, surrounded by low sloping hills, of a reddish soil, and covered with vines. The wine made here is among the best in Spain, though little, if at all, known in England. When properly kept it has a taste something between Burgundy and Claret ; and were it not for the flavour

of the skins in which the Spaniards preserve their wines, few in Europe would be superior to it. When will England and Spain come to understand the true relation in which they stand to each other; and how long will the former sacrifice the great and noble connections which she ought to form with this country, to the commerce of a subtle and ungrateful ally? To form the basis of these connections it is the wines and the productions of Spain that England should encourage, and not exclusively those of Portugal. But of this perhaps more hereafter.

From Valdepenas to Santa Cruz de Mudela, or the Holy Cross of Mudela, is another stage of two leagues. This ride is chiefly among low hills till we approach Mudela, the country round which is tolerably level. I cannot help noticing that the towns and villages through which I have lately passed are in general neater and better built than those on the road from Lisbon to Madrid. Here I could not obtain

horses till after waiting nearly four hours. In the mean time my hostess prepared for me a stew of a rabbit with beans, tomatas, garlick, and herbs ; I never interfering with their cookery. As it had been raining the greater part of the morning, she placed the little stool with my dinner close to the fire, whilst she and her three daughters surrounded me, and asked an infinite number of questions about England. At two o'clock I was again on horseback, and prepared to enter the Sierra Morena, formerly so much dreaded by travellers, on account of the robberies and murders committed in it, that they never quitted Mudela until a sufficient number had collected to form a kind of caravan. They form here the division between La Mancha and Andalusia. A few miles from Mudela we enter, as it were at once, among these mountains, and are soon so surrounded by them that we lose for a time all trace of human habitation. Nothing can exceed their bleak and barren

appearance ; either covered all over with brown heath, or presenting at intervals masses of rocks, and the shattered sides of mountains, disclosing their inmost strata. But it is not till we have ascended considerably, and into the heart of these mountains, that we see all their grandeur. This is principally between the post-house of La Venta de Cárdenas, four leagues from Mudela, and the small village of Santa Elena, two leagues farther. Here, travelling along on excellent roads, we behold beneath us, on the left, a deep valley, strewn with immense masses of stone ; whilst, on the opposite side, the rocks project with peculiar grandeur, rising almost perpendicularly from their bases to the height of seven or eight hundred feet. Their dark grey surface is contrasted with the tall trees which clothe their base. A small stream runs in the bottom of the valley, and in summer hardly creeps among the broken rocks. But it was now a resistless torrent, tumbling down huge stones,

and dashing them against each other with violence and a sharp noise.

One circumstance was wanting to complete the sublimity of the scene ; but it was only wanting for a short time. Dark clouds collected rapidly on the summits of the mountains, the lightning began to gleam, the bursting thunders seemed to roll down the vallies, and the rain fell in torrents. Such was the howling of the wind and rain that the noise of the torrent in the bottom of the valley was more faintly heard, and sounded as if removed to a greater distance. Oh for the pencil of a Salvator Rosa to sketch the pass of the Sierra Morena ! What must it not have been before these excellent roads were formed, and when numerous bands of robbers infested the mountains ? The small village of Santa Elena stands on the summit of the pass, and where indeed it may be said to end. From this height there is an extensive view in every direction ; and the traveller retraces with plea-

sure his first entrance into the mountains, soon after leaving Mudela, until a constant ascent of nearly six leagues has brought him on a level with their summits. The whole of this road is excellent, especially where it leads in a zigzag up the sides of the steepest hills. From Santa Elena, we constantly descend towards the south or S. S. W. by a road equally excellent with that over which we have just travelled, until we reach La Carolina, a small neat village, at the distance of two leagues from the former. These two leagues still continue to present something striking to the traveller in Spain; namely, small white farm houses, with orchards, which have an effect doubly pleasing after passing through such barren scenery. One man, one good man, produced all this change. He was a physician, a man of science, who had long felt a secret indignation that such a disgraceful barrier as the dreaded Sierra Morena should exist between the capital and the southern and south-western

provinces. He surveyed the obstacles, formed a plan for removing them, and presented it to his government. Fortunately he was listened to; roads were opened, posts established, and, above all, colonies of industrious Germans invited to Spain, and planted among the mountains, where they preserve many of the manners and customs, and even much of the complexion and language of their country. Not only the villages of Santa Elena and La Carolina, but several others, as well as the detached houses, are entirely peopled by these colonists. On my arrival at the post-house of La Carolina, I was much pleased with this difference of manners, and of the interior regulations of the household. All the walls were white washed, and every utensil appeared bright and clean. The whole family was attentive to my wants; and at supper, instead of a ragout of oil and garlick, they set before me a German mess of fried bacon, eggs, and good cabbage. Heaven rest the soul of the pa-

triotic physician who settled these honest Germans amid the mountains of the Sierra Morena; for since my coming to Spain I have not made so good a supper as I have done this night,

25th.—I was this morning on horseback before day-break, and which had yet scarcely dawned when we reached Guarroman, which to judge by the appearance of the houses, is the last of the villages built for the German colonists. Here I overtook a Spanish officer of rank, travelling without ceremony, and attended by a single servant. He was a man who had seen much of the world, and politely expressed his regret that, though we were going the same road, his being in a Berlin, or Silla de Posta, prevented our keeping company. A ride of two leagues brings us to Baylen, a small town, upon a hill, and by the bustle which prevailed in it, apparently a place of some internal commerce. Not being able to procure fresh

horses, I proceeded with that on which I was mounted.

Immediately after leaving Baylen we enter upon a woody and broken country, much frequented by robbers, and which continues till we nearly reach La Casa del Rey, a solitary post-house, two leagues and a half from Baylen. Here I was again most unwillingly detained for want of horses, until the post or letter-carrier arriving, they found mules for it, and furnished me with a hobbling rozinante to accompany it. The letter bags are carried in a two wheeled tent cart, drawn by three mules, and in which two or three travellers, with their baggage, are sometimes stretched out, being unable, from the lowness of the tilting, to sit upright. As, however, they travel night and day, the Spaniards are astonished at the swiftness of its progress. I followed this vehicle for two and a half leagues, to Andujar; but it went so very tardily that I was obliged repeatedly

to stop my horse, that I might have the pleasure of a gallop in overtaking it. Andujar is a considerable town, situated in a plain, on the banks of the Guadalquiver, but has apparently once been a place of much greater consequence than at present, and has probably decayed ever since the expulsion of the Moors. The river has here many windings; but the banks being bare of trees, and the country round miserably cultivated, the beauty of their effect is greatly lost. While I stopped here to dine, having tasted nothing during the whole day, several of the town-officers came to examine my papers and passports. This office they performed with great civility; and it was the first and only time that a single question was put to me on that head during the whole route. After leaving Andujar we enter upon a plain, which extends to a great distance before us; and is bounded on the left by the Guadalquiver, and the small hills which rise from its opposite bank. As the river,

however, is seldom visible till we approach Aldea del Rio, or the village on the river, a distance of sixteen miles, although marked only three and a half leagues, this ride is barren and uninteresting ; the pleasantest ride being when we look back upon Andujar and the distant mountains of the Sierra Morena. From Aldea del Rio to el Carpio, another long post of three and a half leagues, the country is more diversified with hill and dale, but still wanting in cultivation. About two leagues from Aldea del Rio, as we were ascending a small hill, I beheld two men, with long muskets, running as if to reach the summit before us. My guide called out that they were robbers, which appearing to me very probable, I prepared for their reception ; and suffered him to advance about fifty yards in front. By this means I thought it not likely that the robbers would fall upon the guide, seeing that I was behind well mounted, armed and prepared, in case of need, to attack.

them. Had we been close together, so that there might have been a chance of hitting us both, they would certainly have fired. As it was, they halted with the utmost composure, and leaned upon their long muskets while I passed. I held my right hand upon my pistol in the holster, and looked upon them sternly. My guide was already so far ahead with the baggage that it would have been needless to attack me. Their looks were wild and savage; their dress was composed chiefly of sheep skins, and besides their muskets and long knives, their girdles were stuck full of pistols. These were the only robbers I saw in Spain; and should any traveller find himself in similar circumstances, I recommend the plan which I adopted, and which I had previously determined to pursue. After this adventure I reached the post-house, which lies away from the town to the right, wet to the skin; and the night having come on dark and uncomfortable, with incessant rain, I determined to stop. The *posada* was nearly full of

company of various kinds. I easily found a room ; but a chair, a table, and a lamp, were luxuries which well deserved waiting for. At length, my guardian angel at all Spanish inns, appeared to me in its usual shape of an old woman with a lamp in her hand. This she hung against the wall, without any fear of blackening it, where, after it had glimmered for about an hour, I was further provided with a wicker bottomed chair, a plank upon two cross sticks, called a table, a straw mattrass, and a blanket. To my still greater satisfaction, my old woman also brought me a soup plate, filled with pieces of meat and broken bones, stewed with bad oil and garlick, followed by a salad, a loaf of brown bread, and some wine not very sour. Thus sumptuously treated, it was certainly my own fault if I did not make a good supper ; but thanks to a ride of thirty miles, I could have put up with coarser fare. After supper, while sitting smoking a solitary cigar, two or three Spanish ladies and an

officer entered my apartment, with the little ceremony which most nations except the English use in entering each other's bed rooms. These ladies informed me, that as they slept in the next apartment, into which there was a door from mine, and had heard there was a stranger so near, they could not have slept without assuring themselves that the door was perfectly secure. For these apprehensions, after slightly examining the door, they begged me to excuse them, and having spent a great deal more time in looking at my pistols, saddle, and portmanteau, and asking numerous questions, their gentle bosoms were freed from all alarm on my account, and courteously wishing me good night, they retired. This may serve as an instance of the freedom of Spanish manners.

26th.—Early this morning was again on horseback, and after a ride of two and a half leagues, through an irregular country, but still miserably cultivated, arrived

at Casablanca del Rey, or the King's White House, a solitary post-house, not worthy of so sounding a title. Two and a half leagues further brought me to the ancient city of Cordova, close upon the Guadalquiver. This city, once the capital of the Moors, still preserves many traces of that people, particularly in the cathedral, with its numerous spiry turrets. The approach to it is pleasing; as from gently sloping heights we have a fine view of its walls and towers, and the windings of the river. But it may be still farther remarked, that the complexions of the people begin perceptibly to alter, not only here, but at Andujar, becoming browner, and marking either the influence of a warmer climate, or of different ancestors from the Spaniards of the interior and northern provinces. At Cordova we cross the Guadalquiver, on a fine old bridge; and looking back, behold the river running close under the walls of the town, and the minaret turrets of the cathedral

overtopping all. This town well deserves two or three days investigation; what shall I then presume to say of it who was there only two or three hours? After leaving Cordova, we see no more of the Guadalquivir, but soon enter on a more open and uncultivated country, which continues till we reach the solitary post-house of El Cortijo de Mangonegro, at the distance of three leagues.

Three leagues more brings us to la Carlota, a remarkably neat village, upon a height, with a very broad street through the centre. and furnished with a public library, the first I have seen in Spain. Whilst stopping here to eat, I hear that couriers from the coast have passed through, in all haste to Madrid. They talk confusedly of a great naval fight with the English, but reports concerning the issue are various. This only increases my eagerness to arrive at the coast. Four leagues from Carlota brings us to Ecija, through a diversified and pleasant country.

This is also a town founded by the Moors ; and is well built and pleasantly situated in a vale, through which, runs a small river, the Genil, which after a farther course of about twenty miles, to the westward, falls into and greatly increases the Guadalquivir. Ecija is said to be the town of resort to many robbers, who find here a shelter little molested by the magistrates. However that may be, the banks of the river are here fertile and well cultivated, and the whole place has a thriving appearance.

From Ecija I proceeded onwards three leagues, to Lusiana, a small village, with a good post-house, and where I found more attentions than at any place on the road, except Carolina. Within the courtyard were several orange trees, covered with fruit, which was not the first indication of my approach to a warmer climate. During the whole of this day I have noticed several trees and shrubs, which flourish only in warm countries ; besides many common hedges of the aloe and euphor-

bium. At Lusiana fresh couriers have arrived with new details of this great naval battle, but it is now whispered that the English have gained the advantage, but with the loss of half their fleet. Cadiz, it is said, is full of wounded men. I can scarcely sleep all night; and agreeably to my desire am called before day-break.

27th.—In the night time information is received that there are robbers on the road; but that only retards us till the dawn of day. Three miles from Lusiana we meet the persons who had been robbed in a small pass on the top of a rising ground. They were peasants proceeding to market; and the robbers had not only taken away the grain which they were carrying, but their mules and horses, and carried all off, leaving them bound hand and foot. They were just relieved as we approached the spot; and told a melancholy tale of the robbers having plundered them of their all.

A ride of three and a half leagues, for the most part over open sandy plains, brought us to la Venta de la Portuguesa, a solitary post-house, in the middle of a flat and uncultivated country. Here I was detained for want of horses ; but the disappointment was somewhat recompensed by my finding in this lonely house the Spanish officer whom I had seen at Guarroman. As he had travelled in a covered chaise, and could therefore proceed constantly, notwithstanding the rains and dark nights, I had as yet reached no further than him. We dined comfortably together, although it was only eleven o'clock ; the officer furnishing some excellent ham, and the landlady, eggs and cookery. At my departure he gave me his card, begging me to detain horses or mules for him as I went along. From la Venta de la Portuguesa we ride two leagues over a flat country ; another half league forms the ascent of the steep hill, on the summit of which stands Carmona, a

town whose walls and towers denote a place formerly of great strength, and yet of some consequence. After arriving at the post-house, I examined the card which I had received from the officer, and found from it that he was a general; and whose name shewed him to be of Irish extraction. On inquiry I was informed that he was going to Cadiz, and thence along the coast, to take the command of the Spanish army collecting in the north-eastern provinces, to join their French allies in Italy. I could not help thinking that a Spanish general, travelling with so little pomp, was worthy to command.

From Carmona two leagues brought me to Mayrena, a small town, near a stream, which falls into the Guadalquivir by Sevilla. Another stage of two leagues reaches to Alcala de Guadaira, pleasantly situated in a valley, and on the sides of several surrounding hills, and close upon the stream which runs past Mayrena. From Alcala the post for Cadiz goes to

Sevilla, distant two leagues, and then returns to Alcala. Thus to see Sevilla required a circuit of four leagues. Shall I confess that my eagerness to arrive on the coast prevented my making even this small delay, to see one of the most celebrated ancient cities of Spain, and which was the court residence of Ferdinand and Isabella when Columbus was brought home from the West Indies in chains! I was already mounted, when a Spanish Gentleman approached, and taking me for a Frenchman, addressed me in that language, and begged to know if I had seen General ——— on my route. Having satisfied him on this head, he talked on other topics, and exclaimed, "Ah, what a misfortune is this!" "How now, said I?" "Have you not heard of the misfortune of our fleet?" said he, still taking me for a Frenchman; "there has been a great battle with the English." Your Admiral Villeneuve is taken prisoner, Magon is killed, and poor Gravina is arrived in

Cadiz badly wounded. Poor Gravina! said I, hardly able to conceal my emotions, and I was already on the road preceding my guide. Three leagues along a flat and excellent road, though often sandy, and generally confined between hedges, brought me to Utrera, a small town, where I spent the night.

28th.—Early this morning am again on horseback, and after riding three and a half leagues, and being obliged to make a considerable circuit, on account of a small stream swelled by the rains to a torrent, reach el Ventorillo de las Torres de Locaz, a single post-house near an old tower. Another post of three and a half leagues is la Real Casa del Cuervo, also a solitary house in the midst of a wild country. Here I was again detained for want of horses; and to employ the time, with great difficulty procured an omlet of two eggs fried in lamp-oil, together with a small loaf of black bread, and a little sour wine. After waiting for three

hours, I agreed to pay the price of two horses for a single one, which I found in the stables, and to carry my portmanteau behind me. In this manner I set out alone, at the risk of losing my road, which for some time continued over hills and vallies, where the soil appeared a mixture of chalk and clay. At length I arrived at an open country, and the spires of Xérez de la frontera appeared at a distance over the plains, although the soil immediately near the road was sandy and uncultivated. This town is pleasantly situated in an open country, surrounded by gardens and vineyards, and upon a small stream which soon joins the Guadalete, a river which falls into the bay of Cadiz. The wines of Xérez are well known in England under the corrupted name of sherry, and the whole place has the appearance of thriving. Continued hedges of aloes and euphorbium, orange and lemon trees, and here and there two or three tall palms, announce the approach

to the warmer climate and flat country of the coast. Being without a guide, I left it to my horse to find the stable, which he did without any need of the spur, carrying me through half the streets of Xérez.

From Xérez we rode two and a half leagues to el Puerto de Santa Maria. This road is paved the whole of the distance: an immense flat lies on the left for the greater part of the way either marshy or intersected by ditches, and seems to indicate that the bay of Cadiz once extended many miles farther up the country than at present, and to the foot of the neighbouring hills. In another point of view, I have no doubt that this marsh is the primary cause of the terrible fevers which at times desolate Cadiz. About dark, and after passing through several heavy showers of rain, I arrived at el Puerto de Santa Maria, a handsome little town on the north-west side of the bay of Cadiz. The traveller has here a choice either to pro-

ceed by land along the head of the bay, through the isle of Leon to Cadiz, a distance of six leagues ; or to take a passage in an open boat across the mouth of the harbour, Cadiz lying directly opposite to el Puerto. This latter mode I immediately preferred, the distance not being above two leagues ; but the night was so stormy that not a boat would venture to cross. I found here a decent posada, and during supper, the attendant gave me a doleful narrative of the dreadful battle which had lately been fought. "The enemy," said he, "deceived us ; they showed at first only an inferior number ; but when the battle began, five and twenty fresh ships came and joined them. Only think of that ! five and twenty fresh ships ! By sea these English are innumerable, and fight well enough, but by land they can do nothing. *Oh no, par tierra no valen nada.*" With this consolatory idea, that although at sea the English were innumerable and fought tolerably, yet by land they could do

nothing, I swallowed my supper in peace; but my impatience to be at Cadiz still increasing, I slept but little this night.

The ensuing morning, being the 29th, I found several boats preparing to pass over to Cadiz, and accordingly placed myself in one of them with my saddle and portmanteau. I had not been long there before a number of sailors, some with small bundles, others with nothing on them but a pair of trowsers and a shirt, and others with their arms or heads bound up, came leaping one after another into the boat until it was quite full, and we put off. They were French sailors, whose vessel after escaping had been shipwrecked on the coast, and of eleven hundred men who composed the crew on the morning of the battle, only ninety-four, by their own account, had ever again reached the land. Soon after leaving the little creek on which el Puerto de Santa Maria is situated, we open the whole bay, and some of the terrible ef-

fects of the late battle became visible. On the north-west side, between el Puerto and Rota, lay a large Spanish ship, the San Raphael, seventy-four, broadside upon the rocks, bilged and the waves breaking over her. At the bottom of the bay was a large French ship, the name of which I have forgotten, aground, but upright. In the centre towards Cadiz lay a groupe of battered vessels, five or six in number, bored with cannon shot; some with two lower masts standing, others with only one and a piece of a bowsprit, and one without a single stump remaining from stem to stern. "That," said the French sailors, "was the ship of the brave Magon, and on board of which he was killed. A little before he died, he called for one of his surviving officers, and pressing his hand, "adieu my friend," said he, and expired." I felt the force of this tribute paid to the memory of a brave man by his countrymen; but remembering some of his narratives respecting the English,

recorded in the pages of the *Moniteur*, I could not help thinking, that a better acquaintance with those enemies might have taught him, if his soul was truly generous, to esteem and respect them. As the wind was contrary to our crossing over, the boat was obliged to make several tacks. In one of these we approached so near the shore, that we plainly discerned two dead bodies which the sea had thrown up. Presently one of a number of men on horseback, who for this sole purpose patrolled the beach, came up, and having observed the bodies, made a signal to others on foot among the bushes. Several of them came down and immediately began to dig a hole in the sand, into which they dragged the dead. Such is a faint account of the scenes to be observed in the bay of Cadiz eight days after the battle.

In approaching Cadiz by water, the view is grand and imposing. Its lofty ramparts of stone, surmounted by houses

and the spires of churches seem to rise out of the sea, as in fact they may be said to do; the town being built on the end of a long sandy island, running to the south-east, and communicating with the main land by means of a bridge. Within this island, which greatly resembles an isthmus, and between it and the main land, is deep water, which forms the harbour, towards the head of which is the Caracca or arsenal where the powder and naval stores are kept. Thus Cadiz is surrounded on all sides by water, except towards the south-east, where it is very strongly fortified; and justifies by its admirable position the discernment of the Phenicians, by whom it is said to have been founded. The streets are regularly built, well paved, and kept remarkably clean, and the churches richly ornamented. The principal inhabitants however being merchants, and the great support of the place commerce, the war with England, and subsequent blockade of the port had

rendered every thing dull, and thrown an air of sadness over the whole town. In time of peace, when its ports are crowded with vessels, and its streets with natives of every country, Cadiz must be a most favourable situation for observing the Spanish character when put into activity, as well as a lively and interesting picture. It would appear that every considerable town in Spain must have its public walk. The ramparts form the Prado of Cadiz, and it is here that the women are said to walk with superior grace, even to those of Madrid. This I imagine arises from many strangers first landing at Cadiz, and thence proceeding to the capital, where supposing the manners, in this respect, to be the same, a difference will always remain in favour of the first impressions. Let it be observed however, that the Spaniards themselves, from all the provinces, celebrate the graceful manners of the women of Andalusia. However that may be, the walk along the ramparts is delight-

ful, commanding on one side a view of the bay and the opposite shores, with various small towns, villages and forts, in particular el Puerto and Rota, the latter standing upon the north-west point of the bay. To the south-east the view is only along the isthmus, and the sea-shore terminating at a distant point, whereon stands a light-house; but to the west and south-west the view is unbounded, being as far as the eye can reach over the Atlantic, on which vessels are daily seen at a great distance making for other ports, and generally bound either from or up the Mediterranean. On this part of the ramparts a number of French and Spanish officers assembled every evening, and cast many a wistful look over the ocean. But the view to them was by no means boundless. Nine English ships of war intercepted the horizon, and shewed that at least that number of their fleet was so little disabled as to be

able to keep the sea, and still blockade the harbour of Cadiz.

Among the public buildings, the new cathedral church, when finished, will be by far the most conspicuous; but it appears uncertain when that period will arrive: the foundation, I was informed, having been laid nearly twenty years ago. The same causes however operate here as in Lisbon to retard the completion; namely, the funds passing through the hands of the monks or priests. This, with the misfortune occasioned by their late wars with England, sufficiently account for its present unfinished state. Although not yet wholly roofed, the interior is already loaded with columns and pilasters too rich and full of ornament to please a just taste; but the whole serves to display that marked trait in the Spanish character, a readiness to undertake great enterprises, and an impatience to hurry to the conclusion. Hence in several of the

niches along the walls of this half-roofed church, which has neither doors nor windows, and where we stumble over heaps of rubbish ; we behold the marble statues of saints and angels which have been placed there with a childish eagerness. After all, should it ever be finished according to the plan which it even now displays, it will be one of the most magnificent modern structures in Spain.

I have already mentioned some of the effects of the great battle of Trafalgar, visible in crossing the bay of Cadiz. There a large vessel bilged and lying broadside upon the rocks, a second stranded, with all her masts gone, and a groupe of others which seemed to have escaped as by a miracle, after being so shattered by the British cannon ; all this possessed something of the terrible. But in Cadiz, the consequences, though equally apparent, were of a far different nature. Ten days after the battle they were still employed in bringing ashore the wounded, and spec-

tacles were hourly displayed at the wharfs and through the streets sufficient to shock every heart not yet hardened to scenes of blood and human sufferings. When by the carelessness of the boatmen, and the surging of the sea, the boats struck against the stone piers, a horrid cry which pierced the soul arose from the mangled wretches on board. Many of the Spanish gentry assisted in bringing them ashore, with symptoms of much compassion; yet as they were finely dressed it had something of the appearance of ostentation, if there could be ostentation at such a moment. It need not be doubted that an Englishman lent a willing hand to bear them up the steps to their litters; yet the slightest false step made them shriek out, and I even yet shudder at the remembrance of the sound. On the tops of the pier the scene was affecting. The wounded were carrying away to the hospitals in every shape of human misery, whilst crowds of Spaniards either assisted or looked on with

signs of horror. Meanwhile their companions who had escaped unhurt, walked up and down with folded arms and downcast eyes, whilst women sat upon heaps of arms, broken furniture and baggage, with their heads bent between their knees. I had no inclination to follow the litters of the wounded; yet I learned that every hospital in Cadiz was already full, and that convents and churches were forced to be appropriated to the reception of the remainder. If leaving the harbour I passed through the town to the point, I still beheld the terrible effects of the battle. As far as the eye could reach, the sandy side of the Isthmus, bordering on the Atlantic, was covered with masts and yards, the wrecks of ships, and here and there the bodies of the dead. Among others I noticed a topmast marked with the name of the *Swiftsure*, and the broad arrow of England, which only increased my anxiety to know how far the English had suffered; the Spaniards still continu-

ing to affirm that they have lost their chief admiral and half their fleet. While surrounded by these wrecks, I mounted on the cross-trees of a mast which had been thrown ashore, and casting my eyes over the ocean, beheld at a great distance, several masts and portions of wreck still floating about. As the sea was now almost calm, with a slight swell, the effect produced by these objects had in it something of a sublime melancholy, and touched the soul with a remembrance of the sad vicissitudes of human affairs. The portions of floating wreck were visible from the ramparts; yet not a boat dared to venture out to examine or endeavour to tow them in, such was the apprehensions which still filled their minds, of the enemy.

Finally, it was interesting, although in a different point of view from any that I have hitherto touched on, to observe the different effect produced on the Spaniards and French by a common calamity. The Spaniard, more than usually grave and se-