

from Cuba to Cadiz. An infant, five months old, without mother or nurse of any kind, was put on board this vessel, in charge of the captain; and though left to the limited resources of a ship at sea, and to the exclusive care of men, arrived safe and sound, robust and cheerful, at Cadiz, after a passage in rough weather of 55 days. The Captain had the forethought to put a she-goat on board before he left Havana, and with his own hands administered its milk to the helpless babe, which belonged to utter strangers, its parents both having died a premature death. His name deserves to be recorded—Don José de Lucas.

The roofs of the houses in Cadiz are still made use of, for the twofold purpose of a cool promenade in the summer evenings and nights, and a collector of water for domestic use in the rainy season. The roofs are all flat, and this part of the dwelling (the *Azotea*, as it is called) is a pleasant resort for enjoying the *fresco*, smoking a cigar, and hearing the ladies of the family touch the guitar. It is constantly used for these purposes in summer, as at Buenos Ayres and Monte Video. The collection of water in winter is very simple, the rain (when it falls) coming down in torrents, and passing through pipes into reservoirs beneath. When it is adapted for a promenade, it is curious in that elevated locality (for all the houses in Cadiz are high) to see the roofs of a thousand dwellings similarly occupied, and find, in fact, a second Cadiz eighty feet from the ground. The collection of the greatest possible quantity of the falling water is rendered most desirable by the miserable position of the city with

regard to this essential supply, as if engineering facilities were held in contempt by the inhabitants.

The Cathedral of Cadiz is finished inside, and nearly so without. It is a very noble structure, and of pure Grecian architecture. All within is jasper and the richest marbles. For the splendid aspect which it now presents it is indebted almost entirely to the Bishop of the diocese, who has devoted all his funds for many years past, beyond what was necessary for a very moderate subsistence, to the noble purpose of completing this magnificent temple. With a zeal as intense as that which raised the parent cathedrals of Europe, he has kindled sparks of the same fire in thousands of other bosoms, and is on the point of attaining a result which not even the most sanguine anticipated, the final completion of the edifice. I am no advocate of the institution of celibacy, but when we see such pious monuments, and learn by what means they have been raised, we cannot fail to trace a wisdom in an unmarried clergy. *Dios me libre!* Young ladies, do not tear my eyes out!

This noble basilica is surmounted by a very fine dome, and its lofty and faultless columns of marble, with jasper bases and adornments, its spacious nave, its lateral chapels, and the riches interred, so to speak, between its circling marbles, if they are not of a character to inspire the overpowering reverence of that marvel of ecclesiastical architecture, the Cathedral of Seville, awake profound admiration. The construction of a church of this superb character, at Cadiz, had been spoken of all through the seventeenth century, for the proud inhabitants were jealous of the cathedral

completed by their neighbours of Seville in the early part of the sixteenth. But though it was a common topic of conversation, and though large offertories of pious funds had been made for the specific purpose, its construction was not seriously commenced until the year 1716. From that period down to the present day, it has been, with occasional interruptions, in the slow process of erection, the works having been entirely suspended throughout the greater parts of the wars of Independence and Succession. But the present Bishop of Cadiz, besides allocating very large sums to its completion, obtained such extensive contributions in aid, that little remains but to finish one of the towers.

This excellent prelate has consecrated and opened the temple for divine service, and the Academia Gaditana de Bellas Artes has assisted in selecting its interior embellishments.

Cadiz still retains its honourable reputation of being one of the cleanest towns in Europe. It is, indeed, a marvel in the south. Even its Calle Sucia, or Dirty Street, for it possesses one of this name, is equal to a leading street in Naples, Marseilles, or Constantinople.

It is a singular fact that the sea-water here is sensibly much saltier than on the coast of England. I was struck by the circumstance when breasting the billows in the bays of Cadiz and Gibraltar, and in the Mediterranean. One cause of this is the greater evaporation produced by the powerful rays of the sun—the plain principle of the salt-pan—the water steams off and the salt remains. The sea-water in the Bay of Cadiz has been analysed, and found to contain one-sixteenth part of its weight of salt, while

that of the British coast contains only one-thirty-second part. Thus, the Andalucian billows are precisely twice as salt as those which wash the cliffs of Albion; and according to the schoolboy's theory are twice as easy to swim in. This immense evaporation of a southern sun accounts for the fact that all central Europe is not flooded, since there is a constant current flowing into the Mediterranean through the Straits of Gibraltar, without any outlet; for the current through the Dardanelles is likewise into the *Ægean*. These vast quantities of water are constantly flowing through both straits into the Mediterranean, at a rate of from three to six miles an hour. How nimbly the fluid particles must leap into the sky! And yet there are no clouds to name. Does the sun suck up to his own sphere these oceans of dew that they are never seen again? At all events he is very obliging not to inundate France and Spain, Greece and the Sublime Porte, and to put a fresh Mediterranean every month into his pocket.

The salt-pans around the Bay of Cadiz are still in active operation, and much of the salt sent to Newfoundland, for the purpose of curing fish, is carried in British vessels across the Atlantic from this locality. The salt is obtained by the simple process of natural evaporation.

I recommend all Englishmen, calling at Cadiz, to beware how they indulge the habitual propensity of "Young England" for *larks*, these nocturnal *escapades* being not at all understood here. The probability is, that, in the event of their mistaking Cadiz for Brighton, they will first get knocked on the head

or through the arm (perhaps the body) with a watchman's pike, and next get lodged in a fetid jail with common malefactors; when, after a day and a night's reflections in the town carcel, by the intervention of their consul, they will at length be brought before the Judge of First Instance, Don José Jesus Paz, whose extraordinary name, though it means "Peace," by no means proves a pacific disposition; and, being rid of all their loose gold for compensation-money, they will have occasion to find that jocose assaults and unse-rious mutilations of noses and household property are not relished here, and to rejoice that they have escaped the galleys. Let me likewise recommend young men, just raw from England, to remember that they are in a foreign country where the laws of politeness are better understood than at home, and not to sit up till two in the morning at the English hôtel, singing English tavern-songs to the annoyance of the whole district, and drinking brandy-and-water when the thermometer is at 90°. Their choruses will be infal-libly mocked by street *gamins*, nay, by the very watchmen; their tempers will be soured, and the next day they will have headache—and, perhaps, incipient fever.

CHAPTER XIX.

CADIZ AND ITS BAY.

(Continued.)

WE lived for more than a month at Cadiz last autumn, in a state of peppering anxiety—the rumour having been circulated that, in imitation of the powder explosion near the Puerta del Sol at Madrid, a conspiracy was formed for the purpose of firing our enormous powder magazine. Had this project been realised, we should probably have all performed the dance of death together within the limit of a second of time. There is little doubt that such a plot was hatched, and that its moving cause was vengeance. The guards were trebled; but what security was that? How easily could the soldiers be overpowered, how easier still corrupted? What proof had we that the guards themselves were not amongst the conspirators? Such are the pleasing sensations which upon revolutionary ground infuse incitement into the cup of life. We breakfasted in imagination upon a mine, lunched on a petard, dined on a volcano, and supped upon a hurricane! Praised be the elasticity of the human mind, we soon got accustomed to it, however, and amused our fancies with frequent pictures of the whole range of fortifications blown in grotesque masses and shattered fragments to the sky, and the castle of Santa Catalina blotting out

the moon. We were spared this quickest of balloon ascents, but, as James the First said, "there was gunpowder at the bottom of it."

Since Cadiz was declared a closed port, her trade has dwindled so considerably as to have formed the subject of frequent but unavailing memorials to the government. Foreign vessels only visit her now to take the native produce; and in defiance of the A, B, C of commerce, are forced to come in ballast. They are empty at their arrival, and depart with a little wine; but they would take twice as much wine and other produce, if they came full. This is seen plainly enough here, but at Madrid it is a mystery. How many years will solve it? The only British cargoes that come here are coals for the local steamers; thus do the laws of nature give the lie to the doctrine of prohibition. The names of the Spanish trading vessels are as unwieldy as their commercial policy:—"Nuestra Señora de la Purisima Concepcion," "El Primero del Campo de Tarragona," "El Felicisimo Convenio de Vergara."

The most helpless city in Europe is Cadiz. More isolated from the mainland than Gibraltar, deriving little of the means of subsistence from the contiguous island of Léon, the opposite coast of Portugal and the northern and eastern ports of Spain contribute a large proportion of its daily food. Owing to the limited space on which the town stands, there are no gardens within it, except one or two attached to public establishments, and these not at all devoted to the production of food. The very water for daily consumption comes across the bay from Port St. Mary's,

a distance of some leagues. The milk, too, comes across the bay each morning, chiefly from Xerez and Sanlucar (for you must travel far for pasturage here); and the milk and water, I regret to add, have illicit intercourse on the bay together.

A Mendicity Asylum was established last year for the first time in Cadiz. It is housed in the late Capuchin Convent—a use which is certainly more analogous to the original purpose of these buildings, than the more prevalent custom here, at Seville, and Córdoba, of converting them into barracks, municipalities, and hustings—focuses of swearing and uproar. The first week that this Institution was opened, it provided *albergue** and aliment for no fewer than 340 destitute persons, who, notwithstanding the existence of the splendid Hospicio, in which 1000 poor of both sexes and of all ages are comfortably provided for, lived constantly as vagrants in this moderate-sized city, subsisting by begging from door to door, wearying charity by their sturdy and importunate appeals, or scandalizing the town by their vices. The authorities endeavour to combine with this institution the uses of a Penitentiary, by seeking to reform the habits of the inmates. No discrimination is made between those who are unable and those who are unwilling to work, beyond constantly employing the latter, and helpless old couples are not disjointed. The Cadiz people have not yet come to this. They are not so refined in their views as to think it requisite to punish distress. But all this

* Lodging.

will doubtless come in time—when they civilise up to the British standard.

This establishment is supported by gratuitous contributions, in addition to a small endowment from the municipal funds. Though the able-bodied are maintained here as well as the infirm, they are very far indeed from being supported in idleness. They are distributed, according to their physical capacity and previous experience, through five different trades, all carried on within the establishment—blacksmiths, weavers, broom-makers, carpenters, and shoemakers; the women are set at suitable tasks, and the children of both sexes receive primary instruction in their respective classes. This highly advantageous arrangement has long been in force at the Hospicio, from whence it is borrowed.

Spain is one of the few countries in Europe where the veritable old watchman still subsists. Landing at Cadiz, you are not more surprised at the mantillas of the women and the coal-scuttle hats of the padres by day, than at the lanterns and pikes of the “ancient and venerable” watchmen by night. As in London streets of old, they are prodigious bawlers—indeed horrible nuisances; for repose, to a stranger, is impossible with these leathern-lunged agitators pouring every half-hour into your ear the time and character of the night. “*Una noche serena!*” is their common cry—whence their accustomed sobriquet “*Sereno,*” the Peninsular equivalent for Charley. They are the aversion of all balcony serenaders, and the detestation of nocturnal intriguers. I may add that their pikes are longer and much more formidable than

those handled (how many centuries ago I now forget) by the *rococo* watchmen of England. I have found these *guardias* very useful as midnight signposts, and most freely permitted them to take me into custody—as far as my hotel. When I first visited Cadiz, I became inextricably involved in the intricate maze of narrow streets, all as like to each other as so many “peas upon a trencher;” so at night I used to throw myself on the Christian feelings of some Sereno, and implore him to pilot me home.

You must beware of the boatmen of Cadiz, who are accomplished extortioners—“infernal rogues, Sir,” as a British steam-boat captain unceremoniously described them to me, and as I found to be literal fact in an experience of some years. If you give them more than a quarter of a dollar at landing, you may consider yourself “done;” but if they discover you to be a stranger newly arrived, and a patterer of sham Spanish, they will strive their best to deliver you of a dollar. Your imperfect acquaintance with Spanish money will perplex you; so be advised, and never be without *plenty of small change*. If you despise this warning, many a dollar and half-dollar will go, where a quarter-dollar or a *peseta* (about a franc) would suffice.

The stranger should be informed of the difference between the quarter-dollar and the *peseta*, and between the dollar and the five-franc piece. It is a real, or twopence halfpenny in each instance. The quarter-dollar is a real more than the *peseta*, and the dollar a real more than the five-franc piece. It is not much, to be sure, to be cheated out of twopence

halfpenny; but if you are cheated out of this sum fifty times in the day, it amounts to something in the end; and it is not manly, no matter how much money you may have to spend, to submit to extortion, and get laughed at for your greenness, when a little patient determination will avoid it. The universal complaint is that the English spoil every place on the Continent by their silly squandering of money. The quarter-dollar is known from the peseta by its being a shade larger (but this the stranger never will perceive) and by its having *two pillars on the reverse*, which no peseta ever has. The difference between French and Spanish money, I presume, is sufficiently apparent.

In crossing the Bay of Cadiz to Port St. Mary's, you may choose between two rather antiquated steamers, the Betis and the Coriano. The Betis is the more curious, since it was in her that Espartero was carried on board the Malabar. She is a lumbering old tub, but safe enough. When you reach Port St. Mary's, a handsome town on the opposite side of the noble bay, where the Guadalete flows into it, exactly fronting Cadiz, you may obtain a view of the boat (a very common and lumbering one, which plies for the hire of casual passengers, and is used occasionally for fishing in the Bay,) which carried Espartero alongside the steamer Betis, when he proceeded as a fugitive on board the Malabar. You may be rowed on shore in this same boat, and get into a conversation (if you know how to Castellanise) with the rugged and ragged old Barquero that owns her, who will cautiously tell you that he is not an "*hombre politico*," but that, indeed, he had the honour, on

the 30th of June last, of rowing to the Vapor Betis "El es—Regchenta Gcheneral Espartero." If, with the aid of a larger fee than is customary, you further probe his secret bosom, he will inform you that he was tempted to perform this service of danger by two shining dollars, and that his boat, with its freight of foiled ambition, was fortunately some distance from the shore when it was unsuccessfully fired on by Cencha's men. If you are a tourist of desperate curiosity, you will go to Seville by land instead of water. The *diligencia* will take you by all the points of Espartero's precipitate flight: charming Xerez; wild Casa de Cuervo; desolate Torre de Orca; Utrera, famed for bulls; cultivated and blooming Alcalá, till you obtain a full view of glorious Seville (with the Regent's head-quarters close behind you) from the Cruz del Campo, where, in that field at your right hand, Van Halen had his battering-train.

I met a singular man at Cadiz—the director of the operations for raising the produce of the wrecks of several Spanish galleons, sunk in the Bay of Cadiz by Admiral Blake's squadron in 1656. In September of that year Blake captured two galleons at the entrance of the bay, from which he took a booty of a million dollars and a half, and sank at the same time several other vessels, said to be laden with specie. The sunken vessels and their contents were entirely forgotten by the Spaniards, and lay undisturbed at the bottom of the bay until the middle of last year, when the gentleman in question reached the scene, accompanied by an experienced diving contractor from England, to which country the projector

of the enterprise likewise belongs. Local recollections, as to the precise spot, were sadly perplexed, but the Spaniards were no little astonished when in the autumn three pieces of heavy brass ordnance were fished up from a depth of seventy feet of water. The government interposed, but receiving its due proportion of 5 per cent. from the director, its very particular curiosity was legally silenced. They rarely smell out any laudable enterprise here, until it has been undertaken and accomplished by British skill, and then, though they were whipped to cover, they are sure through cross-cuts and by-roads to be in at the death.

The projector, as well as director of this creditable enterprise, was the last man whom one would have supposed likely to conceive or prosecute such a design—a man struck with paralysis, afflicted with rheumatism and gout, once recovered from an apoplectic stroke, with his head on one side, and nearly reclining on his shoulder, a heavy-looking brow, and eyes for the most part shut. Yet his intellect burnt bright as ever! And to a richly-stored mind, a strong memory, sound political information, and accurate historical knowledge, he added a powerful imagination, and remarkable conversational resources. Notwithstanding his appearance, he was all instinct with intellectual life, and directed these operations with the minutest care, and with every probability of success.

At Cadiz you will never be long delayed for a packet to the Canary Isles, Puerto Rico, and Santiago de Cuba, or the Havana. These vessels are for the most part respectably fitted up; and if you are endowed with tolerable strength of stomach, and are

not over-fastidious as to Spanish cookery, you will be as comfortable as in an English sailing vessel. You will likewise have the best Sherry and Sanlucar wines (but second only, as is the universal practice amongst Spaniards, in liqueur fashion), and, in constant use at table, a very passable Catalan red wine.

The Andalucians were greatly struck by the fact of the Chinese Imperial Commissioner, Keying, drinking some fifty glasses of Sherry at the banquet given by Sir Henry Pottinger, upon the exchange of the ratifications of our treaty with China. "The celebrity of our wines," said a Xerez man one day at our Cadiz table-d'hôte, "is proved by this fact to extend to the remotest regions of the Celestial Empire; and it will not be difficult for us to open there an abundant market which may in some measure make up for the decay in England."

"To quote a Castilian proverb," I replied, "you set a straw on horseback, and give an undue significance to a simple occurrence. Keying drank the wine, not that it was Spanish, but because it was European; and the probability is, that the horrid headache and land-seasickness of the next day entirely dispelled the charm. If there be anything in the argument, let Spaniards cease to cut each other's throats, and turn their hands to diplomacy and commerce."

"*Fú, fú*, commerce—impossible! While England bestrides the world like a Colossus, wherever we turn her cold shadow falls on our path."

"Make her your friend. March by her side. Treat with her: she will share the sunshine!"

"*Así pues sea!*"

Who can sail into this noble bay, or wind along this southern coast, without having his heart expanded and his soul elated by the triumphs of British valour? From this Bay of Cadiz sailed the chief section of the Armada called Invincible, the gathering of all the southern and eastern ports of Spain; here lay the ship of the admiral, a prince of this province—the Duke of Medina Sidonia—and here, like the hen-bird gathering her chickens, he sailed for Lisbon, and collected the residue of the fleet, the produce of the northern and Atlantic ports (for no corner of the Peninsula was then exempt from the iron sway of Philip), to be broken in pieces, dispersed, and destroyed! Here, too, the same British commanders, Howard, and his right arm, Drake, who had shattered that enormous bulk, and left the completion of their work to the elements, performed eight years afterwards the most daring exploit in history—destroyed in this bay and harbour thirty ships of war, a vast number of convoys laden with munitions of all descriptions, prepared for the invasion of Ireland, and upwards of six-and-thirty merchant vessels ready to sail with their rich cargoes for the Indies. Here Essex took and held the city until he was overruled by the opinion of the naval commanders, and returned with the booty to England, having caused in one day a loss to Philip and his subjects of twenty millions of ducats! Here Blake destroyed a whole fleet of galleons and smaller vessels laden with specie, capturing the former, and sinking the latter in contempt. Here, too, Nelson lay for a time, before his magnificent achievement at Trafalgar.

A little more to the west is Cape St. Vincent, where the equally immortal Jervis, with ten sail-of-the-line, destroyed a Spanish fleet of seven-and-twenty sail-of-the-line, declaring, when informed of the great disparity of forces, "If there are fifty sail, I will go through them!" And here he lay before Cadiz when, three months after, the news of the mutiny at the Nore came out from England, and through his indomitable energy alone that withering demoralization was prevented from becoming universal.

CHAPTER XX.

AGRICULTURE.

THE terms at which the lands are let in modern Spain are for the most part extremely light. The farmers, large and small, Arrendadores and Labradores, usually occupy their holdings in *enfiteusis*, on a long lease of not less than one hundred years, paying a moderate rent, or they are tenants from year to year. The *enfiteusis* nearly amounts to our freehold, the concession of a renewal, when the term is expired, being almost a matter of course, and the tenants are left undisturbed in their holdings, whether these be *enfiteutical* or from year to year, unless upon flagrant and repeated failure to pay their rent. I can speak from personal acquaintance with the management of the extensive estates of the great Ducal family of Medina Sidonia.

The relations between landlord and tenant here are entirely patriarchal, and the land is invariably held on easy terms. Leases, in one sense of the term, there are none, but merely simple written agreements; and the land, since the establishment of the Constitutional form of government, being exempt from the payment of tithes, the farmer's position, where he is possessed of the least energy, is invariably comfortable. The *hidalgo* class, or nobility and gentry, usually hold their possessions *in capite* from the

Crown, or, in rare instances, from the few great proprietors; and the amount of *bienes vinculados*, or entail, allotted for the sustainment of the head of the family, was comparatively small, and is now suppressed by law.

How easy and satisfactory is the nature of the holdings, is known to the English, who have many of the wine estates in the neighbourhood of Xerez, Port St. Mary's, and Sanlucar, and who, while the glorious grape of their district is ripening in the sun, have no dread of being ejected to gratify the cupidity of some higher bidder.

The farmer is not lost in the landlord's shadow. The fairest fields are not of forbidden access, that the monopolists of God's soil (and of his air and sun, if they could,) may revel in their exclusive parks, and destroy his creatures in exclusive preserves. You may roam here everywhere, fish everywhere, course and shoot everywhere, without question. All that is required of you is, that you shall not pluck your neighbour's fruits, nor destroy his standing crops. You may enter his huerta without asking permission, and enjoy it as if it were your own, so long as you do not steal.

The scowling exclusiveness of England is nowhere visible here; there is everywhere cordiality, everywhere a rough but true politeness—everywhere a patriarchal spirit. No pampered and frowning menial asks you, "Who gave you leave to enter?" No mastiff barks at you, unless you are a friend of Mylord. The Spanish peasant, in his proud independence, gives utterance, half unconscious of its worth,

to his noble national proverb: "The Hidalgo cannot wall in Spain!" He feels that he has a soil to live, and a soil to die for; and heartily, if needed, he will shoulder his gun for its defence.

The right of commonage, and of reclaiming waste lands, has caused some ferment of late in various parts of Spain. There are pieces of common-land annexed to many of the country towns and villages, as in other countries, where the poor man's ass or mule finds a scanty pasturage, and where the inclosure of portions, and the lawless proceedings of unauthorised squatters, have led during the past year to more than one pitched battle, with fire-arms, between the villagers. This was the case in the vicinity of Casavieja, not far from Cadiz, and at the Sierra of Ronda, near Granada. The Gitanos, as at home, took a particular interest in these contests, that nomad race asserting a prescriptive right to the use of common-lands in every country which they have visited. The quantity of Tierra Valdía, or waste land, which Andalucía contains, is of immense extent, the sandy soil being for the most part unproductive without constant irrigation. Certain of these waste lands have at various times been ceded by the Direccion-General of National Roads to private individuals, for the purpose of reducing them to productiveness as they please, under certain conditions.

Hence, unfortunately, arose endless disputes, remonstrances, and litigation; and the controversies at last swelled to such a pitch, that certain rural municipalities between Seville and Granada mustered their small *poses*, and catching up their muskets, of which

the use is familiar to every Spaniard, either for protection or outrage, forcibly levelled the gates and enclosures, and expelled the occupying tenants from certain previously waste lands, which they held by a legitimate and onerous title, having paid for it in hard dollars to the State. The alienations in question were strictly legal, having taken place in conformity with the Royal orders of May, 1786, and of March, 1800; but what could a weak government do but succumb? Rebeccaism was thus more successful in Andalucía than in Wales; the people felt themselves aggrieved, for their commons had been improperly included under the designation of waste lands belonging to the Crown; and they very quickly righted themselves. There was no marching of troops, no packing of artillery, no draughting of policemen from London. The "bleeding and blistering" system tried here would only increase instead of counteracting the prevailing irritation, and a Guerilla warfare of a couple of years might have grown out of a couple of demolished gates. Ministers gave way; and it is only to be regretted that the funds derived from this source by the Director-General of Roads, towards the conservation of the roads throughout the kingdom, are no longer available. The same result pervaded the rest of Spain.

That which is at once the evidence of England's progress and the cause of the prevailing distresses—the density of her population—is wanting here; and the paucity of mouths accounts for the easy terms on which farmers and labourers live. There is no wish for employment, no dearth of food, no feverish anxiety

for advancement. There is enough for all, a few hours' work in the day suffices for the exigencies of life, and dance and song and careless relaxation make up the evening time. There is, to be sure, considerable insecurity of property, and some insecurity of life—but by no means so much as is commonly represented. You have now both sides of the picture.

The rugged passions of imperfectly civilised men contribute needlessly to mar an agreeable state of existence, and the frame of the country tingles to its remotest extremities with the excitements of political turmoil. The great question of human rights is mixed up with this dispute as to commonage—it is after all a healthy engine—and, but for the doctrines of legal equality, perhaps the point would never have been raised. The Labradores and peasants bordering on the unascertained limits of the common land, claim for each his portion of the soil of which the title goes a-begging, and the squatters and occupiers under government still steadily contend for their exclusive rights. It is the inevitable tendency of human nature. To avoid the repetition of disagreeable scenes, to allay the tumult of passion, and avert riot and bloodshed, it were well that some decisive resolution were adopted. The readiest, and at the same time the justest, solution of the problem, would be to appoint confidential persons to survey the disputed land, take the evidence of the oldest inhabitants, and ascertain and define the rights of individuals. When the Córtes are tired of their political squabbles, perhaps this may at last be done. A little in *enfiteusis* might be conceded, after measurement and valuation, to all the actual

holders of the land partitioned by virtue of the Pragmatica or ordinance of 1770, and the arbitrary holders, or squatters, might be enabled to purchase a title upon moderate terms, or compelled to make way for the highest bidder.

It is impossible not to anticipate that the Irish system of shooting those who "take the land over the occupying tenant's head," might then be extensively resorted to, and therefore the terms should be made as easy as possible, to prevent the squatter from becoming a voluntary outlaw. The Ayuntamientos of each district should be heard respectively, to ascertain the number of *fanegas* of land (the *fanega* is two-fifths of an English acre), which may be legitimately requisite for purposes of commonage; and from this estimate, combined with evidence taken on the spot, might be deduced a reasonable award, while the waste lands, where no claim of commonage right exists, might be disposed of in convenient lots. By such simple means a great advance would be made towards consolidating the welfare and peace of the Peninsula.

A most important agricultural improvement to introduce immediately here, is the practice of invariable stall-feeding, instead of grazing. Pasture lands are of excessive rarity, and of a most inferior description. The attempts to introduce Spanish cattle to the British market, from Vigo, since the reduction of the tariff, have sufficiently proved the inferiority of Spanish pasturage; but a short residence in Spain, and trial of the villanous meat which abounds in Spanish markets, would carry conviction to the least fastidious mind. Nevertheless, though such is the