

kisses her feet. Ladies sign *su servidora y amiga*; clergymen, *su S. S. y capellan*; military men seldom omit their rank. Letters are generally directed thus:—

Al Señor,

Don Fulano Apodo

B. L. M.

S. S.

R. F.

Most Spaniards append to their signature a *Rubrica*, which is a sort of intricate flourish, like a Runic knot or an Oriental sign-manual. The sovereign often only *rubricates*, as Don Quixote did in the matter of the jackasses: then his majesty makes his mark, and does not sign his name.

The traveller is advised at *least* to visit and observe the objects pointed out in the following pages, and never to be deterred by any Spaniard's opinion that they are "not worth seeing." He should not, however, neglect looking at what the natives consider to be worth a foreigner's attention. As a sight-seeing rule in towns, make out a list of the lions you wish to see, and let your lacquey de place arrange the order of the course, according to localities, proper hours, and getting proper permissions. As a general habit ascend towers in towns to understand topography; visit the Plazas and chief markets to notice local fishes, fowls, fruits, and costumes—these are busy sites and scenes in this idle, unbusiness-like land; for as Spaniards live from hand to mouth, everybody goes there every day to buy their daily bread, &c., and when nightfall comes the royal larder is as empty as that of the poorest *venta*—and then, as elsewhere, be more careful of keeping your good temper than sixpences: never measure Spanish things by an English standard, nor seek for moles in bright eyes, nor say that all is a wilderness from Burgos to Bailen. Scout all imaginary dismals, dangers, and difficulties, which become as nothing when manfully met, and especially when on the road and in *ventas*. View Spain and the Spaniard *en couleur de rose*, and it will go hard if some of that agreeable tint be not reflected on such a judicious observer, for, like a mirror, he returns your smile or frown, your courtesy or contumely; nor is it of any use going to Rome if you quarrel with the Pope. Strain a *point or two* therefore, to "make things pleasant." Little, indeed, short of fulsome flattery, will *fully* satisfy the cormorant cravings of Spanish self-love and praise appetite; nay, facts and truths, when told, and still more, when printed, by a foreigner, are set down as sheer lies, libels, or absurdities—*mentiras y desperates*; and are attributed to the ignorance and jealousy of the rest of mankind, all conspired to denigrate "Spain, the first and foremost of nations." Remember, also, that "to boast of their strength is the national weakness;" and the Spaniards, in their decrepitude, talk and swagger as if Charles V. still wielded their sceptre, and as if their country—blotted from the map of Europe—were the terror, the envy, and admiration of the whole world: whatever, therefore, we may think and know to the contrary, it is generally the most prudent and polite to smile and pass silently on, like Milton, *con volto schiolto e pensieri stretti*. *Con qué, buen viaje!*

— "Si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus imperti, si non —his utere mecum."

SECTION II.

ANDALUCIA.

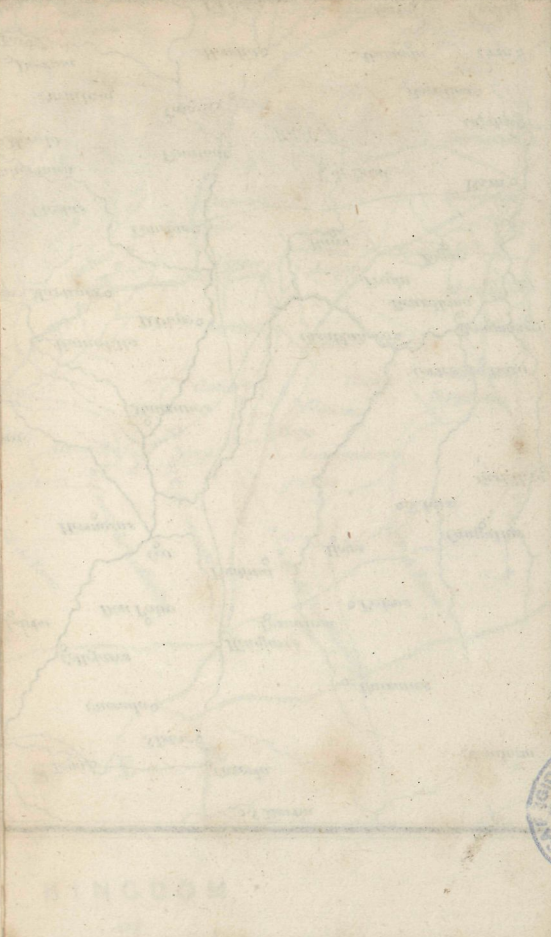
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ANDALUCIA.

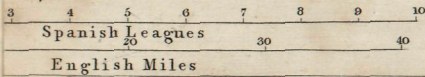
THE kingdom or province of Andalucia, in facility of access and objects of interest, must take precedence over all others in Spain. It is the Tarshish of the Bible, the "utmost parts of the earth," to which Jonah wished to flee. This "ultima terræ" was called Tartessus in the uncertain geography of the ancients, who were purposely kept mystified by the jealous Phœnician merchant princes, who had no notions of free trade. This vague general name, Tarshish, like our Indies, was applied sometimes to a town, to a river, to a locality ; but when the Romans, after the fall of Carthage, obtained an undisputed possession of the Peninsula, the S. of Spain was called Bætica, from the river Bætis, the *Guadalquivir*, which intersects its fairest portions. At the Gothic invasion this province, and part of Barbary, was overrun by the Vandals, whence some assert that both sides of the straits were called by the Moors Vandalucia, or *Belád-al-Andalosh*, the territory of the Vandal ; but in the word *Andalosh*, the land of the West (*Hesperia*), a sounder etymology may be found. Here, at all



ANDALUCIA

Cuatro Reinos de Andalucia
 or
 of Seville, Cordova, Jaen & Granada.

*Based on the Map of
 Capt. M. Rochford Scot.*

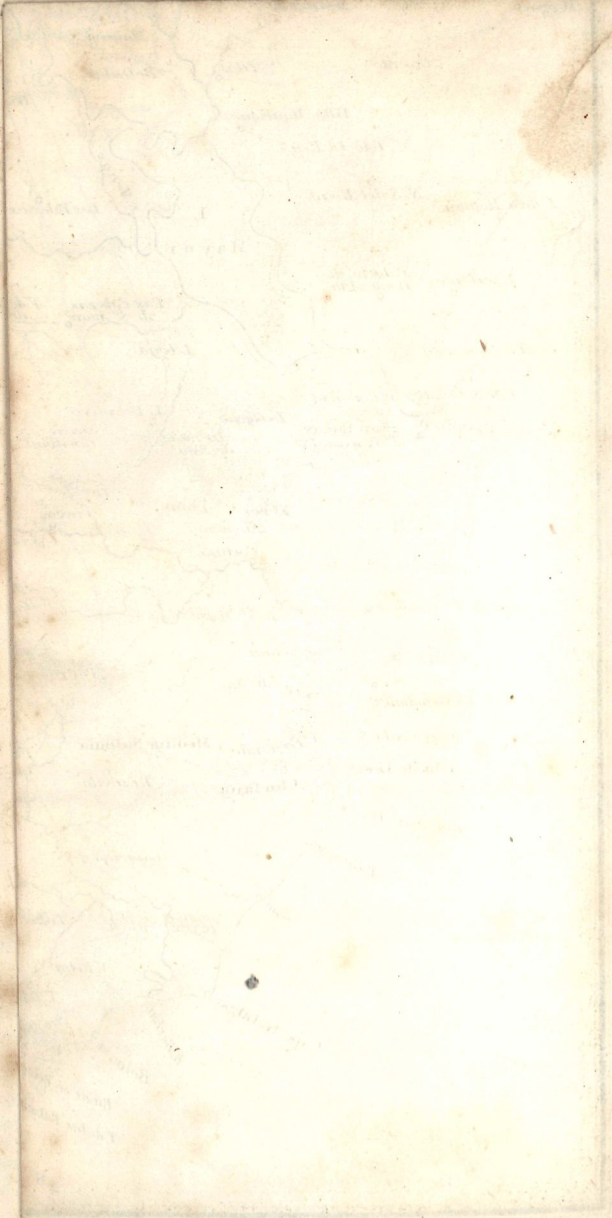




KINGDOM OF ANDALUCIA

Los Cuatro Reinos de Andalusia OR The Kingdoms of Seville, Cordova, Jaen & Granada.

Based on the Map of Capt. M. Rochford Scot. Spanish Leagues English Miles



events, at the fall of the Gothic rule, as in a congenial soil, the Oriental took once more the deepest root, and left the noblest traces of power, taste, and intelligence, which centuries of apathy and neglect have not entirely effaced—here he made his last desperate struggle.

The Moorish divisions into *Los Cuatro Reinos*, the "Four Kingdoms," viz. Seville, Cordova, Jaen, and Granada, still designate territorial divisions, which occupy the S. extremity of Spain; they are defended from the cold N. table-lands by the barrier mountains of the Sierra *Morena*—a corruption of the Montes *Marianos* of the Romans, and not referring to the *tawny-brown* colour of its summer hortus siccus garb. The four kingdoms contain about 3283 square l., composed of mountain and valley; the grand productive locality is the basin of the Guadalquivir, which flows under the Sierra *Morena*. To the S.E. rise the mountains of Ronda and Granada, which sweep down to the sea. As their summits are covered with eternal snow, while the sugar-cane ripens at their bases, the botanical range is inexhaustible: these sierras also are absolutely marble and metal-pregnant. The cities are of the highest order in Spain, in respect to the fine arts and objects of general interest, while Gibraltar is a portion of England herself. *Andalucia* is admirably suited to our invalids; here winter, in our catch-cold acceptation of the term, is unknown. The genial climate forms, indeed, one of the multitudinous boasts of the natives, who pride themselves on this "happy accident" thus lavished on them by nature, as if the bright skies were a making and merit of their own. Justly enough did the ancients place their Elysian fields amid these golden orange groves; these were alike the seats of "the blessed, the happy, and long-lived" of Anacreon, as the homes of the rich and powerful of Holy Writ. These favoured regions, the sweetest morsel of the Peninsula, have always been the prize and prey of the strong man, no less than the theme of poets; and the Andalucians, from the remotest periods of history, have been more celebrated for social and intellectual qualities than for the practical and industrial. They are considered by their countrymen to be the Gascons, the boasters and braggarts of Spain; and certainly, from the time of Livy (xxxiv. 17) to the present, they are the most "*imbelles*," unwarlike, and unmilitary. It is in peace and its arts that these gay, good-humoured, light-hearted children of a genial atmosphere excel; thus their authors revived literature. when the Augustan age died at Rome, as during the darkest periods of European barbarism, Cordova was the Athens of the west, the seat of arts and science. Again, when the sun of Raphael set in Italy, painting here arose in a new form in the Velazquez, Murillo, and Cano school of Seville, the finest of the Peninsula.

The Oriental imagination of the Andalucians colours everything up to their bright sun. Their exaggeration, *ponderacion*, or giving weight to nothings, converts their molehills into mountains; all their geese are swans; invincible at the game of brag, their credulity is commensurate, and they end in even believing their own lies. Everything with them is either in the superlative or diminutive. Nowhere will the stranger hear more frequently those talismanic words which mark the national ignoramus character—*No se sabe, no se puede, conforme*, the "I don't know;" "I can't do it;" "That depends;" the *Mañana, pasado mañana*, the "To-morrow and day after to-morrow;" the *Boukra, bal-boukra*, of the procrastinating Oriental. Their *Sabe Dios*, the "God knows," is the "Salem Allah" of the Moors. Here remain the *Bakalum* or *Veremos*, "We will see about it;" the *Pek-éyi* or *muy bien*, "Very well;" and the *Inshallah, si Dios quiere*, the "If the Lord will;" the *Ojala*, or wishing that God would do their work for them, the Moslem's *Inxo-Allah*, the old appeal to Hercules. In a word, here are to be found the besetting sins of the Oriental; his indifference, procrastination, tempered by a religious resignation

to Providence. The natives are superstitious and great worshippers of the Virgin. Their province is her chosen land, *La tierra de la Santisima*, and practically the female worship of Astarte still exists in the universal absolute Mariolatry of the masses, however differently the Roman Catholic religion may be understood theoretically by the esoteric and enlightened. Seville was the head-quarters of the dispute on the Immaculate Conception, by which Spain was convulsed. The Andalucians are also remarkable for a reliance on supernatural aid, and in all circumstances of difficulty call upon their tutelar patrons, with which every town, church, and parish is provided. Yet, if proverbs are to be trusted, little moral benefit has been the result of their religious tendencies. *Al Andaluz cata la Cruz* (catar is the old Spanish for *mirar*)—"Observe how the semi-Moor Andalucian makes his cross." *Del Andaluz guarda tu capa y capuz*; keep a look-out after your cloak and other chattels. In no province have smugglers and robbers (convertible terms) been longer the weed of the soil.

In compensation, however, nowhere in Spain is *el trato*, or friendly and social intercourse, more agreeable than in this pleasure-loving, work-abhorring province. The native is the *gracioso* of the Peninsula, a term given in the playbills to the cleverest comic actor. Both the *gracia*, wit, and elegance, and the *sal Andaluza* are proverbial. This *salt*, it is true, cannot be precisely called Attic, having a tendency to gitanesque and tauromachian slang, but it is almost the national language of the *smuggler, bandit, bull-fighter, dancer, and Majo*, and who has not heard of these worthies of Bætica?—the fame of *Contrabandista, Ladron, Torero, Bailarin, and Majo*, has long scaled the Pyrenees, while in the Peninsula itself, such persons and pursuits are the rage and dear delight of the young and daring, of all indeed who aspire to be sporting characters. Andalusia the head-quarters of the "fancy," or *aficion*, is the cradle of the most eminent professors, who in the other provinces become stars, patterns, models, and the envy and admiration of their applauding countrymen. The provincial dress, extremely picturesque, is that of Figaro in our theatres; and whatever the merits of tailors and milliners, Nature has lent her hand in the good work: the male is cast in her happiest mould, tall, well-grown, strong, and sinewy; the female, worthy of her mate, often presents a form of matchless symmetry, to which is added a peculiar and most fascinating air and action. The *Majo* is the *dandy* of Spain. The etymology of this word is the Arabic *Majar*, brilliancy, splendour, jauntiness in walk, qualities which are exactly expressed in the costume and bearing of the character. He glitters in velvets, filigree buttons, tags, and tassels; his dress is as gay as his sun; external appearance is indeed all and everything with him. This love of *show, boato*, is by some derived from the Arabic "*shouting*;" as his favourite epithet, *bizarro*, "*distinguished*," is from the Arabic *bessard*, "*elegance of form*." The word *majo* again, means an out-and-out *swell*, somewhat of the "*tiger*," *muy fanfaron*; fanfaronade in word and thing is also Moorish, as *fanfar* and *hinchar* both signify to "*distend*," and are applied in the Arabic and in the Spanish to *las narices*, the inflation of the barb's nostrils, and, in a secondary meaning, to *pretencion*, puffed out pretention. The *Majo*, especially if *crudo*, or boisterous and *raw*, is fond of practical jokes; his outbreaks and "*larks*" are still termed in Spanish by their Arabic names, *jarana, jaleo*, i. e. *khala-a*, "*waggishness*."

The lively and sparkling semi-Moro Andalucian is the antithesis of the grave and decorous old Gotho-Castilian, who looks down upon him as an amusing but undignified personage. He smiles at his harlequin costume and tricks as he does at his peculiar dialect, and with reason, as nowhere is the Spanish language more corrupted in words and pronunciation; in fact, it is scarcely intelligible to a true Toledan. The *ceceo*, or pronouncing the *c* before certain vowels as an

s, and the not marking the *th* clearly—for example, *plaser* (placer) for plather—is no less offensive to a fine grammatical ear than the habit of clipping the Queen's Spanish. The Castilian enunciates every letter and syllable, while the Andalusian seldom sounds the *d* between two vowels; *lo come*, he eats it, and says, *comio*, *querio*, *ganao*, for *comido*, *querido*, *ganado*; *no vale nã*, *no hay nã*, for *no vale nada*, *no hay nada*, and often confounds the double *l* with the *y*, saying *gallangos* for *gayangos*.

The fittest towns for summer residence are Granada and Ronda; Seville and Malaga suit invalids during the winter, or Gibraltar, where the creature comforts and good medical advice of Old England abound. The spring and autumn are the best periods for a mere tour in Andalucia; the summers, except in the mountain districts, are intensely hot, while the rains in winter render locomotion in the interior almost impracticable. The towns on the coast are easily visited, as constant intercommunication between Cadiz and Malaga is kept up by steamers, which touch at Gibraltar and Algeciras. The roads in general are infamous—mere mule tracks, owing nothing to art except the turn-pike toll; while canals are wanting, alike for trade or irrigation, and the rivers are ceasing to be navigable from neglect. There is much talk of the rail, as soon as the struggle who is to have the greatest share of plunder in the *concessions* and *schemes*, is settled by the “powers that be.”

The river Guadalquivir is provided with steamers to Seville; but with the exception of the road from Cadiz to Madrid, and that from Malaga to Granada, there are no decent public carriages. The primitive Bedouin conveyance, the horse, prevails, and is much to be preferred to the *galeras*, or carriers' waggons, which drag through miry ruts, or over stony tracks made by wild goats; into them no man who values time or his bones will venture. In spite of a fertile soil and beneficent climate, almost half Andalucia is abandoned to a state of nature. The soil is covered with lentisks, Liquorice and *Palmitos*, the indigenous weeds, and other aromatic underwood, and is strewn with remains of Moorish ruins. The land, once a paradise, seems cursed by man's ravage and neglect. Here those two things of Spain, the *dehesas y despoblados*, will be fully understood by the traveller as he rides through lands once cultivated, now returned to waste, and over districts once teeming with life, but now depopulated, and who will then and there learn completely to decline the verb “*rough it*” in all its tenses.

A THREE MONTHS' TOUR.

This may be effected by a combination of Steam, Riding, and Coaching.

April. Gibraltar, S.	April. Cordova, C.	May. Lanjaron, R.	June. Loja, C.
Tarifa, R.	Andujar, C.	Berja, R.	Antequera, R.
Cadiz, R.	Jaen, R., or	June. Motril, R.	Ronda, R.
Xerez, C.	May. Bailen, C.	Velez Malaga, R.	Gibraltar, R.
San Lucar, C.	Jaen, C.	Alhama, R.	
Seville, S.	Granada, C.	Malaga, R.	

Those going to Madrid may ride from Ronda to Cordova by Osuna. Those going to Estremadura may ride from Ronda to Seville, by Moron.

MINERALOGICAL-GEOLOGICAL TOUR.

Seville	Cordova, R.	Cabo de Gata.....	Marbles.
Villa Nueva del Rio, R...	Bailen, C.	Adra, R.....	Lead.
Río Tinto, R.....	Linares, R.....	Berja, R.....	Lead.
Almaden de la Plata, R...Silv.	Baeza, R.....	Granada, R.....	Marbles.
Guadalcanal, R.	Segura, R.....	Malaga, C.	
Almaden, R.	Baza, R.	Marbella, R.....	Iron.
Excursion to Logrosan, R.	Purchena, R.....	Gibraltar, R.	
Phosphate of Lime.	Macaël, R.....		

ROUTE 1.—SOUTHAMPTON TO CADIZ.

The better plan is to proceed direct to Cadiz, where the change of climate, scenery, men, and manners effected by a six days' voyage is indeed remarkable. Quitting the British Channel, we soon enter the "sleepless Bay of Biscay," where the stormy petrel is at home, and where the gigantic swell of the Atlantic is first checked by Spain's iron-bound coast, the mountain breakwater of Europe. Here *The Ocean* will be seen in all its vast majesty and solitude: grand in the tempest-lashed storm, grand in the calm, when spread out as a mirror; and never more impressive than at night, when the stars of heaven, free from earth-born mists, sparkle like diamonds over those "who go down to the sea in ships and behold the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." The land has disappeared, and man feels alike his weakness and his strength; a thin plank separates him from another world; yet he has laid his hand upon the billow, and mastered the ocean; he has made it the highway of commerce, and the binding link of nations.

The average passage of the steamers from Southampton to Cadiz, stoppages in Galicia and Portugal included, is about seven days, and the first land made is the N.W. coast of Spain, whose range of mountains, a continuation of the Pyrenean vertebræ, forms, as we have said, the breakwater of Europe against the gigantic swell of the Atlantic. For La Coruña and Vigo see Index. Omitting Portugal, as foreign to this Handbook, the voyage from Lisbon to Cadiz averages between 30 and 35 hours. When wind and weather permit, the cape of St. Vincent is approached sufficiently near to see the convent perched on the beetling cliff, and to hear its matin or vesper bell, and see a fine rotary light, eclipsed every two minutes. The *Montchique* range of mountains rises nobly behind in the background.

El Cabo de San Vicente, the Cape

of St. Vincent, is so called from one of the earliest Spanish saints, Vincentius, a native of Zaragoza, who was put to death by Dacian, at Valencia, in 304. The body, long watched over by crows, was removed to this site at the Moorish invasion, miraculously guarded by these birds; and hence the convent built over the remains was called by the infidels *Kenisata-l-gorab*, the church of the crow. According to their geographers, a crow was always placed on the roof, announcing the arrival of strangers, cawing once for each; and the point to this day is termed by the natives *El Monte de los Cuervos*. About 1147 Alonso I. removed the holy body to Portugal, two of the crows acting as pilots, just as Alexander the Great was guided over the desert to the temple of Jupiter Ammon. The Spanish crows are blazoned on the arms of the city of Lisbon. These birds continued to breed in the cathedral, and had regular rents assigned for their support. Dr. Geddes (*Tracts*, iii. 106) saw many birds there "descended from the original breed, living witnesses of the miracle, but no longer pilots." For the legend consult Prudentius, *Perist.*, v. 5; Morales, *Coronica*, x. 341; *Esp. Sagr.* viii. 179, 231.

This promontory, always in fact a "Holy Head," a sort of Samothrace, was the *Κορυφή*, *Cuneus*, of the ancients; here existed a circular druidical temple, in which the Iberians believed that the gods assembled at night (*Strabo*, iii. 202). Hence the Romans, availing themselves of the hereditary *Religio Loci*, called the mountain *Mons Sacer*, a name still preserved in the neighbouring hamlet *Sagres*, founded in 1416 by Prince Henry of Portugal, who here pursued those studies which led to the discovery of the circumnavigation of Africa. *Sagres* was once considered the most western point of Europe, and to which, as the first meridian, all longitudes were referred.

The waters which bathe these shores have witnessed three British victories. Here, Jan. 16, 1780, Rodney attacked the Spanish fleet under Langara, captured 5 and destroyed 2 men-of-war;

had the action taken place in the day, or had the weather been even moderate, "none," as he said in his dispatch, "would have escaped." Here, Feb. 14, 1797, Jervis, or rather Nelson (although not mentioned in Jervis' dispatch), with 15 small ships, defeated 27 huge Spaniards, "rattling through the battle as if it had been a sport," taking 4 prizes, and saving Lisbon from Godoy, the tool of France. Here, again, July 3, 1836, Napier, with 6 small ships, beat 10 Portuguese men-of-war, and placed Don Pedro on the throne of Portugal.

Rounding the cape and steering S.E., we enter the bay of Cadiz; the mountain range of Ronda, landmarks to ships, are seen soaring on high, while the low maritime strip of Andalucia lies unperceived. For all this coast, consult the *Derroteros*, by Vicente Tofino, 2 vols. 4to., Mad. 1787-9. Soon fair Cadiz rises from the dark blue sea like a line of ivory palaces; the steamers generally remain here about 3 h., before proceeding to Gibraltar. What a change from Southampton! What local colour, what dazzling blues and whites, as we near this capital of southern seas, so young, so gay, bright and clear as Aphrodite when she rose from the waves here! And how strange the people of this new clime, with black eyes and ivory teeth, bronzed cheeks, shaggy breasts, and sashes red! The landing, when the sea is rough, is often inconvenient, and the sanitary precautions tedious. It is carrying a joke some lengths, when the yellow cadaverous Spanish *health* officers inspect and suspect the ruddy-faced Britons, who hang over the packet gangway, bursting from a plethora of beef and good condition; but fear of the plague is the bugbear of the South, and Spaniards are no more to be hurried than our Court of Chancery. Extortionate boatmen, who sit like cormorants on the coast, crowd round the vessel to land passengers; the proper charge is a *peseta* a person, and the word *tariffa* is their bugbear. There is the usual trouble with the *Aduaneros*,

and other custom-house officers, who are to be conciliated by patience, courtesy, a cigar.

CADIZ. *Inns*.—Hotel *Blanco*, No. 60, on the Alameda, with a fine sea view; very good. Blanco himself is trustworthy and intelligent; English Hotel—Ximenes, No. 164, Alameda; *Hotel de Europa*; *Oriente*, in French and Spanish style; *Cuatro Naciones*, Plaza de Mina. An excellent *casa de pupilos* in the *Calle de San Alejandro*, kept by Mrs. Stanley, is well fitted for private families and ladies. Good lodgings and fare may be had at *Juan Muñoz*, 117, C. del Baluarte. The fans, mantillas of Cadiz (Spanish mantillas imported into England pay a duty of 15 per cent.), rank next to those of Valencia and Barcelona; the gloves are excellent, especially the white kid, six reals the pair. Ladies' shoes are very cheap and good, as the feet at Cadiz are not among the ugliest on earth. The town is famous for sweetmeats, or *dulces*, of which Spaniards, and especially the women, as in the East, eat vast quantities, to the detriment of their stomachs and complexions. The *Calle Ancha* is the Regent Street of Cadiz.

There is a good *Casino* or club on the *Plaza San Antonio*, into which strangers are easily introduced by their banker.

The Cadiz guitars, made by Juan Pajez and his son Josef, rank with the violins and tenors of Straduaris and Amati: the best have a backboard of dark wood, called *Palo Santo*. The floor-mattings are excellent: the finest are woven of a flat reed or *junco* (the *effusus* of Linnæus), which grows near Lepe and Elche; these and the coarser *Esteras* used for winter are designed in fanciful Oriental patterns, and can be made to any design for 6 to 8 reals the *vara*: they last long, and are very cool, clean, and pleasant. Visit one of the manufactories to see the operatives squatted down, and working exactly as the Egyptians did 3000 years ago.

Books to consult.—For the antiquities, *Grandezas*, by Jn. Ba. Suarez de Salazar, 4to., Cadiz, 1610; *Emporio*

de el Orbe, Geronimo de la Concepcion, folio, Amsterdam, 1690; *Cadiz Phenicia*, Ms. de Mondejar, 3 vols. 4to., Mad. 1805; *Historia de Cadiz*, 1598, Orosco, 4to., 1845; *Manuel de la Provincia; Luis de Igartuburu*, 4to., Cadiz, 1847.

A couple of days will suffice for seeing this city, whose glories belong rather to the past than the present.

Cadiz, long called *Cales* by the English, although the oldest town in Europe, looks one of the newest and cleanest. The rust of antiquity is completely whitewashed over, thanks to an Irishman, the Governor O'Reilly, who, about 1785, introduced an English system. It is well built, paved, lighted, and so tidy, thanks to the sewer of the circumambient sea, that the natives compare *Cadiz* to a *taza de plata*, a silver dish (Arabicè *tast*). It rises on a rocky peninsula of concreted shells (shaped like a ham), some 10 to 50 feet above the sea, which girdles it around, a narrow isthmus alone connecting the main land; and in fact *Gaddir*, in Punic, meant an enclosed place (Fest. Av. Or. Mar. 273). It was founded by the Phœnicians 347 years before Rome, and 1100 before Christ (Arist. 'De Mir.' 134; Vel. Pat. i. 2. 6). The Punic name was corrupted by the Greeks, who caught at sound, not sense, into *Καδίσια*, quasi *γῆς δίσια*, a neck of land, whence the Roman Gades. *Gaddir* was the end of the ancient world, the "ladder of the outer sea," the mart of the tin of England, and the amber of the Baltic. The Phœnicians, jealous of their monopoly, permitted no stranger to pass beyond it, and self has ever since been the policy of Cadiz. *Gaddir* proved false to the Phœnicians when Carthage became powerful; and, again, when Rome rose in the ascendant, deserted Carthage in her turn, some Gaditanian refugees volunteering the treachery; (Livy, xxviii. 23). Cæsar, whose first office was a questorship in Spain, saw, like the Duke (Disp. Feb. 27, 1810), the importance of this key of Andalucia (Bell, C., ii. 17). He strengthened it with works, and when Dictator gave

imperial names to the city, "*Julia Augusta Gaditana*;" and a fondness for fine epithets is still a characteristic of its townfolk. Gades became enormously rich by engrossing the salt-fish monopoly of Rome: its merchants were princes. Balbus rebuilt it with marble, setting an example even to Augustus.

This town was the great lie and lion of antiquity; nothing was too absurd for the classical handbooks. It was their Venice, or Paris; the centre of sin and sensual civilization; the purveyor of gastronomy, ballets, and other matters for which the Spaniard of old, "*Dedecorum pretiosus emptor*," paid par excellence (Hor. Od. iii. 6, 32). Italy imported from it those *improbæ Gaditanæ*, whose lascivious dances were of Oriental origin, and still exist in the *Romalis* of the Andalucian gipsies. The prosperity of Gades fell with that of Rome, to both of which the foundation of Constantinople dealt the first blow. Then came the Goths, who destroyed the city; and when *Alonso el Sabio*—the learned not wise—captured Kádis from the Moors, Sept. 14, 1262, its existence was almost doubted by the infallible Urban IV. The discovery of the New World revived the prosperity of a place which alone can exist by commerce, and since the loss of the Transatlantic colonies ruin has been the order of the day. Hence the constant struggle during the war to send out troops, and expend on their recovery the means furnished by England for the defence of the Peninsula. The population of Cadiz in the war time, which exceeded 100,000, has now dwindled down to some 53,000. Made a free warehousing port in 1829, a fillip was given, but the privilege was abolished in 1832, since which it is rapidly decaying, as it cannot compete with Gibraltar and Malaga, while even the sherry trade is passing to the Puerto and San Lucar. It has a joint-stock bank and issues its own notes.

Cadiz was sacked June 21, 1596, by Lord Essex, when Elizabeth repaid, with interest, the visit of the Spanish *invincible* armada. The expedition was

so secretly planned, that none on board, save the chiefs, knew its destination. An officer named Wm. Morgan, who, having lived in Spain, knew the dilapidated state of her defences, advised *instant attack*; and so the garrison was found wanting in every thing at the critical moment, and was instantly taken. Antonio de Zuñiga, the corregidor, having been the first to run and fall to his prayers, when every one else followed their leader's example. The booty of the conquerors was enormous; 13 ships of war, and 40 huge South American galleons were destroyed, whereby an almost universal bankruptcy ensued, and the first blow was dealt to falling Spain, and from which she never recovered. The best account is by Dr. Marbeck, physician to Lord Essex, and an eye-witness, Hakluyt, i. 607.

Cadiz was again attacked by the English in 1625; the command was given to Lord Wimbleton, a grandson of the great Burleigh. This was a Walcheren expedition, ill-planned by the incompetent Buckingham, and mismanaged by the general, who, like the late Lord Chatham, proved that genius is not hereditary; (see *Journal and Relation, &c.*, London, 4to., 1626). Another English expedition failed in August, 1702. This, says Burnet, "was ill-projected and worse executed." The attack was foolishly delayed, and the Spaniards had time to recover their alarm, and organize resistance; for when the English fleet arrived in the bay, Cadiz was garrisoned by only 300 men, and must have been taken, as the Duke of Ormond told Burnet.

Cadiz in the recent war narrowly escaped, and from similar reasons. When the rout of Ocaña gave Andalucia to Soult, he turned aside to Seville to play the "conquering hero." So Alburquerque, by taking a short cut, had time to reach the Isla, and make a show of defence, which scared Victor. Had he pushed on, the city must have fallen; for everything was then, as now, most orientally out of order, the fortifications being almost dismantled. The bold front presented by Alburquerque

saved the town. He soon after died in England, broken-hearted at the injustice and ingratitude of the Cadiz Junta. Thus Spain generally rewards those who serve her best. Previously to his timely arrival, the junta, "reposing on its own greatness," had taken no precautions, nay, had resisted the English engineers in their proposed defences, and had insulted us by unworthy suspicions, refusing to admit a British garrison, thus marring the Duke's admirable plan of defending Andalucia. They despised him when they were safe: "Sed ubi periculum advenit invidia atque superbia postfuere" (Sallust, B. C. 24). Then they put away their envy and pride, and clamoured for aid in their miserable incapacity for self-defence with bated breath and whispering humbleness; and General Spencer was sent from Gibraltar with 2000 men, the Duke simply remarking on withdrawing our troops after they had done the work, "it may be depended upon, that if Cadiz should ever again be in danger, *our* aid will be called for" (Disp. Nov. 11, 1813). And never let this true key of Spanish policy be forgotten. That semi-Moorish government, so long as the horizon at home and abroad is fair, will bully and bluster, will slight and ill-use England, its best friend; but whenever "the little cloud" arises, whether from beyond the Pyrenees or the Atlantic, it will hurry to kiss the hand it stung, and will petition for help in craven consciousness of impotence. The real strength of Spain consists in its weakness, and in the forbearance and endurance of other and real Powers.

The first step the Cortes took was to meditate a law to prevent any *foreign* soldiers (meaning English) from ever being admitted into a Spanish fortress; and this after Cadiz, Cartagena, Tarifa, Alicante, Ceuta, &c., had been *solely* defended and saved by their assistance. Now-a-days, according to Spanish histories, Cadiz is the "bastion where the finest troops in the world were baffled by *Spanish* valour alone;" for the Mel-lados and Co. do not even mention the