

he omitted all allusion to Trafalgar in the French papers, as he afterwards did the Duke's victories in Spain. Thus Pompey never allowed his reverses in the Peninsula to be published (Hirt. *B. H.* 18). Buonaparte received the news of his misfortunes at Vienna, which clouded *le soleil d'Austerlitz* with an English fog: his fury was unbounded, and he exclaimed, "Je saurai bien apprendre aux amiraux Français à vaincre" (*V. et C.* XVI. 197).

Five months afterwards he slightly alluded to this *accidental disaster*, ascribing it, as the Spaniards falsely do the destruction of their *invincible* armada, not to English tars, but the winds: "Les tempêtes nous ont fait perdre *quelques* vaisseaux, après un combat imprudemment engagé." Yet Villeneuve had that decided numerical superiority without which, according to Buonaparte's express orders, an English fleet was *never* to be attacked and our sole unsubsidised allies, "les tempêtes," in real truth occasioned to us the loss of many captured ships; a storm arose after the victory, and the disabled conquerors and vanquished were buffeted on the merciless coast: many of the prizes were destroyed. The dying orders of Nelson, "Anchor, Hardy! Anchor!" were disobeyed by Collingwood, whose first speech on assuming the command was, "Well! that is the *last* thing that I should have thought of!" Collingwood also made another small mistake in his dispatch: Nelson did not "*die* soon after his wound;" he *lived* to gain the whole victory.

Although none on either side of the Pyrenees have yet claimed Trafalgar as *their* victory, yet all are convinced, had real nautical valour and science not been marred by fortune and accident, that it ought not to have been *ours*. Every lie circumstantial was published at the time; thus the *Journal de Paris*, Dec. 7, 1805, added 8 ships of the line to the English squadron, while the *Gazetta de Madrid*, of the 19th, added 12. Although all these inven-

tions are disposed of by Sir Harris Nicolas in Nelson's *Dispatches*, immortal as those of the Duke, the controversy is not ended; and the Spaniards have taken such offence at their allies' version of Trafalgar, as given by M. Thiers in his *Histoire du Consulat*, Lib. XXII., and especially at the sneer that five Spanish men of war then and there fled, having "sauvé leur existence beaucoup plus que leur honneur;" that a grave refutation was put forth at Madrid in 1850 by Manuel Marliani, and it is a very pretty quarrel as it stands; meantime both of the beaten parties contend that each of their single ships was attacked by five or six English. The *real* heroes of the day and their *défaite héroïque* were either *Señores* Churraco, Galiano, &c., or *Messieurs* Lucas, Magon, &c., small mention being made of the nobody Nelson, a sort of loup-marin, a man, according to M. Thiers, *assez borné* when off his quarter-deck. The French Admiral Villeneuve was said to have killed himself in despair at his disgrace, but, says Southey, "there is every reason to conclude that the tyrant added him to the numerous victims of his murderous policy," and the silence observed in the 'Moniteur' strengthens this suspicion (see *Vict. et Conq.* XVI. 198).

The country now presents a true picture of a Spanish *dehesa y despoblado*. The rich soil, under a vivifying sun, is given up to the wild plant and insect: earth and air teem with life. There is a melancholy grandeur in these solitudes, where Nature is busy at her mighty work of creation, heedless of the absence or presence of the larger insect man. *Vejer*—Bekkeh—offers a true specimen of a Moorish town, scrambling up a precipitous eminence. Pop. 9000. The *venta* lies below, near the bridge over the Barbate. Here Quesada, in March, 1831, put down an abortive insurrection. Six hundred soldiers had been gained over at Cadiz by the emissaries of Torrijos. The loss in the whole contest, on which for the moment the monarchy hung, was one killed, two wounded, and two

bruised. According to Queseda's bulletin, worthy of his namesake Don Quixote, his troops performed "*prodigios de valor!*" a shower of crosses were bestowed on the conquering heroes. Such are the *guerrillas*, the truly "little wars" which Spaniards wage *inter se*; and they may be well compared to the wretched productions of some of the minor theatres, in which the vapouring of bad actors supplies the place of dramatic interest, and the plot is perpetually interrupted by scene-shifting, paltry *coups de théâtre*, and an occasional explosion of musketry and blue lights, with much smoke (of cigaritos).

A mile inland is the *Laguna de Janda*. Near this lake, Taric, landing from Africa, April 30, 711, encountered Roderick, the last of the Goths. Here the action commenced, July 19, which was decided July 26, on the Guadalete, near Xerez. This one battle gave Spain to the Moslem; the secret of whose easy conquest lay in the civil dissensions among the Goths, and the aid the invaders obtained from the monied Jews, who were persecuted by the Gothic clergy. Taric and Musa, the two victorious generals, received from the caliph of Damascus that reward which since has become a standing example to jealous Spanish rulers; they were recalled, disgraced, and died in obscurity. Such was the fate of Columbus, Cortes, the Great Captain, Spinola, and others who have conquered kingdoms for Spain.

At the *Va. de Taibilla* the track branches; that to the l. leads to the *Trocha*, while a picturesque gorge to the rt., studded with fragments of former Moorish bridges and causeways, leads to the sea-shore. At the tower *La Peña del Cierro*, the Highar Eggel of the Moors, the coast opens in all its grandeur.

"Where Mauritania's giant shadows frown,
From mountain-cliffs descending sombre
down."

And here let the wearied traveller repose a moment and gaze on the magnificent panorama! Africa, no land

of desert sand, rises abruptly out of the sea, in a tremendous jumble, and backed by the eternal snows of the Atlas range; two continents lie before us: we have reached the extremities of the ancient world; a narrow gulf divides the lands of knowledge, liberty, and civilisation, from the untrodden regions of barbarous ignorance, of slavery, danger, and mystery. Yon headland is Trafalgar. Tarifa juts out before us, and the plains of Salado, where the Cross triumphed over the Crescent. The white walls of Tangiers glitter on the opposite coast, resting, like a snow-wreath, on dark mountains: behind them lies the desert, the den of the wild beast and of wilder man. The separated continents stand aloof, frowning sternly on each other with the cold injurious look of altered kindness. They were once united; "a dreary sea now flows between," and severs them for ever. A thousand ships hurry through, laden with the commerce of the world: every sail is strained to fly past those waters, deeper than ever plummet sounded, where neither sea nor land are friendly to the stranger. Beyond that point is the bay of Gibraltar, and on that gray rock, the object of a hundred fights, and bristling with twice ten hundred cannon, the red flag of England, on which the sun never sets, still braves the battle and the breeze. Far in the distance the blue Mediterranean stretches itself away like a sleeping lake. Europe and Africa recede gently from each other; coast, cape, and mountain, face, form, and nature, how alike! Man, his laws, works, and creeds, how different and opposed!

It is geologically certain that the two continents were once united by a dip or valley, as is proved by the variations of soundings. The "wonder-working" Hercules (*i. e.* the Phœnicians) is said to have cut a canal between them. The Moors had a tradition that this was the work of Alexander the Great (Ishkhander), who built a bridge across the opening, then very narrow; it gradually widened un-

til all further increase was stopped by the high lands on each side. On these matters consult Pliny, 'N. H.' iii. 3, and the authorities cited in our paper, Quar. Rev. cxxvi. 293.

The Moors called the Mediterranean the *White Sea*, *Bahr el Abiad*, and *Bahr Rum*, the *Roman Sea*; they termed this *Estrecho*, this *Strait*, which our tars have vulgarised into the "Gut," *Bab-az-zakak*, the "gate of the narrow passage." The length of the straits from Cape Spartel to Ceuta in Africa, and from Trafalgar to Europa Point in Spain, is about 12 L. The W. entrance is about 8 L. across, the E. about 5 L.; the narrowest point is at Tarifa, about 12 m. A constant current sets in from the Atlantic at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. per hour, and is perceptible 150 m. down to the Cabo de Gata; hence it is very difficult to beat out in a N.W. wind. Some have supposed the existence of an under current of denser water, which sets outwards and relieves the Mediterranean from this accession of water, in addition to all the rivers from the Ebro to the Nile in a coast circuit of 4500 L. Dr. Halley, however, has calculated that the quantity evaporated by the sun, and licked up by hot drying winds, is greater than the supply, and certainly the Mediterranean has receded on the E. coast of the Peninsula. The absorption on a surface of 1,149,287 square statute miles, by Halley's rule, would amount to 7966 million tons a day; yet, on the whole, the level of the Mediterranean remains unchanged, for Nature's exquisite system of compensation knows no waste.

Between *La Peña del Ciervo* and Tarifa lies a plain often steeped in blood, and now watered by the brackish Salado. Here Walia, in 417, defeated the Vandali Silingi and drove them into Africa; here the chivalrous Alonso XI. (Oct. 28, 1340) overthrew the united forces of Yusuf I., Abu-l-hajaj, King of Granada, and of Abu-l-hassan, King of Fez, who made a desperate and last attempt to reinvade and reconquer Spain. This victory paved the way for the final triumph of the Cross, as the

Moors never recovered the blow. The accounts of an eye-witness are worthy of Froissart (see Chron. de Alonso XI., ch. 248, 254). Cannon made at Damascus were used here, for the first time in Europe, as is said by Conde, iii. 133. According to Mariana (xvi. 7) 25,000 Spanish infantry and 14,000 horse now defeated 400,000 Moors and 70,000 cavalry. The Christians only lost 20 men, the infidels 200,000. Such bulletins are to be ranked with those of Livy or Buonaparte's "military romances." These multitudes could never have been packed away in such a limited space, much less fed. To count is a modern practice—the ancient and "bulletin" mode was to guess numbers, and to augment or diminish as suited best.

TARIFA, Pop. 9,000, the most Moorish town of Andalucia—that *Berberia Cristiana*—was the ancient Punic city called Josa, which Bochart (Can. i. 477) translates the "Passage;" an appropriate name for this, the narrowest point of the straits: the Romans retained this signification in their *Julia Traducta*: the Moors called it after Tarif Ibn Malik, a Berber chief, the first to land in Spain, and quite a distinct person from Taric. Tarifa bears for arms its castle on waves, with a key at the window; and the motto, "*Sed fuertes en la guerra*," be gallant in fight. Like Calais, it was once a frontier key of great importance. Sancho el Bravo took it in 1292, when Alonso Perez de Guzman, as all others declined, offered to hold this post of danger for a year. The Moors beleaguered it, aided by the Infante Juan, a traitor brother of Sancho's, to whom Alonso's eldest son, aged 9, had been entrusted previously as a page. Juan now brought the boy under the walls, and threatened to kill him if his father would not surrender the place. Alonso drew his dagger and threw it down, exclaiming, "I prefer honour without a son, to a son with dishonour." He retired, and the Prince caused the child to be put to death. A cry of horror ran through the Spanish battlements: Alonso rushed

forth, beheld his son's body, and returning to his childless mother, calmly observed, "I feared that the infidel had gained the city." Sancho the King likened him to Abraham, from this parental sacrifice, and honoured him with the "canting" name "*El Bueno*," The Good (*Guzman, Gutman, Goodman*). He became the founder of the princely Dukes of Medina Sidonia, now merged by marriage in the Villafrancas. On this spot the recording ballads in Duran, v. 203, will best be read.

Tarifa, nearly quadrangular, contains some 12,000 inhab.; the narrow and tortuous streets are enclosed by Moorish walls. The Alameda runs under the S. range between the town and the sea: the *Alcazar*, a genuine Moorish castle, lies to the E., just within the walls, and is now the abode of galley slaves. The window from whence Guzman threw the dagger has been bricked up, but may be known by its border of *azulejos*; the site of the child's murder is marked by a more modern tower—called La Torre de Guzman. The "Lions" of Tarifa are the women, or *las Tarifeñas*, who are proverbial for *gracia y meneo*. They continue to wear the *mantilla* as the Arabs do the boorko, and after the present Egyptian fashion of the tob and Hhabarah, in which only one eye is discovered; that however is generally a piercer, and as it peeps out from the sable veil like a star, beauty is concentrated into one focus of light and meaning. These *tapadas*, being all dressed alike walk about as at a masquerade, most effectually concealed, insomuch that husbands have actually been detected making love to their own wives by mistake. These Parthian assassin-glances have furnished jokes abundant to the wits of Spain. Quevedo compares these riflewomen to the *abadejo*, which means both a water-wagtail and the Spanish-fly; and thus combines the *meneo* and the stimulant. Such, doubtless, was the mode of wearing the *mantilla* among the Phœnician coquettes. "Woe," says Ezekiel (xiii. 18), who knew Tyre so well, "Woe to the women

that make kerchiefs upon the head of every stature to hunt souls." Next in danger to these *tapadas* were the bulls, which used to be let loose in the streets, to the delight of the people at the windows, and horror of those who met the uncivil quadruped in the narrow lanes.

The crumbling walls of Tarifa might be battered with its oranges, which although the smallest, are beyond comparison the sweetest in Spain, but defended by brave men, they have defied the ball and bomb. Soult, taught by Barrosa the importance of this landing-place, was anxious to take it, and had he done so, must soon have been master of all Andalucia, Gibraltar excepted. Gen. Campbell, in defiance of higher authorities, most wisely determined to garrison it, and sent 1000 men of the 47th and 87th, under Col. Skerrett: 600 Spaniards under Copons were added. Skerrett, brave but always unfortunate, despaired; but Charles Felix Smith of the Engineers was skilful, and Col., now Lord Gough, a resolute soldier. Victor and Laval, Dec. 20, 1811, invested the place with 10,000 men; between the 27th and 30th a practicable breach was made near the Retiro gate; then the Spaniards under Copons, who were ordered to be there to defend it, were *not there*—they, however, survived to claim *all* the glory (Madoz, xiv. 609; Nap. xii. 6); but Gough in a good hour came up with his 87th, the "Eagle-catchers," and, with 500 men, beat back 1800 picked Frenchmen in a manner "surpassing all praise," and has lived to conquer China and Gwalior. Victor, *Victus* as usual, retreated silently in the night, leaving behind all his artillery and stores. This great glory and that astounding failure were such as even the Duke had not ventured to calculate on: he had disapproved of the defence, because, although "we have a right to expect that our officers and troops will perform their *duty* on every occasion, we had no right to expect that comparatively a small number would be able to hold Tarifa, commanded as it is at short distances, and enfiladed in every direc-

tion, and unprovided with artillery, and the walls scarcely cannon-proof. The enemy, however, retired with disgrace, infinitely to the honour of the brave troops who defended Tarifa" (Disp., Feb. 1, 1812). The vicinity of Trafalgar, and the recollection of Nelson's blue jackets, urged every red coat to do that day more than his duty. Now-a-days the *Tarifeños* claim all the glory, nor do the Paez Mellados and Co. even mention the English: so Skerrett was praised by Lord Liverpool, and Campbell reprimanded; sic vos non vobis! The English not only defended but repaired the breach. Their masonry is good, and their inscription, if not classical, at least tells the truth: "Hanc partem muri a Gallis obsidentibus dirutam, Britanni defensores construxerunt, 1812." In 1823, when no 87th was left to assist these heroic *Tarifeños*, the French, under the puny Angoulême, attacked and took the place instantly: the inference is conclusive.

The real strength of Tarifa consists in the rocky island which projects into the sea, on which a fortress has long been building. There is a good lighthouse, 135 ft. high, visible for 10 L., and a small sheltered bay. This castle commands the straits under some circumstances, when ships are obliged to pass within the range of the batteries, and if they do not hoist colours are at once fired into, especially those coming from Gibraltar. They fire even into our men of war: thus, in Nov. 1830, the "Windsor Castle," a 74, taking home the 43rd, was hulled without any previous notice. The "Windsor Castle," like a lion yelped at by a cur, did not condescend to sweep the Tarifa castle from the face of the earth, yet such is the only means of obtaining redress: none is ever given at Madrid. England is nowhere treated more contumeliously than by Spain and Portugal, the two weakest and most ungrateful governments in Europe, and saved by her alone from being mere French provinces. The Duke, even while in the act of delivering them, was entirely without any influence (G^d. Sept.

5, 1813), and not "even treated as a gentleman." "There are limits, however," as even he said, "to forbearance." Tarifa, indeed, is destined by the Spaniards to counterbalance the loss of the Rock. This fortress is being built out of a tax levied on persons and things passing from Spain into Gibraltar: thus the English are made to pay for their own annoyance. Tarifa, in war time, swarmed with gun-boats and privateers. "They," says Southey, "inflicted greater loss on the trade of Great Britain than all the fleets of the enemy, by cutting off ships becalmed in these capricious waters." A frigate steamer at Gibraltar will soon abate that nuisance. Those who wish to examine Guzman Castle, or to draw it, may as well obtain the governor's permission, since the vicinity of Gibraltar, which has been made the hot-bed of revolutionists of all kinds, from Torrijos downwards, has rendered every Spanish garrison near it almost as sensitive as the Phœnicians, who welcomed every stranger who pried about the straits by throwing him into the sea. The Spaniards in office are apt to have a *delirium tremens* when they see the man of the pencil and note-book: they instantly suspect that he is making a plan to take the castle.

The ride to Algeciras over the mountain is glorious; the views are splendid. The wild forest, through which the Guadalquivir boils and leaps, is worthy of Salvator Rosa. Gibraltar and its beautiful bay are seen through the leafy vistas, and the bleeding branches of the stripped cork-trees, fringed with a most delicate fern: the grand Rock crouches *á guisa de Leon cuando se posa*. How imposing this mountain mass ere the sun has risen from behind! "Poussin," say the French, "could not paint it; Chateaubriand could not describe it;" or M. Joinville take it. This is indeed the sentinel and master of the Mediterranean, the "Great Sea" of the Bible, the bond of nations, the central cradle of civilisation; and different indeed would have been the world's condition, had this expanse been

a desert sand; and happy the eye and the moment when any catch their first sight of this most classic sea, to behold whose shores was truly, as Dr. Johnson said, the grand end of travelling. These are the waters on which commerce first wafted with white-winged sails all the art and science that raises us above the savage. How grand the page of history that records the mighty deeds they have witnessed! how beautiful in picture and poetry this blue and sunlit sea! The general colour is the deepest ultramarine, with a singular phosphorescent luminosity produced by the myriads of infusoria: a green tint indicates soundings, and a deep indigo blue, profound depth.

Algeciras lies in a pleasant nook. Inns: *Fonda Francesa* near the beach. *Fonda de España*. This, the *Portus Albus* of the Romans, was the green island of the Moors, *Jeziratu-l-Khadra*; an epithet still preserved in the name of the island opposite, *La Isla Verde*, also called *de las Palomas*. The King of Spain is also King of Algeciras, a remnant of its former importance, it being the Moors' key of Spain. It was taken by the gallant Alonso XI., March 24, 1344, after a siege of 20 months, at which foreign crusaders from all Christendom attended, who no doubt did the best of the work, for the benefit and glory of *Nosotros*. It was the siege of the age, and 40 years afterwards Chaucer, describing a true knight, mentions his having been at "Algecir"—a Waterloo, a Trafalgar man. Our chivalrous Edward III. contemplated coming in person to assist Alonso XI., a monarch after his own heart. The *chronica de Alonso XI.* gives the Froissart details, the gallant behaviour of the English under the Earls of Derby and Salisbury (Chr. 301), the selfish misconduct of the French under Gaston de Foix, who kept aloof at the critical moment (Chr. 311). The want of every thing in the Castilian camp was terrific: *cosas de España*. Alonso destroyed the Moorish town and fortifications.

Modern rectangular common-place

Algeciras, pop. 11,000, has risen like a Phoenix, having been rebuilt in 1760 by Charles III., to be a hornets' nest against Gibraltar, and such it is, swarming with privateers in war-time, and with *guarda costas* or preventive service cutters in peace. What a contrast from old Moorish Tarifa; in a morning's ride we jump from one age and people to another. The handsome plaza has a fountain erected by Castaños, who was governor here in 1808, when the war of independence broke out. He, as usual, was without arms or money, and utterly unable to move, until the English merchants of Gibraltar advanced the means; he then marched to Bailen, where the incapacity of Dupont thrust greatness on him. The artist should sketch Gibraltar from near the aqueduct and *Molino de San Bernardino*. The walk to the water-falls is picturesque, the cork-trees grand, the picnicks pleasant.

Between Algeciras and Tarifa, June 9, 1801, the gallant Saumarez attacked the combined French and Spanish fleets under Linois; the enemy consisted of 10 sail, the English of 6. The "Superb," a 74, commanded by Capt. Richard Keats, out-sailed the squadron, and alone engaged the foe, taking the "St. Antoine," a French 74, and burning the "Real Carlos" and "San Hermenegildo," two Spanish three-deckers of 112 guns each. Keats had slipped between them, and then out again, leaving them in mistake from the darkness to fire at and destroy each other. Algeciras is the naval and military position from whence Gibraltar is watched and worried, for the *foreigner's* possession of that *angulus* rankles deeply, as well it may. In the tenacious memory of Spain, which never forgives or forgets, it is hardly yet a *fait accompli*. During summer, the cool stone-houses of Algeciras are infinitely better suited to the climate, than the stuffy dwellings on the arid rock; and here the foreign steamers touch, which ply backwards and forwards between Cadiz and Marselles.

The distance to Gibraltar is about

5 m. across by sea, and 10 round by land. The coast-road is intersected by the rivers Guadaranque and Palmones: on crossing the former, on the eminence *El Rocadillo*, now a farm, the corn grows where once Carteia flourished. This was the Phœnician *Melcarth* (Melech Kartha), King's-town, the city of Hercules, the type, symbol, and personification of the navigation, colonization, and civilization of Tyre: the Phœnicians, be it remembered, called it Tartessus, Heracleon. Humboldt, however, reads in the *Car* the Iberian prefix of height. This was afterwards among the earliest and one of the few Greek settlements tolerated in Spain by their deadly rivals of Tyre.

Carteia was sacked by Scipio Africanus, and given (171 B.C.) to the illegitimate children of Roman soldiers by Spanish mothers (Livy xliii. 3). Here the younger Pompey fled, wounded, after his defeat of Munda, whereupon the Carteians, his former partisans, at once proposed giving him up to Caesar: they have had their reward; and the fisherman spreads his nets, the punishment of Tyre, on her false, fleeting, and perjured daughter. The remains of an amphitheatre, and the circuit of walls about 2 miles, may yet be traced. The Moors and Spaniards have alike destroyed the ruins, working them up as a quarry in building Algeciras and San Roque. The coins found here are very beautiful and numerous (see Florez, Med. i. 293). Mr. Kent, of the port-office at Gibraltar, formed a Carteian museum, consisting of medals, pottery, glass, &c. Consult, for ancient authorities, Ukert (i. 2. 346), and '*A Discourse on Carteia*,' John Conduit, 4to., London, 1719; and the excellent '*Journey from Gibraltar to Malaga*,' Francis Carter, 2 vols., London, 1777.

From *El Rocadillo* to Gibraltar is about 4 m. through the Spanish lines. The whole ride from Tarifa took us about 10 h.

Midway towards Abyla the great sea-fight took place between Lælius and Adherbal (Livy xxiii. 30), and again between Didius and Varus, and that fearful subsequent storm which,

as after Trafalgar, buffeted victors and vanquished (Florus, iv. 2).

ROUTE 3.—CADIZ TO SEVILLE BY STEAM.

While waiting for the completion of a railway there are several ways of getting to Seville; first, by land, in the diligence, through Xerez; secondly, by water, by steamers up the *Guadalquivir*; and thirdly, by a combination of land and water.

Those who prefer the land, may take the diligence to *San Lucar*, which it reaches, having passed through the *Isla* and made the circuit of the bay there, a route interesting only to crab-fanciers and salt-refiners. The country, vegetation, and climate are tropical. Between the Puerto and San Lucar the traveller will remember the Oriental ploughings of Elijah, when he sees 20 and more yoke of oxen labouring in the same field (1 Kings, xix. 19).

San Lucar de Barrameda, Luciferi Fanum, rises amid a treeless, sandy, undulating country, on the l. bank of the Guadalquivir. White and glittering, it is an ill-paved, dull, decaying place; pop. 16,000. Inn, *Fonda del Comercio*; the best café is *El Oro*, on the Plazuela. This town, taken from the Moors in 1264, was granted by Sancho el Bravo, to Guzman el Bueno. The importance of the transatlantic trade induced Philip IV., in 1645, to resume the city, and make it the residence of the captain-general of Andalucia. Visit the ancient English Hospital of St. George, founded in 1517 by Henry VIII. for English sailors. Godoy, in 1799, sold the property, and promised to pay interest on the proceeds. In 1854 the unpaid capital and arrears due from the government amounted to 2400*l*. From *San Lucar Fernando* Magalhães embarked, Aug. 10, 1519, on the first circumnavigation of the world: the *Victoria* was the only ship which returned Sept. 8, 1522, Fernando having been killed, like Capt. Cook, by some savages in the Philippine Islands. *San Lucar* exists by its wine-trade, and is the

mart of the inferior and adulterated vintages which are foisted off in England as sherries. Nota bene, here, at least, drink *manzanilla*, however much it may be eschewed in England, which being, fortunately, not a wine growing country, imports the very best of all others, leaving the inferior for native consumption. The name describes its peculiar light *camomile* flavour, which is the true derivation, for it has nothing to do with *manzana*, an apple, and still less with the town Manzanilla on the opposite side of the river. It is of a delicate pale straw colour, and is extremely wholesome; it strengthens the stomach, without heating or inebriating; hence the Andalucians are passionately fond of it. Excellent *manzanilla* is to be procured in London, of Gorman, 16, Mark Lane. Drink it, ye dyspeptics!

The climate of San Lucar is extremely hot: here was established, in 1806, the botanical Garden of *Acclimatacion*, in order to acclimatize South American and African animals and plants: it was arranged by Boutelou and Rojas Clemente, two able gardeners and naturalists, and was in high order in 1808, when the downfall of Godoy, the founder, entailed its destruction. The populace rushed in, killed the animals, tore up the plants, and pulled down the buildings, because the work of a hated individual. But at all times Spanish, like Oriental vengeance is blind even to its own interests, and retaliates against persons and their works even when of public utility.

San Lucar is no longer the point of embarkation, which is now about a mile up the river at *Bonanza*, so called from a hermitage, *Luciferi fanum*, erected by the South American Company at Seville to *Na. Sa. de Bonanza*, or our Lady of fine weather, as the ancients did to Venus. Here is established an *aduana*, where luggage is examined. The district between Bonanza and San Lucar is called *Algaida*, an Arabic word meaning a deserted waste, and such truly it is: the sandy hillocks are clothed with aromatic brushwood, dreary pines, and wild grapes. The

view over the flat *marisma*, with its agues and fevers, swamps and shifting sands, *arenas voladeras*, is truly desert-like, and a fit home of birds and beasts of prey, hawks, stoats, robbers, and custom-house officers. M. Fenelon, in his 'Télémaque' (lib. viii.), describes these localities as the Elysian Fields, and peoples the happy valleys with patriarchs and respectable burgesses.

For the journey by water, the departures and particulars of the steamers to Seville, are advertised in the Cadiz papers and placarded in all the posadas. After crossing *La Bahia* the Guadalquivir is entered, near Cipiona Point. Here was the great Phœnician lighthouse called *Cap Eon*, the "Rock of the Sun." This the vain-glorious Greeks, who never condescended to learn the language of other people, "barbarians," converted into the Tower of Cepio, *του Καπιωνος πύργος*, the "Cæpionis Turris" of the Romans. Those who wish to avoid the rounding this point by sea may cross over to the *Puerto*, and take a *calesa* to *San Lucar*, and there rejoin the steamer. Seville is distant about 80 m. The voyage is performed in 7 to 8 hours, and in less when returning down stream. Fare, first cabin, 3 dollars; there is a good restaurant on board.

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|--------------------------------|--------|
| La Puebla | 14½ L. |
| Coria | 2 |
| Gelbes | ¼ |
| San Juan de Alfarche | ¼ |

The smoke of the steamer and actual inspection of the localities discharge the poetry and illusion of the far-famed and much overrated Guadalquivir of classical and modern romance. "Thou Bætis," sing the native poets, "crowned with flowers and olives, and girdled by beauteous nymphs, waftest thy liquid crystal to the west, in a placid amorous current." Spaniards seldom spare fine words, when speaking of themselves or their country; and this pellucid river, in sober reality and prose, is here dull and dirty as the Thames at Sheerness, and its "Elysian Fields" are as unpicturesque as those at Paris or our "Isle of Dogs." The turbid stream slowly eats its way through an alluvial level,

given up to herds of cattle and aquatic fowls: nothing can be more dreary: no white sails enliven the silent waters, no villages cheer the desert steppes; here and there a *choza* or hut offers a poor refuge from the red hot sun. In this riverain tract, called *La Marisma*, swamps, ague, and fever are perpetual. In these plains, favourable to animal and vegetable life, fatal to man, the miserable peasantry, like those on the Pontine marshes, look yellow skeletons when compared to their fat kine. Here in the glare of summer a mirage mocks the thirsty sportsman. This *Sarab* or vapour of the desert with its optical deceptions of atmospheric refractions is indeed the trick of fairies, a *Fata Morgana*, and well may the Arabs term it *Moyet-Eblis*, the Devil's water. On the r. hand, in the distance, rise the mountains of Ronda. The Guadalquivir, the "great river," the *Wáda-l-Kebir* or *Wáda-l-adhem* of the Moors, traverses Andalucia from E. to W. The Zincali, or Spanish gipsies, also call it *Len Baro*, the "great river." The Iberian name was Certis (Livy xxviii. 16), which the Romans changed into Bætis, a word, according to Santa Teresa, who understood unknown tongues, derived from Bæth, "blessedness;" but the Generalissima of Spain had revelations which were denied to ordinary mortals, to geographers like Rennell, or to philologists like Humboldt and Bochart, who suspects (Can. i. 34) the etymology to be the Punic *Lebitsin*, the lakes or swamps of the Bætis termination, whence the *Libystino lacu* of Fest. Avienus (Or. Mar. 289). The river rises in La Mancha, about 10 L. N. of Almaraz, flows down, and at Ecija receives the Genil and the waters of the basin of Granada: other numerous affluents come down from the mountain valleys on each side. Under the Ancients and Moors, navigable to Cordova, it formed a portavena to that district, which overflows with oil, corn, and wine. Under the Spanish misgovernment these advantages were lost, and now small craft alone reach Seville, and with difficulty. They have been

talking for the last 300 years of improving the navigation, see *Las obras del Maestro Perez Fernan de Oliva*, 4to, Cordova, 1586, p. 131; and in 1820 a new company—conservators of the river—was formed for the purpose, and a *tax* laid on the tonnage of shipping, which has been duly levied, although not much more has been done beyond jobbing: meantime the bed is filling, the banks falling in, with no side canal, no railroad, to supply the want and shorten the line of this tortuous river.

The river below Seville has branched off, forming two unequal islands, *La Isla Mayor* and *Menor*. The former the Kaptal of the Moors, and Captel of old Spanish books, has been cultivated with cotton by the company, who also cut a canal through the *Isla Menor*, called *La Cortadura*, by which 3 L. of winding river are saved. Foreign vessels are generally moored here, and their cargoes are conveyed up and down in barges, whereby smuggling is vastly facilitated. At *Coria*, famous under the Romans for bricks and pottery, are still made the enormous earthenware jars in which oil and olives are kept: these *tinajas* are the precise *amphora* of the ancients, and remind one of *Morgiana* and the Forty Thieves. The river next winds under the Moorish *Hisnu-l-faraj*, or the "Castle of the Cleft," or of the prospect "al Faradge," now called *San Juan de Alfarache*; and then turns to the r., and skirting the pleasant public walk stops near the *Torre del Oro*, gilded with the setting sun, and darkened by *Aduaneros*, who worry passengers and portmanteaus.

ROUTE 4.—CADIZ TO SEVILLE BY
LAND.

| | | |
|-------------------------------|----|-----|
| San Fernando | 2½ | |
| Puerto Real | 2 | 4½ |
| Puerto de Sa. Maria | 2 | 6½ |
| Xerez | 2 | 8½ |
| Va. del Cuervo | 3½ | 12 |
| Fa. de la Vizcaina | 1 | 13 |
| Torres de Alcaz | 2½ | 15½ |
| Utrera | 3½ | 19 |
| Alcalá de Guadaira | 2 | 21 |
| Sevilla | 2 | 23 |

This is a portion of the high road from

Cadiz to Madrid; the whole distance is 108½ L. There is some talk of a railroad, to be made and paid for by Englishmen, but *festina lente* is a Spanish axiom, where people are slow to begin and never finish. The journey is uninteresting, and sometimes dangerous: leaving Xerez the lonely road across the plains skirts the spurs of the Ronda mountains, sometimes the lair of *mala gente*, Moron being generally their head-quarters, for smuggling and the intricate country favour these wild weeds of the rank soil.

The best plan of route from Cadiz to Seville, is to cross over to the Puerto by steam and take a *calesa* to Xerez, paying 1 dollar; although the road is indifferent the drive is pleasant, and the view from the intervening ridge, *La buena vista*, is worthy of its name: the glorious panorama of the bay of Cadiz is a perfect *belvedere*. There is a decent *posada* at this half-way resting-place. From Xerez drive in a *calesa* to Bonanza, about 3 L. of wearisome road, and there rejoin the steamer. The best *Posada* at Xerez is of *San Dionisio* on the Plaza *La Consolacion*. *F. Travieso*—3, *Calle de la Lenzeria*. The great hospitable wine-merchants seldom, however, permit any one who comes with an introduction "to take his ease in mine own inn."

Xerez de la Frontera, or *Jerez*—for now it is the fashion to spell all those Moorish or German guttural words, where an X or G is prefixed to an open vowel, with a J: e. g., Jimenez for Ximenez, Jorge for George, &c.—is called of the frontier, to distinguish it from *Jerez de los Caballeros*, in Estremadura. It was termed by the Moors *Sherish Filistin*, because allotted to a tribe of Philistines. The new settlers from the East, preserved alike the names of their old homes, and their hatred of neighbours. *Jerez*, pop. 34,000, rises amid vine-clad slopes, studded with *cortijos y haciendas*, with its white-washed Moorish towers, blue-domed *Colegiata*, and huge *Bodegas*, or wine-stores, looking like pent-houses for men-of-war at Chatham. Supposed

by many to have been the ancient *Asta regia Caesariana*, some mutilated sculpture exists in the *Calle de Bizcocheros* and *Calle de los Idolos*, for the Xeresanos call the old graven images of the Pagans *idols*, while they bow down to new *sagradas imagenes* in their own churches. Part of the original walls and gates remain in the old town: the suburbs are more regular, and here the wealthy wine-merchants reside. Xerez was taken from the Moors, in 1264, by Alonso el Sabio, the Learned. The Moorish *alcazar*, which is near the public walk, is well preserved, and offers a good specimen of these turreted and walled palatial fortresses. It belongs to the Duque de San Lorenzo, on the condition that he cedes it to the king whenever he is at Xerez. The *Casa de Riquelmes*, with its *torre de Homenaje*, may also be visited. Observe the Berruguete façade of the *Casas de Cabildo*, erected in 1575. Notice the façade of the churches of Santiago and San Miguel, especially the Gothic details of the latter. The *Colegiata*, begun in 1695, is vile churrigueresque; the architect did not by accident stumble on one sound rule, or deviate into the commonest sense: but the wines of Jerez are in better taste than the temples, and now-a-days more go to the cellar than to the church. The vinous city has a few books and coins. The legends and antiquities of Xerez are described in *Los Santos de Xerez, Martin de Roa*, 4to., Seville, 1671; and there is a new history by *Adolfo de Castro*. Xerez was renowned for its *Majos*, who were considered, however, of a low caste, *muy-cruos*, *crudos*, raw, when compared to the *Majo fino*, the *muy cocio-cocido*, the boiled, the well-done one of Seville—phrases as old as Martial. The *Majo Xerezano* was seen in all his flash glory at the much frequented fairs of May 1 and Aug. 15; but picturesque nationalities are giving place to the common-place coats and calicos of civilization. He is a great bull-fighter, and a fine new Plaza has recently been built here. His *requiebros* are, how-

ever, over-flavoured with *sal Andaluça*, and his *jaleos* and jokes rather practical: *Burlas de manos, burlas de Xerezanos*. The quantity of wine is supposed to make these *valientes* more boisterous and occasionally ferocious, than those of all other Andalucians: "for all this *valour*," as Falstaff says, "comes of sherris." They are great sportsmen, and the shooting in the *Marisma*, especially of deer, bustards, wild fowl, and woodcocks, is first-rate. Parties are made, who go for weeks to the *Coto de Doña Ana* and *del Rey*.

The growth of wine amounts to some 500,000 *arrobos* annually; this Moorish name and measure contains a quarter of a hundred weight: 30 go to a *bota* or butt, of which some 34,000 are annually produced, running from 8000 to 10,000 really fine. This wine was first known in England about the time of our Henry VII. It became popular under Elizabeth, when those who under Essex sacked Cadiz brought home the fashion of good "sherris sack." It is still called *seco* here, which is the old English *seck*, the French *sec*, a word used in contradistinction to the *sweet* malvoisies. It was ousted by *Madeira* wine, but brought back into fashion by Lord Holland, whose travels in Spain abroad, and table at home, gave him the right to dictate in dinnerring at least. Meanwhile the bulk of good Spaniards scarcely know sherry beyond its immediate vicinity. It is, in fact, a foreign wine, and made and drunk by foreigners; nor do Spaniards like its strength, and still less its high price. Thus, even at Granada, it is sold as a liqueur. At Seville, in the best houses, one glass only is, or in our time used to be, handed round at dinner as the *golpe medico*, or *chasse*, the *αἰσθητικὸς* of Athenæus (i. 20). The first class, called "*Vino seco, fino, oloroso y generoso*," is very dear, costing half a dollar a bottle on the spot. Pure genuine sherry, from 10 to 12 years old, is worth from 50 to 80 guineas per butt, in the *bodega*; and when freight, insurance, duty, and charges

are added, will stand the importer from 100 to 130 guineas in his cellar. A butt will run from 108 to 112 gallons, and the duty is 5s. 6d. per gallon. Such a butt will bottle about 52 dozen.

The excellence of sherry wines is owing to the extreme care and scientific methods introduced by *foreigners*, who are chiefly French and Scotch. The great houses are Pedro Domecq, Pemartin, Gordon, Garvey, Isasi, Bermudez, Beigbeder. A *Bodega*, the Roman *horrea*, the wine-store or apotheca, is, unlike our excavated cellars, always above ground. The interior is deliciously cool and subdued, as the heat and glare outside are carefully excluded; here thousands of butts are piled up during the rearing and maturing processes. Sherry, when perfect, is made up from many different butts: the "entire" is in truth the result of Xerez grapes, but of many sorts and varieties of flavour. Thus one barrel corrects another, by addition or subtraction, until the proposed standard aggregate is produced. All this is managed by the *Capataz* or head man, who is usually a *Montañes* from the Asturian mountains, and often becomes the real master of his nominal masters, whom he cheats, as well as the grower. He passes this life of probation in tasting: he goes round the butts, marking each according to its character, correcting and improving each at every successive visit.

The *callida junctura* ought to unite fulness of body, a nutty flavour and aroma, dryness, absence from acidity, strength, spirituousity, and durability. Little brandy is necessary: the vivifying power of the unstinted sun of Andalucia imparting sufficient alcohol, which ranges from 20 to 23 per cent. in fine sherries, and only 12 in clarets and champagnes. Fine, pure old sherry is of a rich brown colour. The new raw wines are paler; in order to flatter the tastes of some English, "pale old sherry" must be had, and the colour is chemically discharged at the expense of the delicate aroma. The *amontillado* is so called from a peculiar, bitter-

almond, dry flavour, somewhat like the wines of Montilla, near Cordova: much sought after, it is dear, and used in enriching poorer and sweetish wines. There is always a venerable butt that contains some *Madre vino*, or rich wine, by which young butts are reared as by *mother's milk*. The contents are very precious, and the barrels named after Ferdinands, Nelsons, Wellingtons, kings and heroes. The visitor is just allowed a sip, by way of *bonne bouche*. The sweet wines of the sherry grape are delicious. The best are the Moscadel, the Pedro Ximenez, so called from a German vine-grower, and the *Pajarete*; this term has nothing to do with the *pajaros*, or birds which pick the most luscious grapes, but simply is the name of the village where it was first made.

Every traveller will of course pay a visit to a great *Bodega*, the lion of Xerez and big as a cathedral, a true temple of Bacchus: those of P. Domecq or Charles Gordon are the finest. The former gentleman has some pictures, but his best gallery is that of butts of sherry. There the whole process of making sherry will be explained. The lecture is long, and is illustrated by experiments. Every cask is tasted, from the raw young wine to the mature golden fluid. Those who are not stupified by drink come out much edified. From the result of many courses of lectures, we recommend the student to hold hard during the *first* samples, for the best wine is reserved for the last, the qualities ascending in a vinous climax. Perhaps the better plan would be to reverse the order, and begin with the best while the palate is fresh and the judgment sober. All the varieties of grape and soil are carefully described in the *Ensayo sobre las variedades de la Vid en Andalucia*, Simon Rojas Clemente, 4to., Mad., 1807; in the *Memorias sobre el Cultivo de la Vid*, Esteban Boutelou, 4to., Mad., 1807; see also our notices in the 'Quarterly Review,' cxxvi. 308; and in the 'Gatherings,' ch. xiv. The student will also do well to drive out and visit some

crack vineyard, and inspect the vinous buildings and contrivances. Many of the great growers have villas on their vineyards, such as *El Recreo*, *Valsequillo*, *La Granga*, &c.; this latter belongs to Mr. Domecq, whose vineyard, *Macharnudo*, is the primest, and really the *Johannisburg* of *Jerez*; the Carrascal, Barbiana alta y baja, Los Tercios, Cruz del Husillo, Añina, San Julian, Mochiele, and Carraola, are also deservedly celebrated.

No one should fail to visit the *Cartuja* convent, which lies about 2 m. to the E., although this once magnificent pile is now desecrated. The finest of the Zurbaran pictures have passed into England, having been sold dog-cheap at the sales of Louis Philippe and Mr. Standish, in 1853; some few others, the refuse, are in the Museo at Cadiz. This Carthusian monastery was founded in 1477 by Alvaro Obertos de Valetto, whose figure in armour was engraved in brass before the high altar: one Andres de Ribera, in the time of Philip II., added the Doric *Herrera* portal: the more modern façade is very bad. This Cartuja was once very rich in excellent vineyards, and possessed the celebrated breeding-grounds of Andalusian horses, to which the French dealt the first blow. The decree of suppression, in 1836, destroyed, at one fell swoop, both monk and animal. The establishments have been broken up, and the system ruined. The loss of the horses will long be felt, when that of the friars is forgotten. On the Carthusian convents and monks of Spain, consult *Primer Instituto de la Sagrada Religión de la Cartuja*, Joseph de Valles, 4to., Mad., 1663.

Below the Cartuja rolls the Guadalete. A small hill, called *el real de Don Rodrigo*, marks the head-quarters of the last of the Goths: here the battle was terminated which put an end to his dynasty (see p. 148). Lower down is *el Portal*, the port of Xerez, whence the sheries were embarked for *el Puerto* before the railroad conveyed the butts to the very shipboard.

The *Guadalete*, from the terminating

syllables, has been connected, by those who prefer sound to sense, with the *Lethe* of the ancients, which, however, is the Limia, near Viana, in Portugal, and obtained its oblivious reputation, because the Spanish army, their leader being killed, forgot on its banks the object of the campaign, and disbanded most orientally each man to "his own home." *Cosas de España.*

This Limæa, or Limia, was the furthest point to which Brutus advanced, as his troops trembled, fearing that they should forget their absent wives. Florus (ii. 17. 12) records this unmilitary fear. Strabo (iii. 229) observes that some called the Limia Βελιωνα, which Casaubon happily amends οβλιωνας, the Fluvius Oblivionis of Pliny, Mela, and Livy. The Græco-Roman name of the Gaudalete was Chrysos, and golden is the grape which grows on its banks: it is that fluid, and not what flows between them, which erases their absent dames from the memories of bad husbands. It is stated by Florez (Esp. Sag. ix. 53) that the name Chrysos was changed by the victorious Moors into *Wad-al-leded*, *El rio de deleite*, the river of delight; but this is a very doubtful etymology, and the Moorish name really was *Wada-lekah*. A wild bridle-road through Arcos communicates with Ronda. See p. 263.

The *Camino real*, on leaving Xerez, on one side skirts a waste called *La Llavura de Caulina*; it is well provided with bridges, by which the many streams descending from the mountains to the rt. are crossed. The lonely expanse is truly Spanish, and in spring teems with beautiful flowers, of which the botanist may fill a vasculum and a note-book.

Utrera, Utricula, during the Moorish struggle, was the refuge of the agriculturist who fled from the Spanish *talas* and border forays, and is inhabited by rich farmers, who rent the estates around, where much corn, oil, fruit, and wine is produced; here vast flocks are bred, and those fierce bulls so renowned in the Plaza. Pop. 11,000. The streets and alamedas are kept

clean and fresh by running streams. Formerly flourishing and very populous, it fell into decay, but within 10 years has been much improved by an *álcalde* named Cuadra. The Carmelite convent was turned into a prison, and the Sn. Juan de Dios into a philharmonic theatre. The Sa. Maria de la Mesa has a good Berruguete portal, called *el Perdon*, and a tomb of a Ponce de Leon, with an armed kneeling figure. There is a ruined castle. Utrera, in a military point, is of much importance. The high road from Madrid to Cadiz makes an angle to reach Seville, which can be avoided by marching from Ecija direct through Arahal. The saints of Utrera have long rivalled the bulls: thus the Virgen de la *Consolacion* at the *Convento de Minimos*, outside the town, N.E., is the Palladium of the ploughmen. Built in 1561, it used to be frequented by thousands on the 8th of Sept., when a fair was held, and votive offerings made: now little more takes place than the sale of children's toys; nay, there is a scheme of turning the building into a madhouse. *Tempora mutantur.* Consult an especial book on this "*Santuario*" by Rodrigo Caro, 8vo., Osuna, 1622. Consult *Epitologo de Utrera*, Pedro Roman Melendez, 4to., Sevilla, 1730. About 2 L. from Utrera is a fine olive *hacienda* of the Conde de Torre Nueva, which is well managed; at *Morales* 1 L. to l. are the ruins of a most ancient castle. There is a short bridle-road to Seville, by which Alcalá is avoided and left to the rt.

Alcalá de Guadaira, where the *Po-sada* is very tidy, signifies the "castle of the river Aira," and was the Punic Hienippa, a "place of many springs." It is also called *de los Panaderos*, "of the bakers," for it has long been the oven of Seville: bread is the staff of its existence, and samples abound everywhere; *Roscas*, a circular-formed *rusk*, are hung up like garlands, and *hogazas*, loaves, placed on tables outside the houses. "Panis hic longè pulcherrimus; it is, indeed, as Spaniards say, *Pan de Dios*—the "angels" bread of "Esdras." Spanish bread

was esteemed by the Romans for its lightness (Plin. 'N. H.' xviii. 7). All classes here gain their bread by making it, and the water-mills and mule-mills, or *atahonas*, are never still; they exceed 200 in number: women and children are busy picking out earthy particles from the grain which get mixed, from the common mode of threshing on a floor in the open air—the *era*, or Roman area. The corn is very carefully ground, and the flour passed through several hoppers in order to secure its fineness. Visit a large bakehouse, and observe the care with which the dough is kneaded. It is worked and re-worked, as is done by our biscuit-bakers: hence the close-grained caky consistency of the crumb. The bread is taken into Seville early every morning. Alcalá, pop. about 6000, is proverbial for salubrity, and is much resorted to as a summer residence, and it always escapes the plagues which so often have desolated Seville; the air, freshened by the pure Ronda breezes, is rarefied by the many ovens, of which there are more than 50. For local information consult the *Memorias Historicas de Alcalá*, Leandro Jose de Flores, duo, Sevilla, 1833-4.

The castle is one of the finest Moorish specimens in Spain, and was the land-key of Seville. It surrendered, Sept. 21, 1246, to St. Ferdinand, the garrison having "*fraternised*" with Ibn-l-Ahmar, the petty king of Jaen, who was aiding the Christians against the Sevillians, for internal divisions and local hatreds have always been causes of weakness to unamalgamating Spain. The Moorish city lay under the castle, and no longer exists. A small mosque, now dedicated to *San Miguel*, on whose day the place was taken, and made into a barrack by the French, is all that remains. Observe the *tapia* walls, the *mazmorras*, subterranean corn granaries, the cisterns, *algibes*, the inner keep, and the huge donjon tower, *la torre mocha* (mota), built by the Spaniards. The river below makes a pretty sweep round the rocky base, and long lines of walls run down,

following the slopes of the irregular ground. The gardens are all that Flora and Pomona can combine.

In the town observe the pictures in *San Sebastian* by Fr^o. Pacheco, father-in-law to Velazquez, and also a "Purgatory" by him in the church of *Santiago*. In the convent *de las monjas* is a Retablo with six small bas-reliefs by Montañes. The "Sa. Clara receiving the Sacrament" is the best; his small works are rare and beautiful.

Alcalá, the "city of springs," supplies temperate Seville both with bread and water, prison or Iberian fare. The alembic hill is perforated with tunnels: some are 2 L. in length. The line of these underground canals may be traced on the outsides of the hill by the *lunbreras*, *louvres*, or ventilators. Do not fail to visit the *Molino de la Mina*, whence Pedro de Ponce Leon, in 1681, took the title of marquis. The excavations in the bowels of the rock are most picturesque, and no crystal can be clearer than the streams. Some of these works are supposed to be Roman, but the greater part are Moorish. The collected fluid is carried to Seville by an aqueduct; the first portion is enclosed by a brick *cañeria*. The Roman works were completely restored in 1172 by Jusuf Abu Jacob (Conde, ii. 380); but all was permitted, as usual, to go to decay under the Spaniards: the coping was broken in, and the water became turbid and unwholesome. In 1828, Don Jose Manuel de Arjona, *Asistente* of Seville and its great improver, set apart about 40,000 dollars from a tax on meat, for the restoration of this supply of vital importance to an almost tropical city; but this ready money was seized upon, in 1830, by the needy Madrid government, and spent in putting down Mina's rebellion after the three *glorious* days at Paris. The aqueduct, on approaching Seville, is carried in on some 400 arches, called "*Caños de Carmona*," because running along the road leading to that city. The sportsman may walk with his gun over the flats between Alcalá and Seville to the