

has shipwrecked both his work and his reputation.

Every body imagines they can write a tour or a journal, but the question is will every body read it? It appears to me a kind of authorship which requires a very peculiar tact to succeed in, considering the few books of travels that outlive the year of their birth. I can call to mind but few which form standard works of the library; for example, Lady M. Wortley Montague's Letters on Turkey, for the vivacity and elegance of the stile—Forsyth's one volume on Italy, for its depth of learning and judgement, so distinguished for the much it contains in a little from Eustace's three volumes—Matthews's Diary of an Invalid, a perfect model of classical and easy writing, and worth many a ponderous quarto—Carne's Letters from the East, and the travels of the honest, true and indefatigable Burchardt.

This present year, however, we have two works of travels which bid fair to survive, De Tocqueville's America, affording a complete mass

of information on the republican institutions of the United States, accompanied with profound observations—and that graceful trifle from the pen of Mr. Beckford, his recollections of the Monasteries of Alcobaça and Batalla, a finished specimen of refined wit and polished stile, though it strikes me as a little finical, and to be rather too much essenced with the perfume of the fine gentleman.

With such cursory observations on the literature of the day, (and you must remember I promised nothing more) I shall conclude by introducing you to a new species of literature of entirely modern growth. ‘Nil intentatum nostri liquere.’ We have now our fox-hunting literature, our Nimrods and our gentlemen in scarlet, under various names figuring away in the Sporting Magazine. I am or rather was too keen a sportsman to say a word against fox-hunting. People must be amused, and if so it is better they should amuse themselves in a manly way, and in a healthy recreation, and I may add an innocent one, than in the dissipation and profligacy of a large town, and in amusement like-



wise be it said in its favor, that unites together the nobleman, the gentleman and the farmer on terms of mutual cordiality and good fellowship.

But as a subject of literature it is a different thing, and who could have imagined that one such as this could have been treated with a degree of *toadiness*, disgraceful to a man-milliner? Now turn over the letters of these needy Nimrods who have been forced to support the hunting-whip by the pen. You will read that a certain *rich* squire 'looked like a gentleman as he always does,' that Lord Dunderhead is a most *splendid* rider, and Sir John Fiddle-faddle a *clipper*; then perhaps comes a digression from the description of the run in question, every third word of which is probably 'a lie duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute,' upon the brilliant establishment of such a master of hounds, and the hospitality enjoyed under his *mahogany*, the whole of this tribute of a sycophant being interlarded with similar slang terms.

Amidst instinctive vulgarity, and wit that smells of the stable, we find every now and then attempts to hit off the polished stile, reminding

one of the airs of a shop-keeper attempting to play off the fine gentleman: then comes some hackneyed Latin quotation to prove that the writer at all events *has* been at school. I happen, however, to know some of the peculiarities of grammar and spelling which the Editor of that Magazine must occasionally have to correct, notwithstanding these evidences of a classical education.

After thus giving you a sketch of some of the species of our literature of the day, there remains our periodicals which form a very important feature of it; but to these I shall recur on several future opportunities.

Believe me, &c.

To Trelawney Tomkinson, Esq.

Land's End, Cornwall.

LETTER II.

CADIZ—BULL-FIGHTS AT PUERTA SANTA MARIA—
ROBBERIES IN SPAIN CONSIDERED—VOYAGE TO
SEVILLE.

Seville, August 23rd, 1835.

DEAR TOMKINSON,

ON the sixth day of our voyage from Falmouth, at four o'clock in the morning, August 10th, a gun fired on deck roused me from my slumbers: we had reached our moorings in the harbour of Cadiz. What a splendid view! exclaimed a passenger, who descended from the deck some five minutes after into the confined cabin into which I had been stowed nearly a week. Well, thought I to myself, this splendid view I may as well enjoy an hour hence, and I turned again on my pillow; but how uncertain are all human expectations? In an hour afterwards, when I ascended above, a sudden Levanter having sprung up in that short time, had wrapped the whole scene in as dense a fog as ever veiled the beauties of the Thames, and

Cadiz, though only a mile distant, was as invisible as St. Paul's at the distance of twelve hundred.

Boats to take the passengers on shore now began crowding round us, with gilded prows and sterns, and huge sweeping Latine sails, and not till I had landed in one of these on the quay did the white walls of Cadiz rise before me.

After some squabbling with the sharks who had rowed us to shore, we entered through the gate of the city, and found ourselves in the principal fish-market, catching the first accents of the language of the gods from five hundred rival fish venders, who were cheapening down each other for cuartos, and in the midst of this hubbub, and an overpowering odour of garlic and rancid oil, we were conducted to the Custom-house, and from the Custom-house to Mr. Wall's Posada Inglese.

After a most liberal breakfast of chocolate, tea, red mullets, grapes, figs, &c. I went forth with one of my late fellow-voyagers to cast my eyes around me. The fog had by this time cleared away, and the burning sun of Andalusia was bright and cloudless above.

The first impression of this fair town is strik-

ingly agreeable—the well-paved and beautifully clean streets, the loftiness of the houses, white as the driven snow, the tiers of verandahs supported on green brackets, rising one above the other, many of them inclosed in glass windows, and decorated with shrubs and flowers—the number of fruit-stalls stocked with melons, grapes, figs, love-apples, &c. As to the streets, they consist of a very labyrinth of narrow alleys, through which we threaded our way for a couple of hours, meeting with only one carriage, and that of a form and build which would have passed for a venerable relic of antiquity in England, drawn by four mules, with the coachman sitting on a level with the animals' tails.

At the end of our walk we were completely lost, and addressed ourselves to a worthy citizen to inquire the way home, who, instead of giving us useless directions through innumerable windings and turnings, like a good Samaritan, put his best leg foremost, and never deserted us till he had conducted us to the very door of our inn.

We sat down to dinner, a party of six English, and repaired in the afternoon to the Alameda,

the evening promenade and the resort of all the beau monde of Cadiz. Nothing so distinguishes Spain from all other countries in Europe as the female costume. The mantilla, which is a black veil suspended over a high comb, is the only head-dress of the ladies. None can be more becoming, and I imagine it has much contributed to the fame which the Spanish ladies have acquired for beauty. My landlord, Mr. Wall, who has lived at Cadiz for thirty-five years, tells me that the Gaditanas are not beautiful: I agree with him; but that they are extremely interesting, for which I take his word. I certainly, on the Alameda of Cadiz, saw no more than the usual proportion of female beauty. Having thus disposed of the ladies, rather ungallantly, distinguished rather by their mantillas and fans, than by any superior beauty, the gentlemen were distinguished by smoking papeles, small rolls of paper inclosing tobacco.

But one of the most characteristic features of the scene were the Aguadores, or water-carriers, and the fire-carriers. The water-carriers, bearing

large stone pitchers on their shoulders, were screaming forth their melancholy ditty, "Agua—agua—agua fria—agua di nieve—quien quiere agua?" Water, cold water, who will drink? They had each a leathern pouch buckled round their waist, filled with sugar-cakes, one of which they offer you with each glass of the refreshing element. The fire-bearers, carrying a piece of smouldering rope for the convenience of the smokers, were crying forth "Quien quiere la candela?" Who wants a light?

I happened to have arrived at Cadiz on a busy day. A review of the Urbanos had taken place, and in the evening the portrait of the infant queen Isabella was to be borne in triumph through the streets, attended by the Governor and the Magnates of Cadiz, as a demonstration of loyalty and attachment to the government. These Urbanos now made their appearance on the Alameda, horse, foot, and artillery, followed by crowds of people shouting "Viva los Urbanos! viva la Reyna!"

At ten o'clock the whole town was illuminated,

for some disturbances were apprehended; and in such cases illuminations are enjoined by the municipal authorities as a measure of precaution.

The expected procession not having made its appearance at eleven o'clock, tired out with my long day I returned home, and went to bed; but scarce had I laid my head on the pillow amidst a sweltering heat, and the buzzing of hungry mosquitos, commending myself to "Nature's soft nurse," when the row began. The sound of music and the shouts of the people in the Plaza di San Antonio, first discomposed me; but this was a mere prelude of the symphony that *was* to ensue. The bell of a monastery at one end of the street began a most discordant ding-dong, clatter, clatter. Another at the opposite end took up the strain as soon as it had ceased. "Arcades ambo; et cantare pares et respondere parati." But every bell in every church, and monastery, and convent in Cadiz "now had found a tongue," and one astounding chorus burst upon me. It was jam, jam, ding-dong, clatter, clatter, till past two o'clock. Two old women, in addition to this, one from her

garret above me, the other opposite me, were chiming in *their* tongues with a volubility and energy, which, compared with the tongues of the phlegmatic people of the north, was like the screaming of a macaw to that of a parrot. Such was my first day at Cadiz; and I have described it with, perhaps, this tedious minuteness, because first impressions are the most striking.

Let me now attempt to afford you a general idea of the position and appearance of Cadiz. But for a narrow neck of land at the extremity, six miles in length and scarce half a mile in breadth, it is an island town, with the bay on one side, and the main Atlantic on the other, stretching on to the Straits of Gibraltar; a position in this hot climate which is very advantageous, as it enables the sea-breeze to penetrate the streets in all directions. There being, however, but this one outlet, where you may walk without the town, between continuous gardens bordered by aloe hedges, I confess for my own part, after a week, I felt myself almost as much pent up as in a large ship. The noble ramparts of Cadiz, from their height and solidity, present

a striking feature. Towards the north they form a promenade of great breadth, from whence you look over the bay, crowded with vessels of all nations, to the Andalusian mainland opposite, studded with its white towns and villages glittering in the sun. The beauty of the houses in general forms the distinguishing feature of Cadiz; for as to the public buildings, they are not worthy of remark. Though still a gay and lively scene, it has much fallen off from the splendour of its 'palmy days,' when, soon after the discovery of the New World by the enterprising Genoese, commerce poured her golden flood into its port, and enabled her merchants to raise those beautiful palaces which ornament the Plaza di San Antonio and other parts of the city.

After being some days at Cadiz, hearing there were to be some bull-fights at Port St. Mary's, a town about eight miles across the bay and the residence of a number of English wine-merchants, I joined a party of English in a felucca, and after an agreeable sail, we glided up the little creek which faces the harbour of St. Mary's.

A host of beggars, which reminded me of ould Ireland, were drawn up in line to receive us on the quay, and as we were changing money to pay the toll, so many importunate hands were held out to us for charity, that the toll-keeper, to prevent the change from passing into hands for which it was never meant, snatched up his cane and began dealing about him with as little ceremony as if he had been freeing himself from so many importunate dogs.

As we walked to our inn, we found the streets broad, well built, and crossing each other at right angles; but with flowing drains in the centre, which smelt abominably. Our inn, las verdes rejas (the green rails) was a good specimen of the Andalusian style of building. In the centre was an open paved court or hall (the Patio), with a fountain in the middle, stuck round with garlands of flowers. This served as the *café*. It is sheltered by a canvas awning during the day. An arcaded gallery runs round the upper story, within which are the suite of bed rooms. As we entered it, we observed two boys playing with a couple of those extraor-

dinary animals cameleons, which they had just caught in the fields.

After being hospitably entertained at dinner by an English gentleman in the wine trade, we repaired, at four o'clock, to the Plaza de los Toros. We paid about three shillings for a shady place in the amphitheatre, which is double the price of one exposed to the sun. In the middle of the building is an open sanded arena, divided by a wall from an ascending row of benches, surmounted by two tiers of covered boxes. About seven thousand people were assembled together in noisy expectation, with sentinels interspersed among them to keep order.

As soon as the Governor and his suite had entered his box, a troop of cavalry came in, wheeled round the arena, and saluted him en passant. The dramatis personæ in their gaudy dresses enacted the same ceremony, consisting of the matador (or slayer), four picadors (spearsmen) on horseback, and about a dozen banderos. The Governor then dropped the key of the first bull's den as a signal for the fight to begin, and a flourish of trumpets ushered in the

first bull. Half-bewildered and half-enraged by the savage shouts that hail his entrance, perhaps he gallops round the arena, but more usually takes his station in the centre, staring around him, flourishing his head, or stooping to the ground and pawing up the sand. Rarely he commences the attack, for he has not yet learnt, unfortunate animal, that man is his enemy, till the bandeleros, running up to him, irritate him with their red cloaks, and escape his pursuit by sheltering themselves in the side slips, or jumping the wall which divides them from the spectators. At length the noble animal, irritated by his persecutors, becomes infuriated, fixes his eye upon one of the picadors, who trots up to challenge him (mark, I pray you, that the wretched horses are blinded, that they may be urged on to their destruction), and is received by the picador on the point of his spear, which he draws forth stained with the animal's blood. Roused by the wound to more deadly exertion, he assaults the second, and tumbles man and horse to the ground. Then shout the exulting multitude, 'Bravo, bravo, Toro!' The bandeleros, how-

ever, are at hand to raise up the fallen picador, who again mounts the same horse, if *he* also can be raised, who, with his entrails trailing on the ground, is spurred on again to the conflict, till exhausted nature relieves him. Seven horses are thus sometimes killed by a single bull. Bravo Toro ! Sometimes a man. Bravissimo !

When the suffering animal has become somewhat enfeebled by his wounds, again sounds the trumpet, and the bandeleros commence the attack with their barbed darts. Dart after dart succeeds, till when the bull, mad and quivering with torture, his cicatrized body streaming with blood, begins to reel to and fro dizzy and stupefied, the trumpet sounds again the *only* note of mercy, that of death ! In steps the matador, addresses the Governor, and after generally many ineffectual attempts, sometimes leaving his sword in the animal's neck, he stretches him lifeless, amidst the acclamations of human triumph ; but should he too long weary the patience of the spectators, at the vociferous cry of the ' Media luna,' a ruffian enters, armed with a semi-circular

blade of steel, cuts the ham-strings of the bull from behind, and the first act of the tragedy, which extends to twelve, is concluded.

Now, at the commencement of the fight, it sometimes happens that the bull is too gentle to afford sport. In such case, 'Il fuego' is shouted forth, and the bandeleros arm themselves with barbed fire-works, which they plunge into the animal's flesh to madden him into becoming rage.

Such are but naked facts stated with all brevity. You would not have me dwell in detail upon so atrocious a scene of butchery and cowardice, in which sixteen men, with as many horses as are required, armed in all ways, achieve the death of an animal that Providence created for domestic purposes, for the amusement of spectators who sit enjoying the sight of blood and carnage, themselves out of the reach of danger. Who are these spectators? The Court, if the Court happen to be at the town; the clergy, who have a box set apart for them; the nobility and the ladies, the gentle Dulcineas of Spain. Nay more, I once saw a placard at

Zaragoza, advertising a bull fight in honour of a religious festival.

Observe, too, with what parade and ceremony the whole thing is conducted, as though it were some dignified spectacle worthy of all solemnity. Surely you will not now marvel at Spanish ferocity and Spanish assassination.

We slept that night at Port St. Mary's. At five o'clock the next morning, awakened by the stifling heat, and smarting with mosquito bites, I rose, dressed myself, and thought to refresh myself with the cool of the morning; but I found without a furious and stifling levanter raising up such clouds of sand from the beach, that the whole atmosphere was as thick as in a dense fog, and, half blinded, I was e'en forced to return to my room, and seek shelter from this burning and feverous wind with closed windows.

After breakfast, we occupied three hours of the forenoon in visiting some of the wine cellars, little anticipating what we had to go through. How many different specimens of sherry, the strongest wine I believe produced, were we

condemned to taste this hot morning? One cellar alone contained four thousand butts. Perhaps you may not be aware that the brown sherry is mixed with boiled wine, that the pure is the pale sherry, and that what is called amon-tillado is one butt of the same year and vineyard, which attains to a greater degree of perfection solely by the chance process of fermentation. The brown sherry is indeed preferred in England, for climate produces strange changes in the palate; but to me it then tasted flat compared to the pale.

We were again hospitably entertained to-day at the table of another English gentleman in the wine trade, and the conversation happening to turn on the subject of Spanish robberies, I found that, out of a party of six, three had been robbed in different journies.

The danger of travelling in this country indeed is evident, when one considers its desolate state, and that you may traverse many a twenty mile through all parts of Spain without meeting perhaps more than one solitary post-house; and particularly when you reflect on the maladminis-

tration of justice. For suppose a highwayman apprehended, and without the wherewithal to bribe the jailor to open his prison doors, yet, should he be an experienced adept in his profession, the said jailor will be induced to let him out on parole, in order to afford him the opportunity of returning with some traveller's purse, which may purchase his unconditional liberation; and I apprehend the judges have an 'itching palm' very favourable to the criminal, and that there is as little difference at this time between the honesty of the thief and the justice, as there was in the days of Gil Blas. In short, so corrupt is the system, that the same man may be thus let loose on the public again, as often as he is apprehended for robbery, and during his life may commit, singly, as many depredations as the celebrated Cacus, the dread and the scandal of the Aventine forest.

This subject of robbery is too tempting a theme, however, for travelling authors, I suspect, to have entirely refrained from indulging themselves in some exaggeration on; for be assured that it is not every traveller who is so

unfortunate as to be twice robbed during 'a year in Spain.' On this subject I have conversed with French commercial travellers and others, who I presume stated the truth, when they assured me that they had never once been robbed during repeated journies in the diligences over every part of Spain for successive years.

Apropos on this interesting topic (for what is more so than that of robbery and murder?), there is a story current of one of our countrymen, who chanced to be asleep in a snug corner at the back part of the diligence by himself, whereby he escaped the notice of a party of gentlemen who pillaged his fellow travellers in the front and middle divisions. On being afterwards congratulated on his escape, he bewailed his ill-star with the deepest air of mortification. 'What!' exclaimed the astonished congratulator, 'have you not escaped the loss of purse and linen?' 'A mere trifle that,' returned the Englishman: 'but what a page have I lost for my book? Why, Sir, the details of a Spanish robbery would have secured a second, a third, I know not how many editions: but—a lucky

thought—pray, Señor, give me the whole particulars of this affair.’ Pencil in hand, the author noted them down, and *I* was robbed in such and such a manner, afterwards formed the most interesting chapter of a Tour in Spain; nay, the story runs, he invented a murder to make the thing more complete.

As we returned to Cadiz in the evening, in a felucca, in company with a party of French naval officers, whose frigate lay at anchor in the roads, they were all loud in their reprobation of the barbarian spectacle of the bull fights, and one of them, comparing such an amusement with that of the grand Opera at Paris, observed, ‘ Mais non, Monsieur—non—assurément cela ne vaut pas Robert le Diable.’

Having now stayed ten days at Cadiz, I had intended to leave it for Seville on the 19th, and had gone down to the quay, bag and baggage, at four o’clock in the morning, to embark on board of the steam-boat, when lo! to my astonishment, I understood that, owing to a drunken fit of the Spanish captain who com-

manded her, she lay stuck on a sand-bank in the middle of the harbour.

The next morning, however, I embarked with an English captain who was *not* drunk. After four hours tossing about in the bay, while the wheels kept ploughing their way through a heavy swell, the light-house of Cadiz sinking lower and lower to our view, and the sandy Andalusian coast we were nearing rising gradually more distinct, imagine us now to be gliding up the tranquil mouth of the Guadalquivir. The white Custom-house of San Lucar is now opposite us, and we bring to, for a boat full of passengers which pushes off from shore, containing a priest with his immense shovel-hat two yards long in the brim, two ladies, and three nondescript looking fellows, with something of the appearance of peasants, but much more that of brigands.

And now as they are all on board, I shall endeavour to give you a sketch of the elder of these three strange looking fellows. Imagine the eyes of a tiger glaring from beneath the pent-house of black bushy eye-brows, cheeks

sallow, mouth wide and drawn down at each corner, on which sits stamped a perpetual fiendish grin. Picture now to yourself his dress—a peaked crowned hat with a bunch of red ribbons at the side—a silk handkerchief beneath enveloped round his head, the ends of which fall gracefully down behind—a yellow sash swathed in a bunch round his waist—a brown jacket gaudily embroidered with red and yellow, and an immense frill protruding from beneath the opening of his waistcoat, and to finish the costume, nether garments descending half way down his legs, which discover the open figured clocks of his white cotton stockings.

But let us observe the movements of this strange figure. He begins pacing up and down the deck with a lounging shuffling gait, puffing a cigar, in company with his two companions of whom he seems to be the master spirit, and the magnus Apollo. Presently he stands still in earnest conversation with them, accompanying his words with significant gestures. Is he planning a scheme of robbery? then he bestows a hearty slap on the shoulder of the fellow near

