

of them, looking like little hollow tubes of white flesh, (for the fisherman has drawn out the poor animal's shell from inside him!) with a string of white, fleshy, tender feelers, are the well-known "calamar," so called, I suppose, from "calamo," a hollow reed, or flute. These are torn off from the rocks with an iron hook; they are stewed with rich gravy and kidneys, and have a peculiar crisp kind of flesh. Many are potted in oil, and sent into the interior, where, during the hot months, when meat is unobtainable, or so tough as to be useless for the table, I have often eaten them for dinner.

The other fish here of the same nature are those called by the fishermen "choccles." The shells drawn from these are strung up in festoons about the market to dry. They are called "conchas de choccle," and are about eight inches long. They have a kind of substance inside, which is then sold to the tailor or cloth-cleaner, who uses it, when powdered, to take stains of grease from his cloth.

The fishermen call all these animals by a generic name, equivalent in English to "tight-stickers"—I suppose from the tenacity with which the poor creatures cling to their rocks.

Here are good English whiting in abundance; they are called "pescadillas."

Here is a bright-red basketful! These little fish, barely two inches long, are called here "carpetes"; they are fried, and eaten by the poorest. Here a basket of fish like herrings, but thinner, and with a longer tail; these are called "aureles," and are of a grey colour. They are said to be the worst, most bony, and therefore cheapest fish in the market; they are about six inches in length. Here is a basket of small, short,

chubby fish, each about four inches long, of cream colour and lilac tint: these are confined to Spanish waters, and are called "parchangs;" I know not why, but possibly from the toughness of their skin, the Spanish word for parchment being *parche*. Here are some San Pedros (the English John Dory); these are fine fish, and are highly esteemed here. Mark those two *criadas* screaming over that fine fellow; everything, in Spanish buying and selling, must be and can only be done in one or two ways. First, there is the screaming way; that is pursued by the *criadas*, and lower orders. It consists in this: the seller asks a certain price (always double what he expects) for an article; the buyer offers one-half; both of them scream at each other. The one says,—“What a scoundrel, *hombre* (man), you are to ask such a lot!” The other says,—“You have insulted me by offering me one-half my price.” At last, surely but slowly, the seller yields his point.

Let me digress one moment. It is interesting to observe that the Spaniards always call one another, if strangers (among the lower classes), by the generic name “*hombre*,” which merely means “man.” It is also worthy of note that you rarely find a Spaniard have any pet name for his donkey or mule. We call even a donkey “Jack” or “Neddy.” The Spaniard, on the other hand, calls his donkey and mule simply by their generic names of “*Mulo*” and “*Borrigo*.”

This frequent use of the generic word “*hombre*” in conversation reminds one of the written Scriptures, where “Woman, where are those thine accusers?” words from our blessed Lord’s own lips, and St. Peter’s avowal, “Man, I am not,” have often, until I came to

Spain, sounded harsh to my ears. Other things, also, bear out the idioms, &c., of Holy Writ. Thus, the ox who treads out the corn in Spain is called the "unmuzzled ox."

But this is a digression. The second mode of "dealing" is the more dignified, and the one pursued by all classes. A seller asks a price. You know, of course, that it is double what he expects. You simply shrug your shoulders, say your "adios," and walk away. Next day you pass (by chance, of course!) down the same street, past the same shop. In a moment you hear from your friend the half-hiss, half-whisper, "Pish, pish," which is universal in Southern Spain as a means of calling attention. You turn back, and ask, in a *nonchalant* way, "What do you want? It's a lovely day." Out comes the article in question, offered you at a reasonable rate! This system of buying and selling is universal in Spain. No one, in his sober senses, ever dreams of giving the price that is first asked.

But we have not done with the fish as yet. Here is absolutely a bundle of half-living sharks—long, thin, active (but very small) fellows. They look as if they deserved the name the fishermen give them, "cazones," or "huntsmen," from the Spanish "cazar," to chase. These are caught in the nets, and weigh from 3 lb. to 50 lb., but they are of small value, and eaten only by the very poorest.

Here is a heap of tiny sea-bream, for I know not what else to call them. They are about four inches long, and brown and white in colour; they are very plentiful, and are called "vesugos." Close to them lie a dozen or more of rounder, flatter, and more "breamified," each weighing half-a-pound. They are called

“mojaros,” and are fairly good—eatable, at any rate, when nicely cooked.

Plenty of potted sea-trout are to be had, called here, from their shining glossy scales, “lisas.” By them lies a heap of what looks like sprats, and nothing more. But you must not call these tiny silverlings sprats! The Spaniards (it is the Republican era now, remember) call these unaristocratic mortals by the name of “Pescao del Rey,” *i.e.*, king fish.

Here is a barrel full of slimy-looking fish, about three inches and a half long. They are black, and green, and mottled all over, and from their sharp row of bristles are called “rascarsos,” scratchers, from the Spanish “rascar,” to scratch.

Here are little silver “Raphaels,” oval-shaped, and flashing in the sun like a new shilling. “Cabritas” (little kids), of dark chocolate skin, very small, and (reptile-like, yet caught in deep-sea nets!) shoals of scaleless, slimy, tiny “babosas,” of brown and speckled hues; they are called babosas, *i.e.*, the dribblers, from a word in Spanish meaning to slaver, or spit.

Here, again, is an old English friend, the red gurnet. You know him by his long, tapering, pointed snout, and his soldier’s jacket and blazing eye. These are some of the boniest, coarsest, cheapest fish in the market, and are called “rubios” (red-fish) or “garnaos.”

But, only look beneath your feet. Here lie two animals, whether fish or reptile I cannot say, neither can I take down their long, unpronounceable name. They are about five feet long, muddy brown in colour, in shape between a fish and a frog; they are eaten, I am told, “by the poor.” Alas! how many shapeless things fall to the lot of “the poor”—the poor, whom we are told the good God loveth so well?

Fancy having to eat a slice of one of those. Worse still, to have to buy it, look at it, cook it, and then eat it. Oh! one must be very, very hungry! These creatures have white stomachs, and no scales! Oh, for Frank Buckland, for only one hour!

Look at that basket of "anguilas" (sea eels); their dark, sap-green, slimy, slippery sides. They seem to make no difference between head and tail; they are nearly all one foot long.

No lack of brothers for the red-gurnet. Almost as scaleless, to all appearance, as himself is yonder "garnao," or stony gurnet. By his side lie heaps of red and silver "entong," a fish about eight inches long, silvery, with red fins, and stomach and back, at their ridge bearing a good show of prickles. Around him, as though for a garnish, lies a ring of "gambas," a tiny sort of prawn. And now we have a most strange and unsightly fellow, one foot long. He has three large, blunt, pointless fins, more like small flappers; he has no scales, but his skin is slimy and icy cold; he is in colour a stony-creamy ground, but covered with brown spots, regularly placed; his stomach, which is quite flat, is white; his nose broad and blunt, like a very wide triangle; his tail is flat, and has no break in it, square at the end. He is called a "pintaroja," and one can readily see why. He is beautifully painted, with his spotted skin; but his shape is very awkward, so he is called pintaroja, from the Spanish pintarrago, which means a bungling picture or painting. O Spanish fishers' *sal!*

Wonderful to stimulate the hard-worked brain of man—here, as in England,—is the sole, large and small. Beefsteaks do not supply the waste of brain, but soles, and some other sea-fish do, I have often observed. If

you desire to work beyond bounds your muscles, drink beer, and eat bread and beefsteaks and potatoes. If you desire to work your brain beyond bounds, live upon sole, and drink claret ; these will (I do not speak in joke, but am merely chronicling my own experience, and the teaching of one of the most scientific doctors in Spain) supply the waste of brain as far as the fish is concerned, and the claret will make thought and language flow more freely than will beer. And what says the old German proverb ?—

“He who beer shall drink,
Beer will surely think !”

Here is a pile of fish called “serranos” (*i.e.* serrata). Each one is from six to eight inches long, and dark-brown, with regular scarlet bars all along his body ; his back is completely covered with a row of sharp bristles, like the edge of a mountain. His fellow, also with horizontal bars, lies close by him, the “jereda,” a bright silver fish, seven inches long, with black bars along his side. But his back has very few prickles.

And now we stop in wonderment to know what on earth these reptiles (for they are little better) do, spread out on the deal plank that forms the counter of the fish-market. By the fishermen they are all known by the generic name of “sapos” (*Anglice*, toads). But each one has his specific name. Indeed, nearly all wide-mouthed fish, whether with or without scales, are called by the fishermen roughly *sapos*, just as an English fisherman, as he returns to shore in his lugger to sell his fish on the beach by Dutch auction (if you know what that means—it is the usual mode on the Sussex coast), throws aside a certain amount of

different species of worthless fish, calling them all "the rubbish."

Here is one sort, the typo or type of all the sea-toads, and truly he *is* a sea-toad, and nothing more! He is all head; his mouth stretches from flapper to flapper; he has two tiny eyes, set wide apart; his mouth is all but square; all head and shoulders, he suddenly tapers down to a thin and square-cut tail; he has no scales, but a skin like that of a toad or frog; he is broad at the shoulders; about four inches across, and in length seven inches; his belly is white, fleshy, and flat; on the top of his back is one long, narrow fin; the colour of his body and his flappers is mottled brown and black. He is, as the type of the family, dignified by the name of "*the toad*" among the fishermen. Is he eaten? "Señor, he certainly is!"

Here is another of the family, much like the first. He is a flat fish (?) nine inches long, in colour of a light stone-colour, with white belly; very slimy and slippery; you cannot hold him. His mouth and tail are absolutely quite square; his two flappers, extending the three parts of the way down his body, are oblongs; on the lower (tail) end of his flat back he has two tiny triangular fleshy fins; but he is more graceful and tapers more gradually than the last. Cut off his head and fins, and put scales upon his body, and he would be a nimble and gracefully-shaped fish.

Here is yet another reptile, much like the last, but of his eight inches of length, two inches are devoted to his long fleshy snout. He, like all this family, has no teeth, and seems to live by suction; he measures nine inches in length, and is of a dusty brown, mottled with yellow. He is caught in the nets, well abused,

like all his family, for the room he takes up (he is very valueless), and finally cooked and eaten! But, taking a glance from the fish-market into the world, is it so very uncommon to abuse a person well and then make use of him?

Here is a "safo," or congrio, a kind of conger-eel, with two tiny fins, a long black line down the spine of his flat back, and glistening in his hues of bright lilac deepening into purple.

Here are, lying on the ground, a shoal of small fishes, bright-red in colour, with brown mottles. The most noticeable feature in them is their four groups of sharp bristles on their sharp-pointed backs; and, on their sides, half-way to the stomachs, another smaller row. They are pitiful for the table, and one can only pity the sea-fish who gets one of them into his mouth. They are called "drascarcios." The most striking feature in these very small fish is that their tail ends almost in a point. It would seem to me that, owing to their long line of fortifications, they do not stand so much in need of a rudder, not being pursued by the larger fish, as are their more palatable companions. Be this as it may, one who loves natural history sees constantly all around him the well-ordered beauty and wisdom of Nature in these matters. The poet Cowper has beautifully said, in one of his poems,—

"I would not reckon 'mong my friends the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm,"

Nor would I. But what a blessing to know—since men who have devoted time to that study assure us of the fact—that the nervous organization of the lowest creatures, who crawl about defenceless, and are necessarily crushed by foot of passer-by or carriage-wheel,

is small and not susceptible; in other words, that the lower we descend in the animal creation, the less developed are those organs from which sensitiveness or feeling proceeds. Surely this is a proof of the All-Wise!

And now to return to the family of sea-toads! Here are two who really deserve that appellation. This one has no suspicion of a fish about him at all. His flat scaleless body is just like that of a toad, but not so long proportionately, or so graceful, for his body is much broader than it is long; still, he has a tail (merciful Providence!) to make up this deficiency. Well, here he is; his mouth like the end of a (very wide) triangle; eyes, close together; body flat, one foot in length, one foot five inches in breadth; tail, one foot long: colour, light-brown, with innumerable dark-brown spots; two small flappers on either side where his tail joins his squat body; a row of tiny fins part-way down on the top of his flat, fleshy, tail. He is called by the name of "dralga," or "drayal," and is only fit to be made into sauce. His companion, touching him, has absolutely no shape at all, and I cannot describe him! He is a foot long, and nine inches across his widest part; he is all head and shoulders; his mouth end, (where his mouth should be) is as broad and shapeless as his side; he is flat, light-bellied, has a fish's tail, two or three shapeless flappers, and in colour he is brown and white, with some fifty large black spots on his back. He is called a "timblerara." The flesh of these creatures, for the most part, is white.

There lie some "dratas," suction-fish, toothless, weighing 8 oz.; light-brown, mottled with dark-brown; white fleshed, six inches long, with scales.

Here are baskets full of what in England we should call "all sorts."

Juvels, salvalos, dorados, are all reckoned among the choice fish of Cadiz ; but none are here to-day. As we pass out, one or two dog fish (sometimes called pintarajos) are being cut up in slices on the rough stones, and sold to a poor and hungry-looking, but contented and kindly crowd ! Poor dear things, good appetite to them !

Step out quickly, please. Here are the Municipal Guards clearing the market, for it is ten o'clock, and there goes the bell. The fish market is only allowed to be open from five to ten in the morning, and in the afternoon from three to five. See, the wet sea-water clothes are being drawn over the fish that are left ; basket in hand, the purchasers are walking away, singly, or in groups ; and already the sellers, who just now were so busy and eager, are sitting down beside their remnants of fish, and leisurely lighting their cigarillos.

"Langostinas—langostinas muy frescas." Glorious sound ! This cry, "Fresh prawns," is not confined to the hours of the market, but may be heard at any time, in the streets or here. The prawns, called langostinas, *i.e.*, small lobsters, langosta being the Spanish for a lobster, are worthy of their name. They are caught in the lagoons, or sea-marshes, but are not very plentiful. Their size is worth noting. I measured two of them, and the length was over six inches, and their stoutness proportionate. They are sweet and tender, but not so full of the crisp salt sea flavour as are their more modest English brothers.

There is a sight, which, whether seen at Covent Garden or in the Fish-Markets of Spain, always wakes

a chord of pitifulness and tenderness in my heart. It is the sight of the decent poor buying the refuse fish, or fruit, or whatever it may be. Here are poor careworn Spanish gudewives, carrying home in their little cestas, or baskets, (a Spanish criada's first request is always for a "cesta muy bonita," very pretty basket, to go to market with!) the refuse fish for her coarse mid-day fry. Look into her basket, and you will see small fish covered with prickles, bony red gurnet, and a slice of pintarojo, or some of the toad-fish described above. It certainly ought to make their well-to-do neighbours contented and thankful, and ready to help those less blessed than themselves.

When I see this sight, or, sadder still, the poor Spanish mother enter the chemist's shop for her sick child's little dole of magnesia, which among the Spanish lower classes is mixed with orange juice, and considered a panacea, a sovereign remedy for the ills of "los niños," and drag out with difficulty her tiny store of cuartos in hopes that it will cover the amount, I own to often volunteering (perhaps the child for whom it is destined would not bless me for my interference!) to pay for a much larger dole; and the poor things are ever grateful and surprised, as with beaming eyes they give the simple blessing, "Our Lord (or Our Lady) give you good health for ever." Such little sights as these, often passed by the careless observer, are, I find, if properly taken, an excellent medicine for a discontented or restless mind, and a medicine which I would prescribe for every English lady who suffers from the disease called *ennui*. Many of those who read these pages may have read the German story on this same subject. It is a very touching one, and is called 'The Christmas Trees.'

and it just hits off my present point. The Child of Comfort has a Christmas tree, as do all North-German children : his tree gives him books, and toys, and cakes, and *bon-bons* ; his heart rejoices at his store. Presently he goes to visit the Christmas presents of a neighbouring child, the Child of Wealth. The Child of Wealth has a pony, and a carriage, and a purse of gold. Discontented at his own lot, morbid, and envious, to his home returns the Child of Comfort ; he throws aside his modest joys, and, like the bereaved mother of prophetic lore, refuses to be comforted. His mother and father, hard-working middle-class people, sit in solemn consultation, and at last prescribe a medicine for his disease. It is midnight ; the mother rises ; she takes her discontented child by the hand, and leads him he knows not whither, along the crisp and snowy streets ; up one alley they go and down another, in the quarter of the poor. At last they climb a ricketty, creaking staircase, to its top ; the mother knocks at the rusty door, and a feeble child's voice says, "Come in." The mother pushes her child in, and herself goes away. There is but one little tenant of the room, the Child of Poverty ; he is ill, sitting up in bed ; his hands are clasped in prayer ; before him lie a rosy-cheeked apple, and two tiny coloured wax tapers : these are his Christmas presents, and for these he is thanking God.

The mother returns, and without a word, leads her child home again. "The little child you have seen, my son, is the child of our charwoman ; he dies of hip-disease, and he is happy."

The effect of this medicine is (like that of most medicines) on the morrow, when Comfort takes to Poverty one-half of his own Christmas offerings.

The story is so beautiful, that one may be pardoned for having introduced its leading features. It always comes into my mind when in presence of the scenes above alluded to.

On the morrow after my visit to the Fish-Market, I was turned out of bed by my waiter at an early hour. Two "fishers from the sea" wanted me below. I hurried down, and there were two mahogany-faced "fishermen of the sea" (*pescadores de la mar*) awaiting me with a huge basket of every queer kind of fish and reptile caught during the night. We looked them over one by one, and when this task was done, I inquired,—“Shall you eat them all?”—“*Yo lo creo*” (“I believe you”), was the hearty answer. And I believe the reptiles even were so honoured.

This tracking to one's lair, as it were, is very common among the Spaniards, when they have noticed that you have any particular fancy which they can gratify. Their courtesy forbids their saying “Where are you staying?” I once saw a man following me—it was in the dusk of evening—from street to street. To shake him off, I went into house after house; but it was of no avail; my “umbra” was outside, lurking under cover of some high wall or dodging in the crowd. I confess I did not like it. Next morning, when I arose, he stood outside my sitting-room, two great sacks of contraband cigars before him. He had heard me wrangling about the exorbitant price asked for some cigars in some shop or other, and had seen me leave empty handed, tracked me home to my den, “and marked me down,” as we say among the stubbles, for to-morrow.

Glorious is the breeze from the sea; pretty is the sight of the shoals of painted boats, with their naved

masts, and tightly-furled lateen-sails, bending in a graceful curve over the boat from end to end. Some are lighters, some fishing, some pleasure, some fruit, some cargo-boats. There are the famous "falucas" often spelt by Englishmen "feluccas," but by Spaniards "faluas." They have one mast and huge lateen-sail and are capital sea-boats. They are only "coasters," and carry cargo and passengers to the coast-towns eight and nine miles off, returning on the following day, with fruit, &c.

That large 20-ton lugger, her sides painted in lines of yellow, red, blue, green, and black, is a "rasca Portuguesa," so called, I presume, from "rascar," to scrape, alluding to her light seat upon the water. She has been raking the seas for days, and has come into harbour with a good load. She has two masts, two huge lateen-sails, and two smaller sails. She is manned by eleven seamen, all dressed in bright yellow serge trousers, blue guernseys, and heavy sea-boots; in physique they are splendid fellows,—

"Black-bearded, heavy-browed, and huge of form,
Men who have wrestled with long nights of storm."

What would one not give for a week's cruise with them!

Here is a shoal of boats which may be called "miscellaneous." The Spanish boatmen call all boats, or nearly all, not used for fishing by the generic name "Misticos."

The fishing-boats in vogue on the coast of Spain are of two kinds. The "parejas," or "pairs," so called because they hunt only in couples. These are the boats which do all the fishing with *nets*. An ordinary pareja would be from thirty to forty feet

long and carry one mast and lateen-sail, with a crew of four men and a boy. They work together, always going out in pairs, for purposes of safety and because two boats are required to fish with nets according to the fashion of the country. One boat lies still, while the other does what is called "carry round" the nets. They lie-to for the night within signalling distance of each other, the signal being a shrill whistle. The fishing-grounds are about twenty miles off the Spanish shore; but they go out in all weathers, sometimes even up to Cape St. Vincent northward; or southward right along the African coast. All this depends, of course, upon the wind. It is marvellous what a sea these boats, with their one lateen-sail often lying right down on the water, and the boat's side actually shipping water, will weather. They are, in this respect, like our own Deal lugger.

The other kind of fishing-boat is entirely devoted to fishing with hook and line. These are called "palangeros." They also carry one mast and lateen-sail; they are seldom above eighteen or twenty feet in length, but carry more men than their larger fellows. They go about nine miles out, at sundown and each man takes two lines, baits them, and the line of four or five men are soon leaning over either side of the boat, and fishing till dawn of day. Sometimes they get enormous fish.

The number of fishing-boats in the harbour of Cadiz is not large. Eight *parejas*, twenty *palangeros*, and three fishing-steamers, complete the fishing-fleet. But there are hosts of others. "Batteas," large flat-bottomed boats, used for taking cargoes of staves or wine-casks from the shallow water of the shore to the lighter lying half-a-mile out. "Laols," a kind of *faluca*,

but wearing a mizen-sail. Larger and smaller misticos, the former often being two-masted, and going as far as Barcelona or Malaga for cargoes of fruit, being estimated at sixty tons burden. All these, and a nameless multitude of others, are thickly studded all over the harbour.

The fishermen are said to drink. Probably, to a certain extent, they do, but not to the extent that the English fishermen do. Their fare is very rough. Bread and fried fish (fried in savoury oil, of course), with aguardiente (aniseed and coarse cognac) and black Catalan wine; these last are their luxuries. Yet they seem a bronzed, healthy, happy set, and with all their perils and privations—for the winds are very treacherous off this coast, and the tides of immense power—they seem to treat life as a jest, and death as the mere bowing to the audience and walking off the stage of the actor when his part is finished.

The observant wonderer will be fairly surprised at the light-heartedness of the Spanish poor; at their glee at a trifle; at their laughter, even when in rags, so long as the sun shines. But what says their own proverb?—"Debajo de una capa rota, hay buen bebidor," *i. e.*, "Many a ragged coat enjoys his wine."

We wander on down the wharf. A little way in shore, to the right, lies the trimly-kept English cemetery. Close along shore the sun is shut out by uncouth piles of buildings. These are the Wine Stores, or "Aguadas," of English, French, and Spanish merchants. Their little piers, for rolling the rich barrels on to their lighters, jut out into the blue sea. We enter one of the largest, and leave is given, courteously and at once, to walk through its dark wide

passages. The first thing that strikes one is an enormous barrel, full of sherry. One looks, with all one's six feet, like a shrimp beside it: it holds eight thousand gallons of sherry, of this year's vintage. There is nothing to see but row after row of barrels of wine—Vino de Jerez, de Malaga, de Oporto, and every sort of wine. There are no less than six thousand barrels full on these premises alone, varying each from 56 to 112 gallons. Just outside, as we return, are some twenty Spanish and Moorish wharf-men, loading a battea with staves, as they stand up to their middles in the blue water; their costume is of every colour under the sun; all are bare-legged, bare to the waist almost, but girdled, for decency's sake.

As we return, a little child, *en passant*, seizes my hand and gives it a smacking kiss. It is some tiny relation of my guide, and does so for courtesy's sake, seeing an English "caballero" with him. In the interior, I have often known a strapping fellow of five-and-twenty perform the same act, as a mark of respect, and admiration, if you shall have helped him to raise a weight on to his back, or performed any other little act of kindness to him!

And here comes a decent-looking matron, none other than the veritable wife of my rough guide. They laugh, chatter, and smile at one another, and she invites us to their humble house, with true Spanish courtesy and dignity combined. As we pass on, her worthy husband says, when I compliment him on his choice of a partner for life, "Bien; she is an old good thing, and I like her, and so will you, Señor, because she is so quiet."

There was little to remark on our homeward journey, but I saw the rare sight (in Spain) of two