was common. And it has been much imitated in later days. As to the trident of *Tarshish*, it has been held by many a sea-king since his time.

The translation of the word Tarshish by the word Sea, as stated in certain passages of the Targum, Septuagint, and Vulgate, according to Smith, "Clarke's Butterworth," and the "Imperial Bible Dictionary," warrants the suggestion above thrown out that Japheth's grandson gave his name to the sea. And it is still further justified by a note of the learned Jerome—who had much to do with Jews and Jewish literature—to Isaiah, ii—16, saying that "the Hebrews believe that Tarshish was their original term for the sea." Who, it may be asked had a better right than they, who were as competent, to determine the meaning of a word in their own language? And is it not strange that with a key thus within reach, those who have undertaken to open the door of knowledge to others, should themselves have remained without, groping in darkness—"blind leaders of the blind?" That the last, and probably fullest of the biblical dictionaries, should say "No passage of scripture gives a satisfactory solution" of this subject. Overlooking the fact that correlative passages and circumstances must be considered in determining doubtful questions.

We are of opinion that this Hebrew interpretation of a Hebrew word, bears the biblical student clear of the difficulties by which his path is beset. If he turn from it to one side, Scylla awaits him. If to the other, Charybdis surely will shipwreck his hopes. Safety lies alone in holding to Hebrew guidance; the records which do not contradict themselves if fairly construed, and

comprehensively considered; and whose sense is made so plain by the translations of the Targum, the Septuagint, and the Vulgate, last referred to, and by the declaration of Jerome, that "he who runs may read" the truth. If an explanation is wanted of how, and where, Ezekiel's "iron, tin, and lead," were obtained, *ships of Tarshish—ships of the sea*—will bring it; whether the Pillars of Hercules have to be passed to reach those products of Spain, or southern Asia be sought to obtain them from her vast storehouses of metals. And if that prophet's "multitude of all kind of riches," and the "gold, silver, ivory, apes, peacocks, almug trees, and precious stones," of Kings and Chronicles, are to be accounted for; again, ships of *Tarshish*—ships of the *sea*—will come laden with treasures and truth; but this time from Ophir, and the far eastern emporiums and isles of India—where alone they could be had.

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That radiant land whose vales and bowers,
Seem made of sun-beams, gems, and flowers.

Thus rendered, the Psalmist's "*Kings of Tarshish and of the Isles*," lxxii—10, are linked together in harmony of meaning as of measure. Theirs were *Realms* of the *Sea;* on which they looked in pride of possession from their *island thrones*, carpeted and curtained with every green thing, and skirted with billows sporting with golden sands. And in this view, the antithesis of the verse is made perfect; for the kingdoms of "Sheba and Seba" therein referred to, were parts of the main land—as has been satisfactorily determined by biblical geographers. And even Jonah's flight "from the presence of the

Lord," should cease to agitate further the shallowness of literalism. For finding at Joppa "a ship *going to Tarshish*,"—a ship *going to sea*—what more natural in his disregard of duty, and his forgetfulness of his great forefather's sublime affirmation of God's omnipresence —"Whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there Thy right hand shall hold me"—what, we ask, would have been more natural, than that he should imagine the vain thing of escape on its boundless bosom, from the punishment of his refusal to go, as commanded, and warn the people of Nineveh?

Viewing the various passages of the Hebrew record in which the word Tarshish is found, by the light given by the Hebrews themselves, there is seen no inconsistency, no contradiction, nothing in conflict with well-known facts, no fanciful hypotheses calling for blind faith; but a reasonableness challenging that loftier faith, which is belief coming of understanding.

This look out from Gun Rock on the Bay of Gibraltar, with El Rocadillo at its head—the site of old Roman Carteia, and older still Tartessus of the Phœnicians—has led to thoughts of Tarshish more instructive than at first supposed they would be; in this at least, that they serve to show that people sometimes delve for things which lie unseen on the surface. How sadly true the daily experience of life, that many seek vainly, because wrongly, for that happiness which is spread abroad by Him, who would make us "to lie down in green pastures, (and lead us) beside still waters," if we would but heed the Promises of His Goodness! Promises seen

written on all around: and heard in the whispering breeze which breathes on us its freshness, to go hence and gather it again; in the fall of summer showers, drank by the thirsty earth, then going, we know not whither, yet rising once more in fountains of life and health; and in the melody of sea-side billows, which come, and go to seek still another being of beauty, robed in the splendour of the skies, and wearing the iris-coronet of eternal hope!

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CHAPTER XX.

FROM GIBRALTAR TO CADIZ. STRAIT OF GIBRALTAR. TARIFA. GUZMAN EL BUENO. SPANISH LOVE OF ROMANCE. KNOWLEDGE MAN'S SAFEGUARD. HUMAN INCONSISTENCY. TRAFALGAR. CADIZ—SITUATION—BAY—HER HISTORY ONE OF TRADE—ITS GENERAL EFFECTS. MUSEUM. CAPUCHIN CONVENT—CHURCH OF SANTA CATALINA. MURILLO. HEALTH AND CLIMATE. FROM CADIZ TO JEREZ. SIGHTS. THE CARTUJA. THE GUADALETE RIVER—BATTLE OF A.D. 711.

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STEAMING from Gibraltar on a bright morning, with the sky-lines of its fortress-rock sharply defined and defiant; and its broad bay sheltering from a stiff south-wester more than three hundred merchantmen and ironclads; one is apt to think, that no nation could ask a better point d'appui for a naval lever, wherewith to move at will the commerce of the Mediterranean.

The Strait of Gibraltar is forty miles long, from Europa Point (of the Rock) to Cape Trafalgar on the Spanish coast. Its eastern or Mediterranean end, from Europa Point, to Ceuta—opposite in Africa—is twenty miles wide; and the western or Atlantic end, from Cape Trafalgar in Europe, to Cape Spartel in Africa, is thirty miles wide. Toward midway—at Tarifa—the width is ten miles, giving the Strait something of an hour-glass shape. An ascertained surface current at

Tarifa from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean of two and a half miles per hour, has thus, a width of ten miles pouring steadily into the latter. A question is started by this fact. *If* it be true—as some assert—that there is no corresponding deep outward current; and in view of the old Phœnician tradition—supported by certain geological formations, and deep sea soundings—that Europe and Africa, were once united at this point by an isthmus; how can an inland sea, formerly formed and supplied by such tributaries as the Ebro, Rhone, Po, Nile, the inflowing waters of the Bosphorus bringing the contributions of the Danube, Dnieper, Dneister, and innumerable smaller streams, now receive also the vast influx from the Atlantic Ocean, and give no signs of repletion? How long would the capacity even of the North Atlantic, suffice for the flow of that ocean-river the Gulf Stream, if its circling waters found no outlet? The theory of Mediterranean evaporation will not stand the test of scrutiny; unless—what will surely not be undertaken—an *increase* can be shown in *colder* weather, when late autumnal and early winter rains flood the rivers, and a *diminution* in summer *heats* when rivers are at their lowest stage of water; for the inflowing current from the Atlantic, and the water-level of the Mediterranean, are unchanging.

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But little of the town of Tarifa can be seen from the deck of the steamer. The sea-wall, fortifications, and lighthouse, surmounting its rocky headland, show, however, that it is fitly appreciated as a look-out upon the narrow channel, which alone, separates the Peninsula from the land of those who centuries since crossed here to conquest and long possession. But the surging cur-

rent of the sea is slowly, though surely, undermining these; and the hoarse voice of wind and wave as it echoes among their caverned foundations, are as the utterances of a "passing knell"—*Passing away*—it is hoped, with the passions of antagonist races and religions which gave them being.

Landing here, and lying over until the next steamer for Cadiz, affords an opportunity to see one of the least changed of Hispano-Moorish towns—except so far as the dilapidation of time, unhindered by the hands of degenerate Spaniards, has marred its features. The inhabitants likewise still cling to many of the Moorish customs, which notwithstanding prejudices, they have learned are best adapted to the necessities of climate. Especially may the influence of Arab example be seen in the adherence of the women, to what, in the case of the Señora, may be called the coquetry of dress, while with the Moslem it came of a sentiment amounting almost to sanctity. Many of the women of Tarifa continue to wear the mantilla so as to conceal all the face but one eye, in the same manner that Moor and Arab wear the *boorko*. Some of the Spanish women *tapada* themselves with the customary church-going black shawl, thrown in such manner over head, neck, and shoulders, as to leave but a minimum port-hole for mischievous glances. While others, of higher rank, elaborate an elegantly finished, and fitting, black or crimson silk, quilted petticoat, so united to a superb black mantilla, that when the latter is thrown over the head and shoulders and held across the face with fingers glittering with diamonds, it is hard to say which is most brilliant, the flash from within or the sparkle without. This

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saya y manto is the seductive garb of Peruvian Limeñas, and has misled many a gallant unwittingly into making love to his own wife. The *tapada* however, is now more rarely seen in Lima than in Tarifa. Spain clings to the memories of the past. America—even Spanish America to some extent—looks forward to the destinies of the future.

The route by land along this historic shore, made memorable by the daring and deeds of Phœnician, Greek, Carthagenian, Roman, Goth, Moor, and Spaniard; from the coming of the first, to welcome the Atlantic wave washing the shores of the Old World, to the going hence of the last, to find a New World bathed by the same vast ocean, cannot fail to interest the tourist if taken in spring or autumn. The novelties of way-side scenery, costume, and customs, and occasional glimpses of sea, and shore-line beyond, make pictures pleasant to look on; except when winter rains convert a Spanish road into a quagmire, and wrap surroundings, as well as traveller, in a "wet blanket."

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The belt of defensive wall and towers of Tarifa, slowly crumbling from centuries of winter storms and summer's calcining heat, and curtained below by weed and bramble, is admirably picturesque, seen from a distance, as the setting sun throws over all a vestment of changeful light and shadow. It calls up too, pictures of the Hispano-Moorish past, full of fiction as of history; for a fanciful tradition has had so much to do with shaping tales of Tarifa, that really it is hard to say where the former ends and the latter begins. It seems as if, whenever the reality was not sufficiently spiced with the sensational to suit Spanish craving, invention

was ever ready with condiments of the wonderful to supply the want. Take one of the most authentic events of Spanish history as an example. Its occurrence so late as the 13th century should give it reliability of record. Tarifa was recaptured from the Moors by the Christians. Sancho el Bravo, King of Castile, needed a hero to hold this advanced post of danger. For a time no one was willing to incur the risk, for it was not doubted that the effort to recover it would be determined and desperate. Finally Don Alonzo Perez de Guzman—afterwards better known as *Guzman el Bueno*—put himself, with his retainers and fortune, at the disposal of his Sovereign. Taking command of Tarifa, he was soon assailed by the Moors under Aben Jacob—King of Fez and Morocco, aided by the Spanish Infante Don Juan—a traitor brother of King Sancho. Assault, stratagem, attempted bribery, prolonged siege, all proved fruitless. Guzman made good the defence, and the Moors finally withdrew.

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This is a reasonable and sufficient setting forth of Guzman's heroism, to satisfy any other than a Spaniard's pride of country. But it was too common-place a record for him. Hence a seasoning of romance had to be given to it, making a literary *olla*, more savoury and piquant. Of this, the versions are many, and varying. Two will suffice for illustration. Guzman had a son. One story makes him nine years old, and a page of Don Juan, the rebel brother of the Spanish King; of whom—on the other hand—Guzman, the father, was the devoted servant. The other story represents the son of mature manhood, and to have been led by love of the Moorish King's sister, clandestinely to meet his mistress in the

Moorish camp; and being discovered, he thus fell into the hands of Aben-Jacob, and Don Juan—also a suitor for the Moorish maiden's favour. The *dénouement*, necessary to make Guzman a greater devotee to duty than the patriarch Abraham, or the Roman Brutus—less than which would not satisfy Spanish national vanity—is alike in both narratives. Guzman's son is brought in chains near the wall of the beleagured city. Trumpets are sounded for a parley. The father is summoned to surrender, or in case of refusal, to see his son—then and there—slain. Of course, the sacrifice is called for, to make tragically perfect Guzman's heroism; who is said to have thrown from the walls his own dagger to the Moors wherewith to slay his child, with the exclamation, "Better honour without a son, than a son without honour." One of the narratives states further, that the remains of young Guzman were recovered by the Christians, who made a furious onslaught upon the Moors immediately after his death.

The commentary on all this, will be seen in the church of the now suppressed convent of San Isidoro—on the site of old Italica—near Seville; which was built by Guzman el Bueno as a burial-place of his family; and where, with him and his wife, lie their son *and his wife*—Doña Urraca Ossorio.

But what avails the exposure of a Spaniard's inconsistency? Will not that descendant of the gods wrap himself still more proudly in his threadbare coat, whiff the smoke of his cigarette in your face in sign of his indifference to your opinion, and look more disdainfully than before on your foreign insignificance?

Tradition is a plastic means of making whatever may

be wanted—either sacred or secular—in Spain. Of it anything may be extemporized to suit an emergency. By and bye, when the Peninsula shall have asserted and made good its right to education, free thought, and free speech, it may cease to exercise this transforming influence over truth. For the human mind—as knowledge and experience widen—is more and more disposed to turn away from traditions, as from miracles. It sees how ignorance, helplessness, and apprehension, create a credulity favourable to selfishness, and imposture, and proneness to signs and wonders disappears. Untrammelled research, thought, and judgment, free alike from unreasoning prejudice and prepossession, from fear as from misguided affection, and directed by love of truth alone, are to the soul, what light, and air, and exercise are to the body—means of health, and strength, and happiness.

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Beyond Tarifa, as before reaching it, ruined towns are seen on headlands of both sides of the Strait. These *atalayas*—from an Arabic word signifying a *look-out*—are among the lingering mile-stones marking the progress of things of the past; the jealousy and watchfulness on these near shores—subject to constant alarm and danger of invasion—of Christian and Moslem. Who, starting from the same eastern source each with a promise of a religion of blessings on his lips, marched westward on opposite sides of the sea, to meet here in deadly strife, and with curses in their hearts.

Mankind in the aggregates of nationalities and creeds, have partaken more of the nature of bulldogs than of *humane* beings. "Surrender your rights of property, thought, and action; quit that kennel and kid—bone

and all—or I'll throttle you;" has been the brute-growl of might. Has been! Is it not so now? Show the exception, and scores of examples will start up to prove the rule. The sophistry of that artful diplomacy, whose trade it is to mask trick and falsehood by a pleasing exterior and dissembling words, may seek to disguise motives; and selfishness may assume a garb of generous purpose; but experienced honesty will not be hoodwinked by the one, or deceived by the other. Even an avowed philanthropy which proposes a compromise of arbitration, to avert the calamities of war, cannot be credited with sincerity, unless consistent in its application of the principle to all alike—rich and poor, weak and strong. Unarmed and feeble Ashantee cannot be trodden under foot, and Coomassie looted, and burnt to the ground, by a powerful people who propose no friendly intermediation, consistently with an even-handed principle of action, while formidable America is conciliated by international courtesy, and submission to the adverse awards of disinterested judges. Consistency is a jewel better worth wearing in a Sovereign's crown than the Koh-i-Noor of India. From the plains of Poland, and from Schleswig-Holstein; from the Isles of the Ocean, and from Hindostan; from New Zealand, and New Mexico; from the silver beds of Peru, and the gold fields of California, Nevada, and Australia; from the wild prairies of the far west, and the wide wastes of the far east girdling insignificant Khiva; and wherever else ambition, interest, and fanaticism, have led covetousness and wilfulness, the echoes come, telling of might overthrowing right, of the feeble subdued by the strong. The Andes, the Rocky Mountains, and the

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Himalayas, have been no barriers to the gratification of selfish instincts on the part of power. The precepts of a religion of peace, are like its Sabbath services with formulary votaries—things of profession—hedged round it is true with prescriptions of sanctity; a *one day's* sanctity, *too hallowed* to be brought into contact with the other *six days' sin and selfishness.* "When will the morning dawn?" The morning of better things—when righteousness in the *conduct* of life shall be coveted more than a Sunday *confession,* and "much speaking in the synagogue," however dictated; whether by a nationally established dogmatic Church, or by free-will declaimers on "the corners of the streets," against whom we are equally warned by Christ himself.

About midway between Tarifa and Cadiz, the long, sandy *Cape Trafalgar,* of the Spanish coast, points to the spot, but a few miles from land, where took place the sea-fight bearing that name—the *Taral-al-ghar* (promontory of the cave) of the Moors. Let Londoners learn by the Moorish pronunciation—which distributes the accent equally on each syllable—how to call their great square where stands Nelson's monument. They rob the word of its force, and make it "stale, flat, and unprofitable." Both Byron and Browning taught them better, long since. Don Juan says—

> "Nelson was once Britannia's god of war,
> And still should be so, but the tide is turned;
> There's no more to be said of Trafalgar,
> 'Tis with our hero quietly inurned."

The commanders of the combined French and Spanish fleets, by appearing to escape, and keeping an inner channel between the shore and a hidden reef of rocks,

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thought to draw the Briton, who was farther out, on certain destruction. But the old Sea-Lion was familiar with every fathom of his domain, and kept on a nearly parallel course until past the danger, when he made a leap for his prey that made his name immortal.

A nine hours' passage from Gibraltar brings the voyager to Cadiz just after twilight-eve, during the short days of winter. He is unfortunate who arrives at that time. There are no sleeping berths aboard the steamer. You are compelled to go ashore. And armed custom-house officials who come off as soon as the steamer casts anchor, will not examine your baggage at that hour, nor permit you to carry ashore even a hand-sack containing merely night-shirt, slippers, hair and tooth brushes. So you find the Fonda de Paris, the Fonda de Blanco, or the Fonda America—good and much more moderate in charges—the best way you can; and the next morning go to the custom-house to see your luggage rummaged, and to get yourself provoked by all kinds of annoyances, unless you have learned the art of keeping cool, that you may the better keep official thieves, and sturdy beggars, from plundering you.

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There is perhaps no town in Spain, of which, and its surroundings, a more satisfactory and favourable impression can be had from some convenient height, than of Cadiz from the Cathedral tower. There is nothing about the building itself deserving of study. Its massiveness serves but to make more palpable its defective style and proportions. And the unfavourable impression produced by the exterior jumble, would be increased by the confused details of the interior,—chiefly florid Corinthian—but for the richness of much

of the marble material. A really superb high-altar—except a little too much gilt—a kind of Vestal temple, of Carrara marble and gold, columns and canopy, is deserving of praise. In the Sacristia is an exquisite copy by Clemente de Torres of one of Murillo's Conceptions; and a St. Luke by Ribera.

From one of the Cathedral towers the city of 75,000 inhabitants is seen occupying the somewhat expanded extremity of a long, narrow, treeless, sandy, tongue of land; which may, perhaps, as correctly be called an island—*Isla de Léon*—as a peninsula; for, the Sancti Petri Canal, over which is thrown a bridge, separates it at the south-east from the main land. Looking down on the Cadiz even of this day, with its beautiful white houses, and balconied miradors, glazed, gilded, and latticed; its airy belvederes crowning terraced roofs; its multitude of spires and towers; and general look of grace, and affluence, and pride; and its bold advance amid the waves to meet the incoming tide of trade; we well understand why it was the longed-for prize, and valued possession, of successive conquerors, who in turn ruled the empire of the ancient world. And how it may have been the cup filled with luxury, and all kinds of sensualism, which maddened these nations of the earth. A "Babylon (that) hath been a golden cup in the Lord's hand, that made all the earth drunken; the nations have drunken of her wine; therefore the nations are mad." Tributary to the abominations of Tyre, this ancient *Gaddir* sunk with Tyre. Restored to be tributary to the abominations of Rome, this olden *Gades* sunk with Rome. Tributary to the abominations of Spain, modern *Cadiz* was fast

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perishing from Spanish degeneracy. Once more reviving, it is to be seen if present promises shall be fairer than past realities.

From the base of the long peninsula on which stands the town, the inner shore sweeps semicircularly, first eastward, then northward, and westward, to Cape Rota, nine miles north-west of the extreme point of the peninsula, the space between forming the entrance to the Bay of Cadiz—the rarely equalled estuary within. From the Cathedral tower the city can be seen to be washed on three sides by water—south-west by the Atlantic, north-east by the Bay, and north-west by the inlet. Walls, ramparts, forts, and lighthouses, give an air of importance to the port; and a barrier of rocks makes music for the mariner. On this the waves break noisily, tossing their white caps in the air in salutation of this city of the sea—dating back to a foundation eleven hundred years before Christ.

P.C. Mapa General de la Alhambra y Generalife
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Cadiz has not been a cultivator, or a patron, of the fine arts, at all commensurate with her wealth and activity. Her history is one of trade, and the coarser gratifications commonly attendant on its success. For, however many and honourable the individual exceptions, yet the experience of life commonly shows, that traffic and its manifold usuries—the schemings for gain, and the devotion of all time, and thought, and talent, to the cause of mammon—paralyzes the nobler attributes of the mind, vitiates the tastes, and corrupts the morals. Who cannot point to familiar examples? The souls of some become encrusted by a long, and successful career, to insensibility of wrong; and their retired passiveness is mistaken for morality, or it may be for piety, by a

self-delusion, too stultified to see, that meanness and avarice alone, restrain in them inherent tendencies to still deeper degradation. While others, more sensitive to sin, and profligate of its wages, seek the lethean indulgences of sensualism, that await the call of Crœsus.

Although Cadiz is not distinguished for art-treasures, there are a few worth attention. And in seeking them, the stroll through some of the streets will show the latter well paved, clean, and overlooked by tidy houses with pretty balconies and patios. The public promenades and plazas are also attractive. And on reaching the Plaza de Mina, the opportunity may be availed of to look into the Picture Gallery—*El Museo*—where will be found an Ecce Homo by Murillo, which disputes with those of Guido and Guercino at Rome, the supremacy of art-excellence. It differs from theirs, especially in the downcast look of the eyes—like Carlo Dolce's, also in the Corsini gallery at Rome. But, unlike his, that look, in Murillo's picture, is not an expression of shame, but of meekness and resignation. And the whole face tells, not of torture, but of accepted suffering. The artistic claptrap of a horrifying display of blood, is avoided by Murillo. It is seen matting the hair, as would be the case from a rude crowning with thorns: but not disfiguring face and breast by streams, which could not come of such a cause. Hair, beard, flesh tint, are rendered darker than by the Italian School; and remind one of John Maier, the representative Christ in the Passion Play of Ober Ammergau.

A painting in this same gallery, by Ferrant, a pupil of Murillo, shows the great master—in portrait—im-

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mediately after the receipt of the injuries which caused his death. He stands, supported, at the foot of the scaffold from which he had fallen, in the church of Santa Catalina. It is a scene of painful interest, graphically expressive of the event, by one who was an actor in it.

Some of Zurbaran's famous monks will be found here; among them an admirable San Bruno. And San Francisco, San Lorenzo, and St. John the Baptist, are also fine examples of that master's manner.

But the church of Santa Catalina of the suppressed convent of the Capuchins, must be visited to see several of the most remarkable pictures of a period when Spanish art was lifted by Murillo to its highest place. Through a cloistered patio the dilapidated church is entered which is the depository of three great pictures. One of these, San Francisco, presents the finest treatment of the subject known to art—in conception, drawing, colouring, and general expression. This Saint was founder of the celebrated Franciscan friars, of whom the Capuchins, who established this convent, were an offshoot. And they might well revere in this picture of Murillo, a bodying forth of his devotion to good, and holiness of life, for which he is said to have received the highest approval of heaven—the bestowal of the *stigmata*—and which inspired them with love of virtue, and strivings for sanctity—ere corruption had crept into their order.

Murillo was undoubtedly the pre-eminent painter of all lands, of the Conception of the Virgin. A dogma of the Roman Church—above all others dear to Spanish theology—had declared, that she came pure, and, with-

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out taint of inherited sin, into the world. Murillo's poetic sentiment, probably fired by religious fervour, seized the authoritative inculcation, and clothed it with a beauty of matchless art. One of his unapproached renderings of this theme is found in this old church of Santa Catalina—the Virgin, a vision of grace, and gentle, yet joyous, submission to the will of heaven, is wreathed with cherubs, hovering in a golden atmosphere on wings that seem fluttering with delight of coming events; or sporting on clouds in infantile loveliness, waving palms and lilies, in token of triumph, and spotlessness. This first sight of a Murillo's Conception, outside of the Louvre, confirms the belief in his transcendent treatment of this theme.

Another masterpiece of Murillo in this Church is the "Betrothal of St. Catherine." It was painted as it now hangs above the high-altar: and it was while engaged on this work, that Murillo fell from the scaffold erected to lift him to the height of the large canvas. It may be remembered that St. Catherine (of Siena—not Alexandria) according to Church traditions, having as a child had a vision, in which she saw the heavens opened, and Christ sitting on a throne, "prayed to the Virgin Mary that she would be pleased to bestow her divine Son upon her, and that he should be her chosen bridegroom. The most blessed Virgin heard and granted her prayer; and from this time forth did Catherine secretly dedicate herself to a life of perpetual chastity, being then only eight years old." No temptations, no importunities, no threats, of suitors, friends, and parents, could win or drive her from her purpose of devoting herself to him whom in her heart she had espoused:

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although favoured with all graces of person, gifts of mind, and accomplishments, calculated to secure her worldly happiness. And thus she lived and died. As the patroness of this Church of Santa Catalina, the Capuchins were desirous of distinguishing their reverence of her virtues, and devotion of herself to Christ, by some suitable token. Murillo was asked to fulfil their wish. He took this legend for his subject, and put it on canvas in a composition of exquisite gracefulness. The divine infant, seated on his mother's lap, is in act of placing a ring on the finger of Catherine, who kneels before him. Angels, with folded wings, stand near, pensively looking on. While cherubs, bearing wreaths and branches, float above, celestial participants in the holy rite. Catherine is represented of mature age, the better—it may be supposed—to body forth the master's conception of perfect loveliness. And rarely have such renderings of woman's been given by art, as in Murillo's Virgin mother and the betrothed Saint at her side. While the young bridegroom is *truly divine*—in a pardonably profane use of the term—in form and face. Catherine's faith and practice sanctified her in the eye of the Church. And Murillo, who here fell on the field of his glory, in giving to her devotion this tribute of his genius, is not less canonized in the hearts of all lovers of art.

Passing from these revelations of inspiration within, one is apt to stroll dreamily on the rampart without—near the Church of Santa Catalina. And looking abroad on sea and sky—full of lessons of beauty and wisdom—learn that by such teachers, the great master, whose works had just filled him with wonder, was

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taught the purity of sentiment which conceived, and the charm of colouring that clothes his creations.

In regard to health and climate it may be said, briefly, that the almost insulated situation of Cadiz exempts it from the evils of malaria often generated in the neighbourhood of cities, from swampy grounds and decomposing vegetation. The great tidal sewer that surrounds it on nearly all sides, is a means of purification; to which end unusual cleanliness of the streets contributes its share. The marine situation also accounts for the greater moisture and softness of the air, and the more equable temperature than in the interior. Nevertheless it must be stated that there are times, especially in the winter, when cold and dry, north and north-east winds, blow for days in succession, making shelter, a sunny exposure of rooms, and artificial heat, necessary. When the thermometer registers the forties, as it sometimes does in Cadiz, there is no safety for those labouring under pulmonary diseases—especially —without the comfort of fire, when not exercising. The precautions recommended when speaking of Malaga, are especially necessary to be observed in Cadiz. As a winter residence for those labouring under phthisis, Malaga is, on the whole, to be preferred.

From Cadiz to Seville is four and a half hours by rail. But *Jerez*—sometimes written *Xeres*, and pronounced *Hereth* as nearly as it can be given in English —one hour and a half on the way, is worth stopping at, to see and learn something about a wine dear to English and American palates. The railway runs along the peninsula and then around the Bay shore passing the small towns of San Fernando and Puerto Real, with

naught to interest the traveller but salt-pans and piles, until he reaches Puerto de Santa Maria—Port of St. Mary—once of great commercial activity, and still well known for its export of wines. But all that can be learned here about their production, can be better ascertained, and much more that will be found interesting, at Jerez. The principal hotel of the latter place, the Fonda de Jerez, is prone to extortion. Make a bargain beforehand. The Fonda Victoria, scarcely so comfortable, is cheaper.

Jerez has undergone many vicissitudes of fortune, but at no time has it been more prosperous than now; having a population of about 60,000, and a source of great wealth in its large wine production. The sights of the town—the Bodegas excepted—are not deserving of more attention than that of a careless stroll. The old Cartuja, about three miles off, is better worth seeing than all the churches, plazas, and alamedas, of Jerez. And although no traces of the olden time are left, save stream, and hill, and plain, a visit to the neighbouring Guadalete river, will better repay the trouble and cost, in the revival of historic memories, than all that Jerez can now boast of ancient heritage. For, there was fought the decisive battle—A.D. 711—which gave to the Moslem the dominion of the Spanish Peninsula; except a mere foothold maintained by the Christians in the north-west. Roderic, the last of the Gothic Kings who had ruled Spain for two hundred years, and of whose traditions Southey has made the most, fell on the banks of the Guadalete; and the sceptre was seized by the hand of a foreigner. William the Norman, three hundred and fifty-five years later, like

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the Arab Tarik, crossed the sea; and like him in a single battle, with victory won a kingdom. At Hastings history repeated Guadalete; England coming under the yoke of a stranger, as did Spain. But while, in the latter case, that stranger was expelled after seven hundred and eighty-one years of irreconcilable repugnance, although the rule of the Saracen was conciliatory; in the former, where the conqueror parcelled out land and people, among his followers, whose government was one of sternness—a master over bondsmen—they became in half that period so completely assimilated, that naught remained to tell, that they had not floated down the tide of time together from remotest ages. With the Saracen and Spanish descendant of the Goth, differences of race and religion, were insuperable barriers to amalgamation. With the Norman and Saxon these obstacles did not exist; for they came of a common Teutonic stock, and oneness of religion tended to reconcile victor and vanquished.

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CHAPTER XXI.

SHERRY WINE—WHERE AND HOW PRODUCED.

THE district furnishing the wine known by the name *Sherry*, is a small speck on the map of Spain, extending from *Jerez* (of which the English word has somehow been contrived) as a centre, to Portal, on the River Guadalete, to the south; Puerto de Sa. Maria on the south-west; scarcely half way to San Lucar, on the River Guadalquivir, to the west; and somewhat less in distance to the north, and east. Part of the land within these limits, is under grain and general garden cultivation. But it is supposed that an area of about twenty-five thousand acres, is covered by vineyards. An advantage long enjoyed by this over other white wine districts, has been its proximity to places of export—Port St. Mary, Cadiz, and San Lucar—which long since led to the building of "Bodegas," *wine-stores*, for the storage and treatment of wines. Some of these are of immense superficial extent. That of Señor Pedro Domecq at Jerez contains at this time twenty thousand butts, of one hundred and ten imperial gallons each—as the measurement is estimated by himself; although London wine-importers estimate one hundred and eight gallons only to the butt. The Bodegas are used for refining, blending, and other necessary processes of rear-

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ing wine; the last a result to be secured by time, and an uniform genial temperature.

Railways may possibly bring other Spanish white grape regions into competition with the Jerez district, which has hitherto enjoyed a monopoly of the market, with its great rival Madeira, whose wine was long the sole sovereign of an Anglo-American dinner table. But it should not be overlooked, that, when that time shall come, the peculiar grape-growth which first drew foreign attention to this region, and attracted to it the capital, skill, and patience, which have made its resources available to large results of luxury and wealth—and we are equally justified in saying, of commendable enterprise and beneficence—may be deserving of still greater confidence on the part of producer and consumer.

It is reasonable to look for differences in the quality of grapes, and of vinous results, in districts remote from each other. But it is strange to find them, as here, in adjoining vineyards. Soil, solar, lunar, and atmospheric exposure—as the last named relates to wind, shelter, dryness, and moisture—doubtless have their influence. Thus far, the fact is better known than it is explainable. The experiments which have been made with the grape products of other parts of Spain, and the unworthy and merely mercenary efforts to put such wines upon the market under the name of Sherry, have failed in imposing on the discriminating judgment of reputable British and American importers.

An Anglo-American who should fail, in passing through Jerez, to inquire into the mysteries of "Sherris Sack," the genial draught that gives warmer blood to being, and starts it into brisker motion; which, Falstaff

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tells us—and who better knew? "hath a twofold operation in it; it ascends one into the brain, dries me there all the foolish, dull, and crudy vapours which environ it; and makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes, which, delivered over to the tongue, become excellent wit:" if, we say, one should fail in this deference to "Sherris Sack," he would not deserve the saving grace of a more precious life-preserver than "medicinal gum," if in the near or distant future, prostrate frame, and waning spirit, should bow at its Æsculapian shrine for help. But, indeed, one coming coastwise, with palate cloyed by sweet Malaga, is not over-anxious to hasten on, without availing of the chance of drying it out with the so-called English *seek;* the genuine Spanish *seco—vino-seco*—the French *sec.* And this opportunity will be *given* him to his stomach's content, however immoderate its wants, if provided with a voucher of respectability. The *visitor*, not the *stomach.* It may be questioned if any of the *latter*, addicted to *civilized* usages, can be called *respectable*, unless in the sense of *size.* But a note of introduction is sure to make the bearer acquainted with all the mysteries of a Bodega, from the physical to the metaphysical—the latter in the sense of the Scotchman's definition, "when one talks about what nobody understands, and what he don't understand himself." And even in the absence of such a note, a gentleman's card often draws on him hospitalities *difficult to stand under*, however *cheerfully* borne; and which, whatever the wish and will, cannot be repaid in kind.

But few wine-makers have vineyards of their own; and those who have, get from them but a small part of

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their stock. Nor, as a general rule, and in the exceptional case of possessing a vineyard of peculiar advantages of soil, exposure, and shelter—as with Señor Domecq's El Macharnudo—is it desirable that they should own them. For, although in an unusually favourable year, when the grapes have been of richest quality, their own supply would form a valuable store of assimilating material, yet in bad seasons they would find themselves in possession of inferior wine to be got rid of, without the means of improving it; and at the risk of injuring a reputation for skill and honesty acquired by many years of fidelity and success in business. Hence, as a general rule, wine-producers are not vine-cultivators. Every house has the opportunity of contracting with the grower for his vintage, after an inspection of the standing crop; or of purchasing from him, during the grape-harvest, the raw material, either in *fruit*, or after the *press*. This gives the opportunity of storing much, in a good season, and taking but little in a bad, picking and choosing to best advantage; and being so chary of reputation, as to have for a time nothing for customers, rather than to fall into the temptation of giving them an inferior article. This, however, is not likely to happen to those who have sufficient capital, and the enterprise to provide in favourable seasons against the contingency of a bad crop.

The grapes being pressed in September and October, the young wine, called Mosto, run off into butts, is stored for *fermentation;* which, on an average, is completed the last of the ensuing January, or beginning of February, when the quality may be judged of. That is

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done chiefly by the smell, which, like the taste of an expert, is a gift of nature. This discriminating sense is not given to all persons. But few possess it in a high degree. At such times an inexplicable phenomenon is said to declare itself; one, that every factor takes advantage of in the classification of his stock. It is the manifestation, *by fine wines*—"vinos de afuera"—of *different qualities*, although they may be the product of the *same vineyard and press, put into similar casks, and stored alike.* The one becoming an *Amontillado*, the most highly prized among the lovers of sherry. The other taking second rank as an *Oloroso* (Fino), and resembling Madeira in stoutness; its value being dependent on the public taste—often capricious—and the consequent demand of the market.

A peculiarity of wine-making in Jerez, is the feeding of one wine upon another, so as ofttimes to produce a *superior* wine, although an *inferior* has been made to take the place of the *better* drawn from the butt. The fact, being undoubted, the producer sensibly takes advantage of it, without stopping to inquire about the rationale. The more easily to accomplish this feeding, or blending, the butts are stored in three tiers. The lowest is called "Solera"—next the soil; and from this tier the wine is drawn when wanted for exportation; about one-third of the quantity contained in each butt. The second tier is called "Primera Criadera." This is the nursery of wine used for feeding the Solera, as needed to supply the place of that which has been withdrawn. The third tier is named "Segunda Criadera." It is the feeder of the Primera Criadera, as required. The upper butts contain the youngest, the

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lower the oldest wine—the assimilater and vitalizer of the late vintages. About half the butts contained in a Bodega are kept full of wine; the rest not quite full, and awaiting changes. In the feeding and blending, it is found by close observation, that all wines do not agree equally well with each other. Certain grape products affiliate better than others, giving results of higher standard. The law is alike with all nature. Hence, experience, great care, close observation, good judgment, and good faith, are essentials to the production of wine of real excellence in healthful effect with gratification of palate.

The best qualities of sherry are those which pass through the process of fermentation in the natural way. But occasionally the demands of the market, beyond the stock on hand; or the interests of producers who cannot afford the inactivity of their limited capital; leads to the hastening of results by *arresting the fermentation* of the young wine, thus saving the time necessary to that process. This is done by adding eighteen gallons of proof spirit to each butt of Mosto, as pressed. The sweetening is thereby also saved. It is manifest, that if nutty flavour and aroma, sufficient yet not plethoric body, freedom from acidity, dryness duly mingled with mellowness, and as nearly natural spirituosity as is compatible with durability, are desirable qualities; and if these can be obtained only by maturing under patient and competent skill in the handling, and sufficient age, then is the hurrying process of production destructive of valuable results, and a very inferior wine will thus be obtained. And it is equally plain, that the only guarantee the consumer can have of

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obtaining a really useful sherry, will be found in dealing with a house jealous of its good name, and possessed of sufficient capital to place it beyond the contingencies of necessity, or of temptation to expedite results.

Another, and more desirable method of sweetening, than that of locking up the saccharine matter of fermentation, referred to above, is by the due admixture with wine, of the "Pedro Ximenes" grape juice; procured by leaving the fruit on the vine until nearly shrivelled, then plucking and putting it for four days on mats exposed to the sun; and lastly, pressing for the required *syrup of raisins.*

The fining, or clarifying of wine, to remove turbidness, is done at Jerez by adding albumen of eggs; and also a substance made by softening, and then intimately mixing a *clay*—found in the neighbourhood of Jerez—with a sufficient quantity of wine to give it the consistence of paste. All the patented methods hitherto proposed have been found inferior to this simple process. Thoroughly stirred after the addition of these agents, the wine is left free from further disturbance to reach a sure and desirable end.

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It may seem strange to those not familiar with the fact—such it is—that fashion governs for a season the colour of sherry. Dress, and other externals, are not allowed to monopolize the realm of caprice. The comforter of the inner man is made to put forth a right to please the eye also, as it is about to pass on its way to cheer the spirit. Hence, Brown, Dark-Brown, Gold, and Pale, Sherry, have ruled in turn. Fortunately the requirements of change have been met, without serious detriment to wine of high and delicate character,

although as a general rule, such should be left to the colour coming from age, alone. While a certain degree of softness and richness, is imparted to wine of lower quality by a judicious addition of the colouring material used in the Jerez Bodegas. It is proper to add, that the "Pale *Old* Sherry," which at times is imperiously demanded by aristocratic conceit; that is, a Sherry of supreme richness of flavour—the evanishing nuttiness of taste, born and perishing with bouquet—the mysterious creation of time and uniform nurturing temperature—*has this destroyed,* by the chemical process necessary to the bleaching out of the natural colour of such a wine; which is the result aimed at to meet the want. Those who would gratify the eye at such a cost, should be content with the "Rock Water Sherry" to be had near San Lucar; which could be lifted from its thinness and poverty, by a little appropriate manipulation, without changing its native crystalline paleness.

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The colouring material used at Jerez, is a boiled wine —six butts being evaporated to one butt, which is then called "Arope." One-third of this is mixed with two-thirds of good, or of medium, wine, according to the quality of the colouring liquid wanted, for higher or lower qualities of wine. This mixture of colouring matter—the "vino de color" is kept many years, and improves by age. Its value is estimated accordingly. Wine is pale immediately after the press. It acquires colour by age. And as *old* wines, from the necessities of their production, are *costly,* it may be safely assumed, that when the colour is decided in a *cheap* wine, it is *artificial,* and the wine itself *is immature.*

Although the intense Andalucian sun developes a per-

centage of from twenty to twenty-three of alcohol in Sherry, it has been found by experience necessary to add, from first to last, six to eight per cent. more, to fit it for exportation. If the word *adulteration* were warrantable in this connection, this addition of alcohol is the only one Sherry undergoes by *respectable Jerez houses.* But as debasement would be implied by that expression, and as, to the extent mentioned, that agent is necessary to the preservation of desirable properties, the expression cannot be legitimately applied to this universal, and acknowledged practice.

It is thus seen, that wine-making at Jerez is a very simple process. Instead of this detailed description, it might, perhaps, have sufficed to say in few words, that it consists in producing, or in buying, the best new wine; and in nursing it patiently, faithfully, and skilfully, until matured for shipment. It is the tale of a watchful, tender, yet sensible parent, fitting a child for travelling; by observing the development of native excellencies, contributing to their growth, and strengthening him to bear unharmed the trials of the sea, and baneful influences abroad.

That wines of adulteration, *called* Sherries, are to be found in foreign markets, is true. But it is equally true, that they are *not* sherries. To be a Sherry, a wine must be the product of a Jerez vineyard. And a guard is thrown about the character of this on the spot, by the fact, that no elements of an artificially compounded wine bearing the least analogy to Sherry, can be had there at so low a cost as the genuine grape juice itself. The temptation to fraudulent wine-manufacturing in Jerez, does not exist. But in other places where the

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real vinous basis cannot be had—or at such cost as to make remuneration more sure by preserving than by debasing it—the chances of profit have lured many into the dishonest practice. London and some of the Atlantic sea-ports in the United States, Cette in France and Hamburg in Germany, have discredited themselves by the disgraceful pursuit. And even Cadiz has earned an unenviable notoriety, by dishonest shippers lending themselves to the frauds of certain London speculators; who—according to a well-known London wine circular—delved into the docks for the cheapest liquid trash they could find, to make a counterfeit which they shipped to Cadiz, to be brought back as genuine Sherry, with a bill of lading dated from that Spanish port.

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It is cause of regret, that so favourite a beverage, and valuable a medicinal agent in low forms of fever, as genuine Sherry, should have its well-deserved character injured by such disreputable practices. And the question may well arise with those, who, not being gifted with a discriminating judgment, yet desire the use of a pure article, how imposition is to be avoided? The answer is plain. Purchase of importers of known integrity. The guarantee of purity is in the judgment and honesty, of the mercantile house furnishing the wine to the consumer; and in its knowledge of the reliability of the producer. If the importer be as upright, as the wine-makers of acknowledged respectability in Jerez, there will be no cause to fear adulteration, and its attendant inert, or noxious qualities. Names of those could be mentioned, which would be assurance of worth as reliable as the guinea's stamp.

To do so, however, might be thought reflective upon others not met with, but possibly of equal integrity.

The best grape for making sherry is the "Palomino." It is of this, that the sherry known by the name "Amontillado," the highest in qualities and price, is obtained; and it is grown only in the calcareous-rock region, from two to three miles north-west of Jerez, toward the River Guadalquivir. This calcareous tract is not large—being about nine miles long, with an average width of three miles. Of course the supply of this most highly prized sherry is not equal to the demand for it. Nor, as now believed, can it be increased, as a similar soil, with like advantages of climate, is unknown. The nearest approach to the peculiarly delicate body, flavour, fragrance, dryness yet richness, of the Amontillado, is found in the highest quality of the wine known as *Montilla*—produced only in the immediate vicinity of a town of that name, between Cordova and Bobadilla on the railway from the former place to Malaga, and heretofore referred to. Indeed, it was from the resemblance of the Amontillado, when first made known, to the best, bitter-almond flavoured, nutty Montilla, that it received the name it now bears with sherry connoisseurs.

The ordinary sherries are from the more extensive vineyards of the sandy surroundings—*arenas*—of Jerez. A glut of the common wine has ensued, and may again, from a more than usual grape culture of this larger area; especially when the demand has been temporarily increased. This fitfulness of demand is detrimental to both the legitimate producer and trader. Not long since a Hispano-English house was led by it, to put on the

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market an inferior article from a white-wine district near Cordova, under the name, and to the injury of the character of sherry. A swollen purse is a great stupefier of conscience. And few of the deferential and admiring multitude look beyond it to the means by which its bloated importance came. This glut cannot occur with wines of high character, because of the smaller area of the calcareous tract of which they are the product.

The age and value of some of the Amontillado sherry, seem fabulous, when we hear the former calculated by centuries, and the latter by thousands of pounds sterling per butt. Yet, it is said, that the famous "Napoleon" sherry—so-called because Marshal Soult in over-running Spain from 1808 to 1810, sent the Emperor a present of it—was an old wine in 1730, when it came into the possession of the Domecq family. Twenty-five butts, the original quantity, became, in time, reduced by evaporation to five butts: and these, after the lapse of a few years, being found somewhat further reduced, were lately "refreshed" by filling up with another superior old wine. Señor Pedro Domecq, its present owner, calls it "the family ruby." It is beyond valuation, and unpurchasable. A letter of introduction bespoke Señor Domecq's courtesies, and the offer of a glass of the nectar. The gods of old who quaffed any better, must have been the happiest of divinities. Of a brownish-amber colour from age, it had soul blended with body; dryness with mellowness; delicacy with fulness; and a rare, rich, nutty flavour, fading into fragrance as it passed the portal of the palate, lingering in its transit to cheer and strengthen the inner spirit. This magic "ruby" of Jerez, shapes dreams like

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those of repose on a bed of violets. To expose the sensitive creation, a precious Amontillado, to fire before drinking it, is like blistering a pearl in a furnace, and burning up its tender beauty born alone in the unchanging chambers of the deep. Señor Domecq rightly said of that silly custom "it is a conceit of stupidity." In *hot* weather, temper a precious sherry by a *brief* bath of ice, to *freshen*, but *not to chill* it. It then clings closer to the tongue, on a congenial and appreciative acquaintance.

For the foregoing particulars relating to the production of sherry, thanks are due chiefly to Señor Pedro Domecq, perhaps the largest wine producer in Jerez, and of unsurpassed experience and probity; to Mr. Richard Davies, an active, intelligent, and responsible Anglo-American, also a wine-factor at Jerez; and to Mr. Thomas George Shaw, one of the best informed and reliable wine-merchants in London, met on his annual visit to vineyards and wine-cellars abroad.

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