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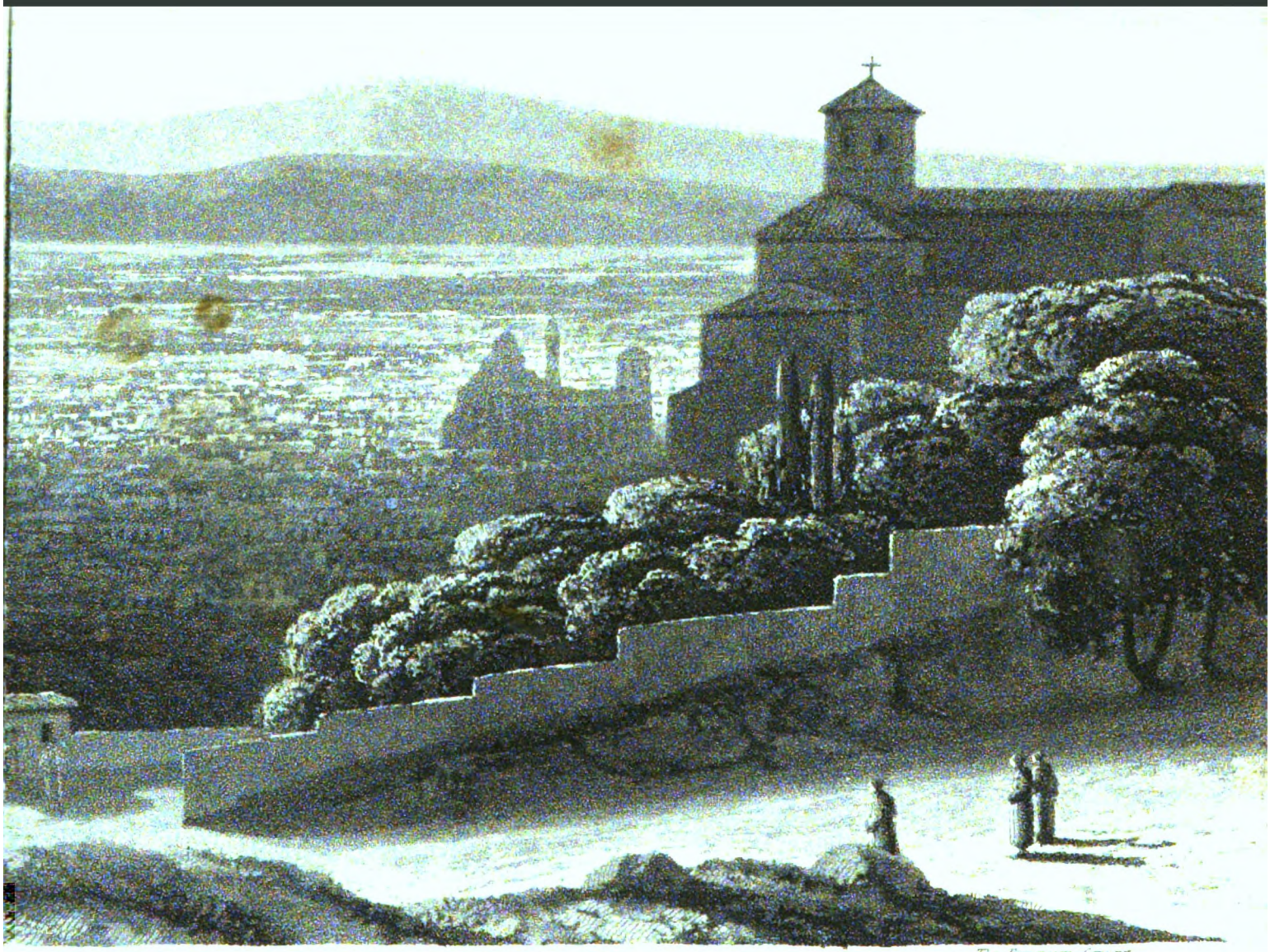

Descriptive travels in the southern and eastern parts ...

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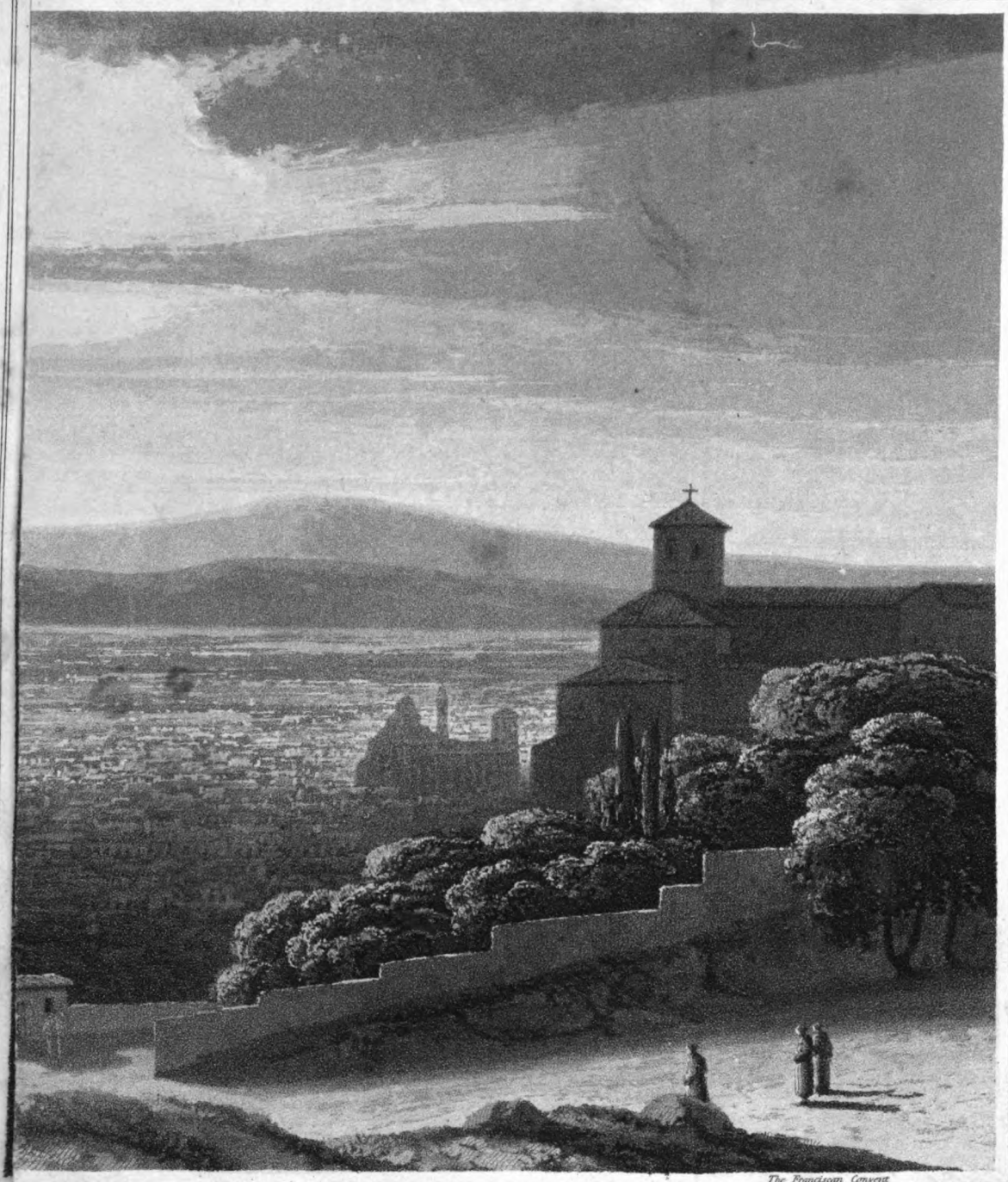

The Franciscan Convent

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DESCRIPTIVE TRAVELS

IN

THE SOUTHERN AND EASTERN PARTS

OF

SPAIN

AND THE

BALEARIC ISLES,

IN THE YEAR 1809.

BY

SIR JOHN CARR, K. C.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES, PATERNOSTER-ROW, FAULDER AND RODWELL, BOND-STREET, AND J. M. RICHARDSON, CORNHILL.

By J. Gillet, Charles-Street, Hatton-Garden.

1811

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD HOLLAND,

&c. &c.

MY LORD,

In publishing a few sketches of Spanish scenery and manners, I am anxious to place them under the patronage of that English nobleman, to whom Spain has no common obligations:---first, for having illustrated the life and writings of her favourite poet; and secondly, for having encouraged her people to spurn the yoke of a most iniquitous usurpation. The cordiality with which I have sympathized in

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your Lordship's regard for the heroism of the genuine Spanish character, has induced me to hope that you may receive with indulgence this sincere tribute of respect

From your Lordship's

Very faithful and obedient servant,

JOHN CARR.

2, Garden-Court, Temple,
April 8, 1811.

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DESCRIPTIVE TRAVELS,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION—SAIL FROM ENGLAND—CAPE ST. VINCENT—APPEARANCE OF CADIZ FROM THE SEA—SINGULAR APPLICATION—HOTELS—ARROGANT LAW OF SUPREME JUNTA—SPANISH HATRED OF FRENCH—DESCRIPTION OF CADIZ—SINGULAR EVASION OF THE POLICE—WATER VENDERS—AZOTEAS—HOUSES—MASSY BARS AND SPANISH LOVERS—BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE FORTS, ARSENALS, AND HARBOURS OF CADIZ—ALAMEDA, AND ITS DERIVATION—DRESS OF THE FEMALES—THEIR GENERAL WANT OF CLEANLINESS—ICE-HOUSES—CIGARS—SMOKING—SINGULAR SPANISH COURTESY—ITS EFFECT ON A BRITISH OFFICER.

BEFORE the reader consents to trace my steps, in the tranquillity of his room, without any fatigue but that of reading, or any danger but of encountering deficiences, which his better taste, notwithstanding all my

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care to prevent their appearance, will doubtless discover in the following pages, it is fit that I should explain the nature of what I propose to offer, and what I mean to withhold.

The principal character of the work is intended to be descriptive, particularly of scenery and manners: if I am occasionally minute, it is only for the sake of illustration. A worthy Spanish writer says

"Quantos payzes, tantos costumbres."
As many countries, so many customs.

At the same time, I have not altogether omitted such recent political events as are connected with my subject, or which occurred under my own observation. The perfidious and cruel irruption of the French into Spain, and many events which have occurred in consequence, have furnished much new matter since the publication of most other Spanish Tours; and of the Balearic Isles, I have never met with any descriptive accounts. To these countries the following pages are confined: but my Tour extended much farther in the Mediterranean. In Sardinia I found a country extremely interesting, and, I believe, but little known. It is now too the last sanctuary of an intrepid and unblemished prince, it affords some field for the commercial enterprize of Englishmen, its

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harbour has been eulogized by the immortal Nelson, and it is growing up into comparative importance amongst the islands of the Mediterranean. The removal of the court of Naples to Sicily, the settlement of so many of our countrymen there, and particularly the abortive attempts of the French to extend their usurpation over it, have added some charms of novelty to the familiar attractions of that favoured island. Even Malta, with its well known batteries and barrenness, I found to have acquired new importance from the war. In short, every inch of ground which yet remains free from French contamination cannot but be dear and interesting to Englishmen.

Although in passing through so many countries, I had generally the good fortune of being received with distinguished attention, and immediately conducted to the objects I was pursuing, yet I have not been exempt from the difficulties which environ many travellers; it therefore forms another department of my endeavours to facilitate the progress of those who may follow me, by noticing the distance, costs, modes of, and other matters incident to, travelling.

Treated as I was with kindness and even confidence in many distinguished families, it is to be expected that several private anecdotes came to my knowledge, which

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would illustrate manners, and even events, and certainly contribute to the entertainment of the reader. But as the publication of them might embarrass those with whom they originated, and distress those to whom they apply, I have cautiously abstained from admitting them here. My views are general, not personal; and whatever may be the opinion of the merits of my work, I shall at least have the satisfaction of knowing, that neither in the present, nor in any other instance, in which I have ventured before the public, have I offered any violation to private feelings or public morals.

On the 9th of July, 1809, I sailed from Falmouth in the Duke of Kent packet with a fine wind at N. N.W. for Cadiz. The passage money 30 guineas. Off Cape Finisterre we were rapidly carried along by a stiff breeze from the land, called by the sailors King John of Portugal's wind, and which the appearance of several birds on the water had predicted, called "mother Cary's chickens." The sun was setting as we passed close to the memorable and mighty rock of St. Vincent, shedding a soft lemon tint upon the sails, in full expansion before a favourable breeze. A solitary low convent crowns the summit of that craggy and perpendicular cliff. Some of the holy and humane brothers stood upon the edge to gaze upon us, till the vesper bell called them away. At night the

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air was deliciously soft and fragrant, the top of every curling wave became illuminated, and the vessel seemed to scud along through pale fluid fire. In the morning, during a calm, we saw several whales, and also the flying fish, whose fate it is to be pursued by fishes below, and by birds above.

Early on the 18th, the appearance of the lofty mountains of Medina Sidonia, generally called the Turk's Cap, pointed out our approach to Cadiz. At a distance, on the sea, this city, in consequence of the whiteness of its houses, not a little resembles a large fleet of vessels, drying their sails, for which a stranger, and particularly a landsman, might easily mistake it. After a short and delightful voyage, we dropped anchor opposite to the principal entrance.

We were speedily boarded by English officers anxious for news, not only from England, but what seemed whimsical enough, from our army in Spain. Having heard of so many glorious efforts made by the Spaniards to resist the establishment, in their outraged country, of one of the most detested of dynasties, and most cruel and comprehensive of tyrannies, and having witnessed the sympathy and generosity of my countrymen towards them, it was with ardent pleasure that I prepared to land

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on their shores. Owing to its being in a great degree concealed by the batteries, Cadiz, upon a nearer approach, does not appear very striking. The whiteness of the houses, which, in a climate so sultry, offers no little violence to the sight, gives it the appearance of a city made of ivory. An officer from the Health Office took our worthy captain's (Lawrence) word that we were all of us free from the plague, and we landed amidst more confusion, dirt, and noise, than had saluted me during an interval of peace with France, when I first disembarked at Havre de Grace; and that is saying a great deal. Boatmen going over to Port St. Mary, and bawling out "Puerta, puerta" (porters), sailors, sellers of fruit, wine, and water, monks and mendicants, filthy and tinking of garlick beyond description, formed the motley group by which we were surrounded. For a mere trifle our baggage was suffered to pass the barrier without examination. Here is a gate with two openings, one for passengers going into, and the other for those who are coming out of, it. A guard attends to keep the ins and the outs distinct, and in their proper line of march. Much confusion is by this arrangement avoided. After considerable difficulty respecting a lodging, we ascended the broad filthy staircase of the Hotel de las Tres Palomas (three pigeons), Calle de Cobos, Num. 243, where, after some portion of the vermin had been brushed out,

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a gentleman, with whom I afterwards travelled, and I were shewn into two most horrible dungeons. Mine was lighted and ventilated by a small window about thirteen feet from the floor, and opened into my companion's room, the window of which, secured by a double barricado of massy iron bars, looked into a gloomy gallery. We went to see another hotel, the host of which, by his card, professed to receive only persons "decentes y de "buena conducta," decent and well-behaved, and to treat them with great honour; but from its more horrible aspect we determined to remain in our first quarters.

Here we soon received a very salutary piece of information, that, by a law lately passed, it was death to speak ill of the Supreme Junta, and banishment to speak favourably of the French. The master of our hotel was of French origin; and for that alone, although in all other respects, as I was informed, a mighty good sort of man, and attached by long residence and intercourse to the Spaniards, he was sent to amuse himself in one of the prison ships: the administration of the house therefore devolved upon an imposing, filthy old Jacinta, his wife.

The first thing we did, after making the best arrangements in our power at the inn, was to purchase a red

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national cockade. In the shop to which we were directed, were various specimens of this patriotic emblem. English officers wore a small red cockade on their black one, and the Spanish officers a small black cockade on their red one, as a mutual compliment to both nations.

Under the protection of this new decoration, we sallied into various parts of this noble city. Many, indeed most, of the streets are so very narrow, that shade and a currency of air are secured to the passenger throughout the day; but consequently the architectural beauties of many magnificent houses can be but imperfectly contemplated. The neatness and cleanliness, however, of the greater part of the city is admirable. In this respect, the police is so vigilant and careful to prevent the sides of houses from being disfigured as they are in London, by a most indecent and disgraceful practice, that the passages of many private houses suffer in consequence.

The inhabitants speak with great respect and gratitude of the Count O'Reilly, one of their former governors, under whose tasteful and patriotic auspices the city has attained much of its present convenience and splendour. There is a great resemblance to each other in all the houses, which are either built of stone, or of brick stuccoed white. House rent is rather dear, the usual rent of a good house

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being equal to about 150*l*. English; but they are subject to no taxes. The street-door opens into a porch, where there is a second door, which, upon pulling a little string attached to a bell, is opened by a servant's drawing a cord, which communicates with one end to the latch, from the first and even the second floor. You then enter a square yard called the patio, round which bales of goods are stowed; and on each side are warehouses and cellars. In the centre is a well, or mouth of a tank, into which the rain-water is conducted by pipes from the azoteas, or flat roofs. This water is used for the subordinate purposes of the house. The soil of Cadiz is rock and sand; hence no good fresh water can be produced. It is, however, abundantly supplied by boats from port St. Mary, except when a north wind prevails. The sale of this precious article furnishes a source of livelihood to many hundreds, who dispose of it to the poor, by the glass, from jars, with some carraway seeds in it, or to the opulent in small casks, borne by asses. On account of the scarcity of water in Cadiz, washing is very dear; and I found that much of the linen was sent over to port St. Mary for the purpose of being washed. The view from these azoteas is very beautiful, especially towards the evening; and, with no great interruption, they present a promenade upon the house-tops, nearly the whole length of the street. The dining and drawing rooms are generally on

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the second floor. The windows are glazed, and have large green lattices on the outside, which, during the heat of the day, are shut, and darken the room with twilight. Light, with the Spaniards, is accounted heat; and hence as little as possible of the former is admitted. The top of the square court which I have mentioned is shaded by a large mat or canvass drawn over it by ropes. When a stranger contemplates the massy bars by which the windows of all the houses here, not lately erected, are barricadoed, he cannot help entering into reflections not very favourable to the morals of the Spanish ladies. Time, without strengthening the virtue of the women, has conveniently enough reduced the jealousy of the men so low, that any one acquainted only with the present manners of Spain, might suppose, though ridiculously enough, that those very bars had been constructed for the sole purpose of preventing overheated and romantic lovers from the hazard of injury, by attempting to enter the window of their mistresses, when they can have access to them with perfect safety through the door whenever they please. Thanks to the accession of the House of Bourbon for this important change. The insensibility of that man must be great indeed, who cannot find a querida, or one to whom he is permitted to devote all his soul, amongst either the married or the unmarried; and destitute of every attraction must that woman be, who does

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not meet with a cortija or lover, or rather her impassioned slave, amongst the men. In carrying on an intrigue, the Spanish ladies are singularly dexterous. Wrapped up in the masquerade of fable and parable, they carry on an amourous conversation with their admirers in public, without the fear of detection. In the language of the fingers they are also very expert; with one hand they are enabled to form an alphabet.

As the bays, harbours, arsenals, and fortifications of this city have been so frequently described, I shall merely observe that the Carracas, or royal dock-yards, in which are basons for careening, and docks for building ships of war, and which once gave occupation to no less than 5,518 shipwrights, are defended by the forts of Matagorda, of St. Louis, and of the Castle of Puntales, and that the city standing upon the northern part of a long tongue or projection of land, and the outer harbour where merchant-ships anchor, are well protected by extensive and formidable ramparts and bastions. The battery called Fernando, in honour of his Majesty Ferdinand the Seventh, was not finished when I saw it. It is erected between two and three miles from the landgate, and crosses the tongue of the land, from the sea to the Bay of Puntales. Numerous groups of workmen, and criminals in chains were labouring upon it with great alacrity. Some

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British officers spoke of it as a noble undertaking, in which however there were some defects, which I am since told have been corrected. The harbour of Cadiz is further defended by a ledge of small and dangerous rocks, which runs out far into the sea, and upon which is the strong Castle of St. Sebastian, and also by several rocks in other directions.

The importance of retaining Cadiz as long as possible, can scarcely admit of a doubt, even should the French succeed in cutting off all communication with it from the land. By this retention, we prevent the usurper of the Spanish throne from enjoying at least some of the advantages which give this city pre-eminence amongst the commercial cities and towns of Spain: at the same time we shall derive a positive benefit, though a limited one, from the consumption of British manufacture amongst its population, which it is not very likely will become burthensome to us, as long as, by means of the protection which our ships afford to the bay, the inhabitants can be provisioned from Barbary, and as long as an internal trade is carried on sufficient to employ the poorer classes, the male part of whom, should it decline, may in the last extremity enter into the army. Cadiz will also be valuable to us as a commercial depôt, and as affording facilities to our intercourse with Portugal, Gibraltar, and such of the

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islands of the Mediterranean as shall be able to withstand the invading fleets and armies of France.

In the evening we walked upon the Alameda, so called from alamo a poplar. This is the name of a promenade with which every town of any consideration in Spain, is embellished. It is certainly a very agreeable walk, commanding on one side a fine view of the sea. The seats with which it is furnished are of stone and handsome; but the trees intended for its ornament show by their wretched appearance, how unpropitious to their growth is their marine situation. Here I had an opportunity of seeing the Andalusian ladies to the greatest advantage, in that portion of their ancient costume which they never fail to assume whenever they go abroad. This dress is composed of the mantilla or veil, which amongst the higher orders is usually of black gauze, and sometimes of lace, and descends from the head, to which it is fastened, over the back and arms, is just crossed in front, and then falls very gracefully a little below the knee, the monilio or jacket, and petticoat, called in Andalusia the saya, and in other provinces the basquina, both black and generally of silk, under which usually appear two pretty feet, dressed in white silk stockings and shoes. To these latter articles of dress the Spanish ladies pay much attention. The gala dress of the ladies was formerly very fine and

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preposterous, and frequently descended from generation to generation; at marriages this dress was often let out to the humble classes. The grace and majesty of their walk, in which the Spanish ladies take great pride, never fail to excite the admiration of every foreigner: but strange to tell, whenever they dress after the English fashion, or as they call it en cuerpo, of which they are very fond, a vulgar waddle supersedes the bewitching movements they display in their native attire. Nor ought the skill with which they use the fan, a much larger instrument than that carried by our ladies, to be passed over. It is scarcely ever out of their hands; they manage it with the most fascinating dexterity. To the fan thus used by some of the Andalusian ladies, a beautiful couplet of the late Rev. Mr. Homer might be applied:

> Go fan miscall'd! go seek a better name,
> Thou cans't not cool, thou only cans't inflame.

Little girls scarcely twice the height of a fan are also completely at home in the management of one. At first, the universal blackness of the female dress produces rather a melancholy effect; but a stranger soon becomes accustomed to it, and finds it productive of a thousand agreeable sensations. A beautiful Spanish lady is never seen to so much advantage as in this dress, which however is immediately laid aside when she enters her house.

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It seems very singular, considering the tendency of black to imbibe heat, that such a costume should ever have found its way into a sultry climate. The priests are said to have enjoined that part of it, which formerly, more than at present, covers the bosom. At sun-set the bell of an adjoining convent tolled, when in a moment every one seemed fixed to the earth, (the men uncovered,) and repeated an evening prayer called the Oraciones. A profound silence followed until the bell tolled again, when every one resumed his former gaiety. This devotional act is very solemn and impressive, and is observed nearly at the same time all over Spain. Although the Spanish ladies were always celebrated for being attentive to the neatness and decoration of their feet, yet it is said by those who have lived a long time in the country, that formerly they were so negligent of every other part of their person, that they made it a subject of gratitude to Heaven, that no part of their frame had ever been touched with water, except at their baptism. Even now they are behind their sex in England in the cleanliness of their persons. The Spanish women in general dress for the street, and upon their return home, take off their good cloathes, silk stockings and white shoes, and display an appearance for which even the effects of a sultry climate can scarcely offer any apology. They also seem to think that there is no charm in clean teeth, which they corrode

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and render offensive at an early age by immoderately eating sweetmeats and confectionary, and by the less feminine indulgence of occasionally smoking. A tooth-brush they never think of using; and I knew a British captain who was considered as a great coxcomb by several ladies at Cadiz, because that instrument was found in his dressing-case. When a lady walks out she is always followed by a female servant, attired in the dress I have before described, but of coarser materials, carrying an enormous green fan in her hand. This attendant is in general old and ugly, especially if her mistress be young and handsome. I at first regarded the servant as a duenna, but soon learnt that a guardian so offensive, and who often acted as the insidious tool of jealousy, had long been withdrawn; and that these female attendants are now the mere appendages of a little excusable pride.

From the Alameda, we were invited to an ice-house, called a neveria, the largest and most fashionable in the city, and frequented by ladies of the highest rank. In the rooms, which were brilliantly illuminated by patent lamps supplied with vegetable oil, which produces no smoke, we saw much of the national character. They were very crouded. Some were drinking agras, a delightful beverage made of the juice expressed from the unripe grape and the tendrils, iced. I am surprized that this has

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not been manufactured in England, where the out-door grapes are scarcely fit for any other purpose: some were drinking iced punch, liqueurs &c.; but all the male visitors were or had been smoking. Upon the tables which were of marble, small pans of charcoal fire were placed, at which the smokers kindled their cigars. In Spain every male smokes. The general, the soldier, the judge, the criminal, and even the lover breathes out all the tenderness of his soul in puffs of genuine Havannah: in short, it is as natural to expect smoke from the mouth of a Spaniard, as from the top of a tavern chimney. The Havannah cigar is the most aromatic, and sometimes costs as much as sixpence. The lower orders enjoy a cheaper sort by cutting the tobacco leaf fine, and rolling it in a small piece of paper; this is frequently passed from mouth to mouth, with more cordial sociality than attention to cleanliness. I have seen beggars crawl under the tables to pick the remnants of burning cigars, which had been consumed so low, that the fingers of the smoker could hold them no longer. Every Spaniard is provided with a flint and steel; and, for tinder, he uses a fibrous vegetable from South America, called by the French amadon. Gentlemen carry these instruments so necessary for their felicity in small cases resembling bank note pocket books. In the streets, little boys levy small contributions by carrying a burning rope-match to light the

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cigars of passengers; and I saw suspended from the doors of several shops, a thick piece of lighted rope, for the purpose of a similar accommodation. A present of Havannah cigarros is, to a Spaniard, a very high compliment indeed, and secures his affections as fully as a good dinner does those of an Englishman. The government has of course not failed to render tobacco a very lucrative source of revenue, and has reserved to itself the right of disposing of it. To government, in a thoroughly prepared state, it costs about two reals or five pence per pound, and by them it is resold to the public at fifty reals or ten shillings per pound, and often at a still more exorbitant price. Some English writers have asserted that the Spanish ladies smoke; and, though I saw no instances of it, I was well assured that the custom partially obtains amongst them. Smoking forms the chief, perhaps the only, excess of the Spaniard. It is a very rare sight to see him intoxicated. His own wines are very light, and he frequently cannot afford to indulge even in them. In the ice-houses or neverias, a singular custom obtains. If a stranger happen to get into the slightest conversation with a Spanish gentleman, when he calls the waiter to know what he has to pay, it is a thousand to one, that the person to whom he addressed himself, has slipped out, and settled for both with the waiter, to whom he has given some token to tell the stranger that he has

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nothing to pay. When I was in Spain, the English scarcely ever escaped this rather embarrassing compliment. A ludicrous instance of this sort of politeness occured in the ice-house of which I have been speaking. As I was leaving it one evening, I met a lieutenant of a British ship of war, who had been running very hard, and in a state of considerable agitation: upon my taking the liberty of asking him the cause of his apparent distress, he exclaimed, "Have you seen sir, a little fat man with a wig and a golden headed cane go out? My God, I never was so used in my life." "Why sir what is the matter?" "The matter!" exclaimed he, "why sir I have been drinking two glasses of punch, and only said two words to this little gentleman, for I know no more than two in the Spanish language; he left me, and egad sir, when I asked the waiter what I had to pay, he told me the gentleman who sat next to me had settled every thing." He continued, with an oath, that he had never been treated so before, that he had never, hitherto, been under an obligation to any one, and would not put up with it. He then told the waiter, through an Englishman who spoke Spanish, that he insisted upon paying for his punch; the waiter refused to take his money, he remonstrated, the other still refused, and, doubtless, thought him mad, upon which the worthy, blunt, but mistaken

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lieutenant threw a dollar into the bar, and ran out of the house, declaring, much as he liked a Spaniard, he would be d——d before he would be under any obligation to him.

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CHAPTER II.

INTERIOR OF SPANISH HOTEL—CADIZ CRIES—SPANISH DINNERS—THE OLLA—BUTCHERS' COMPANIES—HUMANE METHOD OF KILLING OXEN—THE SIESTA—CHARACTERISTIC GROUPS—THEATRICALS—SINGULAR MENDICANT FRIAR—THE SPANISH DRAMA—PERFORMERS—BOLERO—TERTULIAS—ADMIRAL D'ALAVA—AUGUSTINA ZARAGOZA—AFFECTING LETTERS OF GENERAL PALAFOX—SINGULAR REPULSE—YOUTHFUL HEROISM—ANECDOTE OF THE ATTACHMENT OF SPAIN TO ENGLAND.

FROM the neveria, we found it somewhat difficult to find our hotel, and were chiefly indebted for what little light we had to a dismal lamp or two which here and there glimmered before the Virgin, or some favourite saint shut up in a glass case. In my chamber, the heat was very great. Five or six little pillows are used in the Spanish bed instead of a bolster; the bedstead is a piece of serge, stretched upon a wooden frame, like a camp side-board, and a fragment of a table supports the wash-hand bason. In addition to a numerous body of bugs and fleas, a light band of musquitoes did

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me the honour to serenade me with their humming during the greater part of the night, and left such tokens of their congratulations upon my arrival, behind them, that on getting up, but little refreshed by repose, and looking in a glass to shave, I could scarcely recognize my face. I felt also, though slightly, a prickly heat, or rash, to which Englishmen are very subject upon visiting a southern climate.

In the morning, the ear is saluted with the cries of "Leche de Cabara," and "Aqua del Puerto de Santa "Maria," from the goat-milk and water sellers. Our charge at the hotel was a dollar and a half a day; for which we were to be lodged, to have a breakfast of coffee, a dinner, and a supper. The usual fashionable dinner hours in Spain are two and three o'clock; at the first of these we assembled at the table d'hôte, where we had tolerably good soups, made of the tomata or love apple, a truly precious vegetable in this country: an olla, composed of French beans, large dried peas, cabbage, calabaza, slices of pork, sausage, unmercifully saturated with bad oil, (this dish is in high estimation,) meat and fowls dressed to rags, fish, and excellent bread puddings, composed the rest of the dinner. A little satisfies a Spaniard. His moderation is proverbial; "Unas azeitunas, "una salada, y ravanillos, son comida de los cavalleros:

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" olives, salad, and radishes, are a dinner for a gentle-
" man."

The city is supplied with butcher's meat by two companies, who have this exclusive privilege. The magistrates regulate the price. The meat is sold close to the slaughtering-houses at one end of the city.

The animals are killed in a manner worthy of imitation: a stiletto being thrust behind the horns into the spine, which produces instant death. Lord Somerville, to his honour, is endeavouring to introduce this mode amongst the English butchers.

The bread is excellent. Oil is substituted for butter. In some houses it is imported from Ireland. The wine of the country, and water, form the beverage of the table. The waiter, if a man, is called mozo, if a boy, chico; but his presence is usually required by a species of sibilation, sounding like " hist," the sound of which is as familiar to him, as it is to an English dog. In this manner the servants are called, even by the ladies, throughout Spain. Sometimes it is used by one person to another in the street. The effect to an English ear is vulgar. After dinner, sleep is resorted to, in order to assist the process of digestion. Every one takes his siesta. The

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shops are shut up for about two hours. The shop-keepers retire to repose in their back rooms, and the porters and labourers in the shady sides of the street: in short, they seem to think with Macbeth, that sleep is the "chief nourisher in life's feast." So universal and so powerful is this custom, that even the allurements of gain are not permitted to break in upon it. The supper is something like the dinner, and begins about half past eight o'clock. A brass lamp called vela, supplies the place of candles.

In the vegetable and fruit market-place, the scene is very interesting. Pyramids of the finest onions, melons, calabazas for soup, and a profusion of grapes, attract the eye. The fish-market is well supplied, particularly with the red mullet, called salmonete, which is to be met with here in great perfection. Eggs and poultry are in abundance. Men standing in the streets frying fish in oil, and roasting chesnuts, itinerant lemonade-sellers, venders of crabs' claws, flocks of goats pattering about the city to supply the inhabitants with milk, swarms of monks of various orders in their different costumes, form a picture interesting to an English novice.

The theatre at Cadiz is large and handsome; but, excepting on gala evenings, it is not brilliantly lighted.

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The admission money is trifling; but you have to pay twice, once for entrance, and again for a seat, each seat being numbered, so that it can never be occupied but by the person who has a ticket which entitles him to it. A friar sits by the receiver of the money with a poor-box, and begs the change "por las almas," for charity. The pit, called the patio, solely appropriated for the men, has a certain number of seats, lunettas, which are sometimes let by the year. There are three rows of boxes called balco and aposentas; these are all private; one of them is the state box of the governor and captain-general. Before the first tier of boxes there is a single row of seats, la galleria, to which any one may be admitted. Over the boxes is a gallery called the casuela, entirely appropriated to the women, who are placed under the protection of a guard, to prevent improper intercourses; I need not add that this is the noisiest part of the house. Although the boxes are private, I had always access to one through a friend at Cadiz. There are seven different kinds of pieces performed at the Spanish theatre,—the heroic drama, the drama of character, the sacred drama, or autos sacramentales, the comedies of the figurones, the tonadillas, the saynettes, and the zarguelas. The first piece I saw was a comedy entitled "Los Amantes Disfrazados," which appeared to be, as I was assured it was, a very stupid composition; then followed "una buena tonadilla," a

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sort of musical interlude in one act, by La Signora Manucla Palacios, which was simple and agreeable enough. This was succeeded by another small piece entitled, La Senorita Displicente, and the whole of this "funcion," as it is called, concluded with a saynete, a little grotesque farce in one act. The Spaniards are very partial to the saynetes, in which the manners of the people are represented with great fidelity and animation. The scenery is not well painted. A performer of the name of Prieto excelled in grave characters, and the comic actors and actresses were considered tolerably good.

On another night, a play, the subject of which was the escape of Romana and his army from Denmark, called la Fineze d'Inghilterra was performed, after which, I saw, for the first time, a bolero, which is substituted for the fandango. The dancer was a fine woman, *en bon point*, but how shall I describe her performance? it seems that she did not agitate a certain portion of the back part of her frame to the taste of the spectators. In matters of this sort, it would appear that the Spaniards are the best judges. I saw no defect; she played the castanets admirably, and moved to their sound accurately and gracefully; but for the reason before stated she was unpopular, and a gentle mark of disapprobation from the pit rendered it necessary for her to retire, and

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make room for another, who had a more voluptuous form, and who by her extraordinary movements, when she turned her back towards the audience, shewed that she thoroughly understood in what her predecessor had failed; she excited in consequence a profusion of applause. Had Martial witnessed this scene, although he has so often eulogized the Spanish dance of his own time, methinks he would have regarded this refinement in voluptuousness as a becoming subject for satiric animadversion. The account given of the bolero by Fischer is like almost every other subject he has touched, coloured to an excess which becomes ridiculous, not to say indecent. He has doubtless mistaken the fandango for the bolero. It appears from the preface to a small collection of Sequidillas, to which the name of Precisco is affixed in the title page, though it bears neither the date, nor place of its impression, that the bolero took its rise about the year 1780, in the province of La Mancha, and is indebted to the following circumstance for its name: About that time, Don Sebastian Zerego, a Manchegan by birth, and one of the best dancers of his day, paid a visit to his native town, the youth of which, beholding him springing so much higher, and remaining so much longer than usual from the ground, whilst on the instruments the accompanying modulation was redoubled, in the warmth of their surprize and admiration declared that he *flew*, (que bolaba,)

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whence the invitations to see this man dance, were to see the dancer who flew, " para ir a ver baylar al que bolaba," or as they termed it the bolero. One of the original and most admired rules of this dance is, that at the conclusion of the strain, the dancers are suddenly to remain fixed in the posture in which the last musical note and stroke of the castanet shall leave them; this position is called el bien parado. The dancers of course study to conclude in attitudes the most elegant and graceful. The effect of both the fandango and bolero is said to be perfectly irresistible with the Spaniards, so much so indeed, that a traveller has, whimsically enough, observed, that, were any one suddenly to play the one or the other in a church or court of justice, the priest, and his congregation, or the judge, the criminal, and advocates, would immediately set themselves in motion. After the play, it is usual with the people of Cadiz to promenade in the square of Saint Antonio.

I was at several tertulias or evening parties, which were agreeable enough. Cards and conversation formed the sources of amusement. In Spain the ladies of Andalusia are celebrated for their beauty; but I must confess I am disposed to confine their attraction more to their person and uncommon grace, than to their beauty of feature. They are very lively and agreeable, and are said

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to possess uncommon powers of elegant and even witty badinage and raillery, to which I am told their language is peculiarly suited. The society of Cadiz is altogether of a superior nature, doubtless owing in a great degree to the commercial communication which that city has for a great length of time kept up with the rest of the civilized world.

The rooms are in general lofty and spacious, every window opening into a balcony or railing. A chimney-piece is unusual. A brazen pan of powdered charcoal called the copa, placed upon the floor, is a substitute on a cold day in the winter. The staircases and floors are generally of marble. Chandeliers are common, but are not usually lighted up. The furniture is handsome, but inferior to ours in taste and real richness.

Amongst the distinguished persons at Cadiz, I met at the house of a very respectable English merchant, Vice Admiral Don Ignatio Maria D'Alava, who it will be remembered escaped in the Santa Anna after the glorious battle of Trafalgar, whom Lord Collingwood claimed as a prisoner of war, and whom he thus acutely and exquisitely reproached in the letter which he afterwards addressed to him: "I could not disturb the repose of a "man, supposed to lie in his last moments; but your

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" sword, the emblem of your service, was delivered to " me by your captain, and I expect that you consider " yourself a prisoner of war." How the Spanish admiral satisfied his own feelings of honour upon the occasion I know not; the remonstrance of the noble British commander was unavailing: and when I was at Cadiz, D'Alava had the command of the port and Spanish ships of war, a circumstance which I regarded, after what had happened, as unpropitious to a cordial co-operation with the British admiral there.

It was with infinitely more gratification that I was introduced by Brigadier General Doyle, an Irish officer in the Spanish service, to the celebrated Augustina Zaragoza, who, it will be remembered by all who have perused Mr. Vaughan's very interesting narrative of the siege of Saragoza (Saragossa), by her valour elevated herself to the highest rank of heroines, during the first siege of that illustrious, but unfortunate, city, in the month of June, 1808.*

* Those who have not read that account, will be pleased with the following extract.—" The attack of the enemy seemed to be directed principally " against the gate called the Portillo, and the castle near it without the " walls, and which is nothing more than a large square building, made use of " as a prison, and surrounded by a deep ditch. The sand-bag battery before " the gate of the Portillo was gallantly defended by the Arragonese. It was

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In the second siege, some particulars of which I shall hereafter relate, she surpassed her former achievements. Augustina appeared to be of the age which Mr. Vaughan has assigned to her, about 23 when I saw her. She was neatly dressed in the black mantilla. Her complexion was a light olive, her countenance soft and pleasing, and her manners, which were perfectly feminine, were easy and engaging. Upon the sleeve of one of her arms she wore three embroidered badges of distinction, commemorative of three distinguished acts of her intrepidity. Brigadier General Doyle told me that she never talked of her own brilliant exploits, but always spoke with ani-

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"several times destroyed, and as often reconstructed under the fire of the "enemy. The carnage in this battery throughout the day was truly terrible. "It was here that an act of heroism was performed by a female, to which "history scarcely affords a parallel. Augustina Zaragoza, about twenty "two years of age, a handsome woman of the lower class of the people, "whilst performing her duty of carrying refreshments to the gates, arrived "at the battery of the Portillo at the very moment when the French fire had "absolutely destroyed every person that was stationed at it. The citizens "and soldiers for the moment hesitated to reman the guns; Augustina "rushed forward over the wounded and slain, snatched a match from the "hand of a dead artilleryman, and fired off a twenty-six pounder, then "jumping upon the gun, made a solemn vow never to quit it alive during "the siege; and having stimulated her fellow citizens by this daring intre-"pidity to fresh exertions, they instantly rushed into the battery, and again "opened a tremendous fire upon the enemy."

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mation of the many she saw displayed by others in those memorable sieges. These insignia of military merit had been conferred upon her by her illustrious commander, General Joseph Palafox. The day before I was introduced to this extraordinary female, she had been entertained at a dinner given by Admiral Purvis on board of his flag-ship. The particulars I received from an officer who was present; as she received a pension from government, and also the pay of an artilleryman, the admiral considered her as a military character, and, much to his credit, received her with the honours of that profession. Upon her reaching the deck, the marines were drawn up and manœuvred before her: she appeared quite at home, regarded them with a steady eye, and spoke in terms of admiration of their neatness, and soldier-like appearance. Upon examining the guns, she observed of one of them, with the satisfaction with which other women would speak of a cap: "my gun," alluding to the one with which she effected considerable havock amongst the French at Zaragoza, "was not so nice and clean as this." She was drinking her coffee when the evening gun fired; its discharge seemed to electrify her with delight: she sprang out of the cabin upon the deck, and attentively listened to the reverberation of its sound. In the evening, she joined in the dance with the rest of the company, and displayed a good ear for music, and considerable na-

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tural gracefulness. The sailors, as it may be supposed, were uncommonly pleased with her. Some were overheard to say with an hearty oath, "I hope they will do something for her, she ought to have plenty of prize money; she is of the right sort."

So much envy does merit always excite, that there were many in Cadiz, and men too, who coldly called this young heroine the artilerywoman; and observed, that they should soon have nothing but battalions of women in the field, instead of attending to their domestic concerns, if every romantic female was rewarded and commissioned as Augustina had been. Base detractors! happy would it have been for your country, if many of your soldiers and most of your chiefs, had acted with the undaunted intrepidity and unshaken patriotism of this young female! The interest of my interview with her was much increased by the following circumstance: Brigadier General Doyle was relating to her the deplorable state, to which Palafox had been reduced just before and after he fell into the hands of the enemy in the second siege: she listened to him with the most anxious attention. "Ah Au-" gustina," said he, "now attend to the last letters of "your friend, hero, and general; he will speak to you "through them." He then read to her some very affecting letters written to Brigadier General Doyle a short

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time before, and after the surrender, which he afterwards translated to me, and of which the following are translated copies:

"Zaragoza, February 7, 1809.

"MY DEAREST FRIEND AND BROTHER,

"I have just received your letter—but no "one comes to my assistance on any side: you, however, "know me well; you know I will sooner die than cover "myself with disgrace. But if you do not help me, "what am I to do? Ah my friend, this thought does "indeed afflict me: but I want not courage to die for "the preservation of my honour: *if* you do not come "quickly—very quickly—receive the last embraces of "your dearest friend and brother! Sufficient that I say "to you, *my tried friend.* (These three words are in "English.) The bearer* of this will tell you——Ah my "friend! my brother!"

It may be proper here to observe, that the line of service, in which Brigadier General Doyle was principally engaged, was that of collecting information of the movements of the enemy, and furnishing succours to the pa-

* This man was a priest who with great address, and at the imminent peril of his life, contrived to quit Zaragoza, and reach Brigadier General Doyle with this letter.

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triotic troops of Spain, a species of service for which the general, by his activity, zeal, address, and local knowledge, was eminently qualified. He made every exertion to send succours to the brave Arragonese in their renowned city, but without success. A dreadful pestilential fever broke out amongst them. Owing to excess of fatigue, and the desperate condition of himself and his heroic comrades, Palafox became delirious, and when the French entered Zaragoza was unable to make any arrangements for his personal safety. Augustina caught the pestilence, which was incumbering the streets with its victims. She had too much distinguished herself not to attract the notice of the French. She was made prisoner, and removed to an hospital, where as she was considered to be dying of the fever, her guard paid but little attention to her. However, her good constitution began to triumph over this cruel malady, and finding she was but little watched, she contrived to elude the centinel, and in a manner as extraordinary as the rest of her exploits, escaped the enemy, and joined several of her friends, who had fled to the patriots, in perfect safety. General Doyle then read another, the last note but one, he had at that time received from Palafox: it was written at Pamplona, to which place he had been removed by the enemy in his way to Paris, and was dated March 13. "My dearest Doyle—my friend—my brother—for God's

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" sake send me by the bearer or by letter on Bayonne some " money—You know how long a journey is before me, " and the moment will arrive when I shall beg charity. " This is the only comfort I can now receive from your " good heart. My dearest friend they have robbed me " to the very shirt. Adieu—adieu—adieu!" The face of Augustina, which, as I have observed, is remarkable for its sweetness, assumed a mingled expression of commiseration for her hero, and revenge against his enemies. Her eyes, naturally soft, flashed with peculiar fire and animation; tears rolled down her cheeks; and clasping her hands, as the last word "adieu" was repeated, she exclaimed "Oh, " those base invaders of my country, those oppressors of " its best of patriots! should the fate of war place any of " them within my power, I will instantly deliver up their " throats to the knife." General Doyle was much impressed with the manner in which she uttered this fierce denunciation, a manner that can leave but little doubt of her carrying it into execution, should an opportunity offer. Soon afterwards the husband of Augustina entered, who had been severely wounded during the sieges, accompanied by a youth, a nobleman, and a cousin of Palafox: when the second siege took place, this young man was at college, which upon the irruption of the French, he abruptly quitted, and after having distinguished himself at Rio Sico under General Cuesta, with scarcely any mo-

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ney, and little food and cloathing, he made his way to Zaragoza, and fought under his noble relative with enthusiastic bravery. It does not often fall to the lot of a traveller to meet with occurrences such as I have related, and to see a group of persons, so distinguished for their intrepidity and patriotism. Augustina calls herself the *Woman of Zaragoza*: she occasionally wears the dress of the service into which she has entered, the artillery, but modestly preserves the petticoat. One evening as she was walking alone in this habit, in one of the streets of Cadiz, with her sabre by her side, a man attracted by her beauty, followed her a considerable way, upon which offended at his impertinence, she turned round, and drawing her sabre, with great calmness but determination, told him, that if he followed her another step, she would cut him down. The desire of this gay, but not gallant, Lothario was instantly turned into fear, and he fled from the object of his wishes, as fast as his legs could carry him. She was proceeding to Seville, to be presented to the central junta, for the purpose of soliciting a higher appointment in the patriotic army.* The brave youth whom I have men-

* The following energetic lines were written upon this amiable and intrepid female, by Mr. Joseph Blacket, a distinguished, but alas! a departed, genius, in a poem called the Fall of Zaragoza, which, with some other poems, have been rescued from oblivion by the benevolence of Mr. Pratt.

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tioned lost very large possessions by the incursions of the French. In the struggle with France, the youth of Spain have exhibited many traits of gallantry. Amongst others, I cannot omit the following: In an attack made by the enemy upon the van-guard of General Venegas at Aranjuez, a very young officer of artillery, the only son of the Marquis of Panco, finding himself mortally wounded, called his company round him, and concluded a short but animated, and pathetic address to them by saying, "My brave men! Drop by your cannon, but never desert them —farewell, I go to other regions of glory."

In Cadiz, although a little national jealousy was occasionally visible, an Englishman experienced every mark of attention; a saying once in use amongst the Spaniards, was now revived in its full spirit, "con todo el mundo guerra, y paz con Unglaterra"—"war with all the world, but peace

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——— Oh! heaven born heroine,
Fair Augustina, bold heroic maid!
Thine is the beauteous form, but warrior's soul;
Thine the re-animating gen'rous pride,
Like fam'd Camilla, nobly to deal forth
Destroying vengeance on thy country's foes;
Back to the breast of fainting courage call
The curdling blood, and bid thy brothers, armed,
Or die or triumph with thee!

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with England." Cadiz has always been particularly attached to the English.. Several Irish and Scottish families have resided in that city for many years without any molestation. It is worthy of remark that whenever Spain declared war against France, almost every Frenchman, however humble his occupation, used to remove with every thing belonging to him from the country. In the beginning of the present war, between England and France, an order, forced by the predominant influence of the latter over Spain, was issued for every Englishman to quit the country: a British merchant who had long resided in Cadiz, and whom I had the pleasure of knowing, went to the principal judge and said, "By this order I "am obliged to go to England: can I do any thing for "you there?" to which the judge replied, "Are you infatuated? can I say more?" Upon the faith of this hint, the merchant remained, and experienced the most perfect security. The hatred which all classes in Cadiz seemed to bear to the French, was in proportion to their love and admiration of the English.

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CHAPTER III.

BURIALS—SINGULAR FUNERAL CUSTOM—GOOD REMARK OF A BRITISH SAILOR ON THE CATHEDRAL OF CADIZ—DRAWING ACADEMY—LA CUNA—AND OTHER PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS—THE PLAGUE—SPANISH COUNTRY DANCES—PRIDE OF THE GRANDEES—ASSASSINATION OF SOLANO—EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCE ATTENDING IT—SOLANO IN PART VINDICATED—ANECDOTE OF MORLA—A HARD FATE—CARICATURE PRINT—THE GALEJOS—FEMALE GIPSIES—PUERTA DE SANTA MARIA—ACCOUNT OF THE ONLY BULL-FIGHT PERMITTED IN SPAIN—ANECDOTE OF A CELEBRATED MATADOR—PRIDE OF AN EXECUTIONER.

AFTER the dreadful epidemic fevers which raged in Cadiz, in the years 1800 and 1804, a termination was put to the baneful practice of burying in the churches, and even within towns. There is now a burial ground about a mile from the city. The time allotted for the interment of the dead is twenty-four hours after their decease: this celerity of burial is somewhat at variance with the precepts of Moses to restrain from burying for three days; but the heat of the climate justifies the practice. In Valladolid, Salamanca, and other parts

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of Spain, it is even thought dangerous to oversleep yourself; but it is highly probable, that premature burial may have sometimes taken place, from this precipitation. The deceased is always dressed in the habit of some order. The monks take care to make the people believe that no one can go to heaven but in their attire.

It is common here, as in Ireland, to enliven a funeral by a festival. A grand dinner is generally given by the nearest relations of the deceased, to his different friends and acquaintance, to whom funeral dinner-cards are formally issued.

Amongst the principal public edifices in Cadiz the new cathedral is pointed out to strangers. It is a stupendous roofless shell, ornamented within by a profusion of rich marble. The architecture is in bad taste, and extremely heavy. It appeared to me to be as large as the Pantheon at Paris. It was commenced in 1722, but for want of sufficient funds, or a misapplication of those which are still raised by a duty of one and a quarter per cent. levied upon certain articles coming in or going out of the city, the building has made no progress for upwards of sixty years past: in all probability it will never be completed. It has already cost upwards of four millions and a half of reals, and to complete it would cost almost as large a sum.

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Spain is celebrated for the number of its public unfinished edifices. Perhaps the priests think, if they begin to build a magnificent church with inadequate contributions, that the public piety will be still further and efficaciously excited, where it sees that only a few more columns, a dome, and interior decoration are wanted for its completion: be this as it may, in no country are the means and the end so little calculated when a public edifice is to be raised as in Spain; a circumstance which rendered the following exclamation of a British sailor, upon going within the walls of the cathedral I am speaking of, very natural and acute: "May I go to Davy's "locker," said the tar to a comrade as he was looking round, "if this will ever be finished, but I wonder how "the devil they got it up so high."

The signal tower is well worthy of a visit, the view from it being very fine and extensive. Here the whole character of the city may be seen; immediately below is a convent, having a garden, containing several palm-trees; besides this, I believe there are no more than two gardens in the whole city, and no house has a back yard. Adjoining the watch tower is a school for drawing. This establishment does great honour to the city. There are about two hundred students, many very young, who in addition to drawing and modelling from fine muscular

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figures, are taught writing, and arithmetic. Those who cannot afford to bring their own instruments and materials, are gratuitously provided with them. There is a library in an incipient state, in which there are portfolios of Spanish engravings tolerably well done. The directors of this academy are rather shy of shewing it to strangers, particularly to Englishmen, on account of its not yet having been brought to maturity. Every town of respectability has a drawing school. It is rather singular that Spain has produced no very distinguished modern painter.

The Foundling Hospital called la Cuna, a most necessary institution in Cadiz, is large and well conducted. The principal prison for criminals is very extensive, but in a truly filthy condition: it is formed of square courts with dungeons on each side and a gallery above the prison for culprits condemned to chains, who clean the streets, and is in a very healthy situation, and kept remarkably clean. The operation of justice, who in this country may well be said to be blind, to have leaden feet and iron hands, is almost incredibly slow. It is not unusual for several years to roll away between the committal and the trial of an offender.

Of the theatre for the bull-fight, a mere circular ruin

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remains. The exterior of the Custom-House is handsome. The church of the Capuchins is principally resorted to on account of its containing a fine altar-piece by Murillo, who was killed by a fall from the ladder on which he stood to paint it, in consequence of which the work is incomplete. There are some other paintings by this distinguished artist.

The hospital for females is entitled to notice. It is open every day after ten; you pass through a fine church, and ascend by a spacious flight of steps to the wards, where the patients are most improperly exposed to public view. The number of visitors crowded the rooms to a degree that was evidently oppressive to the sick, who were waited upon by ladies of the first respectability. The bed and bedding, &c. were very neat and even handsome.

The prevailing disorders seemed to be hectic. Ladies also attended upon the steps with silver plates to collect charitable donations, and the kitchen was formed into alcoves of flowers.

There are numerous other institutions for instructing the ignorant, supporting the unfortunate, reclaiming the depraved, and restraining the bad, which are very honourable to this distinguished city, and particularly to one of

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its former governors, before mentioned, the Count O'Reilly. A walk round the ramparts, which is about three miles, is very agreeable. Outside of the city, on the road to the Isla, the ground is laid out for rearing vegetables, but with these, as well as fruit, it is principally supplied from Port St. Mary.

My lacquais told me many dismal stories of the plague which raged here first in the year 1800, and again in the end of the summer of 1804. Recent settlers and foreigners were attacked most severely by the first: it is also curious that the men suffered in proportion to the women as forty-seven to one. The second contagion was the vomito nigro, or black vomit. This broke out at Malaga, and extended as high up the coast as Barcelona. In Cadiz it was less fatal than the first awful visitation. In all, upwards of ten thousand persons are said to have perished. In 1799 the population was estimated at seventy-five thousand; after the pestilence, it rapidly recovered, and at present the residents are supposed to amount to seventy thousand; I say supposed, for the best informed in Spain are but badly acquainted with this important subject. The principal cause of which is, that when a census is taken, many families are induced to make false returns of their numbers from an apprehension that its object is either an increase of taxes or a levy for the army, and a desire of eluding them.

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The British naval commander gave a magnificent ball and supper on board of his ship to the grandees, who had taken refuge in Cadiz, and to the principal families resident there. As he honoured me with an invitation, I had an opportunity of witnessing the decisive superiority of the Spanish over the English country dances. The former is slow, and combines the character of the waltz with the figure of the latter. A national dance by one gentleman and two ladies produced an enchanting effect.

I had also an opportunity, on this as on other occasions, to see how misfortunes subdue the pride of the haughty. There was a time, when a Spanish grandee scarcely regarded his inferior as a being of the same species; but now, notwithstanding the Spanish proverb that "For the time being, nobility sleeps, but in commerce "it becomes extinct," the mighty lord, driven from his palace and stripped of his domains, was glad to be noticed by those who were indebted to commerce for their independence.

In walking through the city, the remains of the house of the late Marquis de Solano attracted my attention. This nobleman was governor of Cadiz, and had unfortunately his patriotism too rashly, as it is since supposed, called in question by the people: they, and in deference

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to them, his friends, and his wife implored him to give up the command of the city: but, as if conscious of his fidelity towards his legitimate sovereign, he refused. The mob exasperated at his conduct, perhaps urged on by some of his personal enemies, attacked his palace with musketry and artillery. The traitor Morla was at this time with Solano; they fled over the houses: Morla escaped with great difficulty. Mrs. Strange, the wife of a very respectable English merchant, long resident in Cadiz, concealed the marquis in her house. The mob heard of it, forced their way into the mansion, and dragged him from his concealment. Mrs. Strange with that enthusiastic fortitude which generous females never fail to display towards the unfortunate whom they favour with their esteem, placed herself between him and his sanguinary assailants, and in doing so received a wound in one of her arms. As the unfortunate Solano was dragged down the stairs, he turned round to his protectress, and waving his hand, said to her in a most affecting tone of voice "hasta la eternidad," a farewell expression not possible to be exactly rendered into English, but meaning we shall meet in eternity."

The mob then forced him to the market-place, where he was finally dispatched after receiving a great number of mortal stabs, some of which pierced him

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through. Solano was a remarkably brave man, and during the whole of this savage scene never lost his self possession. To one of his murderers, who had run a pike into his back, he calmly turned round and said "Coward "to strike there; come round if you dare—face and de- "stroy me." An extraordinary circumstance attended this assassination. The man whom Mrs. Strange had employed to make the secret closet in which she at first concealed the marquis from the fury of his enemies, upon his entering the house, went to this spot, and discovered Solano, immediately after which the fellow was seized with a phrenzy, threw himself out of the window and was killed on the spot.

Many enlightened and impartial persons in Cadiz agree in thinking that had Solano lived, and witnessed the partially successful exertions which were afterwards made by his countrymen, he would have proved a distinguished and valuable adherent to the patriotic cause.

Previously to this assassination, the mob one day upbraided Morla and Solano with being their enemies, upon which Morla exclaimed "we are not your enemies; there they are" pointing towards the sea to some British ships. "No the English are our friends" replied the people. "Your friends! why they took Gibraltar from you in a

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time of peace" said Morla. "You ought to be better informed" answered one of the very lower orders, "the "English never break their faith: they took it in war, "and because those who held it could not defend it." Sanguinary as the mob were towards Solano, yet plunder formed no part of their object. His house was splendidly furnished, but although set on fire in some places, and shattered by the shots they discharged in others, not the smallest article of value was taken. Solano's palace remained as the mob left it when I was at Cadiz. A patriot of more undoubted loyalty than Solano met with as hard a fate. This worthy man, had been seized by the French, when they first entered Madrid, was tried and condemned to die; before the sentence could be carried into execution, the patriots re-occupied the city. It was necessary to observe some forms before their brother in prison could be liberated, and previous to their being finished, the enemy returned, drove the patriots once more from the capital, and the poor fellow was hanged.

The shops are not remarkable for the brilliancy of their appearance. They are in general like vaults upon the basement floor. Those of the jewellers, milliners, and confectioners, are the handsomest. The art of engraving is at present, in a wretched state in Spain. The most popular caricature print of that time, represents an Englishman and a

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Spaniard dancing the French Emperor on a rope, in a manner somewhat similar to the ungracious tossings in a blanket of the unfortunate squire of La Mancha. No map of Cadiz was to be had. The booksellers told me the Supreme Junta with its accustomed weakness had bought them all up. Rare coins are sometimes to be purchased at the stalls of the huksters of old iron, but they are mostly collected by a monk, who gains a profit upon their resale.

The entrances and court-yards of the hotels are generally occupied by coblers, cabinet makers, and petty tradesmen, all engaged in their different pursuits. The Gallejos, (pronounced Gallegos) or Galicians are a remarkably fine athletic race of men. These are the porters of Cadiz: their probity is equal to the prodigious powers of their bodies; for they are entrusted by the merchants to convey from one place to another as many bags of dollars as they can carry, without any one to attend to see that they act honestly toward their employer. In this manner, I have seen a Gallejo bearing upon his shoulders between two and three thousand dollars. On account of their masculine beauty the students in the drawing school draw from their naked figures. The gypsey-women, called gitanas, are equally distinguishable for the expression of their face, and beauty and natural gracefulness of their persons. They sell muslin handker-

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chiefs, &c., and are in general more reputable and less erratic than the gypsies of other countries. These women dance the fandango in all its indecent voluptuousness.

Having procured a licence to travel post, if we thought proper, and a passport for the Puerta de Santa Maria, Port St. Mary's, or as it is briefly called the Port, in our route to Seville we left Cadiz for that town on Sunday the 21st July. The heat was very great, the thermometer being at ninety-six degrees. Amidst hundreds of filthy porters, boatmen, &c., and the roaring of "puerta puerta" from a hundred brazen throats, we set sail in a passage-boat with latine sails; two large eyes were painted in its bows, a custom common with all vessels of this description, and an inscription in its stern, denoting that we were under the care of the virgin; the boat was filled with numerous parties, in their best dresses, going over to the Port to see the corrida de los toros, or bull-fights, which were to take place that day. In less than an hour, the wind being fair, we crossed the bay of Cadiz, amidst a beautiful display of numerous ships of all sizes, passage-boats with their ample and picturesque sails, and the country which nearly surrounded us. After passing Fort St. Catharine, we crossed a dangerous sand bar, when every one took off his hat, and said a prayer for the souls of a great number of persons who had been lost here at

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different times, in no less than eleven boats and their crews. A collection was then made to be presented to the priest to offer more effectual prayers for so many souls in purgatory, which I have no doubt was faithfully applied. This sand bar has been formed by the sands which the Guadalete carries down with it, near the mouth of which the Port is situated, distant about three leagues from Cadiz. The Port, which was the ancient Menestei Portus, is a very neat, sprightly, and handsome town, without walls or fortifications, is the residence of the captain-general of Andalusia, and of a civil and a military governor. There is a good hotel here, much crowded on Sundays, on account of the bull-fights, called La Cruz de Malta, or The Cross of Malta.

I dined at the hospitable country house, (for so it was considered although in a town) of Mr Fleetwood, a merchant of great respectability, and whose donations at various times, to the good cause of Spain have not been less than three thousand pounds. Before dinner we walked over the greater part of the town, which is well paved and kept very clean, chiefly by French prisoners who are paid for their labour. The Calle Ancha is a very long and noble street. Several of the churches, convents, and houses are very handsome. After dinner, the whole place was alive, and the people in crowds hastened to the theatre

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of the bull-fight. As the only bull-fight in Spain was at this time here, and as there were some circumstances attending it rather of a novel nature, I shall not pass it over, although the Spanish bull-fight has been before described. The theatre was of wood; round the arena or circus were erected a number of seats ascending like steps, capable of containing about 10,000 persons: the boxes being at the upper part, and divided off, and the top of the highest covered over: in the centre was a very large and handsome box appropriated to the governors and the principal civil and military officers of the town. The prices of the places are regulated by the sun and the shade, those on the shady side are the best, and to obtain as much shade as possible, the fights seldom commence before four o'clock. On my ticket was inscribed "Communes Sombra." Upon entering the theatre, I was much impressed by the magnitude of the structure, and the immense assemblage of the people. The number of the men and women appeared to be nearly equal. Amongst the latter were several females of distinction, and many of great respectability. The box I sat in was next to that of the governor, who was extremely attentive and polite to me. A short time before he took his seat, one of the gates of the arena or circus opened, and a fine corps of volunteers entered, and cleared it of a great number of people who climbed over the sides, and took the seats to which they

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were entitled. In the centre of the arena a strong post was fixed in the earth, upon the top of which sat a monkey, chained and dressed in scarlet regimentals. Many of the low Spaniards believe, that the cause of the royal abolition of this their favourite pastime, arose from an objection entertained by the queen to the people assembling in large bodies together, but this is not the fact; more rational and provident reasons suggested it, in 1805, to Charles IV. or his ministers. This cruel exhibition imbrutes the disposition of the people; if the day on which it happens be not a Sunday, a day is lost to labour. The poorest persons will sell their very beds to raise money to attend their popular spectacle, and agriculture and the army suffer by the extraordinary havoc which was formerly made amongst the horses and oxen to an amount which is almost incredible. I found by what took place that the bull-fight at the Port was as much interdicted as in every town in Spain, but as a convenient boon to the people, the governor was permitted by the Supreme Junta, indirectly to concede it to them.

Before the fight commenced, a procession entered, composed of the different dramatis personæ in this bloody pastime; after making their obedience to the governor, one of them begged permission to fight the bulls, the governor turned his head aside and made a motion that

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their prayer could not be granted, they again bowed, and as they were retiring the people called out to his excellency, in a very brief exclamation, to indulge them with the spectacle, upon which the governor made a signal with his handkerchief to the performers, that the bulls might be fought. Thunders of applauses expressed the public gratitude, which at length was succeeded by the silence of highly excited expectation.

The bulls intended to be fought were then driven across the arena, in company with two tame oxen with bells round their necks: three or four piccadores, mounted on tolerably well-looking Andalusian hacks, entered the circus, and took their station near some of the wooden partitions or barricadoes erected within it, for the protection of those who fight the bull on foot, when they are hard pressed by him. These equestrians wore leathern gaiters, well padded about the legs, thick leathern breeches, silk jackets of various colours, embroidered with spangles and lace, and trimmed with ribbons, whitish brown hats, tied under the chin, having a very broad flat brim, their hair in a net with a long tassel at the bottom, and carrying a long pole with a goad at the end. Presently the massy bars of a double gate under the governor's box, through which the bulls had passed, were knocked aside, and the man who opened it immediately sprang behind one of the

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before-mentioned barricadoes for security. This was a moment of uncommon anxiety and expectation. Immediately a noble Andalusian bull rushed into the arena; at first he seemed appalled by the shouts of such an immense concourse of people; he stared around him, pawed the earth, smelt it, snorted, and then observing the piccadores, he collected himself, and made a desperate charge upon the nearest of them, who turned him aside with his pike: with accumulated rage he assailed the next, and threw horse and rider with such violence, that the furious animal himself rolled over them, and, for a moment, they were all concealed by a cloud of dust—The chulos, or fort combatant, dressed *en majo*, or sprucely, much in the same attire as the male bolero dancers wear, rushed from behind the barricadoes, and provoked and distracted the infuriated beast by holding before him cloaks of different colours: in the mean time, the fallen piccador rose and remounted his horse, whose side had been opened by the bull, and whose entrails were hanging from the orifice in ribbons streaming with blood: the poor animal moved a little, but slowly, from loss of blood, and from an apprehension of treading upon his bowels—horrible sight! his rider dismounted, but not till the miserable beast could carry him no more. The dying horse was left to languish: several times he made a convulsive, but ineffectual, effort to rise; then raised his head and looked

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around, as if to implore some one to dispatch him. No one, not even the hangman, would have released him from his miseries. A proud custom forbids it, and he was left to breathe his last in agony. Such of the piccadores as are not able to ride off their horses, on account of their wounds, when the trumpets sound for the chulos to bait the bull, are paid less than those whose horses are able to carry them. This accounts for the piccadores pushing their horses, however badly gored, to the last extremity. After fighting the bull for some time, the trumpets sounded, the piccadores retired, and the chulos alone commenced an attack. With great confidence they approached the animal to his very horns, and as he rushed upon them alternately, they eluded the assault by adroitly stepping aside, first endeavouring to fix, and generally with success, two banderillas, or barbed arrows, decorated with curls of coloured paper on each side of his neck. If by accident or want of experience they are fixed in the sides of the beast, or the banderillas do not adhere, the disapprobation of the spectators is excited. Some of these banderillas have gunpowder crackers attached to them, which discharge themselves soon after they are fastened, to madden the bull the more. In these attacks the skill and intrepidity of the chulos were conspicuous. After some time, the people called out matalo, matalo! kill him, kill him! meaning the bull. This is a high, though un-

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welcome compliment paid to the animal. The trumpets again sounded and the chulos retired.

The matador then entered alone, with a red cloak spread over a small stick in one hand, and a sword in the other; and amidst the applause of the populace, bowed to the governor, who by a signal, gave him liberty to dispatch the bull. The animal roaring and writhing with agony, endeavoured to shake the rattling banderillas from his neck, and prepared to charge the matador. The conflict now appeared to present a frightful disparity against the man. All were mute—no one of the mighty multitude seemed to breathe. Calm and collected, extending the stick which supported the red cloak, he courted the assault of the furious animal, who at length turning his head to the ground, rushed with all his might upon him. Once or twice, still more strongly to excite the feelings of the spectators, he stepped aside and let the bull pass, at length upon the animal renewing the attack, and just as his horns were at his breast, the matador thrust his sword between them into his neck. The blow was mortal, and in an instant the fury of the animal seemed at an end. Rolling his eyes in death, he receded a little, then collected himself, fell upon his knees, and bellowed in expiring agony; blood gushed from his mouth, and he was finally dispatched, the wound being first ascertained to be mortal, by striking a dagger into the spine,

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and he died amidst shouts of applause bestowed on the skill of the intrepid matador. Three horses yoked abreast and decorated with little flags and ribbons then entered, the bull was fastened to their traces by the horns, and dragged off at full gallop.

The skill of the matador at this amphitheatre was hereditary, and perhaps his fate may be so too. His father named Pepehillo, was the first torreador in all Spain, but by missing his aim, at the critical moment I have described, was gored to death by the animal with whom he was fighting. This man when the late king was at Seville, offered, within a circle to be drawn by a stick in the dust of the arena, to kill the bull *kneeling*. The humanity of the king would not suffer such rashness, and observed the man must be mad to propose it. The governor is a great favourite with the people. Observing the concern I felt in seeing one part of the fight, he said to me in French, " I wish that bull were Bonaparte."

I could not learn the reason why the torments of the bull were permitted to be at once terminated by the stiletto, and the same act of common mercy refused to so noble, so courageous, so mild and docile an animal as the horse. Some years since, the late king issued an order that all dogs found in Madrid without collars, should be

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killed, and the common executioner was ordered to dispatch them; the fellow refused, declaring that it was his office to kill men not dogs. Some miserable wretches who live by collecting rags and paper in the vilest parts of the city, were then applied to, to do the business, with an offer of reward, but such was the pride of these people, that although they used clandestinely to steal and kill dogs for their skins, they also refused the undertaking as beneath them.

The Andalusian bulls are the most ferocious and therefore most prized in the bull-fights. Unless several horses are killed, the fight is considered by the most delicate and refined female spectators as unsatisfactory. The interest of it is much increased by a man being now and then wounded. The ladies have no very high idea of the bravery of a foreigner who exhibits any other sensations than those of gratification at these fights. During this savage diversion, men go about with nuts, and small crabs' claws as refreshment, calling out " boccas, boccas," meaning " will " you have a mouthful ?"

The novillos are generally young bulls that go through all the stages of the fight except the last, sometimes they are baited by dogs.

Upon my return from Seville to the Port, the fame of

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an Andalusian bull attracted me once more, and I determined that it should be the last time, to the Amphitheatre. It was indeed a terrible animal. In the course of his fury, he gored five horses to death, and nearly killed one of the piccadores, who was extricated from his horns, and carried off. The governor's daughter had honoured the beast by making with her own delicate hands, a rich decoration of ribbons for his neck, and lovely women applauded the bloody havoc which he made. A young marquis, a well known afficianado, or amatuer, of bull-killing, was discovered by the spectators standing in the arena behind one of the wooden barricadoes, upon which the cry of el marques, el marques! resounded from every quarter. This was a flattering request to the young nobleman, who had already won several ladies' hearts by his beauty, and his prowess, to come forward and supersede the matador, and dispatch the bull. The ladies waved their fans, and the noble torreador prepared to obey the call, but the governor interfered, and would not permit it. " Oh " what merit has that fine young nobleman," said a pretty Spanish lady, " how beautifully did he kill the bull!" I learned that he had obtained all his popularity by having dispatched a very fierce bull a few Sundays before, with such grace and science, that his friends as a distinguished mark of their enthusiastic admiration, took off their neck-cloths, coats, and some even their waistcoats, and threw

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them at him in the arena. This compliment, strange as it may seem to an Englishman, appeared to afford him the highest gratification, and after collecting together the articles thus thrown, and distributing them to their owners, he vaulted into a seat amongst the spectators amidst thunders of plaudits. This nobleman was remarkably handsome, and a few years since distinguished himself at the bull-fights at Madrid, where he attracted so much of the queen's attention that the prince of the peace deemed it prudent to banish him from the city. He has lost much of his consequence however by associating with the bull-fighters, and is on that account as little respected as the noble patrons of the pugulistic art are here, for the same reason.

Although it is always usual to kill the bull that shows much spirit, the one I have last described, was reserved on account of his peculiar merit for another fight, it being rather necessary at this period to husband up the resources of a gratification so highly estimated. He was accordingly led out, with the blood streaming down his chest and shoulders, by the two tame oxen I have before mentioned; who, upon being admitted into the arena, went up to him, and seemed to invite him to retire, upon which they all moved off together. In this manner the bull which is not given up to the matador is always

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conducted away. The decoying oxen are trained for the occasion: it is not a little interesting to see how consoled the poor, bleeding, harassed, and palpitating bull seems when they come to his relief, and how well pleased he trots off from his persecutors, between his two friends. The monkey, I found, rarely takes a part in this exhibition, and is never exposed when there is much danger. His vaulting in the air, as far as his chain will allow, his terror and grimaces when the bull runs at him, are sources of much more amusement to the people than to the performer, who on the day I saw him, in a moment of great personal apprehension, broke his chain and took refuge amongst the spectators. When the bull makes towards the monkey, the people exclaim "a la mona, a la mona," "to the monkey." After the fight, I was admitted behind the scenes, that is, to see the dens in which the bulls are kept before they appear in the arena. From the outside of the building, animals enter a passage, having on each side several of these dens, each of which is provided with a portcullis door, moveable up and down by pullies. These dens are boarded at top, having holes and trap-doors at certain distances, through which the keepers in perfect safety, from above, can goad each bull from one den into another, or into the passage, at the end of which is the gate that opens into the arena: here, if the animal be remarkably ferocious and powerful, a

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massy door raised and depressed by pullies, is suddenly let down upon his neck, to reduce his strength, and at the same time to exasperate his spirit. Experience enables the bull-fighters to know by a glance of the eye, the peculiar disposition of the bull, and even to ascertain whether he pushes with the right or left horn. The gate is then opened, and he makes his entry into the arena. There are also rooms for the different performers; and one, in which are a bier, a crucifix, and surgical instruments for those who get wounded, and a priest attends with the host in case of a fatal accident. After the fight, the dead horses are drawn out and laid upon an adjoining spot of ground to be devoured by the dogs; and the bulls, which are the perquisites of the matador, are sold at about sixteen dollars each. Each of the piccadores receives fifteen doubloons, at three piasters each doubloon, for each fight. The matadors the same; and the chulos thirty dollars each: after these and a handsome sum to the proprietor of the theatre, and the cost of the bulls and horses, &c. are paid, the residue, which is always considerable, is given to charitable institutions, and other public purposes. And thus is even cruelty made ministerial to humanity and civilization!

The peasant who has reared the bull intended to be fought, generally takes a seat to witness the talents of his

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protegé, and is discoverable by the uncommon interest he displays, and by his calling out to the bull "Chico, "chico," as much as to say "my child, my child," and using other words of encouragement.

It has been asserted by some writers that the Spanish bull-fights are of Moorish origin, by others that they were derived from the Greeks. In the Greek bull-fights, several bulls were turned out and fought by an equal number of horsemen, each combatant selecting his bull, which he never quitted till he had overpowered him. But it seems most likely that the Spaniards received them from the Romans. Livy says, "per eos dies, qui- "bus hæc ex Hispaniâ, nunciata sunt, ludi taurilia, per "biduum facti, religionis causâ." The taurilia is said to have been substituted in the reign of Tarquinius Superbus, and justly dedicated to the infernal gods. It owed its origin to a violent plague, which raged chiefly amongst pregnant women, many of whom procured abortions by eating bulls' flesh. After what I have stated, the reader will not be surprised to be told that every Spanish lady is as well acquainted with all the fine points of a bull, as an English one is of those of a lap-dog. Inhuman, and therefore impolitic, as it seems to me, it is contended by many, that the encouragement of the bull-fight excites and animates qualities which, if duly restrained, may be

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productive of good, and honour to a country. It is a well known fact, that the men who most distinguished themselves in the battle of Baylen, had been piccadores in the bull-fights.

After the bull-fight, we walked on the Alameda, which was brilliantly illuminated by a number of many-coloured paper lantherns. This walk, called Virgel, which is planted with orange-trees, and runs along the banks of the river, is very beautiful. Near this spot, ships lying in the bay of Cadiz are supplied with water, which, together with the vegetables grown in the grounds adjoining, forms a considerable source of profit to the inhabitants. There are also some manufactories for staining linen to resemble printed calico. The Alameda was crowded with elegant well dressed persons, and the whole was much enlivened by a fair which was held in the street adjoining. Numerous tents and stalls were erected, in which ices of various sorts, wine, dried fruits and fish, and little bladder-like cakes fried in oil, &c., were sold. The dance was seen, the sprightly sound of the castanets was heard ; all were gay, sprightly, and happy, and exhibited to that extent a convincing contradiction to a notion generally received, that the Spaniards are a solemn laughter-hating people ; but there was no visible irregularity, nor any appearance of inebriety. In our way, we saw

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a carriage drawn by six mules, in which was a daughter of Donna Maria Theresa de Villabrega, and wife to the weak, ambitious, and faithless Godoy, Prince of the Peace. Of this family more hereafter.

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CHAPTER IV.

SPANISH INNS CLASSED AND DESCRIBED—XERES DE LA FRONTERA—MR. GORDON'S WINE VAULTS—ANDALUSIAN HORSES—MULES—HOLY DECORATIONS—CIVILITY OF A MULETEER—RIDE TO SEVILLE—NEGLECT OF AGRICULTURE—SHEEP—RURAL LEGISLATION—ANDALUSIAN SMUGGLER—SEVILLE—MISERABLE ACCOMMODATIONS—THE CATHEDRAL—THE GIRALDA—MURILLO—A ROYAL JOKE—A STRATAGEM.

AS the moon shone brightly, and the evening was very beautiful, we determined to quit the Port for Xeres de la Frontera; accordingly we hired a calesa, which is a small cabriolet on two wheels, capable of holding two persons, drawn by one mule, and driven by a calesero, who sometimes walks by the side of his beast, and at others rides upon one of the shafts. We set out in company with persons who had been spectators of, and who had assisted at, the bull-fights. Some had their wives mounted behind them carrying boughs of the palm-tree, which, when blessed by the priest, become infallible charms against thunder, lightning, and the devil; on which account they are to be seen twisted

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round the grating of the balconies in numerous houses in Spain.

The road was tolerably good. As we entered Xeres, distant from the Port about ten English miles, or two Spanish leagues and a half, we met a rosario, a grand catholic procession, illuminated by an immense number of tapers, and enlivened by singing and fire-works. Our calesero conducted us to a fonda, or inn, where after some refreshment, which only appetite rendered palatable, we went to bed, or rather to a depôt of fleas. To give the reader a little idea of the different species of inns in Spain, I beg to inform him, that a fonda is the principal inn in a town, where he may expect to find food (though most likely to be execrably bad) and wine provided. A posada is another and inferior inn in a town, where lodging only is found, and if the traveller wishes to eat, he must either bring, or send out into the town and buy, what he wishes. A venta is a solitary house situated on the roads, in which it is seldom that any thing more than eggs and bad wine can be procured.

Xeres is a considerable and handsome town, containing about 40,000 inhabitants; and its neighbouring vineyards are celebrated for producing the sherry wine which is so much used in England. This wine is also produced at

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many of the Spanish tables, instead of liqueur. The Carthusian convent, the cathedral, and some prodigiously large wine-vaults, which belong to Mr. Gordon, an English merchant, and which are capable of holding between five and six thousand butts, merit the attention of the traveller. Remarkably fine stallions were used to be kept in this town, for the purpose of preserving a beautiful breed of Andalusian horses, which on account of the revolution is now much neglected. The Andalusian horses are justly celebrated, and are remarkable for being more easily managed by the voice, than the horses of other countries. They are sometimes sold cheaply. An English general by permission of the Central Junta, gave only eighty dollars for a fine charger. The mule is a most valuable animal, and as I get more acquainted with him, I shall be better able to do him justice; at present I shall only observe, that our calesero told us, that this animal will with ease carry two hundred weight and draw about seven hundred.

After quitting Xeres for a short distance, and passing through thick rows of stately aloes* and prickly pears,

* The aloe is also called pita. Its leaves are from six to nine inches broad, from three or four thick. It is formed of a mucilaginous fluid, surrounding an immense number of parallel threads, which after being rolled,

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the country becomes extremely rich, abounding with fruit-trees and vineyards, after which it presents nearly a level of corn land, amongst the stubble of which, we saw numerous grasshoppers of an extraordinary size, some of them at least two inches long, with two long teeth: they are extremely injurious to the grain. These are often sold in the streets, in cages, being esteemed for their chirruping music. The land was every where open, and we passed several fine horses, which, with their stately well-formed riders, who, like every human being we met, were smoking their cigars, presented a noble appearance. The stirrups generally used resemble small wooden boxes, have a sharp point at the end, and are of Moorish origin. The saddles are high before and behind, and covered with sheeps' skins. The peasants were few, but tolerably decent in their appearance. I saw also for the first time, nine or ten horses moving in a circle and treading out the corn. This method we are informed by the scriptures, is coeval

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washed, and combed, are made into hemp for cordage, horses' traces, halters, packing cloth, and are even fine enough to make inferior lace with. In India, particularly in the country which belonged to Tippoo Saib, it forms the boundaries of villages, and a very formidable defence against a charge of horse. It is a complete vegetable chevaux de frise. The received opinion that the aloe blossoms only once in a century, is wholly unfounded. Its flowering depends on its growth, which is governed by the heat of the climate of the country in which it is reared.

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with the time of Moses. The horses move round upon a floor made of terrass, so that the corn is not mingled with any dirt. This I afterwards found to be the common method of thrashing in Spain. The flour in all but the north of Spain, is remarkably white and fine. We halted at Librexa, a small and post town, when as there was nothing else to notice, I observed that our calesa was decorated on all sides with rude paintings of virgins and apostles, and that the following motto was inscribed on the back, "Viva la Virgin del Carmen;" and also that the pigs of the town, resembled a Chinese breed, and were remarkably fat and beautiful; they were for sale at sixteen dollars each. The swine of Spain are generally fed on the acorns of the cork-trees and on chesnuts, which give them a delicious flavour.

The carts of this country have high stakes on each side, are mounted on lofty and clumsy wheels, some without spokes, and are drawn by large oxen, who pull from the horn.

From this place, the country becomes very gloomy, and after riding about twenty-four miles, through a sandy road, during which we saw but few traces of cultivation, we reached a solitary venta, the first I had seen. It was indeed a deplorably dirty hole, and we had some

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cause to regret that we had not brought provisions with us; for it was with great difficulty that we procured an omelet, fried in rancid oil, and a little bad wine: by way of dessert a muleteer gave us some unripe grapes. The muleteers of Spain are remarked for their civility to strangers. Our host was the only Spaniard, according to the received notion of the national character, I met with in Spain. He seemed eternally to bear in his mind the Spanish adage, "waste no words," and resembling the great Lord Burleigh, when a movement of his head was sufficient, he never used his tongue. The muleteers as they sat at their dinner, seemed as much engaged in politics as so many English country hair-dressers, and the word "Napoleon," accompanied with an execration peculiar to Spain, continually occurred. One of them just arrived from Seville, informed the rest, with the usual accuracy of rustic politicians, that Blake's army had entered Aranjuez (pronounced Aranquess) to the no little delight of all who listened.

Our ride from this miserable venta to Seville was four leagues, and continued for the greatest part over a dreary, bladeless, flat plain, then parched up, but which in the winter is in several parts overflown by the Guadalquivir: this was a short cut, and out of the high road. So barren was the scene, that the only objects which excited notice,

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were several stone wells, which frequently appear, for the purpose of supplying troughs with water for the cattle. In the country approaching to Seville, may be traced some appearance of the baneful effects of the blind impolicy of the Spaniards in neglecting agriculture, in favour of their sheep. England and other countries have been formerly infested with wolves and other ravenous beasts. Spain may be said to be devoured by the meekest of all animals, by sheep, which are permitted to riot in and impoverish a region, which, on account of its richness and fertility, the ancients in the warmth of imagination, determined to have been the garden of the Hesperides, and the site of the Elysian fields. It seems to be agreed by almost all writers on Spain, that the æra of the Mussulman government of that country, was by far the most brilliant in its history; and that agriculture especially had to deplore the expulsion of the Moors. Fruitful as is the soil, and propitious to vegetation as is the climate of Spain, it is well known, that even at this period, nearly two-thirds of the country is uncultivated. Of this neglect, the vast tracts of land, which are always kept in pasture for sheep, present one of the causes, and one of great magnitude. Folly generally propagates itself. To have the command of a large revenue arising from the duties payable on the exportation of wool, the Spanish government, in the blindness of corruption and

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dotage, has even now to learn, how ultimately great is the negative loss by exporting wool in a raw, and importing it in a manufactured, state. As this subject has been so clearly and ably demonstrated, and is so very obvious, to enter further on it would be a waste of time. The reader will find his attention well rewarded by perusing the "Memoir on the Advancement of Agricul- "ture, and on Agrarian Laws, Addressed to the Supreme "Council of Castile, by the Patriotic Society of Madrid, "drawn up by one of its Members, Don Gaspar Mel- "chor de Jovellanos." This treatise breathes only sentiments the most truly patriotic and enlightened; but, as I have been informed, some weak and vicious monks and ministers took alarm at its truth and intrepidity, and the illustrious author was consigned to the dungeons of the Inquisition, from which he has been conducted by those events which have attracted the increased attention of all Europe to his struggling country. As his labours are now justly appreciated by his countrymen, may his virtue animate, and his wisdom influence, their councils, against the tremendous enemy they have to encounter! This upright and sagacious writer recommends the inclosure of lands, the enactment of laws to promote the prosperity of agriculturists, the prevention of the accumulation of landed property in mortmain-tenure, condemns the system of ecclesiastical estates continuing in

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mortmain, depicts the noxious state of the possessions of the secular clergy, of the taxes upon various productions of the soil, the prejudicial restrictions upon the corn-trade, upon foreign commerce, and submits to his government an admirable plan for ameliorating the state of agriculture. *Revenir à nos moutons*; to return to our sheep; the number of those called merinos or transhumantes, migratory, in Castile Leon and Estremadura, is calculated at about five millions. In the sixteenth century, the *wandering* sheep exceeded seven millions. I could not learn from the disturbed state of the country, their amount at the present day. The immense flocks of this description annually wander over the mountains and plains of Old and New Castile, Navarre, Arragon, Biscay, the Kingdom of Leon, Estremadura and Andalusia, making a journey of about one hundred and forty leagues! The number of *stationary* sheep fed in Catalonia, Arragon, Biscay, Valencia, Murcia, and Andalusia, is reckoned at eight millions. It is now I understand completely ascertained, that the wool of the stationary is equal to that of the erratic flocks. The reverse of this opinion has been for a long time general.

A very brief account of the manner in which these vast roving flocks are managed may not be uninteresting to the reader; they belong to an incorporated company,

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known by the name of the Mesta, and the privileges they enjoy, and the laws and immemorial customs which regulate the peregrinations of the flocks, are digested in a code entitled " Leys y ordenanzas de la Mesta," the laws and regulations of the Mesta. These flocks are united into one vast assemblage, and are regulated in the following manner. To a body of ten thousand sheep, an officer called a mayoral is appointed, he is a sort of king of the shepherds who act under him, amounting to fifty in number. He has a horse and an annual salary allowed him. These sub-shepherds are divided into four classes, and paid according to their precedence, and allowed each two pounds of bread. Each shepherd is also allowed to keep a few sheep and goats, (the wool and hair remaining the property of the proprietor of the flock,) to supply him with flesh and milk. The persons thus employed generally amount to about fifty thousand. To each flock fifty dogs are appointed. In the winter the shepherds completely thatch themselves in against the inclemency of the season, by wearing cloaks of straw. The provinces in which these flocks are pastured, suffer much in consequence; Estremadura alone does not contain above one hundred thousand inhabitants, whilst its size is equal to the support of two millions.

We heard much at Cadiz of the robbers on this road,

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but saw only the appearance of one, who, however, proved to be a contrabandisto or smuggler, mounted on a fine Andalusian stallion; his Moorish saddle, high before and behind, was covered as usual with a sheep's skin, and on one side of it hung his musket. His face and form were expressive and commanding, and his jacket was handsomely embroidered with gold lace. The Malaga figures representing these fellows, are very faithful. Though pursuing an illicit profession, the Spanish smuggler is in general considered as a man of chivalrous notions of honour. His horse like all those we met had D. O. marked on its side, to denote that it was unfit for use, otherwise it would have been liable to be seized for the army: but a little bribe or interest, easily eludes the requisition.

It was with pleasure that we left the dreary country I have mentioned, and entered a handsome avenue of trees, that led to Seville, or, as the Spaniards pronounce it, Sevillia.

At the barrier we were stopped to give an account of ourselves, and to have our luggage searched. Upon being informed that we were English, the officers said, "Pass on, your word is sufficient," and concluded the compliment by holding out their hands for a little money. As there is a Spanish saying, "Quien no ha visto Se-

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" villa, no ha visto maravilla," " Those who have not " seen Seville, have seen nothing wonderful," which, by the bye, is also said of other Spanish cities, and moreover as it was the residence of the government, and had the reputation of being better calculated, by its situation, to have been the capital of the peninsula than Madrid, we entered its streets with rather sanguine expectation: not to say a word of our being very tired and hungry.

Bearing in mind the before mentioned proverbial eulogy, the first *wonderful* thing we experienced in this *wonderful* city was, that after driving through a number of mean and miserable streets, in search of a place to lay our weary bones in, until our very patience was exhausted too, we were with great difficulty admitted into the Tonda del Sol.

There was another inn, but this was the best, although the vilest hedge ale-house in England would have been infinitely preferable to it. However, one apartment in which we were, as usual, to eat and sleep, was large and cool, and as an indemnification for the loss of a great portion of the pavement, and a pile of mortar which stood in the corner, we had two small looking glasses in thick gilt frames, suspended about eleven feet from the ground. After a good night's repose, and an excellent Spanish

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breakfast of chocolate, bread, and a glass of iced water, we proceeded to look about this "*maravilla.*" Two poor wretches in rags, who addressed each other as *Senor* and *Cavallero*, accosted us with "Vivan los In-"gleses, y muera Napoleon," "Live the English, but "perish Napoleon," of course our generosity was not proof against this salutation. The day was almost intolerably hot, and in some measure justified the Spanish saying, that "Seville and the infernal regions are di-"vided only by a sheet of paper." Thick shoes are, in consequence, highly necessary. The town stands in a vast plain; the Guadalquivir, the ancient Betis, flows by its walls, and waters the banks of the Alameda, a charming and much frequented walk of young elms. Within the city there is another walk, which was the ancient Alameda, but although it contains some very noble elms, it is but little resorted to. Before the one on the river side was planted, it was the fashion to parade and saunter upon the bridge, which connects the suburb of Triana with Seville.

The roofs of the houses slope, and the streets are so extremely narrow, that there are very few through which a carriage can pass, and in many, an open umbrella cannot be carried without scraping each side. The pavement consisting of the worst selected stones, placed with

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the wrong end upwards is unusually difficult, and painful to walk on, and draw forth many an acrid exclamation against those who have the charge of paving and repairing the streets, for which a considerable sum is appropriated; but such is the usual mode of discharging public duties in Spain.

Of course we went first to the cathedral, built in the fifteenth century; it is a vast irregular building chiefly in the gothic style, extremely ugly from without, but as regular and as beautiful within. There are numerous windows of stained glass, nearly as rich as the celebrated Rose du Portail, in the church of St. Ouens at Rouen: but its greatest treasure is a noble collection of some of the best productions of Murillo, who has profusely adorned this his native city with his works.

This cathedral is also celebrated, but most undeservedly, for having once contained the ashes of Columbus, of that great and oppressed discoverer, who experienced the sad transition from a reception at one time attended with all the pomp that grateful royalty could bestow, and at another in chains! I was informed, from good authority, that that illustrious man was interred at Valladolid. The remains of his son, Don Ferdinand Columbus, who wrote the life of his father, and founded

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the library called after his name, are deposited here. The chapels, sacrario, chapter-hall, treasure-room, and many of the doors, are very rich and splendid. The altar is magnificent, and the court is filled with several noble orange-trees. The Moorish tower of this cathedral, called the Giralda, by varying from the cathedral in style of architecture, augments the deformity of the whole. It is two hundred and fifty-eight feet high, and forty-three feet square; and the walls are seven feet and an inch thick, and crowned with an ugly bronze statue of Faith. A man on horseback could ascend to the top on an inclined plane, which resembles that in the Observatory at Copenhagen. The view from the top is very agreeable, and commands the whole city. On one side of the cathedral are some whole and some parts of granite columns, which have been brought from the ruins of Ancient Italica. They are placed at equal distances, and produce the worst possible effect.

Seville is uncommonly rich in pictures. In other churches, we saw many more paintings of Murillo. Eleven painted before his style was quite finished, but considered his finest productions, amongst which his death of Santa Clara is inimitable, moulder and rot in the cloisters of the convent of San Francisco; yet its besotted monks will neither sell them nor put them in a situation

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less exposed to dampness and eventual destruction. There is also a fine collection by the same artist in the Hospital de la Caridad.

Although the convent of the Capuchins is close to the city, our walk to it was considerably extended on account of one of the gates of the city wall, which is of Moorish construction, having been bricked up to resist the entrance of the French, who had been expected, for some time; here we saw a number of exquisite pictures by the same distinguished artist, particularly a Christ descending from the cross to embrace St. Francis. Don Manuel Cepero has a small, but tolerably good, collection of paintings, which, as they were for sale, have, at least the best of them, most likely found their way to England.

Going to the Capuchins, in one of the streets, a bust of Don Pedro the Cruel was pointed out; the history is as follows:—The prince, whose bust this purported to be, in a wicked frolic, mortally stabbed one of his subjects. Conceiving that no one saw him, when applied to by the relatives of the deceased for justice, he declared that if the delinquent could be discovered, his head should be stuck up in the street. An intrepid old woman declared

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that she knew the murderer was the king, because when his cloak blew aside, she saw his hump-back. The prince confessed his bloody joke, and to keep his word and save his life, ordered this bust to be chisselled and erected.

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CHAPTER V.

THE ALCAZAR—THE CENTRAL JUNTA—CURIOUS COMPARISON—THE SOLANO—RAGE FOR BLEEDING—FREEDOM OF FEMALE MANNERS—A FESTIVAL—ANECDOTE OF THE INQUISITION—BREAD-MARKET—ANDALUSIAN IMPUDENCE—SANTAPONCE—LA LONJA—CURIOUS MARK OF ROYAL GRATIFICATION—THE ESCRIBEDORES—HOUSES IN SEVILLE—ITS GLOOM—ANDALUSIANS FOND OF SINGING—SUSPICION—COWARDICE—THE GUADALQUIVIR—BEAUTIFUL ORANGE-FARM—ADVENTURE AT SAN LUCAR—DUPONT'S PILLAGE—MORLA.

THE Alcazar is a palace built in the Moorish style, of a noble size, and richly ornamented, in which Ferdinand and Isabella held their court; and it is said that Philip V. intended to have transformed the royal residence from Madrid, to this at Seville. That mock-majesty called the Central or Supreme Junta, (pronounced Hoonta,) held their meetings here when I was at Seville, having been driven by the French from Madrid and Aranjuez. Behind this palace, the Alcazar has a Moorish garden, in which are numerous *jet-d'eaux*, called pilas, and several little secret water-works, which,

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when opened, spout up from the walks, and are constructed to surprize the ladies, and raise a laugh at their expence.

The members of the Junta were as follow:

OLD CASTILE.
Don Francisco Xavier Carro.
Don Lorenzo Bonifaz.

LEON.
His Ex. Sr. B. Valdes.
Viscount Quintanilla.

ARRAGON.
Don Francisco Palafox y Melzi.
El. Int. Don Lorenzo Calvo.

ANDALUSIA.
Count de Tilly.
Don Francisco Saavedra, Arcbishop of Laodicea.

GALLICIA.
Count de Ximarde.
Don Manuel M. Atalle.

ASTURIAS.
His Ex. Don Gasper de Jovellanos.
Marquis of Campo Sagrado.

VALENCIA.
His Ex. Prince Pio.
His Ex. Count of Contamina.

ESTREMADURA.
Don Martin de Garay.
Don Felix de Ovalle.

GRANADA.
Don Luis Gines de Gines.
Don Rodrigo Riquelme.

CATALONIA.
Marquis de Villel.
Marquis de Sabasona.

CORDOVA.
Marquis de la Puebla.
Don Juan de Deos Rabi.

JAEN.
Don Sebastian de Tocano.
Don Francisco Paula Casteneda.

MAJORCA AND THE ADJACENT ISLANDS.
Don Thomas de Viri.
Don Josef Sanglada de Tajores.

TOLEDO.
Don Pedro de Rivero.
Don Josef Garcia de la Torre.

MURCIA.
His Excellency Count Florida Blanca. The Marquis of Villar.

With very few exceptions, scarcely any talent or integrity will be found in this list.

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Much fatigued, we were glad to partake of a dinner, to which we were invited at the house of a Spaniard of consequence. The table was profusely decorated with confectionary, in variously coloured paper. The company was very select and agreeable, amongst whom a Spaniard who had been in London, complained, and naturally enough, of the smallness of the houses, but admitted the furniture to be comfortable, tasteful, and frequently splendid. He appeared to be enamoured of our constitution, and to illustrate it to the company, said that it resembled the Trinity, in which the king was God, the upper house, the Son, and the house of commons, the Holy Ghost. In England, such a comparison would have been deemed blasphemous; here, it was received as an ingenious mode of demonstration. A nobleman who sat next to me with a blazing star, listened with profound attention, nodded assent, and putting a half burnt cigar in his pocket, retired to take his siesta.

The wines were good, and were kept cool in small evaporating jars, made of a peculiar clay, half baked and very porous, called alcarrazas. Similar wine-coolers have been lately introduced into England. Here as at Cadiz, iced water with a sugar-plumb in it is a luxury with the lower orders. The asses carrying water in half a dozen

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earthern pitchers, as is usual here, and all over Spain, together with their drivers, form very picturesque objects. Water is indeed a precious article in such a climate as this, especially when the solano prevails here: this is a dreadful hot east wind, called by different names in various parts of Spain and the islands of the Mediterranean, which blows from the sands of Africa and Egypt, which dries up the juices, burns the palm of the hands till they crack, inflames the blood, and frequently distempers the brain. It affects the moral, as well as the animal system, and has a peculiar influence on the bad passions, to such a degree, that during its prevalence, the most abominable excesses are sometimes committed, particularly assassination.

The Spaniards still continue their enthusiastic veneration for the bleeding system of Galen, so laughably satirized in the practice of doctor Sangrado, by Le Sage. Even to this day, the physicians and surgeons of Spain are very ignorant. Their recent intercourse with the medical staff of England may, perhaps, lead to their improvement. This ignorance may in a great degree be attributed to the superstition of the people, who think there is more healing power in a saint than a doctor, and that a prayer is a panacea for maladies as well as sins.

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This darling operation of bleeding is usually performed either on the hand or foot, I believe rarely, if ever, on the arm. It is regarded as a neglect of health not to be bled several times in the course of the year. In Seville, and at Cadiz, I saw the hands of several persons tied with black ribbon, and found this to be the cause. A Spaniard in this city, known to a friend of mine, who had been bled three times, on the 1st., 2nd., and 3rd. of June preceding my arrival, went for fifteen days following into a bath, and then considered himself safe from malady for a whole year. He had pursued this course for thirty years, during which he had never required, or taken, any medicine. The Spanish barbers are called sangrados and sacamuelas, on account of their being bleeders and tooth-drawers. I was told notwithstanding its heat, Seville was upon the whole healthy; though it suffered severely during the plague in 1800, when it sustained a loss of no less than 14,680 persons. The resident population has been averaged at about eighty thousand, but owing to the great number of emigrants from various parts of Spain, it must be considerably more.

After the siesta, we visited the saltpetre manufactory, which is very extensive. Nearly all the soil of Spain abounds with nitre, so that, with sulphur and charcoal, the Spaniards will not want gunpowder to resist their

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enemy. In the evening, preparation was made for a *funcion*, the procession of St. Jago, the titular saint of Spain, to whom is ascribed the expulsion of the Moors. To the frequent recurrence of similar festivals may be attributed, much of that want of industry and enterprize so apparent in the Spanish character. It is calculated, that one third of the labour of the people is lost by their indulgence in those religious pastimes. Upon the present occasion, quilts, counterpanes, curtains, and carpets, new and handsome, old and shabby, were hung from the windows, which were embellished by several pretty women in their gala dresses; many of whom wore natural flowers, tastefully fixed upon the upper braid of their hair. A cruel wag observed, that this was necessary to counteract the atmosphere of some of them, who were more than moderately fond of garlick. The fair spectators seemed very anxious that St. Jago should not bear away all the interest and admiration of the spectacle, and the freedom of some of them, might have led to conclusions, which it was not necessary to be a libertine to draw, and in some degree sanctioned a remark which I heard from a blunt captain of an English merchant vessel, lying in the Guadalquivir, " that he could not stir into " the street, without being *brought up* by some *modest* " b——h or another."

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Alas ! that much of the festivity of the day was destined to be destroyed, a day of so much holy jubilee, that even Lavadero, or the public washing place, was deserted, and the washerwomen refused to indulge us with clean linen till it was over. Just as the procession had set out, the rain descended, and a pretty laughing girl near us exclaimed, " the little fellow," (meaning the saint) " will " not now come ; they will not suffer a drop of rain to " fall upon him for the world ;" and so it proved.

However, in the evening there were great rejoicings on the other side of the water, at Triana, considered a suburb of Seville, to which we passed over a bridge of boats. Much of the gaiety was supplied by the gypsies, such as the bonfires, music, &c. The associated levity and superstition of the Spaniards is surprising and irreconcileable. So desirous are those who find it their interest so to do, to promote the latter, that not long since, a marquis, who resided in Seville, was shut up in the dungeon of the Inquisition, for having taste and boldness enough to say, after having been annoyed for a long time by the bells of a neighbouring convent, that " bells were only " fit to make a noise with."

In the morning previous to our setting off for Santaponce, the Ancient Italica, we visited the bread-market,

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where we saw in a little cabin, with iron bars before it, one of the members of the Junta, decorated with a red ribbon, seated to superintend the sale of that precious article, and to prevent imposition. The bread, which is remarkably white and good, is sold by licence, after having been made in a town about two leagues off, called Alcala de los Panaderos, whence it is brought into Seville by mules every morning.

Santaponce contains only a few cottages, and is about three long miles from Seville; it stands near the main road to Estremadura. The country around is rich and beautiful, abounding with olives, orange, and citron-trees. Plenty of calesas are to be had at Seville; but only a very good price can ensure a tolerably good carriage. On the road, upon our pressing our calesero, who scarcely suffered the mule to move, to quicken his pace, the fellow said with uncommon impudence, "give me a dollar, and he shall "go faster." We resisted his imposition; he then fell, or affected to fall, fast asleep, and attended neither to threats or intreaties. This was one amongst many traits of mercenary trick and cunning to be found in the Andalusian character.

Near the village, in which we saw a fine Roman pavement of large mosaic, are the ruins of the once celebrated

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Italica of the Romans, which the lower people called Sevilla Vieja, or Ancient Seville. We passed by the remains of several houses and baths, in our way to the amphitheatre, which is of an oval form : the steps and subterranean passages belonging to it are in good preservation. The lizard and the beetle possess the place where once the gladiator expired amidst the applauses of admiring multitudes.*

Italica has the reputation of having given birth to Trajan, Adrian, and Theodosius, and to the poet Silius Italicus. There is a rich convent of Jeronymites, called St. Isidro-del-Campo, near this place, in which are some though not very beautiful antiques ; there is also a statue admi-

* There is a little poem entitled, "Las Ruinas Italica," The Ruins of Italica, so highly esteemed by the Spaniards, for its feeling and fidelity of description, that I conceived it might prove interesting to the reader, and have accordingly introduced it in the Appendix, with an attempt at a translation for the English reader.—Francisco de Rioja, the author, was a native of Seville, and contemporary with the celebrated and unfortunate Quevedo, between whom an ardent friendship existed, formed by the similarity of genius, and an abhorrence of the abuses and vices of the age in which they lived, against which they freely, and forcibly, directed their satire. Their compositions as usual, awakened more hatred than admiration, and they endured, in consequence, a long, severe, and dreary imprisonment, which had nearly terminated their existence. Francisco de Rioja died in 1659.

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rably executed by Torregiano, a Spanish sculptor, by whom also a very pretty piece of sculpture may be seen in the Hospital de la Sangre, just without the Puerta de Macarena at Seville.

Upon returning to our posada, we found two dragoons, who informed us that they had left the English and Spanish army only six days, pursuing the French, and that they were going to Seville with dispatches. They spoke of Lord Wellington and the English soldiers with rapture; of course these fellows had an immediate claim upon our purse. A little boy, the son of our host, listened with great attention; and the satisfaction he expressed coincided with the motto in his hat, "Por la Religion y Ferdinando," "For Religion and Ferdinand." Upon our giving this little fellow some small pieces of money, he saluted us with the usual Spanish benediction, "May you go with God," answering to our "good bye," the corruption of "God be with you."

To the convent of Jeronymites belong all the olives to a great extent. The olives, in the neighbourhood of Seville, are much prized, grow to a very large size, and excellently adapted for pickling. The oranges almost peculiar to Seville, and by the lower classes in England called "*civil*" oranges, were formerly very common, and

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grew in every garden within and without the town; but owing to the decline of the use of punch in England, and to other causes, the demand for the Seville orange has been much reduced, and it has been the practice for many years past to engraft the China orange on the stem of the bitter one, the fruit of which is very agreeable, and is called agrio dolce. The garden in which the cultivation of the China orange was most attended to, is called de los remedios, situated in Triana, opposite the Torre del Oro, whither the people used to resort in great numbers to eat the fruit, and amuse themselves.

Upon our return to the city, we found shop-keepers, beggars, dogs, and cats, profoundly locked in the morphean arms of their afternoon siesta.

It is singular that several enlightened tourists should have fallen into an error respecting Seville, to which they have ascribed an origin and character, which, in my humble opinion, must have belonged to Italica alone.—M. Peyron, in Bourgoing's Travels (Vol. IV. p. 220.), derives the name of Seville from Hispalis, after undergoing a variety of singular transmutations, amongst the Latins, Goths, and Arabians. He also states, that by the Romans it was called Julia Romula, or Little Rome, and that Hercules was its founder. — Laborde also

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V. II. p. 42.) says, " it is mentioned by Strabo, Pomponius " Mela, Pliny, and Ptolemy, as being ancient even in " their time. Its origin has been sought for in the re- " motest antiquity. Its foundation has been attributed " to Hercules, to Bacchus, to the Hebrews, the Chal- " deans, and the Phenicians." In page 44, he also observes, " Its circumference is still the same as left by the " Romans." On the contrary, the whole character of Seville is Moorish. The walls by which it is surrounded are Moorish, and most of the houses are Moorish. The designs of the public buildings are not very ancient. In short, I have been well informed that all the remains of antiquity to be found in the city have been brought from Italica, the ruins of which have in many instances supplied materials for building many of the houses in Seville. As the walls of this city can be walked round with ease in an hour, I was much surprised to hear that it occupied more ground than Madrid.

A noble building of the Etruscan order, called la Lonja, or the Exchange, is well worthy of notice. In consequence of Cadiz having withdrawn most of the commerce of Seville, this edifice is now converted into a depository of old records, chiefly relating to Spanish America. Amongst the most interesting are the MSS. of the great Columbus, and of Cortez; the latter famed for

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his conquests and cruelties in South America. Upon his return to Europe he was, on account of his atrocities, coldly received by Charles le Quint, who, it is said, drily demanded of him who he was, to which Cortez replied, " I am the man who have given you more provinces, " than your ancestors have left you towns."

Many of the archives of the kingdom have also been deposited in this building by the Central Junta, since their recent flight. This building, of four equal fronts of about two hundred feet long, was planned by the architect who designed the Escurial. The aqueduct, the tobacco-manufactory, said to have cost between three and four hundred thousand pounds, the cannon-foundery and naval academy, in which the best Spanish pilots are reared, are noble buildings. The remains of the Plaza del Toros, and the archbishop's palace, are also worth seeing. One of his holy highness's servants addressed us in the streets, and invited us to see the latter, by saying, " If you wish to see the palace, you may enter—the " Spanish and English are one."

In the course of my rambles through the streets, I observed at the gates of some of the manufacturing houses, a large iron chain suspended before it in festoons, which, without being ornamental, appeared to be

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of no use; but I found that when the king visited Seville, as a mark of his having been pleased with this manufacture, he permitted the proprietor to hang this chain before his gate, that he might enjoy the distinguished privilege of being secure, in his person and property, from the power of the law, notwithstanding any offence he might commit, until his case had been submitted to his majesty. A curious mark of distinction this; which presupposes the party honoured capable of offending the laws, and then stands between him and their fair and ordinary operation.

A stranger will also not fail to be struck with the numerous escribedores or scriveners, who sit at their desks all day, in arched open recesses on the basement floor of a street close to the cathedral. These functionaries are applied to, to draw up petty agreements, to adjust trifling accounts for the ignorant, and to write letters for those who cannot write for themselves. They will also, I am informed, for a trifle, carry on a tender correspondence between two unlettered lovers. There are a great number of these ready-writers in Cadiz, and in all the principal towns of Spain.

Most of the houses in Seville are, as I have observed, Moorish, and some of them large and handsome: the

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court, in the middle or patio, with a small pond of water lined with flowers in pots or fountains in the centre, and the galleries, on the sides of the house towards the court, shaded by canvass awnings, have a very cool and agreeable effect; but, after all, a residence of only a few days, soon enabled me to observe, what was confirmed by those who had resided here for some time, that Seville is but a dull city. The theatre, never much patronized, was closed—there were no bull-fights—the tertulias, at which obscene conversation with the women, and iced water, formed the principal mental and animal entertainments of the evening, were neither sprightly, nor crowded. The crisp sprightly sounds of the castanets, and the more soothing ones of the guitar, are rarely heard: but, as some indemnity, I often listened with pleasure to the shopkeepers and the lowest fellows in the streets, who softened the hours of labour, by singing their national airs in parts, so as to produce a sweet, though wild harmony.

The gloom, which pervaded the city, was at variance with the vivacity which distinguishes the Andalusians in general. I attributed this to the state of the country, which could not fail to press upon the mind of the lower orders, on account of its affecting their trade, in addition to the presence of the Central Junta, the cloven foot of

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which was sufficiently visible under the imperial robe which the members had assumed, without its even being exposed by the enlightened and intrepid editor of the Semanario Patriotico. All was inflated and blustering loyalty within this city. The streets swarmed with officers and commissaries in gaudy regimentals and embroidered coats, waiting in servile attendance upon the Supreme Junta to procure, by the basest means, commissions, jobs, and contracts. "Death to Napoleon," was the burthen of every song. A suspicious, rather than a patriotic vigilance, seemed to centinel every avenue of every street. A patriotic and popular general, in an undress, was seized, because he was observed to examine one of the gates rather minutely; and the fury of the mob, excited by a stupid and savage priest, was directed against a young English artist of merit, for pencilling the ass of a water-carrier in his sketch-book, and he was saved from destruction only by the intrepidity of his brother, who was attached to the British embassy. Who would have thought, with all this fervour and this feeling, that this *wonderful* city, better defended by compact form and narrow streets than Zaragoza, illustrious too in the annals of Spain for having resisted, for a whole year, the forces of Ferdinand the Second, would, not many months after I quitted it, have submitted to the enemy, after a puerile discharge of three cannon?

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In vain will it be urged on behalf of the inhabitants, that their magistrates prevailed upon them voluntarily to open their gates to the enemy, from a belief that they would ultimately be compelled to do so. The sieges of Zaragoza ought to have dictated a different tone of feeling, and have taught, that an unavailing but glorious resistance, whilst it confers immortal fame upon the patriots who display it, arrests the progress of the enemy, palsies his spirit by the price of his victories, and excites in other quarters fresh enterprize and renovated enthusiasm.

Cowardly citizens! what can be said for ye, but that ye imbibed the contagion of that treasonable apathy, which disgraced your upstart rulers, who paralized with torpedo touch every generous effort, and all patriotic ardour? Of such citizens it might be said,

> "Go antickly, and show an outward hideousness,
> "And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
> "How they might hurt their enemies if they durst;
> "And this is all."
>
> Much Ado About Nothing, Act V. Sc. 4.

After having experienced much politeness from our ambassador, Mr. Frere, we prepared to leave Seville, and, owing to the insolence of the secretaries of some of the

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ministers of the Junta, were put to much inconvenience in procuring our passport, to return to Cadiz by water, a document which was considered necessary, though not once demanded of us. We hired a boat with three men and two oars to go to San Lucar for eleven dollars, and thinking ourselves fortunate to escape a coup de soleil, not unfrequent here, and bidding adieu to the burning ground of Seville, we gladly got into the shade, which a boarded roof, supported by poles, afforded us in our vessel. With the tide for us, but the wind directly against us, we proceeded down the Guadalquivir, bearing in the front of our cabin the following inscription, "Viva Fernando, viva les Engles."

After proceeding on our voyage about three hours, during which we passed a small town called St. John's, near which we noticed several immense empty jars, buried in the earth, with their mouth open in the bank on the side of the river, which we were informed were placed there to catch fish, we moored our boat opposite to a most romantic spot, where it was necessary to wait till the tide turned. Here our boatmen made an excellent soup for themselves of bread sliced, tomatas, oil, salt, and the green pepper-pod. Having made a refreshing repast upon some excellent provisions, which with a bottle of good water and wine we had brought with us,

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we strolled a little way into the country, and, to our surprize, for the surrounding scenery, as seen from the river, was not very promising, entered one of the most enchanting scenes imaginable.

After passing through fields of tomatas and melons, by the side of plumb, pomegranate, orange and citron-trees, we saw a mule who under the shade of silver poplars, and unattended, was raising water to the surface from a deep well, by turning a large wheel, to the circle of which earthen jars were attached, to supply the lemon and orange-groves, which extended a great way before us, with the frequent moisture they require. From this primitive contrivance, we approached a group of female peasants, who were busily and variously employed, under the shade of bowers of vines, running the length of the cottage-front, from which they projected. Grapes hung from the roof in rich, luscious, and ponderous clusters; below, goats, pigs, and poultry, in the highest condition, were lying asleep, or foraging. The proprietor of this happy and luxuriant farm, in the middle age of life, driving a mule before him, whose panniers were brimful with the finest plumbs, came up to us, and telling us his name was Usabio della heurta del Capero, with great natural courtesy gave us a hearty welcome, and ordered one of his daughters to place stools and a table, on which

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she put a loaf of white bread, some plumbs, grapes, and a flaggon of wine. Usabio inquired about the news, and when my companion mentioned the name of Joseph Bonaparte, he shook his head, and said with an air of derision, "I wish we had this King Joseph here now; we would "soon give him to the little boys." Upon our taking our leave, and saying it was time to go, he made use of the Spanish adage, "Ah senors, time does not fly; but "we do."

As we proceeded on our voyage, we saw, on each side of the river, numerous storks, as high as a man, with tufts or crowns on their heads, small delicate cranes, wild ducks, lapwings, the lightning-bird, so called from the swiftness of its wing, larks, and various other birds, and also some of the noblest bulls I ever beheld, grazing on the banks, most of whom were destined for the fights. The banks of this river afford unbounded amusement for sportsmen; and the Spaniard seldom, if ever, travels without his fowlingpiece, in Spanish escopeta.

Our watermen sang first and second, very harmoniously, and the day passed away very agreeably.

We slept in our boat, and early the next morning passed by some English merchant ships, at anchor for

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for want of a favourable wind, off a village called Bonanza, about fifty miles from Seville. Bourgoing must be in error, in asserting that " at present vessels of large " size advance no further than Bonanza, a village fifteen " leagues from Seville, and only those of eighty tons or " under, can sail up to that city." Vol. III. p. 138. I saw merchant ships of at least one hundred and eighty or two hundred tons lying off the quay of Seville, and formerly the galleons used to sail up to that city.

In the night, after a little voyage of about seventy-four miles, we landed about a mile from San Lucar, where the river was very broad, and the country flat, and proceeded with two of our boatmen to the posada, which we found shut for the night. After making all the noise we could, one of the men coolly marched off in quest of a couple of soldiers to do the business for us: before they arrived, however, a fellow, yawning from the inside of the gate, exclaimed " if they are English captains I will let them in; " if Spanish, they may stay where they are." The next morning (Sunday), we hired a calesa for three dollars, and as there was nothing to attract our attention at San Lucar, we proceeded to Port St. Mary's, distant about ten miles. Our calesero was a very droll fellow, and having been a prisoner in England, spoke a little English and made us laugh all the way. Indeed, I almost every where searched

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in vain for that Spanish gravity, of which in England I had so much heard. The lower orders in Spain appeared to me much more merry and facetious than the same class in England. We passed through numerous vineyards, where the grapes were being gathered, fields of maize, peach, almond-trees, and hedges of pomegranate, the rich red blossom of which had a beautiful effect. After passing through a very deep sandy road, and having once more a beautiful view of the country, bays, Cadiz, and the sea, we again entered Port St. Mary's, which was once more crowded on account of the great bull-fight, which was about to take place in the afternoon, and which as I have before mentioned, we attended.

In the morning we enjoyed the perfume of the orange and citron-trees, in a beautiful spot just out of the town, called Victoria, a long walk covered with vines, belonging to an adjoining convent, the friars of which have the reputation of never eating meat, but when they can get it. These holy men seemed to feel the force of the Spanish proverb, "itching and eating only want a beginning." The French prisoners, part of Dupont's army, who were employed in cleaning the streets, frequently in the day used to ascend the top of their prison, and look towards Xeres with glasses, in daily expectation of discerning the French army approaching the Port.

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The horse-barracks here were pointed out to me, in which the plunder taken from Dupont was deposited, consisting of silver chalices, candlesticks, crucifixes, pillaged from the Spanish churches, particularly those of Cordova. This general and his staff, after the surrender of the army, would have been sent to France, had not some of this sacrilegious plunder burst through one of the bags of the general's baggage, in its way to the water-side. The discovery inflamed the people almost to madness, and Dupont had nearly been sacrificed; but with the impudence so common in these times to a French commander, he wrote to Morla about this violation as he termed it, and "invoked the principles of *honour and* "*probity*, for the restoration of his property." Morla's reply was admirable, and afforded a strong, though unfounded, assurance of his cordial devotion to the cause of his country.

On the 31st July, we sailed over to Cadiz, and deemed ourselves fortunate in procuring excellent lodgings at the house of Madame Bertram, Calle de la Veronica, with strongly recommending which to such of my readers as may visit Cadiz, I shall conclude this chapter.

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CHAPTER VI.

A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE—PATRIOTIC DISINTERESTEDNESS—GALLICIAN REVENGE—ANECDOTE OF AN OLD SPANISH OFFICER—THE CARNICULAS—SEDUCING INVITATION TO CHARITY—A GALLEON—ENTRANCE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN DESCRIBED—GIBRALTAR—ITS PRESENT IMPORTANCE—CEUTA—THE BATTERIES—MONKEYS—LIBERAL WARFARE—ST. MICHAEL'S CAVE—SOCIETY OF THE ROCK—BELL-RINGER—INNS—MOORISH CHARACTER PREDOMINANT.

THE morning after our return to Cadiz, we were awakened by the roaring of cannon from the batteries, and the ringing of the bells of the convent, to announce the glorious victory obtained by the British, and in part Spanish, forces, under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley over the French army, at the memorable and sanguinary battle of Talavera de la Reyna, on the 27th and 28th July, and also the arrival of his Excellency the Marquis Wellesley as ambassador to the Central Junta, in the room of Mr. Frere. The coincidence of these important events was singular, and diffused

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great joy into the city. General Doyle waited upon the noble marquis a short time before he landed, and informed him of the additional glory obtained by his illustrious brother.

On landing, a French flag was spread over the steps for his excellency to tread upon, and he was drawn in the consul's carriage to his hotel, by the delighted and enthusiastic multitude. The marquis, with his usual munificence, wished to distribute money amongst the people, and for this purpose presented a purse of ounces to a man who had mounted the coach-box of the carriage. The person harangued the crowd, and desired to know whether they would accept the gift, upon which they unanimously declined it. The sentiment by which they were moved was certainly a noble one, and seemed to impress his excellency with a high opinion of the Spanish character. Indeed, in Cadiz, the admiration of the English, and abhorrence of the French, were every day more and more conspicuous.

On the festival of St. Jago, the saint of Spain, but more particularly of Gallicia, which had taken place a few days before, the honest Gallejos, whose country had peculiarly suffered by the incursions of the enemy, removed the figures of the Devils and the Moors, which

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used to be placed at the feet of his saintship, and substituted others habited as Frenchmen.

When the military and ecclesiastical authorities waited upon the marquis to offer their congratulations on his arrival, they were deeply impressed in contemplating a personage, who had rendered himself celebrated by his administration in the East. Some were sanguine enough to educe from his well known energy a new and brilliant system of rule, and calculated upon an early introduction of sagacity and spirit into the councils of a government, before which he came to represent the character of his sovereign and the dignity of his country. But alas! there were others who too well knew the character of the men his lordship had to deal with, and that their vulgar craft, unmanageable pertinacity, insatiable corruption, and sottish lust of dominion, would offer greater difficulties than the obliquity of the human mind had ever presented to the delegated ruler of the eastern hemisphere.

Of course the battle of Talavera was a fruitful subject of conversation. The Spaniards amongst the lower classes insisted upon it, that their army bore all the brunt of the battle, and that the English were merely auxiliary. In detailing this glorious affair, the word "Anglo-Espa-" nol exercito" continually occurred. That there were

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partial displays of Spanish heroism, no one doubts. In proof of which the following instance may be adduced, amongst others. A Spanish general at the advanced age of eighty, and who commanded a regiment of cavalry, in that battle, thus addressed his dragoons, previously to their engaging: "my brave comrades, I am an old man; "I cannot expect to live long; I wish to die the death "of glory; you have years before you; if you feel not as "I do, now is the time to retire." This short address was received with enthusiasm. His men declared they would conquer or die like loyal Spaniards, and immediately commenced a desperate and very successful charge, in which they covered themselves with glory. It is an agreeable task to record such proofs of Spanish valour, particularly in an affair in which the prowess of the nation was not very conspicuous.

The military honours paid to the Marquis Wellesley, enabled me to see the volunteers of Cadiz, who were drawn out and reviewed before His Excellency, and presented a very respectable appearance. This patriotic body amounts to about five thousand men, cloathed and equipped at their own expense, but provided with arms by government.

Although it was the caniculas, or dog-days, during

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which the theatre is ordered to be shut, it was kept open, and brilliantly illuminated, during the stay of the marquis in Cadiz, previously to his going to Seville, and a state box in it was very handsomely fitted up for him.

We now proposed to leave Cadiz; and, as we proceeded to the place resorted to by the captains of feluccas, to engage one for Gibraltar, we met several young bulls led by a cord through the streets, and here called toros del cuerda, merely to please the mob, who are passionately fond of any thing in the shape of a bull.

As we passed by an hospital, our charity was excited through our vanity, by an inscription in brass fastened over a door, of which the following is a translation: "Here the donations of the charitable are received, and "*those who will leave their names shall have them pub-*"*lished.*"

We were persuaded to go to Gibraltar by water, on account of a strong rumour of several robberies having been lately committed between Cadiz and Algeziras (pronounced Alguiseras). The captains of feluccas are notorious for their impositions, and my companion, who, from long intercourse, was well acquainted with the

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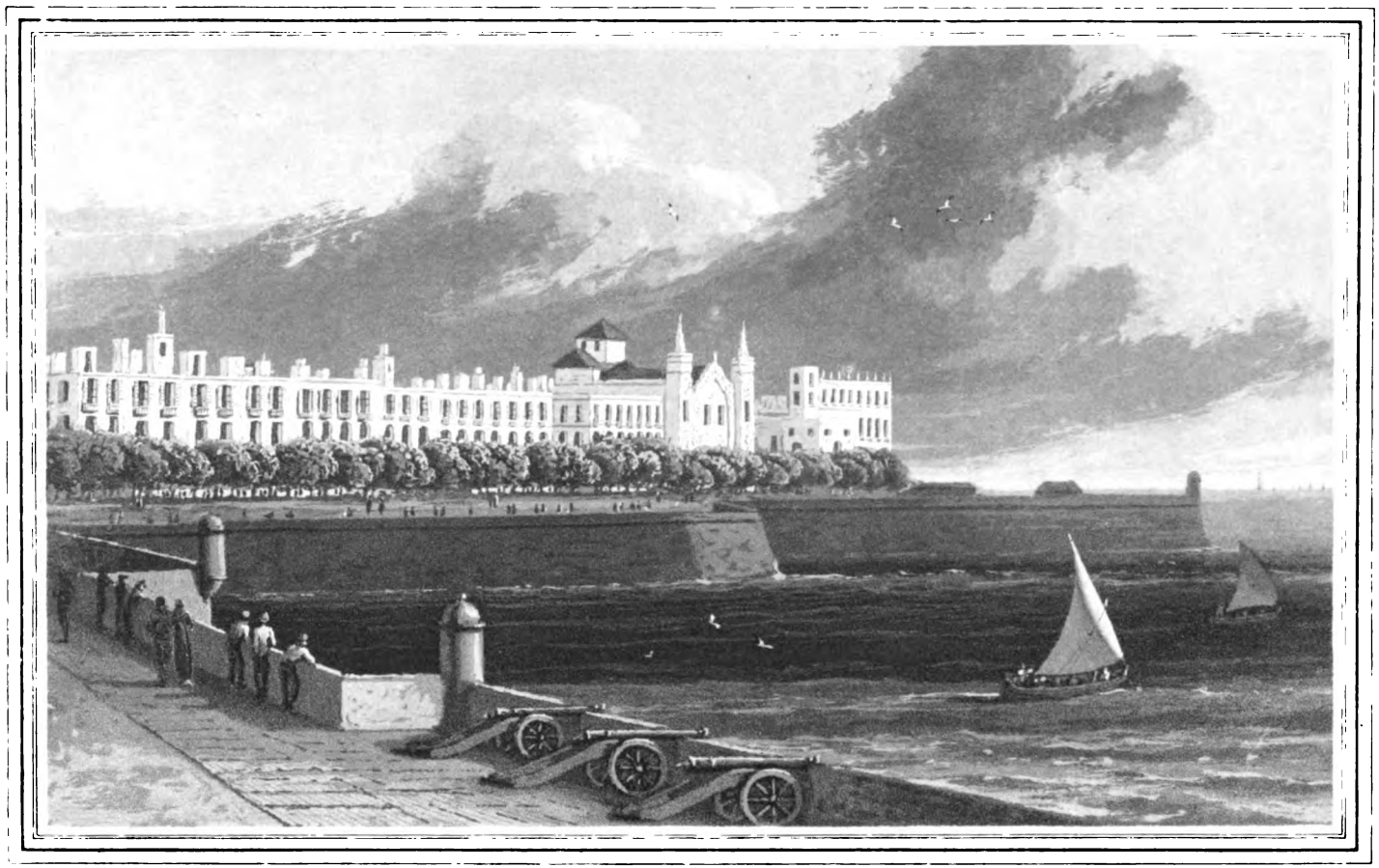

Cadiz.

Drawn by Sir John Carr

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Spanish character, secured a passage for both of us for eight dollars, after the fellow had asked sixty.

The wind springing up fair prevented me from attending a public dinner, given by the English merchants at Cadiz to the Marquis Wellesley, to which I had the honour of being invited, and which took place with great taste and splendor, as I was informed, in la Casa de Cossi en la Puerta de tierra, a building allotted for such occasions. The dinner was succeeded by a brilliant ball at the theatre, where many hundreds of persons assembled. As we sailed out of the bay, we met a very rich galleon, laden with treasure for the government, from Spanish America. Her appearance, long expected, excited universal joy amongst the people, who, as events have proved, had much less reason to hail her arrival, than some of the members of the Supreme Junta.

The wind blew strong, and our captain made a sad bungling business of weathering the numerous vessels by which we were surrounded. Instead of cursing most boisterously, *à la mode Anglaise*, he roared out most lustily to numerous saints to assist him. Which of them heard him, I do not know; but we got out fairly to sea at last, and in about three hours passed Chiclana, in which

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there are many handsome country houses, chiefly belonging to the merchants at Cadiz.

As we passed Trafalgar, my mind could not but dwell upon the fate of the illustrious Nelson. Even at this day, several pieces of wrecks are to be found upon the beach, as proud, though melancholy, memorials of that great battle, in which the joyous sensations excited by its glory were qualified by a pensive sympathy for the loss of one of the greatest of our heroes. After passing Tariffa, the most southern point of Europe, where there is a large Moorish round-tower, and a small village behind, the view of the entrance of the Mediterranean becomes uncommonly grand. Behind us lay the Atlantic Ocean; to the south, at a short distance, arose, midway, covered with clouds, a craggy mountain of stupendous height, called Ape's Hill, the ancient Abyla, one of the northern bulwarks of Africa. Before us, the bay of Gibraltar expanded itself, formed on one side by the mighty rock, from which it derives its name, ascending to the height of fourteen hundred feet, presenting at the nearest extremity a rich, rural, and most romantic appearance, and at the farthest, tremendous batteries raised amidst rocks and barrenness, whilst numerous ships of various nations, floated securely in its shadow.

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Charmed with this magnificent scene, we felt no impatience at the difficulty which we experienced in getting well into the bay, on account of the wind having changed, and a strong Levanter blowing, one of the effects of which is to cover the elevated summits of the rock to the northward with thick foggy clouds.

Great caution is used in granting pratique, particularly since the last dreadful fever, which consigned so many of our countrymen in this place, to their untimely graves. However, as we had come only from a neighbouring port, we were soon pronounced to be plague-free, and permitted to step on the ancient Mount Calpe, and one of the Pillars of Hercules, the grand and classical impressions of which somewhat suffered upon entering the town, which at first, in some of its objects, not a little resembled Portsmouth Point. I staid here on account of my companion, much longer than I wished, without being able, owing to the uncertainty of his engagements, to visit the opposite coast of Africa, the passage to which is so short, that boats are continually going over, to supply the garrison with bullocks.

As this celebrated rock has been so often, and so minutely, described, my remarks upon it will be very few. Considering the heat of the summer, and the reverbera-

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tion of that heat from the rock, the town and most of the barracks appear to me to be badly constructed. Many of the streets are very narrow, and nearly all built after the English, instead of the Moorish, fashion; they are not sufficiently ventilated, and of course are more likely to assist, than prevent, contagion. On account of the number of adventurers who, attracted by the prodigious trade in English manufactures, which was till lately carried on here, reside at Gibraltar, and the small space allowed by the government for the erection of buildings, house-rent is almost incredibly high. Three or four hundred pounds per annum, for a small store and two or three miserable rooms, is a common rent; and my worthy friend Mr. John Sweetland, the captain of the port, informed me that, were he so disposed, he could let his residence, a small Moorish house, having a square court, and stores and apartments on the basement and first floor on each side, for nine hundred pounds per annum.

I had not been long in Gibraltar, before I beheld a picture of the sad mutability to which nations are liable. The Moors, to whom Spain was once subject, and under whose brilliant dominion it attained a high degree of renown for those arts and sciences, and systems of political economy, which enrich and embellish nations, who, on their landing, gave to this very rock the name of Ghib-

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laltah, or the Mountain of the Entrance, which, with little alteration, it now bears, are now, of all their mighty conquest, permitted, by a condescending act of sufferance, to shew themselves only upon this narrow spot of ground. The descendants of the mighty conquerors of Spain may be seen in the streets of this tiny peninsular extremity, plying for hire as porters, and frequently cursed, struck, spit upon, and treated with every indignity by their employers!

Writers of eminence are divided in opinion respecting the political value of this wonderful rock. Some have regarded the tenacity, with which the British government has always retained it, from the time it was ceded to them by the Treaty of Utrecht and Seville, as originating in homage to the feelings, rather than a wise attention to the interests, of the British nation: however well founded such opinions might have been when entertained, it would scarcely, I think, be persisted in at the present period, when, in consequence of the wonderful changes, which have narrowed our commercial enterprize and communication, in other seas, the Mediterranean has presented to us mercantile advantages before but little known.

Although the Spaniards regard Ceuta, in some degree, as an indemnity for the loss of the mighty fortress oppo-

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site, yet, protected by its batteries, and an inconsiderable British naval force, every ship bearing the British flag was, during the late war, enabled to sail through that extraordinary straight which separates Europe from Africa, and pass in safety into the Mediterranean, without experiencing any check, but an occasional and petty annoyance from the gun-boats of Algeziras.

During the war, the clandestine trade carried on from this rock with the Spaniards was very great; and since the peace with the patriots, the commercial intercourse has been very valuable, until the communication was, after my first visit to Gibraltar, cut off by the unexpected irruption of the French into Seville, Malaga, Granada, and other southern and eastern parts of Spain. So great was this intercourse, that the quay was much too small for the immense number of vessels which came to the rock.

It has been the wish of England to obtain Ceuta, and it is said that she has obtained it; but it is by a small British force being most suspiciously admitted into the garrison, where nearly five times the number of Spanish soldiers are kept. If the Spaniards in war with England held Gibraltar and Ceuta, few vessels could pass through the narrow entrance I have described, without being shattered to pieces. Should England ever evacuate this

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rock, her dominion in the Mediterranean will be but slender and precarious.

The excavated batteries, which open towards the Spanish lines, and the great cavern called the hall of St. George, are wonderful efforts of human ingenuity and labour. From the stupendous summits above these batteries, upwards of one thousand three hundred feet high, there is a vast and magnificent view of the African coast, including Babary, Fez, and Morocco, the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, the town below, the bay with its numerous shipping, Algeziras, the country behind, the hill from whence the Queen of Spain contemplated as a spectacle the memorable siege of Gibraltar, and on which are traceable the ruins of the ancient city of Cartea, the town of San Roque, and the lofty mountains of Granada.

Quiting this spot, I visited one of the signal houses, and as the Levanter was just beginning to blow, I had an opportunity, which an officer who had been nearly three years on the rock had not before met with, of seeing groups of very large monkeys, to whom this wind is peculiarly disagreeable, quit their caverns, which almost impend over the inaccessible crags on the eastern side, and having ascended the heights, descend, many bearing their young on their backs, a short way, and

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range themselves in rather formidable bodies on the western side. I counted no less than fourteen in a short space of time. We passed near them, but they did not appear to be annoyed at our presence. As shooting at them is prohibited, perhaps more from the fear of loosening the stones of these summits by the shot, which by rolling from such a height towards the town might do mischief below, than from tenderness to the antic race, they may probably derive confidence from being but seldom molested. As they were seated on this side of the rock, some time since, an officer happened to pass with a fine terrier, which ran at them. The monkeys who were seated in a circle, were not in the least dismayed; but, upon some of them moving a little, the dog ran into the centre, when a very powerful monkey seized him by one of his hinder legs, ran with him to the top, hurled him over the eastern side of the rock, a stupendous, and nearly perpendicular, height, and dashed the rash assailant to pieces. Of these monkeys stranger stories are related. A most absurd and ridiculous one has obtained credit with some of the most credulous of the inhabitants, that before the English got possession of this place, one of them contrived to seize a pretty girl whilst she was enjoying the view from an elevated part of the rock, and to gratify his amorous propensities towards her, that he was put under arrest according to military

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law, tried by a court-martial of grave Spanish officers, and shot for the rape. It is worthy of remark, that this is the only spot in Europe where monkeys are found wild. Many are brought over from Barbary and sold in the market for a mere trifle; and hence, a monkey is almost as common as a cat in the houses of Gibraltar.

The stern and hostile aspect of the northern side of the rock softens into scenes of rural beauty to the south, leading to Europa Point. Here well cut roads wind through avenues of poplars, along the sides of gardens, and through groves of orange and citron-trees. The official house of the commissioner, elevated high on the rock, half-embosomed in a garden abounding with productions of the south, offers, at least in point of picturesque situation, a comparison unfavourable to the residence of the governor, which stands in the town, at the base of the rock, in the principal street, and was formerly a Franciscan convent. It is called "*the convent*" to this day. Here, however, there is an excellent garden, kept in high order, containing orange, citron-trees, vines, flowers, and vegetables. Towards Europa Point, there are also several other beautiful spots. Mr. Commissary Sweetland and his amiable lady have a delightful cottage here, as well known for the elegant hospitality which reigns within, as for the beauty of the scenery without.

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On this side of the rock is the celebrated cave of St. Michael; this is a magnificent hall of Nature, apparently supported by columns of crystalization, rude, brilliant, and beautiful, from which there are narrow and difficult passages leading to other apartments. During the war with Spain, and before the French arms became sullied by a spirit of ruthless ferocity, an intercourse, distinguished for its urbanity, existed between our garrison and the Spaniards, such as did honour to the exalted sensibility of two great nations. Our officers were permitted to enjoy the sports of the turf within the Spanish territory, and, in return, gave balls and other entertainments to the Spaniards. Upon some of these festive and generous occasions, the cave of St Michael's was accustomed to be brilliantly lighted up. Under these illuminations, the effect of its roof,—fretted and richly adorned with prismatic spars and dropping crystals, wildly resembling the minute and delicate richness of saracenic decoration,—of its glittering sides, of its milk-white and semi-transparent columns, presenting all sorts of fantastic orders of architecture, its numerous and mysterious recesses, the whole enlivened by groups of visitors gaily dressed, must have been most singular and enchanting. Rugged, barren, and bladeless, as this rock appears at the height of this cave, still flocks of goats and even some cows contrive to find pasture upon its

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western side. The roads are excellent, and enlivened with persons riding backwards and forwards, and even by barouches and other carriages.

In the town, there is an excellent garrison library in a handsome detached building. To the balls given by the military, the families of the merchants are rarely, if ever, admitted: this unpleasant line of separation has been drawn, in consequence of the great number of low and vulgar mercantile adventurers, who have settled in Gibraltar. Universal toleration exists, without, as might be expected, any inconvenience to the garrison, always excepting, however, the horrid nuisance produced by a fellow beating the bell of the Spanish Catholic church with a great hammer, many times in the course of the day, to the no little annoyance of every one in its neighbourhood. This noisy functionary is a great coxcomb in his way, and says that the English have good bells, but do not know how to ring them, and that he alone possesses taste in this way! I was informed, that an officer once, provoked by his noise, after repeatedly, but unavailingly, requesting him not to strike so hard, could not resist caning him when he descended, upon which the bell-ringer brought his action, and obtained damages; he now, therefore, frequently shows his triumph, by the additional vehemence with which he strikes his bell.

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The traveller will do well to pay a visit to Catalan Bay, situated at the base of the eastern side of the rock, which is there perfectly inaccessible: this spot is truly romantic and beautiful. Here under the shade of vines and fig-trees, in company with some intelligent engineer officers, with a fine beach and rolling sea in our front, and in our rear the cliffs of this mighty rock, on the sides of which several monkeys were playing their "fantastic tricks," we dined in refreshing coolness, although it was sultry hot on the other side of the rock.

The marble of Gibraltar is very beautiful, and admits of a fine polish: shells and petrified fish are frequently found in it.

The inns in the town, without being very clean or comfortable, are excessively dear; but there is one to which I would recommend the traveller of pleasure to go, equal in neatness and comfort to any in England, standing in an enchanting situation a little above the dock-yard and Europa Bay.

The musquitos commit sad havoc upon strangers, for which reason, and the usual effects attendant on a change of climate, an officer is seldom put on duty for a fortnight after his arrival. The society is here altogether

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gloomy, for want of more females. The theatre is execrable. One of the few amusements is spearing of fish by torch-light. The market is well supplied with vegetables, now from Spain, as well as Barbary. At night a passenger is sadly annoyed by the challenges of the numerous centinels who are stationed in and near the town. Every one not in uniform must carry a lanthorn. To the eye of the stranger, the town presents a natural masquerade of people from various countries in their different costumes, of whom the chief are Moors. The Spanish character forms a striking feature. Spaniards from all parts are to be found here.

Gibraltar is indeed well worthy of a voyage to be seen; and when its numerous and astonishing fortifications, its town, barracks, docks, arsenals, country-houses, and population, sometimes amounting to sixteen thousand souls, distributed on one side of a rock whose circumference does not exceed seven miles, are all brought within the eye's and mind's view, it may justly be ranked amongst the greatest of natural and artificial wonders.

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CHAPTER VII.

ALGEZIRAS—GENERAL CASTANOS—A BEAUTIFUL RIDE—THE GREEN ISLE—SPANISH REFUGEE ENCAMPMENTS—BORICOS—SAN ROQUE—ESTEPONA—MARTELLO TOWERS—MARBELLA—SPANISH COURTESY—TAURA MOLINAS—CHURIANA—MALAGA—THE PLAGUE AND THE BAKERS—MALAGA WINES—RULE FOR EATING GRAPES—FEMALE PIETY—MALAGA LADIES—MALE COSTUME—THE RETIRO—EL ZAPATERO—ANECDOTE OF A SMUGGLER—MALAGA CLAY FIGURES—THE ARRIEROS.

I MADE an agreeable trip to Algeziras, on the western side of the bay. A boat carried me across in about an hour and a half, the distance between nine and ten miles. By land it is much further. The rock, as I receded from it, presented a truly magnificent appearance, and enabled me to remark the minute accuracy with which Mr. H. A. Barker has delineated it in his panoramic view of that fortress. An old boatmen pointed to the positions on the water, where, during the memorable siege of Gibraltar, the floating batteries were moored, those batteries which the skill of British engi-

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neers, and the thunder of British cannon, consigned to the flames, though all the power of a d'Arçon was exhausted to render them impregnable. My rapid flight to Algeziras reminded me of the ease, with which the people on the rock talk of fulfilling an engagement to dine in Europe, or to transact a little business, or to shoot for a day or two, in Africa,—engagements which from the propinquity of the rock to those two quarters of the world may easily be accomplished.

The white houses of Algeziras, some of them lining the strand, and others ascending a hill, the gentle green heights behind, and the lofty mountains in their rear, have a beautiful effect from the sea. Upon landing, I was assailed by several little beggars, who, through a little broken English, endeavour to interest the commiseration of my countrymen, and proceeded to an excellent posada, kept by Donna Rosina. The posada occupies one corner of the Plaza, in the centre of which there is a fountain with a pyramidal monument, in bad taste. The streets were cleaner, and the houses handsomer, than I expected in a town, which owes much of its present opulence to smuggling and privateering. The women in general are remarkable for their fine persons, and are also well known for carrying on an equally considerable contraband trade in the commerce of love.

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In the evening, I had the honour of being introduced to Don F. X. Castanos, who was commander-in-chief of the army of Andalusia, when the memorable battle of Baylen was fought on the 22d July, 1808, in which the Camp Marshal Don Theodore Reding so ably distinguished himself, and finally compelled the French general Dupont to surrender, by which the French lost in Andalusia alone one and twenty thousand men. Instead of gratitude, a base spirit of jealousy broke out in the Supreme Junta; and Castanos retired to Algeziras to live in privacy, away from a set of mis-rulers, who, by their conduct, seemed to regard every one who served his country as the enemy of their own administration. Castanos appeared to be about sixty years of age. His manners were mild but dignified. His conversation, as it was translated to me by an English officer who accompanied me, and who spoke the language fluently, was sensible and lively. The house he lived in was small; and, out of respect to his rank, two volunteer centinels were stationed at his door. Amongst the numerous patriotic addresses of the good Spaniards since the invasion of this country, few, very few, are distinguished either for beauty of style or energy of sentiment; but the address to the Andalusians, after the surrender of the French army in the defiles of the Sierra Morena, was remarkable for its eloquence. In that patriotic composition, the name of Reding, to

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whom the victory is chiefly attributable, ought to be substituted for that of Castanos, who had merely the good fortune to be commander-in-chief. "Immortal glory "to the hero who has renewed in the Sierra Morena, the "achievements of Fabius Maximus. Our sons will say, "Castanos triumphed over the French, and his glory did "not fill with mourning the houses of our fathers."

In the morning, which was clear and beautiful, having hired two horses and a guide, for two cobs or dollars each for the day, and laid in a good stock of provisions, I set off with an agreeable party who joined me from the rock, to see part of the country in the direction of Cadiz, and which is celebrated for its picturesque beauty. We passed under an aqueduct of forty-eight arches, round at the top, many of them diminishing as they approach the hills on either side. Those in and near the centre are very lofty, and are strengthened by buttresses. The whole is remarkably light and elegant, yet very durable, and is said to be a work of Roman production. Near this aqueduct, which species of building the old Spanish writers whimsically, though accurately, call *water-bridges*, were groupes of washerwomen, occupied by the side of a stream in washing the linen, which, after it is well soaked in the water and soaped, they rub and squeeze upon large smooth stones on the margin. The view of Gibral-

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tar through these arches is very fine. The difficulties and perils we encountered in ascending the mountains, which rise to the northward of Algeziras, were amply remunerated by the rich display of hill and dale, mountain and valley, abounding with cork, olive, wild myrtle, labernum, oleander, and other trees, many of noble growth. As we were passing through a forest, three men armed with long muskets, issued from a cave and stopped us, but we soon found that they were custom-house officers, stationed in this romantic spot, to sieze upon smugglers, who often pass through this unfrequented way to Cadiz. We rode about sixteen miles, and after a hearty repast under the shade of a wide-spreading cork-tree, seated upon stools made of the bark of that valuable tree, near a solitary venta, we returned by another route through a rich and well wooded country, presenting a park-like appearance nearly all the way to Algeziras.

Upon my revisiting this town, nearly a year afterwards, I found that it had for some time been in possession of the French, and that many of the loyal families had taken refuge in a little island, a short distance from the shore, called Palamos, and also the Green Island. Upon this small rock, I saw nearly one thousand persons living in tents and huts, under the protection of a small

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detachment of British soldiers from Gibraltar. Such was their consternation, that though the French had retired some time, they would not quit the island. Should they remain and the enemy return, by being so near the shore, and so aggregated together, they will doubtless be exposed to speedy and certain destruction. The appearance of these people, and their temporary chapel and dwellings was singular and interesting. Another body of loyal Spaniards had more sensibly encamped themselves, with the permission of the governor, in Catalan Bay.

Upon quitting Gibraltar, as horses and mules were not procurable, we hired four boricos, or asses, to convey us to San Roque, at half a dollar each. The owner of our asses requested my friend to take charge of some cigars, which he had purchased in Gibraltar cheap and contraband; a caution which he did wisely to observe, for we had not proceeded far before we overtook a poor Spaniard, who for the same offence was being conducted with his arms pinioned, to San Roque, between two guards. My borico was not much disposed to leave the garrison. It was to little purpose that his master cried out to him continually, "arrah toma, arrah toma," to quicken his pace. He really seemed to answer to Job's description of one of his species in his time: "He scorneth the multitude of "the city, neither regardeth he the crying of the driver."

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We passed the tower of the mill, which stands in the sands between the English and Spanish lines, and although during the siege, it was between the besieged and beseigers, has hitherto escaped uninjured. In passing this sandy and narrow isthmus, the names of Elliot and Crillon cannot fail to occur to the mind. Upon my return about a year afterwards, the Spanish lines once so formidable were levelled to the dust. In the labour of destroying them, the inhabitants, to their honour, assisted the regulars with uncommon zeal and alacrity.

Having passed these lines, we were once more on Spanish ground; and, after a sandy ride of about five or six miles, entered San Roque seated on a hill. A little way from the town, we met two pretty girls doing penance. San Roque is much frequented by parties of pleasure from Gibraltar; but there is nothing in it worthy of notice. The ride to the town may be agreeable enough to people cooped up in a sultry garrison, but, I should think, to none others. The frequent visits of the English have of course produced extortion and imposition in the inhabitants. It was with great difficulty we procured four horses at nine dollars each, to be accompanied by a man and boy to Malaga.

The face of the morning was gloomily veiled in a

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strong Levanter. For the first hour and a half, our road lay over high and dreary ground, after which the country improved, and we were regaled with the sight of cork-trees, the oleander, and arbutus, in great abundance; but we were, on the other hand, saddened by the sight of several crosses standing in little piles of stones, each denoting that a murder had been committed on the spot. We crossed the Guadiaro, and as the Spaniards reckon by the time, we found it full eight hours or about twenty-eight miles to Estepona, our first stage. In our approach to it, we passed by several melon-fields, but the country was little cultivated. The sea-shore, the pebbles of which remarkable for their transparency, was very beautiful. The town stands near the shore, at the foot of the Sierra Vermija, and has a fine picturesque appearance, much resembling the ancient city of Andernach on the Rhine. The population is between two and three thousand. Good wine, fruit, and charcoal are exported from it in considerable quantities. We dined at a good posada. Near this town, the martello towers, now introduced upon the English and Irish coasts, commence.

Our ride to Marbella, where we were to sleep, was partly over plains, and partly over rough, steep, and rocky mountains, abounding with fine scenery. We

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crossed the Guadalmarza, the Verde, and numerous smaller rivers, which, although then nearly dry, when swelled in the winter by the mountain torrents, assume a size and force which are truly dreadful, and sometimes fatal, to travellers.

Within about two hours and a half of the town, we passed the remains of an aqueduct, and entered the kingdom of Granada. Marbella is beautifully situated in a bay: its alameda is very handsome, but the posada ill corresponds with the appearance of the town. A more dismal hole I have seldom slept in. My companion asked our host, pointing to a female, "is that your wife?" to which he answered in the usual way, "yes sir, at your "service." The exports from this town are wine, dried raisins, leather, black stone, charcoal, and wood. In the neighbourhood is an extensive sugar plantation, and close to the town is an ingenio, or mill, belonging to Monsieur Gravigne, which a West Indian pronounced to be superior to any thing of the kind in the West India Islands. Here I recommend the traveller to lay in provisions for the next day.

Upon leaving Marbella in the morning, we experienced a dreary ride to a miserable venta, about six hours and a half distant, during which we passed several martello

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towers, some of which differed from each other in form, but few of them were altogether circular. From this venta, where we dined, a great part of our route lay along the sea-shore, the monotony of which began to tire, but afterwards upon striking into the country, the scenery around us became very picturesque and interesting. We passed through the singularly romantic village of Taura Molinas, the houses of which are built upon rocks, in which there are great excavations below, affording a delicious retreat from the sun. The country round this place abounds with inequalities, richly covered with vineyards, figs, and fields of rosemary, lavender and myrtle. The peasants appeared to be industrious. Some of them whom we met on the road, wore two dwarf palms fastened between the forehead and the hat, which formed a natural green shade over the eyes, and protected the face from the sun. Near this village is a large card-manufactory; after passing it, we crossed some sharp and narrow rocks, with a deep yawning abyss below, which we expected every moment would become our grave. A few miles before we entered Malaga, we passed through Churiana, a beautiful spot, where there are several country-houses, belonging to persons of distinction residing at Malaga, and having crossed the Guadalmedina, we gladly entered the city about half past nine, having been on horseback in a very sultry day

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nearly thirteen hours, and were conducted to a noble hotel looking upon the Alameda called the Four Nations. In the morning and following days, accompanied by Mr. Laird,* the British proconsul, to whose kindness and attention every English traveller, who has visited Malaga, will bear strong testimony, we visited the objects most worthy of notice, which are not numerous.

The cathedral is a vast and magnificent pile, but rather heavy, and at present not finished. The interior is very fine. The altar and some of the tombs are well worthy of notice, as are several figures in four niches, made of the Malaga paste, nearly as large as, and coloured to resemble, life. Amongt these, the figure of a dying negro is admirable. The effect is much superior to any thing of the kind in wax-work. They are said to be by Rodrigas.

We ascended the roof of this building, from which there is an enchanting view of the city, the lofty mountains, whose sides covered with orange, citron, fig, almond, and

* When the French entered Malaga a few months afterwards, this gentleman at the imminent peril of his liberty, and even of his life, contrived to get a valuable quantity of stores, belonging to Gibraltar shipped off for tha t garrison, and by an equally fortunate and extraordinary circumstane effected his own escape from the enemy.

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olive-trees, protect it from the east and north, the remains of extensive Moorish towers and fortifications, the Port, the Mediterranean, and the country through which we had passed.

The custom-house, recently built, is a noble building, but much too large and splendid for the place: in digging its foundation in 1792, several Roman antiquities were found. The streets are narrow and badly paved; many of the houses are large and handsome, and have flat roofs and small observatories. The alameda forms the most beautiful promenade in Spain, next to the prado at Madrid. It is adorned with a marble fountain well worthy of notice, and numerous oleanders. This city, built in the midst of fruits and fragrance, and blessed with a climate remarkable for its purity, has, nevertheless, had its share of suffering in common with those cities, to which Providence, in the dispensation of its bounties, has been infinitely more parsimonious. Earthquakes have shaken its foundations, and "fiery fevers" have thinned its population. Malaga suffered more than other towns which I have before mentioned in the south of Spain from the plague in 1804. It appeared in the beginning of August in that year; and from thirty to forty persons died daily. Out of a population considered to have been eighty thousand inhabitants, it was calculated that from eighteen

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to twenty thousand perished by this unsparing pestilence, during which the following singular circumstance occured. The bakers, who used to bring bread daily to Malaga from the villages of Alhaurin de la Torre and Churiana, and return in the evening, although much exposed to the contagion, entirely escaped, whilst, on the contrary, those who passed the night there were seized with it and died. This singular fact was communicated to me by Mr. Laird, who has resided no less than forty-eight years in Malaga. As the physicians could not account for it, I will not presume to attempt it.

The superstition of the people would doubtless have converted many of the bakers into saints, if those who escaped had not been so numerous. The harbour is favourably formed for ships, which can quit or enter it with any wind. I saw but few vessels here, owing to the war, which has materially injured its commerce, once considerable with France, Russia, Holland, Geneva, &c. The Guadalmedina rushes with uncommon fury through the city in the rainy season, which commences about the latter end of autumn, when the rain falls in prodigious abundance and impetuosity; till then, the sky is almost cloudless, the heat in the summer by Raumur being generally from seventy to seventy-five in the open air. When I contemplated the channel of this mountain-tor-

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rent, and beheld before me a slender stream rippling over a bed of pebbles, I could scarcely give credit to the stories related of the injuries which it does in the rainy season to the city, frequently threatening its entire ruin, notwithstanding every precaution.

It is said that Malaga is more opulent in vines than any other city in Spain, and that there are no less than seven thousand vineyards in its district, bearing no fewer than thirty-four different sorts of grapes. At the house of the American consul, we tasted various sorts of Malaga wines, amongst which I remember the guinda, enriched by the buds of the cherry-tree, which was very delicious. The wine usually exported to England from this place, and called after its name, is well known. Of this the average annual quantity is between four and five hundred thousand quintals. The raisins made from grapes gathered in the middle of the year are also well known for their excellence. The figs too are truly delicious.

As eating of unripe grapes is extremely injurious, particularly to strangers, it may be proper that I should mention a rule which by the natives, who attend to their health, is always observed, viz., never to eat any till they see the soldiers carelessly eating some and throwing others away. Unripe fruit, and a thorough draft of wind,

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are considered in Spain as the principal causes of its disorders, amongst which the chief are, agues, slow fevers, bowel-complaints, and consumptions.

We were much gratified by a walk to the convent of Victoire, a little way out of town, from the terrace of which there is a superb view. In this church we heard some fine music, and, what was infinitely better, beheld some of the finest women in Spain: the disciplined languor and expression of their eyes, and the skill with which they managed their mantilla, sometimes drawing it under the chin, to give a beautiful oval to the face, at others tossing it open, and exhibiting a bewitching countenance and finely formed bosom, followed by an oblique and rapid glance to ascertain the effect of these enchanting coquetries, which receive additional interest from the graceful attitude and adjusted drapery of the kneeling devotee, all united in making me think that the heart took but little interest in the prayer, which every now and then set two pretty lips bewitchingly in motion. Indeed so merely exterior is female devotion in Spain, that the most favourable places for making assignations in, are the churches. Nothing is more common than to see, in the shady part of a church, men kneeling by the side of women and making violent love to them in whispers, without omitting a single ceremony prescribed by the catholic religion.

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I saw several ladies with knotted cords tied round their waists, the wearing of which, I was told, formed part of an enjoined penance. A stranger and a heretic, like myself, can scarcely feel surprize in beholding the numbers of persons, who are to be seen in the act of confessing their sins in the churches to priests, who sit in a sort of cupboard, and listen to the party confessing through a little thin board or plate perforated with holes.

Frequent evening walks in the alameda confirmed the first impression I received that the ladies of Malaga possessed a decided superiority in beauty of countenance, over those of Andalusia. The Malaga females are remarkable for having rich black or auburn hair, beautiful large hazel eyes, fine foreheads, delicate features, red lips, fine full bosoms, a slender supple shape, well formed legs, and small feet. To so much beauty, they add an extraordinary freedom of manners. I was informed that female penance was more frequent here, than in any other part of Spain. Here, as at Cadiz, the albahacca, a sweet scented herb, reared in pots, is a great favourite with the ladies.

Upon a stranger's arriving in Spain, he naturally

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enough looks amongst the men for the hat and feathers, silk jacket with slashed sleeves, short cloak, and full silk slashed breeches, which so often occur in pictures, and on the stage; but in this he will be disappointed. In the town, the male of the common class usually wears an ordinary round hat, the hair folded into a loose black net behind, which may easily be conceived to be a complete sac à pou; but in other respects he dresses as persons of the same rank do in England, only that his cloathes are ill made and slovenly put on. The long cloaks, called carpas, and flapped hats, called sombreros, are not quite so frequent as they once were; the former served to conceal filth, and to favour intrigue and assassination. In Madrid, if any one met his friend in this dress, although he knew him, it would have been considered an affront to have spoken to him. Very few Spanish gentlemen wear the carpa now. Squilaci, the minister under Charles III., lost his life in imprudently endeavouring to extirminate this dress by a process too sudden, and therefore too offensive. One would have thought that the climate would have precluded it, and yet in very sultry weather I have seen several Spaniards wrapped up in it with no diminution of the dress beneath.

The Spanish peasant usually wears a long coarse

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woollen striped stuff, thrown over the shoulder, sometimes hanging down before and behind, at others folded under the opposite arm, crossed over the back and breast, a large and long white jacket, a red woollen girdle (in this respect like the Russians) in which his purse is rolled, which warms and strengthens his loins, breeches white, short, and full, shoes of spart or hemp cords, resembling the Roman sandal, and called alpagartas, and in general a montera, or cap made of leather, and frequently of velvet.

The rides and walks about Malaga are extremely agreeable and picturesque. Amongst the mountains, containing inexhaustible treasures of mineralogy, and exhibiting a singular and striking mixture of sterility and luxuriance, the painter will find endless subjects for his pencil.

In proceeding, amidst this beautiful and sublime scenery, to a cotton-farm belonging to Mr. Kirkpatrick, we had a demonstration of the tremendous fury with which the Guadalmedina rolls its waters, in the ruins of a prostrate bridge and aqueduct which had been built by the order of the Prince of the Peace, for the benefit and ornament of the city. Although sheltered in one of the rudest and heaviest carriages perhaps ever constructed, we found the heat scarcely supportable, and were glad to

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get a refreshment of melons, wine, and bread, in a cool room in the farm, were we saw some fields of cotton, (monadelphia polyandria,) which had only very recently been cultivated by way of experiment, but had already answered the most sanguine expectations of the proprietors. This plant, hitherto considered as incapable of attaining a high degree of perfection out of Asia, America, and the West India Islands, is now likely to be cultivated with great success in the south of Spain. I was here informed that the price of labour in Spain may be reckoned from six to ten reals, or from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings and sixpence, per day; but this must depend on the season of the year, and the nature of the labour.

From the farm we visited the Retiro, formerly a royal residence, but now belonging to the Count Villa Casa. Its rooms are capacious, but checrless, and contain several paintings, few of which are entitled to any notice: the gardens are in the Moorish style, and, excepting a walk of cypresses, very tasteless and formal. The water-works upon a descent are well managed, and have a good and very refreshing effect when they play. After seeing this place, we had an agreeable ride round the country, and returned to an excellent dinner at our hotel, in which we found more of the French than the Spanish cookery.

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Amongst some excellent dishes, I remember one of large Spanish onions stewed with stuffing, which were uncommonly good. In the evening the festival of some saint high in the calendar was celebrated, by drums and other military music, squibs, rockets, &c. In a wine house, amidst a merry crowd, I saw a national dance called el zapatero, performed by a good dancer. Agility, and correctly beating the time with the feet to a miserable and solitary guitar, composed this performance, which afforded more pleasure to every one in the room than to myself. In the streets, fine flowers, and grasshoppers in little cages were exposed for sale; the latter, as before noticed, on account of their vocal powers, were strongly recommended by their owners, to all lovers of melody. The fruit of the prickly pear was in high request amongst the common people, many of whom devoured it, without drinking any water with it, a practice which on account of its seeds, is considered unwholesome.

The people of Malaga speak of the memory of the late General Reding, who distinguished himself in the battle of Baylen, with grateful admiration. Amongst other attentions paid to the comfort of this city, he enlarged and beautified the alameda, and placed the beautiful marble fountain, before noticed which formerly stood in one of the

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squares, at the end towards the sea, where it forms an elegant and striking object. In this alameda, the French consul who had made himself obnoxious to the people, after being dragged from the Moorish castle, where he had taken refuge, was hanged and burnt, soon after the French invaded Spain. Mr. Laird, the British proconsul, placed his own life in peril, by endeavouring to save that of this unfortunate Frenchman. When the French consul was assassinated, the mob wished to put every Frenchman who had sought refuge in the citadel to death, upon which a smuggler threw down his cloak between the mob and these unfortunate persons, and declared he would blow out the brains of the first man who crossed it, and thus saved the poor wretches by his resolution.

The traveller will regret to hear, that the ingenious Rodrigras, an artist who has established considerable celebrity, by the delicacy of workmanship, and fidelity of representation, displayed in figures modeled in clay, and coloured after life, known in England by the name of "Malaga figures," is no more. I visited his work-shop, where I found his successor and pupil at work upon two fandango dancers, male and female, which possessed much grace and spirit. He shewed me also several models of the peasants in the neighbourhood of Malaga, executed with considerable merit.

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As we were preparing to quit Malaga, we heard dismal accounts of murders and robberies on the road which we intended to take, and were recommended to travel with the arrieros or carriers, who leave Malaga on the route to Granada, once a week in large bodies, and generally pass over the mountains and least frequented ways. These men are honest and civil, and travelling with them is very cheap; they have generally a spare mule or two, and will put your baggage upon other mules. However, thinking that there was more honesty and humanity in Spain, than the natives seemed disposed to allot to it, we suffered the arrieros to depart, without joining them, and followed in a calesa to Velez Malaga.

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CHAPTER VIII.

SECOND SIEGE OF ZARAGOZA—THE ATTACK—ENGLISH CAMPAIGN IN THE NORTH—MANNELLA SANCHO—DREADFUL SLAUGHTER—INTREPIDITY OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN—OF THE PRIESTS—TERRIFIC SCENE IN A CHURCH—ANECDOTE OF AUGUSTINA ZARAGOZA—THE SURRENDER—CRUELTY OF THE FRENCH—QUIT MALAGA—PRICKLY PEAR—VELEZ MALAGA—PRIDE OF THE MULETEERS—LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD — ALHAMA — TRAVELLING INFORMATION—CULLAR—THE VEGA DE GRANADA.

BEFORE I left Malaga, I had the pleasure of being introduced to Don Manuel Malaguilla, a colonel of dragoons, who had distinguished himself in the second siege of Zaragoza, in which he was wounded twice in one day. From this gentleman I was favoured with some particulars of that siege, not less memorable than the first, which I think may afford some gratification to my readers.

On the 21st December, 1808, the French returned again to lay siege to Zaragoza. They were in great force,

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and presented themselves in different directions. The military and inhabitants of the city, though far from having recovered from the effects of the carnage, fatigue, and sickness, by which they had been reduced in the preceding siege, which had been raised about four months, prepared once more, under their beloved and heroic Palafox, to resist their cruel and ruthless enemy. The Arragonese troops occupied the different heights, but principally the Torrero, a position commanding the city, distant about one mile to the south-west. This rising ground was attacked with great impetuosity, notwithstanding a tremendous discharge of artillery by upwards of ten thousand French, under the command of General St. Marc, who were received with undaunted calmness and intrepidity by about half the number of their enemy, and compelled to retire.

About twelve o'clock on the same day, whilst the possession of this spot was obstinately contested, Marshal Mortier, with about fourteen thousand chosen troops, mostly grenadiers of the imperial guards, approached the Arrabal, which includes three short streets, at the end of each of which, a weak battery of earth and fascines was constructed, having a small ditch three yards broad and two and a half deep, without any other protection or covered way, but what the houses afforded.

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The Marshal commenced the attack with his sharp-shooters, supported by his artillery, which discharged thirty-six pounders, at half pistol shot. Although three columns of the enemy, which advanced with great valour, were cut to pieces, the Marshal continued the contest, but at length was overpowered, and in the evening compelled to retire, leaving a general and about one thousand six hundred dead upon the field of battle, and about two thousand muskets. The loss of the patriotic troops was also very considerable.

On the next day, the enemy inundated the country opposite the Arrabal, with the streams which put in motion several corn-mills, erected in that direction of the country, to prevent the besieged from making a sortie for some time. The result of these attacks only inspired them with fresh zeal: "to conquer or die," was in the mouths of all descriptions of men, women, and even children. The French, as if appalled by these discomfitures, and conceiving the place to be stronger than they expected, desisted for a time from any fresh attacks, and began to construct batteries at a distance, and regularly to invest the city. Thinking to dishearten the patriots, they contrived to send into the city intelligence that the English were flying to Corunna, but unfortunate as that dreadful disaster was to the

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Spanish cause, it had no effect whatever in damping the ardour of the besieged; on the contrary, it seemed to draw forth new energies to supply the place of those hopes of diversion which they had cherished. In their conversation on this subject, they only thought that the English had been misled in making the north of Spain the theatre of their gallant exertions, and lamented that much skill, bravery, and blood were likely to be unavailingly expended.

At length the works of the enemy were completed; and, on the 26th January, 1809, the batteries were unmasked, and a heavy cannonade from twenty-four and thirty-six pounders commenced, accompanied by a shower of shells. After some time, the enemy succeeded in destroying some slight batteries which had been raised of wood and fascines near the convent of St. Joseph, and the bridge of Huerba, and took possession of both. In the convent fell the heroine Manuella Sancho. This noble female used to bring provisions to the soldiers, after which she served at the guns, or carried a musket, and was always to be seen wherever the firing was the hottest; whilst she was thus serving her country, a shot entered her heart.

After repeated attacks, the French gained the Plaza,

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where they raised fresh works, whence they kept up a dreadful discharge of shot and shells, which reduced to ruin the principal part of the town. The only places of defence left were a convent of St. Augustines, of las Monicas, an oil-mill, the botanical garden, and a small redoubt. During this desperate crisis, all descriptions of persons, with fearless animation, assisted in making fascines, digging ditches, and heaping up earth, in the streets, not yet destroyed by the enemy. Whilst the most distinguished acts of heroism were exhibiting above, a subterranean war was carrying on below, by a large body of miners and sappers of the enemy, who succeeded in blowing houses from their very foundations into the air. The situation of the besieged now, indeed, began to wear the aspect of desperation. Exhausted with almost incredible fatigue and anguish, the mind of their General, Palafox, began to shew occasional symptoms of delirium.

But still the work of death went on, with redoubled fury. The smoke of gunpowder kept the city in twilight darkness, frequently reddened and horribly illumined by the fire, that issued from the destroying mouths of the cannon and mortars of the enemy. In the intervals which succeeded these discharges, women and children, were beheld in the streets writhing in the agonies

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of death, yet scarcely a sigh or moan was heard, whilst those whose wounds permitted them to move, crawled behind the walls of roofless houses and sunk down on their ruins. At the same time priests were seen, as they were rushing to meet the advancing foe to kneel by the side of the dying, and dropping their sabres, or their muskets to take with holy zeal the cross from their bosoms, and administer the consolations of their religion, during which they exhibited the same calmness usually displayed in the chambers of sickness.

To add to the horrors of this scene of havoc, a pestilential fever, arising as it was supposed from the air being tainted by the putridity of so many unburied dead, broke out amongst the besieged, to which a famine succeeded; but notwithstanding this frightful alliance in favour of the enemy, it was resolved that they should still be opposed.

On the 30th, after having undermined upwards of sixty houses, the enemy obtained possession of the monasteries of the Augustines and Las Monichas, which adjoined each other. In this assault, the carnage amongst the hostile troops was dreadful; but they continued still advancing, and at length the combatants entered the church, from which a party of the French was at first repulsed by the

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monks, who fought with all the fervour of zeal, and the fury of despair. The enemy, however, returned to the charge; and a scene, such as had been seldom, if ever, beheld before, was exhibited. In this sacred sanctuary, every inch of ground was disputed by its holy functionaries; the columns, the lateral chapels, and the altar, became so many ramparts, and were frequently stormed, taken, and retaken; and the pavement was covered with the bleeding bodies of monks and soldiers; the battle raged in every part, till the roof, shattered by numerous bombs, at length gave way, and fell with a terrific crash upon the combatants, when those who survived its fall, as soon as they had recovered the shock of so unexpected a disaster, rose upon the ruins, and, joined by others, continued the fight with unabated ferocity.

The enemy, by undermining, still gained upon the inhabitants, who fought as formerly from house to house, and room to room, but at length, after a prodigious effusion of blood, the great street called Cozo, in the heart of the town, became for a short period, the boundary between the besieged and the besiegers, when the latter blew up the public seminaries. The city now presented little more than a vast pile of smoking ruins, encumbering the streets. There was not a house that had not in some degree suffered. During these scenes, the

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celebrated Augustina again displayed her undaunted courage in the cause of her country. At first, she resumed her old station at the portillo; and, when Palafox visited that quarter, she said to him with the most cheerful countenance, pointing to the gun, with which she had in the first siege done such havock amongst the French, "you see General, I am again with my old friend!" Finding that the enemy did not approach the city in that direction, she offered her services in other parts of the city, and was frequently seen, in the midst of death and desolation, with a knife or sabre in her hand, and her mantilla wrapt round her body, cheering and animating the soldiers by her example. It is almost miraculous, exposed as she was to the fire of the enemy, that she never was wounded: upon one occasion, she was thrown into a ditch, and nearly suffocated by the dead and dying who covered her. However, she did not escape the contagion, and after the surrender of the place, was, as before related, deemed more fit for an hospital than a prison. Numerous were the instances of female heroism. Women, many of them of the highest orders of life, and of elegant habits, without respect to rank, formed themselves into corps, to carry provisions, to bear away the wounded to the hospitals, and to fight in the streets, in which they were frequently accompanied by children, who with the pleasure displayed in their amusements, rashly and ex-

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ultingly rushed into danger, and could not be prevailed upon to stay in those places which the firing of the enemy had then spared. Amongst other females who distinguished themselves in this illustrious siege, was one named Benita,* who headed one of these corps. This lady after rendering many important services and encountering many perils, rapidly died of a broken heart, upon hearing that her daughter had been shot. In this siege, no less than six hundred women and children perished by the bayonet or the bullet. At length, the city nearly demolished by the constant firing of an immense artillery, and of about forty thousand shells, and the surviving troops and inhabitants quite worn out by disease, fighting, and famine, their idolized general no longer able to attend to the duties of his eventful command, all these afflicting circumstances conspiring, the besieged were obliged with broken hearts to surrender, and they accordingly laid down their arms at the gate of the portillo, on the 21st February, 1809, after having covered themselves with glory during one of the most memorable sieges in the annals of war, which lasted sixty-three days.

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* In Mr. Vaughan's account of the first siege, he speaks in terms of admiration of the Countess Burita: I at first thought that Don Malaquilla meant the same lady, and had miscalled her Benita; but he informed me she was another lady and also of considerable distinction.

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Zaragoza was possessed by thirty-six thousand French, including those who remained in the camp. It is not very unlikely, that the French would have been obliged once more to raise the siege of this, although an open town, and supported by an immense army, conducted by Marshals Moncey, Mortier, and Lannes, by the Prince of Salm Salm, General Junot, and many other distinguished officers, had not the plague and famine destroyed the inhabitants. After recovering a little from a brain fever which seized him a short time before the surrender, Palafox was removed to Paris, near which he resides in privacy; his person has been already described by Mr. Vaughan. In countenance I am informed that he resembles a brother hero, Sir Sydney Smith. Considerable censure has been passed upon him, for not having attacked the French before they approached the town, with a large body of cavalry which he had cooped up in the city, the men and horses of which grievously added to the miseries of the place, when the food became scarce, and the pestilential fever raged: but my gallant narrator informed me, that the inundation which I have mentioned prevented their being useful in that direction, and that they could not reach the enemy in any other, with a tolerable probability of success.

It is said, and I believe it to be true, that Palafox

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wished General Castanos to unite with him in dissolving the self-appointed Supreme Junta, and to assume the government provisionally for the legitimate sovereign, and that Cuestanos' declinature of this proposition led to a rupture between these distinguished patriots, and unfortunately to a mutual misrepresentation of character by the partizans of each. If Palafox's proposal had been acceded to by Castanos, it is probable that the combined civil and military operations of two such men would greatly have accelerated the cause of the patriots.

Amongst the brave men who escaped from Zaragoza after its surrender, it is asserted that many of their companions in arms, who were made prisoners by the French, were butchered in cold blood on their way to France, in consequence of their disability from sickness and fatigue to keep up with their guards. Frenchmen! can this be said of you truly? can valour so be treated by the brave? yet does such conduct well accord with the cruelty of stating in the official narrative of this siege, so glorious to your enemies, that Palafox "was the object of contempt "of the whole hostile army, who accused him of arrogance "and meanness; and that he was never seen where there "was any danger!"*—Base and barbarous calumny!

* Vide thirty-third bulletin of the French army in Spain.

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On the 23d August we left Malaga, having previously hired a calesa and mule for nine dollars, to carry us to Velez Malaga, beyond which, to Granada, we were informed, the road was impassable for carriages. We started a little before sun-rise, and as we ascended the heights, which form one side of the bay of Malaga, we beheld, upon its placid bosom, numerous fishing-boats, each having a light to attract the fish, which, with the reflection of the stars, produced a mild illumination, finely harmonizing with the mysterious face of the country below, and the grey summits of the surrounding mountains,

"The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their back."

As the day broke, we found ourselves frequently surrounded by objects, which courted the pencil to fly out of its case. On the road, which is mountainous, and runs along the sea coast, we passed by large plantations of the prickly pear, from twelve to fourteen feet high, the fruit of which the peasants were gathering, by the aid of long canes with a slit at the top, for the naked hand cannot touch, with impunity, the formidable barbs with which Nature has armed the leaves of this plant: when seen closely the plant is very clumsy in appearance, but at a distance the light and shadow of its thick juicy oval leaves, whim-

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sically growing out of each other, and resembling a vegetable lusus naturæ, have a picturesque effect. After a ride of about ten miles, we crossed the river Velez, its banks beautifully lined with silver poplars, and entered Velez Malaga, which is romantically situated about a mile from the sea on an eminence, and though it contains nearly twelve thousand persons, many of whom are opulent, the streets and houses are far from being handsome; however, the scenery around it is very rich and beautiful, abounding with vineyards, in one of which a merchant, under whose hospitable roof we were received, shewed us the process of drying the fine grapes of this country, which is by simply spreading them to the sun, by which the raisins acquire a fine flavour; they are afterwards packed up, and sold in the town upon an average at twenty dollars per box. These, together with lemons, figs, almonds, and wine, form the principal trade of the place, which has lately much increased, particularly with England and America. We saw some sugar-cane plantations; but they were in their infancy, and only for home consumption. In consequence of the plague, no one, except he be some distinguished personage, can be buried in the churches. Strange that this important regulation should have been so recent!

Here we hired four mules at eight dollars each, to

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carry us and our travelling equipage to Granada, the owner of the mules attending as our guard and guide. The muleteers have the reputation of being high spirited fellows, very proud, and full of the dignity of their country. A guide is commonly called a mozo de espuellas, or groom of the spurs. When the unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald was in this part of the country, several years since, one of the muleteers who attended him, upon their reaching the place to which they were hired, said to his comrades, " this man is a duke; he is one of " us, and we must not charge him any thing."

As we were eating our dinner, with the intention of setting off that afternoon for Alhama, an officer of police entered the room, and gave us a dreary account, that the road through the mountains leading to Granada was infested with robbers, and as a case in point mentioned, that he had that morning seized a desperate robber between Velez Malaga and Alhama, after shooting his horse, and that he had safely lodged the ruffian in prison. This story had the reverse of the effect intended: we had afterwards reason to think, it was a mere scheme to induce us to take another guard, from whom this officer would have obtained an acknowledgment for having thus served his interest. If the tale were true, we had at least one enemy less to expect; so, having

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made a hearty repast, we mounted our mules, and after quitting the luxuriant country about Velez Malaga, we began to ascend the mighty uncultivated mountains which lead to Granada, the forms of which are singularly sublime, particularly two of stupendous height, between which there is a famous pass resembling a vast inverted Gothic arch. We soon experienced a difference of climate. When we left Velez Malaga, the heat was scarcely supportable; but in this elevated region, a great coat became a very necessary protection against the cold. After ascending for several miles, we at length reached a very extensive level, and, lighted by a brilliant moon, passed through a most beautiful forest of cork-trees, much resembling an English park of oaks, and at length, after a ride of eight hours, entered Alhama, where we passed the night in rather a dismal posada. As imposition is a usual inmate of a Spanish posada, it may be as well to inform the traveller, that if he thinks himself imposed upon, and has time and inclination to resist the cheat, he will do well to call for the arancel, which is a printed list of every thing which an inn-keeper usually supplies, with the price or assize fixed by the law to each article. There is a penalty for not affixing this ordinance in a conspicuous part of the posada.

If a traveller should arrive in a village where there is

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no posada, upon showing his passport to the alcalde, he will give him an order to be received into the house of some peasant, where he is in general sure of being treated well and kindly.

In the morning at day-break we viewed the town, which is very ancient, and romantically situated on the craggy side of a deep and frightful rambla, or channel of a torrent. There is also a beautiful and slender aqueduct, by which the town is well supplied with excellent water, and some Moorish remains.

The ride from Alhama to Vento Huelma occupies about four hours and a half; it extends over mountains covered with corn fields, and crosses the bed of the river Cacin, and is far from being interesting; here we halted, and then proceeded to Cullar, an inconsiderable place. Within two leagues of Granada we passed a village, in which we noticed salt-pits filled with rain impregnated, as we were informed, with the saline qualities of an adjoining mountain. After having ascended for two days, at length, within a league and a half of Granada, we suddenly, upon reaching an abrupt eminence, entered the vast and magnificent plain, called Vega de Granada, nearly ninety miles in circumference, and variegated with farms, meadow-fields, rivers, forests, woods, and country-

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houses, and bounded by chains of mountains covered with vineyards, orange, citron, olive, mulberry, and fig-trees, the whole presenting an expanded scene of luxuriance and opulence, rarely to be beheld. In a corner towards the east, arose the walls and towers of that celebrated city, which from boyhood I had longed to visit, placed at the base of a lofty mountain, called the Sierra Nevada, whose summits, covered with eternal snows, presented a brilliant contrast to the prodigal display of all the tints of verdure which nature had assumed below.

In Spain, the rains descend with such fury, as to carry away the greater part of the vegetable mould, upon the surface of the mountains, which will account for the low lands being in general so highly cultivated.

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CHAPTER IX.

GRANADA — THE PALACE OF THE ALHAMBRA — THE COURT OF THE LIONS, AND THE ABENCERRAGES — ARABIAN INSCRIPTIONS — FRENCH PRISONERS — THE GENERALIF — THE GOAL — THE GAROTTE — THE INQUISITION — A RECENT AUTO DE FE — MERITED SARCASM — THE MARKET — COFFEE-HOUSE SCENE — SPANISH SPRIGHTLINESS — AGUES — CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE OF GRANADA — ITS TRADE — SOTO DE ROMA — RIDICULOUS APPEARANCE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE JUNTA OF GRANADA — A PUBLIC SENSATION — PUBLIC OPINION OF THE SUPREME JUNTA — GENERAL CUESTA.

AFTER a good supper, and sound rest at the hotel called La Fonda de Calle St. Geronimo, and presenting our letters of introduction, we began to visit the objects most worthy of notice, in a spot long renowned in the Moorish annals; and as most of such objects have been described by former tourists, I shall very briefly notice those only which afforded me much gratification, or with which any novelty is connected.

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We found our countrymen more than usually popular here, on account of some of them, who were travelling through Spain, having a few days before displayed considerable skill, intrepidity, and presence of mind in extinguishing a fire which raged in the Plaza Mayor, a large square in the centre of the town, formerly used for bull-fights, and now for the market and public shows. The houses being of wood, as they were left by the Moors, and the stupidity and terror of the lower orders being very considerable, the whole, but for this seasonable interposition, must have fallen a prey to the flames.

The first place to which we bent our steps was the Sierra del Sol, or Mountain of the Sun, to view the remains of the Alhambra, once the palace of the Moorish sovereigns, which, with the recollection it imparted, drew tears from the eyes of the last of the Moorish ambassadors in Spain, and, it is said, though a Moor assured me without foundation, that his countrymen still pray for its restoration.

After passing the Alhambra gate, we entered a thick wood of stately trees, having several winding walks, watered by springs and fountains; of the latter, the first seen, though little worthy of notice, was erected by Charles the Fifth, composed of jasper and various co-

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loured marbles. Upon ascending the walk from this fountain, we beheld the guard-gate, built in the year 749 of the Hegira, in the month of Maulen Almnadam, corresponding with the 4th of April 1338; it is of a reddish brick, which colour gives the name to the whole of this extensive building, the word alhambra signifying a red house; we then ascended a flight of steps, and entering a spacious level, from which there is a beautiful view of the city and country, we approached an unfinished square palace of Charles the Fifth, built of freestone, and heavily encumbered with ornaments from a design of Alphonso Berrugueti; we then passed through a very simple and rather mean gate into the Moorish palace, which is now inhabited only by the cicerone who shows it.

It would be tedious to describe the variety to be found in the interior of this extraordinary structure, which, in my humble opinion, is more calculated to excite than gratify curiosity. Numerous courts and arcades, supported and embellished by clusters of slender marble columns covered with capitals in every fantastic order of architecture, here somewhat elegant, there grotesque, horse-shoe arches and walls, encrusted with square pieces of fretwork plaister, stamped in mould, joined together, obviously without either skill or labour, and resem-

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bling, as an English traveller of senatorial celebrity well observed, "the impressions made on soft white clay by the "tread of pigeons," cupolas and cielings encumbered with coarse paintings and gilding, or stuccoed, and similar to the roofs of grottoes, cold and vapour baths, audience, music, ball, sleeping and summer rooms of the Moorish emperors and their consorts, chambers of the imperial children, and a multiplicity of other apartments, many of which are faced with common Dutch-like tiles gaudily painted, connecting galleries, pavements of white marble, arabesque, and mosaic decorations rudely and coarsely done, lastly, the imperial sepulchres, with numerous inscriptions from the Koran, compose nearly the whole of this singular and motley fabric, which, to produce the effect of that enchantment which some writers have ascribed to this building, would at least require the return of the Moorish court, and the tranquil gaiety of Arabian luxury. The endless variety, minuteness, and crowd of its ornaments, completely exhausted the patience of my companion and myself, in making drawings of the court called the mesnar, or common baths by the Moors, and now named the court of los array Janes, and the quarto de los leones, or court of the lions. These did not fail to excite our continued admiration, even after the charm of novelty had evaporated. The latter is embellished with sixty

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graceful columns of marble. In the centre is a vast bason, dry when I saw it, supported by lions; which, however, are far from answering the pompous eulogium contained in an Arabian inscription, beginning with "Oh thou that "beholdest these lions fixed in their places, consider that "they want nothing but life to be perfect."*

On the south side of this court is a room called the Sala de los Abencerrages, the cupola of which is extremely beautiful. The Abencerrages were a numerous and illustrious family, who having incurred the displeasure of King Abdale, or Boabdil, or "the little in soul," who reigned in the year 1491, many of them were enticed into the hall which bears their name, one by one, and cruelly and cowardly beheaded by order of the prince; upon the survivors hearing of this treachery, they headed the people of Granada against the king, who narrowly escaped with his life. When Granada, the last remaining conquest of the Moors, fell, Boabdil was observed by his mother from one of the sierras, surveying the city with a

* These lions, and the paintings I have before alluded to, can scarcely be said to be contrary to the Mussulman religion, which inculcates the ordinance contained in the second commandment, "Thou shalt not make to thy-"self any graven image, nor the likeness of any thing that is in heaven "above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth."

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lingering look of attachment, and the tears starting from his eyes, upon which the matron exclaimed, "You do "right to weep it like a woman, since you could not de- "fend it like a man."* There is also a balcony, El Mirador de la Reyna, projecting upon a high wall, its roof supported by very delicate marble pillars, from which there is one of the most beautiful prospects in the world. With these parts of this extraordinary building I was much pleased. Rich, however, as its decorations are within, the simplicity and even meanness of its exterior is surprising. The object of this opposition may perhaps have arisen from a desire of keeping the attention and admiration wholly unexpended, for those objects upon which the artist had lavished his most powerful efforts.

On the side from which I made a drawing of the palace, it presented to the eye only towers and bastions connected by stupendous walls, but little impressed with the mark of age. The walks belonging to the Alhambra are beautiful, but rather neglected.

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* The reader will find in the Appendix a rare and very interesting letter upon this and other subjects, written by Don Antonio de Guevara, Bishop of Mondonedo, one of the council, and high in the confidence of the Emperor Charles V. to his friend Garci Sanchez de la Vega.

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A full account of this building, and a translation in Spanish of the Arabic sentence inscribed upon various parts of it, are given in the "Nuevos Paseos, historicos, "artisticos, economico-politicos, por Granada y sus Con- "tornos," and also in the "Essais sur L'Espayne" of Monsieur Peyron, which is to be found in the fourth volume of Bourgoing's Travels. Every one of these sentences appears to abound with all the inflation, without any of the poetry, which is sometimes to be found in oriental eulogy. I offer only one, and the best as a specimen. "In the name of God who is merciful! God be "with our prophet Mahomet! Health and happiness "to his friends! God is the light of Heaven and of the "earth, and his resplendence is like himself—It is a "luminary with many branches and many lights, but "producing only one general refulgence. It is the lamp "of lamps, a brilliant constellation nourished with eter- "nal oil—It is neither western nor eastern, once illu- "mined, it diffuses light for ever, without being touched, "and with this light God governs those whom he loves."

One part of this palace was occupied by the natives of a country as little agreeable to the Spaniards as their ancient enemies the Moors. Upon the top of the guard-gate, we saw a French general, who had been taken prisoner by a gallant monk, and also three other French

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officers, all taking the air of the evening. Owing to the abhorrence for the French which is felt in this, as well as in many other parts of Spain, their confinement was rather rigorous; but if the sprightly elasticity of the French character was not alone sufficient to support them, their situation was considerably alleviated by the sublime and beautiful prospect which they beheld from the top of their prison. They were frequently observed to look down upon the city, in the full and avowed expectation of seeing the French army enter it: an expectation which unfortunately was too soon gratified after we had quitted Granada.

Above the Alhambra, and very near to it, is a royal retreat called the Generalif, exquisitely situated, the walks through beautiful groves, and refreshed by numerous jets d' eau, are now much neglected.

From these enchanting scenes I passed to others of a very opposite nature, displayed in the principal prison. I found the head goaler surrounded by his family, partaking of an enormous water-melon. He attended me through part of this large and gloomy building, and I could perceive by the manner in which the prisoners regarded him, that he was a humane man. These unfortunate persons were classed according to their offences,

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and only few were ironed. We visited the courts of criminal justice, under the same roof, and afterwards the torture-room, which was lighted by a small window near the roof. Here I beheld the various instruments invented by a stupid and inhuman policy, to extract truth by bodily anguish. Upon inquiry, I was informed that these instruments of torture are rarely used. As a substitute, except in cases of great delinquency, when the torture is used, the criminal is immersed in a solitary dungeon without light, and fed on bad bread and water until he confesses. In this gloomy room, I also saw two wooden seats, each having a post behind, against which the necks of those condemned to die, privately executed, are squeezed by an instrument like a tourniquet, expressively called the garrotte, and which the executioner, who was sent for, exhibited. The prison is very spacious, and, upon the whole, creditable to the police of the city. The goaler asked many questions about the prisons in England, and said, he had heard they were like palaces.

From this place, I passed by another, equally gloomy, the prison of the Inquisition. It will doubtless be recorded in history as a circumstance somewhat extraordinary, that a people, who have so long had a golden opportunity of securing their liberties by a wise and be-

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neficent constitution, should not have annulled the laws by which this tribunal, disgraceful even in the barbarism and ignorance of the 13th century, is supported. It is in vain to say that the times are enlightened, and that those who belong to the holy office, are too liberal to exercise its powers but with lenity. The oppressions practised, in this very Inquisition, in 1724, upon Isaac Martin, an Englishman, may be exercised again; and were, although with some variance, as I have before mentioned, lately practised upon one of the best and wisest men in Spain, the patriotic Jovellanos.

I was assured on good authority, that several unhappy persons were, when I was in Granada, confined in the dungeons of this very building, the silence and gloom of which were truly horrible. There had been lately an auto de fé, or solemn act of faith, exhibited here, in the excommunication of a layman for pretending to be a monk. The following is a no contemptible sarcasm upon the oppressive stupidity of Messieurs the Inquisitors.

The editors of the Decade Philosophique, finding their work included in the annual list of books prohibited by the Inquisition, observed "We thank the holy officer "for having placed our publication in the same list with

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"the finest pieces of Corneille, Locke on the Human "Understanding, the Works of Pope, and the Discourse "on the Re-establishment of Religious Worship. This "is in fact too much honour for a Journal; but the more "sensibly we feel our own unworthiness, the more we "feel the value of the favours with which the Inquisi- "tion has honoured us."

If happily for Spain, the ruling power should ever have virtue and wisdom enough to establish the liberty of the press, then will this vile and gloomy institution disappear, like a beast of prey at the approach of dawn. In an early stage of his incursion into Spain, Bonaparte abolished this abominable tribunal. This act is, I believe, the only, though it must be acknowledged important, advantage, which those who have fallen under his dominion in this country have experienced from his usurpation.

In my rambles in various parts of this renowned city, it was curious to observe the profusion of Moorish remains which continually gratify the eye, and sufficiently prove the attachment of the Moors to this beautiful spot. Besides the Plaza Mayor already mentioned, there is a whole street called the Alcaxeria, where silk is sold, remaining as the Moors left it, and in El Campo are some

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noble Moorish gates and towers. It is a matter of surprize, considering the detestation in which the Mahometan dominion is held in Spain, that the Alhambra, and other remains of its taste and glory, should have experienced such little dilapidation. These splendid monuments had little to dread, but from such a disposition; for the beneficent mildness of the climate is well calculated to spare those relics of antiquity, which the spirit of anger had not devoted to destruction.

In the cathedral, which is large and handsome, particularly its dome, are some good paintings, such as Christ on the Cross by Murillo, an Ecce Homo by Spagnoletti; a statue representing the Conception by Alonzo Caro, who was born here, is very finely executed. Amongst the royal tombs, I noticed those of Ferdinand the Fifth, and of his queen Isabella. There is also a rich and profuse display of beautiful marbles, taken from the mountains of Granada, which abound with black, green, and flesh-coloured marbles, transparent jasper and amethysts, and also alabaster.

A traveller should not quit this place without seeing a celebrated Carthusian convent, about two miles from the city, which is open from eight to ten o'clock in the morning, and from three to four o'clock in the afternoon.

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The view from the terrace is very extensive, and exquisitely rich and fine. The church is very handsome, and contains some good pictures, but is chiefly worthy of attention on account of the precious marbles with which its sides are nearly faced. The monks are rich and extremely polite. Not knowing the exact time for seeing the convent, I arrived an hour too late, but was received most courteously, and regaled with an excellent refreshment of wine and fruits in the refectory.

There are several of Murillo's paintings in this city, and many are in private collections, of which there are some well selected. In some of the private cabinets of curiosities, the shell of the nautilus is frequently to be met with. This extraordinary shell-fish navigates the sea off the coast of Granada.

In the public room of our hotel, I had an opportunity of once more observing the vivacity and drollery of the Spanish character, at least of this part of the kingdom. Amongst the numerous officers, gentlemen of fortune, priests, and monks, who in parties daily assembled to breakfast and dinner, I saw only one universal spirit of gaiety.

The market is admirably supplied with meat, poultry,

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and vegetables. The abundance of provisions in this place is indeed proverbial: "a quien Dios le quiso bien, en "Granada le dio de comer;" in Granada, God gives all the necessaries of life to those by whom he is beloved.

Our dinners were well cooked, and good. The lettuces here are as fine as any in England, and we had a delicious wine called vino de cartuxa. The waiters here talk with the guests, in a tone of perfect equality. An officer who sat near us, having annoyed us for some time, by beating, what in England is called the devil's tattoo on the table, the fellow went up to him, and said, "Pray Sir do not strike your knuckles so hard; if you do, you will hurt them, and perhaps deprive the nation of the services of a valuable officer." This reproof, which would have ensured to its author a broken head and immediate expulsion from the room in England, was received with perfect good humour, and the nuisance discontinued. In the streets, the same happy animal spirits, which are in general so bountifully bestowed upon mountaineers were every where observable; but to my surprize I seldom heard the sound of the guitar or castanets.

The country around is well watered, and the city is supplied with the purest water from several fountains of Moorish construction.

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The people are extremely apprehensive of agues, for which reason, those of rank and fortune seldom visit their country-houses in the summer, unless they happen to be placed in very elevated situations. The same apprehension has led them to relinquish a beautiful alameda, lined with ash-trees and white poplars, a very short distance off, on account of its neighbouring stream, and to transfer their promenade into the city, although a dirty, and generally offensive, sewer runs by the side of it. The neverias here are much frequented, and the ices are deliciously made. A glass containing about half a pint may be had for the value of sixpence. The population of Granada is averaged at eighty thousand persons. Instances of longevity are frequent, owing in a great degree to the delicious temperament of the climate. Society here is upon a very agreeable footing. The men are frank, good-humoured, and animated; and the usual Spanish compliment of "My house is yours," sounds better from the lips of a gentleman of Granada than from any other. The females of the higher order are perfectly well bred, accomplished, and in general pretty. The belle of the place was the duchess of Gor, who had very agreeable tertulias every night, though it was whimsical enough to see, in the presence of so charming and distinguished a female, two or three fat priests stretched at full length upon the sofas, and fast asleep. Opposite to her drawing-room, a

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pretty, and rather melancholy, effect was produced by a lamp which was suspended from the centre of four young cypresses bent by the top together.

The trade of Granada was formerly very great, particularly under the Moors, whose bazars still remain. It is now much reduced, and is chiefly confined to silks, cloths, and stuffs, which are manufactured here, and brought to considerable perfection. The brilliant example, set by the Moors, in their public institutions, may have been, in part, the cause of the noble hospitals, seminaries, and other establishments to be found in this city. Many of the streets are handsome, and the houses mostly Moorish.

The walks in its neighbourhood are truly beautiful, particularly one leading to a fine wood in the plain, once the favourite retreat of the Moorish kings of Granada, called the Soto de Roma, abounding with graceful silver poplars, ash-trees, and elms of stately growth. This plain is indeed inexhaustible in sylvan scenery, the tranquil beauty of which but little induces the traveller to reflect that for centuries it was reddened by the blood of the Spaniards and Moors. In the Darro which runs through it is said that particles of gold, and in the Genil another of its rivers pieces of silver, are found. There are also

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some picturesque rocks near Granada, which being of a friable nature, have, by numerous excavations, been converted into habitations for the poor, of whom several hundreds live in this manner.

As I was purchasing some books in a shop in this city, a gentleman entered with so much delight, that he could scarcely utter words sufficient to inform every one present, that the Marquis Wellesley had at length succeeded in abolishing the Supreme Junta, of assembling the Cortes, and forming a Council of Regency. The news spread through the city with electrical velocity, and joy animated every one but the members of the Provincial Junta of Granada, two thirds of whom were composed of clergymen and monks, remarkable for their ignorance, fat and feasting. It was whimsical enough to see these cloister legislators frequently issuing from the palace of government, decorated with broad red ribbands drawn over their cassocks and cowls, and strutting through lines of soldiers with presented arms; the news, which gained credit all over the city, not a little alarmed these sleeky worthies, who immediately held an extraordinary sitting in consequence. Such was the enthusiastic delight of the public in consequence of the battle of Talavera and of this supposed revolution, that the name of Wellesley,

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seemed but another name for glory. Alas for poor Spain! this news was discredited in the evening, and the next day a messenger arrived to the Junta with dispatches which proved that nothing of the kind had been effected.

The patriots of Spain, high and low, seemed to have but one opinion of this Supreme Junta. In this opinion its members were divided into four classes; the first comprehended one or two able and upright men; the second those who, without actually corresponding with the enemy, did not hesitate, every opportunity within their powers and to its full extent, to sacrifice the interests of their country to their own personal aggrandizement; the third those who were weak and easily intimidated; and the fourth those who looked on with perfect apathy, and sanctioned every measure without investigation; such were the functionaries who composed this new majesty of Spain, in which neither the king, the aristocracy, nor the people were represented. Owing to such rulers, the brilliant results to have been justly expected from the glorious victory obtained by the British troops under Lord Wellington, against double their number of veteran forces, commanded by Joseph Bonaparte in person, aided by Marshals Jourdan, and Victor, and General Sebastiani, after an exhausting conflict of two successive days, and

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not wholly discontinued through the intervening night, were lost, if we except the terrible impression which the valour of Britons, during that extended scene of carnage, must have produced upon the mind of a vaunting nation, which owes all its power and renown to its tyranny, corruption, and numbers.

The historian of these times and of these transactions will not fail to record with indignation, that after this battle, for several days, the British army was half famished for want of supplies in a country abounding with corn; that in the town of Talavera, nearly four thousand wounded soldiers, who had bled in the service of Spain, had nearly expired in the hospitals for want of common necessaries, and that even the peasants, in consequence of receiving no orders from their rulers, ignorantly refused to assist the English in burying the dead, whose bodies threatened to engender the air with contagion, that in consequence of all this the British troops could not advance, that during this momentous period, the ambitious, perverse, and cowardly Cuesta incurred no censure from these legislators, although he permitted his troops to intercept the miserable food destined for the British soldiers, and that he had nevertheless audacity enough to declare by official communication, that our people pil-

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laged the peasants, and had such abundance of food that they exposed to sale a large surplus of flesh and biscuit, when his own soldiers had none to eat, that this Cuesta, after adopting various measures to counteract the British commander, kept General Venegas ignorant of the inability of the British army to advance, after the battle of Talavera, that it was afterwards notorious that the alcaldes of Vera de Placentia could easily have supplied the British with provisions, but that Cuesta, from a spirit of jealousy, had influenced the Supreme Junta to fatten his own army, and famish that under Lord Wellington, and that, notwithstanding the strong representations made to the Junta of this man's baseness by Mr. Frere, and afterwards by the Marquis Wellesley, they not only continued their worthless idol in command, but distinguished him by their favours, that when the interfering hand of Providence smote this man with the palsy, they merely mildly recommended to him the baths of Alhama, and finally, that when they presented a marshal's staff to the British commander, they invested Cuesta with the order of Charles III., to prevent this pride and delicacy from being offended.

I could lay before the reader numerous other instances of the delinquency of the members of this Junta, which

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came to my knowledge, but as such anecdotes relate to them more as individuals than public functionaries, and as the publication of them might at least prove unpleasant to those who communicated them, I shall dwell no longer upon the disgusting subject.

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CHAPTER X.

SPANISH COACHES—ISNALLOS—TRAVELLING HINTS—MULES—THEIR TUTELAR SAINT—THEIR PEDIGREE IN SPAIN — HOW FED — GUADIX — ENTHUSIASTIC PRIEST—BAZA—JOLLY MONKS—GREAT GUNS—MONKISH PATRIOTISM — CULLER DE BAZA — CHIRIUEL—VELEZ EL RUBIO—A DEPUTATION—EMBARRASSING ATTENTIONS—DREARY RIDE—PUERTA DE LUMBRERAS LORCA—TUTANA.

After spending our time most agreeably, we prepared to leave this spot, of which the celebrated Aben Humeya, in his letter to his Mussulman brethren of Granada, might well say, "In the midst of all the "evils with which you are surrounded, you are happy, "since you have before your eyes that splendid city and "the flowery fields, which were the native country of "our forefathers."

Our preparation for departure led to our waiting upon those necessary personages, called corredores de carruages y coches, to engage a coach with seven mules, to

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convey us to the city of Valencia, the capital of the province of that name; we completed our hiring after a long and stormy negotiation with the owner, who was also the coachman.

This mode of conveyance is preferable for so long a journey, and strangers will do right to adopt it, especially as there is little or nothing but partial spots of cultivation to be seen between one town and another.

On the morning of the 28th August, our carriage of the species of those called coches de culleras, a most clumsy and substantial vehicle indeed, painted sky blue, decorated without with numerous saints, and lined within with red velvet, and which an Englishman, in whose country the most elegant carriages in the world are to be seen, might have supposed had been constructed in a very early æra of the art of coach-building, with six mules a-breast, and a seventh, a mighty docile and sensible animal as a leader, or capitana, in rope harness, one mayoral, or coachman, mounted on the box, the mozo or zagal, who sometimes rides by his side, but generally walks on foot to direct the mules, and two guards, which we were told, were absolutely necessary to keep off the numerous robbers, by whom the road was said to be infested, were all ready and waiting in the street.

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The first day we got to the village of Isnallos, about seven leagues from Granada, where we slept. The country was so uninteresting, that we had little more to occupy our attention than our mules. The motion of our machine was sometimes very irregular, owing in a great degree to the mules being harnessed at a considerable length from each other, which enables them to bolt from right to left as their frolic pleases, to the no little terror of the passengers on some occasions: and even when moving steadily, the heads of those animals also generally point in four or five different directions; but it is surprizing to notice, although the immediate descendants of the ass, how well they obey the orders of the mayoral, and how correctly they answer to their names, each having a peculiar one. These animals, as well as their masters, are under the holy care of a tutelar saint. The worthy St. Antonio has the distinguished charge. Once every year they undergo the ceremony of having oil, or holy water, poured upon their heads, to preserve them from danger that year, on which occasion they appear in gala, with a quantity of ribbands, and the priest is well paid for his trouble in performing the operation.

If the mules become restive, as they frequently do, the zagal springs from the coach-box, and uses his whip, but always with sufficient skill and caution, to prevent the

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offending animal from requiting his punishment, by a rapid and formidable kick from his hinder legs, which owing to their natural viciousness frequently takes place. Sometimes I have seen them directed by stones being thrown at them. These animals are prodigiously strong, and seldom appear fatigued; they grow from fourteen to fifteen hands and a half high. It is a received opinion that the mule is the offspring, as well of the horse by the she ass, as of the ass by the mare; but I was informed that in Spain, the horse disdains such a connubial alliance, and that it is left to the ass and the mare to supply the peninsula with a breed which does them so much service and credit. These animals, as well as the ordinary horses, live upon chopped straw, which is said to give them a fine coat, and upon this sorry food they will undergo great fatigue, and they now and then are treated with the beans of the carob or locust-tree; the latter also frequently forms the food of the peasants in various parts of Spain, in these respects answering in some degree to Dr. Johnson's acrimonious definition of oats, "a species of grain given to horses in England, and to the people in Scotland." Our mayoral took great care of his mules. His favourite was the capitana, which he said was as sensible as *he* was, a compliment which did not much elevate the intellect of the animal in my estimation. He also told us that a good mule cost a sum that, in English

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money, would amount to forty pounds. Their pace was very seldom more than that of a brisk walk, which enabled us to see as much of the country as we wished.

Isnallos is a miserable village, in which there are some Moorish remains. There I saw, for the first time, a plant called the wild cucumber, the fruit of which, upon being broken from the stem, discharges several drops of water, with the force of a squirt. The girls of the posada told us, that some Englishmen had been there a few days before, that they were continually gingling their ounces (a golden coin) to show their consequence, and archly added, that ostentation was not necessary to increase their regard for the English.

The next day we dined at Daro, another little village, distant about four leagues: the country was dull, the day was extremely sultry, and we cooled ourselves in imagination, by gazing upon some mountains whose summits were covered with indissoluble snow.

Upon quitting this place, we passed a subterranean village formed in the holes of rocks, and some very singular basaltic mountains, one of which very much resembled in form a great cathedral.

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The appearance of cultivation announced our approach to the ancient city of Guadix, which we entered early in the evening, after a ride of three leagues. We arrived in time to see the cathedral that evening, which is handsome; and from the terrace of which there is a beautiful prospect. The Plaza Mayor is Moorish, and resembling that at Granada. The shade of the neighbouring mountains, and the blasts that blow from them, are unfriendly to the growth of the orange and olive-trees; several of the latter, in the neighbourhood, appeared to suffer much from this cold atmosphere.

As we were at supper, two carriages entered our posada, out of which three gentlemen issued with pistols, blunderbusses, and sabres in their hand, almost sufficient to storm and take the city. As we were at supper, one of them, having heard that we were English, entered our apartment, and told us that he was a priest, and had rendered important services to the patriots, which at length were discovered, that Joseph Bonaparte had sent a letter with his own hand to an officer, immediately to seize and shoot him, which had been intercepted, that intelligence of his danger had been sent to him, and that he had just escaped with the greatest difficulty. He shewed us several letters of Palafox to him, and told us that he had digested a plan for going to France and bringing off the

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royal captive Ferdinand, and was then on his way to the Supreme Junta to lay his schemes before them, who, I had no doubt, would patronize his project, if they conceived it impossible to be executed.

From Guadix we proceeded to a venta, about four leagues through a hilly and uncultivated country, which possessed no other beauty but that of scattered clusters of cork-trees, and no other interest than a reiteration of the same extraordinary mountains of basalt, again resembling churches, Moorish houses, and vast capitals of columns, until from the long level ridge of a mountain we suddenly beheld the beautiful town of Baza lying at its base, resembling Dover as seen from the castle heights.

Here we arrived very early, but as all our stages were regulated, and the next was at half a day's distance, we were glad to lay by for that day. Our arrival was soon spread through the town, and we had the good fortune to meet with great civilities from the convivial and hospitable monks of St. Geronimo, who have a noble convent in this town. From the cells, or rather handsome apartments, of the holy brethren, there is a beautiful prospect over a vast extent of cultivated plain. One of them, who was appointed by the superior to attend us, shewed us every thing worthy of notice in the town. In the

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plaza which is quite Moorish, we saw some enormous pieces of artillery, which had been brought from a town in Valencia to assist in wresting Baza from the Moors, who after a desperate resistance at length surrendered it to the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella in 1489. Upon examining one of these guns, some of which, strongly hooped round, were lying on the ground, I found it to be a complete cylinder open at both ends, and was informed, that there were moveable chambers of iron, capable of being affixed at the end of each for holding the powder, and which were deposited in a house adjoining.

This place, in which there is little trade or manufacture, and which may be considered as an agricultural town, is much celebrated in the annals of the Moors, traces of whom are still very visible in many of the public and private edifices. The plaza de toros though small is very handsome, and being now disused is left to the destroying hand of time. But the alameda of Baza is the most beautiful part of it: we found the rippling large fountain of pure water near it, and the shade of its stately elms and silver poplars, truly delicious.

As we had come thus far without seeing any one who even bore any resemblance to a robber, we determined to trust in Heaven, and in Spanish honesty and honour, and

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dismiss our guards. These fellows seemed so much attached to us as Englishmen, that they wanted to proceed, for the mere honour of attending us; they at least begged that they might be permitted to wait upon us in the posada, and upon my companion accidentally passing one of them without noticing that he moved to him, he said, "If you dismiss me, Sir, do not pass me without speaking."

In the evening we supped, by invitation, with our holy friends of St. Geronimo. The superior, a remarkably handsome man, asked about eight of the monks to sit at the table, and the rest surrounded us. The conversation at first turned upon the incursions of the French, who appeared to be held in execration by these people. The superior, who spoke a little French, always called Bonaparte Malaparte. Through my friend, I drew as frightful a picture as I could of the operation and effect of French conscriptions in Spain, and added, that it would equally press upon them, and upon the laity of the province. The horror of being converted into soldiers, and of being forced to relinquish the cheer and the security of conventual independence, for the privations and dangers of military glory, seemed to take full possession of their minds, and if not with the purest, at least with the most natural, and from my soul I believe the most pre-

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valent, sort of patriotism, they resolved to defend the good things with which Providence had bountifully blessed them, to the last extremity. We sat down to an excellent supper of game, and drank copious libations of the most delicious red wine I had yet tasted in Spain, with our monastic host, who seemed to think

> "The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold; and then
> We pout upon the morning, are unapt
> To give or to forgive: but when we have stuff'd
> These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood,
> With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
> Than in our priest-like fasts."———
>
> Coriolanus, Act V. Sc. 1.

As the glass circulated, all the mummery of the monastery yielded to the feelings of men who had tasted of the blisses which only the softer sex can pour upon us, and we continued till the convent bell struck twelve, to drink to the donnas of Baza. It was now time to retire; lanthorns were lighted, and with the superior between my companion and myself, followed by nearly all the fraternity, two and two, and attended by half the population of the town, we proceeded in jovial procession to the posada, where the monks took leave of us, continually repeating a wish that the amity between England and Spain might be indissoluble. The superior whispered something to

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our inn-keeper, which we learnt in the morning was an order that every expense, we had or might incur at the posada, should be put down to the account of the convent: owing to this embarrassing act of hospitality, and the unalterable submission of the man to the directions of the superior, we had nearly starved the next day, as delicacy prevented our taking a stock of wine and good provisions, which we had ordered to be ready in the morning.

Our regale at the convent prevented our rising with the sun, and, I believe, for the first three or four miles, no carriage ever rattled over a Spanish road with such velocity as our's, to make up for lost time; wonderful will it be in the annals of Spanish travelling, that in three hours, we ran over four leagues of an agreeable and partly cultivated country and a good road, to the little town of Culler de Baza, where we dined on eggs, rancid oil, and acid red wine. Hemp is cultivated here, and there are also works.

Whilst dinner was preparing, I amused myself by drawing a friable rock, in whose bowels resided several persons in excavated houses, and upon whose summit a gallows, formed of two square pillars of cemented stones, and a cross-beam to keep them in order, was erected.

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From Culler de Baza, we proceeded over an uninteresting and uncultivated country to Chiriuel, distant four leagues and a half, a dismal little village, where we passed the night.

We were in motion at five the next morning, and after travelling over a sandy road, amongst rocks and sterility for several leagues, we entered Velez el Rubio, where there is a large, but cheerless, posada. The town is poor and chiefly agricultural. The church is large, but handsomer without than within. The spirit of loyalty in this place is high. Whilst we were at dinner, a deputation from the church, convents, and town, waited upon us, to congratulate us on our arrival, and to express their regard for the English. They talked sensibly of their own situation, and our views in protecting them. We assured them that our countrymen, under their gallant commander Lord Wellington, were again ready to spill their blood in their cause; that they only wished to relieve them from the yoke of France; that we were convinced that no changes would be attempted by our government in their constitution; and that, confining ourselves to a mere amicable offer of advice on that important subject, all attempt at amelioration would be left to themselves. They seemed much pleased, and withdrew to leave us to our repast.

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This visit luckily relieved me from the inconvenience of being mistaken, although in British uniform, for a Frenchman, by some of the servants of the posada, one of whom, brandishing one of those long knives which the lower classes wear, declared, that if I were so, it should soon find its way to my heart.

Two English travellers who happened to be here when the news of the battle of Talavera arrived, experienced a singular demonstration of the public exultation. A priest and two officers paraded them through the streets, with the Gazette containing the news of the victory, which they read aloud to the people, and an old woman took the hat from the head of one of the Englishmen, and placing it upon her own, marched with great complacency by his side. At Carthagena, the same gentlemen, being for the first time in their lives in uniform, were dubbed a British general and his aid de camp; and, notwithstanding their assurances to the contrary, and the exercise of every disqualifying speech, which their imperfect knowledge of the Spanish language enabled them to use, this opinion could not be shaken, and a regiment was ordered out, and reviewed before them.

Puerta de Lumbreras, our next stage, was five long leagues distant, and soon after quitting Velez el Rubio,

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all the magical charms of thinking that I was rambling through the reputed fields of Elysium rapidly melted away, as I entered the horrible road leading to Puerta de Lumbreras, and which lay, nearly the whole of the way, through the dry bed of a winter torrent, on each side of which hideous and remarkably ugly rocks ascended to a considerable height; during this dismal ride, the only living creatures we saw were a ragged goatherd and a few half-famished goats, exercising their ingenuity in discovering here and there a blade of grass and a few thistles, and also a muleteer who, upon one of his mules tumbling down, amused us by exclaiming, " that the obstinate beast did it on purpose, and that he was almost as bad as the French." We were truly glad to arrive at the end of our day's journey. Here the above torrent channel divides Puerta de Lumbreras, and a very pretty suburb. We were now in the province of Murcia. The town is small, but neat. There is a linen manufactory, and a considerable trade in spart or hemp sandals, worn as I have mentioned by the peasants, carried on here, and the inhabitants appear to be very industrious. In this province the Spanish language is spoken in its highest purity, of which my companion was sensible in this very town.

After a refreshing sleep in a good posada, we set off the next morning for Lorca, which we reached after a ride of

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three leagues through a country, for a considerable way, almost as sterile and as dreary as that we had passed through the day before, until we approached within a mile or two of the town. A line of ancient Moorish walls, bearing the marks of time and war, a venerable and noble cathedral, numerous houses sloping down the craggy sides of a rocky mountain, called the Sierra del Cano, the winding streams of the Guadalentin flowing below, and separating this part of the town from the lower part. An alameda of great extent, lined with stately elms and poplars, under the shade of which peasants were dining on melons; an extensive country richly cultivated, abounding with olive, mulberry, and various other fruit-trees; vineyards, fields, and meadows, gardens and orchards, rendered the appearance of this place in an eminent degree romantic, beautiful, and picturesque. From the year 714 to the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, this city has been celebrated for the sieges it has sustained, and indeed for all the vicissitudes of warfare.

A considerable trade is carried on by means of its potteries, salt-petre-works, and barilla grown in its neighbourhood. Lorca may also be considered in part as an agricultural town. The cathedral and several of the churches rewarded us for the trouble of climbing up to them. During this excursion, my uniform was again

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mistaken, and an old woman followed me exclaiming, Francese, Francese! which soon gathered a mob about me. As my companion did not accompany me, my situation might have been unpleasant, had not a worthy priest come forward and explained to the people that he knew me to be an Englishman, and travelling through their country for information and amusement; this turned the tide in my favour, and nothing was now heard but "Viva Inglese, viva Inglese!" This clergyman politely shewed me the most esteemed paintings in some churches which I had not before seen, but the names of the masters he did not know. This is a common species of ignorance amongst the clergy in Spain, the less to be regretted indeed on this occasion, as the productions in question scarcely merited notice or enquiry.

After dinner at a tolerably good posada in the Lower town, where we found the grapes and melons very finely flavoured, we set off for Tutana, distant four long leagues, and travelled through a country the greater portion of which but ill corresponded with the rich and verdant scenery round the city we had left; part of it was covered with stubble, and part fallow. Gardens and plantations of olive-trees denoted our approach to the town, which we entered through a handsome and very agreeable avenue of elms. The expectations excited by these

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appearances were soon disappointed. The houses are numerous, but mean and scattered, and the inhabitants presented an appearance of extreme wretchedness. In the streets, and under date-trees, I noticed infants, in a state of perfect nakedness, sucking at the extended flabby breasts of their mothers, who, squalid and meagre, in rags and filth, displayed such groups as a season of Asiatic scarcity is represented to exhibit.

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CHAPTER XI.

SPANISH TRAVELLING SCENE—ANIMATING EFFECTS OF PLAINTIVE MUSIC—VENTA DE ALHAMA—CARTHAGENA—LEBRILLA—A TRAVELLING WONDER—PREPARATIONS TO RESIST THE FRENCH—MURCIA—THE FAIR—THE HUERTA—SPIRIT OF THE PEOPLE—FRENCH INFLUENCE—DROLL OCCURRENCE—REMARKS ON SPANISH FIGHTING—ANECDOTE OF MOREAU—ANECDOTE OF KING LOUIS BONAPARTE—A MURCIAN COTTAGE-SCENE—BANEFUL EFFECTS OF NEW RICE—COUNT FLORIDA BLANCA—SUPERSTITION—ORIHUELA—ALICANT—VALENCIA IN MURCIA—ELDA—CASTILLA—RODA—GINETA.

OUR posada was in the true Spanish style. In ascending a flight of steps without railing, and covered with filth, to a naked room, with crazy shutters instead of windows, which as the weather was warm had only an appearance of misery, we narrowly escaped having our brains kicked out, by being obliged to pass the rear of a great number of mules, whose stables occupied the basement floor. At the end of this was the kitchen, where the fire-place, supplied with charcoal, without a chimney, was placed in the centre; round this spot were

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benches used as beds by the family at night, on which the muleteers, assisted by a brown Jacinta of a hostess, were cooking their suppers, during which, the stench of rancid oil preponderated over a congregation of other vile effluvia. When night came on, a female in rags and semi-nakedness, whose appearance excited some regret that I had no sulphur to place at her disposal, took an iron lamp into our gloomy apartment, and hanging it on a nail projecting from the wall, proceeded to sweep the dirt and vermin on the floor away, and afterwards to throw a foul mattress, containing a crowded population of fleas and bugs upon it, with sheets and counterpane to match, for my companion; as for myself, I took the comfortable precaution of travelling with my own mattress and linen. We supped at a low table, which stood upon three feet, seated upon wooden stools nearly of the same height as the table. This unpleasant rivalship in elevation between the stools and table, is common in the Spanish inns. From this dreary hole, we were glad to descend, before we went to rest, upon hearing two erratic musicians playing some of their national airs upon their guitars, and singing first and second very sweetly, in one part of the stable below, where we found numerous travellers male and female, attracted from their holes, like worms after a shower of rain. Although the duets, like most of the Spanish music, were extremely wild and

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plaintive, the muleteers, guards, and females appeared to be much exhilirated, and began dancing in the kitchen with great vivacity. During the greater part of the night, we were, as usual, awakened by the neighing and kicking of the mules.

The next morning at day-break we left Tutana, which, we were informed, contained a population of about ten thousand souls, and that its chief trade was in salt-petre manufactured in the town. The road to Lebrilla, our next stage, distant four leagues, was very good, though, until we approached that town, we saw but little cultivation, except near the Venta de Alhama, where the country is prettily covered with olive and mulberry-trees. Not far from this inn is the little town of Alhama, much resorted to for its hot baths, the virtue of which has, in my opinion, been much increased since they were capable of withdrawing Cuesta from the command of the Spanish army.

A little way from Tutana, as we passed on our right the road that leads to Carthagena, I could not help regretting that the commercial engagements of my companion prevented our visiting a town celebrated in history for having been erected by the Carthagenians as a rival of the ancient Carthage.

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Lebrilla is a small, neat, and pretty town, divided by a very deep ravine, shut at one end, close to which the road rather perilously runs, and over which a bridge of one arch is thrown. The whole has a very singular and picturesque appearance. The posada was the handsomest I had as yet seen in Spain, and was built, as we were informed, by the Duke of Alva. In the town and neighbourhood are some salt-petre-works. After having gazed upon the inhabitants of Tutana, those of this place appeared to great advantage in point of form, respectability, and neatness. After an excellent repast served upon that travelling wonder in Spain, a clean table-cloth, we set off for the capital of Murcia four long leagues. We were now in the land of mulberries, and the road, which was remarkably fine, lay through a country richly cultivated, and presenting a variety of beautiful and picturesque scenes of olives and mulberry-woods, gardens and cottages, the fences of which were formed of the Indian cane, which had a very neat and pretty effect. We found some inconvenience from all the bridges that crossed the channels for conducting water to the land having been broken up; and, as we approached Murcia, ditches had been dug in the road, and the earth taken out, and formed into batteries, for the purpose of impeding the march of the French, who were speedily expected to attack the place. The road was crowded with peasants, and carts drawn by oxen going to the fair,

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then held in Murcia, which we entered with difficulty, owing to the great body of people collected together, in their gala dresses, to enjoy this scene of festivity.

Immediately after passing the gates, we were conducted by some volunteers to the house of the captain-general, to give an account of ourselves, and thence were permitted to go to the principal posada, a large building in the suburbs, where with difficulty we procured a very dismal apartment.

In our way to the alameda, adjoining the posada, to see the fair, we passed two statues of Charles the Fourth and his Queen, which would not have merited any notice, had we not been informed, that in a fit of public indignation these figures had been deprived of their noses. The alameda is a broad, short avenue of stately trees, and enlivened by crowds of people and booths, in which I observed many articles of English merchandize. The mule harnesses decorated with ribbons, and embroidery in various coloured worsted, had a very gay effect. At the end was a market for mules, some of which were handsome animals.

In the morning we crossed the Segura, which runs along the city, over a handsome stone bridge of two

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arches, to the cathedral, from the tower of which, ascended by a spiral slope, resembling that of the giralda at Seville, there is a grand and enchanting prospect of the city, the river, and the huerta or plain, about four miles and a half broad, and about seventy-five round, entirely covered with mulberry-orchards, olives, silver poplars, vineyards, fields, and meadows, garden-plantations in the highest luxuriance, the green surface of which was dotted with numerous little white cottages. From this delicious scene, it was with difficulty we withdrew to the interior of this building, which is spacious, but heavy. The altar which is chiefly of silver, is extremely rich, and the rest of the treasure of the cathedral is very valuable. The paintings are contemptible. The front of the cathedral is loaded with fluted columns, statues, and ornaments of various orders of architecture in splendid confusion. In the same square is the archbishop's palace, which derives its principal consequence from its magnitude. As we left this quarter of the town, which is handsome, we met the corregidor attended by a guard, and two priests returning from the fair, where he had been to stick up a notice forbidding the country people from bringing in the French newspapers and proclamations, under a penalty of fifty dollars, and one month's imprisonment. Although in addition to the military precautions already mentioned,

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batteries were formed in the streets, and cannon mounted, yet a spirit reigned amongst some of the people of the city and adjoining country, which had no claims to distinction for its patriotism; and the peasants who supplied the markets with fruit and vegetables, continued to smuggle into the town the baneful papers of the enemy, the mischief of which, among the lower classes, rendered it necessary for the principal magistrate in this manner to interfere.

Amongst the news thus introduced, and detailed with more truth than is usually to be found in French bulletins, was an account of the defeat of the Spanish army under a gallant patriot General Francisco Venegas, in the neighbourhood of Almoracid, by the French corps under Sebastiani and Victor. I heard this news with double regret; first, that the success had been on the side of the French; and secondly, that I had not reached Murcia in time to have joined the Spanish general, and to have witnessed this affair, in which the Spaniards, mostly raw recruits from the fields, fought for a long time with great intrepidity, but at length were obliged to yield to numbers and superior discipline.

In this battle, an instance of regularity and preciseness of investigation occurred which has seldom been displayed

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upon the field. A cannon-ball struck the horse of an orderly dragoon posted near general Venegas, which brought both horse and rider to the ground—The former died immediately; the latter lay for some time, as quiet as if he had shared the fate of his poor beast; but at length, gradually raising himself upon his breech, he cautiously applied both his hands to his head, and having pushed it to the right and the left, and nodded it to and fro, discovered that all was well in that quarter. He then proceeded to play his arms backwards and forwards, next to stretch his legs up and down with both his hands, and having most satisfactorily ascertained that he was safe and sound, he sprung upon his feet, and ran away as if a wilderness of tygers had been let loose upon him.

I received this account from a person of distinction who witnessed the circumstance, upon whose feelings the solemn buffoonery of the dismounted dragoon operated like that of the grave-digger in Hamlet, to enliven the awful scene of the sanguinary conflict. This fellow seemed perfectly to agree in the wisdom of the old Spanish proverb "Mas quiero, que se mueran seys duques, que morirme yo." I had rather six dukes should die, than die myself."

This conflict proved the impolicy, (except under very

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imperative or rather inevitable circumstances,) of raw Spanish troops, however gallant their officers, being opposed to disciplined veteran corps of the enemy in a pitched battle.

The celebrated General Moreau, when at Cadiz in his way to America, said to a friend of mine "if the war of "the patriots could be made a popular one, and the peo- "ple would act in small bodies, and in desultory attack, "the French must finally relinquish all hope of subju- "gating Spain." To this harassing species of warfare the country is certainly peculiarly propitious, on account of there being but little cultivation, except in the immediate vicinity of towns, in consequence of which the supplies of an invading army must be frequently drawn from a distance, and may be the more easily cut off, but surely after all, notwithstanding such high authority, the final and decisive expulsion of the French from Spain can only be expected from the achievements of well organized Spanish armies, to be principally officered by experienced British officers.*

* The following circumstance not generally known may, in some degree, be entertaining to the reader. Moreau has declared that Buonaparte offered him Italy, provided he would acknowledge him as sovereign of France, and that the first cause of their difference was, that Moreau, to shew his opinion of the institution of the legion of honour, by Buonaparte, in derision, one day directed the order of the *gridiron* to be given to one of his cooks, who as he was foraging for some frogs met with forty poor Austrian soldiers, who

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The streets and squares of Murcia do not merit notice. The former are narrow, and very ill paved, and the latter though spacious, destitute of noble buildings. The most favourable point of view in which the city appears is from the bridge I have mentioned. There are numerous convents and churches some very rich. The colleges were converted into barracks. There is a delightful evening promenade, though relinquished for one which the capricious taste of the public has established, in the spacious elevated area, by the side of a wall which runs parallel with the river, called the Malecon, a causeway raised to resist the inundations of the Segura, which here and at other places through which it meanders in the summer, presents numerous beautiful cascades. This walk has no trees, but the views from it are rich and lux-

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dying with hunger and fatigue, surrendered themselves prisoners of war to this aide de cuisine, by whom they were conducted to the General with great exultation. Buonaparte heard of it and never forgave his rival.

It is also confidently said, amongst the well informed in Germany, that the cause of the resignation, or rather dethronement of Louis, late king of Holland, arose from the following circumstance, and the singular vicissitudes which characterized the last Austrian campaign, the difficulties of the French troops were, at one period, thought to be irrecoverable. Their desperate situation agitated the irritable mind of Buonaparte to that degree, that he was in a delirious fever for so long a time, as to render his case in the eyes of his physicians extremely dangerous: in this dilemma, to prevent the anarchy which must ensue from such a throne being left one minute vacant, or filled by a minor, the generals proceeded to the choice of a successor, and their election unanimously fell upon the king of Holland. When Buonaparte recovered, some one informed him of what had taken place during his indisposition, and as speedily as possible, the resignation of his brother followed.

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uriant beyond description. Here, and indeed all round the city, which is unfortunately an open one, I noticed numerous ditches, and a few ramparts, hastily raised to resist the expected enemy. At night the city is well lighted and patroled.

In one of my pedestrian excursions in its beautiful environs, I approached a cottage very neatly thatched and white-washed, as cottages usually are in this province having gardens and little fields adjoining, divided by fences of cane placed checquer wise. Its happy tenants, consisting of a venerable, aged man, a young woman, her husband, and several little children, were assembled at their dinner under the shade of a large fig-tree, and a group of silver poplars: as soon as I came up to them, the female with great courtesy, presented me a stool and offered me some tomata soup. It seemed as if the pastoral age had been restored. In these rambles, I frequently observed large quantities of myrtle growing wild; this exquisitely fragrant shrub is said to have induced the Romans to consecrate this city to their Venus Myrtia, whence it derived its name.

In the market I frequently saw large baskets of peaches and nectarines, but strange to relate, in a country so

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favoured, I could never meet with one to compare in flavour with the same kind of fruit in England.

The population of this city consists of about fifty thousand persons. Its society is said to want freedom and animation: a stranger cannot help contrasting the beauty of the surrounding country with the inhabitants, who are very plain, particularly the females, and much troubled with sore eyes, caused, as we were told, by an immoderate use of new rice, which is much cultivated in this province.

In India, rice frequently eaten within two months after it is gathered, is considered so prejudicial, that dimness, and sometimes blindness ensues. A general officer informed me that he found the eyes of his Sepoys suffer so much, that he had often ordered a picquet for the sole purpose of preventing the introduction of new rice into his camp. On the contrary, an able medical friend of mine declared it to be his opinion, that rice whether new or old, eaten in any quantity, could never produce such an effect; and that the received opinion was an erroneous one.

The peasants here in addition to the dress already described, wear a piece of coarse woollen striped stuff,

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resembling the highland plaid, about half an ell wide, and two ells long thrown over the shoulders, sometimes hanging down before and behind, at others folded at the opposite arm, and crossed over the back and breast, this has a very picturesque effect. The twisting of silk, and the manufacture of spart into various articles, constitute the chief source of the trading opulence of this city, which although but little distinguished by works of taste and genius, the traveller will not fail to regard with pleasure, were it only that the late venerable and worthy Count Florida Blanca was born here, a minister to whom, amongst other obligations, Spain is indebted for its best roads and most commodious public conveyances.

When we were preparing to leave this city, we had an opportunity of witnessing the profound superstition of the people. As some of the city volunteer officers were conversing with my companion, by the side of the carriage, we heard the tinkling of a bell, upon which they sprung away, crying out "His majesty, his majesty!" called out the guard, who with their officers and every other in the street fell upon their knees to a coarse bloated priest, bearing the host on a white ass, and preceded by a little ragged boy ringing a bell.

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In our ride to Orihuela, we were again regaled by the enchanting scenery of the huerta, for about three miles until we passed the mountains that in part inclose this luxuriant plain, when the appearance of the country abruptly changed from a paradise to a desert, and so continued with little alleviation from the hand of culture until we were within about a mile and a half of the ancient town of Orihuela, when fertility again appeared, enriched by numerous date-trees, which, in Europe, are only to be found, in such profusion and perfection, in this part of Spain. The appearance of the palm-tree in the great desert is said to give spirits to the traveller because it always denotes the vicinity of population. The date is a species of the order of palm-trees. The trunk grows about thirty or forty feet high, thickly covered with scales, the remains of old leaves, which, in vigour, depend and form a sort of vegetable umbrella; they are very slow in their growth, and of course endure to a great age, sometimes to three hundred years; they flower in spring, and bear ripe fruit in autumn. The fruit of some is sweet, of others bitter, and are distinguished by the names of caudits, and acrelets. The female will not produce without the male plant, and one male is planted between two female plants. In the East during a war, the people have been known to cut down the male plants for

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the purpose of depriving the enemy of their chief source of sustenance. The neighbouring hills, covered in various parts with red tomatas, spread out to dry on the rocks, at the base of which the town is built, and the towers and steeples of the convents and churches had a very romantic and picturesque effect. Before we entered the town, we passed through a strong wall with loop holes for musketry, which, with several ditches and ramparts, had just been constructed to resist the enemy. We were now in the kingdom of Valencia. Orihuela is rather large, contains a great number of religious edifices, and about twenty thousand inhabitants. It is surrounded by mountains, and its climate is extremely mild. We saw dry palm leaves frequently twisted round the bars of the balconies, on account of the numerous virtues ascribed to them, as before noticed, by the superstition of the people.

We left Orihuela on a noble road, embellished on each side with fine woods of olive and fig-trees, the sombre colours of which were enlivened by the brilliant evergreen of the carob, or locust-tree. Many of the olive-trees appeared to be of great antiquity, their roots and trunks presenting the most fantastic forms; and we were told that there are some in the province that had been planted by the Moors. Many, however, have an appearance of antiquity, arising solely from an improper mode of plant-

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ing them; viz. by inserting in the earth a branch of the tree split into four parts, by which means the inside frequently perishes.

A few miles from Orihuela, we had a peep at Alicant from a great distance, and soon afterwards the road became so sandy, that we were five hours in reaching the little town of Valencia, after passing through two pretty villages, amidst extensive woods of stately palms in fruit. Owing to clusters of these trees, and to its ancient Moorish walls, towers, and domes, the little town of Valencia, extended upon sloping and richly cultivated ground, has an Asiatic character and importance, which vanish as soon as it is entered. The streets are close and crooked, the posada extremely wretched, and so destitute of provision, that we were obliged to send into the town to buy even a little pepper. To purchase wine in this way is quite common. The servants were under the united dominion of the itch and vermin; the latter they place to the account of the figs they eat, instead of their own filth. However, these matters did not prevent our eating a hearty supper, and sleeping soundly.

The next morning we set off for Elda, over a mountain near Valencia, and saw ditches and walls dug and erected to resist the French. The country through which

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we passed was very dreary and desolate, producing chiefly hemp.

Elda is a small town, carrying on a considerable trade in wool, and the posada is tolerably good. There is an ancient Moorish castellated palace here, having a handsome court-yard and gate-way, the whole in a state of dilapidation. It was called by the Moors, Idella or the house of pleasure, and might possibly at a distant period, have answered to its name. This was all that we found worth seeing in the place, in which, if we may judge from the reception we met with in the streets, a strong abhorrence of the French prevails. The road to Castilla, where we slept, lay through a desert of about four leagues. It is a good sized town, chiefly agricultural, but the only object in it worthy of notice is a large square castle with round towers, and ramparts, standing on a rock in good preservation. We were told with expressions of exasperation, that the French had been there about a year before. Our posada was good, but the wine execrable.

The next morning, after an agreeable ride amongst rocks, during which we saw the fir for the first time, we dined at a venta, and entered upon a noble royal road, leading to Madrid, which by the first league-stone we found to be fifty-one leagues distant. At this venta, we

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found the wine excellent, resembling old port, and every thing remarkably neat for Spain. Some hundreds of French prisoners taken in La Mancha, had halted here the day before.

At night, after leaving Xativa, on passing through numerous fields, in which we saw olives, corn, and vines, forming three crops growing at the same time without interfering with each other, we slept at a little village called Roda, situated in a rich and highly cultivated country.

The day after, passing through several rice-fields, which had a very agreeable appearance, we dined in a spacious and handsome posada, at a village called Gineta distant four leagues. The celebration of a festival had arrayed the good folks of the place in all their finery, and little girls were strutting about in high heeled shoes, stiff silk gowns, and red bodices, sprinkled with spangles. I should not omit to mention, that at various places where we stopped, we met with repeated proofs of the contempt in which the Supreme Central Junta was held amongst the people, particularly amongst the peasants labouring in the fields, who repeatedly, when asked why they were not fighting against the French, replied, "because we should be fighting for a bad government and bad rulers."

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CHAPTER XII.

THE CITY OF VALENCIA — SILK HALL — SILK — SILK WORMS — PROVERBIAL COMPLIMENT — FISH AND FOWL MARKET — THE SERENOS — SINGULAR MUNICIPAL REGULATIONS — VALE OF VALENCIA — THE CATHEDRAL — RUSTIC TRIBUNAL — A NUNNERY VISIT — CONVENTUAL COQUETRY — ANECDOTE OF THE FRENCH IN PORTUGAL — BIGOTTED FOLLY — BATS AND CANARY BIRDS — GAIETY OF THE VALENCIANS — COURTSHIP — MARRIAGE — LANGUAGE OF VALENCIA — BLACK PATCHES — CHAIRS — GENERAL CARO — SINGULAR SENTIMENT — SPANISH SERVANTS — THE GRAO.

FROM Gineta, the country was far from being cultivated or agreeable, until we entered the celebrated Vale of Valencia, which like a green belt surrounds the city. As the cultured part is flat, our view was confined to those beautiful results of a beneficent soil, and of active industry, which embellished the road. After passing an elegant cross under a canopy of stone, supported by four slender columns, distant about a mile from

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Valencia, and several fields covered with mulberry-trees, we entered the capital, and were glad to repose ourselves in a dirty posada in the Plaza. Just before we passed the gates, where we were examined, our carriage had nearly been upset into a deep ditch, part of the defence of the city. The next day we were most hospitably received by Mr. Tupper, the British Consul, of whom, in relating some interesting events which have lately occurred in the city, I shall have occasion hereafter to speak; and to the mansion of this gentleman we gladly removed.

As Valencia has occupied the pens of so many poets and tourists, and moreover as a minute description of its many interesting features would occupy a volume, I shall only notice, as briefly as possible, those objects which appeared to me to be either new or peculiarly interesting.

In the market, a spacious area, we beheld the fruits and vegetables of this favoured soil and climate exposed to view in prodigal profusion, and of course selling for very moderate prices. The silk-hall, which fronts this area, is a noble building, the roof supported by eight twisted columns and eight pilasters. In this noble room the silk is exposed to sale. The silk manufactory is now resuming its former flourishing condition; but the num-

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ber of persons who used to be employed, and who, before the last war with England, sometimes amounted to between eight and nine thousand, is much reduced, on account of many having been selected by lot to serve in the armies. The demands from Spanish America for this beautiful article have so much increased, that the merchants cannot supply them. Before the patriotic war, the raw silk of Valencia was not permitted to be exported to our country, but penetrated by a due sense of the generosity of England towards Spain, in contributing so much strength and treasure to rescue her from the grasp of the French, the Provincial Junta have been prevailed upon to permit an exportation of it, upon paying a moderate war-duty of five rials per pound. The silk is first weighed, then distributed amongst the weavers, who weave it in their private houses, and the spinning machines, now, as formerly, are moved by manual labour. During the war with England, the manufacturers suffered dreadfully, and subscriptions were entered into to prevent their perishing by famine. Owing to the same cause, the cultivation of the white mulberry-tree has decreased. The fruit of the tree is not much attended to, and a great deal of the blossom is destroyed when the young leaves are plucked for the silk-worms. In this part of Spain, every sacrifice is made to the silk-worm. To this extra-

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ordinary insect, in allusion to the beneficial effects of perseverance, the Spaniards pay the following proverbial and beautiful compliment: "In time, and with patience, "the *leaf* of the mulberry-tree becomes *satin*."

From the silk-hall we visited the poultry and fish-markets, which are abundantly supplied. In the former, legs and wings, livers and gizzards of fowls, were sold separately, for the accommodation of people with slender purses, or small appetites; land tortoises from Minorca were also exposed to sale, and, in the fish-market, I particularly noticed parts of the tunny, which had a red, coarse, and fleshy appearance, and immense quantities of fine sardinias. The city is supplied with meat by one contractor. The streets are narrow, and irregular; at the ends of some of them there are areas for turning carriages, miscalled squares. The city is tolerably well lighted at night, and patroled by watchmen called serenos. As assassinations in this city, which were once frequent, are now rare, the antiquity of some of these nocturnal guardians is no more a disqualification in Valencia, than in London.

Within a few years, the city has much improved. Amongst other of its defects, former tourists have com-

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plained of its being destitute of coffee and ice-houses. There are now several, and very good ones.

No part of the city is paved, owing to the peasants tenaciously adhering to their immemorial right of sweeping and carrying the manure made in the streets for their land. These peasants, however, are under the care of the police, and cannot sweep without a ticket, for which they pay a fixed price, and which is expended in renewing the surface of the street with a bed of sand.

As I was anxious to contemplate the fairy land that surrounds this city, in a circumference of between seventy and eighty miles, I took the earliest opportunity of ascending the tower of the cathedral, which has the reputation of covering the site of a building, that in different eras underwent the extraordinary vicissitudes of having been once a Pagan temple, thrice a place of Christian worship, and twice a Mahometan mosque.

From this elevation, the city appears to be seated in an almost interminable garden of unfading verdure, protected on three sides by a chain of distant mountains, and open to the ocean on the east. In one view, I beheld not less than two hundred hamlets, scattered amidst

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vineyards, woods of olive, white mulberry, almond, carob, fig-trees, and silver poplars, oranges, and citron-groves, fields of various hues, green with the young rice, red with tomatas, and yellow with melons, divided by stately aloes, and pomegranates, displaying the rich crimson of their bell blossoms, and embellished by the romantic appearance of the Asiatic palm. The animating gaiety of beautiful country-houses, and white cottages, half concealed in foliage, was relieved by the pensive appearance of cross-crowned convents, amid the gloom of their cypresses. Innumerable channels of water ran shining through this paradise, the roads were covered with peasants, carts and cattle in active motion, and the whole was illuminated by a brilliant sun, beaming through a sky of cloudless azure. Such a combination of beauty and prodigal luxuriance, nature and art had never before presented to me. It seemed enchantment all: to describe it is impossible. Here, under a climate, almost always beneficent, December wears the dress and attractions of May, and the seasons are known only by the variety of their delicious offerings of blossoms, fruits, and flowers, to banquet and ravish the senses. Well might the French look with eyes of cupidity towards this favoured region, which and Catalonia, are the finest provinces in Spain, and feel as Satan is depicted by our immortal bard, to have felt when he first beheld the earth.

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"Such wonder seized, though after Heav'n seen,
The spirit malign, but much more envy seiz'd,
At sight of all this world beheld so fair."

Paradise Lost, b. iii. v. 551.

During my stay in Valencia, I often visited this spot, and was always more and more captivated with the scene.

The cathedral is large, ancient, and heavy, irregular in its orders of architecture, and tasteless in its decorations. The interior is handsome. The marbles which face the bases of its columns are very beautiful. In the capitulary hall, there are some curious and very ancient paintings said to be in gum, where there are also the chains of the port of Marseilles taken by the Spaniards. In the room next to the sacrario, is a very large and noble picture of Christ being taken from the cross, by Murillo, and others worthy of notice. There are also two ancient organs, some fine carved work in wood, and the treasury of the church, which is very rich, is also well worthy of inspection, particularly the gothic tabernacle, called La Custodia, of silver gilt, set with diamonds, topazes, and other precious stones.

In one of the porches of this cathedral, on a market-

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day, I saw a crowd of the lower orders assembled, and heard two peasants pleading their cause, before six rustic judges, who it appears were holding a court, in some degree resembling the pie poudre court, which is the lowest tribunal of record in England, so called from pied puldreaux a pedlar, in old French, and which takes cognizance of the petty civil disputes arising within the precinct of the fair or market.

I was much pleased with a visit to the nuns of Santa Hecla, who invited a party to breakfast with them, in which I was included. We were shewn into a little room by the confessor of the nunnery, and soon afterwards a curtain behind a double iron grating was removed, and we were introduced to the lady abbess, a lively old woman, and several of the nuns, who chatted and laughed very freely, and seemed to be in the highest spirits. One of them, about nineteen, was peculiarly beautiful, and one might have thought, by the brilliant expression of her eyes, that she conceived with our poet, that

> "———earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
> Than that, which withering on the virgin thorn,
> Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness."

But strange to tell, although she talked with all the warmth and animation possible, her passion for the

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cloister continued immoveable, as her original entry into it had been perfectly spontaneous. We were informed, that when Zaragoza surrendered to the French, this lovely and delicate young creature made her escape from a convent there, travelled with little food, and no money, to Valencia, and entered herself in this convent, where she intends to remain until her translation to another and a better world. Our breakfast consisted of chocolate, iced water, and sweetmeats. The confessor, a handsome man, a beau though a monk, and much perfumed, told us that there were two girls in the nunnery whose beauty far surpassed that of the young sister we had so much admired, and that he would go and request them to favour us with their society, which he did, and soon returned with a message from them, "that they "considered our visit at this time to be paid to the "whole sisterhood, and not particularly to them, and "therefore they would not come, but if we chose to "wait upon them in the evening, we should be admitted "to the honour of seeing and conversing with them." Some of us were engaged, and others indisposed to humour these pretty and pert coquettes, so that we did not risk the peril of encountering the artillery of their charms, especially behind their grated fortification.

The young nun who fled from Zaragoza had perhaps

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heard of the conduct of a French general and some of his officers, when they first entered Portugal, towards the sisterhood of a nunnery, which shall be nameless. It is said the general sent forward to the abbess an order to prepare a dinner and beds for himself and staff, that the good lady and her flock were much alarmed at an application so unprecedented in the annals of a nunnery, but in terror complied. When the Frenchmen proceeded on their route to Lisbon the next morning, several persons called at the convent to know how they had deported themselves, when all the younger members of the sisterhood declared that nothing could exceed the decorum and politeness of their Gallic visitors; this was believed, and the Scipio-like forbearance of the officers every where extolled to the skies, till at last it was whispered that several of the nuns were pregnant.

From the convent we paid our respects to the archbishop, who received us with great politeness and cordiality, and accompanied us over the show-rooms of the palace. The library-room contains a number of well-selected books, and several fragments of beautiful Roman statues, of both sexes, which the bigotted folly of his predecessor, Francisco Fabian y Fuero, who would have done honour to the society for the suppression of vice, had grievously mutilated, to prevent the possibility-

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of one warm impression rising in the mind of the beholder. In this room there are also some vile maps, and I could not help noticing a very common one of England, printed on a handkerchief, which his grace appeared to value highly. In the museum there is a collection of Greek and Roman coins, and a mosaic pavement, discovered, together with the mutilated statues, about thirty years since at Puch, a town between Valencia and Murviedro, the Ancient Seguntum.

Amongst the antiquities of Valencia, an ancient piece of sculpture, over the entrance of the British Consul's house, where I lived, is pointed out. It represents, in a rude manner, two hands holding two young females by the hair, and is said to commemorate the following circumstance: Francis the First, who was made captive in the battle of Pavia, lodged in this house in his way through Valencia, and being present at a ball, remarked two pretty girls with whom he wished to dance, but strange to relate, the young coy damsels, instead of gladly accepting this distinguished mark of the monarch's favour, fled from the room as soon as they heard his commands. Their father, the Count Cabanillas, in a rage ran after them, and upon their refusing to return, dragged them by their tresses to the king. It is most likely that the monarch had indicated to the young ladies a wish to

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extend his gallantry farther, and that the unnatural father wished to pay court to the king, though a captive, by the sacrifice of his daughters.

The origin of the arms of the city, called El Murcielago, or a bat, is also curious and worthy of being mentioned. Under the city there is a vast tunnel or channel made by the Moors, so large that a cart can pass through it with great ease, and resembling, in some degree, the subterranean passage to the Thames, under the Adelphi. Into this tunnel, through different conveyances, all the filth of the city passes, and is carried away by a rapid stream at the bottom, which also turns the wheels of several corn-mills. When James the Conqueror besieged Valencia in 1238, some of his soldiers saw a flight of bats issue from this tunnel, which induced them to enter it, by which they opened an unexpected passage into the heart of the city, and drove out the Moors. So much for the treachery of the bats of Valencia. But with regard to the piety of its canary-birds, said by some tourists to be kept in the churches, at one time to join in the musical part of the service, and at another to fly about with long strips of gilt paper fastened to their tails, for the amusement of the donnas, who have been represented as rewarding their lovers with a smile, and sometimes even with more tenderness, when after a long pursuit they have placed the

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feathered choristers in their hands, it is but right to put the reader on his guard. In vain did I look for these birds; and upon my mentioning the circumstance to a gentleman who had lived many years in Valencia, he declared that he had never met with canary-birds but in fields or cages.

With the same truth has it been asserted, that the Valencians are infinitely more superstitious than the rest of their countrymen; this is not the case, but being naturally gay, they are fond of diversions, processions, and festivals.* Saint Christopher appears to be the favourite saint here. His portrait, of colossal size, with one leg in the water, and his hand grasping a palm-tree, is the frequent embellishment of the streets in this city, doubtless to the no little annoyance of La Virgen de los Desamparados, the matron saintess of the city. A peculiarity which does not exist has also been attributed to the manner and ceremony attending courtship and marriage in this city. The lover it is said, during the delights

* These and many other stories, equally incorrect, of the customs of the Valencians, may be found in a "Picture of Valencia," by Fischer, who, although a writer of ingenuity, has suffered the warmth of his imagination to carry him away from that accuracy which in general distinguishes the productions of the German writers.

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of the first stage of love, is always attended by a trovador, musicians, torch-bearers, and other attendants, when he approaches the residence of his mistress, and that a curious dialogue ensues between him and her, as she peeps at her admirer through a little esparto window, whereas in truth, the marriage ceremony in Valencia is simply performed as the Catholic religion directs, and perhaps, if the parties can afford it, a little entertainment to their friends follows. If the woman, when she marries, is of equal rank with her husband, she retains her maiden name, but the children take the father's name. Serenades, once so frequent in courtship, are now far from being common. Those nocturnal attentions were at first paid by lovers to their mistresses, who used to listen to them behind an impassable iron grating, fixed at their window by the suspicious rigour of parents, or the jealousy of husbands; but they have declined, since a liberal and rational freedom has been permitted to exist between the sexes.

The language used in this province is nearly the same as that used in Catalonia, a mixture of the ancient tongue of Provence and Languedoc; but the Valencians, I was informed, speak it with much more softness than the Catalonians.

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The donnas of Valencia would suffer by a comparison with those of Malaga. Here, as in every other part of Spain, their teeth are neglected, and injured by an inordinate passion for sweetmeats; and it was with no little surprize, that in one of the shops I noticed a tooth-brush for sale; it is no scandal to suppose it was the only one in the whole kingdom of Valencia. The ladies disfigure themselves also by an immoderate use of black patches on their faces. Those advanced in life generally wear two very large, one on each temple, to refresh their declining charms, and also like Selwyn's Parisian ruffles, to *prevent their catching cold.*

Delicious as this climate is, I was informed, by several persons, that the inhabitants are not remarkable for living to a great age, though the reverse has been asserted by some tourists. The population of the city and suburbs is estimated at about one hundred thousand souls.

Society in Valencia is very agreeable. There are tertulias every night made up of chatting, loo, loto, and other games. In several houses here, and in other parts of Spain, I observed the chairs in the rooms were of unequal heights, in order that every one might be accommodated according to their stature. The reason

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assigned is sensible enough, but the effect unpleasant; however, as the rooms are poorly furnished, it is of little consequence. The principal decoration of the interior of the houses is to be found in the floor of the apartments, which is made of earthenware tiles, from a clay found in the district of Quarte, near Valencia, of which there are manufactories here, and superior to those of Holland. These tiles are chiefly painted with flowers in a brilliant and happy style of colouring, highly varnished, and far surpassing those with which some of the halls and chambers of the Alhambra are so profusely decorated.

I was much gratified by a concert given by the administrator at his apartments in the custom-house, a noble building in the spacious Plaza de Santo Domingo. The only instruments used were guitars, of which there was almost a museum in the room. Some ladies and gentlemen sang national trios and quartettos, with considerable taste, but the nasal shrillness of the former, which is common to the country, was too distinguishable. The lower Valencians are very fond of a flute with a mouth-piece called the dulzayna, the sound of which to other ears is sharp and disagreeable, something resembling that of a bagpipe. Our entertainment was called a Funcion, a name, as before observed, in continual use in Spain, to denote every sort of holy or unholy amusement.

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We had also a refresco of iced water, all sorts of ices, cakes, and sweetmeats. What would an untravelled Englishman say, were he invited to spend the evening out, and to find his regale confined to a glass or two of extreme cold water, beyond which the hospitality of the evening seldom advances?

The inhabitants of this city were gratified by having amongst them two English noblemen, the Viscounts Lewisham* and Ebrington, to whom every respect and attention due to their merits and elevated rank were paid. Having the dignity of my country at heart, it was with equal pride and pleasure I observed in different countries, that the conciliating manners of these noblemen, never failed to leave behind an impression favourable to their native land: and I feel confident in asserting, that the spirit of enterprize and investigation, which the noble travellers upon all occasions displayed, will contribute to enable them to discharge the duties attached to their high birth, with honour to themselves and advantage to their country.

In company with these noblemen, I had the honour of

* This nobleman has since succeeded to the honours of the earldom of Dartmouth, upon the decease of his lordship's father the late earl.

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being presented to the Junta of Valencia, by the members of which we were very courteously received, and afterwards presented with medals struck in commemoration of the gallantry displayed on various occasions by this distinguished city. I deemed it an honour, because the members of this Junta obtained the love and confidence of their countrymen, by the purity and ardour of their patriotism. Whilst the members of other Juntas directed their first attention to the creation of titles, and personal decorations for themselves, these gentlemen were content to discharge the duties of their important calling in the plain garb of citizens, without the smallest appearance of ostentation. During my stay in this city, I had repeated opportunities of observing the contempt and odium in which the Supreme Central Junta was held. By these self-appointed rulers, several members of the Provincial Juntas had been expatriated, for having expressed themselves too favourably towards the liberty of the people, and here a change in the government was anxiously and daily expected.

We had the pleasure of partaking of a sumptuous entertainment given by the captain-general of the province, Don Jose Caro, a brother of the celebrated Romana. This elevated situation had formerly the title of viceroy annexed to it. The general is one of the most ancient

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families in Spain, and a nephew of Don Ventura Caro, who commanded an army against France, and distinguished himself in the campaigns of 1794 and 1795, and whose widow, Don Jose Caro, has since married. Our noble host had endeared himself to the Valencians, by the gallantry which he displayed in repulsing the French, at the head of the citizens and peasants in the mulbery-fields close to the city, during their recent attack. He has also repaired the old fortifications or rather walls of the city, constructed batteries mounted with cannon, and formed the whole into a staté of respectable defence. At the above dinner the following singular circumstance occurred. The lady who presided, a very lovely and excellent female, understanding the English were fond of giving toasts and sentiments, rose up, upon some particular wine being admired, and with great solemnity said, "I give the Almighty God, and may he continue to be-"stow upon us good wine." All the company, particularly some priests, filled bumpers to the sentiment, which they drank with great devotional fervour. Singular, and even offensive to some of my readers, as such a mixture of religion and conviviality may appear, I am satisfied that the lady only intended to please the English present, and display her piety at the same time. In this and in other houses, I had an opportunity of witnessing the immense retinue of servants, which the Spanish nobility

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retain. The Duke of Medina Celi, it is said, was at the daily expense of one hundred and twenty pounds for the support of his servants. In some of the Spanish houses, Englishmen cannot fail to be surprized at the familiarities allowed by the master to the servant, and at the forbearance of the one, and immoderate impudence of the other.

At this dinner, the favourite dish was fish boiled in rice. The pigeons of Valencia are remarkably large, generally of the size of a good sized fowl; and such is their fecundity, that they lay two eggs in less than twenty-four hours, and generally produce twenty-four pair of young ones in the year. The turkeys are also excellent; and it is calculated that not less than seven thousand of them are annually sent from this kingdom to Cadiz.

In the palace there was nothing worthy of notice, except a good painting by Mengs. After coffee, we went to the alameda, which is a noble promenade, but badly kept, and never frequented except on a Sunday. It has two alleys, one for carriages, which make a handsome show, and the other for pedestrians. This spot is embellished with palm, pomegranate, silver poplar, and various other trees, and also numerous flowers, which pro-

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duce an agreeable effect. It belonged to a Frenchman, who had amassed a large fortune in Valencia, and who presented it to the city.

I was much pleased with a ride to the Grao, pronounced Grou, distant about three miles, upon a fine road, through an avenue of beautiful trees, fields and gardens. The village which is pretty, contains the stores of the merchants, but is chiefly inhabited by fishermen, who have very neat bathing-houses, which they let to the people of Valencia in the summer. Many efforts have been made to render this port tolerably safe for shipping, and a mole has been run out for that purpose, but it has suffered by the storms, which do much mischief along this low exposed coast, when the wind blows violently from the east or west. On this account the commerce of Valencia is but small. Silk, brandy, wine, rice, and the fruit of the carob-tree, are here shipped in small vessels, which sail to Alicant, where the cargoes are re-shipped on board of larger vessels.

The celerity of commercial transactions is much impeded by a want of standard weights and measures. Almost every town has its own weight and measure. The citeis of Valencia, Alicant, and Benicarlo are all in this province ; the pipe of wine or brandy in Valencia, is forty-

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two cantaros, in Alicant forty, and in Benicarló forty-five, although all equal in point of quantity.

As we were returning one evening from this mole, we observed a large lanthorn raised upon a tower of one of the churches, immediately upon which, the fishermen and inhabitants took off their hats and said their oraciones. As the winds and the distance frequently prevent the bell from being heard at the Grao, this signal is adopted; the effect of which was singularly striking.

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CHAPTER XIII.

AN ILLIBERAL AND UNJUST COMMENT—ANECDOTE OF THE VALENCIANS—CUNNING STRATAGEM—THE ALBEFURA—CHARLES THE FOURTH—THE PRINCE OF THE PEACE—DUKE DEL INFANTADO—THE MONK AND THE FISHERMAN—RICE—IRRIGATION—WATER-FESTIVALS—VALENCIAN LITERATURE—SPANISH CLERGY—NOBLE HOSPITAL—THE UNIVERSITY—A CHIVALROUS BODY—MANUFACTURE OF SMALL ARMS—TOBACCO—ROYAL ACADEMY—ARTISTS—THE GUADALAVIAR—NARRATIVE OF THE MASSACRE IN THE CITY OF VALENCIA.

THE rides and walks in the environs of the city are numerous and beautiful, and every where we had an opportunity of witnessing the ingenuity, industry, and manliness of the Valencians, and the culpable folly with which various tourists have depreciated their real worth, by endeavouring to perpetuate the following false and feeble lines, made I believe in allusion to the extensive system of irrigation, used in the Vale.

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" En Valencia la carne es hierba, la hierba aqua,
Les hombres mugeres, y las mugeres nada."
" In Valencia meat is grass, grass is water,
The men are women, and the women nothing."

Numerous other squibs have been let off against them, that by time and repetition have almost become proverbial, such as

" Ligeros, no menos de animo, que de cuerpo."
" Light not more in body than in mind."

Amongst the numerous instances which may be adduced in proof of the indefatigable and sturdy industry of the Valencians, I must not pass over the use which they make of the chufa, which although it grows wild in many parts of this province, is cultivated near the city. In appearance it resembles the potatoe-plant, and produces a juice from which orjatto, or orgeat is made. The peasants of Torrente, near Valencia, turn this juice to a valuable account. They previously send the bulbs of the chufa by the carriers to different towns in various parts of Spain, to secure supplies of it. The juice is put into a metal bottle, mixed with cinnamon, water, and sugar. This bottle is inclosed in another of cork, with a space between, in which ice is introduced, and with this double bottle in their hand, these people leave their homes in the summer season, during which they traverse

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the greater part of Spain, spending very little, and generally returning with from three to five hundred dollars. Three of these erratic speculations generally enable the adventurer to buy a cottage and to marry.

The Valencians are in general very honest; but when they pilfer it is with ingenuity: as for example, a gentleman whom I knew at Valencia had his garden robbed, although guarded by a very savage mastiff. The cunning rogues turned a bitch into the garden, who diverted the vigilance, by engaging the affection, of the dog during the time they were stealing the master's fruit.

Another beautiful ride is to the Albefura, a large lake, about six miles from Valencia, which empties itself into the Mediterranean by a narrow, and, at a distance, imperceivable, passage. This lake, when quite full, is about twelve miles long, six broad, and eighteen in circumference. I went with a very agreeable party to a house built of reeds on its eastern side, where we were to sleep, and the next day, those who were so disposed were to shoot upon this great basin of water, which abounds with teal, wild ducks, and water-fowl. We left the carriages, here called tartans, about four miles from the city, and embarked in several small flat-bottomed boats, pushed forward by fishermen with long reeds, on a very shallow

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canal running from the rice-fields into the lake, the vicinity of which we knew by its stench. The cottages on the banks of the canal, on which we were thus moved for nearly three miles, were white-washed, thatched with reed, and very neat. After a hearty supper on rice, fowls, and ham, stewed together, our hospitable host, perhaps from a desire of preventing our catching the fever of the lake, passed the bottle very briskly, and sent us to bed in a state of internal heat sufficient to set at defiance all the mephitic chills of the adjoining water. After sleeping on the floor comme il plaira à Dieu, those who composed the shooting party, which was small, rose before dawn, and in about five hours returned with one hundred and thirty ducks, teal, and coots. One person belonging to another party shot one hundred and forty in four hours. The number of birds on this lake must be prodigious, for besides the havoc which is continually made amongst them by private parties, unlimited permission is granted twice in the year, for every one to shoot who chooses, on which occasions, seldom less than ten thousand peasants avail themselves of the licence on its shores, and there are seldom less than one hundred boats on the water. This lake was presented to the Prince of the Peace by Charles the Fourth, who, when in this country, would not shoot upon it, without first asking permission of the prince.

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Although instances of the infatuated attachment of the king and queen to this depraved upstart are almost innumerable, yet the king upon some occasion upbraided the Duke del Infantado, of having endeavoured to avail himself of the influence of the prince by accomodating him with a loan or rather present of ten thousand ducats, upon which the duke with some craft and spirit said, " Sire, my father did the same to you; here," showing him the bonds given for the repayment of the sums, " here are the obligations of your majesty," and immedi ately tore them into pieces.

When the prince accompanied the royal family to Barcelona some few years since, his dress, equipage, and guards were more splendid and numerous than those of the royal party. One evening being at a public ball, this favourite was struck with the beauty of a rich chrystal chandelier, and had the impudence to order it the day after the entertainment to be packed up and sent to his palace at Madrid; which was done accordingly.

A curious circumstance occurred at this lake, which corroborated the information I received, that the Valencians are not so priest-ridden as some tourists have asserted. The servants of our party having placed a body of cork decoy ducks in one part of the lake, a sporting friar, belonging

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to a rich convent in the neighbourhood, had the impudence to take his station there; upon which one of our fellows, a fisherman of the lake, remonstrated with him, and requested him to retire. The holy sportsman indignantly declared he would remain. The man then told him, that he would push his boat off if he did not go. *Friar*—"Do you know, sirrah! who I am?"—*Servant*—"Yes; you are a monk."—*Friar*—"Do you not respect me?"—*Servant*—"Not I;" and shoved his boat aside—*Friar*—"You shall hear from me, miscreant"—The man smiled; the monk changed his position, and here the matter ended. I was afterwards told, that so mild was the Inquisition, that the fisherman had but little to apprehend from the friar.

I amused myself in a way which I am sure was the least annoying to the aquatic tenants of this stinking lake, by making drawings of the cottages on its shores, the owners of which are opulent, and observing the uncommon splendour of colouring by which a number of very curious flies, peculiar to this lake, are adorned.

The rage for cultivating rice here, notwithstanding its insalubrity, is very great, and well it may be, since in a productive season, if the fields escape inundation, the cultivator can make a net profit of nearly one hundred per

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cent. This grain is sown at midsummer, and reaped at the end of September. The rice of Valencia is much prized, and is cultivated to such an extent, that I was informed the quantity grown in this province alone, would be almost sufficient for the consumption of the rest of Spain.

Next to a beneficent climate, and a naturally rich soil, the Vale of Valencia is indebted to an extended and admirable system of irrigation for its extraordinary fecundity. Each farm is allowed to have a certain number of little canals, supplied by cuts from the river Guadalaviar, sometimes called Turia, which runs between the city and the suburbs. At a stated day and hour, the farmer is permitted to open his sluices, for a certain time, to receive the precious fluid, and conduct it through his lands. This system is placed under the direction of a police, at the head of which is a judge called Juez de Sequias. The principles of hydraulics are of course pretty well under stood, and their study much encouraged in Valencia. A visit to the village of Crevillent will enable the traveller clearly to comprehend this valuable source of fertility, where water-festivals, celebrated by dancing, and various rustic demonstrations of joy, are held to commemorate the opening of any newly discovered spring.

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Indeed it is impossible to move in any direction, without being impressed with the great advances which the Valencians have made in almost every description of rural economy applicable to their soil and climate. Even in the construction of their carts and waggons, they are a century before their countrymen in Andalusia.

With so high an appearance of civilization, and bearing in my mind the comparatively elevated character which Valencia once had for literature, I was surprized at the barrenness of the booksellers' shops: theological works, decorated with the vilest engravings of saints and apostles, constituted the greater part of their literary store. The clergy of Spain, with some, and rather brilliant, exceptions, are extremely ignorant, and from being reared in darkness of mind, are not very friendly to its illumination. I could not help smiling at the simplicity of a canonico, whose talents are thought respectable in the higher circles in this city: he, in a large party, expressed his astonishment that an Englishman did not speak the same language as the Valencians. The public charitable institutions do more honour to Valencia than its learned ones; though considering the great trade and opulence of the place, a stranger cannot but be surprized at the immense number of loathsome and diseased beggars that swarm in the streets. The principal hospital is a noble

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building, capable of holding three thousand patients, who are judiciously divided according to their diseases, and in lunatic cases according to the different stages of disease. It is also accommodated with hot and cold baths, which for a small compensation, are open to any respectable person. Here I met an Irishman, in the dress of a clerico, with whom I soon became acquainted, and discovered that a long residence in the country had not effaced the lineaments of his national character, for I found him benevolent, brave, liberal, and eloquent. In the recent dreadful massacre which took place in this city, and the narrative of which I shall hereafter relate, his is the happiness of reflecting that he saved five fellow beings from the hands of assassins. From this gentleman and others, I learned that the vaccine inoculation was well received in Spain, particularly in Valencia.

The university founded in 1411, by Vincent Ferrier, and having sixty professors, has, since the irruption of the French, greatly added to its former consequence; it is now the only one of eminence in patriotic Spain. To its honour, three hundred students have formed themselves into a corps of artillery, and are regularly trained, and disciplined for the protection of the city.

The same spirit has animated another, an ancient illus-

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trious association. A certain number of companies of knights of Valencia, who like those of Granada, Seville, and Ronda, from time immemorial, have been organized as a chivalrous body, under the title of Cuerpos de Real Maestranza, and who formerly, on particular occasions, used to figure away in tilt and tournament, glittering in gold, and mounted on Andalusian chargers, in the Plaza de San Domingo, have formed themselves into a fine body of cavalry, and have distinguished themselves by their bravery in various rencounters with the French in Arragon and Catalonia.

In the Faubourg del Quarte, I visited a very extensive manufactory of small arms, which the active spirit of the city had recently established, to supply the patriotic army with arms. In one year, no less than twelve thousand complete muskets had been issued to the peasants, made from fragments which had been collected from various places where battles had been fought, by persons sent and remunerated for that purpose by the Junta. This Junta, at the suggestion of the Intendant Canga Arguellas, and the British Consul, has also made a wise and truly patriotic regulation respecting thesale of tobacco at a reduced price. The only tobacconist in Spain was the king, and the price of tobacco, till recently reduced by Charles the Fourth, was so excessive, that his majesty derived but

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little advantage from it, on account of the oppressive number of custom-house officers which he was obliged to keep in his pay, and the comparatively small quantity of tobacco sold. The revenue has greatly increased since the tobacco has been reduced by the Junta from forty-eight reals to sixteen per pound. The custom-house formerly sold only three quintals a week, and it now sells six or seven a day. The stupid Supreme Junta had expressed a frequent desire to restore the old price, most likely from hearing of the beneficial effects produced by this reduction in Valencia and the neighbouring provinces.

The Academico is honourable to the struggles made in Spain to attain a reputation for at least a love of the arts, and of the glory they impart to a nation. This is a royal academy founded by an association of artists in 1752, and afterwards honoured by royal favour. Painting, sculpture, and architecture are taught, but with no very great success, if I may judge by some of the prize productions of the students, who are provided with every thing necessary to their pursuit gratuitously. The principal subjects we saw were holy ones; so that the students are taught theology with the pencil. Valencia, however, has produced some tolerably good artists, as Rivalta, Orente, Joanes, and Lopez.

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Several of the convents in Valencia are handsome; that of Saint Domingo in the square of that name near the custom-house, is by far the most superb. The interior of the church is very grand, and contains several pictures said to be by Espinosa, and one of the chapels is richly embellished with beautiful marble. There is also a hall and stair-case very curiously constructed. The convent is very rich, and the monks treated us with distinguished attention and hospitality.

I would recommend the traveller to pay a visit to the private collection of Canonico Blasco, in which there are two pictures by Titian, three by Murillo, one by Guido, and some by Spagniolletti, and other masters, and a Saviour on the Cross exquisitely carved in ivory: and also to that of Dr. Pasqual Fita, where there are also some good paintings, two or three of them by Murillo.

The most beautiful points of view in which the city can be contemplated by an artist are, the one from the tower of the quinta or country-house of the British Consul, near the village of Patraix, about half a league to the south of Valencia, where the gates, walks, towers, and spires of the city, and the luxuriance of the country, are seen to great advantage; and the other from the bridge del Mar, the last of the five noble bridges that cross the

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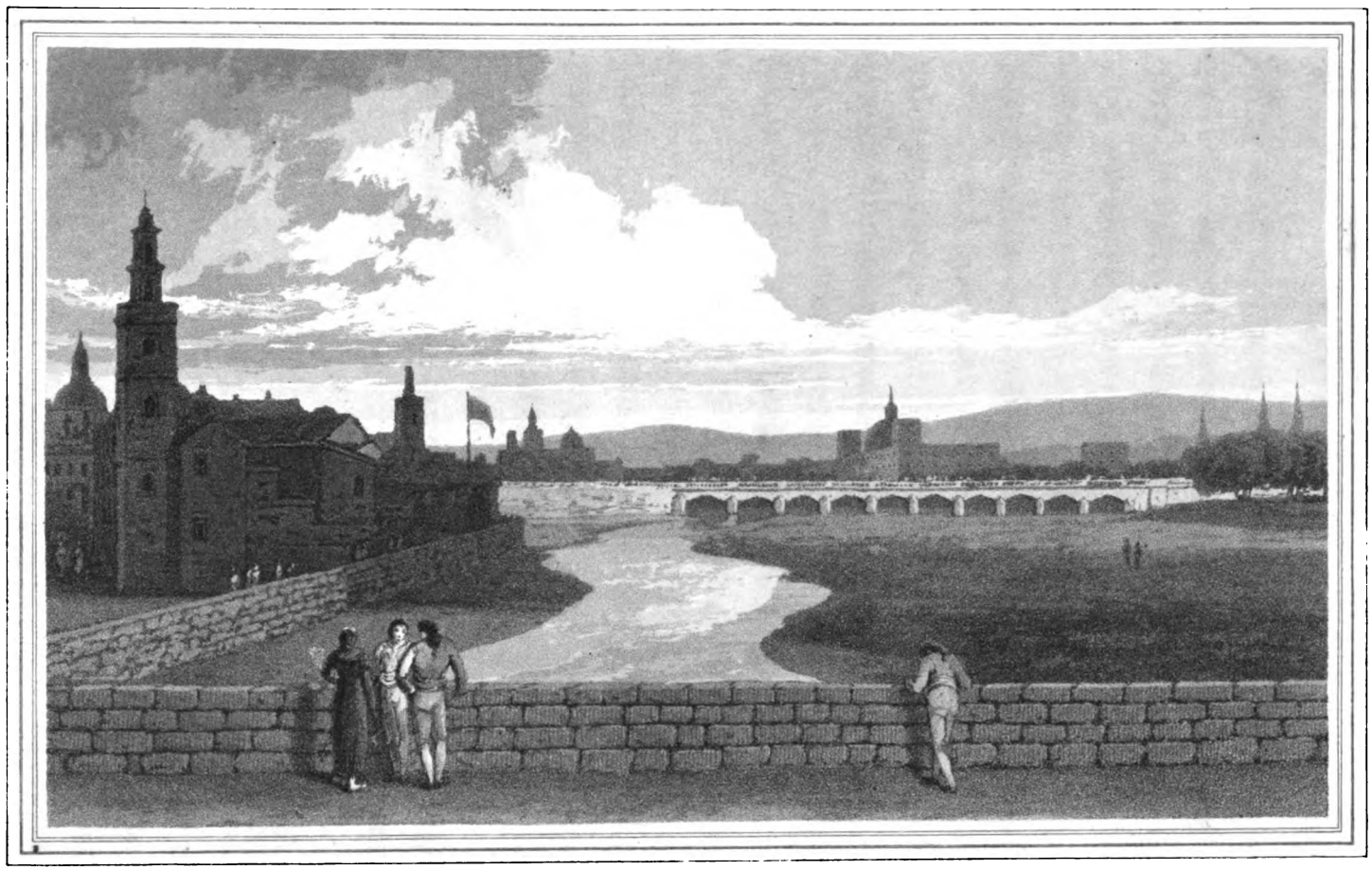

Valencia.

Drawn by Sir John Carr

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Guadalaviar, whence the city, its ramparts, the beautiful bridge of the Real, with its ten arches, the whole of free-stone, the ancient palace of the kings called El Real, now used as a barrack, and the trees of the alameda, produce a fine effect, which would be greatly increased, if the river covered the whole of its bed, instead of creeping through a small channel of it. However, it makes up by its magnitude and destructive fury in the winter, for its summer meanness and diminutiveness, and has several times carried away the bridges by which it was crossed. Here, with the permission of the Junta, who sent an officer to attend me, I made a view of the city.

Before I leave Valencia, I shall lay before my reader a narrative of some extraordinary and interesting events, which occurred in this city in the year before I visited it, with the particulars of which I was furnished by a gentleman who acted a very conspicuous part in some of the awful scenes they produced.

About the latter end of May, 1808, a Spanish ecclesiastic named Baltasar Calvo, aged about forty, born in the bishopric of Sagorva, and who afterwards became a canon of the church of Saint Isadora in Madrid, arrived from that capital in the city of Valencia. This man was deputed by Murat, then Lieutenant-general of

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Spain, to effect a counter-revolution in Valencia, by seducing the loyalty of the Junta, and bringing the members over to the French interest.

Calvo soon after his arrival, finding the impossibility of executing this commission, resolved upon the massacre of the French settled in Valencia, in the hope of finally obtaining supreme authority in the city, by the terror which he should inspire. Most of the unhappy persons thus doomed to destruction had been settled in Valencia for so many years, that many of the elder members had nearly forgotten their own native language, had adopted that as well as the custom and habits of its citizens, by whom they were respected and beloved, and with whom they were identified by intercourses in trade and intermarriages. Calvo was well selected for such an office; from his youth he had been frequently distinguished for his excesses and ferocity; in a word, he was ambitious, bold, subtle, and sanguinary; his person corresponded with his mind. His features, deeply ravaged by the small-pox, were dark, large, and fierce, and his frame athletic and powerful. The address, with which he set to work, soon produced results, which promised full success to his plans.

To obtain a number of assassins fit for his object, he

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prevailed upon the mob to break open the prisons, and liberate the wretches confined in them, under pretence that they would be necessary to assist in defending and purifying the city of its enemies; he soon also found others who from poverty or idleness were disposed to ameliorate their condition by any desperate deed. He then denounced the French residents, most of whom, from the commencement of the revolution in Spain, had taken refuge in the citadel, and declared that they were in conspiracy with their countrymen under Murat, to betray the city into his hands. The Junta heard of this savage plot, but having no military force, they made no preparation to resist it, until the British consul, Peter Carey Tupper, Esq. who, on account of the respect entertained by the city for him, had then lately been elected one of the Junta, obtained at one of its meetings, full authority to adopt such measures for the preservation of these unhappy persons, as to his own judgment might appear most expedient. Accordingly, very early in the morning in the beginning of June, at the imminent peril of his own life, he proceeded to the citadel, where the greater part of the Frenchmen had taken refuge, and, after pointing out to these persons the weakness of the protection under which they then were, earnestly recommended them to distribute themselves into six convents, and to choose a guard from those citizens with whom they were

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most intimate, and in whose humanity and firmness they could place the greatest confidence. This humane and prudent proposal did not produce the desired impression. The Frenchmen expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with their security, and obstinately refused to seek any other. Finding remonstrances and even intreaties in vain, the Consul as he withdrew said, "I leave you, gen- "tlemen, with great regret: remember, I have done my "duty as a citizen and a man towards you: the fatal "consequences of your refusal will fall upon your own "heads; I will not insure your lives for eight and forty "hours."

Having completed his plans, about dusk on the 5th of June, the Canonico, at the head of his assassins, marched to the citadel, which, after a little resistance, they entered and proceeded to destroy their victims with unsparing slaughter. The deliberation with which they proceeded was extraordinary; for before they put any one to death, they led him into a room, where he was confessed by some monks, who had been forced to accompany them to discharge this sad duty: as soon as this ceremony was ended, some of the wretches who remained in the room for the purpose, thrust the unfortunate person out at the door, and he was immediately felled to the ground by the bludgeons, and then dispatched by the

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knives of those who stood without. One hundred and seventy-one persons were butchered in this manner.

It was now night: the Provincial Junta, appalled by the destruction of these innocent men, for a long time could conceive no plan to oppose to such dreadful excesses; at last, however, they came to the resolution of sending to the friars of the neighbouring convents, to repair immediately to the citadel, and stop, by the presence of the host, the farther effusion of human blood. The summons was promptly obeyed; and they arrived at the citadel in solemn procession, carrying the host uncovered, with lighted tapers, and singing anthems, accompanied by instrumental music. Impressed with awe, the assassins desisted from their bloody occupation and knelt—the piles of victims, some still writhing in their blood—their kneeling murderers smeared with gore—the solemn music—the horror-struck countenances of the monks in viewing the ghastly spectacle before them—their different dresses, the whole thrown into deep light and shade by the effect of the tapers—presented a scene at once horrible, awful, and sublime.

But the cessation of carnage was but short. The Canonico, observing the immediate, and dreading the further, effect of the host, made an address to his followers,

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to renew the work of blood, and sent a message to the monks, who began to be panic-struck by the scenes before them, that unless they instantly left the place, they should experience the same fate. This menace was not to be trifled with, and they retired. When the day dawned upon the murderers, some of them discovered that eleven or twelve of the miserable persons intended to have been killed, had been only mangled, and were groaning from under the numbers of those who had been finally dispatched. In a moment, as if sickened by the sight of so much blood, they resolved upon sparing these persons, and without the knowledge of the Canonico, two or three of the assassins were sent to convey them into some rooms in the citadel which had been formed into an hospital, where they assisted in binding up their wounds, and administering medical assistance to them. About one hundred and fifty of the French residents still remained in the citadel, whom the assassins, as if satiated with blood, after some deliberation, resolved to spare, and to conduct to the gate of the Quarte for safety: but about eight o'clock the Canonico ordered them all to be confessed, then fastened them two by two with cords, and marched them out, apparently with the intention of conducting them to the gate; but on the way he halted them, and declared to the blood-thirsty mob by whom they were surrounded, that he had found in the pocket of one

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of the assassinated Frenchmen a copy of a correspondence between him and the enemy, in which he and his countrymen in Valencia, had most solemnly pledged themselves to surrender up the city to the French, as soon as they would appear before it. This re-assurance, accompanied by his holding up a paper, so exasperated the mob, that they dispatched every one of these wretched persons, near the Plaza del Toros. Mr Tupper, hearing of the conduct of the Canonico, hastened with two friars, but arrived only in time to see the murder of the last victims. As a considerable number of the French residents had not removed to the citadel, but had concealed themselves in their houses, the Canonico and his followers, proceeded to their dwellings, from the recesses of which, many were dragged into the streets and butchered. During this carnage, one of the Frenchmen named Pierre Bergiere, who had been confessed, and thrust out to be assassinated, escaped from the following rather singular circumstance. This gentleman had amassed a large fortune in Valencia, and had always distinguished himself by his singular charity and tenderness to the poor and sick. After the example of the condescending goodness of our Saviour, this person, in his visits to the prisons, had displayed extraordinary and even eccentric acts of humanity towards those who were confined there, squalid wretches, from whom, without the astonishing fervour of

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this good man, the best disposed would have recoiled with nauseated disgust. As one of the assassins was just on the point of giving the fatal blow to this man, upon looking at his face, he remembered that he had several times experienced proofs of his commiseration and kindness when in prison, he still however, after a short conflict with his conscience, resolved to dispatch him, but his heart failed him every time he endeavoured to strike: at last he exclaimed, "Quien es vm: un diabolo, o un "santo, que lo le puedo matar?"—"What are you, a "devil or a saint, that I cannot kill you?" he then thrust his intended victim aside, and permitted him to escape. Soon after, as the dismayed Junta were holding their sittings in the ancient palace called El Rey on the other side of the river, their anxiety was increased by seeing a large mob dragging five persons over the bridge nearly fronting the building. Soon afterwards, a fellow smeared with gore entered their hall, which was nearly filled by his comrades, and demanded in the name of the Canonico, that the Junta would give him a written order to put those unhappy men, who were guarded and standing at the door, to immediate death, upon which, after an awful silence, Count Cervellon, one of the members, perceiving the artifice of the Canonico's application said to his deputy, "You have killed many Frenchmen "already without an order, and none can now be neces-

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sary." The British consul then addressed the assassin, and implored them to release their prisoners, upon which, one of them, declaring him to be a Frenchman, aimed a blow at him with a long knife, which another of them parried, and exclaimed "Do not kill him; he is an Englishman." A fine brave fellow named Martino, and in Spain not the less respectable for being a smuggler, whom curiosity had attracted to the spot, swore he would dispatch the first man who offered violence to the British consul. Upon this, the miserable Frenchmen were as usual knocked down and stabbed, and their bleeding bodies left upon the steps leading to the hall.

The object of the Canonico in wishing to obtain this order was either to throw the odium of these massacres upon the Junta, or to have evidence of his being authorized by them to perpetrate them, or in the event of a refusal to make the mob believe that the members were favourable to the enemies of the city; but the lower classes seemed to think the answer of Cervellon satisfactory, and the Canonico failed in all his objects.

On account of his brave interposition, Martino was taken into the service of the consul, always attended his person well armed, until the tumults in the city had subsided, and was his coachman when I was at Valencia.

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Though the Consul's exertions had before failed, they were successful upon another occasion. As several Frenchmen were still concealed in the city, but were every moment likely to be discovered, he begged of the assassins to meet him in the market-place, where they attended, brandishing their knives, and smeared with blood. Here he again addressed them, and after several ineffectual proposals to save the lives of those survivors, who were expecting to share the fate of their countrymen, he asked them "if "they were not in need of arms and powder from Gibral-"tar to resist the French with ?" To this they replied in the affirmative, upon which he said "Then my country will "expect some return, let me have charge of these fellows, "and I will send them in irons to the king of England." To this proposal they at length consented; and thus did the British consul save the lives of these persons, and by another stratagem equally successful, the life of the French consul, whom he contrived to send in safety to France.

The Canonico now intoxicated with his new authority, and the effects of the terror which he had excited in the public mind, in the phrenzy of his ambition resolved upon cashiering the captain-general, dissolving the Junta, and assassinating the archbishop; and he actually proceeded to issue his orders to the effect, and at this same time de-

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clared himself supreme, and the only ligitimate representative of Ferdinand the Seventh.

The defenceless members of the Junta began to tremble at the accumulating power of this aspiring miscreant, when one of them judiciously proposed, for reasons which will presently be developed, that the Canonico should be invited to join the Junta, and assist at its deliberations. The Canonico accepted the invitation, with an air of insolent condescension, and attended the first meeting which took place after this proposal, accompanied by his sanguinary followers; who, when he entered the hall, filled the avenue. At this meeting he deported himself with the greatest audacity, and threatened the Junta with annihilation. As the members were upon the point of breaking up, Padre Rico, a Franciscan friar, an active, ardent, and intrepid patriot, rose and said that he had a motion to make, in the fate of which the safety of the city and inhabitants was involved. A solemn silence followed. He then denounced the Canonico as a traitor and called upon the members immediately to put him upon his trial. The Canonico, like Robespierre in a similar situation, at first appeared thunderstruck, but after a little recollection, artfully proposed, that as the members intended to judge him, it would be proper he should retire, that they might be at full liberty to investi-

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gate his conduct. His object, which was to gain access to his bloody myrmidons, was instantly seen through: this the British consul joined by the other members resisted, and, encouraged by this act of intrepidity, the Junta immediately came to the resolution of sending the Canonico in irons to Majorca, which being carried, two of the members went out the back way to the Grao, where they procured a boat, and some fetters. As soon as it was known that these were ready, the Canonico was with the same secrecy, and well guarded, conducted to the mole, put in chains, and sent to Majorca.

Upon hearing of the fate of their leader, the mob dispersed, the Junta recovered its authority, and about two hundred of the assassins were taken up, strangled by the garotte in prison, and afterwards exposed upon a scaffold. Amongst those who suffered was the fellow who had aimed a blow at the British consul, and whose hand remained nailed up on the outside of the prison Saint Narcisse when I was in Valencia.

The Canonico was afterwards brought from Majorca, strangled, and exposed in the same manner. Previously to his suffering, he was confessed, but he would not allow his confessor to publish his confession, except that part in which he declared that God and his crimes had brought

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him to that end, and not the Junta. A confession is always considered sacred. If a priest is detected in divulging it without the consent of the party confessing, he is subject to be cast into a well, and stoned to death. This dreadful punishment actually took place in Valencia some years since. The events which followed did not fail to leave an impression on the minds of the Valencians, of the connection of Murat with the Canonico Calvo in these bloody transactions; but I am disposed to doubt the truth of the imputation. On the twenty-first of the same month (June) Marshal Moncey, with an army of about twelve thousand men, besides cavalry, passed the frontiers of Castile, and entered the province of Valencia. The people armed themselves in the best manner they could and gave battle to the enemy at Contraras and Carbrialas, but were obliged to retreat: had the French advanced with their usual celerity, they might with great ease have possessed themselves of the capital, and consequently of its beautiful province. Instead of this, they marched towards the city with unaccountable caution and slowness.

On the twenty-fifth the marshal wrote from head quarters at La Venta de Bunol to the captain-general of Valencia, to inform him of an order which he had received from the Grand Duke of Berg to enter and to take pos-

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session of the city of Valencia, " pour *appaiser les troubles de cette ville,*" and graciously offered to pardon the city for the massacre of the French, if he were permitted to enter it without resistance.

At this time, the city had no military and only three dismounted guns, the brick walls which surrounded it were extremely weak, a large suburb extended beyond it, and its citadel was nearly useless. Some were for delivering up the place, but Padre Rico, bearing a sabre in one hand, and a cross in the other, paraded the streets invoking the people to hold out to the last extremity. The Junta too went into the places where all public news of importance is proclaimed, explained to the people the proposal of the French general, and demanded their opinion; upon which the women exclaimed, " death but no capitulation," and encouraged the men to go out and fight. By this time, the French were within a mile and a half of the city, when between two and three thousand men armed with muskets, went out at the gate of Quarte, and taking their stations behind the numerous mulberry-trees between the suburb there, and the enemy, commenced a brisk fire upon them, and at night-fall, no less than one thousand five hundred bodies of French and Spaniards were found in the fields. Here the Captain-general Caro, whom I have mentioned, then colonel of a

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newly raised regiment, distinguished himself at the head of his troops. Amongst those who pretended to head and encourage the people in this battle, was one Casamiro, a chief of a body of smugglers, who had clandestinely formed a party to surrender the city: but the plot was discovered, and on the very night after this conflict, he and his associates were put to death at Masinasa, a village adjoining Valencia. The next day, Moncey sent a message into the city, that if it was not immediately delivered up, he would raze it to the ground, and put every man, woman, and child, to the sword. The Junta replied, by soliciting a little time to assemble the parishes to take the public opinion more completely, which was granted. The parishes were immediately convened, and in two hours the following answer was sent to Moncey. "General, the people have been consulted, and all prefer "dying, to entering into any capitulation."

During this time, Moncey, it was afterwards ascertained, had been engaged, Frenchman-like, in dressing himself in his full marshal's uniform, and in making other preparations for a triumphal entry into the city. On the contrary, the brave Valencians had employed themselves more advantageously during this artfully protracted correspondence, by mounting three guns at the gate of Quarte, which presented two towers having semicircular

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fronts towards the enemy, and being further secured by breastworks of timber. At length the correspondence terminated, and the French approached within pistol-shot of the gate, and began to bombard it, upon which the gallant Valencians opened their battery, accompanied with a brisk fire of small arms, which owing to the French having crowded the street immediately before it, did dreadful execution: many marks of which I saw on the houses. The French exposed themselves in this manner, from their ignorance of the death of Casimiro and his traitorous associates, who had pledged themselves to obtain the command of this battery for the purpose of delivering it up to the enemy. The Valencians suffered but little; and after a conflict of eight hours, the enemy began to retire from that quarter, but continued to fire upon the city from other points until night, when after another ineffectual attempt at a different gate, it is supposed for want of ammunition, they entirely withdrew. Moncey soon afterwards retreated from the province, harassed by the Valencians, who took eight pieces of cannon from him, and leaving behind him an impression highly unfavourable to his military merit and reputation.

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CHAPTER XIV.

PUZOL — MURVIEDRO — AMPHITHEATRE — ANTIQUITY OF IRRIGATION — ALMENERA — CHINCHES — NULEZ — VILLA REAL — CASTELLON DE LA PLANA — OROPESA — ALCALA DE CHIVERT — BENICARLO — VINAROZ — SAN CARLOS — THE EBRO — SINGULAR MODE OF DRINKING — TORTOSA — CARRILLON — CRIMINAL AND GUARD — CAMBRILLA — VILLA-SECA — TARRAGONA — THE CATHEDRAL — THE QUAY — THE PLAGUE — GENERALS LECHI AND ST. CYR — TREACHERY.

ON the twentieth September we took our leave of the city of Valencia in a calesa, which we had hired for twenty hard dollars, to carry us all the way to Tarragona. The road which had been repaired and enlarged upon the occasion of Charles the Fourth and his Queen going to Barcelona, for the purpose of meeting the princes and princesses of Naples and Etruria in 1802, lay through the town of Puzol, where the archbishop of Valencia has a country-house and a botanic garden, and through another part of the vale nearly as rich, luxuriant, and beautiful, as that which we had already seen. At

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some distance we beheld the Moorish walls and towers of the celebrated Murviedro, bristling the summit of a long mountain, and after a delightful ride of about ten miles, entered the town, and alighted at a neat and comfortable posada. Owing to the politeness of Mr. White, an English merchant long resident here, and of whose hospitality we thankfully partook, we were immediately conducted to the most interesting of the many precious antiquities to be found in this town and its neighbourhood, forming part of the remains of the once magnificent city of Saguntum, which according to Apollodorus, Pliny, Silius Italicus, and Strabo, was founded by a colony of Grecians from Zante, two hundred years before the Trojan war. The ruins still attest much of the vicissitudes that befel this distinguished city, which obtained a high renown under the valiant Saguntius, sunk under the vindictive arm of the Carthaginians,—rose with replenished glory under the Romans—and finally fell under the yoke of the Moors.

In ascending the mountain, we visited the semicircular Roman theatre which lies a little above its base, and which is in a state of considerable preservation; we examined with many gratifying recollections, its proscenium, seats, entrance, galleries, rooms, and prison. From the seat to the south, once appropriated to the courte-

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zans, there is a most enchanting prospect of part of the town, some convents, and the exquisite country which surrounds the whole. A play had been recently acted here. Near the theatre are fragments of columns, and other remains of temples, and a vast cistern; and from the Moorish walls I contemplated a repetition of the same magnificent scenery I had lately beheld so often, only with the novelty of being placed nearer to the sea, and including a distant view of the city of Valencia.

In the bed of a winter river, in another direction, are the remains of a Roman circus, bridges, and naumachia; the latter is not easily traceable, on account of the ground having risen considerably since its erection. We were informed that the honourable Mr. Cunningham, about twenty-two years since, expended nearly one thousand pounds in one month, in digging for antiquities here, but that he was suffered only to take casts from such as were found. He also caused numerous drawings to be made of the most interesting objects.

The brandy of this place is much prized, and large quantities used to be exported before the last war with England. The wine is also much esteemed.

The disputes respecting the waters which fertilize the

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vale of Valencia, are frequent to this day, and may be traced to a period of great antiquity. It is traditionary in this part of the country, that in the time of Hannibal the people of this city claimed precedence of right to the waters of the torrent from the mountains of Arragon, called the river of Murviedro, and forced the people of Segorbe, said to be the ancient Segobriga, to pay a tribute for the use of its water, levying a heavy penalty on them if they used it without; that Hannibal took advantage of these disputes, and excited the Segorbeans to resist the payment of this acknowledgment, a circumstance which led to war between them and the Saguntians; and that finally, under the military prowess and skill of the Carthaginian general, the latter were subdued, and that when the Romans reconquered and rebuilt the town, the water-course disputes were renewed. It is a fact, that very lately the people of Murviedro petitioned the Junta of Valencia to give judgment in several suits respecting the aquatic rights I have mentioned, which were of such remote origin, that the characters in which many of the documents were written, were some of them unintelligible, and others illegible.

Early the next morning, we left Murviedro, upon a fine road, through a country covered with vineyards,

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passed through Almenara, a small town at the base of a mountain, and the village of Chinches, where the country expands, and exhibits a profusion of olive, mulberry-trees, and vineyards, cultivated with great attention. We dined at Nulez, an inconsiderable walled town, in which there is nothing worthy of observation. Half a league from Villa Real, we crossed the river Mijares over a noble bridge of thirteen arches built of free-stone. Villa Real is rather a handsome modern town, built upon the site of the ancient one, which was nearly destroyed by Philip the Fifth, on account of its attachment to Charles. The country, once the theatre of the most bloody conflicts, presented delightful prospects of fertility, much improved by clusters of carob-trees, and occasional views of the sea and martello towers, all the way to Castellon de la Plana, situated as its name imports in a plain, and eleven leagues from Murviedro. Here we slept in a miserable posada, and as there was nothing in the town deserving of attention, we made our escape from it as early as we could the next day, when after enjoying a ride through a continuation of the rich and beautiful mountain country through which we had passed the preceding day, and through numerous woods of carobs, during which the peasants every where presented an appearance of comfort and neatness, we reached a venta, where we were regaled with excellent fish. Upon quitting this place, we found

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we were taking leave of cultivation; but the mountains on one side still presented a number of bold and picturesque points of view. We passed by Oropesa, a small town of great antiquity, close to the sea, after which the country improves in appearance, particularly as you approach Alcala de Chivert, a small and dirty agricultural town. Passing this, the traveller is again regaled with scenes of richness and luxuriance as far as Benicarlo, a good sized, neat, and respectable town, chiefly inhabited by farmers and fishermen, but without any object worthy of attention. The ride hence to Vinaroz, with the sea on one side, and a lovely flourishing country abounding with olives, mulberries, figs, carobs, and vineyards, and a happy peasantry on the other, is delightful indeed. The town is small and ancient, situated close to the Mediterranean, on the river Servol; it presented a very picturesque object. Immediately upon quitting this place, we crossed the bed of the Servol, a little way further, an ancient square tower marking the boundary of Valencia, and very soon afterwards entered Catalonia over a fine bridge of one arch about eighty feet high which crosses the deep bed of the river la Cenia. After a ride of about eleven leagues from Castellon de la Plana, we entered for the night a solitary inn, in this province called a hostal, surrounded by carob-trees of stately growth, sloping to the sea: the rippling of the gentle surge, the wild and

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plaintive songs of some fishermen, the dark latine sails of their vessels, crossing the resplendent reflection of a full moon, produced the most enchanting effect, as we sat at an open balcony partaking of a supper of omelets and good Benicarlo wine.

The next morning we rose with the sun, and proceeded upon a rather rough road, through the most exquisite scenery, to San Carlos, where the marshes along that part of the coast produce a dreary effect. This town, composed of two handsome rows of modern houses, was intended by the government to have been the capital of the marshy peninsula of the Alfaques, and to have embellished the port of that name; and a canal has also been some time since commenced at Emposta, which was intended to have been carried to San Carlo, to improve the navigation of the Ebro, but the insalubrity of the marshes, which are very aguish, and the rooted prejudices of the people have led to the neglect of the town; indeed, were it not for a few fishermen, San Carlos would be entirely deserted. As the ferry-boat at Emposta had been removed to prevent the French, who were then speedily expected in the neighbourhood, from deriving the benefit of it, we proceeded over a fine road, skirted on one side by a magnificent range of mountains, nearly cultivated to their summits, and enriched by luxuriant fields and woods,

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through which the far famed Ebro meanders on the other. This river, the largest of the twenty-six rivers that water Catalonia, has been celebrated by the Roman historians, on account of the prodigies of valour which have been displayed on its banks by the inhabitants of various towns against the invasions of the Romans; but what rendered it peculiarly interesting to me was, the recollection that the waters which I saw had bathed in their progress the hallowed walls of Zaragoza.

Here, under some fig-trees, we saw peasants in their provincial red caps, drinking wine in a manner peculiar to this province. The bottle out of which they drink is of glass, and called a poron; it has one orifice for receiving the wine, and another resembling the spout of a tea-kettle, for discharging it. The person who wishes to drink, raises the bottle almost to the full extent of his arm, so that the wine flows into his mouth at a considerable distance from the spout, with which the lips are not permitted to come in contact, without subjecting the drinker to an imputation of the most disgusting act of rudeness.

We entered Tortosa, which is about thirteen miles from the sea, and nineteen from the mouth of the Ebro, over a bridge of boats. This city is defended by an an-

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cient wall with several bastions, part of which stand upon rocks of granite about a hundred and eighty feet high, and part slope to a plain. It has an appearance of some strength. After passing through numerous narrow and crowded streets, and a square, in which our appetite for dinner experienced a temporary check, by our beholding the thigh, leg, and foot of a traitor nailed to a post, we alighted at a good and crowded inn. Here, on account of the preparations of defence, and the city being a military rendezvous, all was bustle and confusion. In times of tranquillity, the population is said not to exceed seventeen thousand persons, but at present, I was informed, it is nearly one third more. The people of this place drink the waters of the Ebro, in preference to spring-water: it is extremely pleasant, after it has stood for a few hours, being at first of a red colour, and rather feculent. A priest conducted me to the cathedral, a vast and noble edifice, of which the bases of some of the pillars are faced with beautiful marble, there being no less than one hundred and seventy-seven kinds of that mineral in this province. The quarries of one species, called Tortosa jasper, are within about two miles and a half of this place. The citadel stands upon an eminence, and contains an area of nearly a mile, in which the barracks are situated. The prospect of the environs of the city, the distant country, the mountains, and the windings of the Ebro, from this elevation are enchanting.

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At our dinner in the posada, we were served with a dish of aberjenes, for which the lower classes have a most filthy name. This vegetable, when sliced and fried, is like a fritter in flavour, and is very good and relishing. At this repast we were regaled with the noise of drums, and the bustle of recruits drilling, and troops marching off to join the patriotic army, against their ferocious enemies. The men presented a very soldier-like appearance, and displayed all the apparent boldness, activity, hardihood, and vivacity, which my companion, who had long lived in Catalonia, attributed, together with great honesty, to the character of the Catalans. As this ancient city, renowned in Roman story, was expected shortly to be invested by the French, it was with peculiar pleasure we noticed the uncommon spirits which seemed to pervade all ranks, and the expressions of abhorrence which we heard against the enemy, particularly amongst the women, who seemed resolved to rival that valour which their predecessors displayed on the ramparts of the city against the Moors in the year 1170, and in honour of which Raymond Berenger instituted the military order of the hacha or flambeau, and bestowed upon them the right of precedence in the nuptial ceremony, and also invested them with other privileges.

Upon quitting Tortosa, we entered a most flourishing

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and beautiful country, abounding with mountain scenery, and numerous picturesque masses of rock, crowned with firs. This province is called the Switzerland of Spain; in many parts, I was informed, the climate is almost as variable as that of our island, where perhaps, with a view to furnish materials for conversation, and to prevent entire taciturnity, Providence frequently permits us to taste of all the seasons in the course of twenty-four successive hours. We slept at a village which the natives called Carillon, but which was not indicated on our map. This day's journey was eleven leagues.

The next day we pursued our course through the same delightful and romantic scenery, over an excellent road, on which were numerous well-constructed carts, drawn by four, and sometimes five, powerful mules.

We were much amused by meeting a stout fellow with his arms fastened behind him by cords, mounted on a mule, and carrying before him, as well as he could, a musket. After he had passed a little time unattended, we met a Catalan running after him, who told us that the man we saw was strongly suspected of being a traitor; that he was guarding him to the city of Valencia; that he had stopped to drink with a friend, and had given his

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prisoner his musket to carry, until he could come up to him. Few are the instances of men going to prison, and afterwards probably to the scaffold, with such passive submission as this fellow displayed, never making the least effort to escape, though so obligingly invested with all the facilities of doing so by his merry and convivial guard.

We dined at Cambrilla, a small dirty town, very near the sea, where we found the water very pure, and the wine excellent: small quantities of it are shipped from this place. The women are remarkably fond of very large ear-rings, which descend in families. Many which I noticed in the ears of the lowest females could not be worth less than five or six pounds.

After dinner, a servant displayed an instance of facetiousness and repartee which are said to abound amongst the lower classes in Catalonia. This woman, warm and buxom, was so uncommonly amused with seeing two Englishmen, that we could not get rid of her, upon which my companion, en badinage, and laughing at her, said, "If you do not go away, I will throw this cigar "(one which he was smoking) into your bosom;" upon which she immediately replied, "I think you had better "not do that, for there is fire enough there already."

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The face of the country must be singularly changed in the course of the few years since Bourgoing wrote, for I never passed through more romantic and beautiful scenery than that which lies between Tortosa and this town: he says, (Vol. III. p. 290.) that "Nothing can be more "dreary and desert than the fifteen leagues which sepa- "rate this city (Tortosa) from the town of Cambrilo." Perhaps, as he was travelling here in a very miserable manner with his wife and children, and in the winter, he saw the country with some degree of disgust. The road to be sure, as lately as the time at which I passed over it, became, after we quitted Cambrilla, intolerably bad, and owing to part of it being flooded, near Tarragona, we were obliged to make a long detour through the fields, the bottom of our calesa touching the surface of the mud.

After passing Villa Seca, a neat and flourishing town, we saw the steeples and towers of Reus, rising from an extensive and richly cultivated plain, to the north-west of Tarragona, and the convents, churches, elevated buildings, and ramparts of the latter, seated on a chain of rocks, and presenting a handsome and important appearance at a distance. We crossed the river Francoli, and close to the gates of the city saw the limbs of traitors nailed to posts, upon which a printed paper, explanatory

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of their crime and sentence, was fastened. After ascending a craggy eminence, and passing a redoubt, we entered this city through the principal street, which runs the whole length of it in that direction, half choaked up at its entrance by shells, shot, and cannon, crowded with officers and soldiers, and exhibiting every appearance of the proximity of an enemy, and the bustle and ardour of military preparation.

With great difficulty we reached one of the most filthy and execrable inns I had yet witnessed in Spain, and which we were informed was the only one in the place. In this wretched hole, amidst rats, mice, and vermin, we were obliged to pass the night, in consequence of my companion finding, that during his absence in England, his house, a handsome and capacious one, had been seized by an order of the government; and with the reservation of only two or three little dismal rooms for the accommodation of his clerks, had been delivered up to the intendant for the residence of himself and family. This house had the honour of having its gates decorated with iron chains, to denote that Charles the Fourth lodged there in his way to Barcelona.

This city, from the ramparts of which there is a beautiful prospect of the sea, of the Campo de Tarragona, and

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the extensive vineyards which supply Reus with its wine and brandy, is the capital of the province, reputed to be the most ancient in Spain, and to have been fortified by Scipio against the Carthaginians: it is also the next episcopal town to Rome, from which, if the Pope were expelled, the Tarragonese would claim his residence amongst them, though the city of Toledo disputes this honour. A thousand pens have been engaged, and the produce of many paper-mills expended, in this disputation, of so little importance to an Englishman.

A few Punic and numerous Roman antiquities still remain; amongst the latter are to be seen the house of the Roman proconsul, now forming part of the archbishop's palace, on the walls of which there are several inscriptions, the portal of a temple, a circus, and amphitheatre; and also a very long modern aqueduct, built by the late archbishop.

The cathedral is a vast Gothic pile, gloomy without, but elegant within, particularly the chapel of Santa Tecla, the tutelar saint, which is nearly entirely composed of jasper and the most beautiful marbles of Catalonia. The font, which was formerly a bath used by one of the Roman emperors, is of marble, and extremely simple. The organ is large and finely toned. In the

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cloisters are numerous Roman cornices, and inscriptions let into the wall.

About three miles from the city, after a delightful walk through corn fields and vineyards, we examined a noble Roman aqueduct crossing a broad and deep valley, in very high preservation. It has twenty-seven arches above, thirteen below, is about one hundred feet high, and five feet three inches thick at the base, and is constructed without cement. From its top I saw the peasants manuring the lands below by bundles of faggots, sunk a little in the earth, pressed at the top by heavy stones, and then fired.

I frequently used to walk on the mole, distant from the city about three quarters of a mile, but connected with it by a succession of buildings. It is a magnificent undertaking, extending above a quarter of a mile into the bay, and although extremely thick, strong, and skilfully built, yet towards the extremity, the sea has lately made a very large breach in it: but it forms an excellent harbour, and affords protection and facilities of shipping and unloading to numerous vessels, which pay a rate upon their cargoes for its repair and support. The greater number of vessels lying there were American and Greek. This stupendous work has been entirely made

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by the galley-slaves, of whom there are between seven and eight hundred, under the direction of an able engineer. The removal of the prodigious masses of rock, which form part of this stupendous structure, by these unfortunate wretches, cannot fail to excite the astonishment of the observer. Adjoining is the custom-house and the stores of the merchants, many of which are now converted into barracks. The city appears to great advantage from this mole. The ancient walls and ramparts have been repaired and improved and new ones erected, so that the whole is now in a respectable state of defence. A red brick battery built under the direction, and at the sole expense of the late gallant Camp Marshal Don Theodore Reding, who as the reader will recollect, covered himself with so much glory at the battle of Baylen, is said to be ably constructed. This hero fell an untimely victim to the plague, which raged in this city, and had only subsided a short time before I visited it. Had he lived a little longer, no one in Tarragona doubted that he would have been denounced, and as far as baseness and folly could achieve their objects, disgraced by the Central Supreme Junta on account of his distinguished merits and patriotism. This epidemy carried off a great number of people, many melancholy memorials of whom were to be seen, fresh and new, engraven over their tombs, in one of the burial grounds some dis-

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tance from the city; where those of the higher classes who fell, are buried one above another, in graves resembling ovens, made in a long and lofty wall.

The Junta of the province had not yet recovered from a panic occasioned by this unsparing distemper, and still continued to hold their sittings at Poblet, a very rich and fine convent belonging to the order of saint Barnardo, about three miles from the city.

The recent conduct of the French generals Lechi and St. Cyr, who, after manifesting an intention to besiege the town with a powerful force, hastily withdrew from it, at a time when scarcely any preparation had been made for resistance, coincides with that of General Moncey, before the city of Valencia, and clearly proves, notwithstanding the bragging and inflated boasting of the French, that true courage does not always attend them, though possessed of a decided superiority of numbers and equipment. May not their want of energy on this occasion be attributable to the barbarian baseness of the cause, which they have been forced to espouse.

Although a high spirit of patriotism reigned in this city, yet the reader will hear with indignation, that vessels used to enter its port, under a friendly flag, and false

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papers, take in a cargo of corn, wine, or brandy, proceed to sea off Barcelona, and when a fair opportunity offered, run into its port and supply the enemy. The Barcelona Gazette was frequently smuggled into Tarragona ; it had two columns, one in French, a nd the other in Spanish. The falsities contained in this journal, to those unaccustomed to the nature of French intelligence, would have been incredible. One which I saw represented the battle of Talavera, as covering the French troops with glory. It was here I was informed that the French, in order to intimidate and deceive the Spaniards, dressed their own wounded in the uniform of the British soldiers who had fallen in that battle. This contemptible stratagem was discovered, and laughed at and ridiculed by the women of Madrid.

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CHAPTER XV.

GERONA—SLNGULAR ANECDOTE OF A YOUNG PRIEST—CATALONIAN WOMEN — BUTCHERS — PROVISIONS—REUS—COINING — ABUSES—JUNTA OF CATALONIA—A CATALONIAN PURSE—CHARACTER OF CATALONIANS—SCIPIO'S TOMB—ALTAFULLA—TORRO DEN BORITA—HANNIBAL'S ARCH — VENDRELL — EVERY ONE TO HIS TASTE—ARBOS—CRUELTY OF FRENCH—BAD INFORMATION OF THE SPANIARDS—VILLA FRANCA—ESPARAGUERA — AN ESCAPE—COLLBATO—MONTSERRAT — THE MONASTERY — THE CATHEDRAL — LEONARDO DE VINCI.

THE glorious resistance made by the inhabitants of Gerona against the French, excited great interest at this time. As a proof of the calm and unextinguishable fortitude of its inhabitants, I cannot help mentioning that a young man intended for the church, and who had distinguished himself in the siege, effected his escape from Gerona, and came to Tarragona whilst I was there, for the sole purpose of getting ordained by the archbishop, who had fixed a day for that purpose, which was just at hand, as soon as the ceremony was over, he

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returned back, passed unobserved by the enemy into the besieged city, which in point of devastation and carnage resembled Zaragoza, and resumed his station in defending it to the last extremity.

Considering that the resident population of Tarragona, notwithstanding the late epidemy, is averaged at ten thousand souls, that it carries on so considerable a trade, and that it possesses its fine mole and such numerous batteries, it must be much altered since M. Peyron visited it, who says (Bourgoing, Vol. IV. p. 46.), "It (Tarragona) is now depopulated, and but of little importance. "The harbour is dangerous, and not much frequented: "there are a few bastions in bad repair, which were for- "merly built for its defence."

The women of this province, and particularly of this city, are remarkably fair. The people are said to be very superstitious. The lower classes are very fond of dressing their little boys as capuchins, and their girls as nuns, and on the festival of Santa Tecla, when her saintship has been carried about in procession, officers have been seen to weep, and dragoons to dismount and pray. The place swarms with priests and monks, and the eastern side of the principal street is nearly entirely lined with convents, by which means the holy fraternity enjoy

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the most beautiful prospects, monopolize much of the sea breeze, and disfigure this noble street, which ought to be entirely open on that side. Under this street there are great caves for holding corn, in some of which large quantities of gunpowder were deposited.

Here, as in the other towns, meat is supplied by contract: the intendant settles the price of that as well as of the fruit, but to obtain good meat, I was told it was necessary to bribe the butcher. The price of every thing in Tarragona at this time was extremely dear, on account of the number of military and of refugees from Barcelona then residing in it, and its vicinity to one of the armies. Mutton one pound, at sixteen ounces to the pound, sold for two pistereens and six quarts—Beef do.—do. for two pistereens—one pound of bread for eleven quarts—Fish one pound, at thirty-six ounces, from nine rials to two pistereens and a rial—a poron, or about a quart, of red mountain wine for fourteen quarts.

My desire of visiting the celebrated mountain of Montserrat, and my other arrangements prevented me from going over to Reus, distant from Tarragona about twelve miles. I was informed that it is a large, handsome, modern town, sprung up into great consequence from the fine brandy distilleries which have been established there

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by enterprizing Englishmen, and also from its tanneries. The Reus wine is much prized. Four pipes of red Benicarlo wine, will make one pipe of brandy, Hollands proof. The wine at this time was also extremely dear, at forty dollars per pipe, on account of the French having trodden down the vineyards, and staved the casks in the cellars during their march in this part of Catalonia.

Here, as in other towns of patriotic Spain, dollars are allowed, under the regulation of the government, to be coined, without alloy. In Reus two thousand five hundred dollars have been coined in one day. The exchange between Tarragona and Gibraltar was very high at this time.

Here, and in various other parts of Spain, I heard of the grossest abuses under the old government. Numerous are the instances of the frowns of justice having been converted into smiles, by the dexterous application of a bribe. The servant of a gentleman whom I met at Tarragona was condemned to the galleys for life for seditious practices against the government, a sentence which he avoided by paying two thousand dollars. This gentleman (an Englishman) was also himself condemned to be hanged and burnt for having given information to

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Lord Nelson, when lying off Barcelona in the last war, and owed the merry looks with which he related the story, to his having bribed downwards and upwards to the amount of fifty thousand dollars.

The Junta of Catalonia did not enjoy the same share of popularity and confidence as that of Valencia. Several of their ordinances had given public offence, particularly one which invited information against individuals, with an assurance that the name of the informer should be concealed. In consequence of this oppressive decree, so unworthy of a nation struggling for freedom, several respectable and innocent persons suffered imprisonment and considerable pecuniary losses, through the malice of secret enemies.

On the 28th September, as his commercial concerns would not admit of his proceeding further, I left the companion who had travelled thus far with me, from the time of my landing in Spain, and set off for the holy and celebrated mountain of Montserrat, in company with a gentleman who, in addition to an amiable and intelligent mind, added the charm of his being an Irishman, and largely partook of the vivacity of his countrymen. We hired a calesa to attend us during our journey, and were assured by several persons who ought to have been better

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informed, that the French were so closely cooped up in Barcelona, that we might safely proceed as near to that city as Los Molinos Del Rey. Just before we started we gave our driver some money, which he carefully put up in the end of his red cap, which, as well as the sash, in Catalonia, answers the end of a purse. Like nearly all the Catalonians whom it was my lot to see, he was good-natured, merry, well-made, vigorous, and active. A short distance from Tarragona, I stopped to examine and draw the very ancient Roman monument called Scipio's tomb. It is nearly a square, I should suppose about thirty feet high, composed of large stones without cement. The inscription is now illegible. There are two figures in basso-relievo in a mourning attitude, finely executed, particularly that towards Tarragona. The country about is covered with corn-fields, some vineyards, and a few firs, and slopes to the sea. After passing through the pretty towns of Alta Fulla and Torro den Borita, we drove through an elegant triumphal arch, chiefly of the Corinthian order of architecture, said to have been erected by Hannibal. Of this I made a drawing. Time must indeed have acted most capriciously towards this noble structure, for M. Peyron in his time calls it "a Roman "monument almost destroyed by time;" (Bourgoing, Vol. IV. p. 45.) whereas when I saw it, it appeared to be in a state of extraordinary preservation, particularly

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the front that faced Barcelona, and but little injured by age and the elements. A small portion of the eastern side which had suffered, had been repaired. The road was fine, and the country, though not so varied as the other parts of Catalonia which we had visited, presented a very agreeable appearance of woods of olive, and vineyards, the effect of which was increased by its being the season of the vintage.

In little more than three hours we entered Vendrell, a good sized neat town, in which the chief visible occupation was bringing in the grapes, pressing them in tubs by the feet, and cleaning old, and making new, casks. This primitive custom of expressing the juice of the grape by the feet is mentioned in the Scriptures. After this operation, the wine is poured into hogs' skins tightly sewn, the pitch of which within gives the flavour called the borracho. The sight of these skinny casks is whimsical enough; they look like so many pigs without heads, with their bellies full of wine.

Here we saw the ruins of a handsome house which had recently been burnt by the French. An old lady who had just returned from mass, observing us looking at it, said, " Ah that is not much; but the French have ba-
" nished almost all the priests from Madrid and Barce-

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"lona, and *therefore* they ought to have their throats "cut." Our inn was remarkably neat, and furnished us with a good dinner. In the passage, a group of merry Catalonian muleteers were at dinner too, during which one of them, who was occasionally relieved, pulled a fly flapper, fastened to the cieling over the centre of the table, backwards and forwards, a comfort very necessary in Spain, but which I had never before seen. In about an hour and a half we reached Arbos, a once neat and flourishing agricultural town, but which now presented the forlorn and desolate appearance of having been recently sacked and burned by the French. Two thirds of the houses had been destroyed by the flames, and we saw many wretched families taking shelter under a few planks within the walls of their once happy dwellings. Was it by the torch and the bayonet that the French thought to reconcile the brave, loyal, and hardy Catalonians to the matchless effrontery of their remorseless chief, when he assured them, that, in sending his plundering legions to lay waste their beautiful province,* "his heart was touched by tender humanity?"

From Arbos to Villa-franca is a fine rich and flourishing country, the vineyards of which, however, in several

* See Bonaparte's address to the Catalonians.

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places bear testimony to the devastating track of the enemy. We put up at an inn kept by an Italian, and which has for many years past maintained a high and deserved character for the excellence of its entertainment and the moderation of its charges. Here, as in a great degree anticipated, instead of the French being shut up in Barcelona, and of our being able to proceed in perfect safety to the very gates of that city, we learnt that the enemy were in the frequent habit of sending a large detachment into the adjoining country to procure wine, corn &c. which they succeeded in doing without the slightest molestation: so we were not long in resolving to relinquish all idea of crossing the Llobregat, and in hiring mules and a guide, for the purpose of pursuing our route to Montserrat through bye ways and cross roads little frequented.

We found Villa-franca a large, flourishing, handsome, and populous town, in which there appeared to be great industry and opulence, and but little apprehension of the French, though they were in the very neighbourhood. The population is estimated at six thousand five hundred souls. To the attractions of antiquity, it being reputed to have been founded by a Carthaginian general, it unites the charms of considerable beauty amongst its female inhabitants, and of a situation in a fertile and gently undu-

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lating country, which is extremely felicitous. Various trades are carried on here; and we were not a little amused by the hatters and shoe-makers following us in the streets to examine the shape and construction of our English hats and half-boots. There are here also manufactories of small arms and linen, and several brandy distilleries. I have been assured that in England the Spanish is frequently passed off for the French brandy.

As there are no public buildings or other objects of curiosity in Villa-franca to delay the progress of the traveller, we left it with the dawn of day, and after riding through a rich, and highly picturesque country covered with vineyards and woods of pines, beheld, at the distance of seventeen or eighteen miles, the Holy Mountain, with its serrated top rising in great majesty before us.

In our way to Esparaguera, we passed, as we discovered upon our return, within a mile of a little village, the path to which our guide fortunately mistook. The error led us about two miles out of our proper route, but it saved us the mortification of falling into the hands of the enemy, who were in this village at that time in a large body of several hundreds of men, purchasing corn, oil, and wine, for the French garrison in Barcelona. A long

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train of mules, laden with dollars, as we were informed, for the payment of General Blake's army, guarded by a very slight escort, which immediately followed us, escaped in the same fortunate manner.

We dined at Esparaguera, a small town, which the French had left about six days before. The people here are so familiarized to these visitors, that their approach scarcely produces any sensation: indeed, with the shopkeepers, they appear to be rather welcome than otherwise. Here the traveller will do well to lay in a stock of fowls, bread, coffee, and sugar, according to the time he intends to spend upon the mountain.

From Esparaguera, we proceeded about a mile and a half to a village near the base of Monserrat where we exchanged our mules for asses, leaving the former behind until our return. After slowly ascending this stupendous mountain, for about two hours and a half, over a badly paved road, winding close to the brink of the most frightful precipices, the superb prospect below expanding at every step, we made a gentle descent, and saw before us the celebrated monastery of the mountain, a vast pile of brick, resembling in form and size the extensive cotton-mills at Lanark in Glasgow, an appearance not very picturesque, nor correspondent with the romantic scenery surround-

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ing and impending over it. After passing a fountain well supplied with water, we entered the yard, beholding with amazement an enormous rock, nearly suspended over one side of the convent, from which evidently a vast fragment had been shattered. We halted at the gateway between two collossal figures of saints, mounted upon pedestals, where we were kindly received by one of the brethren, all of whom belong to the order of St. Benedict, and conducted through the cloisters, which are said to be one thousand years old, to the apartment of one of the canonicos, where we were regaled with chocolate and cakes, and soon after introduced to the superior, who occupied a handsome suite of apartments, and by whom we were very politely received. After this we were shewn to the room allotted for us, containing two beds, where, owing to the cold blasts blowing from the Pyrennees in the neighbourhood, we were glad to get a good copa of charcoal. This fuel is powdered and called carbonilla, and is very unwholesome. A piece of lemon is sometimes thrown into the fire, from a belief that it corrects the noxious effect of the carbonilla.

Just as we were sitting down to a good supper, the superior sent us a present of a very large bottle of most excellent black wine: when this was gone we paid for more, as we did for every thing else. The kitchen is very

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ancient, spacious, and sable, and a tolerable rival of that of Christ's Church, Oxford, erected by the bounty of Cardinal Wolsey. A stream of water runs through the middle of one of its divisions, in which plates and knives are expeditiously cleaned, and offal immediately carried away.

Every room kept for strangers was crowded, owing to the number of emigrants from Barcelona, which is distant about eight leagues. Two or three families slept in the next room to ours, and appeared to suffer but little from their exile; for they were reciting from dramas, singing, and dancing the greater part of the night.

The morning was beautiful, and we arose with the sun, which gradually unfolded, under various tints, the extensive and magnificent scene, which lay expanded before us, and above which we were so much exalted, that the shadow of the mountains below alone distinguished them from the valleys at their base.

After a breakfast of some excellent bread and chocolate, we walked forth to look about us, and were again struck with the wonderful cones, which seemed all around us to penetrate the sky with their tops. These cones, which, as well as every other part of the rock, are composed

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of calcareous stone called pudding-stone, are said, from their appearance of having been sawn asunder, to give its name to the mountain, the word *serra* signifying *a saw*. All of them are smooth; some are stupendous in height, and, with but little assistance from imagination, resemble the form of recumbent lions, squatting monks, the fronts and backs of females and Egyptian idols. It is probable that these cones were once covered with vegetable mould, which has been carried away in the course of ages by the rains, which in Spain are very heavy, and are now left bare like so many vertebræ.

The first place we were conducted to, by one of the fathers who attended us as our cicerone, was the church, which with the chapels forms a large, but heavy and gloomy pile. An image of the miraculous Virgin, the only one I believe whose visage is black,* and which is

* Mr. Parsons, the learned author of "Travelling Recreations," (p. 84. Vol. II.) of that work, has the following note. "The author, on being permitted to approach the statue of the Virgin (of Montserrat), concerning which so many pretended miracles are related, could not help commenting on the absurdity of its being black as a negro; upon which one of the monks remarked, that this image being sent from Heaven, such a circumstance could only be observed with reverence, and without attempting to penetrate the mystery; but another of them shrewdly exclaimed, Do you not see the marks of the brush?"

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said to have been discovered in a cave by shepherds in the year 880, and of her son, occupied the top of the altar, but all the interest and attractions of this effigy were gone; her dingy features were no longer illuminated by the flames of eighty-five lamps of massy silver, the smoke of which has not a little blackened the gloomy profusion of carving and gilding on the cieling. The only reason that I could learn for the face of this illustrious Nuestra Senora being of this sable hue, was that she might be distinguishable from all the other virgins. In one of the chapels we were shewn some paintings, one of which, our Saviour descending from the Cross, we were told was by Reubens; but the light was so scanty, and the situation so obscure, that we could not venture to form any opinion of its merits. It is conjectured that the monastery was once embellished by a beautiful painting from the hand of Leonardo da Vinci, representing the holy family, which suddenly disappeared. Amongst other pictures, which the late Gavin Hamilton purchased at Rome for the late Marquis of Lansdowne, was a picture of that subject, by that illustrious master, which upon the death of the marquis was sold by public auction with the rest of his pictures, and for a comparatively small sum was bought by a picture-dealer, who amongst a collection of prints discovered one which contained an exact copy of all the figures in the painting,

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but found that the back-grounds did not correspond. Upon a closer inspection he observed that the back-ground of the picture had evidently been painted over, so much so as to project above the figures. This circumstance induced him to scrape off the superfluous colour, which in all probability had been put on for the sake of concealment, when he was much gratified to find that the back-ground, representing water and rocks, also corresponded with that in the engraving. This picture was afterwards sold for a large sum of money to Lord Suffolk, in whose possession it now remains. I have seen a copy of it in enamel, exquisitely done by that distinguished artist Mr. Bone. The rocks in the back-ground have induced many to think that they are intended to represent those of Montserrat; but they are much too sharp and ragged, and the dissimilarity of character is further increased by the water that flows amongst them. However, it is possible that this may be the identical picture drawn for the holy mountain, and that Leonardo de Vinci might have painted the back-ground from some imperfect description.

The inestimable treasures of the donna, consisting of the most costly and magnificent mantles, cloaks, crowns and crosses of gold and silver, incrusted with the most precious emeralds, rubies, brilliants, and diamonds, a

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most superb collection of pearls, and an infinite variety of other jewellery, beside plates of solid gold, and lamps and candlesticks of silver, the presents of sovereigns and distinguished personages in various ages, have all been removed and buried since the French entered Barcelona, and the secret intrusted to three of the holy fraternity. Of course we saw none of this gorgeous paraphernalia and treasure, which, if converted into money, might enable these monks to become the true ministers of Heaven, by raising establishments dedicated to learning and charity! How lamentable is it to reflect upon such an accumulation of wealth, which, whether thus returned to its parent earth, or loading the presses and cupboards of the sachristy, is still uselessly hoarded up, and productive of no other end than that of perpetuating the dominion of superstition over ignorance and credulity.

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CHAPTER XVI.

EX-VOTOS—PADRE ST. MICHAEL DE SCHILLING—THE TARANTATI—PETTY RAPACITY OF FRENCH—VISIT TO THE HERMITAGES—THE FAIR PENITENT—THE WAY TO LEARN SPANISH QUICKLY—HERMITAGE OF SANTA ANA—DELIGHTFUL SOLITUDE—SAN GERONYMO—THE PYRENEES—SAN ANTONIO—SINGULAR ANECDOTE OF A HERMIT—EL CAVALLO DE BARNARDO—SAN SALVADOR—SANTISSIMA TRINIDAD—ECHOES—SANTA CRUZ—A HERMITAGE BANQUET—SANTA MAGDALENA—NARRATIVE OF THE BATTLES BETWEEN THE MONKS AND THE FRENCH—LERIDA—SALT MOUNTAIN—SAN ORNOFRE—SAN JUAN—POPULATION OF MONTSERRAT—RETURN TO TARRAGONA.

IN the Coro, the wainscot and backs of the friars' stalls are embellished with beautiful carvings in wood, but more light is necessary, in order to see them to advantage. A considerable addition has been made to the convent, which is in some of its parts upwards of one hundred feet high, but the infirmary is not yet finished. On the walls of the cloisters, the antiquity of which I

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have before noticed, were suspended numerous miserable daubs in frames, called ex-votos, representing assassinations, shipwrecks, persons vomiting blood, and half the disasters and disorders that flesh is heir to, crutches, models of legs and arms. These have been presented to the convent as grateful testimonials, illustrative of the particular accident or affliction, which the donor had been relieved from through the successful interference and protection of the donna of the mountain. How singular does it appear, that men of birth and education, and acquaintance with the world, should assist in keeping up the mummery of the miracles ascribed to this sable lady of their mountain! This custom is of great antiquity; it obtained amongst the Greeks and Romans, who when they had escaped some threatening casualty, or recovered from some dire disease, were in the habit of depositing these sort of descriptive paintings in their temples, of wearing miniatures of them round their necks, and of presenting copies of them to their relatives and friends. Horace alludes to this practice in his Fifth Ode of his First Book.

—— Me tabulâ sacer
Votiva paries, indicat uvida,
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris deo.

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Thus translated by Francis—

" While I now safe on shore
Will consecrate the pictur'd storm,
And all my grateful vows perform
To Neptune's saving power."

And by Milton—

" —— Me in my vow'd
Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern god of sea."

Montaigne in his Essays, Book I. Chap II. relates on this subject the following anecdote: " Ainsi respondit " Diagoras qui fut surnommé l'Athée, estant en la Samo- " thrace, à celuy qui en luy monstrant au temple force " vœux et tableaux de ceux qui avoyent eschapé le nau- " frage luy dit: et bien, vous que dites: vous de tant " d'hommes sauvez par leur grace? *Il se fait ainsi*, re- " spondit-il, *cuex-la ne sont pas peinte qui sont demeurez* " *noyez, en bien plus grand nombre.*"

" Diagoras, surnamed the Atheist, made the following reply to one in Samothracia, who, shewing him in the temple a number of offerings and tablets placed there by

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those who had escaped shipwreck, said to him, " You " who think that the Gods take no interest in human " affairs, what say you of so many men saved through " their grace: *So it is*, answered he, *but the fate of those* " *is not here depicted who are drowned, and who are in much* " *greater number.*"

In these cloisters there are also some stuffed aligators and other animals; the latter so black and devoured by time, that I could not ascertain what they were. The columns of some of the windows merit attention, on account of their slenderness and beauty of proportion. The laboratory is extremely neat, and appeared well supplied with drugs and medicines. The library is handsome, but there are few books in it but what relate to theology, amongst which a work upon the " Exercises of the Spi- " ritual Life," written by Father Cisneros when abbot of this monastery, and printed here in 1500, containing rules and advice for the conduct of the monks, and which in its time was very popular, and had a very extensive circulation amongst the religious orders in Spain, is the most valued. In a room not far from the library, at the end of a gallery, we were shewn a large picture, having a curtain suspended before it, which the monks insist upon being the production of Raphael, representing Death, Justice, Hell, and Glory, in which there are numerous figures of

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naked women, in all sorts of attitudes, the contemplation of which is sufficient to produce some impression upon the feelings of the coldest anchorite. Although I doubt very much its being painted by Raphael, this picture has great merit.

We had not been long resident in the convent, before we were introduced to most of the brethren, all of whom we were informed, are of noble birth, (such being one of the necessary qualifications of admission,) and had in their early days mingled in the active scenes of life, who received us with courtesy and politeness. One of them Padre St. Michael de Schilling, the hero of the mountain, by birth a German, but who spoke French, particularly attached himself to us: this nobleman possessed the modesty, urbanity, and intelligence, so conspicuous in his countrymen; by him we were taken to the apartments, (it would be perversion of language to call them cells) of Padre Mauro Amatller, the botanist and naturalist of Montserrat. This ingenious and scientific person, shewed us several cases in which he had arranged with great taste the various botanical productions, butterflies, flies, moths, beetles, and other insects of the mountain. By preserving an exquisite harmony of colouring in the distribution of those subjects, he has produced a singular and enchanting effect. Amongst the spiders, I

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noticed the tarantula, the bite of which is said to be venomous, and frequently productive of phrenzy, but in some instances curable by music and dancing; whence patients who are ridiculously, and involuntarily made to caper for their recovery are called tarantati. To each of these collections, Padre Amatller intends to give a scientific description in Latin, Spanish, and Catalonian. He also exhibited a well-toned harpsicord, and a harp played upon by keys of his own construction, and several ingenious hydraulic models. When the French lately attacked the mountain, he had but just time to conceal these cherished productions of a life thus far innocently and meritoriously expended, and was so fortunate as to save them from the hands of the invaders. This amiable man told us that when the enemy had retired, he returned from the place of his retreat, with great perturbation to his room, from which he found that every thing easily portable even to his clothes had been taken, except the works I have just enumerated.

Our good friend Padre Schilling, having fixed a day for our visits to the hermitages, we set off soon after its first rays had illumined the eastern pinnacles of the mountain, each provided with a staff of box-wood. We were previously invited to a dinner in the name of the fraternity, to be given in the hermitage of Santa Cruz.

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The morning was as fine as we could wish, and we were accompanied in part of our ascent by a very beautiful young woman, attended by two female servants, the daughter of a nobleman of Barcelona, who with the rest of his family had taken refuge in a house adjoining the monastery, which, as well as some parts of the convent itself, had been appropriated to the accommodation of these and other unfortunate exiles. The name of our young companion was Adeline, and a more lovely fair one I never saw in Spain. She was simply attired, and exhibited marks of her fallen fortune, by wearing sandals of the esparto. I afterwards learned that she was going to an appointed spot on the summit of the mountain, to say some penetential prayers. The sweetness of her countenance exhibited such evidence of the impossibility of her having offended, that I could not but ascribe her expiatory visit to some mere romantic mistaken notion of error. The good Padre looked at her with delight, and seemed to think,

" ——— call me a fool,
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenor of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity
If this sweet lady is not guiltless here.
Much Ado about Nothing, A. iv. Sc. i.

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With the feelings of nature which neither age nor his seclusion from the world had extinguished, he archly observed to me, " If you wish to learn the Spanish language, " you have only to pay court to that pretty creature."

The yard through which we passed was thronged with the fugitive families of Barcelona, their servants, and with fresh arrivals of pilgrims and persons who had repaired to the mountain through devotion, curiosity, or safety. After ascending a flight of narrow steps, and a road cut out of the rock, we entered into a beautiful serpentine walk winding amongst the bases of the cones, lined on each side by a shrubbery of holly, young oak, olives, elm, ash, box, myrtle, eglantine, the jessamine, rosemary, lavender, thyme, and other aromatic shrubs, tastefully disposed by the hand of nature, with very little assistance from that of man.

It would be tedious to describe all the hermitages of which there are thirteen, namely, Santa Cruz, San Dimas, Santissima Trinidad, San Salvador, San Benito, Santa Ana, San Antonio, San Geronymo, Santa Magdalena, San Onofre, San Juan, Santa Catalina, San Tiago. I shall therefore only notice in the order I saw them, those which appeared the most beautiful. To this distinction the hermitage of Santa Ana is particularly entitled.

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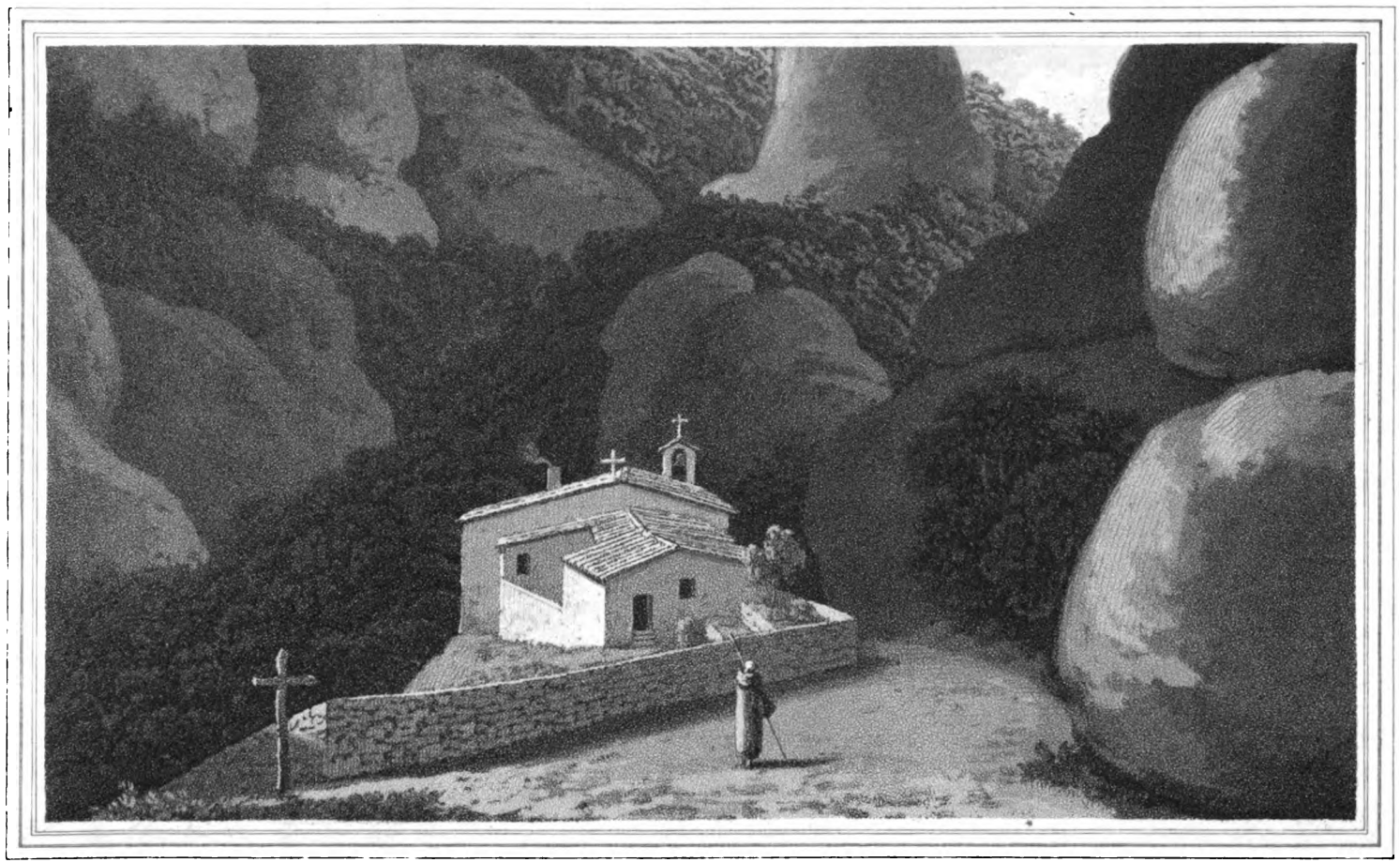

Hermitage of Santa Ana. Montserrat.

Drawn by Sir John Carr.

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This is the residence of the father of all the hermits, or mountain vicar, and exquisitely situated in a dell, on nearly all sides of which numerous and enormous cones ascended to a stupendous height, the smooth nakedness of whose summits singularly contrasted with the rich and beautiful foliage which covered their lower sides. Upon lifting the latch of this peaceful dwelling, which like all the rest is built of brick, roofed with tiles, and distinguished by a cross and a bell, we entered a very neat chapel, behind which was a sachristy, thence we were led into the hermit's library, stored with books of holy writ, thence into his refectory, afterwards into his dormitory, kitchen, and out-houses, in which was a cistern of water, and stacks of fire-wood, all of which were remarkably neat. At the back of the hermitage, was a pretty garden formed upon terraces, of which the holy inhabitant commanded a view from a balcony, upon the low wall of which were arranged several garden pots filled with fragrant flowers.

As we were quitting this delicious retreat, we found a pretty female at the door, with clean linen for the hermit, and a group of persons waiting to pay their respects to him. If this could be deemed solitude, it had none of the morbid gloom, and superstitious asperities, in which my imagination had hitherto enveloped the seclusion of

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the anchorite. It was just such a solitude, as an elegant writer observed, would alone be agreeable to him; in which, he might have some one to whom he could express the delight it gave him; it was a solitude, which did not withdraw the being who sought it, from the love of his species, it was erected in all the tranquillity and profusion of bountiful Nature, and which prepared the soul alone by its innocence and beauty, for the purity and glory of a better world.

In these delightful religious retreats, the songs of numerous birds compensated for the absence of the cheerful and companionable qualities of the dog and cat, which by the laws of these mountain devotees, we were informed, ought to be excluded from their dwellings.

Still continuing our route amidst the most extraordinary and exquisite scenes, we visited San Geronymo, then untenanted, the highest of the hermitages, perched at the base of a small cone, upon a prodigious elevation, from which the mountains of Catalonia, the plains of Valencia and Arragon, and the Mediterranean Sea, are commanded:—and when the atmosphere is very clear, the islands of Majorca and Minorca, though at the distance of sixty leagues, may be discerned. In passing from this hermitage we had a grand and distinct view of the

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southern slopes of that vast alpine boundary between Spain and France, the Pyrenees, the summits of which were covered with eternal snows, the silvery windings of the Llobregat, the rich and extensive vale of St. Mary, through which it meandered, and numerous mountains; the whole presenting a truly magnificent view. We were prevented from seeing Barcelona distant about twenty-seven miles, by the intervention of a hill.

We found the hermitage of San Antonio empty. The hermit who last resided in it went out to meet the French army when it lately marched against Montserrat, and after displaying the most undaunted valour, received a musket shot, and died gloriously in the field of battle. The particulars of the disgraceful repulses which the enemy received from these holy mountaineers and their peasants, I shall presently relate. Near this hermitage is the highest rock of the mountain called la Cavallo de Barnardo. When the people of Montserrat wish any one at a distance from them, they say, Go to el Cavallo de Barnardo!

The hermitage of San Salvador is placed in a most romantic and beautiful situation, close to a vast, and globular cone, on the side of which there is a rent between sixty and seventy feet in length, supposed to have

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been effected by an earthquake. I found the hermit, a sprightly and agreeable man, surrounded by several peasants who had come up to attend mass (it being Sunday); they had just finished their dinner, which they had cooked over a fire near the cone, and were drinking wine and eating melons. The hermits are allowed to partake only of wine, bread, water, and fruits, unless indisposed, and never associate with each other, except when they all assemble at the hermitage of their vicar, with whom they dine, having previously received the sacrament from his hands, a ceremony which takes place once in the year, and except, also, on the festivals of the saints to which their respective hermitages are dedicated, when they again meet at the vicarial hermitage to celebrate the day. After being refreshed with some good wine and bread by the hermit of San Salvador, who also offered us snuff made from tobacco grown in his own garden, we proceeded to the Santissima Trinidad, the largest of all the hermitages, where we found its occupier so extremely old and feeble, as to render it necessary for him to be attended by a monk from the monastery. Here we were introduced to the niece of the hermit, a lady of noble family, and a fugitive from Barcelona. When any of the hermits are unwell, they ring their bell a certain number of times, to give notice to the monks of the monastery, who visit the invalid, and if necessary, remove him below to the hospital.

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The situation of Santissima Trinidad is peculiarly elegant and picturesque. It stands at the base of several stupendous cones, rising with great regularity and majesty to about two hundred feet. A solitary, but stately, cypress, grows in its yards; and from the walls of its terrace gardens, a wood abounding with beautiful trees and shrubs, slopes down a prodigious depth into a rich and fertile vale below. So finely adapted are many of the rocks of this mountain for producing echoes, that I was assured the birds frequently sing in answer to the reverberation of their own warblings.

After a most delightful ramble of several hours, during which my pencil was continually active in making sketches of the different hermitages, we were not unwilling to bend our steps towards that of Santa Cruz, which adjoins San Dimas, the only approach to which is by a draw-bridge, beautifully situated like all the rest. The hermit of the former, Bernardo Crospes, a fine venerable man, with whom I afterwards became acquainted, had quitted it for the day, to make room for our party. In this hallowed and sequestered abode, we found two elegant women, of noble birth, from Barcelona, and with them and their relation, a very polished young man, our good Padre de Schilling, and three other monks from below, we sat down to an excellent dinner of soup, meat,

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game and rice, cooked in various ways by two female cooks, who had been engaged from amongst the servants of the emigrants for this purpose. Here commanding a region of unbounded beauty and grandeur below, and looking over the shining ocean, on which we could discern some of our ships of war, cruising off Barcelona, we banqueted like demi-gods, half way up in heaven.

Our hosts paid us every courteous attention, and bumpers of exquisite wine were drank in wishing eternal amity between England and Spain. As we were talking about the fruits of Spain, Padre de Schilling made the walls of the hermitage resound by singing a Latin song in honour of melons, beginning

> "Quando sol est in leone,
> Bibe vinum cum pepone,
> Pone libros in cantone."

Having finished our regale; we set off for the remaining hermitages, amongst which I was particularly struck with that of Santa Magdalena, close to which arose a naked rock of prodigious magnitude, and remarkably ugly form, upon the top of which a cross had been erected by the enterprizing piety of some very zealous pilgrim, who I conceive could only have reached the summit by a rope drawn over it, by means of a kite, in the same way

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as some of our jolly tars ascended with a bowl of punch to the top of Pompey's Pillar in Egypt. We found the occupier of this hermitage a remarkably handsome young man of about thirty years of age. Every thing about him bespoke his familiarity with good society. He had paid a spruce attention to his person; the fine auburn hair of his head, and of his beard, was neatly kept; his sable heremetical attire was new, and his shoes were finely polished: what motive could have led this man from the social scenes of active life, which he seemed so well calculated to embellish, I could not learn; but an animated gaiety of countenance, induced a conclusion, that much care and affliction had not yet consumed his peace of mind. I do not mean to indulge in the slightest scandal against this recluse, who, by the bye, gave us some excellent liqueur, which he said he kept for his visitors; but upon observing his appearance we were not much surprized when we entered his hermitage to find him engaged in close conversation with a very pretty young woman, who was alone with him.

"The hermit freezing in his cell
Might wish the gentle Delia well."

I found this hermit, as well as many others, well acquainted with most of the political events which agitated the world below.

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From a height near this hermitage, Padre de Schilling pointed out the road below, which he took when he headed the monks and the peasants of the estates belonging to the monastery, gave battle to the French, and defeated them. Of this singular conflict he furnished me with the following modest, brief, and simple narrative in writing :—

" I am by birth a German nobleman, and was formerly " in the army : when we received intelligence of the " French having marched from Barcelona to surprize us, " I put myself at the head of our peasants, and followed " by some of the monks, advanced to engage the military " banditti. We met at the village of Bruch near Mont- " serrat ; the enemy had about four thousand chosen men, " well equipped. My rustic force was about the same " number, but badly armed, and few of them accus- " tomed to military manœuvres. However, full of loyalty " and ardour, in defence of our sacred mountain, and " committing ourselves to the protection of God, we gave " them battle, and after an obstinate and bloody contest, " succeeded in driving them as far as Martorel, making " in the course of three hours great slaughter amongst " them. In this battle one of our hermits fought bravely, " and died gloriously. When the enemy halted at Mo- " lins de Rey, upon their retreat, I dispatched a messen-

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" ger to the general commanding the French forces with " a challange to meet me in personal combat with the " sabre, but he refused, and with his forces returned to " Barcelona."

" On the 24th of the same month, the French returned " in considerable force, to the attack, but were again re- " pulsed. In this affair I slew the French commander.

" On the 3rd of January, 1809, about four o'clock in " the afternoon, the enemy, amounting to about one " thousand nine hundred men, under the command of " General Davoust, again suddenly and unexpectedly " appeared before the mountain. The monks fled to the " summit, and I went to collect my peasants. The " French entered the monastery, where, after killing two " of our people left in it, they broke open our apart- " ments, and carried off whatever was easily removable, " even the linen which we had left behind. Davoust, " with solemn affectation of piety, and declaring himself " to be a good catholic, would not permit any of the sol- " diers to enter the church. His object was to secure a " choice of the precious treasure of our Virgin, which he " doubtless felt sure of finding, but we had previously " buried it, and the secret was confided to myself and " two of my brethren. Accordingly, the French com-

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" mander returned to his impatient soldiers, who soon " heard the mortifying intelligence, that the riches of " our Lady of the Mount had been removed, and that " no one knew where.

" The next morning, the miscreants, hearing that our " peasants were collecting, retired about eight o'clock: " as they descended, we dispatched about thirty of them " by firing, and hurling down large stones upon them, " from the heights which we occupied. We afterwards " heard that General Duhesme ordered Davoust to be " put under arrest for attacking our mountain without " orders." This measure was however most likely dictated either by a jealousy respecting the treasure of Montserrat, or was a stratagem to reduce, if possible, in the minds of the people of Barcelona, the indelible disgrace, which the church militant had thus inflicted upon the French army, in two signal victories and a forced retreat, by giving to the conduct of the French on this occasion the appearance of an unauthorized and ill-appointed eruption of some rapacious officers and soldiers.

After such a narrative, it will not be a matter of surprize, that in my subsequent rambles over the Balearic Isles, Sardinia, Sicily, and Malta, I carefully preserved a staff of box with which the Padre Schilling had long

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used to traverse his mountain, and that I frequently look upon it with pleasure, as a memorial of the virtues and intrepidity of the holy and heroic donor.

Notwithstanding the mischief which the cause of Spain has sustained from weak and profligate rulers, it is to be hoped that the brilliant, though unfortunately partial, instances of enthusiastic patriotism, which have impressed the enemy with awe, where they have not succeeded in impeding their progress, may at least retard the completion of the gloomy predictions of Charles the Third, who when just at the point of death in 1788, declared that he firmly believed in the course of twenty years, the Spanish dominions would become tributary to, if not totally subjugated by, the government of France.

Schilling said that he derived considerable assistance in these glorious conflicts from a M. Baget of Lerida, the ancient Ilerda, who bravely accompanied him to the field.

I much regretted that the positions of the French would not admit of my visiting that ancient town, renowned for a great victory obtained in its plains by Scipio over Hanno, in the Roman æra 537, and the able

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generalship displayed by Julius Cæsar, in conjunction with C. Fabius, in subduing the lieutenants of Pompey, in the year of Rome 705, and celebrated by Lucan in his Pharsalia (lib. iv.), in the following lines:

> "Colle tumet modico, lenique excrevit in altum
> Pingue solum tumulo; super hunc fundata vetusta
> Surgit Ilerda manu: placidis prælabitur undis
> Hesperios inter Sicoris non ultimus amnes,
> Saxeus ingenti quem pons amplectitur arcu,
> Hibernas passurus aquas."

The same untoward presence of the enemy prevented me from seeing a mountain entirely composed of salt, about five hundred feet high, and nearly three miles in circumference, situated near the town of Cordona, about sixteen leagues from Barcelona, and which impregnates the adjoining river Cardonero with salt, destructive to its fish. Padre de Schilling declared it to be the greatest curiosity in Catalonia.

To return to the hermitages. The last we visited were San Ornofre, and San Juan, both of which are erected upon a little narrow lofty ledge of a stupendous rock, impending over them, and actually forming the sides of some of the rooms, and part of the roof of San Ornofre. At a little distance, they seem to adhere to

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the rock like two swallow's nests. They are divided from each other only by a wall, are raised in some parts about forty feet from the ground, or rather gardens below, and are approached by a flight of narrow steps. Nothing could exceed the neatness and comfort of the apartments within. The hermit of San Ornofre was a venerable Frenchman, the only one upon the mountain, but the liberality of the inhabitants, though much exasperated against his countrymen, did not permit them to respect him the less on that account.

It was night-fall, ere we returned to the monastery, having visited all the hermitages but two, and rambled over a great part of this famous mountain, which is upwards of three thousand feet high, and between fourteen and fifteen miles in circumference. Padre de Schilling in our way back, informed me, that the population of the mountain was as follows:

Sacerdoci, or monks - -	56
Laici, or lay brothers - -	17
Picoli, or young choristers -	24
Heremetos, or hermits - -	7
Emigrants from Barcelona -	70
Total	174

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After enjoying a beautiful ride and walk round a great part of the mountain, viewing from less elevated ground the numerous vineyards, and rich and beautiful country which surrounds it, in the course of which we observed that there were neighbouring mountains possessing the characteristic features of Montserrat, but in a slender degree, we prepared for our return to Tarragona: accordingly, having remunerated the servants of the monastery for their trouble, and paid for the provisions they found us, and having purchased some coins bearing the effigy of the mountain virgin, some necklaces of beads, and other relics which are sold in a shop, on the left hand entering the monastery, by one of the lay brothers to pilgrims and visitors, we bade adieu to our kind friends, and after passing through the village in which I mentioned the French were, at the time, and from which we had the good fortune to deviate in going to the mountain, we slept at Villa-franca, re-occupied our calesa, and the next day reached Tarragona.

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CHAPTER XVII.

SAIL FOR MAJORCA — THE BALEARIC ISLES — MARINE MASS—ARRIVAL AT PALMA—OFFICE OF CONSULS IMPORTANT—NEGLECTED BY ENGLISH GOVERNMENT—A PREJUDICE — PUBLIC BUILDINGS—DON JAMES—A BANQUET—CHEAPNESS OF LIVING—POPULATION—BELVER—CABRERA—FRENCH PRISONERS—PATRIOTISM — NATIVES MUSICAL — ALMOND HARVEST—VALDERMOSA—ROYAL REFUGEES.

ON the night of the fifth of October, after spending a pleasant evening with a party of Spanish ladies and gentlemen on board of a fine American merchantship, lying in the mole of Tarragona, I set sail with the gentleman who accompanied me to Montserrat in the Palma packet, a felucca with latine sails, for the island of Majorca, distant about one hundred miles at the nearest point, and about one hundred and twenty to Palma, the capital. This island is the principal of the Balearic Islands, so called, as it is conjectured, from the remarkable skill of the early natives in using the sling. In addition to Majorca, these islands comprize Minorca, and Ivica. Formentera, Conejera, and a few other di-

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minutive islands, are called the Pityuse Islands. The whole were denominated by the ancients the Iberian and Happy or Fortunate Isles, and formerly composed the kingdom of Majorca.

For our passage to Majorca, we were charged eight dollars, and a dollar for our table. As the wind was very unfavourable, we had an opportunity of observing the advantage of vessels with latine sails, which in these seas, as I was informed, can go expeditiously within two points of the wind. We were nearly four days in performing this little voyage, during which our fare was excellent. Every evening, mass was performed, accompanied with singing, sufficiently loud to have roused the attention of a privateer, had any been within reasonable distance, even if the darkness of the night had prevented their seeing us. On the 9th in the morning, owing to the state of the wind, we were obliged to run from the Cape de Cala Figuera over to the opposite Cape of Blâco, between which Palma is situated, and so tack up the city, which, with its noble cathedral, churches, various public buildings, and bastions, and the lofty mountains behind, presented a rich and elegant spectacle, enlivened, though not improved in a picturesque point of view, by a great number of windmills in full play, which line the ground on its eastern and western sides. The

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port is small, but secure and commodious. The city is too near the sea, and too ill protected by its walls and redoubts to be capable of long holding out against a well-directed attack: at present, nearly all its cannon has been removed to Tarragona, the captain-general and council presuming that, if the continent of Spain is lost, this island will be protected by the English.

Owing to the recent ravages of the plague at Tarragona, we were rigidly examined at the health-office, the examining physician feeling our pulses, and also high up under our armpits.

After exhibiting our passports at the palace of the governor, we were conducted to the only good fonda, or inn, in the place, kept by a Frenchman named St. Antonio, where we got a tolerably good room, and where, during our stay, we were most excellently entertained, Antonio being a professed cook; and to his culinary skill and inoffensive character, I believe, he owed his personal liberty at this time. For a breakfast of chocolate and cakes, a dinner, admirably dressed, of soup, meat, fowls, and generally two dishes of game, either rabbit, hare, quails, partridges, thrushes, or snipes, with which the island abounds, pastry, abundance of the best of wine, a dessert of the finest fruits, coffee, a supper nearly as plentiful as

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the dinner, and our lodging, we were only charged to the amount of about seven shillings English apiece. We found the pork very fine, the mutton excellent, but the beef poor. As Palma is very little resorted to by travellers, the inns are very few and very bad. We were invited to the house of our consul, who was also American consul; but we were speedily warned by persons of high rank in the city, not to accept of his invitation, as he was of Jewish descent, and on that account held incapable of being admitted to respectable intercourse. The impolitic manner in which British consuls are appointed abroad deserves some attention from the legislature. A consul is an officer appointed by commission in a foreign country to protect and facilitate the mercantile interest of the princes or chiefs by whom he is appointed. He is to prevent any insult being offered or any wrong done to their merchants, and he is to correspond with the ministers residing at the court upon which his consulate depends. The British consul at Palma does not know a word of English, and on account of his Judaic origin, is held in a state of contempt and degradation by the people. He officiates also for America and the Barbary States. The time is not very distant, when a Jew could not appear with personal safety in this island; and numerous are the instances of Jews having been consigned to the flames, to appease the angry and unjust preju-

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dices of the people. Many of the ancestors of this very man were burnt on this account. It is related that the monks, in whose church the portraits of most of these unhappy persons, who at various periods had thus been sacrificed, were suspended, were applied to by this very consul, to let him have the pictures of several of his ancestors who had suffered—that he also endeavoured to win over the holy fathers with a considerable sum to put him in possession of these painful, and as it was considered dishonourable, vestiges, that they might be destroyed—that the monks consented, but previously had copies of them taken, which, soon after the money was paid, were suspended in the room of those which had been withdrawn, to the no little mortification of the deluded consul—and that the mercenary deception was considered a good joke all over the city, because the peace of a Jew happened to be its victim.

The French act more wisely than we do. They justly attach great importance to the office of consul, allow him a salary adequate to an appropriate establishment, send him out in a ship of war, and with every other circumstance to secure him respect. I had an opportunity of remarking in other places, the very injudicious neglect of the British government to this important subject.

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The cathedral, one of the most imposing objects in the city, built by James the Conqueror, King of Arragon, is a vast and magnificent gothic structure, entered by three noble gates. The effect of the interior notwithstanding the interruption of the choir is very fine. On the day when I saw it first, the effect was much increased by a grand military and monastic procession round the aisles, in honour of the anniversary of king Ferdinand's birth-day. Some of the windows of stained glass are very beautiful, and in the sachristy we were shewn the church treasure consisting of large and magnificent candlesticks of solid silver exquisitely wrought, salvers, a la custodia, and relics set in gold and diamonds, of great value. In an iron railing between the choir and the principal altar, decorated with gilt bronzé, and surmounted with a silver crown, is a marble sarcophagus, from one end of which, the body of James the Second arrayed in his robes, lying in a drawer, was drawn out, and considering that the monarch had been dead very nearly five hundred years, the face and body appeared to be in a state of extraordinary preservation. On the sarcophagus is the following inscription.

Acqui reposa el cadaver del Serenissimo
Sr. Dn. Jayme de Arragon,
2d. Rey de Mallorca,

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Que merce la mas pias y laudable
Memoria en los annalos,
Falicio en 28 de Mayo, &c., 1311.

Don James, grandson of Alphonso the second king of Arragon, the predecessor of this sovereign, conquered this island, and finally expelled the Moors, who had retaken it from the generals of Raymond Berenger, after he had returned to Catalonia in 1229. In the attack of the island, Don James is reported to have displayed the most undaunted courage and unshaken firmness. Upon Palma being taken by storm, the rest of the island submitted and was incorporated with the kingdom of Arragon, and at length, after many petty feuds, and insurrections, annexed to the crown of Spain. The episcopal palace adjoining the cathedral is a handsome building.

On the day of our visit to this cathedral, we were presented to the captain-general, Don Francisco Del Cuesta, at the levee held in the ancient palace of the kings of this island, at which all the noblemen, officers of state, and constituted authorities attended in their full costume, the whole presenting a princely appearance; after which we had the honour of dining with his excellency, who placed me on his right hand. The dinner, prepared under the direction of Antonio, our host, was splendid, and in a high degree excellent, and the room cooled by a prodigious large fly-

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flapper, suspended over the table, and kept in motion during the banquet, at which the most distinguished nobility of the island, and several fugitive grandees from the mother-country were present, all of whom cordially joined in the toasts which were given in honour of England and Spain. In this palace there is nothing worthy of notice except the vestibule and stone staircase, an arsenal, magazine, chapel royal, and prison, the gardens belonging to it, and a beautiful view which it commands of the sea and country. At this levee the poor British consul, to my no little mortification, was not admitted, and all the honour allowed him was a permission to send some game from his estate to augment the profusion of good things which graced the vice-regal's table. In the evening there was an illumination, as it was miscalled, which, although numerous parties were formed to view it, was not very creditable to the city, if the loyalty of the inhabitants was only in a ratio to their light.

The front of the town-house, which is a noble building richly decorated with sculpture, appeared on this occasion en gala; a large quantity of red velvet covered a great part of its basement floor, before which the portraits of the royal family were exposed to the view of the spectators. In one of the public rooms within this building, are portraits of distinguished Spaniards, natives of this

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island, or who had large property in it. Amongst others, I noticed those of the intrepid and loyal Romana and his gallant brother Caro. There is also a fine painting of St. Sebastian, the tutelar Saint of Majorca, by Vandyke, purchased at Madrid some years since. In the palace of the Marquis de Ariang, we were shewn several pictures, but scarcely any of them were worthy of notice; the best appeared to be some naked figures, which the excessive modesty of the lord or lady of the mansion had placed in such darkness as to be scarcely visible. Thence we were taken to the palace of the Count de Negro, where we saw a much better collection; amongst which were a fine head by Vandyke, a Vernet, and two beautiful Flemish pictures: there was also a head of the Virgin exquisitely wrought in mosaic. Upon the basement floor were several fine busts, particularly one of Augustus, for which we were informed eight hundred pounds English had been offered and refused by the noble possessor. There were also some fine specimens of porphyry, several small antiques, and some good casts. We were informed that the count has an equally good collection at his country-house, but we did not see them.

In the coro of a capuchin convent near the gate of St. Marquerita, where the Spaniards entered when they expelled the Moors, we were shown a very large painting

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of the crucifixion, confidently said to be by Titian, but it has been irreparably spoiled by the ignorance and negligence of those who removed it from the house of the person who bequeathed it to the convent. In the library are several valuable books and original manuscripts, amongst which is a history of Majorca, and the contract drawn up and agreed upon by the conquering Spanish generals for the partition of the island. There is an academy for painting here; but the pupils are at present not very promising.

The prison is tolerably commodious and clean, and, owing to the well known honesty of the Majorcans, it is but thinly tenanted. The Alameda is an agreeable walk, but not much frequented. The markets are abundantly supplied with every necessary, and what in England would be called every luxury. Fish, fowls, game, and fruits are in great profusion. So cheap is living in this happy island, that a married couple may keep an elegant house in the country, with olive-grounds, gardens, orange-groves, and vineyards, a plentiful table, drink the most delicious wines of the island, keep a carriage and a pair of mules, a suitable number of servants, and educate a family of children, in a refined manner, and associate with the best society, upon five hundred a year.

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The exchange is a very curious Gothic edifice, containing a magnificent hall, which, owing to the merchants being more disposed to assemble in the open air, than under cover, is now much neglected, and is at present a depôt for corn. Towards the sea, the principal street is broad, and many of the houses are very large and magnificent.

The rent of a tolerably good house is about seventy dollars a year; formerly upon an assignment of one, a fine was paid to the king, but this is now done away. There are about seven thousand houses in Palma. The population of the city is averaged at thirty-two thousand; that of the whole island, which is fifty leagues round, at eighty-seven thousand. This account varies from the enumeration given by other travellers, but I was repeatedly assured that it was correct. In Palma there are seven parochial churches, eight convents, four consecrationes, the occupiers of which are religious, but neither monks nor friars, ten nunneries, three colleges, three oratories, five churches, deserted and shut up; there is also an Inquisition, in the prison of which several persons were confined when I was there. The native regular military of the island is two thousand, and every male adult resident in the island is obliged to enrol himself for its defence in case of inva-

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sion. The monks and friars are two thousand, and the ecclesiastics two thousand five hundred.

There is a beautiful walk, much frequented, to a castle called Belver, about a mile and a half from Palma, through the gate of Catalina, along the cliff, from which there is a fine view of the bay and city. The wind-mills, which abound in this direction, are very small, as I am informed, about the size of those in La Mancha, celebrated for having been the objects of chivalrous assault by the immortal knight of that province. These mills are numerous on account of the general want of powerful streams in the island. In this castle, which is singularly picturesque, its ancient walls being in many places covered with the caper, three French generals were confined. From the leads we had a wide and beautiful prospect, and could easily distinguish the island of Cabrera, lying about nine miles to the north-east of Cabo de Salinas. This island is about two miles and three quarters from east to west, and about three miles from the south-west to the north-east. In this barren and desolate place, sufficiently dreary to drive to madness any other being but a native of France, there were no less than five thousand French prisoners shut up; who, however, by the assistance of gambling, dancing, and a theatre, contrived to dissipate the gloom which surrounded them. This island is very injudiciously

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converted into a depôt for prisoners of war. It is possible that the weather might be so boisterous as to prevent the victualling boats from going to it from Majorca, and also that vessels might be driven in stress of weather into its bays and harbours, by which many of the prisoners might effect their escape.

The walk to Belver was a favourite ramble of mine during my stay. The climate, always benign and temperate, was peculiarly grateful at this season of the year.

We were present at a concert given by the granddaughter of Don Thomas des Escalado, the intendant of Palma, with a salary of three thousand dollars per annum.

This elegant old gentleman was turned of eighty, and, to a mind well stored and wholly unimpaired, he added a flow of spirits, and activity truly surprizing. In respect to looks, health, and happiness, he appeared to be the patriarchal representative of his favoured island. To this gentleman I was much indebted for many attentions and introductions to several very agreeable natives of distinction. At one party where I happened one evening to be present, an old colonel came in and said he had just heard that his son had been killed at Gerona; after wiping a few drops, he added, "It is the second I have "lost in the field of battle, but thank God! I am con-

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" soled by reflecting that they have died for their king " and country."

There is a tolerable theatre here. The people appeared to me more musically inclined here than any part of the continent of Spain I had visited; I often heard the castanets well played. The most esteemed are made of the pomegranate wood, and to improve their tone they are fried in oil for a short time. The fandango and volero are great favourites here. There are also several good public institutions for the poor, aged, and infirm.

Having visited every object worthy of notice in the city, I joined an agreeable party on mules to the celebrated monastery of Valdemusa os Mosa, or Mosa. Our ride, which lasted about three hours, lay through an exquisitely, rich, and highly cultivated country, consisting of corn-land, vineyards, and woods of olive, carob, almond, pomegranate, and apple-trees. Male and female peasants with long hair, generally plaited, wearing large black felt hats, and dresses of blue serge, much in the style of those of Holland, displaying neatness and contentment, divided the labours of the field. Instead of the mantilla, a head-dress called the rebozillo, or double handkerchief, is worn by the female, which covers the head, is fastened under the chin, falls over the shoulders and

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back, and is far from being becoming. The male peasants generally wear leather shoes and spatterdashes. In the streets of Palma, I met several youths attired as ecclesiastics, but I found that they did not belong to the church, and wore this dress only through economy, many of them not having a shirt to wear.

It was now the almond-harvest, and merry groups, young and old, were assembled to collect this delicious fruit from the delicate trees that bore it. The eye could not turn but to banquet on some beautiful or romantic object. Every cottage was a picture, and the industry and happiness of man seemed to co-operate with the beneficence of the soil and climate.

When we entered upon the estates of the convent, the hand of culture seemed to have been still more actively and skilfully employed. After winding along the sides of the most picturesque hills, richly cloathed to their summits, belted with ridges or terrace-walls rising above each other, kept in the greatest order, and by vines, entwined round almond trees, bending with rich and ponderous clusters, we discerned the pale yellow front of the monastery seated mid-way on the side of a mountain, in a calm and majestic retreat, deriving a sort of sylvan solemnity from groups of cypresses, palms, and poplars, and inter-

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minable woods of olives. In such abundance are the latter, that the natives, in the fulness of pride and warmth of heart, have an exaggerating saying, "If only "one olive were to be taken from each tree in the island, "the amount collected would supply every native with "oil sufficient for his ordinary consumption." This article, so precious to a Spaniard, is in this island so remarkably pure and sweet, that I became reconciled to the use of it. As we approached the monastery, we met several of the holy brethren taking their afternoon walk. We brought provisions and a cook with us, which are very necessary, as the monks never suffer meat, unless brought by strangers, to enter their walls; and their funds were at this time rather at a low ebb on account of the erection of a noble church adjoining the convent, which as far as it had proceeded, had dipped deeply into their treasury. Owing to this heavy expenditure, they had given notice in the Palma Gazette, that, with an exception of the English, they could not entertain strangers till their new church was finished.

The superior, an enormous and jolly old man, paid us the compliment of rising from his siesta to receive us, and whilst our dinner was preparing, one of the monks, a very intelligent man, conducted us over the convent and church. The latter is a vast and noble pile, the internal

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decorations of which were not half finished. The dome and roof were painted in gaudy colours and bad taste by an Italian artist, and the bases of the pilasters were formed of fine marble from the neighbouring rocks. There was a colossal figure of the Virgin holding a silesio, a net of iron with sharp points, which is by way of penance fastened round the thigh, or loins of female penitents, finely executed in wood, intended for one of the lateral chapels of the church. The number of monks was twenty-nine, of whom seventeen had fled from Barcelona. Their cells were handsome apartments. The gardens of the convent are spacious ; in some of them we saw land tortoises. From a long terrace under arches of vines, there is a superb view of the surrounding valleys and mountains. After an excellent repast, we took leave of our prior, who expressed himself warmly attached to the English, and talked much of an entertainment which had been given to him, on board of an English frigate, and in our way to our mules, which were led to the village of Valdemusa, we were taken to the church, in which we saw nothing worthy of notice, but the levity with which the attendant monk evidently treated the mummery which he shewed us.

The next day, attended by an Englishman long resident at Palma as an interpreter, we had the honour of

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an interview with two members of the unfortunate royal family of Spain, Donna Maria Theresa de Vallabriga, and her daughter the Infanta Donna Maria Luisa de Bourbon. The former is the neice of the late Don Pedro Estuardo (Stuart) Marques di San Leonardo, a brother of the old Marshal Duke of Berwick, and who, with the consent of Charles the Third, was married to his youngest brother the Infant Don Louis, upon condition that she should not be acknowledged, nor the issue of the marriage entitled to any privileges. Don Louis had been bred to the church originally, was raised to the rank of cardinal, and appointed archbishop of Toledo, which he resigned on being dispensed from his vows. Soon after his death, leaving three children, a boy and two girls, it was publickly declared that the early and singular inclination, which these children had exhibited for the church, had determined his majesty to yield to their pious propensities; and accordingly the girls were placed in a convent, and the boy committed to the care of the cardinal Lorenzana, then archbishop of Toledo, and educated in the palace of that town, to which elevated rank he has since succeeded, and is likewise a cardinal and archbishop of Seville. On the death of the king, the eldest of the girls, as before noticed, was married to Godoy the Prince of *the* Peace, the words of the patent; for the Spaniards deem it impious to say Prince of Peace, an attribute of

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our Saviour, though commonly called so by the English. Shortly after these nuptials, performed by the brother with royal magnificence, a proclamation appeared, restoring the children of the late Infant Don Louis to their just rights, in which King Charles the Fourth endeavoured to apologize for the conduct of his father towards them, and consequently, had Spain remained in tranquillity, the succession to the Spanish monarchy would have been as open to them, as to the other branches of the royal family, it being generally believed that the cortes, holden upon Charles the Fourth's accession, had rescinded the pragmatic sanction of Philip the Fifth, son to Louis the Fourteenth, by which the crown was limited to male issue alone, and thus the females, as formerly practised in Old Spain, were admitted to an equal right.

Donna Maria Theresa, and her youngest daughter, were living in great retirement in the palace of the Marquis of Sollerick, having recently made their escape, under circumstances of romantic peril and enterprize, attended by a faithful priest, Michael del Puego, from Zaragoza, where the young Infanta had been placed in a convent.

The former of these two personages was a noble looking and rather dark woman, the latter very fair and of a fine com-

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plexion. Donna Maria held the French in such abhorrence, that she avoided making use of the language as much as possible. In our presence, she took an affecting and painful review of the reverses of her fortune, and with tears said, "though politics have but little attracted my attention, I have long foreseen the subtle intentions of Bonaparte, and the overthrow of the august house to which I belong. What will be our final destiny I know not, nor can I tell where we shall be obliged to seek an asylum,"—here she was so affected, that she paused for a minute, and then added, "I look to Heaven, there is my only consolation!" Through the interpreter, I recommended her to seek protection in England; but the horror she entertained of so long a voyage, and the desire of remaining in any part of Spain that held out for the legitimate throne, seemed to have too full possession of her mind to induce her to attend to the recommendation.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

RIDE TO ALFABIA—THE ORANGE COUNTRY—SOLLER—A PARTING SCENE—THE GRANJA—INVETERATE PREJUDICE—INCA—CONVENT OF ST. GERONA—ALCUDIA—THE LAKE—SAIL FOR MINORCA—REMARKS ON THE WAR IN SPAIN—WATER-SPOUTS—MAHON—ITS OPULENCE—CHARACTER OF THE INHABITANTS—EXCURSION TO MONT-TORO—THE ISLAND OF MINORCA—DRESS, LANGUAGE, AND FOOD OF THE PEASANTS—CIUDADELLA—DRUIDICAL REMAINS—FORT OF ST. PHILIP.

THERE are no carriages for hire in this island; we were therefore indebted to the marquis of B— for a tolerably constructed one, drawn by four mules to carry us part of the way to Soller, pronounced Solia, the capital of the orange country lying to the north-west of Palma. Our road lay through a continued scene of rural beauty, culture, and fertility, the interest of which was increased by the agreeable conversation of Senor Don Lorenzo and Senor Don Vallori, two gentlemen who were pleased to pay me great attention in this island. We noticed the caper, which in various parts of this

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island grows wild, in considerable quantities, and forms a lucrative subject of exportation to the individual who is principally engaged in it. In no part of England have I seen more agricultural neatness and industry. All the stone fences, dividing one field from another, were kept in the highest order, as were the walls which embanked the rising grounds. In the immense woods of olives, by which we passed, I noticed some of the most venerable olive-trees I had yet seen; our intelligent companion told us, that there was no doubt of some of them being between four and five hundred years old, as appeared by the title-deeds and register of some of the estates; indeed several were perfect skeletons, and rested upon bare roots rudely resembling tripods. We partook of a noble dinner at Alfabia, distant from Palma about three hours, the country-house of Signor Zaffortesa, than which it would be difficult to conceive any spot under heaven more beautiful or tranquil. The riches of this gentleman are very great. Upon the marriage of his brother, he presented him with three hundred thousand dollars, and two coaches filled with silver plate. Behind the house, which was spacious, were orchards of mulberry and almond-trees, gardens abounding with the finest vegetables, fruits, orange and citron-groves, a long and exquisite treillage of the most luscious vines, with numerous jet-d'eaux playing on each side between every arch, whilst

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the air was perfumed with the fragrance of lavender and thyme growing wild, the whole secured on all sides by lofty and picturesque mountains covered nearly to their craggy summits with olives. The grounds were supplied with water from a spacious tank, round the edges of which the cenlentrillo, a plant from which capillaire is made, grew, and which, as we were informed, was a proof of the purity of the water; and I also noticed large myrtle-trees bearing a small fruit of a dark blue colour which when ripe is eaten. In the chapel belonging to the house we were shewn the state chair of the ancient kings of Majorca; at dinner we were regaled with several delicious wines, the production of the island, the best of which, amongst the white wines, are called Mollar, Malvasia, Giro, Montona, Pampol, and Muscadell; amongst the red, Binisalem, Banubufar Inca, and Son Berga. I noticed two or three hawks hovering over the ground, but the island is said to be free from venomous animals.

As the road beyond Alfabia is impassable for carriages, our friends returned to Palma, and we proceeded on mules over a rough road through a beautiful, rich, and mountainous country, embellished with many fine stately evergreen oaks and firs. Instead of saddles, our mules were provided with goat-skins and two panniers. The cruppers chiefly in use are made of wood. Their carts

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are just as simple; they will hold but little more than what a good sized English wheelbarrow will, and their unwieldiness is only to be accounted for by the extreme bad state of the roads, which are maintained by a slight tax upon the articles of life. The male peasants ride sideways, owing to which, and their full trowsers and large hats, at a little distance they may easily be mistaken for females: the children are whimsically enough carried in panniers upon asses. We reached the town of Soller after a ride of about two hours, just as the sun was tinging with his last beam the vast groves of oranges which surround it to a great distance. In our way the peasants very courteously saluted us with "Bon dia tinga," or good day. Their language, we were told, differs somewhat from that used on the continent. It is said to be tinctured with Greek, Latin, Arabic, Languedocian, Catalonian and Castilian, with a dash of Carthaginian, Syrian, and Gothic words. The higher orders, and even the sailors generally speak Castilian. The town which is said to contain about eight thousand inhabitants, the greater part of whom are orange-farmers, lies in part of the valley of Soller, and in its outskirts presents some beautiful subjects for the pencil: during our stay, we lodged at the house of the Marquis del Campo Negro, whose steward and his wife, in the absence of their lord, attended to our accommodation. This house which was

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rather mean, derived no advantage whatever from its being placed in so beautiful a spot of the creation: for it is approached by a lane, and its front looks upon a stony dilapidated wall. I arose with the sun to contemplate the richness of the celebrated vale of orange-trees, which is well watered by a variety of little brooks, but though very beautiful it would be much improved, in picturesque effect, if other trees relieved the rich monotony of the view.

The port is a short distance from the town, from which the oranges of this province are shipped for foreign markets. In my rambles, my attention was attracted by loud and bitter weeping, and every demonstration of extreme anguish, which I found to proceed from a young woman, who having just been married, was leaving her mother, and the spot of her nativity. Her spouse was waiting on his mule to convey his bride from her mother, to a province in another part of the island; and so severe was the separation of these attached peasants, that a priest from a neighbouring convent came out to administer consolation, and to assist the good man in carrying his wife away, who could not have displayed more frantic grief, had she been under a sentence of transportation to a far distant country. This little circumstance, in some degree, confirmed the report which I had heard of the peculiarly happy and social condition of the people of Soller.

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I have before noticed the uncommon ease and impudence of the Spanish servants: one of this tribe, belonging to the marquis, instead of walking by the side of my mule through the town, when I was leaving the place, jumped up behind me and began singing; and I believe considered that I treated him very unjustifiably by making him descend. In our way back we dined again at Alfabia, and reached Palma at seven, just as the gates were being shut.

A few days afterwards, we were conducted by the Count de Polada, the son of the Marquis de Darmeto, a grandee of high rank and wealth, in his coach drawn by four mules to the most beautiful country residence in the island called the Granja, pronounced Granca, belonging to Don Ramon Fortuny. After a delightful drive, we stopped at Esporlas, where the road becomes impassable for a carriage. Here in the garden of a priest we partook of an excellent breakfast, and proceeded on foot about a mile and a quarter through a most romantic scene of rocks crowned with cottages, and silver poplars, much resembling some of the most exquisite spots in Sweden, in the summer, to the Granja, which unfolded new charms as we approached it. The lord and lady of the place seemed in all respects worthy of the paradise which they occupied. After attending us over their pleasure-grounds, orange-

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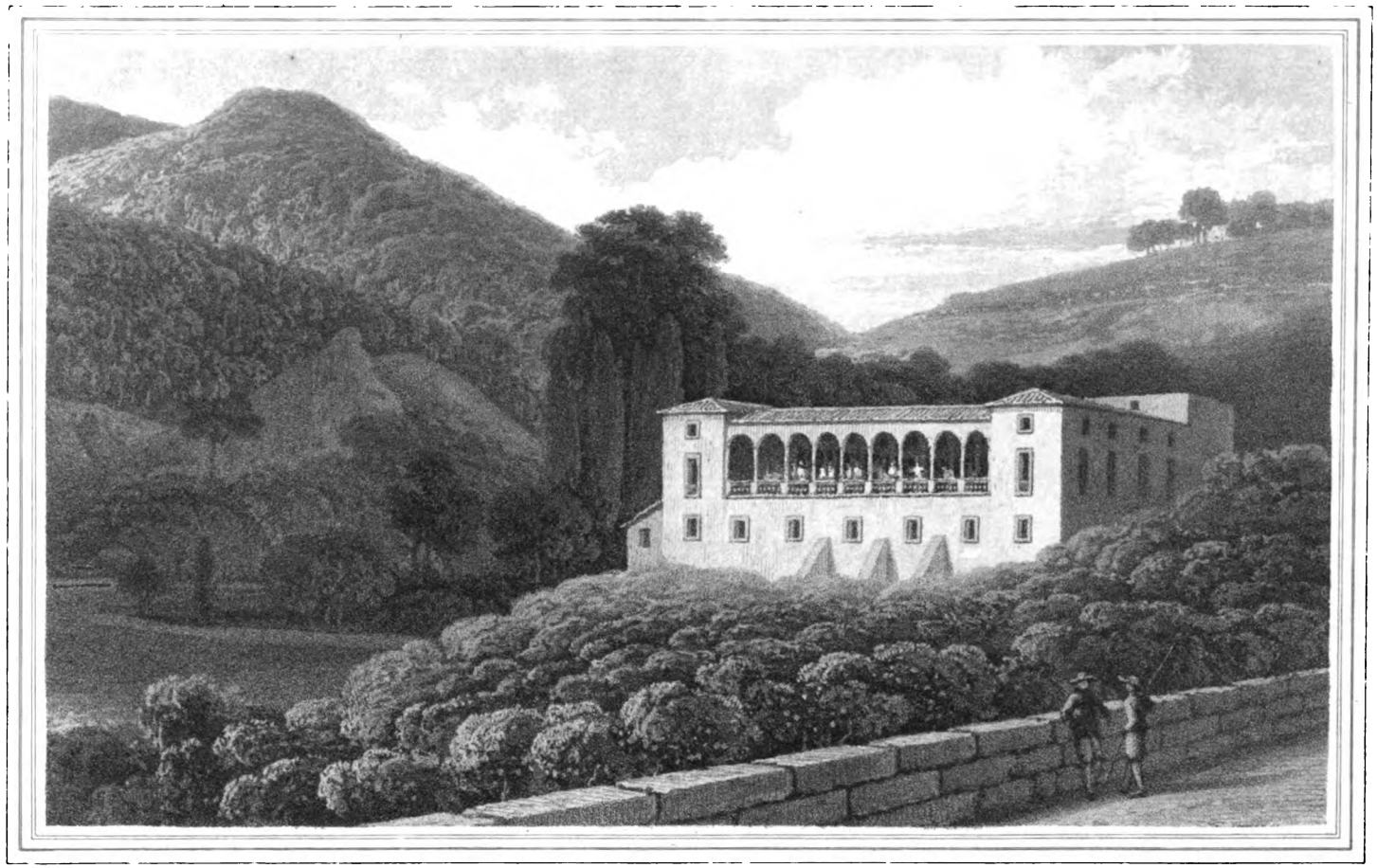

The Granja. Majorca.

Drawn by Sir John Carr

Published by Sherwood Neely & Jones Paternoster Row March 10 1811

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groves, and vineyards, we sat down to a superb dinner, at which a monk assisted as a sort of domestic chaplain, the doors of the dining-room opening into a small garden, the "verd'rous walls" of which were composed of myrtle and in the centre of which water-works were playing in all sorts of fantastic forms. The lady of the house was only distinguishable by her refined manners, the number of her rings, and the superior quality of the gown she wore, from her maids and the female peasants I had seen: the dress of the high and the inferior being very uniform throughout the island. One of the principal objects of her enquiries was the nature of our religion, and upon our telling her what a number of modes of faith and worship we had amongst us, she seemed rather shocked; and observed that they must mock one another, and then thanked God she had been born and bred in a religion that never varied. It would be difficult, and to my readers somewhat tedious, to describe the beauties of this heavenly spot; I shall therefore refer him to the sketch I made, to collect a faint impression of it. We here tasted the most delicious wines, and some excellent cow and ewe's cheese, which throughout the island is very good.

Previously to our leaving Palma altogether, we had an audience of leave with the captain-general who, upon our expressing the lively sense we had of the attention he had

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been pleased to pay us, said, " It is our duty and our in-
" clination to shew every mark of respect to the natives
" of a country which has done, and still continues to do,
" so much good for us." He also furnished us with pass-
ports to Alcudia, in which that city was styled " la Fidel-
lissima Ciudad," a title conferred with several immunities
upon it by Charles the Fifth, for the loyalty displayed by
its inhabitants, during a conspiracy against him in 1521.

We now prepared to visit the ancient city of Alcudia,
situate at the north-east part of the island, whence we
intended to embark for Minorca, and accordingly set
off on hired mules on the 18th of October, accompanied
by our excellent friend, who attended us to Alfabia:
we were not a little annoyed, for reasons before men-
tioned, at the presence of our consul, who, as a mark of
respect, insisted upon attending me to the place of em-
barkation, whither it was deemed advisable for us to
carry our provisions. One of our friends, with a solemn
face, declared that if this British representative attempted
to pass the night in one village, through which we were
to go, the peasants would very likely burn him on ac-
count of his Judaical descent. The Honourable Frederick
North, during his stay at Palma, resided at the house of
this man, for the purpose of softening the absurd, but bit-
ter, prejudices the people had against him, but neither the

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talents, learning, unparalleled suavity of temper and manners, nor rank of his distinguished guest, could effect any change in the public mind, and his continuance under the roof of the poor consul, only excited the surprize of all orders of society. My feelings would not permit me to withhold my acquiescence in the wishes of the consul; so we all proceeded on our journey together, and after some miles, one of my friends condescended to say a few words to him.

After a ride of about five hours over a rich and delectable country, though more flat and less romantic than that before described, during which we passed through the pretty villages of St. Maria and Binisalem, we arrived at Inca, a good sized town containing three churches, about three thousand inhabitants, and the surrounding country abounding with vineyards and almond-trees. In the hall of the house where we dined was a group of females employed in cracking, and sorting the kernels of almonds for exportation. Here we were hospitably entertained, and after dinner were conducted by a monk to the only place worthy of notice, the nunnery of Santa Gerona, where one of the sisters played most execrably upon the organ, after which we were conducted to a window and regaled with the sight of the corpse of one

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of the nuns, who had been dead several years, and appeared to be in a high state of ghastly preservation.

We left Inca at seven in the morning, and entered the ancient and once flourishing city of Alcudia about eleven, the melancholy appearance of which the less impressed us, as we had witnessed a visible decline in the beauty of the country, for some distance approaching towards it. This city, which is surrounded by a wall and ditch, stands on an eminence on the north-east coast of the island, on a peninsula between two large bays, one on the south called the Bay of Alcudia, lying between the Capes de Ferruix and del Pinar, and the other on the north, called the Bay of Pollenza, stretching between the beforementioned Cape del Pinar and Cape de Formêtór, and presents a gloomy picture of fallen consequence; its towers and its ramparts, in which time and neglect had effected many a breach, were in many places covered with ivy and the caper. The sickly appearance of the inhabitants correspond with the dreariness of the place. The gaiety and bustle of a Spanish town were no longer visible: there was little trade, and a general silence reigned in the streets. The unhealthiness of the climate is traced to the neighbourhood of the Albufera, a mephitic lake lying to the south of the city, and to the impurity of the

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water which is kept in cisterns. Snails form a welcome dish with the inhabitants.

This city was once a rival of Palma, very opulent, and the country around very rich and productive; considerable quantity of corn is however now cultivated, and the bread is excellent: the finest sheep in the island are bred here. It is probable, that in the days of its prosperity the city was supplied with pure water from springs or aqueducts which have long been suffered to be choaked up or destroyed, and the lake was confined within very narrow boundaries, or the use of better food corrected its insalubrious effects. Here we were detained for several days by contrary winds, tantalized by seeing Minorca, the island of our destination, from a neighbouring hill.

We were lodged in one of the best houses, where we had good beds, but dined at a very inferior one, where, however, as in almost every house of the same degree, we had the comfort of silver spoons, forks, and clean napkins; and our victuals were cooked in little pots of earthen-ware. The city is inhabited by about seven hundred persons, chiefly farmers, petty tradesmen, fishermen, and manufacturers of coarse blue cloth. The parish church, called the cathedral, has a dome and is capacious, but is destitute of decoration within. The Marina is about a mile and a

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half from the town, where there is a miserable venta, and a tolerably good lazaretto going to decay. Here we found some feluccas lying, and secured a passage to Minorca for six dollars each. During my stay we were not sensible of any inconvenience from the lake, which might be easily and profitably drained. At length, after a tedious detention, the wind veered a little and we set sail from the bay of Alcudia.

In this island, as may in some degree be expected, the public feelings regarding the events which were passing on the Continent, though divided only by a few leagues, were rather torpid and indifferent. The patriotic cockade was rarely seen, and the name of Ferdinand as seldom mentioned. If the captain-general, the public officers of the island, and the refugees be excepted, but few enquiries, at least as far as my observation extended, were ever made respecting the great transactions which were passing upon the Continent, and which involved the mother country, and when any were made, the enquirer glanced at the subject, with that indolent tranquillity, which attends the contemplation of distant danger in supposed security, and the investigation of matters in which the person reflecting has no, or but a remote and possible, participation.

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Perhaps this apparent apathy may have been caused, in some, but a very trifling, degree, by the removal of the cannon of Palma to the ramparts of Tarragona, as it is natural to conceive, that unless the island were deemed to be secure, the means of its defence would not be removed: The Majorcans also look to England for protection. Many of the most distinguished persons of Palma regarded such protection as certain, in the event of the parent country being subdued; but they seldom failed to accompany their expectation with expressions of solicitude respecting the terms of such an adoption, and generally intimated a suspicion that the island would in a short time be considered and treated as a British colony, and be subject to British impost in some shape or another, an event which they contemplated with much apprehension.

The preservation of this island appears to me to be of some consequence as a military depôt and asylum. It is but a short distance from Valencia and Catalonia, in which the patriotic spirit is as high, if not more ardent, than in any other part of Spain. Should the French extend their arms over these rich and beautiful provinces, the vigorous peasantry, disposed to contend for their liberties, might be easily transported to this island, where they could be trained to the use of arms, in safety. The island abounds with fruit, vegetables, and oil, which with

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bread, constitute the chief food of the Spanish peasant. Corn is grown in considerable quantities on the island, and abundance can be procured from Sardinia. The mole of Palma is sufficiently deep and capacious for light transports, and the port of Soller, and the Bay of Alcudia will, as I was told, also admit of such craft. The presence of these refugees would kindle in the breast of the Majorcans a livelier interest in the fate of their parent country, and would doubtless increase the number of volunteers, who might be sent as reinforcements to the patriotic armies, which I have a hope, though a faint one, may yet be collected and organized more efficaciously than hitherto.

I have stated the opinion of General Moreau as favourable to the operation of small bodies and desultory attack in resisting the enemy, just as it was detailed to me by a friend of his. Doubtless these may harass and distress a large army, and form a valuable auxiliary force, but though annoyed in flank and rear, and under privations the most exhausting, that army must finally overpower the country through which it advances, unless repulsed by a body more potent in numbers, zeal, or discipline.

For want of a wise and vigorous government, or rather a provisional assumption of the supreme command by

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some enlightened and energetic military chief on behalf of his absent sovereign, the Spaniards, except at the battle of Baylen, have exhibited little more than mere municipal enthusiasm. Spanish patriotism seems to have been only another term for the defence of Spanish towns, in which prodigies of valour and enterprize have unquestionably been displayed. In such resistance the French have frequently sustained heavy losses, and experienced the most ignominious repulses, but they have finally succeeded; Zaragoza is gone—Gerona is fallen—and have left only memorials for the historian to record and weep over.

The local flying bodies of armed peasantry have been deservedly extolled; but without armies officered by British officers, or at least commanded by a British officer, and the men well disciplined in those simple, but effective, manœuvres, by which a French conscript is prepared to join the army in a few days' drilling, the only prospect of the French being expelled from the peninsula must, in my humble opinion, be confined to the renovation of war amongst some other of the oppressed powers of Europe, which of course would lead to the reduction and withdrawing of part of the French force in Spain, and to the more effectually exposing that which may remain to the fury of the people, in all the modes

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and forms of attack which they can devise and execute. In this expectation, and as Spain and Portugal have hitherto been the school of the English soldier, which he has seldom failed to make the theatre of his glory, I trust that the British army will never be withdrawn from the peninsula, as long as it can divide and distract the energies of the enemy, until the slavery of Europe shall be deemed hopeless, and the spirit of suffering nations have departed for ever.

There is no sea so capricious as the Mediterranean. The distance between Alcudia, and Ciudadella in Majorca, is about fifty miles, and we were becalmed for two days. As I was regretting this dullest of all detentions, I was amused by a water-spout forming itself near the north-west part of Minorca, and within a short period afterwards, from the most profound calm, suddenly and violently a stiff breeze sprung up, and blew us rapidly into the noble harbour of Mahon, and after having been examined at the health-office, we ascended the city, which stands on a considerable elevation of rock, and proceeded to a most excellent hotel, kept by Grassini, where we had every thing in the best English style.

Mahon, which contains a population of about seven thousand souls, covers a number of rocks of unequal height:

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the streets are well proportioned and clean, but rather badly paved; many of the houses are handsome, have fronts like Spanish dwellings, but resemble those of England, in their sashed windows, the construction of their doors, steps to ascend to them, knockers and scrapers, signs to the public houses, &c. Almost all the shopkeepers speak a little English, and their shops are arranged in much the same way as the provincial ones of England. English silver and copper are very commonly in circulation. Every thing shows the frequency of English dominion here, and the cordiality of intercourse between the Minorquins and the English. The harbour, about four miles and a half long, and sheltered from all winds, has been frequently described, and as frequently eulogized; it is, perhaps, altogether, one of the finest in the world. Three days before our arrival, seventeen sail of the line had anchored in it, the depth of water admitting of first-rate ships to anchor close to the rocks on either side, and fine water is to be had for the ships in the most commodious manner. There is a Spanish adage in commemoration of the excellence of this harbour, "Junio, Julio, Agosto y Puerte Mahon, los mejores puertos del Mediteranneo son"—"June, July, August, and Port Mahon, are the best ports in the Mediterranean." The number of ships continually entering this harbour forms a source of lucrative trade to the people of Mahon,

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and the town displays an air of activity and opulence, which I could not help contrasting with the tranquillity and indolence of Palma, and the silence and poverty of Alcudia. The cathedral is a handsome building, of considerable antiquity. Here I saw the baneful custom of burying in churches practised: a child was lowered down naked into a vast vault under the building, and left to rot there without a coffin. The hospital, capable of holding about seven hundred invalids, is a fine building, and most judiciously placed on the side of the harbour opposite to the town, in a very healthy situation, on which side too, are an arsenal for our ships, the lazaretto, and the building used as the French prison. The number of the prisoners of war here was very great, and quite sufficient during the total absence of our ships of war, if they had but spirit for the undertaking, to break their prison, when they might seize upon the adjoining vessels which lie under quarantine, proceed to the island of Cabrera, and, perhaps, pass our cruisers, and reach Barcelona in safety. It is worthy of remark, that nearly all the owners of fruit and other boats that pass between this island and Majorca, have been in England as prisoners of war, and that they are more attached to us in consequence. The people of Mahon, and I am informed the rest of the Minorquins, care but little for what is passing in the mother country, except that their regard for the English induces

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Mahon. Minerva.

Drawn by Sir John Carr

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them to wish success to the arms of England all over the world. I do not recollect to have once seen the patriotic cockade in the island. Notwithstanding this general feeling of regard for us, there were not wanting those who were in the French interest; but they were narrowly watched, and no danger was expected from them. The captain-general was said to be of French descent. The British consul here is a Minorquin, and a worthy man, but surely the office should be filled by an Englishman. The Minorquins are not very social, and during my stay in Mahon, I found the society, as I am informed it really is at all times, rather dull, except when some of our ships of war arrive. Some of the Minorquin ladies are very pretty. Their dress is nearly the same as that worn in the mother country.

In company with Mr. Kennett and Mr. Roca, from whom we received much civility, we made an excursion to Mont Toro, the highest mountain in the island. We mounted our asses at the alameda, a very pretty, but not much frequented promenade just raised above, and near the termination of the harbour. The trees are loftier and better grown, because well protected, than most of the alamedas I had seen. The fine reservoir here, for supplying the ships with water, was made under the auspices of General Fox, to whom the island is under the

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greatest obligations, and whose name is held in the highest estimation. That wise and gallant officer converted the country close to Mahon, formerly a morass, into valuable land, by letting it in small plots, for a few years, to the poor for nothing, by which means it has at length become the gardens of the inhabitants. Indeed, the island throughout exhibits the advantages and blessings of its connections with the English, who have raised it five-fold in value. About a mile from the town, the country became very dreary, at least it appeared so to me, after having left that earthly paradise, the sister island. Dwarf olives, scanty fig-trees, the prickly pear, and the wild myrtle, bearing sweet and bitter fruit at the same time, form the principal arboreous beauty of the country. The carob-tree is not to be found in the island. The land, in every part is rich and prolific, is chiefly divided into corn-fields, by stone walls, and sells for a great price. I was shewn a spot of about two acres, which had just been disposed of for three hundred pounds, the rate of interest is very low indeed. On the transfer of land, the purchaser pays ten per cent. to the government, and every native is subject to a property-tax of four per cent.; but property is seldom rated at more than one fourth of its real value. Wheat, barley, and maize, are chiefly cultivated. Considerable quantities of corn are imported from Sardinia, which is preferred to the corn grown in the island; but the bread of

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both is excellent. Querns for bruising the corn are used here, larger than those which I saw in the Highlands of Scotland. Vegetables of every sort are grown in great perfection and abundance. Wild fowl are also to be found in great numbers on the island, and its coasts abound with excellent fish; but living here is infinitely dearer than in Majorca. In the fields, we saw an ass and a cow yoked together to the plough. The peasants dress very much in the same style as their neighbours in Majorca: the females wear the Rebozillo, adding a knot of ribbands under the chin with a large hat, they also wear an apron, and, on holidays, shewy, stiff, stuff petticoats, flowered, and sometimes worked with gold and silver; their language varies very little from that of Majorca; several English words have been introduced into it. The Minorquins have the reputation of being very honest, and are now industrious. An execution has not taken place for many years in the island. The food of the peasants is nearly the same as that used in Spain by the same class, except that hedge-hogs are sometimes eaten. The male peasants, and even the soldiers, knit their stockings.

We rode thirteen miles before we reached Mont-Toro through a very dull and uninteresting country. The roads are tolerable, and kept in repair by commisioners, at the expense of the government, and the proprietors of

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lands adjoining. Mules and asses are much used for conveyance. There are only five carriages and two carts in the whole island. From the top of this mountain, which is twelve hundred feet high, and where there is a signal-post, we had a fine view of the whole island, which is about thirty-three miles from north-west to south-east; and from eight to twelve broad, the sea lying visible all round. The population of the island is about thirty-six thousand; the different terminos or counties, of which there are four, were pointed out to us, Mont-Toro standing on that of Mercandal. The face of the country is rather hilly, and perhaps not destitute of some picturesque attraction; but to an eye spoiled as mine had been by the prodigal beauties of Majorca, the whole looked rather dull and uninteresting. Ciudadella, at the north-western extremity of the island, formerly a city and the capital, is visible from this elevation, but the weather became too hazy for me to see it. This town is very ancient, and contains, as I was informed, about seven hundred houses, about two thousand five hundred inhabitants, and is the principal residence of the old nobility of the island. As I had a good view of it from the sea, where its appearance, as a picturesque object, was most favourable, I did not seek a nearer contemplation, as there is nothing in it worthy of notice.

We brought some meat, fish, and vegetables with us,

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and had them cooked in the kitchen of a convent of Augustine monks, of whom there are twenty-seven, who live upon the summit of this mountain, and enjoy the most refreshing coolness in the hottest weather. The climate is nearly as mild and as healthy as that of Majorca, but during the equinoxes, Minorca is subject to very boisterous winds. The sky is generally remarkably clear. The holy fathers supplied us with excellent wine, bread, and cheese, which are very good in this island, and for which at parting we presented two dollars to the prior, a fine fat, rosy fellow, in all respects qualified as a model for a Silenus. These monks are poor, and derive much of their income from the donations of visitors like ourselves.

A little way from Mahon in a field, we were shewn some Druidical remains, consisting of a large flat stone placed horizontally upon another resting upon one end, and rising perpendicularly from the earth, so as to form a large table, between six and seven feet high above the ground, in the centre of a rude circle of large stones, without sculpture or inscription. The island contains several vestiges of the Romans and the Moors, and antiquities have been also found anterior to the Romans. Before I left the island, I visited the ruins of the once celebrated Fort St. Philip, which covers nearly three miles in cir-

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cumference. This fort was blown up by an order of the Spanish government in 1805, and presents a grand spectacle of havoc and destruction, consisting of shattered ramparts, redoubts, bastions, magazines, and barracks, all lying in chaotic confusion, and which are well worthy the attention of the traveller. Cape Mola, opposite on the eastern side of the entrance of the harbour, is considered by Engineers as a situation infinitely preferable to the site of St. Philip, for the erection of a fortress.

The possession of this island will always be of importance to us. It will enable us to keep up the blockade of the French fleet in Toulon with great facility, by affording the means of victualling, watering, and repairing, to our ships in this sea, instead of their being obliged to go to Gibraltar for such purposes. The English have raised the natives to their present state of prosperity, and they are cordially and gratefully attached to us in return.

I now took my leave of the Spanish character altogether, and on the first of November, set sail in an armed felucca for Sardinia.

FINIS.

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APPENDIX I.

ITALICA.

CANCION DE FRANCISCO DE RIOJA.

LAS RUINAS DE ITALICA.

Estos, Fabio, ay dolor! que vés ahora
Campos de soledad, mustio collado,
Fueron un tiempo Italica famosa.
Aqui de Cipion la vencidora
Colonia fue: por tierra derribado
Yace el temido honor de la espantosa
Muralla, y lastimosa
Reliquia es solamente:
De su invencible gente
Solo quedan memorias funerales,
Donde erraron ya sombras de alto exemplo
Este llano fue plaza, alli fue templo;
De todo apenas quedan las senales.

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Del gimnasio y las thermas regaladas
Leves vuelan cenizas desdichadas.
Las torres que desprecio al ayre fueron
A su gran pesadeembre se rindieron.

Este despedezado anfiteatro,
Impio honor de los dioses, cuya afrenta
Publica el amarillo xaramago,
Ya reducido a trágico teatro,
O fábula del tiempo representa
Quanta fue su grandeza y es su estrago.
Como en el cerco vago
De su desierta arena
El gran pueblo no suena?
Donde, pues fieras hay, está el desnudo
Luchador? donde está el atleta fuerte?
Todo despareciõ: cambió la suerte
Voces alegres en silencio mudo:
Mas aun el tiempo dá en estos despojos
Espectáculos fieros a los ojos:
Y miran tan confusos lo presente
Que voces de dolor el alma siente.

Aqui nació aquel rayo de la guerra,
Gran padre de la patria, honor de Espana,
Pio, felice, triunfador Trajano,
Ante quien muda se postró la tierra
Que vé del Sol la cuna, y la que bana

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El mar tambien vencido Gaditano.
Aqui de Elio Adriano,
De Teodosio divino,
De Silio peregrino
Rodaron de marfil y oro las cunas.
Aqui ya de laurel, ya de jazmines
Coronados los vieron los jardines
Que ahora son zarzales y lagunas.
La casa para el Caesar fabricado
Ay! yace de lagartos vil morada.
Casas, jardines, Cesares murieron,
Y aun las piedras que de ellos se escribïeron.

Fabio, si tu no lloras, pon atenta
La vista en luengas calles destruidas,
Mira marmoles y arcos destrozados,
Mira estatuas soverbias que violenta
Nemesis derribó, yacer tendidas,
Y ya en alto silencio sepultados
Sus duenos celebrados.
Asi a Troya figuro,
Asi a su antiquo muro,
Y a tí Roma a quien queda el nombre apenas,
O patria de los dioses y los Reyes!
Y a tí a quien no valieron justas leyes,
Fabrica de Minerva, sabia Atenas:
Emulacion ayer de las edades,
Hoy cenizas, hoy vastas soledades,

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Que no os respetò el hado, no la muerte,
Ay! ni por sabia a tí, ní a tí por fuerte.

Mas para qué la mente se derrama
En buscar al dolor nuevo argumento?
Basta egemplo menor, basta el presente,
Que aun se vẽ el humo aqui, aun se vé la llama,
Aun se oyen llantos hoy, hoy ronco acento,
Tal genio o religion fuerza la mente
De la vecina gente,
Que refiere admirado
Que en la noche callada
Una voz triste se oye que llorando,
Cayó Italica, dice; y lastimosa
Eco reclama Italica, en la hojosa
Selva que se le opone resonando,
Italica: y el claro nombre oido
De Italica, renuevan el gemido
Mil sombras nobles de su gran ruina,
Tanti aun la plebe al sentimiento inclina.

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IMITATED IN ENGLISH.

Fabius, alas! what scenes around appear?
Upon these silent plains so wide and drear
Rear'd fam'd Italica her turrets high,
And Scipio nurs'd his conquering colony.
Low on the earth now lies the prostrate pride
Of her dread walls---one wasteful ruin wide---
No traces of her brave unconquer'd train,
But what these scatter'd tombs supply, remain---
Where oft the spirits of her sons of fame
Wander and weep the downfall of her name.
Where now shall we her squares and temples find---
Their very dust is scatter'd by the wind:
The vast gymnasium, the majestic bath,
In mournful ashes interrupt the path;
Her mighty towers, that long the storm withstood,
Sink to the earth by their own weight subdued.
Yon silent amphitheatre recalls
Its pristine glory, midst its shatter'd walls;
Still wonder-struck the eye surveys it o'er,
Though th' exulting shout is heard no more,

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Though in th' arena now no more the gleam
Of the brave gladiator's sword is seen:
O'er all the spot, relentless fate has spread,
As with a pall, the silence of the dead.
Here was he born, that hero of her host,
His country's sire, and his Iberia's boast,
The virtuous victor Trajan---at whose frown
Bow'd mighty states in humble silence down,
From where the Sun first lifts his blazing crest
To where he sinks upon the ocean's breast.
Here rose those shouts, when each auspicious morn
Saw Adrian, Titus, Theodosius born:
The groves that nurs'd the laurel for their brow
Are stagnant lakes, or barren deserts now.
Of Cæsar's palace see yon tott'ring walls,
Where the vile reptile lords it in her halls.
Fabius! if yet thou weeps't not, cast thine eye
Where streets once crowded, now in ruins lie;
Gaze on those mutilated statues there,
Once so expressive, so divinely fair,
Their dust now mingl'd with th' illustrious dead,
Whose form they fain to distant times would spread.
These scenes the image to my my mind recall
Of Troy's proud city, and her heaven-built wall:
Of thee imperial Rome! whose brow sublime
Trembles beneath the ruthless force of time,
Thee too Minerva's city and abode,
Athens!---availing nought thy treasur'd code!

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Though wisdom grac'd thy senate, tho' in war
Thy conquering armies spread thy glory far,
Though thou the force of ages hast withstood,
Now art thou but a lonely solitude!
But why to distant regions shall the mind
Extend her flight fresh source of grief to find?
To fancy's ear still sounds the victim's sighs,
To fancy's eye, still smokes the sacrifice:
When night has spread her dewy shade around,
Oft has the shepherd heard a fearful sound,
As if some spirit cried in piteous tone,
"Italica, Italica is gone!"
As the words echoed 'gainst the ruins drear,
The shades of wakeful chiefs would start to hear,
And joining in the sympathetic strain,
The mournful sounds would die along the plain.

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APPENDIX II.

GRANADA.

Letter of Don Antonio de Guevara Bishop of Mondonedo, one of the Council of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, to his Friend Garci Sanchez de la Vega. From Epistolas Familiares de Guevara.

Letra Para Garci Sanchez de la Vega, en la quable escrine el Autor vna cosa muy notable que le contó vu Morisco en Granada.

" Especial Senor, y ocioso Cortesano.

"A Cuerpo tan cansado, y à juyzio tan darramado, y à hombre tan ocupado, como ando yo agora, muy gran crueldad es, mandarle que se assiente à côtar su vida, y à escriuirle, si ay por aca alguna nueua, como sea verdad que cargan tantos negocios de mi que aun à penas se de mi. En acabando que acabé de baptizar veinte y siéte mil casas de Moros en el Reyno de Valencia, me mandó Cesar mi Senor, q visitasse tambien este Reyno de Granada, obra por cierto assaz necessaria, aunq' a mi muy enojosa. Lo que hasta agora he visitado es, à Almunecar, à Salobrena, à Mortil, à Velez à las Guaxaras al Valdeleclin, y agora, estoy aqui en Lauiaro y lo q sieto de la visita es, que hallo en los

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TRANSLATION.

GRANADA.

" Though idle Lord, though perfect Courtier."

" OF a body so wearied, and a mind so wasted, and a man so occupied as myself, it is cruelty to beg that one should sit down just to say what sort of a life one leads, and to write down the news of the day for you, since in all truth, I am so overwhelmed by business, that I am well nigh beside myself.

" When I had nearly completed my task of baptizing two thousand seven hundred Moorish families, in the kingdom of Valencia, my good lord the emperor ordered me to make a circuit likewise through this kingdom of Granada, a measure doubtless necessary enough, though a most ungrateful one to me.

" The places I have as yet visited are Almunecar, Salobrena, Motril, Velez, the Guavaras, and Valdeleclin ;---at this moment I am in Lauiaro, and the impression made on me by what I have seen is, that I find in the new christians so much to amend, and

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Christianos nueuos tantas cosas de emendar, y en los Christianos viejos tatas que remendar, que tomé por mas sano consejo corregirlas en secreto, que no castigarlasenpublico. Los grades pecados y facinorosos delictos, à la hora que no son publicos, à las vezes es mejor dissimularlos, que no castigarlos; lo vno porque los atreuidos no se abezen de aquella manera à pecar, y lo otro porque los simples no se escandalizen de ver tan enormes pecados cometer.

" En todo este Reyno de Granada han sido los Moriscos tan mal ensenados en las cosas del a ley, y por otra parte dissimulan cò ellos tato las justicias del Rey, q no sea sera pequena jornada la mia, prenenir y remediar lo futuro, sin q meta mano en lo passado.

" Escriuisme Senor, que os escriue, si he sabido y oydo alguna cosa nueua, y graciosa en esta visita, la qual sea para escriuir de aca, y sea para reyr alla: à otros ociosos y descuydados y vagamundos como vos aueis de escriuir q os escriuan semejantes nuetas onouelas, q yo triste de mi, como ando tan acosado de negocios, tan falto de bastimentos, tan cargado de Moriscos, y tan hecho correo por los caminos: mas estoy para cotar mis quexas de veras, q no para escriuir à nadie burlas.

" Esto todo no obstante toda via os quiero cotar vna cosa q me cotaron aura vn mes, la qual si no fuere de reyr, sera â lo menos digna de saber. Viniedo pues al caso, aueis Senor desaber, q en toda esta visita traygo comigo diez ballesteros,

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in the old christians so much to reprove, that I took it to be the wisest counsel, that they should be corrected in private, rather than be punished in public. When great offences and atrocious crimes are not public, it is sometimes better to conceal, than to punish them: on the one hand, that knaves may not in this wise habituate themselves to sin, and on the other, that honest men may not be scandalized by seeing that such enormous sins are committed.

"In the whole of this kingdom of Granada, the Moors have been so ill taught in regard to the laws, and on the other hand the ministers of justice have so tolerated them, that it will be no short day's work with me to anticipate and remedy the future, without meddling at all with the past.

"You desire me to acquaint you in a letter, my lord, if I have learnt or heard of any thing new and amusing in this circuit of mine, which, written by me, may serve for a laugh with you. To other idle, careless vagabonds, like yourself, you should write for such news or novels, and not to me, a miserable wretch, so persecuted as I am with business, so scant of food, so harassed by the Moors, and so hacked about the country; much more ready am I to tell my real miseries than to write jokes to any one.

"Notwithstanding all this, I will tell you a matter which was told me about a month since, and which, if you find not laughable, at least you will find worth knowing. To come to the point, then, you must know, my lord, that, in this circuit, I have always

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assi para mi guarda, como paraque me ensena la tierra: y como subiesse a vn recuesto, encima, del qual se pierde la vista de Granada, y se corba la del Valdeleclin, dixome vn Morisco viejo que iua comigo estas palabras mal aljamiadas: Si querer tu Alfaqui parar aqui poquito poquito, a mi contar a ti cosa à la grande que Rey Chiquito, y madre suya fazer aqui. Como yo oy que me queria cotar lo a que al Rey Chiquito y à su madre alli auia acontescido, amè lo oyr, y comencome lo en esta manera à contar: " Has de saber, q este Reyno nuestro de Granada se co-
' mencò à perder, desde las differencias que entraron entre el Rey
' Muli Abduacen y los Auencerrages, que eran vnos Caualleros muy
' valerosos y assaz muy bellicosos, los quales en la gouernacion del
' Reyno eran muy cuerdos, y en la defensa del muy venturosos.
' Leuantaronse aquellos enojos entre el Rey y ellos, sobre amores
' de vna Mora muy hermosa, los amores de la qual fueron tales y
' tan mal hadados, que bastaron à que el Rey y los Auencerrages se
' acabassè, y el Reyno todo se perdiesse. Creeme tu Alfaqui y no
' dudes, q si el Rey Fernãdo tomó este Reyno en tan poco tiempo,
' y cõ tan poco dano mas fue por las voluntades discordes que en el
' auia, que no por la gente de armas que el traya.'

" ' Otro dia despues que se entregò la ciudad y el Alhambra al
' Rey Fernando, luego se partio el Rey Chiquito Para tierra del
' Alpuxarra, las quales tierras quedaron en la capitulacion que el las
' tuuiesse, y por suyas las gozasse. Yuan con el Rey Chiquito a
' quel dia la Reyna su madre delante, y toda la Caualleria de su

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taken with me half a score archers, not only to guard, but likewise to guide, me through the country; and as I was mounting a hill, on the other side of which you lose sight of Granada, and open upon Valdeleclin, an old Moor who was with me said to me these words in his broken language; 'If your excellency will but stop a 'little moment, I will give you the whole account of what the 'lesser king and his mother did here.' When I found that he would tell me what had happened at that spot to the lesser king and his mother, I was delighted to hear him, and he began his story in the following manner. 'You must know, that this our 'kingdom of Granada began declining, from the time of the dif- 'ferences which arose between king Muli Abduacen and the 'Abencerrages, a race of very valiant and warlike cavaliers, able 'in the administration of the kingdom, and successful in its de- 'fence. These disputes, between them and the king, arose from 'the amours of a very beautiful Moorish lady, which were such 'and so ill fated, that they sufficed to cause the ruin of the 'king and the Abencerrages, and the total loss of the kingdom of 'Granada: believe me, my lord, there exists not a doubt, that if 'King Ferdinand took the kingdom in so little time, and with such 'little loss, he owed it more to the civil discords within it, than 'to the arms which he brought against it from without.'

"'The day after the city and the Alhambra were delivered up 'to king Ferdinand, the lesser king left it for the district of the 'Alpuxarras, which district it was agreed on in the capitulation, 'that he and his heirs should occupy. There went with the 'lesser king on that day the queen-mother who was before, and

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'corte detras, y como llegassen à este lugar a do tu y yo tenemos
'agora los pies, boluiò el Rey atras la cara, para mirar la ciudad y
'Alhambra, como à cosa que no esperaua y mas de ver, y mucho
'menos de recobrar. Acordandose pues el triste Rey, y todos los
'que alli iuamos con el, de la desventura que nos auia acontescido,
'y del famoso Reyno que auiamos perdido, tomamonos todos à
'llorar, y aun à nuestras barbas canas amassar, pidiendo à la mise-
'ricordia, y aun à la muere que nos quitasse la vida. Como a la
'madre del Rey que iua delante, dixessen que el Rey y los Caual-
'leros estauan todos parados, mirando y llorando el Alhambra y
'ciudad que auian perdido diò vn palo à la yegua en que iua,
'y dixo estas palabras: *Iusta cosa es que el Rey y los Caualleros*
'*lloren como mugeres, pues no pelearon como Caualleros.* Mu-
'chas vezes oy dezir al Rey Chiquito mi Senor, que si como
'supo despues, supiera alli luego lo que su madre del y de los
'otros Caualleros auia dicho, o se mataran alli vnos à otros, o se
'boluieran à Granada à pelear con los Christianos.'

"'Esto pues fue lo que me dixo aquel Morisco, y este otro
'dia me preguntó el Emperador mi Senor, no se que cosas
'de la visita, y à rebuelta de otras le contè esta que aqui hè
'contado, el qual me dixo estas palabras: *Muy gran razon*
'*tuuo la madre del Rey en dezir lo que dixo, y ninguna tuuo*
'*el Rey su hijo en hazer lo que hizo, porque yo si fuera el, o el*
'*fuera yo, antes tomàra esta Alhambra por mi sepultura, que no*
'*viuir sin Reyno en el Alpuxarra.*'"

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'all the cavalry of the court behind; and when they arrived at 'the spot where you and I now stand, the king turned back his 'head, to look on the city and the Alhambra, as on that he never 'again might hope to see, much less ever to recover. Then the 'afflicted king, and all those who were with him bringing to mind 'the misery which had befallen us, and the renowned kingdom 'which we had lost, we all burst into tears, tearing even our 'hoary beards, praying for mercy, and that death itself would take 'us from such a life. When the queen-mother, who was going 'before us, was told, that the king and the cavaliers had all of 'them stopped, and were looking and weeping at the Alhambra 'and the city which they had lost, she gave the mule on which 'she rode a stripe, and said these words: '*it is but right that the 'king and the cavaliers should weep like women, since they did 'not fight like cavaliers.*' Many a time have I heard the lesser 'king my master say, that if, as he afterwards understood, so had 'he at the time known what his mother said of him and the other 'cavaliers, either they would have killed one another there, or 'have returned to Granada and fought the Christians.'

"Now this is what the Moor said to me, and my lord the emperor asking me the other day I know not what matters about the circuit I had made, amongst other things I told him what I have just told you; and he replyed to me in these words, '*great reason 'had the queen-mother to say that which she said, and no reason 'had the king her son to do that which he did, for had I been in 'his place and he in mine, rather would I have made the Alham-'bra my grave, than have lived without a kingdom in the Alpuxar-'ras.*"

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APPENDIX III.

Spanish Money, as current at Cadiz, and Seville. (New Plate.)

			Sterling.
Maravedi -	-		£0 0 $0\frac{41}{272}$
2 Ditto -	1 Quarto -	-	0 0 $0\frac{41}{136}$
34 Ditto - -	1 Real -	- -	0 0 $5\frac{1}{8}$
2 Reals -	1 Pesetta -	- -	0 0 $10\frac{1}{4}$
8 Ditto -	1 Piastre of Exchange	-	0 3 7
10 Ditto -	1 Dollar -	-	0 4 6
375 Maravedis	1 Ducat of Exchange	-	0 4 $11\frac{1}{2}$
32 Reals -	1 Pistole of Exchange	-	0 14 4
36 Ditto -	1 Pistole -	-	0 16 0

Gibraltar and Malaga. Denia (Vellon.)

			Sterling.
1 Maravedi	- - -		£0 0 $0\frac{41}{272}$
2 Ditto -	1 Ochavo -	-	0 0 $0\frac{41}{136}$
4 Ditto -	1 Quarto -	-	0 0 $0\frac{41}{68}$
34 Ditto -	1 Real, Vellon -	-	0 0 $2\frac{7}{8}$
15 Reals -	1 Piastre of Exchange	-	0 3 7
512 Maravedis	1 Piastre -	-	0 3 7
60 Reals	1 Pistole of Exchange	-	0 14 4
2048 Maravedis	1 Pistole of Exchange	-	0 14 4
70 Reals -	1 Pistole -	-	0 16 9

The Spaniards chiefly calculate by the maravedis and reals. There is a difference of nearly 12 per cent., between Spanish and Gibraltar current dollars; in favour of the former, viz: Spanish being $\frac{3}{4}$ths, and Gibraltar $\frac{2}{3}$ds of a silver Mexican; but they are both imaginary being money of account.

In Barcelona.

The accounts are kept in Catalan livres, sols, and deniers.

20 Sols	**make**	**1 Livre**
12 Deniers	**- -**	**1 Sol**
1 Livre, 17 Sols, and 6 Deniers,		**1 Silver Mexican dollar**

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ERRATA.

Page. Line.

38—16, *for* Unglaterra *read* Ynglaterra.
50—12, *for* Gallegos *read* Galejos.
61—10, *for* amatuer *read* amateur.
62—13, *for* pugulistic *read* pugilistic.
72— 2, *for* terrass *read* terras.
73—23, *for* overflown *read* overflowed.
74—20, *for* is *read* are.
79—15, *for* Tonda *read* Fonda.
91— 3, *read* the *before* Lavedero.
100—18, *dele* he.
110—*last line but one from the bottom, for* word *read* words.
117—18, *for* would *read* should.
119— 9, *for* Babary *read* Barbary.
120—19, *for* stranger *read* strange.
2 line from the bottom *dele* and.
133—12, after *which* insert *are*.
144—17, *for* checrless *read* cheerless.
145— 2, *for* were *read* was.
146—18, *for* modeled *read* modelled.
147—10, *for* was *read* were.
155— 8, *dele* the city.
163—11, *for* vento *read* venta.
171— head-line, *for* Alhambba *read* Alhambra.
Chap. XV., *for* their *read* his taste.
172— 2, *for* for *read* of.

Page. Line.

172— 5, *for* was *read* were.
173—13, *for* die *read* be, and *dele* the comma.
177— 3 from the bottom, *dele* only.
184— 4 from the bottom, *for* this *read* his.
189—12, 13, *dele* service and.
235—ult, *for* their *read* his.
237—15, after *displayed read* will.
239— 7, *for* mulbery *read* mulberry.
241—penult, *for* citeis *read* cities.
265— 1, *for* ligitimate *read* legitimate.
268—13, *for* is *read* are.
277— 1, before *passed* insert *and*.
290—20, *at the end of the sentence place a note of admiration.*
306—13, *for* Reubens *read* Rubens.
308— 7, *for* this *read* these.
ib.—16, *for* sachristy *read* sacristy.
311—18, *for* cuex *read* ceux.
ib.—ib., *for* peinte *read* peints.
312— 7, *for* aligators *read* alligators.
314— 7, *for* harpsicord *read* harpsichord.
316—17, after hermitages *insert* a comma.
322—17, after *regale* a comma instead of a semicolon.
336—10, *for* sachristy read sacristy.

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