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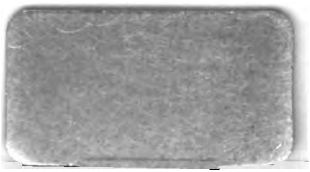

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A YEAR IN SPAIN.

BY

A YOUNG AMERICAN.

Bien se lo que son tentaciones del demonio, y que una de las mayores es ponerle a un hombre en el entendimiento que puede componer y imprimir un libro, con que gane tanta fama como dineros, y tantos dineros cuanta fama.—CERVANTES.

BOSTON.
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'A Year in Spain. By a Young American.

'Bien se lo que son tentaciones del demonio, y que una de las mayores es ponerle a un hombre en el entendimiento que puede componer y imprimir un libro, con que gane tanta fama como dineros, y tantos dineros cuanta fama.—CERVANTES.'

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JNO. W. DAVIS,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

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PREFACE.

GIVING his Satanic Majesty due credit for the temptations mentioned in our motto, the present work originated in a desire to convey some notion of the manners and customs of the Spanish nation. The writer found much that was peculiar and interesting in them, and was thence led to think, that what had furnished so much pleasure in the immediate study, might not be wholly unattractive, when contemplated through the secondary medium of description. Though this object should not be attained by the work now offered to the public, it may, perhaps, serve to attract attention to a country, which, though inferior to none in interest, has been of all others the most neglected.

The author merely proposes to enable those who have not visited Spain, and have no expectation of doing so, to form an idea of the country and its inhabitants, without abandoning the comforts and security of the fireside. As for the traveller, he may find most of the local information he may require, in Antillon's Geography, and Laborde's View of Spain. He will do well to journey with as little state as possible, and to keep to the popular conveyances; the *galera*, the *carro*, or the back of a mule. He will be thus most likely to avoid unpleasant interruption, and to have favorable opportunities for observing the manners of the people. Nor should he fail to follow the old adage of conforming to the customs of the country, among a people, who, more than any other, are attached to their peculiar usages; to smother his disgust at whatever may be in contradiction to our own habits and institutions; above all to exhibit no irreverence for their religious ceremonies; to enter their temples with a sense of solemnity, if not due to their forms of

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worship, due at least to the dread Being to whom that worship is addressed; in short, to respect outwardly whatever they respect, down to their very prejudices. The traveller who makes this his rule of action in Spain, will not fare the worse by the way, and will not think the worse of himself, for this exercise of charity, when arrived at the end of his journey.

To make an apology for this volume would seem useless. If it has no merit, no apology will avail. If, however, it should find any favor among his countrymen, some mitigation of the many faults, which, though hidden from the author, will be obvious enough to nicer eyes, may be found in his disqualifications for the task. They are such as every one will appreciate—the inexperience of youth, and the disadvantages of an interrupted education.

Some reason may, perhaps, be required for the work's being put forth without a name. The author's name would insure it no acceptation; and there would, besides, be little modesty in appearing as the hero of a narrative, which, to be interesting, must become egotistical and exclusive. If it should succeed, the author will not enjoy it the less, that he will enjoy it in secret. But he dreads the contrary—the difficulties which he has encountered in procuring publication are ominous of evil, and he would willingly avoid the odium of having made a bad book.

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A YEAR IN SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

In consequence of its not having been convenient for the author to attend the press, several misconceptions of his manuscript have occurred, especially in the Spanish phrases and proper names, for which indulgence is asked.

country. I had found Normandy [illegible] a coarse, rude, scheming, yet brave, sturdy, and laborious population; the North, wet, smoky, and hypochondriac, with inhabitants, after the manner of Englishmen, busy, bustling, and great drinkers of strong beer; the East assimilating itself, by turns, to the neighbouring countries of Netherlands, Germany, or Switzerland; Dauphiné more beautiful than Italy; the valley of the Isere, worthy of being called the valley of Paradise. All this I was in a measure prepared for, and it therefore brought no disappointment. But in the South of France I was doomed to have all my expectations reversed. I had been taught to associate it with whatever is lovely in nature; I had cast the face of the country into a succession of hill and dale; I had watered it with many streams; the hill-tops were crowned with forest trees, and the slopes devoted to fruit orchards, with the vine stretching itself abroad in festoons from tree to tree, while the vallies were spread out into meadows of the brightest verdure, and animated by joyous herds of cattle. The villages, too, were to be neat, and the houses well whitewashed; each with its little arbour and clambering grape

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vine. Nor was this Arcadian region to be peopled with unworthy inhabitants; the women were to be beautiful, and well-made young men were to be seen everywhere leading them off, in the graceful mazes of the dance. This picture was not entirely gratuitous; for my guide-book had sanctioned the most extravagant reveries, by telling me in doggrel and impious rhyme, that, if God were to take up his abode upon earth, it would surely be in Roussillon.

Such, however, I did not find the original. The surface of the country was, indeed, broken; but I looked in vain for the meandering streams which my fancy had created. Forest trees, there were none; and the hill-sides, though devoted to the cultivation of the vine, were destitute of fruit trees. This favored plant, which furnishes man with so much comfort, and the poet with so many associations, is here laid out in detached roots, placed at convenient distances from each other. In the spring, the shoots of the last season are pruned close to the ground; three or four new ones spring up from the stump; and these, when they can no longer sustain themselves erect, are supported by small poles planted beside them. Thus a vineyard in the South of France, when most luxuriant, greatly resembles an American bean-field. In October, however, the case was very different; the vine having yielded its fruit, no longer received the care of the cultivator; the props had been removed, to be preserved for the next season, and the leaves, already scorched, and deprived of their verdure, had been blown away by the last *mistral*.* The mournful olive added a grave-yard solemnity to the picture, and the parched vallies, instead of being green with herbage, showed nothing but a burnt up stubble, to tell that they had once been verdant. Though goats were occasionally discovered, climbing the hills in search of their subsistence, sheep and oxen and droves of horses were nowhere to be seen. The villages, though frequent and populous, were anything but neat; the streets were filthy, and the dwellings neglected. It is true, however, that the women were beautiful; their glowing eyes and arch expression denoted intelligence and passionate feeling; while their ruddy hue and symmetric conformation gave assurance that they were both healthy and agile. The men, too, were well made, and of larger size than is general in France; but, though the wine presses were still reeking from the vintage, there was no music, no song, and no dance. That the Provençaux were noisy and turbulent, I had already been told; but I had occasion to make the remark for myself, at a bull-fight in the amphitheatre of Nismes, and at an execution, where I first beheld the fatal *guillotine*, in Montpellier. The conductor of the diligence grew harsh and brutal, and even the French postillion, that model of good-natured civility, beat his horses harder and became more surly, as I approached the Pyrenees.

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* *Mistral*—strong north wind, well known in Provence, and which, alternating suddenly with the warm breezes of the Mediterranean, produces the effect of the most intense cold.

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I had promised myself long before, to spend a year of remaining leisure in Spain, and I now determined to carry my purpose into immediate execution. My motives for going to a country which travellers ordinarily avoid, were a wish to perfect myself in a language which is becoming so important in the hemisphere which it divides with our own, and a strong desire to visit scenes so full of interest and attraction. It chanced that a young Frenchman, with whom I had come to Peripignan, was of the same intention. He had been in Germany, Russia, and England, and spoke our language with a fluency which Frenchmen rarely attain. We had sat beside each other in the diligence, and our conversation, among other things, had revealed our mutual plans; so we agreed to keep on in company to Barcelona. We were yet talking over the necessary arrangements with our landlady, when our group was joined by a discontented old captain of foot, who had fought beside Dugommier, when he fell in battle in the neighbouring Pyrenees, and who had remained stationary since the downfal of Napoleon. As he, also, had been our fellow passenger the day before, he could not see us go into Spain without a word of warning. He said, that he had just seen a friend who had come lately from Zaragoza, and who had been twice plundered on the way; and endeavoured, by drawing a terrible picture of the state of the country, to deter us from trusting ourselves in a land, where, according to him, we might be robbed and murdered at any hour of the day. This, however, was but a trifling impediment to men already resolved. There was a fair chance of escaping untouched, whilst the little danger that might be incurred, would heighten the pleasure of every scene and incident, reached with some risk, and enjoyed with a sense of insecurity; and even to be pounced upon, on the highway, and thence carried off, like Gil Blas, to some subterranean cave, to feast with the bandits on the fat of the land, and be instrumental in saving some beautiful widow, were no bad alternative. So, our journey was determined upon; and having taken our seats in the interior of the diligence, which was to set out early the next morning, and having bought Spanish gold with our French money, we returned to the hotel, to eat our last meal in France. Quitting the table, where a party of friendly and social *commis voyageurs*, who had never seen each other before, and might never see each other again, were discussing in the most earnest and familiar manner the relative merits of their respective departments, we withdrew early to bed. We went more reluctantly forth the next morning, before dawn, at the bidding of the porter; and by the time we had seated ourselves, the horses were geared, and the gates of the town being opened, we rattled over the drawbridge, and took leave of Peripignan.

For some time after our departure, each continued sleeping or ruminating in his peculiar corner; but by and by the day stole gradually upon us, until the sun rose at last above the horizon, sending its rays through the broken clouds, which grew thinner as we advanced. I was

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now enabled to discover something of the economy of our diligence, and to speculate with more certainty upon the profession and character of my fellow passengers, than I had been enabled to do, when we took our seats by the light of a single lantern.

One of the first things with which the traveller is brought into contact on his arrival in France, and which, as much as any other, attracts his attention, is the public coach, very gratuitously named the diligence. This most curious of vehicles is composed of three distinct chambers or cabins for passengers. From without, it has the appearance of as many carriages, of different constructions, which have formed themselves into a copartnership for the public accommodation. The front part, called the *coupé* or *cabriolet*, resembles those old-fashioned chariots, that have only a back seat, with windows in front and at the side. Here three passengers may be very comfortable; for the seats are much more roomy, than with us, and an extra passenger is never crowded in. Indeed, each seat is numbered, and on taking your place, it is marked upon your ticket, and all cause of difficulty and altercation is obviated. As an additional convenience, the sides and backs of the seats are cushioned up to the top, and over head are bands for placing hats, for which night-caps of silk or cotton are usually substituted. Accoutred in one of these, a passenger can not only read, but sleep with some comfort in the diligence, which, from its slow rate, of about five miles the hour, is forced to travel all night, in order to make a tolerable progress. The interior carries six passengers, who sit on two benches, facing each other; and the rotunda, which, though the after-cabin, is not the post of honor, an equal number. Last comes the imperial; so called, doubtless, from its stately appearance. It stands upon the summit, and is covered at pleasure with a leathern top. From this proud elevation the captain of the diligence overlooks all the concerns of his land-ship, and gives his orders with the peremptory air of one accustomed to command. In a square box at the back of the conductor, which occupies the whole roof, the baggage is stowed, and covered with a leathern apron; a singular assortment of trunks, bags, dogs, monkeys, band-boxes, and parrots. The whole fabric rests upon horizontal springs, which are, in turn, sustained by a running-gear and wheels of corresponding solidity. Five horses are sufficient over the fine roads of France, to form the team of this moving mountain; one is attached on each side of the pole, the remaining three go more sociably together, on the lead. The whole are driven by a postillion, who bestrides the left wheel horse, and who, from the singularity of his costume, and the incredible size and heaviness of his boots, is by far the most wonderful particular of this truly wonderful whole. *

* The immense weight of these vehicles, when overladen and top-heavy—for they also carry freight—renders them very difficult to manage in a long descent. The wheels are shod as a matter of course, but the chains which hold them, and keep the wheels from revolving, some times break, when the horses, to save themselves from being run over, are forced to set off at a gallop. As the momentum, however, is constantly increasing, they cannot long preserve their station in advance. They

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My attention, when the day had dawned, was first attracted to the portion of the diligence in which I rode. My former companion was beside me, and in front of us were a lady and gentleman. The latter was an officer, some thirty or forty years old, with a mixture of fearlessness and good humor in his countenance. He wore the broad-breasted capot of blue, peculiar to the French infantry, and had the number of his regiment engraven upon each of his buttons. A leathern sword belt hung from his left pocket flap, and on his head was a military bonnet of cloth, with a *fleur-de-lys* in front. His beard was of some days standing, indicating the time he had been upon his journey; and his long mustaches hung about his mouth, neglected and crest-fallen. When the sun rose, however, he hastened to twist them up, until they stood fiercely from his face; then, having run his fingers through his hair, and replaced his bonnet on one side, his toilette might be said to be completed, and he turned with an air of confidence, to look at the lady beside him.

She was much younger than himself, and was very beautiful. Her hair and eyes were as black as they could be, and her features, full of life and animation, were of a mellow brown, which, while it looked rich and inviting, had, besides, an air of durability. It was somewhat difficult to understand the relation subsisting between the officer and the lady. He had come to the diligence with her, made her accept of his cloak to keep off the cold air of the morning, and was assiduous in his attentions to her comfort. Their conversation soon showed, however, that their acquaintance was but of recent date; that the lady was going to Figueras, to join her husband, a sub-lieutenant in the garrison; that the officer had been on *congé* from his regiment in Barcelona, whither he was now returning; and that they had travelled together accidentally from Narbonne. The difference between the French and most other nations, and the secret of their enjoying themselves in almost any situation, is, simply, that they endeavour to content themselves with the present, and draw from it whatever amusement it may be capable of affording. *Utiliser ses moments*, is a maxim, which they not only utter frequently, but follow always. They make the most of such society as chance may send them, are polite to persons whom they never expect to see again, and thus often begin, where duller spirits end, by gaining the good-will of all who come near them. In this way, our officer had turned his time to good account, and was already on excellent terms with his fair companion. Nor was he inattentive to us, but exceedingly courteous and polite; so that, instead of frowning defiance upon each other, and putting ourselves at ease without regarding the comfort of the rest, we all endeavoured to be agreeable, and even to prefer each the convenience of his fellow-travellers to his own.

are, at length, overtaken and crushed beneath the resistless impetus of the mass, which passes over them, and is at the same time overturned, or, being diverted from is course, is precipitated over the roadside. Fearful accidents of this nature sometimes occur, and on the road between Geneva and Lyons, which passes over the Jura, they are not unfrequent.

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There were no passengers in the *cabriolet*, and the conductor, in spite of the ordinance, had descended from his stately station on the imperial, to the humbler, though warmer birth, in the front of the dilligence, where he sat, wrapped up in a great variety of fur jackets, with a red comforter round his neck, and a seal-skin cap on his head, which he would occasionally project from the window, to hail a passing acquaintance or give some order to the postillion. The rotunda, however, was full, as I could see by opening a small window which communicated between it and the interior. Some of the passengers were still sleeping, with their cotton nightcaps drawn over their faces; while others were smoking cigars, and carrying on a discordant conversation in French, Provençal, or Catalan. In one of the sleepers I recognised a pastry cook, whom I happened to meet at the mayor's office at Peripignan. The old gentleman, a chevalier of St Louis, refused at first to let him leave the kingdom, in consequence of some defect in his passport; but he finally yielded to the poor fellow's solicitations, and made him happy, by telling him that he might go and make *petits patés* for the Barcelonians. Another was going to buy cork; and a third was a glove-maker of Grenoble, who had been settled some years in Barcelona, and was now returning from a visit to his native town. This was a young man of twentyfive or thereabouts, with a short bull-neck, and a stubborn countenance, not at all improved by a low fur cap, without a brim, by which it was surmounted. He had married the wife of his former master, who had taken a fancy to him, on or before the death of her husband, stepping thus, at once, into his bed and business. The old lady came forth a half-day's journey to meet and welcome him at Mataro; where, as they encountered, the fondness of the one, and the patient endurance of the other, furnished a singular and amusing picture of matrimonial felicity.

The country through which our road lay, on leaving Peripignan, was highly cultivated; producing some bread stuffs, but chiefly wine, oil, and silk. These branches of agriculture, however, though they carry with them so many associations of luxuriance and beauty, furnish by no means so many picturesque attractions, as are to be found in a pastoral district, with its simpler combination of trees, and streams, and meadows. The season of the year, too, was very unfavorable for rural display. A powerful sun had already destroyed the leaves of the vine and mulberry, so that the only remaining verdure was offered by the olive, which still preserved its foliage and its fruit, blackening as it ripened—if, indeed, that could be called verdure, whose gray and lifeless hue was akin to the soil which nourished it. The olive, in truth, owes everything to association; it has the sadness of the willow, with little of its grace.

As seen from Peripignan, the Pyrenees had stood in rugged perspective before us, rising gradually from the Mediterranean, and bending westward, where Mont Perdu reared his snowy head upward,

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until it was lost in the heavens. Their apparent elevation did not, however, increase upon us in advancing; for our road, instead of attacking the loftier ranges, sought an inferior pass, not very distant from the sea, where the Pyrenees may scarce claim the character of mountains. There are three principal roads communicating between France and Spain; one from St Jean de Luz into Guipuscoa; another from St Jean de Piedport into Navarre; and a third, by which we were crossing, from Roussillon to Catalonia, by the pass of Junquera. There are, however, a variety of passes through the Pyrenees, which are not only practicable for horses, but even for carriages and artillery; yet does this famous range offer an admirable boundary to the two great nations which it divides, defined as it is on both sides, by the course of water, which marks the French territory, when its direction is northward, the Spanish, when it seeks an outlet to the south.

When the ascent commenced, the postillion left his saddle, jumped out of his boots, which he hitched together and threw over the back of the *bidet*, that he might not miss his rider, and sauntered along at the side of his team, cracking his whip or raising his voice, in the light shoes which he wore habitually within his boots. The conducter, too, got down, and we all took to our legs, except our female companion, and the captain, to whom a march offered no novelty. In ascending, the crests of the mountain became craggy, but the gorges were still cultivated. There was little, however, to merit the name of fine scenery; for our windings along the bottoms of the ravines cut us off from any extended vista, while around us, there were neither woodlands nor mountain streams, with their attendant fertility.

At the last French post our passports were examined; and when we reached Junquera, the first village in Spain, diligent search was made for the necessary countersign of some Spanish consul or other authorized functionary. Here our trunks were likewise inspected with much eagerness, to discover if they might contain any contraband articles, or prohibited books, including, indeed all, except such as preach political and religious obedience, but especially the works of Marmontel, Voltaire, and Rosseau, together with the modern metaphysicians and economists. The orders to search were the more particular at this moment, in consequence of a large package of books having lately been detected in attempting to pass the barrier, bearing on their backs the pious title of *Vidas de los Santos;* but which were in fact nothing less than Spanish translations of the Social Contract, and pocket editions of Llorente's History of the Inquisition. As I chanced to have among my things, the Henriade and a few plays, productions of the arch-sceptic, I was glad to avoid the trouble of search and the risk of detection by slipping a piece of silver into the hands of the officer, who had given me to understand that it would be acceptable.

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Junquera is a miserable village, owing its existence, not to any advantages of soil, but to its situation near the top of the pass, where a stopping place is essential to the accommodation of travellers. Like most places similarly situated, it has but a squalid appearance; so that the traveller who enters Spain by this route, will always receive an unfavorable impression of the country which he is about to visit. As usually happens, in passing the frontier of two countries, he may likewise be surprised at finding so little difference in the manners and appearance of the inhabitants. Remembering that those who live north of the frontier are Frenchmen, those south of it Spaniards, he may wonder that there should exist so much conformity between people of two nations, which, in all their essential characteristics, are as different as they can well be. But, here, as elsewhere, there is a sort of neutral ground, where the dress, manners, and language are made up of those peculiar to the neighbouring countries. Thus at Peripignan the Provençal begins to blend itself with the Catalan, the latter entering more and more into the compound, as you approach the Pyrenees, until there is little of the former left, but such words and expressions as are common to the two languages. They may be called languages, because besides being generally spoken, they are both written and have their respective grammars, their literature, and their poetry. Even now, as in the days of the troubadour, there are perhaps more ballads hawked about in the cities of Provence, than in any other country; and there is a softness and harmony in their versification, which French poetry does not always possess. The Provençal is a degenerate Latin, between the French and Italian, the French words being terminated by aspirated vowels, and softened into an Italian pronunciation; but the Catalan, though chiefly derived from the old language of the troubadour, is a rougher, and much harsher tongue; it has a hawking, spluttering sound, which may have come with the barbarians from the north of Europe.

In the public officers, police, military, in fact in everything which relates to the general service, the traveller will, however, notice a most decided change, in passing from France into Spain. On the French side, he finds snug buildings to shelter the custom-officers; men who would repel a bribe with indignation; cleanliness and uniformity in the dress of the *employés;* and *gens-d'armes* well accoutred and well mounted, patrolling the country in pursuit of robbers, and enabling the citizen to pursue his avocations in security. On the Spanish side, how different. Miserable looking *addaneros* crawl forth, with paper cigars in their mouths, in old cocked hats of oil cloth, and rolled in tattered cloaks, from beneath mud hovels, which seem to be only waiting for their escape, that they may tumble down. They make a show of examining you, ask for something for cigars, and if you give them a *peseta*, they say that all is well, and you go by unmolested. Here there is no law but that of the strongest, and every man is seen carrying a gun to protect his person and property.

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On leaving Junquera, the road followed a rivulet, and, after descending a while, the barren region of the Pyrenees softened into scenes of partial cultivation. The vallies and sheltered situations were covered with wheat, vines, and olives, and the hill tops were fringed with cork trees. This useful production is known in Spain by the name of *alcornoque*. It is a species of the *encina*, which, though of very different appearance from our oak, furnishes a wood of the same grain, and produces acorns, which are not so bitter as ours, and which, as an article of food, the poorer classes do not always abandon to the hogs. Thus we are told that Sancho was a great lover of *bellotas*. The cork tree grows to the height of our apple tree, and spreads its branches much in the same manner; but the trunk is of much greater dimensions, and the foliage of a more gloomy hue. Its trunk and branches are covered with a thick ragged bark, which would seem to indicate disease. The trunk alone, however, furnishes a bark of sufficient thickness to be of use in the arts. It is first stripped away in the month of July, when the tree is fifteen years old; but is then of no use, except to burn, and is only removed for the sake of producing a stouter growth. In the course of six or eight years, the inner bark has grown into a cork of marketable quality, and continues to yield, at similar intervals, for more than a century.

Towards noon we drove into the town of Figueras, the first place of importance within the Spanish frontier. It is overlooked by a citadel, in which the science of fortification has been exhausted. There is an old proverb, which, in characterizing the military excellence of three great nations, prefers 'the French to take, the Spanish to fortify, and the English to keep.' The Spaniards have proved, at Figueras, that they are entitled to the praise awarded them; for with a sufficient garrison and supplies the place is esteemed impregnable. It is now occupied by the French to secure their communications with the army in Barcelona. When it will cease to be thus occupied is another question.

As soon as we drove up to the *posada*, a party of wild Catalans rushed forth from the stable-yard, to assist in carrying away our team; and the conductor, who had long since descended from his elevated station along the iron steps placed at the side of the diligence, and stood upon the lowest one, supported by a rope from above, now jumped to the ground and hastened to release us from our captivity. Our captain alighted first, and, having relieved himself by a well-bred stretch, was just holding out his hand to assist his female friend, when he was suddenly saved the trouble by a stout, fine-looking fellow, a sub-lieutenant of chasseurs, who stepped in before him. This was a rough Provençal, with a black beard, who had fought his way to his present station, without fear or favor. He was evidently the husband of the lady; for she, declining the captain's courtesy, jumped into his arms and embraced him. The husband seemed pleased enough to find himself, once more, so near *sa petite*, and when he had called some soldiers, who were standing by, to carry his wife's band-boxes, he took her under his arm, and carried her away in a hurry to his quarters, his spurs jingling at each step, and his sabre clattering after him over the pavement. The

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captain twisted his mustaches, and glared fiercely after the receding couple; but as the man was only exercising an honest privilege, he said not a word, but bade the conductor hand him down his sword, and when he had thrust it through his belt, we all went into the *posada*.

The next place of any consequence through which we passed, was Gerona, a fortified town situated on a mountain. Its foundation is ascribed to the Gerons, who make so distinguished a figure in the fabulous history of Spain, and whose destruction by the Lybian Hercules constitutes one of the twelve labors of the god. Gerona is very celebrated in Spanish history tor the many sieges it has sustained, and for its successful resistance on twenty two occasions, which gained it the name of La Doncella—'The Damsel.' It lost its character, however, in the War of Succession, when it was entered by the Marshal de Noailles, and since then its fame is gone entirely. It was near nine at night when we reached the gate, where we were kept waiting half an hour, until the key could be procured from the commandant.

The next morning at four we were again in motion, rising and descending hills in rapid succession, until we came to a stream of some width, over which there was no bridge, as we had already found to be the case with several others, since crossing the frontier. While we were yet descending the bank, the postillion put his team to its speed, so that we proceeded a good distance with this acquired velocity. When in the middle, however, we were near stopping; for the river, which was much swollen, entered at the bottom of the diligence, washing through the wheels, and striking against the flanks of our horses, until it rendered them powerless, and had well nigh driven them from their legs. They were for a moment at a stand; but the whip and the voice of the postillion encouraged them to greater exertion, and, after much struggling, they succeeded in dragging the coach over the stones at the bottom of the torrent, and in bringing it safely to land.

We were not alone in this little embarrassment; for there was a party of about a hundred Frenchman crossing the stream at the same time. They were going to join a regiment at Barcelona, and with the exception of a few *vieux moustaches* among the non-commissioned officers, who did not need their stripes of service to proclaim them veterans, they were all conscripts, as any one who had seen Vernet's inimitable sketches, would readily have conjectured. It happened that there was a small foot-bridge, only one plank in width, which stood on upright posts driven into the bottom of the stream. The water was now nearly even with the top, and in some places flowed over. This, however, afforded a more agreeable way of crossing, than wading the river with water to the arm-pits. The commander of the party had already passed, and stood, buttoned in his *capot* and with folded arms, upon an eminence beyond the stream, watching the motions of his followers. Those of the soldiers who had already crossed, stood upon the bank, laughing and hallooing at the unsteady steps of the conscripts, as they

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came faltering over with caps and coats fitting them like sacks, and their muskets held out before them to assist in maintaining a balance. Though many tottered, only two or three fell, and these came to land well drenched, to the infinite amusement of their comrades. Last came a young sub-lieutenant, evidently on his first campaign, tripping along the plank with the airy step of a *muscadin*. Unfortunately, just as he had cleared two thirds of the bridge, and was quickening his pace with an air of great self-complacency, a flaw of wind, rushing down the ravine, caught the skirts of his oil-cloth coat, and throwing him out of the perpendicular, he fell full length, like a thresher fish, upon the water. The soldiers respected the feelings of their officer and repressed their mirth; they rushed into the stream, each with exclamations of anxiety for *mon lieutenant*, and soon drew him to land dripping with the water, from which his patent cloak had not availed to protect him.

The little village of Tordera lay just beyond the bank of the stream, and its whole population had come out to the corner of the last house, to witness our simultaneous arrival. It happened to be Sunday, and, as I have sometimes fancied is apt to be the case, it brought with it a bright sunshine and a cloudless sky. The inhabitants, in consideration of the day and the weather, were decked in their gayest, furnishing me with a first and most favorable occasion of seeing something of the Catalans and of their costume. The men were of large stature, perfectly well made and very muscular; but there seemed something sinister in their appearance, partly produced by the length and shagginess of their hair and the exaggerated cast of their countenances; partly, by the graceless character of their costume. It consisted of a short jacket and waistcoat of green or black velvet, scarce descending half way down the ribs, and studded thickly with silver buttons, at the breasts, lappels, and sleeves; the trowsers of the same material, or of nankeen, being long, full, and reaching from the ground to the arm-pits. Instead of shoes, they wore a hempen or straw sandal, which had a small place to admit and protect the toes, and a brace behind with cords, by means of which it was bound tightly to the instep. Their dark-tanned and sinewy feet, seemed strangers to the embarrassment of a stocking, whilst their loins were girt with a sash of red silk or woollen. This article of dress, unknown among us, is universally worn by the working classes in Spain, who say that it keeps the back warm, sustains the loins, and prevents lumbago; in short, that it does them a great deal of good, and that they would be undone without it. Most of the young men had embroidered ruffles, and collars tied by narrow sashes of red or yellow silk; some displayed within their waistcoat a pair of flashy suspenders of green silk, embroidered with red and adjusted by means of studs and buckles of silver. The most remarkable article, however, of this singular dress, and by no means the most graceful, was a long cap of red woollen, which fell over behind the head, and hung a long way down the back, giving the wearer the look of a

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cut-throat. Whether from the association of the *bonnet rogue*, or some other prejudice, or from its own intrinsic ugliness, I was not able, during my short stay in Catalonia, to overcome my repugnance to this detestable head-gear.

As for the women, some of them were dressed in a gala suit of white, with silk slippers covered with spangles; but more wore a plain black frock, trimmed with velvet of the same color. They were generally bare-headed, just as they had come from their dwellings; a few, returning perhaps from mass, had fans in their hands, and on their heads the *mantilla*. The Spanish *mantilla* is often made entirely of lace, but more commonly of black silk, edged with the more costly material. It is fastened above the comb, and pinned to the hair, thence descending to cover the neck and shoulders, and ending in two embroidered points which depend in front. These are not confined, but left to float about loosely; so that, with the ever moving fan, they give full employment to the hands of the lady, whose unwearied endeavours to conceal her neck furnishes a perpetual proof of her modesty. Though in former times, the female foot was doomed in Spain to scrupulous concealment, to display it is now no longer a proof of indecency. The frock had been much shortened among these fair Catalans, each of whom exhibited a well-turned ancle, terminated in a round little foot, neatly shrouded in a thread stocking, with a red, a green, or a black slipper. They were besides of graceful height and figure, with the glow of health deep upon their cheeks, and eyes that spoke a burning soul within. There was much of the grace, and ease, and fascination of the Provençelle, with a glow and luxuriance enkindled by a hotter sun.

We were detained a short time in Tordera to change horses, so that before we departed, the French party filed into the little square by beat of drum; the captain marching sword in hand at the head, while his lieutenant slunk past us, with the water oozing from his boots at each tread, and sought out the kitchen of the *posada*. When the line was formed, the sergeant proceeded to call the roll. Sentinels were placed to parade on each side of the square, and then the arms being stacked, and the sacks and accoutrements of the soldiers hung upon them, they all got instantly as merry as crickets, stretched their backs, now relieved of their aching burthens, or capered about the square, wrestling with each other, or fencing with their hands, as if they had foils in them. Others wandered away to a neighbouring wine shop to stay their stomachs while their rude meal was preparing, levying a subscription of coppers for the purpose, as they went, whilst a solitary swain preferred rather to roam aside to a neighbouring alley, and make love to a damsel of Tordera.

Leaving this little village and its pleasant scenes, we ascended a hill and came suddenly in sight of the Mediterranean, and of a far stretching extent of coast, whitened, at short intervals, by busy little villages, which received the tribute of both sea and land; for, while a well cultivated country supplied the wants of the industrious inhabitant,

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countless fishing boats were seen upon the water, urging their way to the beach by sail and oar, to land their spoil, and share in the rest and jubilee of the Sabbath. When we came to the shore, some of these boats were already hauled up. They had but one short mast leaning forward with a very long yard, over which their nets were now suspended to dry, while the fish taken in their toils, fluttered in heaps on the sand or were carried away in baskets. These boats were sharp at both ends, with a high prow, ending in a round ball, painted to represent the human face, and covered with a wig of sheep skin. Beside this odd ornament, some had a half-moon or a human eye on either bow. Nor were there wanting larger vessels, clean-built smugglers and others, anchored near the shore; while, farther in the offing, were ships and brigs, stretching to and fro against a contrary wind, anxious to escape from the stormy region of the Gulf of Lyons. One ship had come quite near. Her well-fashioned and varnished body and trim-rigged masts, with the snowy whiteness of her canvass, rendered it likely that she was American. Nor was there anything hazardous in the conjecture, since wherever there is water to float a ship, it has been divided by an American keel. I felt sure of the matter from the first, being somewhat of a connoisseur in matters of ships and rigging; for, when yet a child, I had loved to loiter about the wharves of my native city, watching the arrival of ships from countries which I knew as yet only through my geography, or witnessing the casting-off of departing vessels, the last halloo and later greeting of shawls and handkerchiefs, as friends were separated from each other. It was not, however, without a feeling of additional satisfaction, that I presently saw the proud ship turn towards the wind, present the opposite side to its efforts, and change the direction of her sails, offering her stern to our view, and, as if pleased with the opportunity, hoisting aloft and displaying in the bright sunshine the stars and stripes of that banner, which has never been branded with dishonor, nor sullied by strong-handed injustice. I was alone in a foreign land, strange sights were before me, and stranger sounds were echoing in my ears yet the home feeling, thus called up, asserted itself within me. I brushed a tear from my cheek, rather in exultation than in sorrow, and, when the gallant ship had faded from view, offered an inward prayer that her voyage might be prosperous.

Our road now lay along the coast through a great number of villages, which formed themselves into a double row of houses on either side. I was struck with the neat appearance of these dwellings, unlike anything I had seen in France. Some were two stories, more but one in height, plastered and whitewashed, with red tile roofs. The door opened into a long entry, neatly garnished and matted. Not unfrequently, a little altar stood at the extremity, illuminated by a single lamp. A rude image of Our Lady of the Pillar was usually the prominent object, and around was an abundance of pewter ornaments and pictures. It was the family shrine; their refuge in the hour of distress; when the storm rages, and the boat of her husband is not yet upon the beach, the only succour of an anxious wife—if not the source of real protection, at least a foundation for confidence and hope.

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Beside the door revealing this shrine of family devotion, was a high window, grated with iron bars and ornamented with flower pots. This was also a shrine, though devoted to a different order of excellence. A lovely girl might often be seen, sitting with her chair in the window; one foot concealed under it, the other projecting between the gratings of the balcony, displaying perfectly its graceful curve and well-defined outline. Her left arm over the back of her chair, the right holds a fan with which she presses her under lip into more inviting relief. Her full dark eye glances rapidly at all who pass, frowns upon some and favors others, whom she at the same time salutes with a gracious bending forward of the head, and one of those winning and prolonged shakes of the fan or fingers, which, though so common in Spain, are yet quite enough to turn the head of any man. One of our passengers, a young student whom we had taken in at Gerona, had never before been from home. He set out sad and tearful, as boys are wont to do, and during the whole morning scarce uttered a monosyllable. As his home receded, however, he grew less sorrowful, and the unaccustomed scenes of the coast and the shipping became so many sources of amusement. But the bright eyes of these brown beauties were far more effectual; indeed they put the devil into the boy. Whenever we past one of these favored balconies, he would jump to the window, shake his hands with a smile, after the fashion of the country, call the lady 'the heart of his soul,' and utter many tender speeches in Catalan. Once, when a rarer combination of lips and eyes had raised his rapture and admiration too high for words, he took refuge in signs, loading the ends of his fingers with kisses, and wafting them tenderly after the manner of the Turks. Nor did the damsel thus saluted grow angry at his impertinence. When she saw how fast the diligence went, and that it was only a boy, she took courage and returned the salutation by mimicking it.

In this merry way we rattled through many villages, which lay in the road to Barcelona. Nor was the country itself without attraction. The protecting Pyrenees formed a barrier against the bleak *mistral*, while the sunny exposure of the coast and the moist winds of the Mediterranean, tended to keep vegetation alive. There were cornfields, vineyards, and olive orchards, all divided from each other by hedges of aloe. This hardy plant, while it forms enclosures which take care of themselves and are impenetrable, furnishes fibres which are woven into a coarse cloth, used in the country, and sent to America for cotton bagging, and even into lace and other fine textures. The orange, too, might occasionally be seen at the sunny side of a house, loaded with its rich fruit, and its leaves still verdant and exhaling fragrance, nor had the singing birds yet ceased their carol.

Such was the succession of objects that varied our ride to Barcelona, which we reached before sunset. The population, dressed in various and fantastic costumes, and intermingled with French soldiery, were returning from their Sunday's promenade, and hurrying

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to reach the gates before they should close for the night. We entered with them, wound through the streets of the Catalonian metropolis, and were presently set down at the coach-office beside the Rambla. We were not long in dispersing. Some went one way, some another. The young Frenchman and I remained together, and when we had obtained our trunks from the top of the diligence, which the porters were able to reach by means of a long ladder, we sought lodgings at the neighbouring Fonda of the Four Nations.

Before separating, however, we had exchanged addresses with our companion the captain, and received an invitation to visit him at his quarters. We took an early occasion of redeeming our promise, and at length found him out in a little room, overlooking one of the narrowest streets of Barcelona. As we entered, he was sitting thoughtfully on his bed, with a folded paper in his hand, one foot on the ground, the other swinging. A table, upon which were a few books, and a solitary chair, formed the only furniture of the apartment; while a schaiko, which hung from the wall by its nailed throat-lash, a sword, a pair of foils and masks, an ample cloak of blue, and a small portmanteau, containing linen and uniform, constituted the whole travelling equipage and moveable estate of this marching officer. We accommodated ourselves, without admitting apologies, on the bed and the chair, and our host set about the task of entertaining us, which none can do better than a Frenchman. He had just got a letter from a widow lady, whose acquaintance he had cultivated when last in Barcelona, and was musing upon the answer. Indeed, his amatory correspondence seemed very extensive; for he took one billet which he had prepared from the cuff of his capot, and a second from the fold of his bonnet, and read them to us. They were full of extravagant stuff, rather remarkable for warmth than delicacy, instead of a signature at the bottom, had a heart transfixed with an arrow, and were done up in the shape of a cocked hat. As for the widow, he did not know where to find words sweet enough for her; and protested that he had half a mind to send her the remaining one of a pair of mustaches, which he had taken from his lip after the campaign of Russia, and which he presently produced, of enormous length, from a volume of tactics.

When we were about to depart, our captain said that he was going to the *caserne* of his regiment, to assist in an assault of arms which was to be given by the officers, and asked us to go with him. The scene of the assault was a basement room. The pavement of pounded mortar was covered with plank, to make it more pleasant to the feet. We found a couple already fencing, and our companion soon stripped to prepare for the encounter. It was singular to see the simplicity of his dress. When he removed his boots to put on the sandal, his feet were without stockings, and under his close-buttoned capot there was no waistcoat, nothing to cover his shaggy breast, but a coarse linen shirt without a collar; for the French officers wear nothing about the neck beside a stock of black velvet edged with white. Having taken off the sword-belt which hung from his shoulder, and bound his suspenders round his loins, he rolled his sleeves up, chose a mask and foil, and was ready to step into the arena. It appeared that our captain

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was master of his weapon, from the difficulty in finding him an antagonist. This, however, was at length removed, by the stepping forth of a close-built little *sabreur*. It was a fine display of manly grace, to see the opening salutations of courtesy, and the fierce contest that ensued, as they alternately attacked and defended, winding themselves within the guard of each other with the stealth and quickness of the serpent, and glaring from within their masks with eyes of fire. The buttons of their foils were not covered with leather, as is usual among more moderate fencers, lest the motion of the points should be embarrassed. Hence the rough edges, as they grazed the arm or struck full upon the breast, brought blood in several places. This same weapon, the foil, is generally used by the French military in duels, with the single preparation of cutting off the button. When the assault was concluded, the antagonists removed their masks and shook hands, as is the custom, in order to remove any irritation that might have occurred during the contest. Then commenced a brisk and earnest conversation upon the performance, furnishing matter for many compliments and never-ending discussion. During a year's residence in France, I had never before met with any one who had taken part in the campaign of Russia; as I now looked, however, upon the muscular arms of the captain and his iron conformation, I was not surprised that he had been of the few who had gone through the horrors of that disastrous expedition.

Our *fonda* was situated, as we have already seen, upon the Rambla, an immense highway through the city, the chief thoroughfare and promenade of Barcelona. Being of modern construction, we found large and commodious apartments. But to one accustomed to the convenience and luxury of a French bedchamber, which constitutes indeed the chief excellence of their inns, my present room was but dreary and desolate. Besides the tile floor and whitewashed walls and ceiling, there were a few chairs, a table, and no mirror; on one side a comfortless bed, hidden by curtains in an alcove; on the other, a large window with folding sashes and grated balcony. It overlooked an open field, which had no trees, but was covered with ruins and rubbish. The place had formerly been the site of the convent and spacious garden of a Capuchin fraternity. The property had been sold during the late period of the Constitution, and the buyers were proposing to build houses, and to render it productive, when the royalist insurrection, which the despoiled clergy had stirred up, aided by French armies, brought about the counter-revolution. Those who had paid for the land were dispossessed with little ceremony, and the materials which they had been collecting to erect stores and dwellings, were now fastened upon by the returning fugitives, to renew the demolished combination of church, and cell, and cloister. The good fathers might be seen all day from my window, moving about as busy as bees, with their long beards and dingy habits of gray, girded with a rope, superintending the labor of twenty or thirty workmen. In watching their

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manœuvres, and commiserating the poor Spaniards, I found a gloomy distraction for all my idle hours.

The balconies in the front of our *fonda* offered a gayer view; for it overlooked the wide walk and busy scenes of the Rambla. It was constantly frequented by every variety of people, and in the afternoon was thronged to overflowing. The scene then became animated indeed. There were many well-dressed men and women, evidently the fashion of the place; country people and artisans; French officers and soldiers, moving along with pretty girls hanging on their arms, and each apparently as much at home as though he were in the centre of his own Department. There were also students rolled in long black cloaks; their breeches, stockings, and cocked hats, also black, and without even so much as a shirt collar to relieve the gloom of their attire. But the most numerous class of pedestrians were the clergy. Their appearance was grotesque enough; the seculars, canons, curates, and vicars, wore frocks of black, concealing their breeches and stockings of the same color. Over all, they had an ample cloak of black cloth or silk, without a cape, which either hung loosely around them, or was thrown into a graceful fold by placing the right skirt over the opposite shoulder. The hat, however, was the most remarkable object of their dress. It consisted of an immense flat three or four feet in diameter, turned up at the sides until the two edges met above the crown. It was worn with the long part pointing before and behind; for had it been carried sideways, a few would have served to block the Rambla and render passing impracticable. The best time to convince one's self of the convenience of this head gear is in a gale of wind. Many a severe fit of laughter have I had in Spain, when it has been blowing hard, to see a priest come unexpectedly upon a windy corner and struck by a flaw. One hand is stretched to the front of the long hat, the other to the back of it, as though devotion had prompted a new way of signing the cross; and then his many robes fluttering and struggling to the sad entanglement of the legs, combined to form a figure altogether ludicrous. Besides the secular clergy, there was a goodly store of monks in black, white, blue, or gray, with their fat and unseemly heads shaved bare at the crown and about the neck and temples. A few were worn down and emaciated, as if from fasting, vigils, and maceration, with an air of cold-blooded and fanatic abstraction; the greater part were burly and well-conditioned, with sensuality engraven on every feature. As they waddled contentedly and self-complacently along the Rambla, they would peer into the *mantillas* of all the pretty girls that passed them, exchanging a shake of the fingers or a significant glance with such as were of their acquaintance. There is no part of Spain where the clergy are more numerous than in Catalonia; for they form more than two per cent. of the entire population. Two men in a hundred, who neither sow, nor reap, nor labor; and who, nevertheless, eat, and drink, and luxuriate! The fact is its own best commentary.

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CHAPTER II.

PRINCIPALITY OF CATALONIA.

Barcelona.—Its Environs.—The Noria.—History of Barcelona.—Its Present Condition.—Departure for Valencia.—The Team of Mules.—The Bishop of Vique.—Ride to Tarragona.—The City.

THE principality of Catalonia forms part of the kingdom of Arragon, and extends along the Mediterranean, from the Pyrenees to the Ebro. It is by nature broken, mountainous, and averse from cultivation. But the stubborn industry of the inhabitants has forced it into fertility, and at no distant day it had more manufacturers than any other part of Spain, carried on extensive fisheries, and traded to the remotest corners of the world, thus offering the agreeable spectacle of a country sustaining a numerous and flourishing population, though unaided by the bounties of nature.

Barcelona is the capital of the principality. It is situated upon a plain beside the sea. Without the walls towards the southwest, is an insulated hill called Monjui, which is crowned with a fine fortress and is impregnable by any regular attack. The Lobregat runs behind it, whilst the horizon on the north and west is closed by a bold range of mountains, which arrest the bleak winds of winter. Among these, Monserrat, celebrated not less for its venerated shrine, under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin, than for the horrors of its scenery and situation, lifts its crest, fringed with a forest of rocky pyramids.* The port is partly formed by a natural indentation of the coast, but chiefly by an artificial mole of noble construction, which stretches far into the sea. Vessels drawing sixteen feet may cross the bar at the mouth of of the harbour, and be protected from most winds within the mole. In the season of levanters, however, there comes an occasional hurricane, forcing in a terrible sea, which drives the ships from their anchors, dashes them against each other, and covers the beach and bay with an awful seen of confusion and disaster.

Barcelona yields only to Madrid and Valencia, in extent and population. Antillon estimates the latter at one hundred and forty thousand. The greater part of the city is very ill-built, with streets so narrow that many of them are impassable for carriages. This is especially the case in the centre, where the old Roman town is supposed to have stood, from the ruins found there—arches and columns of temples, incorporated with the squalid constructions of modern times. Here the public

* It takes its Latin name from its rugged and saw-like crest; *sierra*, the word so much used in Spain, and so applicable to the character of the mountains, is a corruption of *serra*.

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square or *Plaza* is found, with arcades and balconies, the scene of many an *auto-de-fe* and many a bull-feast. It has, however, witnessed one redeeming spectacle; for it was here that Ferdinand and Isabella, attended by a wondering and proud array of cavaliers and courtiers, received from Columbus the tribute of the new-found world.

The churches of Barcelona are not remarkable for beauty; but the custom house is a noble edifice, and so is the exchange. In the latter public schools are established for teaching the sciences connected with navigation, and the three noble arts of architecture, painting, and statuary. These noble institutions are maintained at the expense of the city, and all, whether natives or strangers, children or adults, may attend the classes gratuitously, and receive instruction from able masters. The Catalans have much taste for music, and have long supported an Italian opera in Barcelona. I found the performance better than in Madrid. The company confines itself to the music of Rossini, which, doubtless, contributes to its success. The comedy is very inferior, lacking as it does the support of the inferior classes, who are but little acquainted with the Castilian tongue. The only performance at which I attended gave me but a poor opinion of the Spanish drama; it was not thus with Spanish dancing, which I there witnessed with delight for the first time. Notwithstanding the great size of Barcelona, it has no public journal of its own, nothing, indeed, which approaches the character of a newspaper, except a little diary, as big as your two hands, which contains a description of the weather and a marine list, together with such a collection of commercial advertisements as indicate too clearly the fallen condition of trade.

The environs of Barcelona, as seen from Monjui, are exceedingly picturesque. Beside the noble metropolis, which spreads itself at your feet, with all its combination of buildings, churches, promenades, and lines of circumvallation, you have the bay before you, filled with its shipping, drawn up within the long white mole, terminated by a noble light tower; and without, the open sea, spotted by many a white sail, and stretching far east, wave following wave in diminished perspective, until lost in the horizon. In the interior is seen the rugged barrier of mountains, while the verdant prospect below bespeaks its protecting influence. The fields about Barcelona are cultivated with the greatest care and are extremely productive in silk, wine, oil, figs, oranges, almonds, apricots, and pomegranates; flax, wheat, barley, oats, rye, and Indian corn, with every species of esculents. When contemplated from above, this scene of varied production, neatly divided into fields, and enclosed by hedges of aloe, delights the eye and fills the mind with the most pleasing sensations. The leading feature in the cultivation here, and to which much of this fertility is owing, is the system of irrigation. With a view to facilitate the operation, the fields are levelled into terraces; and a small stream, which runs by the city, furnishes the lands through which it passes with water; but it is more generally pro-

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cured on each little farm by a machine called the *noria*, introduced by the Saracens. It is of general use throughout Spain, and is of essential value in so dry a climate.

The *noria* consists of a vertical wheel placed over a well, and having a band of ropes passing round it, to which earthern jars are affixed. These jars, set in motion by the turning of the wheel, descend empty on one side, pass through the water in the well below, and having small holes in the bottom for the air to escape, fill easily, before they ascend on the opposite side. A little water leaks from the air holes during the ascent, and falls from jar to jar. When arrived at the top, the water is emptied into a trough leading to a reservoir, so placed as to overlook every part of the field which it is intended to irrigate. Connected with the reservoir is a basin for washing clothes. As for the vertical wheel which immediately raises the water, it receives its motion from a horizontal one, turned by a horse, cow, mule, or more commonly an ass. There is something primitive in this rude machine, that carries one back to scripture scenes and oriental simplicity. Often have I sat by the road side for an hour together, watching the economy of these little farms, such as one may see in the environs of Barcelona. While the laborer was digging among his lettuces, that old-fashioned animal, the ass, performed unbidden his solemn revolutions; the wheel turned, and the ropes of grass brought up the jars and emptied them of their burthen, while at the neighbouring reservoir a dark-haired and dark-eyed damsel, would be upon her knees beside the basin, her petticoats tucked snugly around her, and as she rubbed the linen with her hand, or beat it against the curbstone, singing some wild outlandish air, like anything but the music of Europe.—Much labor is doubtless lost by the rude construction of the *noria;* but the system of irrigation, with which it is connected, is an excellent one, and is the means of fertilizing lands which must otherwise have remained uncultivated.

Barcelona is of very great antiquity, having been founded more than two centuries before Christ by Hamilcar Barcino, father to the great Hannibal, from whom it derives its name. It made no great figure under the Roman domination, having been eclipsed in those days by the immense city of Tarraco. When the Saracens overran Spain, Barcelona shared the common fate, and yielded to the dominion of Mahomet. Its remoteness, however, from Cordova, the seat of the Saracen empire, rendered its tenure precarious, and, accordingly, in the ninth century, it was recovered by Louis le Debonnaire, son and successor of Charlemagne. He erected it into a county, which he vested in the family of Bernard, a French noble. The Counts of Barcelona continued to yield allegiance to the French crown, until it voluntarily relinquished its sovereignty in the thirteenth century. The county became annexed

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to Arragon by marriage, as the latter afterwards blended itself with Castile to form the present Spanish monarchy, whose kings still use the title of Counts of Barcelona.*

Though Barcelona remained inconsiderable under the Romans, it made a distinguished figure in the days of returning civilization. From the Jews, who took refuge in it when driven from their homes, it derived that spirit of frugal and persevering industry which still characterizes its inhabitants. The Catalans became enterprising traders, and the Mediterranean, which lay so convenient for commercial pursuits, was soon covered with their ships. Barcelona became the rival of Genoa, and the depot whence christian Spain received the precious commodities of the East. Nor was the valor of the Catalans inferior to their industry and enterprise. They fitted out piratical expeditions, with which they worried the commerce of the Saracens; and even when they encountered armed fleets, victory was almost ever sure to declare for them. One fact, recorded by Mariana, may be sufficient to show the character and reputation of the early Catalans. In the beginning of the fourteenth century, when the Turks, led on by Othman, the fierce founder of their empire, began to extend their conquests in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, the emperor Andronicus, conscious of the effeminacy of his warriors, sent an embassy to Barcelona to ask assistance of the Catalans. Reguier, one of the most distinguished Catalan captains of that day, accepted the invitation. Having obtained the consent of his king, he enlisted five thousand adventurers equally fearless with himself, and set sail for Constantinople. Falling to earnestly, they gained many battles in Phrygia, and drove the Turks from the vicinity of the Black Sea, until they at length became so powerful, and withal so insolent, that the Greek emperor would willingly have been delivered from their friendship. But he could not get rid of them, and even made war with little success against his rapacious auxiliaries, until, after losing many battles, he was obliged to beg the interference of the pope and of the king of Arragon, before they would leave his territory. Thus compelled to yield obedience to their spiritual and temporal masters, these Catalans seized, as a last resort, upon Athens and Negropont, where they long continued to maintain themselves. To this romantic expedition the kings of Arragon owed their title of Dukes of Athens and Neopatria, still used by the Spanish sovereigns down to the present day.

At length, however, when the discovery of America and the progress of intelligence had revolutionized the public mind, and when the spirit of war and destruction had given place to the spirit of improvement, the Catalans were among the foremost to yield obedience to the change. Barcelona became a vast magazine, where goods of wool and silk, fire arms and cutlery, with almost every fabric, were prepared for the distant colonies of Spain. The Catalan sailors repaired with these commodities to every part of America, and adventurers from among

* Mariana, Historia de Espania.

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the surplus population would be absent a few years, and then return with fortunes to increase the resources and quicken the industry of their native province.*

Such was Barcelona in former times; her present reverse is a very sad one. Though industry and frugality still characterize the Catalan, yet the capital and outlets which gave activity to these qualities, are either idle or no longer exist. The manufactories of cutlery and fire arms are ruined and forgotten, and the wines and brandies of Catalonia, the cotton and woollen goods, which used formerly to be carried to every corner of the Americas, are now either shipped away by stealth or only consumed in Spain. The ships and brigs, whose tall masts once loomed like a forest within the mole of Barcelona, are now replaced by a paltry assemblage of fishing boats and feluccas. Even these are not allowed a free communication along the coasts of the Peninsula; nor does Spain even enjoy the pitiful privilege of an interchange of her own productions. Pirates and outcast adventurers of every nation, except Colombia, assuming the easy flag of that country and the name of patriot, rendered loathsome by its wearers, post themselves along the headlands of the Peninsula, and pilfer all who pass. Will this state of things last always? Those who believe that the prosperity of one country does not involve the ruin of another, may hope that it will not. Spain must sooner or later sacrifice her prejudices to her interest;

* It appears from a late valuable publication, Navarrete's collection of Spanish voyages and discoveries, that the first known experiment of propelling a vessel by the agency of steam was made at Barcelona, more than eightyfive years before the idea of procuring motion by means of it, was first started by Brancas in Italy, more than a century before this power was first applied to any useful purpose by the Marquis of Worcester in England, and near three centuries before Fulton, adapting and combining the inventions of a host of contemporary mechanists, successfully solved the same wonderful problem in our own country. Singular, however, as the fact may be, it is fully established by various documents lately found in the archives of Simancas, and is so circumstantially stated as to be incontrovertible. It appears that in the year 1543, a certain sea officer, called Blasco de Garay, offered to exhibit before the emperor Charles the Fifth a machine, by means of which a vessel should be made to move without the assistance of either sails or oars. Though the proposal appeared ridiculous, the man was so much in earnest, that the emperor appointed a commission to witness and report upon the experiment. It consisted of Don Enrique de Toledo, Don Pedro Cardona, the Treasurer Ravago, the Vice-chancellor Gralla, and many experienced seamen. The experiment was made the 17th of June, 1543, on board a vessel called the Trinidad, of two hundred barrels burthen, which had lately arrived loaded with wheat from Colibre. The vessel was seen at a given moment, to move forward and turn about at pleasure, without sail, or oar, or human agency, and without any visible mechanism, except a huge boiler of hot water and a complicated combination of wheels and paddles. The assembled multitude were filled with astonishment and admiration. The harbor of Barcelona resounded with plaudits, and the commissioners, who shared in the general enthusiasm, all made favorable reports to the emperor, except only the Treasurer Ravago. This man, from some unknown cause, was prejudiced against the inventor and his machine; he took great pains to undervalue it, stating among other things, that it could be of little use, since it only propelled the vessel two leagues in three hours; that it was very expensive and complicated, and that there

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and when the Americas shall be independent in name as in fact, the influence of a community of language, manners, and wants, will not fail to assert itself. The spirit of enterprise, smothered but not extinct among the Catalans, will revive, and Barcelona may again resound to the rattle and clang of the loom and the hammer.

Having passed a week in Barcelona, I set out early one morning for Tarragona, on my way to Valencia and Madrid. At three o'clock the waiter who had served me in the *fonda*, came to call me and carry my trunk to the diligence office. There it was carefully weighed, and all that it exceeded an *aroba*, or twentyfive pounds, was paid for, over and above the charge for passage, which, from Barcelona to Valencia, a distance of fiftyseven Spanish leagues, of seventeen and a quarter to the degree, or two hundred and twentyeight miles, amounted to about fifteen dollars. * There was besides one *real* or five cents for each postillion during the journey, and a gift of courtesy of nearly as much more, which usage had taught the conductor to expect at its termination. The advantages of the exclusive system, for diligences in Spain belong to the general system of monopoly, were here brought home to me in the way which travellers are most apt to appreciate. In France a seat in the *cabriolet*, for a corresponding distance, would not have cost more than the half of what I was now paying. I was farther struck with some items of the stipulations printed on the back of my receipt; one interdicted the carrying of more money than was strictly necessary for

was great danger of the boiler's bursting frequently. The experiment over, Garay collected his machinery, and having deposited the wooden part in the royal arsenal, carried the rest to his own house.

Notwithstanding the invidious representations of Ravago, Garay was applauded for his invention, and taken into favor by the emperor, who promoted him one grade, gave him two hundred thousand *maravedises*, and ordered the jealous treasurer to pay all the expenses of the experiment. But Charles was then taken up with some military expedition, and the occasion of conferring an inestimable benefit on mankind was neglected for the business of bloodshed and devastation, while the honor which Barcelona might have received from perfecting this noble discovery, was reserved for a city which had not yet started in the career of existence. The fact that a vessel was propelled by steam as early as the sixteenth century, thus rendered certain, the question next occurs, whether it in any way detracts from the honor due to our countryman, Fulton, not for having made the first successful application of steam to purposes of navigation, for he was even anticipated by Fitch in our own country, but for having brought it into use over the whole civilized world? By no means; this experiment at Barcelona, thanks to the absence of journals and newspapers, those modern vehicles and wings of intelligence, was unknown to the world generally, at the time of making it, as it ever was to Fulton. And beside, who can tell, but that in like manner many inventions, which constitute at once the pride and profit of the present age, may have existed centuries ago in countries of forgotten civilisation?

* Though there be some variety in the currency of the different provinces, yet the following division of money is generally used throughout Spain. The highest gold coin, the ounce or *doblon* of eight, is equal to sixteen dollars; the *doblon* of four is equal to eight dollars; the *doblon* of gold to four dollars; the *escudo* or *doblon* simple to two; and the *durito* to one dollar. The silver coins are the *duro* or *peso fuerte*, equal to one dollar; the *escudo* to half a dollar; the *peseta* to one fifth of a dollar; and

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the expenses of the way, under penalty of being liable for any detriment which might result to the diligence; another held out to the traveller the consoling assurance that the company would not be liable for any loss which might be sustained by *robo a mano armada.*

By the time I had snugly adjusted myelf in my corner of the *cabriolet*, and made those provisions for comfortable riding which every traveller will appreciate, an absentee for whom we had been waiting, arrived and took his seat beside me. This done, the door was closed with a slam, the iron steps were turned up with a grating sound, the guttural '*Arre!*' rattled out by the *mayoral*, was repeated by the *zagal*, and our diligence ceased to be stationary.

In riding from Peripignan to Barcelona, the horses had been exchanged for mules very shortly after crossing the boundary. In Spain mules are universally preferred to horses, as beasts of burthen and draught, whether for carriages of transportation or of luxury. Horses are employed for the saddle, to make a display in cities; but to travel any distance, even in this way, the mule is preferred as an easier gaited and hardier animal, capable of enduring the extremes of hunger and fatigue. Hence the mule commands a much higher price. The female being of showy figure, with limbs beautifully formed and sinewy, is used for draught, while the *macho* or male, the most stubborn and stupid animal in the world, is laden upon the back, and made to work in a more unworthy manner. The team which now drew us through the silent streets of Barcelona, consisted of seven mules; six of which drew in pairs, abreast of each other, while the seventh went alone at the head and was honored with the name of *capitana.* Their harness was very different from anything I had yet seen; for, while the two wheel mules were attached to the carriage in the ordinary way, all the rest had long rope traces, which, instead of leading to the pole, were attached to the carriage itself, and kept from dragging on the ground in descending hills, by a leathern strap fastened to the end of the pole, through which they all passed. The leading mule only was guided by lines; the rest had their halters tied to the traces of *capitana*, and were thus obliged to follow all her motions, while the two hindmost had stout ropes fastened to their head-stalls for checking them on the descent. Nor was mere ornament disregarded in their equipment. Their

the *real* of *vellon* to the twentieth of a dollar. This last is divided into eight copper *cuartos*, and nominally into thirtyfour *maravedises*. The *real*, however small, is yet the unity of Spanish currency. Formerly there were but eight *reales* to the dollar or ounce of silver, which was thence called the *real* of eight; but the progressive depreciation of the copper or *vellon* money, arbitrarily forced into circulation, has reduced it to its present value. In America, where the copper money was not issued, the *real* still preserved its value. It is the same coin which passes among us for twelve and a half cents; and it is to the original *real* of eight, that we are indebted for our unity of a dollar.

The Spanish weights are the pound, the *aroba* of twentyfive pounds, and the quintal.

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bodies were smoothly shaven to enable them better to endure the heat; but this was rendered subservient to decoration by leaving the hair in partial stripes; the tail preserved enough of its garniture to furnish a neat fly brush, and the haunches were covered with a curious fret work in imitation of embroidery. They were besides plentifully adorned with plumes and tassels of gaily colored woollen, and had many bells about the head to cheer them on the journey. As for our guides, they consisted of a *zagal* and *mayoral*, or postillion and conductor. The *zagal* with whom we set out from Barcelona, was a fine looking, athletic young man, dressed in the Catalan costume, with a red cap of unusual length reaching far down his back. The *mayoral*, who was much older, was in similar attire; but rather more rolled up in jackets and blankets, as became the cool air of the morning and his own sedentary station on the front of the diligence.

Thus drawn and thus conducted, we wound through the streets of Barcelona, and when we came to narrow and intricate passes, the *zagal* would place himself beside *capitana* and lead her by the head-stall. The dawn had not declared itself, and the gates of Barcelona were not yet open, when we reached the one towards Monjui. We were, therefore, compelled to wait a few moments, embarrassed among a great number of carts, which were carrying off the filth of the city to manure their fields and did not offer the most agreeable society. A gun, however, from Monjui, coming at first with a heavy peal and then dying away among the mountains, gave the signal for which we were waiting. Before the reverberations had ceased, the gates grated upon their hinges as they were thrown open by the punctual Frenchman, and the chains of the drawbridge creaked and jarred with the weight of the descending mass. Our filthy neighbours opened right and left to make room for us, and the *zagal*, taking *capitana* by the head, led her over the bridge, through the zig-zag approaches of the exterior works. When we had fairly gained the high road without the city, he gave her a good lash with his whip, and standing still bestowed the same greeting upon each mule, as it passed in review before him. They all set off at a gallop, and he, with his left hand and a rope which depended from the top of the diligence, with the right grasping the tail of the hind mule, vaulted to the bench of the *mayoral*.

On leaving the gate of Barcelona, we ascended the side of Monjui at a round pace, and when we had crossed the summit of the ridge, our descent to the valley of the Lobregat was not less rapid. The diligence was of less heavy construction than in France, in so much that the hind wheels were not now shod, but allowed to revolve. It would have been bad enough to descend rapidly so long a hill in the day time and with a clear road before us; but we had the further disadvantages of almost perfect darkness, and of having the whole hill strung with market carts repairing to the city. The *mayoral* and *zagal* were both looking sharply into the obscurity before us, and when one or more objects would suddenly appear in the road, the sagacity of the mules, or, when they slackened their pace and moved unsteadily, as if in doubt which side to go, a sudden twitch of the lines of *capitana*, would

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send them all in a hurry upon the course most likely to extricate us. This succeeded generally, but the cartmen could not always anticipate our motions; so that we several times grazed closely by them and even caught the shaft of one that stood across the road, through the perverseness of the mule, in our hind wheel. Our drivers had neither the inclination nor the ability to have stopped the diligence, in order to inquire into the damage; but a loud crash and louder curses that rose behind us, gave assurance that the contact had not been harmless.

When the daylight came and the sun at length rose into a spotless sky, I looked with pleasure upon the varied scene around me. Our road, though it followed the general outline of the sea-coast, and commanded occasional vistas of the Mediterranean, sometimes struck into the interior to avoid a head-land, and thus gave an insight into the character and cultivation of the country. From my first entrance into Spain till my arrival at Barcelona, I had seen ranges of mountains constantly rising in the interior, and had laid them all to the account of the neighbouring Pyrenees; but the same state of things now continued to fix my attention. The land soared upward as it receded from the sea, ridges overlooking ridges, and I found, what, indeed, I have everywhere found in Spain, a broken country and a constant succession of mountains. These, however, do not baffle the efforts of the cultivator. Many of them were covered with forests of cork trees, orchards of olive, or furnished pasture to goats and sheep, while the hill sides, declining towards the sea, were spread out in vineyards or grain fields, now no longer verdant. The wine here raised is much esteemed in the country, and Villafranca, through which we passed at seven in the morning, produces a Molvoisie or Chian of some celebrity. The population was everywhere busy in ploughing the fields and in laying the foundation of a future harvest; the spirit of industry seemed strong, and yet there were not wanting appearances of a pervading poverty. The implements of husbandry were ill contrived and rudely made; and the plough, instead of making a regular and rapid furrow, went forward crooked and slowly, and seemed to linger in the soil. It was drawn sometimes by mules or oxen, sometimes by meagre cows, and I once saw a poverty stricken peasant, rolled up in a tattered blanket and pushing his plough through an ungrateful looking field, with no better assistance than an ass and a cow. The scene was a characteristic one, and as I looked upon the gaunt form and wasted figure of the poor peasant, as he struggled for the bread that was to meet the cravings of a hungry family, I could not avoid the conclusion that he must be kept poor by some unfriendly participation in the fruits of his labor; that he must be toiling to pay the pageantry of some degenerate noble in Madrid, or to fatten and sensualize the monks I had seen rolling along the Rambla of Barcelona.

Early in the morning we came to a place which had been the scene of a cruel tragedy during the late short and violent period of the Con-

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stitution. I learned from the gentleman who rode beside me, that at the time of the regency of Urgel, and of the religious and royalist insurrection, which of itself would doubtless have sufficed to overturn the offensive system, the bishop of Vique became obnoxious to the constitutional party; for, at the same time that he claimed the character of a liberal, he was lending secret assistance to the opposite party. His treasonable practices being discovered, he was seized in some village of Catalonia, and brought towards Barcelona. His crime was clear and merited the punishment of a traitor; but it was feared that the reverence of the people for the clergy, and especially for the episcopal office, might produce a commotion, if the treacherous bishop should be put openly to death; so they contrived a plan to place a band of ruffians in concealment by the road side, who should take the bishop from the hands of his escort and slay him. The place chosen for the act was a hill side, where rocks and trees disputed possession of the soil. The assassins took advantage of the concealment, and when the escort arrived at their ambush, they sallied out and relieved it of its charge. The aged bishop was ordered to alight from his carriage, dragged a short distance from the road, and there cruelly butchered. Though the murdered man was not remarkable for the virtues, which, even in Spain, are usually associated with the episcopal dignity, he is nevertheless now reverenced as a martyr throughout the land. At the solicitation of the Catalonian clergy, he has lately been duly enrolled upon the list of the beatified; so that from having only been bishop of Vique he is now become its patron saint. A cross elevated upon a rock indicates the site of this horrible tragedy, so similar, not only essentially, but even in its details, to the murder of the Scottish archbishop, as related by Robertson, or as brought before us in the very noblest production of the great wonder of our age. As we caught through the trees a passing view of this sad memento, I could not help expressing my horror at the outrage. The person who had related the story, attempted to justify the act by the many crimes of the clergy, and by political expediency; but I am unwilling to believe, that the happiness of a nation, any more than of an individual, can be promoted by crime. A government which could resort to such acts of retribution is entitled to but few regrets.

The individual who shared the *cabriolet* with me was a pleasing man of thirty, who had been a *miliciano* during the Constitutional period, which with the present government was a fair title to proscription. After the return of despotism he had gone into voluntary exile, and remained a year at Marseilles, whence he had only returned when the licensed assassinations and plunder of the royalists had in a measure subsided, or been put down by the establishment of the police. He complained bitterly of the vexations to which he was still subject, and mentioned among other things, that, being fond of shooting, he had been at some expense in taking out a license to carry fire arms; he had likewise purchased a very valuable fowling-piece, and had scarce

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used it half a dozen times, when down comes a royal order to disarm the late *milicianos*. His house was entered and searched by the armed police, and his fowling-piece had been taken off and deposited somewhere, whence in all probability it would never return. All this helped to give some notion of the degree of liberty now enjoyed in Spain, and to make the time pass; if, indeed, there could be anything wearisome amid scenes, which, beside the charm of novelty, were fruitful enough in amusement and excitation.

The road from Barcelona is, or rather has been, one of the most beautiful in Spain. It is constructed in a manner which combines present convenience with great durability, winding round hills where they are too steep to be crossed, and sometimes cutting directly through the side of them and making a deep gap for its passage. As the hills are pierced for the passage of the road, so the ravines are rendered passable by bridges which span them, of one and sometimes two rows of arches, rising above each other, as in the aqueduct at Nismes. This road, though now out of repair and neglected, was not, however, positively bad; and even though it had been bad, why should we care, with a string of seven mules to drag us and two wild men to drive them? Indeed, we kept trotting up one side of a hill and galloping down the other, and up again and down again, the whole way to Tarragona. There was a pleasing excitement in this heels-over-head mode of travelling, after the slow and easy pace of the French diligence, their heavy-headed and thick-legged horses, and the big boots of their postillion. The manner, too, in which these Catalans managed their mules was quite a study. The *zagal* kept talking with one or the other of them the whole time, calling each by name, and apparently endeavouring to reason them into good conduct, to make them keep in a straight column so as not to rub each other with their traces, or draw each his share of the burthen. I say he called them by their names; for every mule in Spain has its distinctive appellation, and those that drew our diligence were not exceptions. Thus, beside *Capitana*, we had *Portugesa*, *Arragonesa*, *Coronela*, and a variety of other cognomens, which were constantly changing during the journey to Valencia. Whenever a mule misbehaved, turning from the road or failing to draw its share, the *zagal* would call its name in an angry tone, lengthening out the last syllable and laying great emphasis on it. Whether the animals really knew their names, or that each was sensible when it had offended, the voice of the postillion would usually restore order. Sometimes when the *zagal* called to *Coronela*, and *Portugesa* obeyed the summons by mistake, he would cry sharply, *'Aquella otra!'* That other one! and the conscience-stricken mule would quickly return to its duty. When expostulation failed, blows were sure to follow; the *zagal* would jump to the ground, run forward with the team, beating and belaboring the delinquent; sometimes jumping upon the mule immediately behind it, and continuing the discipline for a half hour together. The activity of these fellows is, indeed, wonderful. Of the twenty miles which usually compose a stage, they run at least ten, and, during a part of the remainder, stand upon one foot at the step of

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the diligence. In general, the *zagal* ran up hill, flogging the mules the whole way, and stopping occasionally at the road side to pick up a store of pebbles, which he stowed in his sash, or more frequently in his long red cap. At the summit he would take the mule's tail in his hand, and jump to his seat before the descent commenced. While it lasted, he would hold his cap in one hand, and with the other throw a stone, first at one mule, then at another, to keep them all in their stations ahead of each other, that the ropes might not hang on the ground and get entangled round their legs. These precautions would not always produce the desired effect; the traces would sometimes break or become entangled, the mules be brought into disorder, and a scene of confusion follow. This happened several times in one stage, when a vicious mule had been put among the team to be broken to harness; it was, indeed, an obstinate and perverse animal, and even more stupid than perverse. It would jump first to one side, then to the other, and kick the ribs of its neighbor without mercy. When, at length, it had succeeded in breaking its own traces and entangling its legs in those of its companions, it would stand as quiet as a lamb until the damage was repaired, and then renew the same scene of confusion. Nor did the more rational mules behave themselves much better. They would start to one side when the *zagal* cried out *Arre!* and when he whistled for them to stop, they would sometimes go the faster. If one had occasion to halt, the rest would not obey the hissing signal of the *zagal*, but drag the reluctant animal forward; and presently after the mule which had been most unwilling to stop, would be itself taken with a similar inclination, and receive similar treatment from its comrades; whereas the horses of a French diligence would all have halted sympathetically, at the invitation of the postillion. I hate a mule most thoroughly, for there is something abortive in everything it does, even to its very bray. An ass, on the contrary, has something hearty and whole-soul about it. Jack begins his bray with a modest whistle, rising gradually to the top of his powers like the progressive eloquence of a well adjusted oration, and then as gradually declining to a natural conclusion; but the mule commences with a voice of thunder, and then, as if sorry for what he has done, he stops like a bully when throttled in the midst of a threat, or a clown, who has begun a fine speech and has not courage to finish it.

Towards two we began to approach Tarragona, and when yet at a short distance from it, we passed under a stone arch of vast dimensions, and of elegant, though unadorned construction. It was perfect in all its parts, and though the rain and winds of many centuries had rounded the angles of the uncemented stones that composed the pile, not one had fallen from its place. This road then, over which our mules and diligence now hurried so rapidly, was the relic of a Roman way; and that arch, which still rose over us in all the simple elegance of classic times, had been raised by a Scipio or a Cæsar in honor of some forgotten triumph.

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Just before reaching Tarragona the road led along the beach where a number of boats were hauled up, with nets suspended to their masts. All was bustle and activity among the Catalan fishermen; some carrying their fish to market, others mending their nets and greasing the bottoms of their boats, in preparation for the next day's voyage. At the end of the beach before us stood Tarragona, perched on the summit of a rocky eminence. It was everywhere surrounded with walls and irregular fortifications, and bristling with steeples and antique towers, which rose above the mass, while at the foot of the rock was a mole stretching far into the sea, and giving shelter to a few square-rigged and smaller vessels. The diligence soon arrived at the foot of the hill, wound slowly up its side, and, when within the town, drove to the wide open door of the *posada*. This building was of very different construction from any inn I had yet seen; for the whole of the ground floor was left open for carts and other vehicles, while the stables for mules, horses, and asses stood farther in the rear. The kitchen and all the apartments were in the stories over head, and, conducted by the stable boy who carried my trunk, I was able to find out the obscure stairway and trace my way to the common eating room, where our dinner was already smoking on the board.

I found my companions in a room whose balconies overlooked the *plaza*, or large open square, earnestly employed in swallowing down their food; for they were to set off again in a few moments for Reus, a very flourishing agricultural and manufacturing town, which lies inland from Tarragona, and where the Catalan industry still continues to make head against the pervading depression. They soon after rose from table, descended, and took their seats in the diligence; and when they disappeared at the end of the *plaza*, I returned from the balcony to which I had wandered, as if loth to part with these acquaintances of a few hours' standing, and proceeded in silence to despatch my solitary meal. Never in my life did I feel more completely alone; for the girl that waited upon me at table spoke even less Spanish than myself, and it was therefore vain to attempt a conversation. What would I not have given for the friendly presence of my social and familiar Frenchman? I had a letter for a merchant, and the delivery of it might have secured me a pleasant afternoon, and an insight into whatever was curious in this once famous city; but not feeling in the most pleasant mood to deliver a note of hand for hospitality, I took my hat and wandered forth into the streets of Tarragona, without any fixed purpose, bending my steps whichever way chance might lead them. At the western end of the *plaza* I found a gate opening upon a cultivated valley, which was not without its attractions. Over the ravine below, was an aqueduct, raised upon a double row of arches, which furnished the city with water, and added greatly to the beauty of the scene. I wandered towards this monument which Roman hands had raised, and found near it a small stream, beside which a number of women were employed in washing. Seating myself near them, I listened to their prattle, their laugh, and their song, until the sun sank below the horizon; and when they all gathered their work together and departed, I followed them into the city.

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As I returned to the *plaza*, it was the hour of *paseo* or promenade, and in any other city in Spain it would have been crowded by walkers of every sex and age, enjoying this salutary recreation; but here a few priests and friars, fewer citizens, and one or two Spanish officers variously and grotesquely dressed in antique cocked hats of oil cloth, military surtouts, and jingling sabres, were all who loitered through the walks. How different the last from the light-hearted Frenchmen I had seen at Barcelona! Instead of their military frankness, these officers scowled on all who passed them; there was little of the soldier about them except their thick mustaches, and it was easy to conjecture that they owed their rank, rather to a zeal in the royalist cause, the effect either of interest or fanaticism, than to military experience.

As I looked round upon the squalid structures of Tarragona and these gloomy beings moving among them, it was difficult to believe, that the city which now scarce numbers six thousand half fed inhabitants, was indeed that Tarraco which had been founded by the Phœnicians, and which, under the Romans, counted near half a million of population, and became the largest city that ever existed in Spain. Yet history furnishes abundant proof of the importance of Tarraco, and the remains of temples that still exist in Tarragona, of a palace of Augustus, a theatre, an amphitheatre, and an aqueduct, are conclusive as to its site. It is sufficient, therefore, to name Hamilcar, Hannibal, and Asdrubal, the Scipios, Pompey, Julius Cæsar, and Augustus, as having trod the soil of Tarragona, to awaken the loftiest associations.

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CHAPTER III.

PRINCIPALITY OF CATALONIA AND KINGDOM OF VALENCIA.

New Travelling Companions.—Departure from Tarragona.—The Ebro.—Valencian Village.—Renewal and Interruption of our Journey.—Vinaroz.—Crosses along the Roadside.—Our Escort.—Saguntum.—Approach to Valencia.

The morning after my solitary ramble among the ruins of Tarraco, I was called very early, in order to be in readiness for the departure of the Barcelona and Valencia diligence, in which my seat had previously been taken. I had come thus far in the Reus coach, with the view of rendering the ride less continuous, and travelling as much as possible by day. My new travelling companions, less mindful of their comfort, had only enjoyed a halt of two or three hours, and had not therefore been at the trouble of undressing; so that when I got to the eating-room they were already assembled. Among them was a middle-aged man, dressed in a harlequin frock coat, buttoned high in the neck, and covered with frogs and gimp; wide, striped pantaloons, and a pair of brass-heeled boots; on his head was a plush cap, bound with tawdry gold lace, round his neck a bandanna, and over his other garments an ample brown cloak, well lined with velvet. This was the most distinguished looking personage of our party; his air was decidedly soldierlike, and I set him down at once as a military man. But he turned out to be only a Valencian merchant, or shopkeeper, which in Spain are synonymous terms, there being now no merchants in the country, except those who likewise keep shops. The same may be said of Spanish bankers as a class; for the universal depression of commerce does not admit of that subdivision of its pursuits, which is found in more flourishing countries. I had afterwards frequent occasion in Spain to notice the military air and bearing, even of its more peaceful inhabitants, and a disposition in them to increase this effect by their mode of dressing. This fierce looking, but goodnatured Valencian, as he proved to be, had with him his wife, a woman of thirty, round and fat, as Spanish married women usually are. Their daughter, who sat between them, with a shawl covering her head and neck instead of the cooler *mantilla*, was an interesting girl of fifteen. The rest of my future companions were students going to Valencia to attend the university, whose exercises were to commence with the coming November. They were all accoutred in the gloomy garb in which science may alone be wooed in Spain, and with which the life and animation of countenance incidental to youth, especially when thus relieved from the eye of authority and brought into congenial company was utterly at variance.

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The party thus assembled, and of which I now became one, was seated round a table of pine boards, taking chocolate from cups scarce bigger than wine glasses, which they ate like eggs by dipping narrow slices of bread into it, and carefully rubbing the sides of the cups that the scanty pittance might not be diminished, each finishing with a glass of water. This chocolate, of such universal use in Spain, is a simple composition of cocoa, sugar, and cinnamon, carefully ground together and formed into cakes. To prepare the usual portion for one person, an ounce is thrown into three times its weight in water, and when dissolved by heat, it is stirred by means of a piece of wood turned rapidly between the palms of the hands, until the whole forms a frothy consistency. When the chocolate was despatched, and the no less important matter of paying for it, rewarding the maid, and the like, attended to, we all obeyed the summons of the *mayoral*, took our seats in the diligence agreeably to the way-bill, and were soon after without the ruinous walls of Tarragona.

On leaving Tarragona the road passes through a country of vines and olives, tolerably well cultivated, keeping generally to the sea coast in order to preserve its level, and only seeking the interior, when necessary to avoid a projection of land and too great an angle. This is the case at Col-du-Balaguer, which, as its French name indicates, is a narrow pass lying between two mountains. The castle of Balaguer crowns the crest of the mountain on the right, and commands completely the passage of the difile. Beyond this the road passes over a deep break, called *Barranco-de-la-Horca*—Ravine of the Gallows. This place was formerly infested by robbers, who taking advantage of the seclusion and concealment of the ravine, and the impossibility of escape from it, would take their stand at the bottom, survey at leisure those who entered the pass, and then selecting their game, plunder and murder it at pleasure. To check the atrocities, a gallows was erected on the very site, where every robber caught in the neighborhood, was hung up with little ceremony.

Before reaching Amposta, we came to a fork of the roads, where a small covered cart was in waiting to receive the mail for Tortosa—a considerable city raised to the municipal dignity by Scipio. While the mail was getting down from the top of the diligence and the baggage of one of our passengers, who was likewise going to Tortosa, we all set off to walk the remainder of the distance to the Ebro. The country the whole way was a barren and sandy down, destitute entirely of trees and underwood; so that it was easy to catch sight of the neighbouring sea and of a number of small keys which lay along the coast, forming an interior navigation, as is the case in other parts of the Gulf of Lyons, and in a still more remarkable manner along the coasts of the United States.

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We reached the Ebro at four in the evening, just as the diligence drove down to the bank. The river before us was the Iberus of the ancients, the classic stream which has furnished the poet with another and a softer name for Spain, and which in distant days has witnessed scenes of the highest importance. It was on this Ebro that the Scipios, Cneius and Publius, met and conquered Asdrubal, when on his way into Italy with a strong force to join his fortunes to those of his kinsman Hannibal, already in the neighbourhood of Rome; and it was thus that the destinies of the future mistress of the world were decided by a battle fought in Spain, as was afterwards the case on the banks of this same stream in the civil wars of Pompey and Cæsar. On the breaking out of those bloody commotions occasioned in the Roman republic by the private feud of two successful soldiers, when Pompey, passing into Macedonia, sent Petreius and Afranius to sustain his cause in Spain, Cæsar, leaving Italy in doubtful subjection, went at once to the most important of the Roman provinces, and being inferior in force to Afranius and Petreius, threw himself into the strong hold of Lerida. On either side of Lerida flowed a confluent of the Ebro, which greatly strengthened the defences of the city, at the same time that a bridge over each of them, enabled Cæsar to maintain his communications. Unfortunately for him, a freshet of unusual violence, which came on at this critical period, swept away both bridges and left him in Lerida with a scanty supply of food and hemmed in on every side by water and by enemies. Cæsar was without boats or other means of constructing a bridge, and famine began to be felt among his followers. His situation was indeed so critical, that the exulting letters of the two lieutenants revived the hopes of the Pompeian faction at Rome, and induced many to declare themselves in its favor. But the genius of Cæsar rose superior to his embarrassments. He remembered to have seen in Britain boats formed of a light frame of osiers bound with sinews, and covered with the skins of animals. He caused a number of these to be speedily constructed; transported them under cover of the night, on chariot wheels, higher up the river, and when the morning sun arose, the baffled Pompeians had the mortification to see Cæsar with a bridge over the stream, and in possession of an eminence which secured his communications. Plenty soon returned into the camp of Cæsar; and when reinforcements of cavalry had arrived from France, he took the field against his late besiegers, summoned them in a situation not dissimilar to what had lately been his own, and by their capitulation and his own clemency paved the way to still greater victories.*

No stream, however, can stand in greater need of the poet's fancy and the scholar's associations than the Ebro, at least such as it presents itself at Amposta. To me it offered no greater attractions than the muddiest of rivers flowing through a flat, sandy, and uncultivated country; with nought but a desert on the left bank, and on the right, the poverty-stricken town of Amposta, with its tottering battlements skirting the course of the stream, and a few antique coasters and fishing

* Commentar. de Bello Civili.

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boats, clinging to them for support against the rapidity of the current. Here we found a large scow in waiting to receive the diligence. The mules were all detached from it, except two, and these drew it on board. This done, the remainder of the team were fastened to the boat by a long line and made to draw it far up the stream, when we struck across with this acquired motion, and, by the assistance of two ponderous oars were enabled to gain the opposite beach, and the kingdom of Valencia.

We were not long in reaching the *posada*, at which we were to sup and pass the night, and which lay near the ferry. Here preparations were at once made for our evening meal, while, to pass the time, the passengers loitered along the bank of the river or through the equally cheerless streets of Amposta. The fishermen and laborers had already returned from their daily occupations, and were sitting alone, each at the sill of his door and resting his head on his hand; or else were collected in groups at the corners, eyeing us as we passed, and making remarks, doubtless, upon the singularity of our attire, compared with their own. My own astonishment was probably greater than theirs; for I had never before seen the singular costume of the Valencian peasants. In the short distance of a few leagues, and without any sensible change of climate, the long pantaloon of the Catalan extending from his shoulders to the ground is exchanged fo loose breeches of linen, called *bragas*, which tie over the hips with a drawing string, and which like the Highland kilt terminate above the knee. Besides this airy and convenient garment, the Valencian wears a shirt, a waistcoat, straw or hempen sandals and long red caps like the Catalan, or instead of the latter a cotton handkerchief, tied round the head and hanging down behind. His legs are in general bare, or only covered with a leathern gaiter laced on tightly, or more frequently a stocking without a foot. Instead of the velvet jacket and silver buttons of the Catalan, the Valencian wears a long woollen sack, called *manta*, edged with fringe, and chequered like a plaid. This hangs carelessly over one shoulder on ordinary occasions, and when the air is sharp he rolls himself tightly up in it; if he has a burthen to carry, he puts it in one end of his sack, and lets it hang behind him, whilst the remainder serves to keep him warm; and in sowing a field the *manta* is the depository whence he takes the seed, to drop it into the furrow. Nor was there a less striking difference in the figure and faces of these natives of two neighbouring provinces of the same kingdom, than I had noticed in their dress. The stature of the Valencians seemed less than that of the Catalans, and their faces, instead of indicating a northern origin, were of an Asiatic cast; indeed as I looked upon their red and well turned limbs and sunburnt faces, unshaded save by the straight black hair that hung about them, I was strongly reminded of the red inhabitants of our forests, and the idea kept recurring whenever I saw them.

When the sun was down I wandered back to the *posada*. A group of three of these oddly accoutred Valencians were sitting before the

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entrance to the court-yard, with their naked legs crossed before them, and busily engaged with a pack of dirty cards, which they dealt upon the sack of one of them spread out in the midst. They had been thus engaged when the diligence arrived, were still at it when I went forth to walk, and now at the end of an hour the cards and money continued to circulate and the business was not yet settled. Within the court our *mayoral* had been employed in examining the gear and oiling the wheels of the diligence, and having finished this task, was turning it round with the assistance of the stable boy, in readiness for our departure, which was to take place at two in the morning. I put my hand to a wheel to assist the operation, and when everything was adjusted to his wish the *mayoral* drew on his jacket, pulled his red cap closer over his head, as if sensible of the growing coolness, and having thrust his hands under the sash which girded his loins, we continued to talk of the journey of the next day, of Valencia, the fair city to which we were going, and of a thousand other things, until the summons came that supper was ready.

I found our table spread in a very large room which was strewed with boxes and straw panniers, while in one corner was a heap of *algazzober* beans, which are gathered from a large overgrown tree, very common in this part of the country, and which furnish fodder for the mules. In the midst of all this confusion was a wooden table covered with a clean cloth, plates of English earthern-ware and an odd assortment of knives with French forks, which were of iron tinned over in imitation of silver. My companions were already seated upon long wooden benches and silently employed with the soup. This was succeeded by the *puchero* or *olla*, a dish of universal use in Spain, which takes its name from the earthern jug or iron pot in which it is prepared. It consists of an odd mixture of beef, chicken, a species of pea called *garbanzo* in great favor among the Spaniards, and of a great variety of vegetables, the whole being seasoned plentifully with garlic, and a small piece of salt pork or bacon. * This is the common *olla*, such as one meets with everywhere in Spain; but the *olla podrida* is a rarer dish, a manner of ark where animals of every color and every kind, meet and are represented as in a common congress. After the *puchero* came roast fowls and sallad, which we ate together as in France; and then a desert of olives, apples, figs, almonds and grapes, dried in the shade, which, though a little withered, still preserved their juice and sweetness. Last of all a decanter of brandy impregnated with anise, as Spanish brandy usually is, was placed on the table; each person, ladies and all, swallowed a portion of it unadulterated, from small Dutch cordial glasses curi-

* No good Spaniard can make a meal without a piece of pork, however small. In every compound, there must always enter *miaja de tocino*. Their fondness for this greasy food originated in those days, when great numbers of Jews and Saracens forswore their faith, and became Christians, in order to escape the edicts which would drive them from their houses. Those who still leaned to their ancient religion, continued naturally enough to observe its tenets, and of course to reject the food of an unclean and forbidden beast. Hence the eating of pork became among the trusty and true Christians, at once a profession of faith, and proof of orthodoxy.

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ously ornamented and gilded, which, from the manner in which they were produced from an antique chest that stood in the corner were evidently in high estimation at Amposta.

Such was the nature of our repast, and a hungry man could scarcely have complained of it. But the manner in which it was eaten, or rather devoured, was by no means so free from objection. Each of our Catalan students would grapple the dish he fancied, tear off a portion with his fork or fingers, as was most convenient, and then resign what was left to the first applicant, as is done with the newspapers in a French *café*. I thought that I had never before seen people behave so ill at table; unless indeed it had been on board of a steamboat on our Hudson, where an elegance of decoration which is rarely found but in the palaces of kings or in the Eastern fables, and still more the harmony of surrounding nature, would necessarily soften the manners and promote refinement, were they not counteracted by the spirit of despatch, which all seem to catch sympathetically from revolving wheels and dashing paddles.

When these uncouth Catalans were pretty well gorged, they gradually became less exclusive, would be at the trouble of offering to others the dish of which they had already partaken, and, growing more polite as they grew less hungry, would even help others before serving themselves. This politeness was more especially extended to our fair Valenciana, and when the desert came, each one who sat near her, after paring an apple would first offer her a portion of it on the end of a knife. This she always accepted, and ate either the whole or part of it, as if usage rendered it obligatory. These acts of courtesy were sometimes accompanied with gallant speeches, which, instead of being received amiss by the lively girl, were either laughed at or retorted. After being accustomed to the retiring modesty of young girls in France, I was much startled at this freedom of manners in our Valenciana, and still more so at the indifference of her father and mother, who, so long as they saw that she was in sight and sitting between them, seemed to care little for a few hardy words.

Supper being over and paper cigars lit by most of the company, the landlady went round the table to collect her dues, followed by a modern Maritornes with hand outstretched to receive the expected gratuity. The demand was sixteen reals for each, and two more for those who wanted chocolate in the morning. The Catalans exclaimed against the charge, pronounced it outrageous, and swore that at least ten reals must be for the *ruido de casa*, or noise of the house, which is a fair subject of taxation in any Spanish *posada*. Finding, however, that the matter was not to be got rid of in any other way, each fell to chasing his money about in his pockets, and having drawn it forth, reluctant to appear on such an occasion, the account was at length balanced; not, however, without a supplimental dispute with Maritornes, on the question of a real or a half real. This over, we were shown to our sleeping place which was beside the eating-room, and which had a small double door, fastened with a swinging bar, as in our stables; it had likewise a single window with an iron grating, which

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looked upon the court-yard, and which, instead of a sash, was furnished with a door. Eight beds, spread on cots, were arranged at convenient distances round the room, for the accommodation of our party, with the exception of the Valencian family, and at the side of each bed was a ricketty chair, which from its own infirmity or the inequalities of the ground, for the apartment had no other floor, leaned fearfully with one leg in the air, or else sought support by reclining against the bed. Having closed the window to keep the night air out, I chose a bed from among the number, and, without investigating too nicely the question of clean sheets, threw myself upon it and was soon unconscious of the conversation which my companions still maintained in their discordant Catalan, no less than of the munching of the mules, and jingling of their bells, as they fed and moved about in the adjoining stable.

Towards two the next morning, a knocking at the court-yard gate announced the arrival of the courier from Tortosa, for whom we were waiting to recommence our journey. This noise was succeeded by the voices of the stablemen, and jingling of bells, as the mules were brought out and attached to the diligence, and very soon after all further idea of sleep was banished by the *mayoral* with a lamp in his hand, putting his head and red cap inside of the door, and shouting long and loudly, '*Arriba! arriba! seniores! ya vamos*,' or 'Up! up and away, sirs!' In a few minutes we had drawn on our clothes, swallowed the chocolate with which the maid was waiting in the outer apartment, and taken our seats as before. The *mayoral* placed himself on the box, and a young Catalan, our postillion, taking the leading mule by the head, guided it out of the court, and continued to run beside it until we were completely clear of Amposta, and on the high road to Valencia; then releasing the impatient animal, he bestowed the customary lash on it, and on each of its followers, and vaulted to the station of his companion. The *mayoral* relinquished the reins to the lad, whom he called Pepito, which is a diminutive of Pepe or Jose, and is expressive of affection. This Pepito was even more lively and active than is common with those of his age and stirring occupation; and when he had taken the reins, as the *mayoral* rolled himself up in blankets and prepared for a nap, he spoke inspiringly to the mules and cracked his whip as if satisfied and happy. Poor fellow!—I remember these little circumstances the better from the fate which afterwards befell him.

Before we had been an hour without the barrier of Amposta, our *mayoral* had yielded to the drowsiness occasioned by two sleepless nights, and was snoring audibly as he leant his head against the window in front of me. Pepito, too, had wearied of his own gaiety, and ceasing to encourage the mules with whip and voice, allowed them to trot onward in the middle of the road at their own gait. Beside me, on the right, was a young man whom I had known to be a candidate for the priesthood, by a narrow stock of black silk with violet stripes, which

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he wore about his neck, in addition to the common garb of the student. Though there were in the party several other aspirants to the sacred office, he alone was moping and reserved; indeed he seemed to have put on in anticipation that cloak of gravity, which, as it is in the Spanish church the surest road to honors and preferment, is also the closest covering for an irregular life. Though we were alone together in the *cabriolet*, we had scarce exchanged a dozen words since leaving Tarragona, and now he too was motionless in his corner, either wrapt in pious abstraction from the cares of this world, or buried in the more mundane forgetfulness of sleep. Thus powerfully invited by the example of those who were near me, I caught the drowsy infection, and having nestled snugly into my corner, soon lost entirely the realities of existence in that mysterious state which Providence has provided as a cure for every ill.

As the thoughts of a man when alone in a distant land, without any outward objects to attract his attention, are apt to do, mine before I fell asleep had wandered back to a home from which I had been sometime absent, and which, in contradiction to every other rule of attraction, is ever found to draw us more powerfully the further we recede. These waking reflections passed insensibly into sleeping dreams, and I soon realized what before I had only hoped; for if, as Cæsar says, men easily believe whatever they anxiously desire, how much more is not this the case when sleep has taken the place of sensibility? Thus I was suddenly transported some thousands of miles nearer home, and having connected what was real in my situation with what was only fanciful, I believed that I was on the last stage of my journey towards my native city.

This pleasing deception had not lasted long, when the noise of the hoofs and bells of our mules, and the clattering of the wheels were no longer heard. The rapid progress of the diligence ceased as suddenly, and my body, which it had kept snug in the corner, still retaining its momentum, threw me forward with my head against the pannel. I was now awake, but as if loth to relinquish so pleasing a dream, I at first fancied myself arrived at the end of my journey. The delusion was but momentary. There were voices without, speaking in accents of violence and whose idiom was not of my country. I now raised myself erect on my seat, rubbed my eyes, and directed them out of the windows.

By the light of a lantern that blazed from the top of the diligence I could discover that this part of the road was skirted by olive trees; and that the mules, having come in contact with some obstacle to their progress, had been curtailed of their open column, and brought together into a close huddle, where they stood as if afraid to move, with pricked ears and frightened, gazing upon each other in dumb wonder at the unaccustomed interruption. A single glance to the right hand gave a clue to unravel the mystery. Just beside the fore wheel of the diligence stood a man dressed in that wild garb of Valencia which I had seen for the first time in Amposta. His red cap was drawn closely over his forehead, reaching far down the back, and his striped *manta*

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instead of being rolled round him, hung unembarrassed from one shoulder. Whilst his left leg was thrown forward in preparation, a musket was levelled in his hands, along the barrel of which his eye glared so fiercely upon the visage of the conductor, then in contact with the end of it, that it seemed to reflect the light of the lantern. On the other side the scene was somewhat different. Pepe being awake when the interruption took place, was at once sensible of its nature. He had abandoned the reins, and jumped from his seat to the road side, intending to escape among the trees. Unhappy youth, that he should not have accomplished his purpose! He was met by the muzzle of a musket ere he had scarce touched the ground, and a third ruffian appearing at the same moment from the treacherous concealment of the tree towards which he started, he was effectually taken and brought round into the road, where he was made to stretch himself out upon his face, as had already been done with the conductor.

I could now distinctly hear one of these robbers—for such they were—inquire in Spanish of the *mayoral* as to the number of passengers he had brought; if any were armed; whether there was any money in the diligence; and then, as a conclusion to the interrogatory, demanding '*La bolsa!*' in a more angry tone. The poor fellow did as he was told; he raised himself high enough to draw a large leathern purse from an inner pocket, and, stretching his hand upward to deliver it, he said, '*Toma usted caballero, pero no me quita usted la vida!*' or, 'Take it, sir, but leave my life!' Such, however, did not seem to be his intention. He went to the road side, and bringing a stone from a large heap which had been collected to be broken and thrown on the road, he fell to beating the *mayoral* upon the head with it. The unhappy man when thus assailed, sent forth the most piteous cries for *misericordia* and *piedad;* he invoked the interposition of *Jesu Christo, Santiago Apostol y Martir, La Virgin del Pilar*, and all those sainted names, which, being accustomed himself to hear pronounced with awful reverence, were most likely to prove efficacious in arresting the fury of his assassin. But he might as well have asked pity of the stone that smote him as of the wretch to whose fell fury it had furnished a weapon. He struck and struck again, until becoming at length more earnest in the task he laid his musket beside him and worked with both hands upon his victim. The cries for pity which blows had first excited, blows at length quelled. They had gradually increased with the suffering to the most terrible shrieks, and when this became too strong to bear, it worked its own cure. The shrieks declined into low and inarticulate moans, which, with a deep drawn and agonized gasp for breath and an occasional convulsion, alone remained to show that the vital principle had not yet departed.

It fared no better, nay even worse with Pepe, though instead of the cries for pity which had availed the *mayoral* so little, he uttered nothing but low moans that died away in the dust beneath him. One might have thought that the youthful appearance of the lad would have ensured him compassion. But the case was different. The robbers were doubtless of Amposta, and being acquainted with him, dreaded

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recognition; so that what in almost any situation in the world would have formed a claim to kindness was here an occasion of cruelty. When both the victims had been rendered insensible, there was a short pause, and a consultation followed in a low tone between the ruffians; and then they proceeded to execute the further plans which had been concerted between them. The first went round to the left side of the diligence, and having unhooked the iron shoe and placed it under the wheel as an additional security against escape, he opened the door of the interior, and, mounting on the steps, I could hear him distinctly uttering a terrible threat in Spanish, and demanding an ounce of gold from each of the passengers. This was answered by an expostulation from the Valencian storekeeper, who said that they had not so much money, but what they had would be given willingly. There was then a jingling of purses, some pieces dropping on the floor in the hurry and agitation of the moment. Having remained a moment in the door of the interior, he did not come to the *cabriolet*, but passed at once to the rotunda. Here he used greater caution, doubtless from having seen the evening before at Amposta that it contained no women, but six young students who were all stout fellows. They were made to come down one by one from their strong hold, deliver their money and watches, and then lie down flat upon their faces in the road.

Meanwhile, the second robber, after consulting with his companion, had returned to the spot where the *zagal* Pepe lay rolling from side to side. As he went towards him he drew a knife from the folds of his sash, and having opened it, he placed one of his naked legs on either side of his victim. Pushing aside the jacket of the youth, he bent forward and dealt him many blows, moving over every part of the body as if anxious to leave none unsaluted. The young priest, my companion, shrunk back into his corner, and hid his face within his shivering fingers; but my own eyes seemed spell-bound, for I could not withdraw them from the cruel spectacle, and my ears were more sensible than ever. Though the windows at the front and sides were still closed, I could distinctly hear each stroke of the murderous knife as it entered its victim; it was not a blunt sound as of a weapon that meets with positive resistance; but a hollow hissing noise as if the household implement, made to part the bread of peace, performed unwillingly its task of treachery. This moment was the unhappiest of my life; and it struck me at the time that if any situation could be more worthy of pity than to die the dog's death of poor Pepe, it was to be compelled to witness his fate without the power to raise an arm of interposition.

Having completed the deed to his satisfaction, this cold-blooded murderer came to the door of the *cabriolet*, and endeavoured to open it. He shook it violently, calling to us to assist him; but it had chanced hitherto that we had always got out on the other side, and the young priest, who had never before been in a diligence, thought from the circumstance that there was but one door, and therefore answered the fellow that he must go to the other side. On the first arrival of these unwelcome visiters, I had taken a valuable watch which I wore, from my waistcoat pocket, and stowed it snugly in my boot; but when

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they fell to beating in the heads of our guides I bethought me that the few dollars I carried in my purse might not satisfy them, and replaced it again in readiness to be delivered at the shortest notice. These precautions were, however, unnecessary. The third ruffian, who had continued to make the circuit of the diligence with his musket in his hand, paused a moment in the road ahead of us, and having placed his head to the ground as if to listen, presently came and spoke in an under tone to his companions. The conference was but a short one. They stood a moment over the *mayoral* and struck his head with the butts of their muskets, whilst the fellow who had before used the knife returned to make a few farewell thrusts, and in another moment they had all disappeared from around us.

In consequence of the darkness, which was only partially dispelled by the lantern which had enabled me to see what occurred so immediately before me, we were not at once sensible of the departure of the robbers, but continued near half an hour after their disappearance in the same situation in which they left us. The short breathing and chattering of teeth, lately so audible from within the interior, gradually subsided, and were succeeded by whispers of the females, and soon after by words pronounced in a louder tone; whilst our mutilated guides by groans and writhing gave evidence of returning animation. My companion and I slowly let down the windows beside us, and having looked round a while we opened the door and descended. The door of the interior stood open as it had been left, and those within sat each in his place in anxious conversation. In the rear of the coach was a black heap on the ground, which I presently recognised for the six students who had occupied the rotunda, and who having been made to come down one by one, deliver their money and watches, and then stretch themselves out in the road upon their faces, made the oddest figure one can conceive, rolled up in their black cloaks, and with their cocked hats of the same solemn color, emerging at intervals from out the heap. As we came cautiously towards them, they whispered among each other, and then first one lifted his head to look at us, and then another, until finding that we were of the party they all rose at once like a cloud, notwithstanding the threat which the robbers made to them at their departure, as we afterwards heard, to wait by the road side and shoot down the first person who should offer to stir. It will readily occur to the reader that if resistance to this bold and bloody deed should have been made at all, it was by these six young men, who, being together and furthermore acquainted, might easily have acted with concert, whilst the rest of the party were as completely separated as though they had rode in distinct vehicles. But if it be considered that they had been awakened suddenly to a consciousness of their situation, and without any expectation of such a result, and that even though they should have had courage and coolness to concert resistance upon so short a notice, they were to a man unarmed, it will appear more natural that they should have acted precisely as they did.

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Our first care, when thus left to ourselves, was to see if anything could be done for our unfortunate guides. We found them rolling over in the dust and moaning inarticulately, except, indeed, that the conductor would occasionally pronounce indistinctly some of those sainted names, whose interposition he had in vain invoked in the moment of tribulation. Having taken down the light from the top of the coach, we found them so much disfigured with bruises and with blood that recognition would have been impossible. The finery of poor Pepe, his silver buttons and his sash of silk, were scarce less disfigured than his features. There happened to be in our party a student of medicine who now took the lead in binding with pieces of linen and pocket handkerchiefs, the wounds of these unhappy men, and in placing under their heads such things as were convenient to raise them from the ground. While thus engaged we heard the noise of footsteps in the direction of Amposta, and shortly after a man came up with a musket in his hand and inquired the cause of our interruption. Having learnt the truth, and inquired the direction which we supposed the robbers to have taken, he discharged his musket towards it and loaded and discharged again several times in rapid succession. He wore a species of bastard uniform, and proved to be one of the *resguardo*, or armed police, which is scattered over the country in Spain for the prevention of smuggling, and protection of lives and property; but its members, receiving an insufficient salary from the government for their support, as is the case with almost all the inferior servants of the Spanish crown, are obliged to increase their means the best way they can, and are often found leagued in practices which it is their business to suppress. It would perhaps be bold to say that this man was either directly or indirectly engaged with those who had just robbed us; but his appearance at this conjuncture was both sudden and singular.

The tragedy over, a farce succeeded which lasted until daylight. Many carts and waggons that were passing on the road came to a halt about us; but we could not proceed in our journey, nor could the bleeding guides be removed from the road until the *alcalde* of the nearest town should appear and take cognizance of the outrage. He came at length, a fat little man with a red cockade in his hat, in token of the loyalty which had doubtless procured him his office. He commenced examining the scene of bloodshed with an air of professional abstraction, which showed that this was not the first time he had been called from bed on such an occasion. He put his hand into the puddle of blood beside the *mayoral*, and gave the stone with which his head had been broken, in care to one of his attendants. This done, one of the carts which had halted near us was put in requisition to carry off the poor fellows, who had now lain rolling and weltering in the dust for more than two hours. There was some difficulty to get the people who stood by to lift the bodies into the cart, and we were ourselves obliged to perform the task, which all seemed anxious to avoid. From this circumstance and what I afterwards heard, I learned that in Spain a person found near the body of a murdered man is subject to detention and imprisonment, either as a witness, or as one suspected of the crime;

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and it is owing to this singular fact that Spaniards, instead of hurrying to lend succour, avoid a murdered man as they would avoid a murderer. Indeed, it may be doubted whether in Spain the law be not more dreaded by the peaceful inhabitant, than the very robbers and murderers from whom it should protect him. When a murder has been committed in a house, the first step of justice is to seize not only all the occupants, but to carry off whatever furniture it may contain, until nothing but the walls be left. Hence it is that now, as in the time of Gil Blas, the word *Justicia*, which should inspire the honest with confidence, is never pronounced without a shudder.

These painful scenes at length had an end, and the cart into which the guides had been placed returned slowly towards Amposta. Before it drove away the *mayoral* showed symptons of returning sensibility; but Pepe seemed in his agony. Two soldiers of the *resguardo* took their places to conduct the diligence, and when the rope which the robbers had stretched across the road from tree to tree had been removed, the mules were again set in motion, hurrying from the scene of disaster, as though they had been sensible to its horrors. The day had now completely dawned, and the sun rising into a cloudless sky shone abroad upon a fertile country and the peaceful scenes of cultivation. There was little, however, in the change of cheerfulness or consolation; for if nature looked so fair, man sank in the comparison.

The first place we came to was San Carlos; one of the *new populations* established by the patriotic Olavide. We halted in the public place, which stood in the form of an amphitheatre, and were soon surrounded by all the village worthies to hear once and again from the now loquacious students the story of our misfortunes. It was, however, no novelty to them, and when they had seen us entering the town, driven by the cut-throat *resguardo*, who held muskets in their hands instead of whips, they were all, doubtless, as certain of what had happened as when in possession of the details. The *alcalde* of San Carlos came forth with especial consequence to receive official information of the outrage; then consulting with the rusty commandant of a few ragged soldiers who composed the garrison, part of them were sent off to search for the robbers already snug a-bed, perhaps, in Amposta, and part were ordered to accompany the diligence to Vinaroz, where our mules were to be changed.

Vinaroz is quite a large town, and as we entered it a good number of the inhabitants were up in arms at the unusual detention of the diligence. We had scarce stopped ere we were completly hemmed in by curious people; so leaving my Catalan companions to find consolation in imparting their sorrows, I pushed my way through groups of half naked Valencians, royalist volunteers of most unprepossessing appearance, and greasy monks of Saint Francis, until, having cleared the crowd and reached the court-yard, I mounted at once to the eating room of the *posada*. Here were several parties of travellers still more

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interested in the story of our misfortune than those below, who had merely an idle curiosity to gratify two Catalan gentlemen, who were travelling from Madrid to Barcelona in their own carriage, cross-questioned me as to the dangers that lay in the road before them, and in return for the consolation I imparted, told me that the same thing might happen to me any day in Spain; that in La Mancha the robbers no longer skulked among the trees and bushes like snakes, but patrolled the country on horseback and at a gallop; that hitherto I had passed along the seacoast where the country was well cultivated and populous, and the inns good; but that towards Madrid I should find a naked plain, destitute of trees, of water, of houses, and of cultivation, with inns still more miserable than the poverty of the country justified; and learning at last that no motive of business or necessity, had brought me into Spain, they wondered that I should have left the kind looks and words, the comforts and security which meet the stranger in France, to roam over a country which they frankly owned was fast relapsing into barbarity. I half wondered at myself, and dreading further discouragement from these sorry comforters, I abandoned their society to see about getting something to eat; for, in consequence of the detention we everywhere met with, it would be three in the afternoon before we could reach Torre Blanca, the usual stopping place of the diligence. There was fish frying in some part of the house, and now, as I scented my way to the kitchen, I thought that there was yet consolation.

The kitchen of the *posada* at Vinaroz offered a scene of unusual confusion. The hostess was no other than the mother of Pepe, a very decent looking Catalan woman, who, I understood, had been sent there the year before by the diligence company, which is concerned in all the inns at which their coaches stop throughout the line. She had already been told of the probable fate of her son and was preparing to set off for Amposta in the deepest affliction; and yet her sorrow, though evidently real, was singularly combined with a concern for matters of an inferior and different interest. The unusual demand for breakfast by fourteen hungry passengers had created some little confusion, and the poor woman, instead of leaving these matters to take care of themselves, felt the force of habit and was issuing a variety of orders to her assistant; nor was she unmindful of her appearance, but had already changed her frock and stockings preparatory to departure, and thrown on her *mantilla*. It was indeed a singular and piteous sight to see the poor perplexed woman changing some fish that was frying, lest they should be burnt on one side, adjusting and repinning her *mantilla*, and sobbing and crying all in the same breath. When the man came, however, to say that the mule was in readiness, everything was forgotten but the feelings of the mother, and she hurried off in deep and unsuppressed affliction.

So long as the daylight lasted our road continued to follow the general line of the coast, and passed through a country of vines and

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olives, which, by its fertility and labored cultivation, began already to indicate the fair kingdom of Valencia, the garden of Spain, so renowned throughout all Europe. The season, though much later than in Catalonia, and still more so than in Provence, was nevertheless the season of decaying cultivation, and nature was beginning to put on a graver dress. There was enough in this and in the events of the past night to promote melancholy had other causes been wanting, but the whole road was skirted with stone crosses that had been raised opposite to as many scenes of robbery and assassination.* They were rudely fashioned from blocks of stone, with a short inscription cut on each of *aqui mataron á Fulano*, or here they killed Peter or Tom, on such a day of the year; and almost every one had a stone upon it in a hollow which had been gradually worn there. This usage, which is not peculiar to Spain, is variously accounted for. Some say that it originates in a desire to cover the ashes of the dead. But such cannot be the cause here, since the bodies of the people thus murdered are not buried by the road side, but in the *campo santo* of a neighbouring village. It is also asserted that a superstitious feeling leads to the placing of a stone in this manner as an evidence of detestation towards the murderer. There is among us a custom somewhat analogous, for I remember well when a boy and wandering along a road in the country, to have provided myself with a stone before coming to a mile post, and then knocking away the mark of some other boy, to have placed my own in its stead. Be it as it may, this line of crosses placed singly or in groups of two or three along the road to Valencia, was a sufficient proof that the inhabitants are indeed entitled to that character for perfidy which they bear throughout Spain. It furnished a well filled index of treachery and murder, of avarice, revenge, and all those darker passions which degrade our nature. Many of the crosses were very old; others bore date in the last century; many denoted the murderous struggle for independence in later times, whilst a still greater number had been erected in the turbulent period of the Constitution and bore testimony to the fury of religious and political fanaticism. As we passed rapidly along I glanced with a feverish interest at each, whilst my fancy, taking the brief inscription as a text, and calling up the recollections of the night before, endeavoured to furnish forth the story of disaster.

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* And here and there, as up the crag you spring,
Mark many rude-carved crosses near the path;
Yet deem not these devotion's offering—
These are memorials frail of murderous wrath;
For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim hath
Poured forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife,
Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath;
And grove and glen with thousand such are rife
Throughout this purple land, where law secures not life.
Childe Harold.

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At Torre Blanca, as at every place we came to during the remainder of the journey, there was a most annoying scene caused by the garrulity of the students and the curiosity of the gossiping portion of the inhabitants. Acting upon the principle of shutting the stable door after the steed was stolen, the military commandant of the town ordered four ill fed dragoons to mount on as many worse fed horses and accompany us to Villareal. Though the number of these soldiers was so limited, there was as great a variety in their caps and uniforms as though they had been brought together from different corps. Some had boots with spurs on the heels, others laced shoes with a spur on the right foot, and, instead of snug valises of leather, they had saddlebags of old canvass tied to their saddles. Though their accoutrements were so defective, they made up in long black mustaches, and eyes of fire that were constantly on the look out for enemies; and when there were any objects of suspicious appearance in the road before us, they would prepare their carabines, and, kicking their jaded beasts into a gallop, hurry forward in a way that showed that good looks were the least of their qualifications.

At Villareal we were beset as before; but an excellent supper, served with cleanliness and taste, furnished a solace to the misfortunes of our party, which by this time had nearly emptied itself of its grief. At eleven in the night we once more set forward with an escort of four foot soldiers; for there were no dragoons at Villareal to relieve those who had come with us from Torre Blanca. These fellows belonged to the corps of Provincials, a species of drafted militia, furnished as a quota by each province. They were miserably accoutred, and, instead of shoes, wore nothing on their feet but the straw sandal of Catalonia and Valencia. Few soldiers, however, could have matched them on a march. There was only room for one of them on the bench of the *mayoral*, and the remaining three were obliged, therefore, to run constantly beside us, loaded as they were with muskets and cartouch boxes. In this way they performed the twentythree miles that lie between Villareal and Murviedro, always keeping pace with the rapid motion of the diligence.

The inconsiderable town of Murviedro, in which we paused towards daylight for a change of mules, was no other than the ancient Saguntum, once so flourishing and celebrated, and whose cruel destruction by Hannibal gave rise to the second Punic war. Saguntum is said to have been founded about two centuries before the fall of Troy, by Greeks, who came with an immense fleet from Zante, in the Ionian Sea. These seeking to have something in their new home to remind them of the older and dearer one which they had left, called their colony Zaynthus, which afterwards was changed into Saguntum. Released from antique prejudices, and thrown upon their own resources, they soon took advantage of the richness of the soil and their convenience to the sea to become rich and powerful. They extended themselves

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in process of time along the coast, and in order to work upon the superstitions of the barbarous natives, built a temple to Diana on the promontory, which has thence derived its present name of Denia. The colony continued during many centuries to flourish from the industry of its inhabitants, no less than from the just laws by which it was governed; and when the greedy Carthaginians extended their ambitious views towards the fair city and territory of the Saguntines, the latter connected themselves in close friendship with the Roman people. At length when the youthful Hannibal succeeded to the command of the Carthaginian provinces in Spain, his first care was to gain the affections of the people by connecting himself in marriage with them, as a step towards the fulfilment of the vow of hatred which he had made when a child against the Roman people. Having strengthened himself by these and other means, he dreaded lest death should likewise anticipate his enmity to the Romans as had been the case with Hamilcar and Asdrubal. He therefore collected an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, and having found a specious cause of quarrel, he sat down before Saguntum, as the surest means of bringing on a war with Rome, and with a view at the same time to revenge the defeat which his father had sustained under the walls of that proud city.

The Saguntines, being aware of their own weakness, sent ambassadors to Rome to solicit assistance; but the Romans having lost time in negotiations, Sanguntum was left to stand or fall by its own resources. Thus straightened, the Saguntines made the best of their situation and defended their walls with the greatest obstinacy. Hannibal in pressing the seige was badly wounded in the thigh, and a sally which the beseiged afterwards made, was likewise near relieving them of the presence of their enemies. But the obstinacy of Hannibal was equal, nay, greater than their own. He prosecuted the seige with persevering fury, and at length, having undermined the wall with pick-axes, and beat it down with battering rams, he prepared for a final assault. At this conjuncture Halcon, a distinguished Saguntine, went privately forth to Hannibal in order to procure such terms as might qualify the misery of his townsmen. He procured nothing better from the irritated conqueror than that the beseiged should be allowed to go freely forth with their wearing apparel and build a city wherever Hannibal should appoint. These terms were indeed extreme, but the case of his countrymen was still more so, and Halcon did not doubt that they would be accepted. But the indignant citizens preferred death to such unqualified dishonor. They gathered together in the market place, and the principal citizens having collected all their richest robes, gold, silver, and jewels erected them into a funeral pile. To this they set fire, and having cast upon it their slaves, their children, and their wives, themselves followed into the flames. Meantime the city was fired in almost every house by the hand of its owner, and the enemy entering at the same time through the breach, the soldiers were so greatly enraged at their disappointment that they slew all whom the flames had spared, without regard either to sex or condition.* Thus fell Saguntum after a seige

* Mariana. Livy.

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of eight months, about two centuries before the coming of Christ. Though the Romans endeavoured afterwards in their day of augmented power, to raise up the proud city which their own lukewarmness had allowed to perish, it never again attained to its ancient magnificence. After the overthrow of the Roman Empire, the city continued doubtless to decline during the dark days of the Goths and in the stormy period of the Moorish domination, until now, under the blighting auspices of religious and political despotism, changed in fortunes as in name, it offers little but tottering arches and mutilated inscriptions to tell that it is indeed Saguntum.*

We left Murviedro as the day was dawning and passed constantly through a fertile and highly cultivated country, gradually increasing in population, until as we approached Valencia the villages became almost continuous. Shortly after we cleared the town and got upon the open road, I noticed a young man with his *manta* hanging from his shoulder with something in it that seemed to be seed or grain, and who ran constantly at the side of the diligence. I watched him with some curiosity. Sometimes he would be before us, and then when our guides used their whips he would get behind, when I supposed that he had stopped. But presently he would overtake us again, first his shadow and then his head and lank hair enveloped in a red handkerchief, and with a step or two more his whole person would emerge; *manta*, *bragas*, naked legs, and sandals. This did not last only for a short time, but during the whole distance of fifteen miles to Valencia, for we only lost sight of him, finally, in the immediate environs of the city. I was not a little curious to learn the meaning of this singular proceeding, and therefore asked our new *mayoral* what made the fellow run beside the diligence. '*Quien sabe*,?' says he; and then after a pause '*Va á Valencia y lleva priesa*'—'Who knows? He is going to Valencia and is in a hurry.' The idea of the young Saguntine struck me as being a good one; for it certainly united two things very desirable in travelling; to wit, expedition and economy.

At the distance of three miles from Valencia we came to the extensive convent of San Miguel de los Reyes. This princely establishment owed its foundation to the Duke of Calabria, who was captain-general of Valencia about the middle of the sixteenth century. He caused this convent to be built, according to the fashion of the day, to receive his remains, and made a provision for sixty monks of Saint Jeremy, who in return for their fine habitation, warm clothing, and good cheer, were bound daily to say a mass for the soul of the generous duke. It is not a little curious and indicative of the change which

* Three lines of a Spanish poet have been often and happily quoted to express the fallen condition of this once splendid city.

'Con marmoles y nobles inscripciones
Teatro un tiempo y aras en Sagunto
Fabrican hoy tabernas y mesones.'

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time brings about in the manners and institutions of men, that the pillars and arches of the amphitheatre at Saguntum should have been torn down, to furnish materials for the construction of this monkish edifice.

Nothing can be finer than the northern approach to Valencia. Domes and towers without number are seen gradually to emerge from out the continuous orchard of lemon, orange, fig, pomégranate, and mulberry, which extends itself over fields, laid out in kitchen gardens, and thus made to yield a double tribute to the industrious cultivator. At length, after passing through this grove, the source at once of usefulness and beauty, we came to the bank of a wide ravine, bounded on both sides by strong parapets of hewn stone. This ravine was the bed of the Guadalaviar, and is evidently formed to contain the waters of a powerful stream; but, when I saw it, a brook could with difficulty be discovered, trickling along a small channel, which it had made for itself in the middle of the ravine. The remainder was covered with grass of the richest verdure, and cropped by sheep and goats, now wandering fearlessly over the soil which in the season of freshets is filled high with the resistless element. The cause of this disappearance of the Guadalaviar, is, that its waters are diverted throughout the whole course of the stream for the purpose of irrigation. We may, however, well pardon this plunder in consideration of the plenty which results from it; and even if poetry and the picturesque were alone worthy of attention, the loss of beauty which the Guadalaviar thus sustains, is far more than requited by the verdure which it imparts to so large a portion of the plain of Valencia.

The bridges over this ravine were five in number, and their stout piers and massive arches gave sufficient indication of the occasional force of the Guadalaviar. The one over whose noisy pavement we were now rapidly drawn, had been ornamented by the spirit of devotion with a rude shrine, dedicated to the patron saint of the city. At its southern extremity was a time-worn gate covered with antique ornaments and inscriptions, through which we now entered into Valencia—*Valencia the Fair—Valencia of the Cid.*

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CHAPTER IV.

KINGDOMS OF VALENCIA, MURCIA, AND NEW CASTILE.

Kingdom of Valencia.—Origin and Fortunes of the City.—Its actual Condition.—Take leave of Valencia.—Elevated Plains of New Castile.—Costume and Character of the Inhabitants.—Almansa.—El Toboso.—Scenes at Quintanar.—Ocania.—Aranjuez.—Madrid.

The kingdom of Valencia extends itself about two hundred miles along the eastern coast of Spain, and varies from thirty to sixty miles in breadth. Whilst on every other side it is bounded by Catalonia, Arragon, Cuenca, and Murcia, on the east the Mediterranean bathes its whole extent, furnishing its inhabitants with an abundant supply of food, and placing them in ready communication with the whole world. This kingdom is one of the most wealthy and flourishing divisions of the Spanish monarchy; for it numbers a population of near a million of souls. Towards the confines of the central provinces, it offers ranges of mountains, abounding in iron, marble, jasper, and other valuable minerals; while the space which intervenes between those mountains and the sea, forms a continuous and sloping plain, like the Milanese, watered by no fewer than thirtysix small rivers, which take their rise in the mountains of the interior, and follow an eastern course until they join the Mediterranean.

The more elevated portions of the kingdom consist of dry situations, producing figs, wine, and olives, and of watered fields, which are either plain by nature, or have been levelled off, for the convenience of irrigation, into platforms, crowded with crops and trees, and rising above each other in animated perspective, like the ascending grades of an amphitheatre. These produce abundant crops of hemp, flax, cotton, wheat, rice, Indian corn, *algazzober* beans, apples, pears, peaches, oranges, lemons, citrons, pomegranates, dates, almonds, beside melons which are renowned throughout Spain, and every species of culinary vegetable, with such an infinity of mulberry trees that they furnish annually a million and a half pounds of the richest silk. In addition to these natural productions of Valencia, the industry of her inhabitants enriches commerce with a variety of manufactured articles; such as brandy, barilla, paper, crockery, fabrics of straw, hemp, flax, and especially of silk, which may be considered the staple of the country.

Such are the fertilizing effects of the system of irrigation, universally applied in Valencia, that the mulberry trees are thrice stripped of their leaves, and the meadows of clover and luzerne are mown

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eight and even ten times; citrons are often gathered of six pounds, and bunches of grapes of fourteen pounds; wheat sown in November yields thirty for one in June; barley in October gives twenty in May; rice in April yields forty in October; and Indian corn planted as a second crop gives one hundred fold. Beside these there are intermediate crops of vegetables; so that with a varied choice of productions, a powerful sun, and the fertilizing aid of water, the farmer may here realize two, and even three harvests in a single year.*

Nor is the climate of Valencia unworthy of such a soil. The mountains, which form its landward barrier, intercept the cold winds of the interior, whilst the genial and equalizing influence of the Mediterranean tempers alike the summer heats and the colds of winter. In summer, sudden showers are neither unfrequent nor unwelcome; but in the intervals, and generally throughout the year, the air remains ever pure, pleasant, and healthful, the sky ever serene, and the whole system of seasons seems lost in one continual, delicious spring. The Cardinal de Retz, whose blood was rather warmer than became his office, thus speaks of this country in his singular Memoirs. 'The kingdom of Valencia may well be pronounced, not only the healthiest country, but also the most beautiful garden in the whole world. Lemon, orange, and pomegranate trees form the pallisadoes of its highways, whilst crystal and transparent rivulets meander in trenches beside them. The whole plain is enamelled with an endless variety of flowers, which, whilst they enchant the eye, delight the smell with the most grateful odors.' Father Mariana, too, who was also something of an enthusiast, assures us that in the environs of the city, 'the gardens and orchards, mixing and entangling their vegetation, form a continuous arbour, always green and always

* Antillon and Townsend. It results from this important use of irrigation, that the value of lands in Valencia depends entirely on the facilities of procuring water. The right to the use of every stream is of course nicely defined. When the fructifying seasons arrive, those who enjoy water privileges sedulously prepare their fields, open their sluices, fill the ditches, and inundate the whole, even to vineyards and olive orchards. In consequence of this system, productions are multiplied to a wonderful extent, and the earth continues prolific throughout the year. It is, however, remarked by Bourgoanne, that this artificial fertility does not bestow on plants the substance which they elsewhere receive from nature alone; and that hence the aliments in Valencia are much less nourishing than in Castile. Hence, too, the deterioration which the excessive use of water communicates to plants, is said likewise to extend to the animals, to which they in turn furnish subsistence; a fact which has, doubtless, authorized the Spanish proverb, *En Valencia, la carne es hierba; la hierba, agua; los hombres, mugeres; y las mugeres, nada!*

Though disposed to think this proverb hyperbolical, at least so far as it relates to the lovely and not too etherial Valencianas, it proves, if nothing else, the low estimation which the people of Valencia enjoy throughout Spain. It is well known—we may learn the fact even from novels and romances—that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when it was customary for every distinguished personage to have his hired assassins at command, they were almost all natives of Valencia. Even their dress and weapons are described. The miscreant went forth, enveloped in his cloak, and favored by the obscurity of night. Having found the individual, proscribed by public policy or personal hate, he would steal after him until time and place were propitious, then raising his hand from beneath its concealment, drive the murderous weapon which it grasped, deep into the back of his unsuspecting victim.

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pleasant. Such is the beauty of Valencia!—Such were the Elysian fields which the poets fancied!' *

In the midst of the mingled beauties and bounties of this favored plain, stands the city of Valencia, upon the south bank of the Guadalaviar, at whose mouth it has an inconsiderable and unsafe harbor. Though known in the time of the Romans by the name of Valentia, this city so greatly augmented its importance under the Saracen domination, that it may be said to owe its origin to that industrious people. They introduced the system of rural economy which has converted this vast plain into one extensive garden; and seeking new sources of wealth, commenced the culture of silk, before it was known in Italy. Nor did the sciences, and such arts as are tolerated by the Koran, fail to keep pace with the progress of industry. The Valencians became celebrated for the cultivation of letters; and of the sixty libraries which then existed in Mahometan Spain, at a time, too, when books were scarcely known in the rest of Europe, that of Valencia yielded for extent and value to none but the library of Cordova.

But, though this literary and scientific superiority of the Valencians may have sharpened their intellects and humanized their hearts, it gave them but little advantage in the field over the hungry and strong handed Spaniards, who used no other logic than the sword, and knew but one way of signing their name, upon the visage of an enemy. As the misfortune of Valencia would have it, towards the close of the eleventh century, one Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, an illustrious robber whom the Saracens had surnamed the Cid, or Lord, was banished from Castile for having broken the peace with the king of Toledo by a predatory excursion into his territories. Collecting a party of *hidalgos*,† equally reckless with himself, he made war on many petty kings among the infidels, assisting one against another, until he had conquered several and rendered them his vassals. He at length became an auxiliary in a war between two rival competitors for the crown of Valencia; and having conquered the one and set aside the other, took possession of the subject of contention. In order to conciliate the good will of the king his master, the Cid sent him a present of two hundred beautiful horses, richly caparisoned after the fashion of the Moors, and with as many scimitars hanging at the saddlebows, beseeching him at the same time to allow his wife and daughters to come from their convent in Cardenia. This being granted, the Cid established himself in Valencia, and, notwithstanding several sieges on the part of the dis-

* The worthy Jesuit, doubtless, alludes to the heathen paradise, or Hesperidal Gardens. In the earliest ages they were placed in Spain, thence gradually receding before the matter of fact realities of discovery and colonization, until they at length obtained a permanent, and not unworthy location, in the Fortunate Islands.

† *Hidalgos* or *hijosdalgo*, nobles. Some derive this word from *hijos del Gods*, sons of the Goth; but its literal meaning is evidently—sons of somebody.

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possessed Moors, he maintained the conquest until the day of his death. This took place at a moment when the African prince Bekir was before the city with a strong force, and resistance being now hopeless, it was determined to abandon everything and return to Castile. The body of the Cid was placed on a litter with his wife, the proud spirited Ximena, and the whole garrison, forming in the funeral procession, ready to defend him who hitherto had needed no other safeguard but his own good arm, thus marched forth from Valencia. The Moors, being ignorant of what had happened, fled before the Cid, and opened a passage through which the mourners were allowed to return to their country. The old romances, which have connected so many fictions with the real achievements of this wonderful man, even tell us that the dead champion was mounted upon his good steed Babrica, with his terrible sword Calada in his right hand, and his long black beard hanging down upon his burnished cuirass.*

Valencia was thus restored to the dominion of the Moors, from which it had been prematurely conquered by the valor of the Cid. Its day, however, at length arrived. In 1238, just after the taking of Cordova by Saint Ferdinand, King James of Arragon determined to lay siege to Valencia. The number of his troops being no more than a thousand foot and half as many horse, his followers became discouraged; but the king having taken a solemn oath that he would not return without being master of Valencia, they became inspired with his resolution. Having crossed the Guadalaviar, he entrenched himself between the walls of the city and the neighbouring sea, and was soon joined by soldiers drawn from all quarters to share in the glory of the seige and the spoils of the city. Among these adventurers was a body of Frenchmen under the command of the good Bishop of Narbonne. If we are astonished that so small a force as fifteen hundred men should have laid siege to a city like Valencia, let us remember that the tide of conquest was rolling back; let us go back to the period of the conquest, and we shall see Cordova besieged and taken at a gallop by six hundred cavaliers of Arabia.†

The army of Don‡ Jayme, thus reinforced from all quarters, amounted at length to seventy thousand soldiers; and the people of Valencia being disappointed in the succour which they had expected from the king of Tunez, began to think of a surrender, for famine had already commenced its ravages among them. After much debating about the terms, the capitulation was at length signed. It was agreed that the city of Valencia should be given up to Don Jayme, that its inhabitants should be allowed to go unmolested to Denia, and that each might carry away with him as much gold, silver, and precious commodities as he could carry on his person.

* See Romancero del Cid; Southey, Chronicles of the Cid.

† Conde, Historia de los Arabes en Espania.

‡ *Don* is from the Latin *Dominus*. It was originally the attribute of royalty, then was extended to princes and nobles, and now courtesy has made it the appellation of every Spaniard. In Portugal, however, *Don* is still peculiar to the king and princes and royal bastards.

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The fatal day at length arrived which was to separate forever the inhabitants of Valencia from the fair city so deeply endeared to them. The mournful procession of dejected men, heart-sick women, and helpless children, to the number of fifty thousand, was seen to emerge from the south gate of the city which opened towards the sacred promontory of Denia. The priests and soldiers of the christian army formed a lane without the gate, through which the unhappy exiles tottered forth, assailed by the revilings of their persecutors, and bending not so much under the burthen which each bore, as under the weight of their common misfortune. When all had thus passed onward, the Christians made their solemn entry into the city; the mosques were purified and consecrated; a bishop installed into the long vacant see, and thanksgivings forthwith offered to Him, in whose name and for whose glory the conquest had been effected. The neighbouring country, which the labor of the exiled cultivators had reduced to fertility, was duly divided between the prelates, military orders, and nobles who had taken part in the siege, not forgetting such convents as had lent the more passive assistance of their prayers. From Gerona, Tortosa, and Tarragona, people were invited to come and fill the vacancy in the industrious classes occasioned by the promiscuous departure of so many citizens.

It must have required centuries for Valencia to recover from the effects of this severe blow to her prosperity; and the vicious division of property must have been, as it still is, a constant check to every species of melioration. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, the growth of the city had gradually continued until the beginning of the present century, when its population amounted to one hundred and sixty thousand souls, twenty thousand of whom were engaged in silk manufactories, which annually consumed near a million pounds of the raw material. The war of independence and the political struggles which have followed, must have checked the prosperity of Valencia; for the city itself has twice been besieged, and even bombarded by the French; but it nevertheless continues to be the second city in Spain, and may even dispute with the capital for superiority in wealth and population.

The climate of Valencia has often been compared to that of Greece, and the genius of its inhabitants is said not be dissimilar to that which once characterized the natives of that famous country. A taste for poetry prevails among the people, and even improvisatori are not unknown. Letters, which under the Moors attained an advancement in Valencia to which the age was a stranger, have likewise flourished here in modern times. Until lately, more books were annually printed in Valencia than in any other city in Spain, and several works which I have seen, that were printed towards the close of the last century here, can scarcely be surpassed for embellishments and execution. This most useful art has, however, lost much since the French revo-

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lution. No new works are now allowed to go to the press here, except books on devotion and French novels turned into Castilian; and even the old works which during centuries have formed the pride of Spanish literature, are now well searched by ghostly censors, and gleaned of their most pithy sentences before they can again be published. In this way the book trade in Spain is now reduced to the buying and selling of second-hand works, and I was not a little surprised in Valencia, on going into several bookstores, to find myself surrounded by a venerable collection of well worn tomes, bound in parchment and tied with strings or fastened by huge clasps of brass, which at least possessed the merit of having outlived their generation.

The fine arts have always been cultivated with great care in Valencia. The style of building, too, is generally good, and the Gothic taste, which has left many monuments in Barcelona, can no longer be traced here. The most remarkable of its buildings is the cathedral; of vast extent and various construction, but very noble and imposing within. This city possesses a university which is much esteemed in Spain; a gratuitous academy of noble arts; two public libraries; a seminary for the education of noble youths; a general hospital, and a commercial exchange. The theatre of Valencia is very inferior to that of Barcelona; the house itself is small and miserably arranged, whilst the threadbare and ill-fed appearance of the players forms the best apology for their indifferent performance.

The principal dwellinghouses of Valencia are built in a quadrangular form, with a large gate-way in front and a square court in the centre; but the greater number have a narrow door and stairway at one side as with us. In addition to glass sashes which open inwards like folding doors, the windows near the ground have cages of iron, composed of perpendicular bars called *rejas* and to which the French give the more appropriate name of *jealousies*. These serve to prevent the entrance of a thief or a lover, or the evasion of a wife. The windows of the upper stories descend nearly from the ceiling to the floor, and open on balconies of iron, which are decorated with shrubbery and flowers, and thronged by the lodgers of both sexes, whenever any religious or military procession is passing, and by the females at all seasons when not better employed. The houses are constructed of stones of every shape and size, coated with cement, and whitewashed. When thus animated by gay groups of well dressed people standing in the balconies, they make a very good appearance.

The streets of Valencia are very crooked, and so narrow that many of them are impassable for carriages. From this reason and the treacherous character of the people, there is great risk of being robbed in the night, unless one keep to the principal streets; and I was repeatedly cautioned at my hotel to be on my guard. The streets are not paved at all, for the dryness of the climate renders it unnecessary. Hence the walking is very dusty in the city, and the inhabitants, to avoid it, resort to the *paseos*, or public walks, of which there are several, beautifully planted and furnished with benches, along the banks of the Guadalaviar and in the direction of the sea-port at the mouth of the

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river. The most beautiful of all, however, is the *Glorieta*, a very small square, contiguous to the custom-house. It is enclosed by a railing, and planted in every direction with the trees that are most grateful to the eye and smell, and among which the orange, the lemon, and the still fairer pomegranate, are most conspicuous. The ground below is covered with shrubs and flowers of every clime, whose thrifty appearance attests most strongly the genial influence of the climate. These form hedges to the various walks which intersect each other in every direction, and have at their angles fountains which are ever in motion. There is a principal alley along which the walkers who court observation make repeated turns, bowing to their acquaintance as they pass, or joining in their promenade; while others take their seats upon the stone benches that skirt the walks, or on rush chairs that are hired from an old woman, and pass the company in review. The more secluded alleys on each side are frequented by those of both sexes, who improve this occasion of being together, and who, unlike others who converse aloud for general effect, seek rather to make individual impressions. Whether the peasants and laboring classes are excluded from the *Glorieta*, or from an unwillingness to mingle with people so much richer and better dressed than themselves, there were none of them there, except, indeed, a solitary Valencian, who moved about in his *bragas*, rubbing his naked legs against the ladies, and offering a lighted match, which he carried, to the smokers. Outside of the *Glorieta*, bodies of royalist volunteers or regular troops, with bands of music, are seen passing in different directions, intermingled with crowds of pedestrians and horsemen; and antique carriages on four wheels, or light *tartanas*, are drawn up everywhere, in attendance on their owners, who are taking a more grateful exercise within. The *tartana*, so generally in use at Valencia, is a small cart, covered with a canvass top, and drawn by a single horse or mule, whose harness is well studded with brass tacks and small bells of the same metal. The entrance is at the back, and the seats are along each side. The interior of the *tartana* is adorned with curtains of silk, while without it is painted with a variety of gay colors, which, like the grotesque paintings upon the outer walls of the churches, long preserve their brilliancy in this dry climate. As it has no springs, it would be but a comfortless vehicle in a paved city, but it moves noiselessly and without a jar over the level streets of Valencia.

The *Glorieta* was laid out and planted by a late captain general, who was a testy and high handed Don, and who punished delinquents, hung up robbers, and did whatever seemed right to him according to his own fancy. In short, he was just the man to govern the Spaniards of the present generation. He took the land of the present *Glorieta* from some convent or other useless establishment, and converted it into the delightful little place, which now adds so greatly to the amusements of the Valencians. When the Constitution came, however, and the late captain general exchanged his palace for a prison, the uncurbed populace wreaked their fury upon everything connected with the memory of the man who had restrained them, and would even have restored

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the *Glorieta* to its original state by cutting down the trees and tearing up the shrubbery, had they not been opposed by others whose ideas of liberty were less fanatical. The present captain general of Valencia is likewise a tyrant, but of a much worse kind than the one we have been speaking of; for he is a tyrant at second hand, and to suit the views of his employers. Notwithstanding his severity towards the persecuted Liberals, he is flexible enough in the hands of the priests, who very lately made a successful opposition to his authority. They had the audacity, a few months before I passed through Valencia, to take a poor Jew who had avowed his opinions, and hang him up publicly against the injunction of the civil officers and even of O'reilly himself.

The interval of three days, between the departures of the Barcelona diligence for Madrid, having at length passed by, I rose early on the morning of its expected arrival to hear what had been the fate of the *mayoral* and Pepe, whom I had last seen bleeding and groaning in a cart on their way to Amposta. The *mayoral* was still alive three days after the event, when the diligence stopped at Amposta; but his head was so badly fractured as to render recovery doubtful. Poor Pepe breathed his last at ten o'clock, about eight hours after our attack, and long before his widowed mother could have arrived to close the eyes of her child. More than a month elapsed before I again heard anything of the still surviving *mayoral* or of the men who had committed the violence; for such things never being published in Spain, one half the population might be murdered without the rest knowing anything of it. It may, however, be as well to repeat here what I at length learned in Madrid from a Valencian wagoner, whom I questioned on the subject. The *mayoral*, after lingering about a week, had shared the fate of Pepe, and the three robbers had at length been detected and taken into custody. One of them was a native of Peripignan, son to a man who had formerly kept the inn where the diligence put up in Amposta. The other two were natives of the town, and all were acquaintances of Pepe, ten to one the very varlets who were playing at cards beneath our window. My informant could not tell me whether the murderers were likely to suffer for their crime. One of them being a stranger, rendered it probable; but if they had money to put into the hands of an *escribano*, or notary, to fee him and the judges who would be called to decide upon the case, or to buy an escape, or, as a last resort, if they could procure the interposition of the clergy, they might yet go unpunished.

The diligence was to leave Valencia at noon for Madrid. So finding when I had repaired to it and stowed my trunk on the top, that there was yet half an hour of idle time to be got rid of, I wandered back to the cathedral to pass once more through its aisles, and then ascended to the top of the antique tower called Miquelet to take a farewell look at Valencia and its environs. The *campanero* was getting ready to ring for the midday mass; so I found the tower gate open, and a

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person, who was familiar with every object of the landscape, ready to answer my inquiries. The city upon which I now looked down, had gained nothing by this change of position. The irregular roof of the cathedral, and indeed of all the buildings, public and private, were covered with rude tiles, which, however well they might serve to keep out the water, made but a graceless appearance; and the streets, now seen collectively as in a map, shocked the eye by their want of regularity. As the sight gradually extended its circle, it took in objects that were more agreeable; the verdant *Glorieta* with its trees and fountains; the Gate of the Cid, and the numerous avenues leading to the capital; the five bridges of the Guadalaviar, and the promenades which skirt its banks. These were enclosed in that wide expanse of verdure, interspersed everywhere with villages and farm-houses, to which the Spaniards have given the glowing name of *Huerta de Valencia*, the garden and the orchard of Valencia, whose fertility had no other bounds but the sea and mountains, which everywhere terminated the prospect.

By the time I had regained the office of the diligence, the bells of the cathedral and of the many churches and convents of Valencia were tolling for noon. The coach was already in the street, the mules were geared to it, and the superintendant, way-bill in hand, was calling over the names of the passengers, and assigning to each the seat which he was to retain during the whole journey. I had taken a corner of the *cabriolet*, and now found the adjoining one occupied by a Spanish officer, a colonel of *caçadores*, who had a pair of horse pistols in the coach pocket beside him, with his sabre clothed in buckskin, and standing upright in the corner to keep sentry over them. He had on a jacket of red worked with gold lace, over which was an ample cloak of blue lined with red velvet, and on his heels a pair of long brass spurs that were continually incommoding him during the journey. His *schaiko* was hung up overhead and replaced by a light bonnet of blue cloth, adorned in front with a gold *fleur de lys*, the common badge of the Bourbons. This was a very young man to be a colonel, with a fair round face and well nurtured mustaches. Indeed his whole appearance indicated more familiarity with parlour scenes, and polite usages, than with the stir and strife incident to his profession. I afterwards found he was a *conde* or count, and having thus been born to the military life, as alone worthy of his rank, he had gradually grown into a grade, which in France can only be reached over many a field of battle. He was, however, on the whole a very agreeable travelling companion, and when he was not engaged with a musty book on cavalry, or I with my map, or dictionary and grammar of the language, we talked incessantly together throughout the journey. In the interior were two passengers, beside one of the proprietors of the diligence, a wary old Catalan, who was riding through the line to look into the state of the teams, of the inns where the coach stopped, and of other matters relating to the service of the company. He carried with him a small blank book, bound with parchment, and a portable inkhorn with a couple of superannuated pens in it. These materials for authorship

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he would produce every night after supper, and, spreading them out amid the wreck of the repast, proceed to write up his journal. The rotunda contained one solitary occupant, a candidate for the priesthood, who was going to pursue his studies in Alcala. This was one of the fast-talking youths who had shared in our disaster near the Ebro.

With these five persons for travelling companions, and a goodnatured Catalan, called Lorenzo, for a *mayoral*, we turned our backs upon Valencia, and took our course to the southwest, in the direction of San Felipe. As on the approach to the city from the other side, our road now lay through cultivated and well watered fields, which at the same time were planted with orchards of every kind of fruit, and especially the mulberry, olive, and *algazzoba*. On the left we passed the Albufera of Valencia, a fine lake which abounds in fish and waterfowl. The neighbouring country is entirely laid out in rice, of which such a quantity is produced, that the share of the king, who claims sixteen *per cent.* as proprietor, and probably receives much less, is worth annually near fifty thousand dollars. This princely estate belonged, during the short reign of King Joseph, to Marshal Suchet, who commanded the French forces in this part of Spain, and was almost the only one of his countrymen who promoted successfully the cause of Napoleon, and was at the same time able to win the affections of the Spaniards. This distinguished general lost his estate on the restoration of the Bourbons, but preserved the title of Duke of Albufera, which, with the peerage conferred by Louis XVIII., has lately devolved upon his son. In the afternoon we came to a small stream which flowed under a few scattering *algazzoba* trees, whose foliage, as well as the grass that grew upon its banks, seemed to catch new verdure from the fertilizing element. Here a party of travellers had halted to make a rude meal upon the bread and sausages which they had brought with them, whilst their mules and asses were likewise refreshing themselves along the margin of the brook.

When the sun was sinking in the west, we began to ascend the mountains, which seemed to grow more formidable as we approached them, winding occasionally through narrow and concealed gorges, or crossing an eminence which overlooked a wide expanse of the rich plains below and of the more distant Mediterranean. At the summit we came in sight of Mogente, while on the left were seen the turrets of San Felipe. This city was called Jatina by the Moors, and was once famous for its manufactures, particularly of paper, of which, if I mistake not, it claims the honor of inventing; an invention, in its effects upon the progress of civilization, not unworthy of being compared to that of printing itself. In the war of succession between the French and Austrian pretenders to the vacant throne of Spain, Jatina was so unfortunate as to espouse the wrong cause, or the one which proved unsuccessful. Philip V., when he at length got possession of the place, was so greatly exasperated against the inhabitants, that he caused it to be demolished, and in its stead founded a city to which he gave the renovating name of his patron saint, San Felipe. Another honor claimed by San Felipe, and it is indeed a proud one, is, that it

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gave birth to the distinguished painter, Joseph Ribera, whom, for his diminutive size, the Italians christened *Spagnolito*. On the road which leads to San Felipe is a small bridge, thrown over a torrent in which a widowed mother had the hard fortune to lose her only son. Making an honorable exception to the unworthy rule that misery loves company, she caused this bridge to be erected, that no other mother might suffer like herself. It still bears the name of the Widow's Bridge, or, in the more poetic language of the country, *Puente de la Viuda*.

At sunset we arrived at a *venta*, or solitary inn, which lay at a short distance from Mogente. We had journeyed fortyeight miles, and, instead of going in a direct line towards Madrid, we had been making a right angle to its direction from Valencia; and, to look on the map, were not a jot nearer our destination than when we started. So much for communications in Spain. In the *venta* we found a German merchant who had come from Alicante to take passage with us to Madrid. He proved an agreeable companion, and brought his share of amusement to our already pleasant little party. When supper was over, and our passports had returned from the intendant of police, each hurried to his bed in order to improve the few hours that were to intervene before we should renew our journey.

The next day we were called at an early hour, and by three o'clock were already in motion. There was a keen wind from the northwest, and as we were going towards that direction it drove into the crannies of the *cabriolet*, and produced the withering sensation of the most intense cold, which to me was the more severe that I had lost my overcoat a few months before, and had neglected to get another. My companion had rolled himself up in the folds of his cloak until nothing but his cap was visible, and then he seemed to defy the cold, which was the more sensible to me when I saw how warm he was. Seeing that the *mayoral* had a variety of skins and blankets under him, I begged for one of them, and he handed me a warm merino, which I rolled closely round my torpid feet. Thus partially relieved, I sought the support of the corner and was soon asleep.

When the morning came, the sun no longer rose upon the vineyards and fruit trees of Valencia, and the sea and mountains were likewise withdrawn from the horizon. On reaching the summit of the mountains near Mogente, we did not again descend, but continued to move forward over a level country which spread out interminably, as we advanced into that level region, which forms the greater part of the two Castiles, and which stands near two thousand feet above the level of the sea, an elevated plain in the midst of the Peninsula. Nothing can be more unqualified than the gloomy character of this plain. When we first entered it, a solemn group of olives might occasionally be seen, sheltered by a slight inequality of the surface of the country; but in advancing, these too disappeared, until monotony became at last perfect and pervading.

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The utter destitution of trees in La Mancha, and the almost equal deficiency of them in the other provinces which form the central regions of Spain, is attributed partly to the plain, unsheltered nature of the country, and the dryness of the climate, but chiefly to a prejudice which the inhabitants have entertained from time immemorial against this most useful and ornamental production, as being the means of attracting and sheltering birds, those busy pilferers. After having long since stripped the country of its trees, the Castilian, instead of creating nurseries for their restoration, has such an abhorrence for everything of the kind, that he will even prevent the establishment of them along the high roads, by wounding those which the government has been at the expense of planting there, with the beneficent view of sheltering the traveller, and promoting their general cultivation. In consequence of this proscription of trees in the interior of Spain, it has been remarked, that the soil, scorched by a powerful sun, with no trees to moderate its force or attract humidity, has gradually witnessed the drying up of its streams and fountains, of which nothing now remains but empty ravines, to mark the forgotten sources of former fertility.

The greater part of this country is, however, susceptible of being rendered productive, and especially of furnishing wheat and wine of the finest quality; but its population is so dwindled and has so partial an interest in the produce of the soil, which it shares with an inactive clergy and nobility, that agriculture here is on the worst possible footing. The system of manuring is not generally practised, and thus, while three fourths of the country remain fallow, the remainder only produces a scanty crop of grain or potatoes. The great distance between the towns, too, and the insecurity of life and property, which prevents the farmers from living each isolated on the land which he cultivates, are additional checks to agriculture and population. We frequently went eight or ten miles without finding a single habitation on this road, one of the most important in Spain, and which, perhaps, was a Roman way in the time of Cæsar. When, too, after hours of rapid travelling, we at length came to a town, nothing could be more gloomy than its appearance. As there were neither hills nor forests intervening to obstruct the view, it would be seen a long way off, with its ill fashioned towers projecting out of a gloomy group of houses plastered over with clay, and which, being of the color of the soil, were only distinguished from it by rising above the cheerless horizon. At the entrance of each town was a gate for receiving the duties on all the articles which passed, and in the centre of it a square, round which were the different buildings of the *ayuntamiento*, or municipality, of the *posada*, of the butcher, baker, tailor, cobbler, and of the village surgeon or barber, living at the sign of a bleeding arm and leg, flanked by the helmet of Mambrino. Most of these towns exhibited strong symptoms of a declining population. Many houses were abandoned, with their roofs fallen in, and those which continued tenanted had but a cheerless look; while, as a key to this desolation, the master of each might be seen, listless and unoccupied, enveloped

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in a tattered cloak, and moping like a statue within the door way. It was, besides, the season of sadness and of decaying nature. There were no cattle, no pasture, and the single harvest of the farmer having already been gathered, nothing but a dusty and faded stubble remained upon the soil, to attest that it had once been productive. I had at length arrived in a country where forests, and the feathered songsters who find their home in them, were alike proscribed. As I looked round on the dismal expanse, unvaried by either tree or bush, I was at a loss to imagine upon what the inhabitants could subsist, unless, indeed, it was on the recollections of the past, or upon the poetic associations which Cervantes has fastened to their soil. How different all this from the streams, the trees, and the gardens we had left behind us in the *Huerta?*

On reaching this mountain plain, the change in the character of the country was even surpassed by the change in the climate. The day before we had basked at Valencia in a summer's sun, tempered by Mediterranean breezes, whereas here we were met by a cold wind, which rushed unchecked over the wild monotony, and seemed to freeze one's blood. It was indeed cold; there could be no mistake about it; for we found ice in several places, long after the sun had risen, though it was only the fourth of November.

This sudden change of climate in so short a distance, calls for a corresponding change in the popular costume. Beside a waistcoat and jacket of cloth, covered with abundance of silver buttons, the inhabitant usually wears an outer jacket of skin, which once warmed the back of some black merino, with the wool outwards; or, instead of this an ample cloak of brown, the right fold of which is thrown over the left shoulder with a Roman air. His head is covered with a pointed cap of black velvet, the ends of which being drawn down over the ears, leave exposed a forehead which is usually high, and features which are always manly. Instead of the primitive *braga* of the Valencian, we now find tight breeches, sustained above the hips by a red sash, and fastened the whole way down the outside of the thigh by bell buttons; in the place of the naked leg and hempen sandal, woollen stockings, stout shoes, well shod with nails, and gaiters of leather curiously embroidered. These are fastened at the top with a gay colored string, and not buttoned the whole way up, but left open for the purpose of displaying a well filled calf, and to produce that jaunty air which pleases the fancy of a Spaniard. The poorer people, instead of shoes and stockings, had their feet simply wrapped in bits of old cloth or blanket, and covered with skins bound to the foot with a thong.

The inhabitants of this central region speak the pure Castilian tongue, unadulterated by foreign idioms, or provincial pronunciation, and in all its native simplicity and beauty. They are of larger size and stouter conformation than the half-clad Valencians, but are perhaps inferior to them in that untamed symmetry of limb, which the latter

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possess to an equal extent with our aboriginal Americans. They are stigmatized by strangers as being proud, grave, inactive, and silent, more ignorant and more attached to their antique prejudices, than those of their nation, who, living in the neighbourhood of the sea, have gained something by commercial intercourse. Be this as it may, I could not help admiring the unbent form and lofty bearing with which these poor fellows strode forward, enveloped in threadbare cloaks, their feet bound in sandals of untanned leather, disdaining to ask the alms they so evidently needed, and almost to look on those who were better apparelled than themselves; nor could I avoid the conclusion that if the Castilian be fallen from his proud rank among the people of Europe, we must not seek the cause of this abasement in the man himself, but in the institutions which have crushed him.

As we now moved rapidly forward over this monotonous region, the road was almost as lonely as the surrounding country. Occasionally, indeed, we could see a large covered wagon, miles ahead of us, rising, like a house, at the end of the road, and on coming up find it drawn by a string of mules as long as the train of our diligence. One that we passed in this way, had pots and kettles and chairs suspended about it in every direction, as if a family were moving, whilst beside it were four or five servants armed with fowling-pieces. Our colonel at once recognised their livery, and, putting down the coach window, he waved his handkerchief to the travellers. One of the servants soon overtook us, and, jumping to the box of the *mayoral*, rode a while beside us, answering the inquiry of our colonel, '*Como esta la Marquesa?*' and a thousand others all ending with *Marquesa*. A marchioness! thought I—perhaps the wife of a *grande*, making a nine days' journey in a wagon, from Valencia to Madrid! At other times we overtook groups of dusty mules and asses, loaded with sacks of wheat or skins of wine, and driven by fellows in coats of sheepskin. They were usually walking, to work off the cold. Once we saw them stopping by turns to drink wine from a leathern bottle, the drinker looking steadfastly towards the heavens, like Sancho in the adventure of the wood. An envious glance of our *mayoral* to the upraised bottle, was a sufficient hint to these simple roadsters, and one of them came running with it beside us to make a tender which was sure not to be rejected. Early in the morning we met a half-naked muleteer of Valencia returning homeward. He seemed to have been baffled in his calculations, and prematurely overtaken by the cold, like Napoleon in Russia; for, rolling his blanket tightly about him, and curtailing his legs, so as to bring them under the broad folds of his linen *bragas*, he hurried forward, urging his mules to escape rapidly from the unfriendly climate.

Having journeyed sixteen miles we came to Almansa, in the kingdom of Murcia, over a corner of which the road passes to Madrid. This old city derives its celebrity from having witnessed the bloody battle fought in its neighbourhood, in the beginning of the last century,

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between the forces of the Archduke Pretender, and the Marshal Duke of Berwick. The signal victory achieved by the latter, decided the dispute of succession and secured the Spanish crown to the grandson of Louis XIV. The family of this illustrious son of James II. continues in Spain to the present day, to enjoy the highest honors. Just before reaching Almansa, we came to an inconsiderable pyramid, erected upon the site of the battle, which it is every way so unworthy to commemorate.

Our arrival at Almansa was most welcome to all of us; and the diligence had scarce paused in front of the inn, where we were to eat our breakfast, before we all abandoned it, descending carefully, lest our legs, which were brittle with the cold and torpor, should break under us; and when fairly on the ground, we hobbled with one accord to seek out the kitchen of the *posada*. Abundance of smoke, which was circulating throughout the building, soon conducted us to the place of which we were in search. We found the kitchen to be a square room, with a roof rising like a pyramid, with a large hole in the top for the escape of the smoke. In the middle of the floor, which was of native mud, was a large bonfire of brushwood, blazing upward and sending forth volumes of smoke, that either circulated in the room or sought the aperture above. Round this primitive fireplace was a close ring of tall Murcians and Castilians, or bare-legged Valencians, whose fine forms and strongly marked features were brought into increased relief by the glare of the fire. At one side of the room was a dresser of mason work, connected with the wall, which contained small furnaces heated with charcoal. Here was an old dame with three or four buxom daughters, preparing our breakfast, which I discovered was to consist, among other things, of eggs fried in oil and the universal *puchero*. The arrival of the diligence had accelerated matters, so that I happened to come up just at the interesting moment when the old woman was holding the pot in both hands, and turning its contents into an immense dish of glazed earthern ware. First would come a piece of beef, then a slice of bacon, next the leg, thigh, and foot of a chicken jumping out in a hurry, and presently a whole shower of *garbanzos*. I said not a word for fear of disturbing the operation; but rubbing my hands and snuffing up the odor, more grateful than the perfumes of Arabia, I bethought myself of my cold feet, and joined the group that was huddled closely about the fire. The circle was at once increased so as to make room for me; but unfortunately I had got on the smoky side, and, before I had even begun to thaw, my eyes were suffused with tears. It is the province of tears to excite pity. A stout Manchego who stood near, compassionating my suffering, grasped my arm and pulled me into his place, taking mine in its stead. I would have remonstrated, but he shook his finger, as if it were all one to him, and said, '*No le hace.*'

Leaving Almansa at ten, we journeyed forward over a dull and level country until sundown, when we arrived at the considerable town of Albacete, which possesses some rough manufactures in steel and iron,

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and where an annual fair is held in September, which is one of the most frequented in Spain. Having reposed until three of the next morning, we once more set forward. The cold was not less severe than the morning before; but my system had become a little hardened to it, and beside, my former travelling companion, the student in the rotunda, had lent me his black uniform cloak, which he had replaced by a heavier one of brown cloth. To be sure, if it were not for the name, I might as well have covered myself with a cobweb; for this apology for a cloak was, from old age and much brushing, quite as thin as paper, and had doubtless served in the family of the young man for several generations of *estudiantes*. It was, furthermore, very narrow in the skirts, and my vain endeavours to roll myself up in it, furnished abundant amusement to my companions, who would fain have persuaded me to put on the cocked hat of the student, to complete the metamorphosis of the Anglo-Americano.

From Albacete we went to El Provencio, in the province of Cuenca, which, with those of Toledo and Madrid, through which the remainder of our road lay, form part of New Castile. Cuenca is an arid and sterile region, the most desert in the whole Peninsula. The streets of El Provencio were strewed with the yellow leaves of the saffron, of which large quantities are raised in the neighbourhood. This plant is prepared into a powder which serves as a dye for the coarse goods made in the country, and is likewise universally used in cooking to season the soup and *puchero*. Leaving El Provencio, after breakfast, as was our custom, we all went to sleep. When we had advanced about twenty miles, I was startled by an unusual noise, and, on looking round, found that it proceeded from ten or twelve windmills that were drawn up on the top of a ridge on either side of the road before us. They seemed stationed there to dispute the passage of the place, a circumstance, which, doubtless, suggested to Cervantes the rare adventure of the windmills; for these which now flapped their heavy arms in defiance at us, were no other than the giants of Don Quixote. Having left them behind, we came unhurt in sight of El Toboso—a place not less famous than the Troy of Virgil and of Homer.*

* A single fact, found in the delightful Memoirs of Rocca, whilst it shows how universal is the fame of Cervantes, displays also the benign influence of letters in awakening the kinder sympathies of our nature, and stripping even war of its sternness. It reminds me of what I have somewhere read of an Athenian army, defeated and made captive in Sicily. The prisoners were ordered to be put to death; but, out of reverence for Euripides, such of his countrymen as could repeat his verses were spared.

'If Don Quixote was of no service to widows and orphans whilst alive, his memory at least protected the country of the imaginary Dulcinea from some of the horrors of war. When our soldiers discovered a woman at the window, they cried out, "*Voila Dulcinea!*" Instead of flying before us as elsewhere, the inhabitants crowded to see us pass; and the names of Don Quixote and Dulcinea became a friendly watchword and a bond of union.'

Don Quixote is written indifferently with an *x* or *j*. Both these letters take the

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This inconsiderable village lay a league or more to the left of the road, offering a single tower and some dingy houses rising above the plain. I looked in vain for the grove in which the sorrowful knight awaited the return of Sancho, whom he had sent to Toboso to beg an audience of the Dulcinea whom he had never seen. I took it for granted that the wood had sprung up for the express accommodation of the poet; for during the whole day's ride I do not remember to have seen a single tree.

The country through which we were now passing, was consecrated by the oddest associations, though itself a dull, unvaried waste. Everything that met my eye furnished matter of amusement. Near Toboso we saw an immense flock of wild pigeons which blackened the field they had lit on. Our guides frightened them from their resting place, and they kept alternatively flying and lighting before us, for an hour. These whimsical birds would, doubtless, have furnished La Mancha's knight with an excellent adventure. When within a league of Quintanar de la Orden, and with the town in sight, we descried three horsemen in the road before us, apparently awaiting our arrival. As we came up they appeared to be accoutred and armed, each according to his taste, but all had steel sabres and carabines which hung at the side of their saddles behind them. One of them had a second carabine, or rather fowling-piece, on the other side; and as we approached, smaller weapons, such as pistols, long knives, and dirks, were discovered, sticking through their belts or lodged at the saddle-bow. I quickly prepared the pistol which the colonel had lent me, and, when he had done the same, I thought that if Don Quixote had been near to aid us, the contest would not have been so unequal. When along side of them, the faces of these fellows exhibited scars and slashes, partially covered with whiskers and mustaches confounded together; and the glare of their wide-open eyes was at the same time fearless and stealthy, like that of the tiger. But there was no cause for alarm. These fellows, whatever they might once have been, were no robbers; for, beside the red cockade, which showed they were true servants of Ferdinand, each wore a broad shoulder-belt with a plate of brass in front, and on it engraven, *Real Diligencia.*

These fellows, instead of intending to plunder us, had come to prevent others from doing so; for which service they received a daily salary from the company, ever since about three months before, when the diligence had been robbed on its way to Valencia, almost in sight of Quintanar. There were several other situations through which we had already been escorted since the commencement of our journey; but hitherto the guards had been soldiers of the royal army, such as

pronunciation of *h* before a vowel; a guttural pronunciation, which, doubtless, derives its origin from the Saracens.

The author is not aware of any errors in the Spanish phrases which he has had occasion to introduce. He has uniformly written Spanish words as they are written in Spanish, with the exception of such as have the *tilde* to indicate the suppression of a letter, for the sake of abbreviation. As the value of this mark may be little known, he has preferred restoring the words in which it may occur to their original orthography; thus, *Doña* and *Dueña*, will be found written *Donia* and *Duenia.*

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had accompanied us occasionally in coming from Barcelona. It chanced that these troopers belonged to the very regiment of horse, of which my companion was colonel; but as they lived dispersed in the villages over a large extent of country, they had never seen him before. It was curious enough to hear him occasionally addressing those who rode beside us, and telling them, '*Soy su coronel*,' or, 'I am your colonel,' showing at the same time, as if by accident, the three bands of gold lace, which bound the cuffs of his jacket, and which in Spain mark the rank of all officers above a captain; for none of higher grade wear epaulettes. Indeed he would usually turn back his cloak to expose its red velvet lining, and project his arms, negligently, out of the window, whenever he entered a village, and this he now did as we were whirled rapidly into Quintanar.

Just before reaching the gate we had halted to take up two children, a boy and a girl, who had come out to meet us, and seemed dressed for the occasion. They were the children of our *mayoral* Lorenzo, who had lately come with his family from Catalonia to keep a *posada* in Quintanar, and to be one of the conductors of the diligence. Having kissed each as he took it up, and placed one on each side of him, he cracked his whip, as if with contentment, and kept looking, first at one, and then at the other, the whole way to the door of the *posada*. I saw that there could be good feelings under the red cap of Catalonia.

The noise of our entry into the little town had brought into the street all those who had nothing better to do, as well as such stablemen, serving maids, and others, as had a more immediate concern in our arrival. Among them was a large and fine looking woman, who withdrew within the door-way of the inn, when the diligence halted, and there received Lorenzo, and in such a way as showed she could be no other than his wife. Here was an end to all services from our *mayoral;* so leaving him, Æneas like, to tell over his toils, and receive consolation, we descended with one accord to make the most of our momentary home.

Most of the inns we had hitherto come to, had been established under the immediate patronage of the Catalan company. They were in consequence well kept, and though in a homely way, were wanting in no comfort that a reasonable traveller could ask for, but possessed many that I was not prepared to find in a Spanish *posada*. With none, however, was this so much the case as with the one we now entered. The building itself did not seem to have been originally intended for an inn; for in this case alone, since I had been in Spain, the dwellings of man and beast, of men and mules, were completely separate. In the better days of Quintanar, it had more probably been the family mansion of a race of *hidalgos*. The large door on the street opened upon a vestibule, leading to a square court, which had in the centre the dry basin of what had once been a fountain, and was surrounded

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by light pillars of marble, behind which were an upper and lower corridor. Along both sides of the vestibule were stone benches, which, as well as every other part of the building, had been newly white-washed. Here were basins of glazed earthenware and pitchers of water, with a clean towel of coarse linen for each passenger hanging from nails against the wall. Having paused here to get rid of the dust which we had collected during the day, we next sought out the kitchen, which was in an entirely different style from the one in which we had warmed ourselves at Almansa. The cooking operations were, indeed, performed over charcoal furnaces, much in the same way; but instead of the rude roof and bonfire in the middle of the apartment, there was here an immense fire-place, occupying the whole of one end of the room, and which called strongly to my mind a kitchen chimney I had seen more than a year before in the old chateau of the Count de Dunois, in times gone by, the appendage of baronial hospitality. At each side of the large aperture, were benches incorporated with the wall, and which, being within the chimney itself and covered with *esparto*, formed delightful sofas for the chilly and fatigued traveller. Here then did we bestow ourselves, to await contentedly and even overlook the preparations for our evening repast, and, as we snuffed up the well savoured odor that arose from it, we chatted sociably and cheerfully among ourselves, or exchanged a complacent word with the Castilian damsels who were performing so near us their well ordered operations.

The evening, as it chanced, had set in cold, and the cheerful blazing of our fire offered an attraction which brought together many of the worthies of Quintanar. The ill favored members of our escort, now divested of everything but spurs and sword belt, were among the number. They were to accompany us the next morning the whole of the first stage beyond the village, and were talking over in monosyllables with Lorenzo, the preparations for our departure. Wherever we had hitherto stopped, the robbery of the diligence near the Ebro had furnished a fruitful and anxious subject of discussion. A robbery of the diligence, attended with murder, was not so common an occurrence in the country, but that it was looked to with interest, particularly by our party, which, being similarly situated with the persons who met with the adventure, was liable to a similar interruption. Our student of the rotunda, calling up the rhetoric he had learned in Barcelona, was ever ready to give a colored picture of the transaction, whilst I, as a witness, was called on to add my testimony, or, in absence of the young man, to furnish, myself, the particulars. The escort, too, drawing inferences of what might be from what had been, were no less interested than ourselves. Besides, they had heard that a noted robber of Quintanar, not less cunning than bold, had disappeared from his home, and that several armed men had been seen in the morning by a muleteer in the direction of Ocania. This was matter for reflection, and Lorenzo, after gazing a while upon the quiet comforts of our fireside, and on his yet handsome wife, as she busied herself in sending off our supper to an adjoining room, seemed to think that things

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would not be the worse for a little delay of our departure the next morning; for, when he had glanced round, to see that there were none near who should not hear it, he named four o'clock as the hour for starting.

The escort continued still to linger a while beside the fireplace. They had many complaints to make of the insufficiency of their pay, many against their want of proper protection from the authorities. A year before they had repulsed an attack made against the diligence by five robbers; for, having killed the horse of one of them, the fellows made off, carrying with them their dismounted companion. The horse was at once recognised to have belonged to a man in Quintanar, who had been at the head of most of the robberies committed in the country for a long while, and who was the very same one of whom they were now in dread. The suspected person was found badly bruised in his bed, and was of course imprisoned; but having brought many persons to swear that at the time of the attack he was sick at home in Quintanar, he was released after a short detention. The fellow neither lacked money nor friends; he pursued robbery as a regular trade, and was actually getting together a little estate. '*Es hombre pequeñito*,' said the narrator, '*pero el hombre mas malo que hay en el mundo*'—'He is a little man, but the very worst in the whole world.' What, however, they most complained of, was, that a cloak and some arms which they found with the horse, to the value of twenty dollars or more, had been seized upon by the justice, and either retained or appropriated by the members of the tribunal; 'Because,' they said, 'the matter was not yet adjusted.' In this way, after having met the enemy and stood fire, the shoes and skin of the dead horse, which they had sold for sixty reals, were the only fruits of their victory.

This conversation and the disagreeable reflections and conjectures to which it gave rise, were at length interrupted by the announcement of supper, and the past and future were soon forgotten amid the substantial realities of a well filled board. Our supper room stood adjoining the kitchen, and its arrangements showed the same spirit of order and neatness with the other apartments. The tile floor was everywhere covered with mats, and the table in the centre of it, was furnished with as many covers as passengers, and at each a clean napkin and silver fork, after the French fashion. Beneath the table was a *brasero*, or brass pan, filled with burning charcoal, which had been kindled in the open air, and kept there until the gas had escaped. The *brasero* was well burnished, and stood in a frame of mahogany or cedar, upon which each of us placed his feet, so that the outstretched legs of our party formed a fence, which, together with the table, retained the heat effectually. Supper over, we dropped off, one by one, and sought the common bed-room of our party, situated at the opposite side of our court, with a complete carpeting of straw, and a clean cot for each placed at regular intervals along the apartment. The conversation which had commenced in the kitchen and was kept up at the supper table, still continued to be carried on by a scattering sentence, first from one and then another of the party, as he drew the

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clothes more close about him, or turned over in his bed, nor had it entirely subsided when I fell asleep.

Our journey the next day commenced at four o'clock, as had been already concerted, and I found, on going to the diligence, that the seat between the colonel and myself was to be occupied by a hale, well made young woman, who had come the evening before from El Toboso to take passage for Madrid. When the colonel had taken his place, which was farthest from the door, I put both hands to her waist to help her up, and, estimating the solidity of her body, prepared to make a strong effort. But she little needed any such assistance; for a vigorous spring took her from my grasp, and brought her to the seat in the *cabriolet*. As she shot suddenly away from me, I was reminded in more ways than one of the baffled Don Quixote, when Dulcinea leaped through his fingers to the back of her *borrico*. The colonel and I had thus our Dulcinea del Toboso; with this advantage, however, over the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, that ours was both seen and felt.

Our ride to Ocania was effected without interruption. Such, however, was not the case with the diligence on its way to Valencia, about a week after. It was stopped by a strong party, and with no little advantage to the robbers; for there happened to be in it an Englishman, who, ignorant, doubtless, of the danger, and of the express injunction of the Company against carrying a large sum of money, had with him near a thousand dollars, and a watch of some value. This prize stimulated the band to new exertions, and, during the winter, the Valencia coach was plundered near a dozen times. Nor did Lorenzo always pass clear. I met him one day in the street at Madrid, with a long face, that told me of his misfortune ere he had given its history.

Ocania is as old and ruinous in appearance as any other city in Castile. I went forth with the student, while breakfast was preparing, to look at the public square with its colonnades and antiquated balconies. Thence we went to a large reservoir of water in the outskirts of the town, where part of the inhabitants supply themselves, and where the women come to wash in stone troughs prepared for the purpose. We found the place thronged with *borricos*, coming and going with earthen jars suspended in wooden frames upon their backs, and conducted by lads mounted behind the load on the very end of the animal, which was urged on with a cry of, '*Arre borrico!*' and guided by the touch of a staff, first on one side of the head, then on the other. There were many young women gathered about the stone basins, kneeling down with their clothes tucked under them, laughing and chatting with each other, crying out in answer to the salutation of a lad of their acquaintance who had come for water, or singing *seguidillas* and wild love songs of Andalusia. The level of the town in the neighbourhood of the reservoir, seemed to be raised with the

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course of centuries; for I saw several subterranean houses, now inhabited, which seemed to have been once on a level with the street. Ocania is quite celebrated in the late Peninsular war for a decisive battle fought in the neighbourhood, in opposition to the wish of Wellington, and in which the Spaniards were completely beaten.

On leaving Ocania the eye is still fatigued with dwelling on a weary and monotonous waste; nay, as you approach Aranjuez, the face of the country assumes a white and dusty appearance, as of a soil that has long been superannuated and worn out, and which would seem to belong to an older world than ours. A rapid descent down a hill, partaking of the gloomy character of the plain above, brought us in sight of the *Tajo dorado*—the golden Tagus of the poets, winding along its deep sheltered bed, in the direction of Toledo. As we passed into the wide street of Aranjuez, on our right hand was the unfinished arena for bull-fights, on the left the residence of the Spanish kings, consisting of palaces, churches, and barracks for the soldiery, all bound together in a succession of colonnades; before us opened a wide square, peopled with statues, and animated by fountains of marble; the Tagus flowed beyond. We crossed the river by a wooden bridge of a single arch, and of great elegance, and then entered an alley surrounded on every side by lofty trees, which concealed the palaces of Aranjuez from view ere I had time for a second glance. But there was that which recompensed me for the loss. Instead of the naked plains of Castile, we were now surrounded by noble trees that had not yet lost their foliage; we passed through meadows that were still flowered and verdant, and were serenaded by the singing of birds and by the flow of water.

This state of things was too good to last long. It ceased when we reached the sandy banks of the Jarama, the larger half of the Tagus, and which only awaits the assistance of man to cover its shores with equal fertility. Here is one of the noblest bridges in Europe, built of beautifully hewn stone, with high walks for foot passengers, and parapets at the sides, in which the stones are arranged to resemble pannels. In the war of Independence, the English blew up the road over one of the arches, to check the pursuit of the French. The communication was, doubtless, immediately reestablished in the centre; but the parapets and sidewalks remain prostrate at the bottom of the river, though the king and court have made their annual passage of the bridge, every spring since the restoration of the Bourbons.

Having crossed the Jarama we ascended its western bank by a noble road which makes repeated angles to overcome the abruptness of the declivity. Arrived at the top, we still retained for a few moments in view the verdant groves of Aranjuez, so different from the unvaried plain that spread out before us, and whose monotony was but slightly relieved by the dreary chain of Guadarrama. As we receded, however, from the brink of the ravine, which the Tagus had

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fashioned for its bed, the level ground we stood on seemed to reach over and combine itself with the kindred plains of Ocania, swallowing up the verdant valley from which we had just emerged, and which had intervened, like an episode, to qualify the monotony of our journey.

The mountains of Guadarrama form the boundary of New and Old Castile, and it is in the former kingdom and on the last expiring declivity of these mountains, that the city of Madrid is situated. This noble chain grew as we advanced into bolder perspective, lifting its crests highest immediately before us, and gradually declining to the northeast and southwest, until it expired with the horizon in the opposite directions of Arragon and Estremadura. Having passed a hermitage which a dévotee from America had perched upon the pinnacle of an insulated hill, we at length caught sight of the capital, rising above the intervening valley of the Manzanares.

Our first view of Madrid was extremely imposing; it offered a compact mass, crowned everywhere with countless domes of temples and palaces, upon which the setting sun sent his rays obliquely, and which conveyed, in a high degree, the idea of magnificence and splendor. Nor was this effect diminished as we advanced; for the cupolas first seen grew into still greater preeminence, whilst others at each instant rose above the confusion. At the distance of half a league from the city, we were met by a carriage drawn by two mules. It halted opposite us, and an officer got down to inquire, on the part of some ladies who were in it, for a female friend whom they were expecting from Valencia. There was none such in the diligence. She had announced her arrival, and these friends, who had come forth to meet her, as is the amiable custom of the country, looked disappointed and anxious. After a short consultation, their carriage turned about and followed ours in the direction of the city. Soon after we came to the small stream of Manzanares, one of the confluents of the Jarama, and upon whose northeastern bank Madrid is situated. This river, taking its course through mountains, is liable to frequent inundations, and it is to obviate the inconveniences to which this might give occasion, that it is here crossed by the fine bridge of Toledo, which would do honor to the Hudson or the Danube. When we crossed it, one of its nine noble arches would have been sufficient to allow the passage of the Manzanares; for it flowed in a narrow bed of shingle, in the middle of the ravine. The rest was abandoned to a light growth of grass, which some sheep were cropping quietly, while a few women moved with equal security in the neighbourhood of the arches, gathering together the clothes which they had been drying on the grass, whilst others, having already done so, were moving slowly with bundles on their heads in the direction of the city. The Manzanares was seen doubtless in the same dwindled state by the person, whoever he was, who first took occasion to remark, that he had seen many fine rivers

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that wanted a bridge, but that here was a fine bridge sadly in want of a river.

Beyond the bridge was a fine wide road, leading up a gradual ascent to the splendid portal of Toledo. It was thronged by carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians, returning to the shelter and security of their homes. We left them to pursue their course, and, taking an avenue that led to the right, in order to avoid the narrow streets of the ancient city, we passed the fairy palace and garden of Casino, and came to the old gate of Atocha. Here our passports were taken to be sent to the police, and in another minute we were within the walls of Madrid and in the capital of Spain. It was already dark, but as we drove rapidly forward, my companion showed me the large building of the Hospital General on the left, on the right was the garden of plants, and the wide alley of trees through which we drove was the now deserted walk of the *Prado*. Thence, passing along the broad street of Alcala, we were set down in the court-yard of the post house. Having taken leave of my good-hearted travelling companions, and rewarded the kind attentions of Lorenzo, I put my trunk upon the back of a Gallego, and soon after found myself at home in the *Fonda del Caballero de Gracia*.

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CHAPTER V.

KINGDOM OF NEW CASTILE.

Accommodations for the Traveller in Madrid.—Don Diego the Impurificado.—A Walk in the Street of Alcala.—The Gate of the Sun.—A Review.—Don Valentin Carnehueso.—His Gacetas and Diarios.—His Person and Politeness.—His Daughter.—His House and Household.—His Mode of Life.

When I began to look around me in Madrid, one of my first objects was to seek out winter quarters, which should combine the essentials of personal comfort and favorable circumstances for learning the language. These were not so easily found; for though the Spaniards have no less than six different and well-sounding names to express the various degrees between a hotel and a tavern, yet Madrid is so seldom visited by foreigners, that it is but ill provided for the accommodation of the few who do come. In the way of hotels, the *Fonda de Malta* is the best in the place; and yet the room in which I passed the first two days of my stay in Madrid, had but a single small window which looked on the wall of a neighbouring house. There were but two chairs, one to put my trunk on, the other for myself, which, with a bed standing in the alcove at one end of the room, comprised the whole of its furniture. There was no table, no looking-glass, no carpet, and no fire place; though there had already been ice, and my window was so placed that it had never seen the sun. There was nothing in short, beside the bed and two chairs, and the grated window, and dark walls terminated overhead by naked beams, and below by a cold tile floor. What would have become of me I know not, if I had not been taken from this cell on the third day, and moved into a large apartment at the front of the house, where the sun shone in gloriously, and which, besides, had a sofa and half a dozen straw bottomed chairs, a straw mat which covered the whole floor, a table with crooked legs, and even a mirror. As for meals, public tables are unknown in Spain, and doubtless have been unknown for centuries; for men are here unwilling to trust themselves to the convivialities of the table, except in the society of friends. It is the custom for each party or person to eat alone, and in the lower part of our *fonda* was a public coffee-room for this purpose, which I used to resort to, in preference to remaining in my room. It was fitted up with much elegance, having marble tables placed about in every direction, mirrors with lamps before them, columns with gilt capitals, a pretty woman placed in an elevatad situation to keep order, and sometimes a band of music.

Though this mode of living was tolerable, yet it would not have been so for a whole winter. On inquiry, I was told that there were

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casas de alquiler in Madrid, in which a person might rent a whole habitation, and hire or buy furniture to please himself, and be served by a domestic of his own; likewise, that there were other establishments called *casas de huespedes*, kept by families, which, having more room than they had occasion for, were in the habit of receiving one or more lodgers, taking their meals at the common table or furnished apart. I determined at once for a *casa de huespede*, as according better with means that were rather limited, and because the intercourse of a family would be more favorable to the acquisition of the language. This done, the next thing was to find a place that would suit me, and I was yet pondering over the matter on the sixth day of my arrival, when I was interrupted by the announcement of Don Diego Redondo y Moreno, who came recommended by a friend to give lessons in Spanish. As I saw a great deal of this man during my stay in Madrid, it may not be amiss to give some account of him.

Don Diego Redondo and Moreno, as he was called from the name of his wife, was a native of Cordova, who had resided some years in Madrid, and who, under the Constitution, had been employed in the office of the minister of state. On the overthrow of the Constitution he had been tossed out of his office, which had at once been taken possession of by a relation of one of the new chiefs; whilst he, not having yet undergone purification, remained in the situation of an *impurificado*. The reader is not, perhaps, aware that on the return of despotism in Spain, Juntas of Purification were established in all parts of the kingdom, before which all persons who had held offices under the abolished system were bound to appear and adduce evidence that they had not been remarkable for revolutionary zeal, nor overaction in support of the Constitution, before they could be admitted to any new employment Such as come out clean from this investigation, from being *impurficados* or unpurified, become *indefinidos* or indefinites, who are ready to be employed and have a nominal half pay. These *indefinidos* have long formed a numerous class in Spain, and now more so than ever. They are patient waiters upon Providence, who, being on the constant look out for a god-send, never think of seeking any new means to earn a livelihood. They may be seen in any city of Spain, lounging in the coffee houses, where they pick their teeth and read the Gazette, but never spend anything; or else at the public walk, where they may readily be known, if they be military officers of rank, by the bands of gold lace which bind the cuffs of their surtouts of blue or snuff color, and by their military batons, or still more readily by the huge cocked hats of oil cloth, with which they cover their sharp and starved features.

Many *impurificados* of the present day have been prevented from offering themselves for purification by the scandal of their past conduct, but a far greater number are deterred by the rapacity and corruption of the purifying tribunals. Don Diego, being both a peaceable and

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poor man, was probably among the last class; indeed, I was afterwards assured that he was, and that he had been repeatedly solicited by various emissaries, one of whom came from the girl of the president of the *junta* and offered for a stipulated sum to pave the way to his thorough purification. Whether he looked on the nominal pay of an *indefinido* as dearly purchased, by an immediate expenditure, or that he never had enough money at one time to gratify official or sub official rapacity, he still continued *impurificado*, and gained his bread the best way he could, as a copyist and instructer of the Castilian. This he was well qualified to teach, for, though he had never read a dozen books beside the Quijote, and was as ignorant of the past as of the future history of his country, he had, nevertheless, pursued all the studies usual among his countrymen, wrote a good hand, was an excellent Latinist, and perfect master of his own language.

The dress of Don Diego had evidently assimilated itself to his fallen fortunes; his hat hung in his hand greasy and napless; his boots, from having long been strangers to blacking, were red and foxy, whilst his peagreen frock, which, when the cold winds descended from the Guadarrama, served likewise as a surcoat, looked brushed to death and thread-bare. He had, nevertheless, something of a supple and jaunty air with him; showed his worked ruffles and neck-cloth to the best advantage, and flourished a little walking wand with no contemptible grace. So much for his artificial man, which was after the fashion of Europe; the natural man might have bespoke a native of Africa. His face was strongly indicative of Moorish blood; it showed features the reverse of prominent and very swarthy; coal black hair and whiskers, and blacker eyes, which expressed a singular combination of natural ardor and habitual sluggishness. What my friend had said of Don Diego was greatly in his favor, and his own appearance did but strengthen my prepossession. Nor did I afterwards have reason to regret it; for though indolent and wanting in punctuality, I ever found him ready to oblige, and, on the whole, the most good natured fellow in the world. Indeed, I never knew him to be angry but on one occasion, when a servant woman at the palace shut a door in our faces. Don Diego was doing the honors of his country to a stranger; he got presently into a terrible rage, foamed greatly at the mouth, and called her *tunante*.

Having mentioned to Don Diego my desire to get into comfortable lodgings for the winter, he proposed that we should go at once in search of a room. So, taking our hats, away we went together. The *Calle Caballero de Gracia*, which we followed to its termination, conducted us into the broadest part of the street of Alcala. Here we found a number of asses which had brought lime to the city. The commodity was piled into a heap, and the owners were sitting on the bags, dozing, or singing songs, and waiting for purchasers; whilst the *borricos*, covered with lime dust, were lying as motionless as the

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stones beneath them, or standing upon three legs with heads down and pensive. Having turned to the right, we went in the direction of the *Puerta del Sol*, looking attentively on both sides to the balconies, to see if there were any with white papers tied to the rails to show that there was a room to let. We found two rooms thus advertised, but the sun never shone on one of them, and the other was kept by a sour old woman, who did not seem to care whether she took in a lodger or not; so we passed on.

As we approached the Gate of the Sun, we got entangled in a drove of turkeys, which a long legged fellow was chasing up the street of Alcala. They went gobbling good naturedly along, pausing to glean the pavement, and unmolested by the driver; unless, indeed, when one, abusing the liberty, happened to wander out of the way, a rap on the wing from the long pole which the countryman carried, would send the offender hopping, and presently bring him back to a sense of subjection. Seeing me look about as though I might be in want of something, the countryman caught up a well-conditioned and consequential cock, and brought him to me, held unceremoniously by the legs. '*Vea usted que pavo Senior!*' said he. I admitted that it was a noble bird. He insisted that I should buy it. '*Para su Senora!*' I had no wife. '*Para su Queridita!*' Not even a mistress. The cock was thrown down, took the respite in good part, and we renewed our progress.

Passing on, we came to a long row of *calesines*, a manner of gig, of grotesque Dutch figure. Many were oddly painted with the church of Buen Suceso, the fountain of the Sybil, or the Virgin Mary, on the back, and took name accordingly. They were furthermore studded in every direction with brass tacks, and so was the harness of the horse; usually a long tailed Andalusian, decorated with many bells, tassels, and a long plume of red woollen, erect between his ears. As for the drivers themselves, they wore round hats, adorned with buckle, beads, and tassels; jackets and breeches of velvet; worsted stockings, and long-quartered shoes. Each had a second jacket, either drawn on over the other, or more commonly hanging negligently from the left shoulder. This was of brown cloth, singularly decorated with embroidered patches of red or yellow cloth, to protect the elbows; a tree and branches of the same upon the back; and in front, instead of buttons, loops and cords, pointed with brass or silver, which were attached to the strengthening pieces of red in the shape of hearts. These *caleseros* were grouped together about the doors of the *tabernas*, cracking their whips and jokes together. Nor did they fail to make us proffers of their services, calling our attention to the elegance of a *calesa*, and the good points of a *caballo*. The merry mood, hyperbolical language, and fantastic dress of these fellows, so greatly at variance with the habitual gravity of the Castilian, bespoke them natives of the mercurial region of Andalusia.

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Leaving this row of vehicles behind us, we came to the *Puerta del Sol*. This is an open place in the heart of Madrid, where eight of the principal streets come together, and where the city may be said to have its focus. In the centre is a fountain from which the neighbourhood receives its supply of water. One of the forks is formed by the parish church of *Buen Suceso* and the others by the post office and a variety of shops and dwellings. In former times it was the eastern gate of the city; hence its name of Gate of the Sun; but when the court came to Madrid, the nobility who followed in its train, constructed their palaces in the open place to the east, so that the *Puerta del Sol*, from having been the extremity, became the centre of Madrid. Go where you will, almost, you must pass through the Puerta del Sol, for here you can choose a street that will lead you directly to the place of which you are in search; and put yourself into any street in the extremities of the city, it is sure to discharge you here. In this way all Madrid passes daily through this place of general out-pouring; so that a stranger may come here and pass in review the whole capital.

Here the exchange is each day held, and the trader comes to talk of his affairs; the politician, rolled in his cloak, signifies, by a shrug, a significant look, or a whisper, the news which with us would be told with hands in breeches, straddled legs, and in the uplifted voice of declamation. Hither the *elegante* is mechanically drawn to show off the last Parisian mode, to whip his legs and pull forward the ends of his collar; or the idle thief, enveloped in his dingy cloak, to talk to a comrade of old achievements or to conspire uncommitted crimes. Here are constantly passing currents of sheep and swine, going to the shambles; mules and asses laden with straw or charcoal, or dead kids hooked by the legs, and always on the very end of the last beast of each row, a rough clad fellow singing out, with a grave accent on the last syllable, '*Paja! paja! carbon! cabrito!*' There are, moreover, old women with oranges or pomegranates, pushing through the crowd and scolding those who run against their baskets; also *aguaderos* with jars of water, who deafen you with cries of '*Quien quiere agua?*' Nor do beggars fail to frequent this resort, especially the blind, who vociferate some ballad which they have for sale, or demand alms in a peremptory tone, and in the name of Maria Santisima.

Here, too, may be seen all the costumes of Spain; the long red cap of the Catalan; the Valencian with his blanket and airy *bragas*, though in the midst of winter; the *montero* cap of the Manchego; the leathern cuirass of the Old Castilian; the trunk hose of the Leones; the coarse garb and hob-nailed shoes of the Gallego; and the round hat of Andalusia. Nor does the *Puerta del Sol* fail to witness prouder sights than these. At one moment it is a regiment of the royal guard going to review; in the next, a trumpet sounds, and the drums of the neighbouring piquets are heard beating the call. The coaches and six approach, guarded by a splendid accompaniment. The cry of '*Los Reyes!*' passes from mouth to mouth; and the Spaniards, unrolling their cloaks and doffing their hats, give place for the absolute king. Presently, a bell rings, and every voice is hushed. A long procession

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of men with each a burning taper, is seen preceding a priest, who is carrying the reconciling sacrament to smooth the way for some dying sinner. Does it meet a carriage, though containing the first *grande* of Spain, the owner descends, throws himself upon his knees in the middle of the street, and allows the host to enter. '*Su Majestad!*' 'His Majesty!' to indicate the presence of the Saviour sacramentized, passes in a tremulous whisper from lip to lip. The faithful are all uncovered and kneeling; they smite their breasts with contrition, and hold down their heads, as if unworthy to look upon the Lamb.

We were yet standing in the midst of this buoyant scene of bustle and confusion, when a sturdy wretch brushed past us, frowning fiercely on Don Diego. He was rolled in the tatters of a blanket, and had on a pair of boots, so run down at heel, that he trod rather upon the legs than the feet of them. An old cocked hat, drawn closely over the eyes, scarce allowed a glimpse of features further hidden under a squalid covering of beard and filth. Though I had already seen many strange people in Spain, this fellow attracted my attention in an unusual degree. Not so Don Diego. The fellow's frown seemed to have forbid recognition, and he said not a word until he had been long out of sight. He at length told me that the man had once been his acquaintance, and was like himself a native of Cordova. He had been a captain of horse under the Constitution, and having been a violent man, he had lain long in the common prison after the return of despotism. When he at length escaped from it, Don Diego took compassion upon him; for he owned a common country with himself, and had suffered by a common misfortune. He allowed him to sleep in the room without his apartment, and had even shared with him the contents of his own scanty purse. Very soon after, his lodgings were robbed of everything they contained, and his friend came no more to share his hospitality. In a short time some darker crime had forced the miscreant from Madrid, and Don Diego had not seen him for more than two years. I inquired why he did not send the police after him. He answered that the police would give him more trouble than the robber, and ended by saying, 'Is it not enough that he has plundered me; would you have him take my life?'

The unpleasant reflections excited by this rencontre were soon banished by strains of music, and the clatter of advancing hoofs. The body of cavalry, which now attracted the attention of the multitude in the *Puerta del Sol*, and for which a passage was soon opened by the long bearded veterans who came in front of the array, was a regiment of lancers of the royal guard; a beautiful and well mounted corps in Polish uniforms, with high schaikos, each with a lance having a pennon of red and white. Next came a band of some thirty musicians, performing on every variety of horn or trumpet. They were playing that most beautiful of all pieces *Di piacer mi balza il cor*, from the *Gazza Ladra* of Rossini. I thought I had never heard any sounds so divine. Even the horses seemed lulled of their ardor. Presently, however, the cadence passed into a blast far livelier than the love song of Ninetta, and away they went at a gallop in the direction of the *Prado*.

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Immediately behind the lancers came a regiment of cuirassiers, mounted chiefly on powerful studs, with flowing tails and manes parted in the middle, which hung down on both sides the whole depth of the neck. The men were very stout and fine looking fellows, encased in long jack boots, with Grecian helmets and cuirasses of steel, on the front of which were gilded images of the sun. Their offensive weapons consisted of stout horse-pistols and straight sabres of great length, from the royal armory of Toledo. There was to be a review on the *Prado*, and having always been fond of listening to the music, and looking at the soldiers, I proposed that we should see it. Don Diego was one of those ready fellows who are pleased with every proposition; so we went at once in pursuit of the fugitives.

The review took place near the convent of Atocha. The minister of war, with a brilliant staff mounted on splendid barbs from the meadows of the Tagus or Guadalquivir, was posted in front of the convent, and received the salutations of the passing soldiery. It was one of those bright and cloudless days so common in the elevated region of Madrid. The sun shone full upon polished helmets, cuirasses, and sabres, or flickered round the ends of the lances; whilst the combined music of both corps, stationed at the point about which the platoons wheeled in succession, sent forth a martial melody. The display was a brilliant one, and I enjoyed it without reservation. I looked not to the extortion and misery which among the industrious classes must pay for this glitter and pageantry; to the cause of injustice and oppression it might be called to support; to the rapine and murder, the famine and pestilence, the thousand crimes and thousand curses that follow in the train of armies.

The corps of the royal guard has been established within a few years, to supply the place of the foreign mercenaries, the Swiss and Waloon guards, formerly employed by the kings of Spain. It consists of twentyfive thousand men; at least as well equipped as those of the French royal guard, and in point of size, sinewy conformation, capacity to endure fatigue, and whatever constitutes physical excellence, the Spaniards are far superior. The officers, however, and it is they who give the tone to an army, are very inferior; for the old Spanish officers, having been almost all engaged in bringing about and sustaining the Constitution, are now generally in disgrace or banishment. Their stations in the regiments of the line are chiefly filled by low born men, taken from the plough tail or the workshop, who were led by avarice or fanaticism to join the royalist *guerillas* at the period of the last revolution. In the royal guard they have been substituted by young nobles, who are many of them children in age, and all of them infants in experience. It is difficult, indeed, to conceive a greater disparity than exists between those old French *sabreurs* with their long mustaches and scarred features, who have gained each grade upon the field of battle, and those beardless nobles of the Spanish

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guard. Though young and inexperienced, however, these officers are spirited, fine looking fellows. They are said to be imbued with liberal ideas, and to be only different from their predecessors of the Constitutional army in not having had an opportunity to declare themselves. This is the more likely to be true for their youth; for though at a more advanced age men easily adapt their opinions to the dictates of interest, yet the young mind ever leans towards truth and reason. When there is another revolution in Spain, it will doubtless be brought about by the army, which in point of intelligence is far in advance of the nation; and, though expressly created to prevent such a result, it is most likely to originate with the royal guard.

By the time the review was over and we were on our way back, Don Diego was very tired. His mode of walking with out-turned toes, however graceful, did not at all answer on a march. He complained bitterly of his feet, sent his boot maker to the devil, and made a low bow at every step. I sympathized in his sufferings, offered him my arm, and helped him to carry himself back to the *Puerta del Sol*, from which the soldiers had drawn us. On the way he bethought himself of an old friend in the *Calle Montera*, who might perhaps be willing to receive a lodger. The man's name was Don Valentin Carnehueso, and the particulars of his history were strongly indicative of the character of his countrymen and of the misfortunes of his country.*

Don Valentin was a native of Logronio in the fertile canton of Rioja. He was by birth an *hidalgo*, or noble in the small way, after the manner of Don Quixote, and had been of some importance in his own town, of which he was one of the *regidores*. In the political ups and downs of his country, he had several times changed his residence and occupation; was by turns a dealer in cattle which he purchased in France or in the northern povinces of the Peninsula, to strengthen the stomachs of the combatants, who disputed for the possession of Spain; or else a cloth merchant, keeping his shop in the same house where he now lived, near the *Puerta del Sol*. His last occupation was interrupted, according to his own account, in a very singular way. Whilst he had been *regidor* in Logronio, the *Ayuntamiento* of the town became acquainted with the hiding place in which some French troops, in retreating rapidly towards the frontier, had deposited a large quantity of plate and valuables, robbed from the royal palace. On the return of Ferdinand, the account of the buried plate reached his ears; and having likewise learned that there was a man in Madrid who knew where it had been concealed, he sent at once for Don Valentin, who was the person in question. When informed by his majesty that he was required to conduct a party to the place of concealment, he was reluctant to comply. He urged the situation of his affairs. If his stems

* Though this work be not likely to extend itself far from the place of its publication, it has occurred to the author that it would be safer to change the name of his host and instructer, and he has christened them accordingly.

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continued open, it would be pillaged by the clerks, who are the most unprincipled fellows, except the *escribanos*, to be found in Spain; and if it were to be shut up, he would lose both present and future custom. Besides, the other *regidores*, his colleagues in the municipality, were yet alive and still resided at Logronio. He hoped, therefore, that his majesty would not send him from his affairs, for he was but a poor man, and had a wife and daughter. These excuses, however, were not satisfactory, and were set aside. Ferdinand promised to recompense all losses that Don Valentin might sustain by abandoning his trade, and to pay him well for the sacrifice; he ended by putting it upon his loyalty. Don Valentin was an Old Castilian; so he hesitated no longer, but sold out, shut his shop, and went off to Rioja.

Whether it were owing to the small number of persons who had been knowing to the secret, or to the sacredness with which the Spaniards regard everything which belongs to their religion and their king, the treasure was all found untouched in the place of its concealment. It was brought safely to Madrid, Don Valentin being at the expense of transportation. He now presents his various claims to government, for damages suffered by loss of trade, and for the expenses of the journey, including the subsistence of the foot soldiers, who had served as escort, which he had defrayed from his own purse. These claims were readily admitted, and an early day appointed for their liquidation. The day at length comes, but the money does not come with it. Don Valentin has an audience of the king; for no king can be more accessible than Ferdinand. He receives the royal word for the payment; for no king could be more compliant. He has many audiences, receives many promises, but no money. Meantime he lives upon hope, and the more substantial balance remaining from the sale of his stock. These were near failing together when the year 1820 brought some relief to the misfortunes of Spain. It likewise improved the condition of Don Valentin. Taking advantage of the publicity which was allowed in Spain by the new system, he establishes a reading room, where all the daily papers of the capital and of the chief cities of Europe were regularly received. This went on very well, until the French, who never yet came to Spain on any good errand, overthrew the Constitution. The liberty of thought and speech fell with it. Don Valentin was invited to shut up his reading room, and he once more retired to live upon his savings, amounting to some ten or twelve hundred dollars, which he had stowed away in a secret corner of his dwelling. This was taken out, piece by piece, to meet the necessities of his family, until one day the house was entered by three robbers, who muzzled the old woman with a towel, tied her to the bedstead, and then carried off, not only the earnings of Don Valentin, but silver spoons and forks and everything of any value, to the very finery of Florencia. This last blow laid poor Don Valentin completely on his back. All that he now did was to take the *Diario* and *Gaceta*, which his wife let out to such curious people as came to read them in the common entry of their house. This

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furnished the trio, of which the family consisted, with their daily *puchero;* his daughter with silk stockings and satin shoes, to go to mass and walk of a feast day upon the Prado, and himself with now and then his paper *cigarillo*.

By the time we had discussed the history of Don Valentin, we reached the door of his house in the *Calle Montera*. Nearly the whole front of the basement story was hung with cloths festooned from the lower balcony, to show the commodity that was sold within. Beside the shop was a second door opening on a long entry, about four feet in width, which led to an equally contracted staircase at the back of the house. Here we entered, and found within the door-way a stone basin and a gutter, which are placed in all Spanish houses for public convenience. A man would be looked on as a mere brute, who should pause in the street of a Spanish town for such occasions as are common among the French; but he is at liberty to enter the nearest door for the purpose, though it belong to a *grande de Espania;* this being a reciprocal accommodation, a sort of give and take, which the Spaniards extend to each other. Our little basin was now, however, covered with a board, upon which sat an old woman, with a woollen shawl over her head, and on her lap a bundle of *Gacetas* and *Diarios*. The whole extent of the entry was strung with a file of grave politicians, rolled in their cloaks, as in so many sleeveless frocks, with their hands coming out indecently from beneath, to hold a *Gaceta*. Don Diego begged my pardon, and went in advance to clear the way, with the cry of '*Con licencia, senivres!*' The readers let their arms fall beside them, drew nigh to the wall, and turned sideways to make themselves as thin as possible. We did the same, and went at our literary and literal opponents like pigs when they go to battle. Fortunately none of us were very corpulent, so we got by with little detention or difficulty, and commenced ascending a stairway, partially illuminated by embrasures, like a Gothic tower. Let us pause to take breath during this tedious ascent up three pairs of stairs, and profit of the interval to say say something of the *Diario* and *Gaceta*, which so greatly occupied the attention of the politicians below, and which contain, the first, all the commercial information of the Spanish capital; the second, all the literary, scientific, and political intelligence of the whole empire.

The *Diario* is a daily paper, as its name indicates. It is printed on a small quarto sheet, a good part of which is taken up with the names of the saints, who have their feast on that day; as, *San Pedro Apostol y Mautir*, *San Isidoro Labrador*, or *Santa Maria de la Cabeza*. Then follows an account of the churches where there are to be most masses, what troops are to be on guard at the palace, gates, and theatres. Next the commercial advertisements, telling where may be purchased Bayonne hams and Flanders butter, with a list of wagons that are taking in cargo and passengers for Valencia, Saville, or Corunia, and the names and residence of wet nurses, newly arrived from Asturias,

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with fresh milk and good characters. The *Gaceta* is published three times a week, at the royal printing-office, on a piece of paper somewhat larger than a sheet of foolscap. It usually begins with an account of the health and occupation of their majesties, and is filled with extracts from foreign journals, culled and qualified to suit the region of Madrid; with a list of the bonds of the state creditors which have come out as prizes, that is, as being entitled to payment by the *Caja de Amortizacion*, or Sinking Fund; with republications of some old statute, condemning such as neglect to come forward with their tithes to the infliction of the bastinado; or with an edict against freemasons, devoting them to all the temporal and spiritual curses which the throne and altar can bestow—death here and damnation hereafter.

Meantime, we had reached the landing place of the third story and pulled the bell cord which hung in the corner. Before the sound was out of the bell, we were challenged by a voice from within, crying in a sharp tone, '*Quien?*'—'Who is it?' '*Gente de paz*'—'Peaceful people!' was the answer of Don Diego. Our professions of amity were not, however, sufficient, and we were reconnoitred for half a minute through a small trap door, which opened from within, and which was provided with a mimic grating like the window of a convent. The man who now looked at us from the security of his strong hold, did not have occasion to close one eye whilst he peeped through with the other, for he had lost the right one. In short, he was one-eyed, or, as the Spaniards, who have a word for everything, express it, *tuerto*. When he had sufficiently assured himself of our looks and intentions, several bolts and latches were removed, the door was opened, and Don Valentin stood before us. He was a tall and thin man, dressed in a square-tailed coat and narrow pantaloons of brown, with a striped vest of red and yellow. The collar and ruffles of his shirt, at the sleeves and breast, as well as the edges of a cravat of white cambric, were elaborately embroidered, and made a singular contrast with the coarseness of his cloth. Beside him were an immense pair of stiff-backed boots with tassels, which he seemed about to exchange for the slippers which he wore. Don Valentin's face, however, chiefly attracted my attention. It was thin, wrinkled, and sallow. His teeth were of a dark and unnatural color, and, like many of his countrymen, he had nearly lost two of the front ones, opposite to each other; a circumstance which was sufficiently accounted for by the *cigarillo* which he held in his fingers, the ends of which had been dyed by the heated paper to the color of saffron. I had observed from without, that of his right eye nothing remained but an inflamed and unseemly hollow. This gave a sinister expression to a face, of itself sufficiently ill-favored, and which was further set off by a bony, gaunt figure, and by black and bristly hair, which seemed to grow in all directions from sheer inveteracy.

These observations were made whilst the punctilious politeness which distinguishes the Old Castilian, and to which the Andaluz is no

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stranger, was expending itself in kind inquiries after the health of each other and family. '*Como esta usted*'—'How fares your mercy?' '*Sin novedad para servir á usted, y usted*'—'Without novelty to serve your mercy, and yourself?' Then followed a long list of inquiries for *Donia* Coucha, on one part, and *La* Florencia on the other; with the replies of '*Tan bueno—tan guapa—para servir á usted;*' 'Equally well—famously—at your mercy's service.' By this time, Don Valentin had discovered me in the obscurity of the door-way; so directing his eye at me and inclining his ungainly figure, he said, with an attempt at unction, '*Servidor de usted caballero,*' and bid us pass onward into the parlour, of which he opened the door. When he had got into his boots, he followed, and, after a few more compliments, Don Diego opened the subject of our visit. Don Valentin, after a becoming pause, replied that the room we were in had served them as a parlour, and that the alcove had been the sleeping apartment of his daughter; but that if it suited me to occupy it, they would live in the *antesala* adjoining the kitchen, their daughter would move up stairs, and I should have the whole to myself. The room was everything one could have wished in point of situation; for it overlooked the *Puerta del Sol,* and had a broad window fronting toward the southeast, which, from its elevation above the opposite roofs, was each morning bathed by the earliest rays of the sun. But I did not like the look of Don Valentin, nor did I care to live under the same roof with him. So, when we rose to depart, I said I would think of the matter, secretly determining, however, to seek lodgings elsewhere.

Don Valentin accompanied us to the door, charged Don Diego with a load of *expresiones* for his family, and as is the custom on a first visit to a Spaniard, told me that his house and all it contained was at my entire disposal. He had told us for the last time, '*Que no haya novedad! Vayan ustedes con Dios!*'—'May you meet with no novelty! May God be with you!'—and was holding the door for us, when we were met on the narrow landing, full in the face, by the very *Donia* Florencia, about whom Don Diego had asked. She had just come from mass, and I very near missed seeing her. She might be nineteen or thereabout, a little above the middle size, and finely proportioned; with features regular enough, and hair and eyes not so black as is common in her country, a circumstance upon which, when I came to know her better, she used to pride herself; for in Spain, auburn hair, and even red, is looked upon as a great beauty. She had on a *mantilla* of lace, pinned to her hair and hanging about her shoulders, and a *basquinia* of black silk, garnished with cord and tassels, and loaded at the bottom with lead, to make it fit closely around the body and show a shape which was really handsome. Though high in the neck, it did not descend so low as to hide a well turned foot, covered with a white stocking and low shoe of black, bound over the instep by a ribbon of the same color.

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As I said before, I was met full in the face by this damsel of La Rioja, to whose cheek the ascent of three pairs of stairs had given a color which is not common in Madrid, and which to herself was not habitual. Her whole manner showed that sense of satisfaction, which people who feel well and virtuously always experience on reaching the domestic threshold. She was opening and shutting her fan with vivacity, and stopped short in the midst of a little song, which is a a great favorite in Andalusia, and which begins,

'O no! no quiero casarme!
Ques mejor, ques mejor ser soltera!'

We came for a moment to a stand in front of each other, and then I drew back to let her come in, whether from a sense of courtesy or from a reluctance which I began to feel to effect my departure. With the ready tact which nowhere belongs to her sex so completely as in Spain, she asked me in, and I at once accepted the invitation, without caring for consistency. Here the matter was again talked over, the daughter lent her counsel, and I was finally persuaded that the room and its situation were even more convenient than I at first thought, and that I could not possibly do better. So I closed with Don Diego, and agreed to his terms, which were a dollar per day for room, rent, and meals.* That very afternoon I abandoned the *Fonda de Malta*, and moved into my new lodgings, where I determined to be pleased with everything, and, following the advice of Franklin's philosopher, forget that Don Valentin was *tuerto*, and look only at Florencia.

Being now established for the winter, it may not be amiss to give some account of the domestic economy of our little household. The apartments of Don Valentin occupied the whole of the third floor and two rooms in the garret, a third being inhabited by a young man, cadet of some noble house, who was studying for the military career. One of these rooms was appropriated by Don Valentin as a bedroom and workshop; for, like the Bourbon family, he had a turn for tinkering, and usually passed his mornings, to my no small inconvenience, in planing, hammering, and sawing, in his aerial habitation. I used sometimes to wonder, when I saw his neighbour the cadet, lying in his bed and studying algebra in his cloak, boots, and foraging cap—for he kept no *brasero*—how he managed with such a din beside him to follow the train of his equations. The third room was the bed chamber of Florencia. So much for the garret. As for the floor below, it was divided into no less than five apartments, two of which were farther subdivided into sitting rooms and alcoves.

Immediately within the door of our habitation was a small room called *antesala*, where the family ate their meals. Connected with the

* In Madrid lodgings are hired by the day. A tenant may abandon a house at a day's notice; but cannot be forced from it by the landlord, so long as he continues to pay the stipulated rent.

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antesala by a door-way which had no door, was a kitchen equally small, and of which near one half was occupied by a huge chimney, hanging over it like an inverted funnel. The space under the chimney was filled by a brick dresser with several furnaces. Here the family cooking was done over embers of charcoal, in small stone pitchers, called *pucheros*, which were seen hanging on nails round the kitchen, of every different size, like big and little children of the same family. In this mimic *cocina*, everything had its place; the walls were garnished with platters, knives, forks, and tumblers, bestowed in wooden racks, the handy work of Don Valentin; in one corner stood a huge earthen jar, which the *aguador* filled every other day with water from the Gate of the Sun; whilst the hollow place beneath the furnaces was stowed with charcoal, bought once a week from a passing *carbonero*.

A narrow passage led from the *antesala* to my own apartment. On one side of it was the bedroom of Don Valentin's wife, the same old woman whom we had seen in the entry, a good-natured soul, whose desire to oblige made a perfect drudge of her. It was always night in this room, for, being in the middle of the house, it was without a window. On the opposite side, a door opened into the alcove of an apartment which corresponded with and adjoined my own. This was inhabited by one Donia Gertrudis, an Asturian lady, whose husband had been a colonel in the army, and who dared not return to Spain, whence he fled on the arrival of the French, because he had given an ultra-patriotic toast at a public dinner, in the time of the Constitution. He was wandering about somewhere in America, she scarce knew where, for it was next to impossible to hear from him. This woman was a singular example of the private misery which so many revolutions and counter-revolutions have produced in Spain, and which has been brought home to almost every family. Of three brothers who had held offices under the government, two had been obliged to fly, and were now living in England, a burthen to the family estate. This, with the death of her two children, and the absence of their father, who alone could have consoled her for the loss, had so greatly preyed upon her health, that she was threatened with a cancer in the breast. Her friends had sent her to the capital to procure better advice than could be found at Oviedo. She frequently told me her story, talked of other days, when her husband, being high in favor, had brought her to this same Madrid, taken her to court, and led her into all the gaieties of the capital. Her situation was indeed a sad one, and I pitied her from my soul.

Leaving both these doors behind, the one at the end of the passage opened into my own room. It was of quadrangular form, and sufficiently large for a man of moderate size and pretensions. In addition to the principal entrance from the *antesala*, there was a small glass door communicating between the room of Donia Gertrudis and mine. This, however, was partially concealed by a curtain. On the side of the street, my room was furnished with a large window, reaching from the ceiling to the floor, which opened, with a double set of folding doors, upon an iron balcony. The outer doors were filled with glass

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of various forms and sizes curiously put together in a sash of iron; the inner ones were of solid wood, studded with iron, and fit to resist a siege. When closed, they were firmly secured by a long vertical bolt having hooks at either end, which projected above and below the door and drew it close to the window frame. This folding window is found all over France, and the bolt which confines it is there called *espagnolette*. Directly in front of the window was a recess or alcove, concealed by curtains. Within was a wash-stand, a small looking-glass, and pegs to hang clothes on. Here also was my bed. It consisted of a set of loose boards supported on two horses, and painted green, to keep away the bugs. On this platform rested a woollen mattress, with sheets, pillow, and coverlet, making altogether a bed which was rather unyielding, but of which I grew fond presently. It had the advantage, that when I got into it, I could always tell when I had reached the bottom and was done subsiding; and that I always found myself in the morning in the same place. At the bedside was a clean merino fleece to alight on, in addition to the mat of straw or *esparto*, which everywhere covered the alcove and sitting-room.

The furniture consisted of a dozen rush bottomed chairs, a chest of drawers, which Don Valentin himself had made, and where, at my request, Florencia continued to preserve her feast-day finery, and a huge table, which filled one end of the room, and which I had at first taken for a piano. There were here but few ornaments. They reduced themselves to two or three engravings hung about the walls, in which one of Raphael's Virgins was paired with a bad picture of hell and its torments. There was, likewise, on the bureau, a glass globe with a goldfish in it, whose only food was found in the element he lived in, and which was renewed daily. Though the pet of Florencia, and well cared for, this little fellow seemed weary of his prison house; for night and day he was ever swimming round and round, as if in search of liberty. On the whole, there was about this dwelling an air of snugness and quiet, to which I had been unaccustomed in France; and I had frequent occasion to remark, that, though inhabiting a milder climate, the Spaniard is far more sensible to notions of comfort than his mercurial neighbour, who has not even been at the pains of adopting a word, which has become in our language so familiar and expressive. The balcony, however, was by far the most agreeable part of my habitation. There, leaning on the railing, I passed a portion of each day; for though cavalcades and processions failed, there was always abundant amusement in gazing downward upon the constantly circulating multitude, and in studying the varied costumes and striking manners of this peculiar people. Nor were other motives wanting to lead me to the balcony. The one immediately next my own was frequented, at all hours, by a young *Andaluza* of surpassing beauty; whilst over the way was the habitation of Letizia Cortese, the *prima-donna* of the Italian opera.

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As for the occupations of our little family, they were such as are common in Spain. The first thing in the morning was to arrange and order everything for the day. Then each took the little *higada* of chocolate and *panecillo*, or small roll, of the delightful bread of Madrid. This meal is not taken at a table, but sitting, standing, or walking from room to room, and not unfrequently in bed. This over, each went to his peculiar occupations; the old woman with her *Diarios* and *Gacetas* to open her reading room in the entry; Florencia to ply her needle, and Don Valentin to tinker overhead, having first taken out his flint and steel, and cigar and paper, to prepare his brief *cigarillo*, which he would smoke, with a sigh between each puff, after those days of liberty, when a cigar cost two *cuartos*, instead of four. Towards noon he would roll himrelf in his *capa parda*—cloak of brown—and go down into the *Puerta del Sol*, to learn the thousand rumors which, in the absence of all other publication, there find daily circulation. If it were a feast day, the mass being over he would go with his daughter to the *Prado*. At two the family took its mid-day meal; consisting, beside some simple dessert, of soup and *puchero*, well seasoned with pepper, saffron, and garlic. If it had been summer, the *siesta* would have passed in sleep, but being winter, Don Valentin profited of the short lived heat to wander forth with a friend; and in the evening went to his *tertulia*, or friendly reunion. In summer, one or even two o'clock is the hour of retiring; but in winter it is eleven. Always the last thing, before going to bed, was to take a supper of meat and tomatoes, prepared in oil, or other greasy stew, to sleep upon.

Such was the ordinary life of this humble family. Don Valentin sometimes varied it, by going off with some friends on a shooting excursion, from which he scarcely ever returned without a good store of hares and partridges. On such occasions he was always followed by his faithful Pito, a fat spaniel, of very different make from his master. This Pitt or Pito, so called in honor of the British statesman, had passed through dangers in his day; for in Spain even the lives of the dogs do not pass without incident. He was one day coursing with his master in the neighbourhood of the Escurial, happy in being rid of the dust and din of the city, when they were suddenly set upon by robbers. Don Valentin was made to deliver up his gun and lie down on the ground, whilst his pockets were rifled. When, however, the robber who took the gun had turned to go away, Pito gathered courage and seized him by the leg. The incensed ruffian turned about and levelled his piece, whilst poor Pito, well aware of the fatal power of the weapon, slunk to the side of his master. The situation of man and dog was indeed perilous; but fortunately the piece missed fire, and both were saved. Nor should I forget to say something of a cat, last and least of our household. His name was *Jazmin*, or Jessamine. It was only in name, however, that he differed from and was superior to other cats. Like them, he was sly, mischievous, and spiteful, and would only invite my caresses by rubbing his back against my leg or playing with the tails of my coat, when he wished to share my dinner, or be allowed to warm himself on the *brasero*.

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Of my own mode of life and occupations in Madrid it is unnecessary to speak, since they had little connexion with the customs of the country. It may, however, be proper to say something of the city and of the public spectacles and amusements, which have so much to do with forming, as well as elucidating, the manners and character of a nation.

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CHAPTER VI.

NEW CASTILE.

Kingdom of Castile.—Situation and Climate of Madrid.—Its History.—General Description of the City.—The Five Royal Palaces.—Places of Public Worship.—Museum of Painting.—Academy of San Fernando.—Museum of Armour.—Charitable and Scientific Institutions.—Royal Library.

New Castile occupies the centre of the Peninsula, and is enclosed on every side by the kingdoms of Arragon, Old Castile, Cordova, Jaen, Murcia, and Valencia. It is subdivided into the provinces of Madrid, Guadalaxara, Cuenca, Toledo, and La Mancha. Its surface consists chiefly of elevated plains, intersected by lofty mountains, notwithstanding which its rivers are few and inconsiderable; and as it rains seldom, the country frequently suffers from drought, particularly in La Mancha, where the drinking water is of very bad quality. The cold is often severe in winter in New Castile, especially in Cuenca; but the air is very pure and the climate healthy. This kingdom possesses mines of calamine at Riopar in La Mancha, and of quicksilver at Almadeu in the same province, and near the celebrated shrine of our Lady of Guadalupe. The mines of Almadeu produce annually twenty thousand quintals of this precious mineral. The mountains of New Castile supply the inhabitants of the plains with charcoal for fuel, and are covered beside with noble trees, suitable for ship building. They likewise afford pasture to horses, cows, mules, and swine, and to large flocks of wandering merinos which come in summer from the warmer plains and vallies below to crop their tender herbage. The level regions produce wheat and wine of excellent quality; some oil, honey, saffron; a plant called alazor, useful in dying, and sumac, barilla, and glasswort. With the exception of manufactures of cloth at Guadalaxara, of silk at Toledo and Talavera, and such rude fabrics as are necessary for domestic use, New Castile possesses no industry.*

The city of Madrid is the capital of New Castile, as of the whole Spanish empire. It is situated upon the left bank of the small stream of Manzanares, on several sand hills, which form the last declivity of the mountains of Guadarrama. It stands in latitude forty, north, at an elevation of two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and almost mathematically in the centre of the Peninsula. It is the highest capital of Europe; for its elevation is fifteen times as great as that of Paris,

* Antillon.

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and nearly twice that of Geneva. The neighbouring country is of very irregular surface and broken into an infinite succession of misshapen hills, so that, although there are near two hundred villages in the vicinity of the capital, not more than four or five can ever be discovered at once. The soil is of a dry and barren nature, producing nothing but wheat, which yields only ten for one, but which is very sweet and of excellent quality. Madrid has no immediate environs, no country seats of the rich inhabitants, none of those delightful little colonies, which are usually found clustering round the walls of a great city, and which combine the convenience of a town residence with the enjoyments of rural life. Hence, the danger and dread of living secluded lead the inhabitants to gather together for mutual protection; so that if you wander a hundred yards from the gates of Madrid, you see no dwellings to allure you forward with the cheering assurance of society, but seem to have taken leave of civilisation and the haunts of men. Nor are there any forests or orchards to make up for the absence of inhabitants, if, indeed, you except the valley of the Manzanares, and to the east a few scattering olive trees, as sad and gloomy in appearance as their owners, the monkish inmates of San Geronimo and Atocha. In former times, however, the country about Madrid was covered with forests, abounding in wild boars and bears, and hence it is, that thecity derives its arms of a bear rampant, with his fore paws resting against a tree. The total disappearance of these forests can only be accounted for by that singular prejudice of the Castilians which has been already noticed.

The climate of Madrid, though subject to great variation, is, nevertheless, healthful, and has ever been a stranger to epidemic diseases. Its sky is almost always transparent and cloudless, and its air so pure, that the dead animals, which are often allowed to remain in the streets until they are pulverized and blown away, never become offensive. The ordinary extremes of temperature in Madrid are ninety of Fahrenheit in summer, and thirtytwo in winter; but there is scarcely a year that the thermometer does not rise above a hundred and fall below fourteen; for, though the inclination of the city facilitates its ventilation, it likewise exposes it more fully to the uninterceptedrays of a powerful sun, and in winter the neighbouring mountains of Guadarrama send down from their snowy reservoirs such keen breezes, that, perhaps, in few places is the cold more pinching than in Madrid. This was especially the case last winter, the most inclement that has been known in Europe for many years. Several sentinels were frozen on their posts along the parapet, in front of the palace, and overlooking the ravine of the Manzanares, down which the northwest winds descend with accumulated violence. Two soldiers of the Swiss brigade were among the number, and though they were relieved at short intervals, and might have been supposed no strangers to cold in their own Alpine country, they were nevertheless found in their sentry boxes, stiff and lifeless, at the end of half an hour. Several washer-women, too, going as usual to the Manzanares—for being poor they could not wait for the weather—were overtaken by a similar calamity; so that the police was obliged to place sentinels to prevent others from going to their ordinary occupation.

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I have said that the climate of Madrid was healthful in the extreme. This, however, like every general rule, has its exception. There is in winter a prevailing disease called *pulmonia*, which can hardly correspond with our consumption, unless, indeed, when we add galloping, for it carries the healthiest people off, after four or five days' illness. I was one evening, in the month of November, at the house of a marquis, a very fat man, who in his early days had been an officer in the navy, and had even made a campaign of six weeks in a *guarda-costa*. Though he had retired to Madrid, decorated with a variety of crosses, to live upon the income of extensive estates which he possessed in America, his tastes were still altogether naval, and his rooms were hung round in every direction with plans of ships, dry-docks, and sea-fights. A short time after, I met him in the *Puerta del Sol*, as fat and smiling as ever; but at the end of three days I was told that he was very sick of a *pulmonia;* on the fourth, that he had received the *viaticum* and extreme unction; and the next day the poor marquis was no more. This was not a solitary case; for during the months of November and December, this disease carried off its hundreds in a week. The *Madrilenios* have a mortal dread of a still cold air which comes quietly down from the mountains, and which they say, '*Mata un hombre, y no apaga una luz.*'—'Kills a man, and does not put out a candle.' In such weather you see every man holding the corner of his cloak, or a pocket handkerchief to his mouth, and hurrying through the streets, without turning to the right hand or the left, as though death, in the shape of a *pulmonia*, were close upon his heels. For myself, I never felt the cold more sensibly. It seemed to pierce my clothes like a shower of needles, and I found there was no way of excluding it, but to get myself a cloak as ample as John Gilpin's, and roll myself up in it, until I became as invisible as the best of them.

Such are the situation and climate of Madrid. As for its antiquity, the pride of its inhabitants would carry us back to a period anterior to the foundation of Rome, when some foolish Greeks came, passing over the fair regions of Andalusia or Valencia, to found in this cheerless waste, and among the savage Carpitanians, a city to which they gave the name of *Mantua*. If such were, indeed, the case, these colonists could only have been members of some Stoic sect, whose chief ambition it was to reject ease and comfort for self-denial and mortification. The first mention that is anywhere found in history of Madrid, is in the tenth century, two hundred and twentyfive years after the Moorish invasion, when Don Ramiro II. king of Leon, fell upon the Moors of the town of Magerit, entered the place by force of arms, threw down its walls, and committed all sorts of ravages. Hence, it probably owes its foundation to the Moors.

Don Enrique III. was the first king of Castile proclaimed in Madrid. The ceremony took place in 1394, in the midst of the Cortes assem-

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bled in the old Moorish Alcazar,* which stood on the site of the present royal palace. The court, however, was afterwards removed to Valladolid, until Henry IV., having passed his youth in Madrid, became fond of the place and fixed his residence in it. This prince, returning in 1461 from the war of Navarre, was met at Aranda by the unhoped for intelligence of the pregnancy of his wife. Henry was so much rejoiced at this piece of good news, that he sent, we are told, for her to come to him, and being followed by a great accompaniment of captains and courtiers, he made his public entry, bringing his wife upon the croup of his mule, as a mark of distinction and to make his good fortune notorious. But Juana, the princess which the queen bore him, never reached the throne; for the Castilians, doubting her legitimacy, notwithstanding the exhibition on the mule, raised up in her stead Donia Isabella, who afterwards became the wife of Ferdinand, and shared with him the title of Catholic. The court continued still to fluctuate between Valladolid and Madrid, until the accession of Philip II., who finally settled it in the latter place, where it has remained ever since with little interruption. He is said to have been chiefly attracted by the salubrity of its climate, the excellence of the water, and the vicinity of the mountains of Guadarrama, which furnished abundance of game. At the same time the principal nobles removed to Madrid, in order to be near the court, and the city began to acquire the magnificence becoming a capital which was the focus and rallying point of the whole Spanish monarchy. The arts and sciences were soon in a flourishing condition, and churches and convents rose in every direction, to bear testimony to another age of squandered wealth and mistaken piety.

In 1638, was born in Madrid, Donia Maria Teresa, who by her marriage with Louis XIV. introduced afterwards the house of Bourbon. The Duke of Anjou did not, however, find a quiet throne, nor did he win without exertion the title of Philip V., the prize being contended for by the Austrian Archduke, who took the title of Charles III. The rival pretenders drove each other repeatedly from the capital, until the cause of Philip prevailed, through the valor of the Duke of Berwick. Notwithstanding the civil wars which disturbed the arrival of Philip V. to the throne, he found means to increase and embellish the capital, by establishing the royal library and various academies; he constructed the bridge of Toledo, and commenced the building of the palace. But it is to Charles III. that Madrid owes all its present magnificence. Under his care, the royal palace was finished, the noble gates of Alcala and San Vincente were raised; the custom-house, the post-office, the museum, and royal printing-office were constructed; the academy of the three noble arts improved; the cabinet of natural history, the botanic garden, the national bank of San Carlos, and many gratuitous schools established, while convenient roads leading from the city, and delightful walks planted within and without it, and adorned by statues and fountains, combine to announce the solicitude of this paternal king. In the unworthy reign of Charles IV.,

* Castle or fortified palace.

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of his wicked queen, and of Godoy, Madrid was the scene of everything that was base and degrading, until the nation, wearied of such an ignominious yoke, proclaimed Ferdinand VII. at Aranjuez, and the populace testified its joy by plundering the palace of the Prince of Peace. Very soon after the accession of Ferdinand, he left Madrid on his infatuated journey to Bayonne, and Murat took possession of the city at the head of thirty thousand French. The occasion of the departure of the remaining members of the royal family for Bayonne, first gave vent to the indignation of the Madrilenios. The gallant partisans, Daoiz and Velarde, turned two pieces of cannon upon the usurpers, and fell gloriously in the cause of their country, whilst the populace, rushing forth with their knives, assassinated the defenceless French wherever they met them. The vengeance of Murat was terrible. Sending patroles into every street, he seized all such as were found with knives upon them, drove them into the neighbourhood of the Retiro, and fired upon them by vollies. This is the celebrated *Dos de Mayo*, second of May. The news of the atrocity spread like wild-fire throughout the Peninsula. The Spaniards flew to arms, and the war of independence was commenced. After the shedding of oceans of blood, and the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives, Ferdinand at length returned to his capital, to which he was chiefly restored by the fierce energies of his subjects.

Such are some of the events of which Madrid has been the theatre. When the stranger, newly arrived within its walls, looks round in search of the local advantages which led to its foundation, he is at a loss to conceive how it should become a great city. The surrounding country is so little adapted to pastoral and agricultural pursuits that meats and fruits, and almost all the necessaries of life, are brought from the extremities of the kingdom. Thus supplies of fish come on the backs of mules from the Atlantic and Mediterranean; cattle from Asturias and Gallicia, and fruit from the distant orchards of Andalusia and Valencia. With these disadvantages, manufactures can never flourish in Madrid; and as to commerce, the mountains which form its barrier on the north and west, check its communications with half the Peninsula; whilst the inconsiderable stream of Manzanares furnishes no facilities of transportation; none of any sort, indeed, except supplying water to accommodate the washerwomen.

Though accident or caprice have alone given existence to Madrid, and though a city raised to wealth and power must necessarily relapse into insignificance, when the interests of the whole, and not the will of one shall govern the concerns of Spain, yet it is not the less a great city. It is nearly eight miles in circumference, of square figure, and contains a population of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, living in eight thousand houses; so that there are about eighteen persons to a house, each house containing, in general, as many families as stories. Madrid has one hundred and fortysix temples for

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worship, including collegiate and parish churches, convents, *beaterios*, oratories, chapels, and hermitages. Among this number are sixtytwo convents for monks and nuns. It has, beside, eighteen hospitals, large and small; thirteen colleges, fifteen academies, four public libraries, six prisons, fifteen gates of granite, eightyfive squares and places, and fifty public fountains which supply the inhabitants with delightful water, brought from mountain springs, thirty miles from the city.

The water is in all cases conveyed from the fountains to the houses of the inhabitants by people whose business it is. This gives occupation to several thousand Gallegos and Asturians, and is entirely in their hands. Indeed, a Gallego who has established an extensive custom, when he has made a little fortune of two or three hundred dollars, wherewith to retire to his native mountains and rear a family, has the conceded privilege either of selling his business or of bequeathing it gratuitously to a relative. To lay up money on their scanty earnings, of course requires the most narrow economy. Accordingly, we find them doing menial offices for a family for the sake of sleeping on the entry pavement, or else clubbing together, a dozen or twenty, to hire a little room in the attic. As for their food, they buy it at a *taberna*, or from old women who keep three-legged walking kitchens at the corners, dining and supping on the spot, or more commonly seated on their water kegs about the fountains, two or three messing together, and eating with wooden spoons from the same earthen vessel. Others there are, who, instead of carrying water for domestic use, parade certain streets, taking due care not to infringe the domain of a brother, and selling it by the glass-full to those who pass. They carry simply an earthen jar, suspended by a leathern sling behind the back. The mouth of the jar has a cork with two reeds; one to allow the water to pass out, the other to admit the air. When asked for water, they take a glass from the basket on their left arm, and stooping forward, fill it with great dexterity. They do not wait, however, for the thirsty to find them out, but deafen all equally with cries in badly pronounced Spanish, of—'*Agua! Agua fresca! Que ahora mismo viene de la fuente! Quien bebe seniores! Quien bebe?*'

In stature the Gallegos are low, stout, and clumsy, different as possible in form and figure from the Spanish in general, and equally different in manners and in dress. They wear a little pointed cap, jacket, and trowsers of brown cloth, execrably coarse, not more than half a dozen threads to the armful; heavy shoes, armed with hobnails, and made to last a lifetime; a large leathern pocket in front to receive their money, and a fender of the same on the right shoulder to protect the jacket. They are but a rough set, and little mindful of the courtesies in use among their countrymen. They even take the right hand side along the narrow walk, and never turn out for man or woman. One day Don Diego came up to my habitation to give the customary lesson, with his hat in hand, endeavouring to rid it of a dint, and cursing the Gallego who had run against him at the turning of a corner. He had undertaken to lecture him; but the Gallego,

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putting down his keg, and drawing himself up with dignity, said to him, 'I am a noble!'—a thing not uncommon among his countrymen—'you, may be, are no more!'—'*Soy noble! usted acaso no sera mas!*' Notwithstanding their bluntness, however, they have many good qualities, and are trusty and faithful in a rare degree. They and the Asturians act as porters; in which capacity they are even employed to deliver money and take up notes. Such is the unshaken probity of these rude sons of the Suevi.

The streets of Madrid are in general strait and wider than those of most cities in Europe; a fact which is probably owing to its being almost entirely modern, and having been built under royal patronage. They are all paved with square blocks of stone, and have sidewalks about four feet wide and on a level with the rest of the pavement. In order to avoid contention for this narrow foot hold, it is the custom always to take the right side, and you may thus, in a crowded street, notice two currents of people, going in opposite directions, without interfering with each other. This has, however, the inconvenience that a person cannot choose his own gait, but must move at the pace of the multitude. Some of the palaces of the high nobility are built in a quadrangular form with a square in the centre. The mass of the dwellinghouses, however, are built much in our own way; they are, in general, three or four stories high, with a door and small entry at one side. They have rather a prison look, for the windows of the first floor are grated with bars of iron; the upper windows have balconies, whilst the stout door of wood, well studded with spike heads, has more the air of the gate of a fortified town than of the entrance to the dwelling of a peaceful citizen. The outer doors of the different suits of apartments indicate the same jealousy and suspicion, nor are they ever opened without a parley. These precautions are rendered necessary by the number and boldness of the robbers in Madrid, who sometimes enter a house, when left alone with the females, in the middle of the day, and, having tied the occupants, who dare not utter a word of alarm, they help themselves at leisure, and make off with their spoil. This is of no uncommon occurrence, indeed I scarce became acquainted with a person in Madrid who had not been robbed one or more times. The greatest danger is, however, at night in the streets. I knew a young man, a native of Lima, who was encountered in a narrow street, on his way to an evening party, by three men, who dragged him into the concealment of a doorway. One of them held a knife to his throat, whilst the two others stripped him of his clothes and finery, until nothing was left but his shirt and boots. Then giving him a slap on the *trasero*, they told him, '*Vaya usted con Dios humano!*' and, gathering the spoil under their cloaks, they moved away in another direction.*

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* *Vaya usted con Dios humano!*'—'Go with God, brother!—God be with you!' parting salutation among Spaniards.

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By far the noblest building in Madrid is the royal palace. It is built on the same site where formerly stood the old Moorish Alcazar. Philip V., who caused it to be erected, conceived originally the idea of a palace which was to have four *façades* of one thousand six hundred feet by one hundred high, with twentythree courts and thirtyfour entrances. A mahogany model of the projected palace is still shown in Madrid, and must of itself have cost the price of as good a dwelling as any modest man need wish for. This palace was to have lodged the royal body guard, the ministers, tribunals, and indeed everything connected with the machine of state. Though this stupendous project was never realized, the present palace is, nevertheless, every way worthy of a prince who had been born at Versailles. It consists of a hollow square, four hundred and seventy feet on the outside and one hundred and forty within. Within is a colonnade and gallery, running entirely round the square, and without, a judicious distribution of windows, cornices, and columns, unencumbered by redundant ornament, except, indeed, in the heavy balustrade, which crowns the whole, and hides the leaden roof from view. The construction of this palace is of the noblest and most durable kind, being without any wood, except in the frame of the roof and the doors and windows. The foundation stands entirely upon a system of subterranean arches. The first floor is occupied by the officers and servants of the court. A magnificent stairway of marble, on which the architect, the sculptor, and the painter have exhausted their respective arts of decoration, leads to the second floor, which is likewise sustained upon arches. Here is a second colonnade and gallery, which looks upon the court, and which, like the whole of the story, is paved with marble. This is always filled with groups of body guards and halberdins on service, and with people in court dresses ready to go before the sovereign. This gallery opens upon the apartments of the different members of the royal family, the chapel, and audience chamber. Their different ceilings are appropriately painted by the pencil of Mengs, Bayeux, Velasquez, or Giordano, whilst the walls are hung round with the best productions of Rubens, Titian, Murillo, Velasquez, and Espanioleto. The small oratory of the king is, perhaps, the most beautiful apartment of the palace. It is adorned with the richest and most elegantly variegated marbles, all found in the Peninsula. A single glance at them is sufficient to convince one, that the marbles of Spain are surpassed by none in the world. The clocks, furniture, tapestry, beds, dressing-tables, and glasses are in the highest style of magnificence. It will give a sufficient idea of this to mention, that in one room there are four mirrors one hundred and sixtytwo inches high by ninetythree wide. They were made at the royal manufactory which formerly existed in San Ildefonso, and, with some others cast in the same mould, are the largest ever known. This palace, whether it be viewed with reference to its architecture or decoration, is, indeed, a noble one. I have heard it said by those who had visited the chief capitals of Europe, that they had seen none superior to it, and, though Versailles may excel in detail, as a perfect whole the palace of Madrid may even claim preeminence.

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The palace of Buen Retiro, where the court lived before the completion of the new palace, is at the eastern extremity of Madrid, and stands upon the Prado. It consists of a variety of ancient and disjointed edifices, which are rapidly falling to ruin, and which look like anything but a royal mansion. The progress of decay would have been assisted, and the whole pile long since demolished, were it not for some admirable paintings in fresco which still cling to the mouldering ceiling, and which are in Giordano's best style. The most remarkable one is allusive to the institution of the Golden Fleece, in which Hercules, who figures in the fiction of the Argonauts, is seen offering the prize to Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy. This order of knighthood, which has preserved its splendor better than any other in Europe, has the king of Spain for its head, as Duke of Burgundy, one of the many titles attached to the crown since the time of Charles V. In another room are some scenes from the wars of Grenada. The Moors are of course in the attitude of the vanquished; horses and riders are strewed upon the dust, already lifeless, or else an entangled cavalier yet lifts a broken cimeter to protect his head and agonized features from the hoof of a charger, which a christian knight, or, it may be, Santiago himself, is urging forward with a heart as hard as his own cuirass.

The garden of the Retiro is of great extent, but its situation is high and exposed, and the walks are by no means agreeable. The present family has directed the different improvements, if indeed they may be so called, which are in process here, and perhaps nowhere has there been so much labor expended and so little produced. In one place is an artificial mound with a Chinese temple perched upon it; in another, a little cottage with an old woman of wood sitting by a painted fire, and rocking her baby in a cradle; overhead are wooden hams and leather sausages, whilst in an adjoining room the good man of the house is lying sick between the bed clothes, with a pot of soup beside him, and is made to rise up when strangers come to see him. In another part is an oblong lake, enclosed with a wall of cut stone and a rich railing of iron. On one side of it, is a small building surmounted by naval emblems and a flag-staff, and beneath it is a dock or cove for the royal galley. The elevation of the Retiro is an obstacle to the bringing of water in pipes to fill the lake, and the object is therefore effected by the labor of a mule, who turns a wheel hard by, and who is hidden under a rustic shed, adorned with Egyptian pagods. Sometimes the royal personages come to take a water excursion upon the lake; the basin is then filled, the gilded barge, which is truly classic in its construction, is floated to the stairs of the navy-yard, and the august individuals enter and put forth. Their perfect contentment and unaffected complacency, the admiration of the beholders evinced by waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and if you happen to be near the wheel-house, the creaking of the machinery, the *Arre!* of the muleteer, and the grunting of the mule, combine to produce a singular spectacle.

They are likewise now constructing here a new house for the wild beasts of the royal *menage*, and it is not a little singular, that, at a moment when the debts of interest, honor, and gratitude were left unpaid, at the

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very time when money was wanting to buy horses for a train of artillery, then waiting to depart for the frontier of Portugal, a considerable sum should have been remitted to make additions in foreign countries to the royal collection of wild beasts. There is one thing, however, in the garden of the Retiro which any man may admire. It is a bronze statue of Philip IV. cast by Taca, a Florentine sculptor, after a painting of Velasquez. Though the figures are four times as large as life, and the enormous mass, weighing no less than nine tons, is supported on the horse's two hind feet, yet the beholder is not struck with astonishment; for there is such a perfect harmony in the parts and perfection in the whole, that he is apt to undervalue its dimensions. This beautiful colossus stands in an elevated situation of the Retiro, and looks the modern gewgaws into insignificance. And yet the prince, thus immortalized by the hand of genius, was even less than an ordinary man; he never did anything to promote the interests and add to the honor of human nature; he was imbecile in character, and of mean appearance. What American can reflect on this, and remember without shame, that, in a country where men possess great wealth and the freedom of doing with it what they please, there should be no disposition thus to commemorate the brightest virtues and the most exalted services?

The Casino is a mimic palace, on the scale of a private dwelling. It is situated in a populous part of the city, and is decorated with equal good taste and elegance. The last queen took great delight in this little retirement, and spent much of her time there; but since her death it is rarely visited by any of the family. The Casa del Campo is another royal mansion, which stands low in the valley of the Manzanares, and directly in front of the palace. Its gardens offer shade and seclusion, but their chief ornament is a bronze statue of Philip III., the joint work of Bolonia and Taca, which, though weighing twelve thousand pounds, was sent from Florence as a present from Cosmo de Medicis. In its present situation it is scarcely ever seen, and there are doubtless many persons in Madrid who are ignorant of its existence. There is yet a fifth royal mansion in the environs of Madrid; it stands upon a hill, and overlooks the valley of the Manzanares and the grove of the Florida.

Although Madrid contains in all near one hundred and fifty places of worship, yet it cannot boast a single temple of superior magnificence. In those days when most of the Gothic cathedrals, which we meet with in the older European cities, were erected, Madrid was but an inconsiderable place. Even now, though the political capital of Spain, it still belongs to the diocese of Toledo, and is not so much as the see of a suffragan. Most of her temples are small, of mixed Grecian architecture, and many of them, in their exterior appearance, are hardly distinguishable from the common dwellinghouses which surround them. The interior, however, is usually decorated with much architectural ornament, and with a profusion of paintings and statues. The Jesuits have by far the largest and most imposing church in Madrid. This

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order is the most enlightened of the Spanish clergy, and I took much pleasure in going to hear them preach, especially during the Carnival. As it was the winter season, the pavement was covered with mats, upon which the multitude kneeled during the exhibition of the host. When the invocation was over, and the sermon commenced, the women assumed a less painful and more interesting posture, sitting back on the mats with their feet drawn up beside them. If pretty, as was generally the case, one foot was allowed to peep out from beneath the *basquinia*, presenting itself in its neat thread or silken stocking, and little shoe of prunello, in the most favorable position for display. The men stood intermingled with the women, or apart in the aisles and chapels, or reclined against the columns, making altogether a very singular scene, not a little augmented in interest by the deep obscurity, approaching indeed to darkness, which is ever carefully maintained within the walls of the temple.

Some of the preachers were very eloquent, and the strong, yet gracious language in which they spoke, gave additional force and beauty to every happy sentiment. By far the greatest treat, however, is the enchanting music that one may hear on these occasions. Nowhere, indeed, perhaps not even in Italy, is the luxury of church music carried to a greater extent than in Madrid. The organs are played in perfection; and, in order to procure fine tenor voices, a practice is still continued there, which has been abolished in Italy since the domination of Napoleon. In the Musical College of Madrid, vulgarly called the *Colegio de los Capones*, the mutilated victims of parental avarice are received at an early age, and their voices carefully cultivated. Some are admitted to holy orders, evading the strict canon of the church which requires physical perfection in its ministers, by a most whimsical artifice. Others earn their bread easily as public singers, living in the world, or rather enjoying a negative existence, readily recognised by the unnatural shrillness of their tones, and by the heavy expression of their beardless, elongated, and unmanly visages. One or two of these miserable beings are employed in the choir of the royal chapel. The maintenance of worship in this establishment, costs Spain annually one hundred thousand dollars, no small part of which is for singers and musicians. A solemn mass witnessed in this chapel, is, indeed, one of the greatest treats in the world. The structure is of octagonal form, and surmounted by a dome, not dissimilar, nor altogether unworthy of being compared to the Dome of the Invalids. Here architecture, statuary, and painting have lavished all their beauties in a narrow compass. The organ, with a choice selection of bassoons and viols, and the full choir, are placed in a hidden recess beside the dome. Thence the music follows the sacrifice, through all the sad symbols of the Saviour's Passion; and when the expiation is made, and man is reconciled to his Maker, the circling concave rings with exulting peals, which the entranced listener is ready to ascribe to the angelic hosts, which he sees in the hollow hemisphere above, surrounding the throne of the Eternal.

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The museum of statuary and painting at the Prado, is a modern and admirably contrived building, which extends its front along the public walk, and adds greatly to its elegance. No building could be better adapted to the exhibition of paintings than this, which was commenced under Charles III. with an express view to its present object. The collection of paintings in the Prado was made in the better days of the Spanish monarchy, when the gold of America could command the presence and services of living artists, and purchase the productions of such as were dead. It is said, in the illustrious names of the contributors and the excellence of the pieces, to be inferior to no other; and when the additions which are now making from the different royal palaces shall be completed, it will doubtless be the first in the world. To give an idea of the Italian school, it will be sufficient to name some of those great men who are here represented by their finest productions. Such are Guerchin, Tintoret, Poussin, Anibal and Augustine Carracci, Guido Reni, Luca Giordano, Leonardo da Vinci, Paul Veronese, Michael Angelo, the head of the Florentine school; Titian the prince of Venetian painters, and Raphael of Urbino, the great father of all, who is here represented by his great painting of Christ Carrying the Cross, which is esteemed second to nothing but the Transfiguration. It was originally painted on wood, but with the lapse of three centuries the wood became rotten, and there was a danger of its being entirely lost. This was of course among the immense number of paintings carried away to Paris by the French; it was likewise among the smaller number of those which returned after the final overthrow of Napoleon. In this case the voyage was a serviceable one; for the French artists were so fortunate as to succeed in transferring the painted surface from the wood to canvass, and have thus saved it from premature destruction.

Nor are the Flemish masters without their representatives in the Prado. It is there, however, that one may study and appreciate the Spanish school, which had scarce been known in Europe until the invading armies of Napoleon carried off some of the best pieces to constitute the brightest ornaments of the Louvre, and to form several private collections. Witness the undisgorged plunder of the Duke of Dalmatia.*

The Spanish school is chiefly celebrated among painters for perfection of perspective and design, and the vivid and natural carnation of its coloring. One of the first painters who became celebrated in Spain was Morales, who began his career about the time that Raphael's was so prematurely closed, in the early part of the sixteenth century, and whose heads of Christ have merited him the surname of Divine. Morales was a native of Estremadura, but the art in which he so greatly excelled made more rapid progress in the city of Valencia, where a kindly soil and kindlier sky seem to invite perfection. Juan de Juanes is considered the father of the Valencian school, which in the beginning was in imitation of the Italian, but which afterwards

* Soult, whose collection is readily seen at Paris.

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assimilated itself to the Flemish, and to the manner of Rembrandt and Vandyke, until, under the name of the school of Seville, the Spanish painters had acquired a distinctive character.

Under Ribera, better known at home and abroad by the singular surname of Espanioleto, the Valencian school attained the highest perfection. The subjects of Espanioleto are chiefly Bible scenes, taken indifferently from the Old or New Testament; but his most successful efforts have been the delineation of scenes of suffering and sorrow, such as are abundantly furnished by the lives of our Saviour and the saints. In describing the extremes of human misery, a macerated wretch, reclining upon a bed of straw in the last agony of starvation or infirmity, he is perhaps unequalled; and he has been able to give such a relief to the perspective, such a reality to the coloring, that the deception, at a first glance, is often irresistible. Indeed my memory became so strongly impressed with some of his pieces, that I can still call them up at will in all their excellence. Espanioleto was, however, a gloomy painter, giving to his works the sad coloring which he borrowed from the religion of his day, a religion which was fond of calling up reflections of despondency, and thinking only of Christ as the bleeding and the crucified.

Another great painter, who, like Espanioleto, flourished at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was Diego Velasquez. Velasquez is sometimes an imitator of his great cotemporary; at others, his style is materially different, and he is generally allowed to be superior to Espanioleto in correctness of design and fertility of invention. His portraits, for furnishing accurate representations of individuals, are perhaps superior to those of Titian and Vandyke. They are not, indeed, highly wrought, but have about them the strong strokes of a master.

Bartholomew Murillo, who, like Velasquez, was born in Seville, studied at Madrid under the direction of his countryman, and never travelled out of Spain. There is in his manner all the correctness of Velasquez; all his truth to nature, which he seems to have studied thoroughly, and at the same time a more perfect finish, and a warmth and brilliancy of coloring to which his pencil was a stranger. Nothing indeed can be so true and palpable as Murillo's scenes of familiar life, nothing so sweet and heavenly as the features and expression of his Virgins. Murillo brought the school of Seville, or more properly of Spain, to the height of its glory. He seems to have combined the excellences of Vandyke and Titian, the truth of the one and the warm carnation of the other; and though Raphael be looked on by painters and connoisseurs as the most perfect of known artists, yet if the chief excellence of the imitative art consist in showing nature, not as it ought to be, but as it is, and in producing momentary deception, this excellence belongs to none so entirely as to Murillo.

The decline of painting throughout Europe during the past century, has likewise extended itself to Spain, with, however, some honorable exceptions, such as Bayeu in the past century, and Mailla

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and Lopez in the present. The latter is a living artist, whose portraits are admirable.

The cabinet of natural history stands beside the stately edifice of the Aduana, or customhouse, and with it constitutes one of the principal ornaments of the noble street of Alcala. Here is a fine collection of birds, quadrupeds, and fishes, arranged in elegant cases of plate-glass and mahogany. The collection of minerals is, however, the most perfect, especially in whatever relates to the precious metals, so abundantly found in the former possessions of Spain. There is also a small cabinet of marbles, brought from every corner of the Peninsula, and which can scarcely be surpassed for variety and beauty. The cabinet of natural history is open twice a week to the visits of the public; and the learned and ignorant may there pass in review the whole realm of nature, compare the narrow shades of distinction between those animals that are most similar, and then admire the immense disparity between the extremes of creation.

In the same building are the school, library, and museum of San Fernando, where the three noble arts, painting, statuary, and architecture, are taught gratuitously. In the academy of San Fernando, a variety of excellent masters are provided, who superintend the labors of such persons, whether children or adults, as choose to turn their attention to either of these arts; and by a happy arrangement, the school is only opened in the evening when the ordinary studies or labors of the day are over. Here I have often spent an hour in the evening, passing through the different rooms of the school. In one, the beginners were occupied in their first rude attempts to copy engravings, or to imitate the foot or hand of a broken statue. In another, the more advanced pupils were arranged at a circular desk round a plaster cast of the Apollo or the Laocoon, representing it in the attitude it presented itself to each, either on paper or on a board with clay to form a relief. Whilst in the last apartment one or more living subjects were standing or sitting in the attitude of the evening, and in a state of nudity. I more than once found a finely formed fellow standing under the shade which was made to throw a gloomy desponding light upon him, with his head reclining on one side and his hands extended to the extremities of a cross. This posture he would maintain without moving a muscle for minutes together. The fellow, however, was not much to be pitied, as he must, of course, have preferred this passive sort of labor to the more active exertions for which he was so well qualified by a powerful conformation. Every three years premiums are distributed to such of the students as are most distinguished, and when a young man of great promise is discovered, he is sent to Rome to study at the public expense.

Lectures on descriptive geometry are given in the academy for the advantage of the students, and there is likewise a library, which, beside a general collection of books, is very rich in such as relate to the arts.

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The most remarkable part of the institution, however, is a museum of paintings, intended as a study for the scholars, and which contains some of the finest in Spain. The stolen benediction of Jacob by his father Isaac, is the most perfect thing I have seen from the pencil of Espanioleto; and in a private room, which is seldom shown to any one, are some interdicted paintings of singular merit. Here one is surprised to see a full-length portrait of Napoleon, in his imperial robes, a copy of the celebrated portrait of Gerard, which the emperor sent to Madrid, at the time he was alluring the royal family to Bayonne. There are likewise some naked beauties by Rubens, water nymphs closely pursued by greedy satyrs, whose ill made legs and clumsy ankles are perfect prototypes of his own Dutch models. Such is not the case with the blooming mistress of King Philip II., whom Titian has represented with so much truth of design and reality of carnation, as to bring the beauty and the spectator into the presence of each other. But he is not admitted to the privilege of a *tête-à-tête;* for on the foot of the silken couch upon which she reclines half sleepy, half voluptuous, sits young Philip playing on a piano. His head is turned to gaze upon the unveiled charms of the beautiful creature behind him; his thoughts seem to wander from the music, and his fingers are about to abandon the keys of the instrument. That a young man should have been willing to place himself in such a situation is not incredible; but that he should have been willing to be seen in it, and even thus to appear before posterity, is a thing of more difficult reconciliation. This, too, was the prince who afterwards became so bigoted and so blood-thirsty, and though not the murderer of his own son, at least the persecutor, and it may be destroyer, of his brave brother Don Juan of Austria. The most remarkable painting, however, of this collection, and it is indeed the most so of any I ever saw, is Murillo's picture of Saint Isabel, the good Queen of Portugal, so celebrated in regal annals for benevolence and charity. She is represented washing the sore of a beggar. At one side is an old man, one might almost fancy a living one, binding his leg. On the other, a ragged lad, afflicted with some loathsome disease, and who, unable to endure the pain and irritation, is scratching his head in agony. The subject of this painting is disgusting enough, and the reality of its execution renders it still more so. It will, however, offend less, if it be remembered that Murillo painted it in Seville, to hang in the Hospital of Charity. It is, perhaps, the most perfect imitation of life which exists on canvass.

The academy of San Fernando deliberates on the plans of all public buildings, proposed to be erected; a censorship whose good effects are evident in all the fine monuments with which Charles III. has ennobled the capital. Institutions similar to this, and which like it bear the name of San Fernando, are found since the time of the same beneficent monarch, in all the larger cities of Spain; and though checked and counteracted by a hundred obstacles, their effect cannot be other than beneficial to national industry. There is, indeed, scarce a station in life in which a knowledge of designing may not be turned to good account. The builder will make a handsomer house, the cabinet

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and coach maker will turn out more elegant furniture and equipages, and even the tailor will cut a neater coat from possessing the principles of the art. As for men of leisure, their perceptions of beauty, whether it exist in the productions of art or nature, must by it be sharpened and developed, and new avenues thus opened to pleasure and happiness. One would think that no great city, which has an eye to the advancement of industry within its walls, should be without an institution like this of San Fernando.

Another museum is that of artillery. It contains a large collection of models of gunpowder manufactories, cannon founderies, and of all such machines and weapons as are useful in warfare. The most remarkable objects to be seen here, are models of the fortresses of Cadiz, Carthagena, and Gibraltar, made of clay, and colored to imitate more closely the reality. The scale of these models is so large that all the streets and public buildings are laid down in them, and perhaps a better idea may be formed of the whole of one of these places from looking down upon the model, than from any single view that could be caught of the place itself. Gibraltar is so accurately represented, that the plan of an attack could be as well or better devised at Madrid, than before the fortress, by a general who should be without such assistance.

The museum of the armory, in front of the royal palace, is of a similar, but far more interesting character, at least in the eye of poetry; for in it are arranged the armour of all the illustrious warriors which Spain has produced; of many whom she has conquered, and a variety of trophies, arms, and banners, which have been won in battle. On entering the hall you first see, without knowing why, the funeral litters, in which the remains of Charles IV. and his queen were brought from Rome to be interred in the Escurial. Here is likewise the coach of Joana the Foolish, which was the first used in Spain since the fall of the Roman domination. It is oddly carved and fashioned, not much more so, however, than some that are still seen of a feast day on the Prado. Near this is the litter in which Charles V. used to make his journies and excursions. It was carried like a sedan chair by two horses, one going before and the other behind, between shafts which were supported on their backs. Before the seat within, is a moveable desk which could be adjusted in front of the occupant. Here the emperor transacted business as he travelled, in order to economize time, so valuable to one who took care of the affairs and bore the burthens of so many people. The remainder of the large hall is full of armour, either hung in detached pieces against the wall, or arranged collectively in standing postures, or mounted on wooden horses.

Among the antiques are many shields and helmets, curiously and beautifully worked into relief, representing land and sea engagements in which the armies had doubtless taken part, charges of cavalry and contending gallies. There is one helmet, however, of more than ordi-

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nary beauty, worthy in all respects to have covered the head of Julius Cæsar, to whom it is said to have belonged. In answer to all my inquiries concerning the way in which this precious piece of antiquity came into the possession of his Catholic Majesty, I could get nothing but, '*Es de Julio Cæsar y no hay mas.*'—'It 's Julius Cæsar's, and that 's an end of it.' There is likewise a shield of one of the Scipios. The armour of the Cid has nothing remarkable about it, but the having belonged to him. The same may be said of the suit of Guzman the Good, the royal governor of Tarifa, so celebrated in the annals of Andalusian chivalry. At the extremity of the room is a chapel of Saint Ferdinand, the conqueror of Cordova and Seville, the sainted king of whom it was doubted whether he was most distinguished for valor, or piety, or good fortune. The armour of the saint is so arranged that he seems seated on a throne in his proper person, having on the left side his good sword, and on the right a list of the indulgences which the father of the church grants to such as shall there say a *Pater* or an *Ave*.

In one of the most conspicuous stations is the suit of armour usually worn by Ferdinand the Catholic. He seems snugly seated upon his war horse, with a pair of red velvet breeches, after the manner of the Moors, with lifted lance and closed visor. There are several other suits of Ferdinand, and of his queen Isabella, who was no stranger to the dangers of a battle. By the comparative heights of their armour, Isabella would seem to be the bigger of the two, as she certainly was the better. Opposite to these is the armour of Abon-Abdallah, or Boabdil, whom the Spaniards have surnamed Chico, the last of the Grenadian kings, and who was by turns the friend, the enemy, and the captive of Ferdinand and Isabella. His armour is of beautiful finish, in all respects like the other suits, except that the helmet, instead of being in the form of a Grecian casque with a visor, having apertures in it, to close down from above, is made of a solid piece, of great thickness in front, and screws upon the cuirass. Instead of sight-holes in front, it has a broad gap, like a skylight, running across the top above the eyes, the lower part overlapping so as to keep out the point of a lance. On the right side is a small window, which swings upon hinges, and is fastened with a steel button. This may have served to take in refreshment or for the purpose of a parley. I was at a loss to conceive what could have been the object of this unwieldy head-gear, and the explanation of the keeper was not very satisfactory. According to his account, the cavaliers of former times were used to fight duels with iron maces of arms such as he showed me, and which, being full of knots and irregularities, would make a forcible impression upon a bare head. Thus encased, however, a couple of wranglesome fellows might belabor each other over the face and eyes for an hour together. It is, perhaps, as likely that casques such as this were used in the tilting matches and tournaments, so frequent among the Grenadian chivalry, as offering more effectual resistance to a splintered reed or the point of a lance, than the visor of a common helmet. Though a cavalier might be safer from harm with this box upon his head, he

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would likewise be less able to injure his antagonist; for it could not have weighed less than twenty pounds. If he should fall from his horse thus accoutred, he would never be able to stir; but must lie and be trampled upon by friendly and hostile feet, like poor Sancho sweating between two shields. I was generally struck with the great weight of these suits of armour, and saw in it an explanation of instances that more than once occurred in the Spanish wars, of valiant princes falling from their horses and fainting to death upon the field of battle.

Gonsalo Fernandez of Cordova and Hernan Cortez stand forth in full array. The armour of Philip I. surnamed the Handsome, shows him to have been a giant, certainly not less than six and a half feet high; nor could Charles V. have been less than six feet. There are many splendid suits, which the great emperor received from foreign princes and from the cities of his vast empire. Philip II., too, though he never came within reach of a blow, was no less abundantly supplied than his father with the means of warding one off. The helmet of one of his suits is covered with a variety of figures, so beautifully executed as to compare with those on the antique shields and helmets. Beside the suits of his father and brothers, is the giant armour of Don Juan of Austria, the natural son of Charles V. and the hero of Lepanto. This great battle was fought in the Gulf of Lepanto between the Turkish fleet of two hundred and thirty gallies, under the Pasha Ali, and the allied forces of the Pope, Spain, and Venice, under the command of Don Juan. The news of this victory was received with great joy throughout Christendom, and Pope Pius V., when he heard it, exclaimed in a holy ecstacy, 'There was a man sent from God, and his name was John!' It was of Lepanto, too, that Cervantes speaks, when, on being reproached by a literary rival, he breaks forth in this noble strain. 'What I cannot help feeling deeply, is, that I am stigmatized with being old and maimed—as though it belonged to me to stay the course of time; or as though my wounds had been received in some tavern broil, instead of the most lofty occasion which past ages have yet witnessed, or which shall ever be witnessed by those which are to come. The scars which the soldier wears upon his person, instead of badges of infamy, are stars to guide the daring in the path of glory. As for mine, though they may not shine in the eyes of the envious, they are at least esteemed by those who know where they were received. And even, was it is not yet too late to choose, I would rather remain as I am, maimed and mutilated, than be now whole of my wounds, without having taken part in so glorious an achievement.' I looked in vain for the armour of the poet-warrior.

Such are some of the suits of armor arranged in standing attitudes around the hall; and in which one may almost fancy that he sees the cavaliers they once enclosed, still keeping guard over their trophies. In the middle of the room are a variety of weapons, ancient and modern. Among the number is an old machine, mounted like a field-piece, which was used to project iron balls, upon the principles of a cross-bow. On each side of the shrine of Saint Ferdinand, are glass cases, containing a variety of cimeters and fire-arms, the handles of

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which are profusely inlaid with gold and precious stones. These, with some splendid housings, the bits and broad stirrups of which are of gold or silver, came as a present from the Turkish Sultan. It is a singular instance of the changing destinies of nations, that mention should be found in the Arabic historians of the Caliph of Spain, receiving rich presents some eight centuries before, from the christian emperor of Constantinople.

In these are also the swords of the Cid, of Guzman, Gonsalo, and Cortez. They are all straight, long, and two-edged, with plain scabbards of red velvet, and hilts in the shape of a cross. Thus armed, a cavalier carried with him at once the emblem of his faith, and the instrument of his valor; and if mortally wounded on the field of battle, he could, like Bayard, kneel and pray before the emblem of the crucifixion.* Here are likewise some swords of immense length, which would seem to have been forged by Vulcan for the Cyclops. They were made at Rome, and consecrated by the Pope, who sent them to be used in the crusades against the Saracens. In those wars of the Faith, they were borne by bishops in the midst of the array, together with the bones of a saint, or some favored statue of the Virgin. Thus sustained, the Christians were sure to conquer, for they carried with them the pledges of victory. Overhead hung the banners taken in battle. Many have doubtless been removed, with the sword worn by Francis at Pavia; but many still remain. The whole hall is surrounded by large leathern shields, taken from the Turks at Lepanto.

The Cabinet of Armory furnishes a great historical record, in which the Spaniard may come and read of the better days of his country, and, amid these pledges of departed greatness, lose sight of her present degeneracy. Here the Cid still stands forth, the unequalled cavalier; Ferdinand frowns upon Boabdil; Cortes strikes terror into the trembling Montezuma, whose feathery armour still flutters to the breeze, whilst Don Juan of Austria may see around him the three tails, and the bloody turban of the Pasha Ali, whom he slew, with five and twenty thousand of his followers, in the bloody battle of Lepanto.

There are a vast number of charitable institutions in Madrid, and it would be an endless task to enumerate the different hospitals, three of which alone receive annually twenty thousand patients or paupers. Among them are houses of refuge for old men, poor gentlemen, sick priests, and worn out players. Also one or two houses for pregnant women, in the principal of which such decent persons as have come into this situation by accident, are shut up with great secrecy, and may be supposed absent in the country. There are also several hospitals for foundlings; one of which, the Inclusa, receives annually a thousand infants. It has an open porch, with a shrine that is illuminated in the

* There is at Grenoble, the native place of Bayard, a bronze statue of very noble execution, in which the dying hero is seen reclining against a tree, in this attitude of devotion.

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night by a single lantern. Here the infants are placed in front of the altar, and are taken in at stated periods during the night. From that moment they are consigned in flocks to the care of mercenary hands, and sink into the condition of orphans; whilst the mothers, whom crime or poverty had stimulated to sever the strongest of all ties, may be seen skulking away to check the yearnings of their hearts, to repent, and to sin again. There are likewise two houses of refuge for women who have been public sinners. The first, called Recogidas, is under the invocation of Mary Magdalene. No woman is admitted to the benefits of this institution, for its inmates are well lodged and fare sumptuously, unless she can prove that she has been no better than the Lady Patroness. Nor can they leave the walls of the building, except to become nuns or be given in marriage. Under the same roof is a room of seclusion, where women are kept in confinement at the desire of their husbands.

Such are some of the institutions, called charitable, to be found in Madrid. They are supported on the rents of houses that have been entailed upon them by their founders, or by assignments on the income of the theatres, lotteries, and bull-fights. Many similar establishments have degenerated from their primitive destiny into hermitages and oratories, where a few monks say mass and fatten from year's end to year's end, under the pious title of *Arrepentidos*, *Afligidos*, or *Agonizantes*. Those which still exist are for the most part appendages of vice and misery, which they, doubtless, tend more to promote than to check or alleviate. The same may not be said of the *Monte-de-Piedad*. This is an establishment, the object of which is to alleviate the necessities of the poor, by lending them money upon pledges. These pledges are preserved a year, and then, if they remain unreclaimed, are publicly sold. The loan being liquidated, the balance is returned to the borrower, who, though he may have saved but little from the wreck, has at least escaped the greedy clutches of the pawnbroker.

Nor are the learned institutions of Madrid less numerous than those of which the object is benevolence. The first of these in rank and name is the *Real Academia Espaniola*, whose object is to refine and perfect the national language. The academy has not failed to promote the object of its institution by the publication of a grammar, in which everything is defined by invariable rules, conformable in an unusual degree to reason and the soundest logic. It has also produced a dictionary, which is considered the most perfect of any known. The Spaniards doubtless owe no little of that rare and admirable symmetry for which their language is conspicuous, to the labors of this learned society.

The *Real Academia de Historia* has for its object to inquire into the past, and record the present history of Spain. The Society of *Amigos del Pays* was instituted to investigate all subjects relating to agriculture, manufactures, and commerce; to suggest the means of raising them from their fallen condition, and to stimulate and direct the dormant energies of the nation. Similar societies are found in all the cities of Spain. There are likewise royal academies of surgery, veterinary surgery, botany; of roads and bridges, of cosmography, and

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even of stenography. In each of the thirtytwo *barrios* into which Madrid is divided, is a school for boys, and another for girls. The children whose parents are unable to pay the small charge for tuition, are taught gratuitously, and the teachers are recompensed by the Junta of Charity.

Madrid had formerly an academy for the instruction of deaf-mutes, and claims the high honor of having originated this noble art. It was invented, towards the commencement of the seventeenth century, by Don Juan Pablo Bouet, and was put in practice, under his direction, by Father Bernardino Ponce. Bouet, being secretary to the Constable of Castile, was led to turn his attention to the subject, by the grief which he felt at seeing the brother of his patron deprived of the use of speech. This wonderful art is a triumphant proof of what man is capable, when guided by the noble desire of alleviating the misery of the unfortunate. It is one of the proudest efforts of the human mind.

There is one institution which is more remarkable than those which have just been enumerated. It is called the *Hidrografica*, and its object is to collect all such information as relates to naval affairs. For this purpose the principal of the establishment is in constant correspondence with the officers of government in Spain and the colonies, and with men of science in every country, in order to receive the earliest information of newly discovered land or dangers in the ocean, or of corrections in the positions of such as are already known. These are forthwith inserted and made public in the charts which are, from time to time, published by the *Hidrografica*. Connected with the establishment is an engraving press; a shop where all the books and charts published by it are sold at cost; and a well selected library, in which one may find all books, in whatever language, of mathematics, astronomy, navigation, voyages, and travels, in short, everything which in any way relates to the nautical art. Of two draftsmen employed in the *Hidrografica*, I found one occupied in correcting a map of Cuba, the other in making a new chart of the coast of the United States. It was odd enough to see a Spaniard, in the heart of the Peninsula, laying down the soundings of Chesapeake bay, which is scarcely visited once a year by the flag of his country. The execution of such charts as were finished, was as good—nay, better, than that of any that are published in France or England. Don Martin Navarrete is at the head of this establishment; and in this character he has lately published a collection of Spanish voyages and discoveries, which contains the journal of Columbus. He is an old sea-officer, who has a high character for science, and the admirable order visible in the *Hidrografica* speaks greatly in his favor.

Though such an institution as this may be looked on as an useless encumbrance to a nation, which, like Spain, is absolutely without a marine, its utility to one which covers every sea with its ships, will be readily admitted; one which, like the United States, claims the rank of second naval power. With us, a man of science invested with the authority of a government office, could call upon our consuls in foreign countries and upon our naval commanders who visit every sea, for such

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information as they might be able to procure of a novel or interesting nature; such, for instance, as collecting correct charts of the coasts and harbors which they visit; pointing out any errors which they may discover in those which had hitherto been received as perfect; determining doubtful or disputed longitudes, and in furnishing such observations, as may aid in forming a general system of winds and currents. There are few of the oldest countries, whose coasts have been known and frequented from time immemorial, which are delineated with perfect accuracy, but the coasts on both sides of America, and even of the United States, are in a measure imperfectly known. Now these are precisely the coasts, an acquaintance with which most closely concerns us; for whatever voyage an American ship may make, she must, before it be completed, come twice in contact with the shores of our country. It may be urged in reply to this suggestion, that the value which navigators set upon accurate information of this nature will always offer a sufficient bounty to the publishers of charts to make them seek the earliest and best advice, and strive to excel each other in furnishing correct publications. But let it be remembered that the object of these publishers is not so much to be at great trouble or expense in order to render their charts correct, as to induce navigators to believe that they really are so. Beside, individuals could not possess that extensive means of procuring information which a public officer would, and which is now entirely lost to the world. If the troublesome plea of economy be urged against such an establishment, I answer, that it might easily be made to pay its own expense. And though it should not, the saving of a single vessel in a year, would balance many times the deficiency. The people of the United States, collectively, are as much poorer for the loss of a single vessel, as though an equivalent in money were taken from the public treasury and cast into the sea. I say nothing of the loss of valuable lives to the community; of drowning sailors, of widowed women, and of children that look in vain towards the sea for the return of their fathers.

There are in Madrid four public libraries, which are constantly open from nine until two o'clock, with the exception of feast days. Of these the *Biblioteca Real* is the principal. It has been lately established in a building erected for the purpose, which is finely situated on the square beside the palace. The reading tables are placed in three noble rooms, corresponding to as many sides of the edifice, which is built round a court, and has a fine stairway in the centre. These rooms are carpeted with straw mats, and in the middle are files of tables with pens and ink, and comfortable chairs beside them. Against the walls are the book shelves, numbered and tastefully ornamented. Here are arranged two hundred thousand volumes, which comprehend everything that is valuable in literature; a precious banquet, furnished by the learned of every country and of every age. In each corner of these rooms are persons reading at their desks, who rise instantly to hand

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down such books as are asked for; and in a smaller room apart is the index where two others give the number and shelf on which the desired book is to be found. They are not servants dressed in livery, as in the French library, but well bred men, apparently literary persons, who find here a maintenance and leisure to follow their pursuits. Beside these attendants, ten in number, there were, a porter who lived in a small room upon the lower court, and whose business it was to kindle and place the *braseros* of burning embers in the different rooms; a gardener, who cultivated a small spot adjoining the edifice, and over all, an aged chief, who was decorated with three or four ribbons and crosses, and who came and went every day very quietly in a low-hung carriage, drawn by two fat mules and driven by an ancient postillion. Thus there were no less than thirteen persons attached to the Royal Library, without counting a picquet of the Spanish Guards, who kept sentry at the door, to see that every one doffed his hat and unrolled his cloak, before entering this sanctuary of learning. This fact may serve to give an idea of the manner in which every branch of the public service in Spain is burthened with officers.

Beside the printed volumes, the Royal Library contains a good number of Arabian, and an immense quantity of Spanish manuscripts, that have never seen the light. This fact is not owing to their want of merit, but to the barrier, which has for centuries been maintained here, against every species of publicity. I have even heard it said, that in Spain, the manuscript was well nigh as valuable as the printed literature. The *monetario*—cabinet of medals—is arranged in one of the most beautiful rooms I have anywhere seen; and indeed it well deserves the care that is taken of it, for it contains perfect and extensive series of Greek, Roman, Gothic, Arabic, and modern coins and medals. It is considered the third in the world, and is estimated at two hundred thousand dollars.

No establishment of the kind could possibly be on a finer footing for convenience, comfort, and elegance, than the *Biblioteca Real.* Its rooms have a pleasant exposure, are well furnished, and appropriately ornamented; they are kept warm in winter and silent at all times. Indeed the most fastidious reader, as he sinks into one of their ample chairs, glances round upon the well filled shelves, and thence upon the busy people about him, each intent upon his book, and at length lets his eye fall upon the volume of his choice, spread out before him, could not possibly find anything to desire. This prosperity is doubtless owing to the library's drawing its support from sources which are independent of the necessities of the state. It is one of many institutions which awaken the admiration of the stranger in Spain, as being at variance with the pervading decay.

Such are some of the claims which Madrid possesses to be called a great city. So great, indeed, is the enthusiastic opinion which the inhabitants entertain of it, that they will even tell you, with the bombast in which they are apt to indulge, that Madrid is the only capital, and that where Madrid is, let the world be silent—'*Solo Madrid es Corte,*' say they, and '*Donde esta Madrid Calle el Mundo!*'

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CHAPTER VII.

NEW CASTILE.

Social Pleasures in Madrid.—Drama.—Tragedy.—Sainete.—Theatres.—Actors.—Bolero.—Bull Fight.—Ancient Fight.—Modern Fight.—Corrida de Novillos.

The late period of the Constitution was, in Madrid, a season of jubilee. The public mind, so long shackled by despotism, and thought, so long compressed by inquisitorial dread, were now abandoned to free exercise and unrestrained expression. The people, intoxicated by indistinct notions of liberty, evinced their joy by crowding to the places of public amusement, and by festive entertainments, given in the open promenade of the *Prado*. This, however, had its end, like the season of stupor by which it had been preceded. The French were admitted to an easy conquest of Spain, and Ferdinand, having exchanged one set of masters for another, returned once more to his capital. Fury and fanaticism came with him. Robberies, murders, and public executions took the place of rejoicings, and the Spaniards who still continued to think and feel, sought to conceal it under a cloak of apathy. The effect of such a change on public manners is perfectly obvious. Friends no longer cared to meet friends, where every topic of discourse might lead insensibly to something that was proscribed, and when no man was willing to trust his security to the keeping of another. Each person sought his amusements within the well bolted door of his own apartment, and festivity no longer gained by participation. As the storm passed over, and the panic abated, the intercourse of society was partially resumed; but, in general, it still confines itself to meeting at the theatres, public walks, or in the evening *tertulias*, when the ladies remain at home and receive the visits of their male acquaintance, who circulate until a late hour from house to house. In the most distinguished class, consisting of the higher noblesse and the diplomatic corps, the French usages are so entirely adopted, that when they occasionally come together, even the national language is partially superseded. With the French customs, however, the French fondness for society has not been adopted, or else it is restrained and counteracted by political dissension.

Notwithstanding the stagnation of public festivity, brought about by the counter-revolution, those who cater for the Spanish nation in all

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matters, whether of politics, information, or amusement, still continue to provide certain diversions, to give employment to the public mind. Of these, the most prominent is the drama.

The Spanish theatre is said to possess the richest fund of dramatic literature which exists, and to have contributed abundantly to the other stages of Europe. It counts upwards of twenty thousand standard comedies, of which Lope de Vega alone furnished near two thousand. Lope de Vega is by far the most prolific dramatist that ever lived, and a line of his own has been quoted to show, that the same day has frequently witnessed the writing and performance of his comedies. They are not, however, so much esteemed as those of Calderon-de-la-Barca, who wrote less and better. Calderon is remarkable for a fruitful invention in developing a plot and in bringing about unexpected coincidences, for nobleness of sentiment, too, and harmony of diction; but his compositions are wanting in attention to general effect, abound in play upon words and equivoque, mix together pathos and buffoonery, and sometimes set all moral at defiance. They are chiefly copies of Spanish manners, as they existed in the heroic days of the nation, abounding in those high handed actions of courage and patriotism, of disinterested generosity, and of revenge, the consequence of that easily offended honor which distinguished the old cavaliers. They likewise show the intrigues which passionate love suggested in a country, where the obstacles to female intercourse, the bolts and bars, bequeathed by the Moors, which compassed the Spanish women about, in a seraglio, served to inflame desire and awaken ingenuity. Scarcely one of them but has a lover, meaning no harm, yet caught by accident in the apartment of his mistress, and forced to resort to concealment. The brother of the lady enters and discovers the supposed delinquent; a duel ensues, and, without time for explanation, he is left dead on the pavement. The lady is casually saved from a similar fate by the interposition of a third person, and presently after her innocence is manifest. Sometimes there are three or four duels, and as many dead men crying out, '*Muerto soy!*' in the very first *jornada*. This furnishes abundant perplexities for the heroes and heroines, of whom there are usually two or three sets, and ties matters up into such a knot of trouble, that to cut off the whole *dramatis personas* would seem the only means of extrication. But is one man left dead at the door and another killed in the house, and does the justice, which in Spain is looked on as the most terrible of all visitations, set upon the afflicted parties?—the ready wit of a lady saves all; the *alguazil* is told that the man in the house killed the one at the door, and this difficulty is removed to make room for a succession of others, which appear and vanish before the ingenuity of the author.

How little the moral is sometimes regarded by Calderon, may be seen in the tragedy entitled, *A Secreto Agravio, Secreta Venganza*, which I saw represented at Madrid. It begins with the story of one Don Juan, who, having killed a rival for giving him the lie at Goa, escapes in a ship to Lisbon. At Lisbon he is publicly pointed at as an insulted man, and at once puts to death this new assailant of his

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honor. These two preliminary deaths are introduced for no other purpose than to prove that an affront is often remembered when its reparation is forgotten. On his arrival at Lisbon, Don Juan finds his old friend, Don Lope de Almeyda, newly married to Donia Leonor, a lady of Toledo. This Donia Leonor had been affianced to Don Luis de Benavidas, who, being at the wars in Flanders, is, through some mistake, reported to have been slain in battle. Donia Leonor, believing her lover dead, becomes indifferent to life, and is easily prevailed upon by her father to give herself away to Don Lope de Almeyda. Scarcely, however, had she contracted this unhappy tie, when her former lover—the only lover of her choice—returns from Flanders, and appears before her in Lisbon. The first surprise over, she reproaches his delay as the cause of her misfortunes; then yielding to the necessities of her situation and to the new obligations which bound her, she grants him an interview, that they might make their peace and bid adieu forever. For this purpose, Don Luis is admitted into the house of Leonor. As bad luck, or the will of the poet, would have it, he is there discovered by Don Lope in concealment. The latter, however, dreads the stain which his honor would suffer from public scandal, if a fatal affray should take place in his own house. He, therefore, affects to believe the evasive explanations of Don Luis, and conducts him secretly to a door, whence he makes his escape; consoling himself with the reflection, that a man who seeks revenge must await the occasion, and, until it be found, suffer, dissemble, and be silent. At length chance throws the husband and the lover together into the same boat, embarked upon the Tagus. There, Don Lope grapples the supposed destroyer of his honor, and throws him into the stream. Thus much of his revenge accomplished, Don Lope returns to land, as if shipwrecked; and, having told Donia Leonor that his companion had perished in the destruction of the boat, he affects to receive her grief at the death of her lover as if excited by his own danger. In the dead of that very night, he fires his country-house upon the banks of the Tagus, and murders his wife. Fire and water have thus combined to cleanse his honor of its stain, and he consoles himself with the reflection, that his secret is in good keeping, and that they will not proclaim his affront who cannot proclaim his revenge. The story is only related to King Sebastian, who observes, that a secret injury calls for secret revenge, and they all go away to fight for religion in Africa.*

The Spanish *sainetes*, farces, are very different from these long-winded old tragedies of *capa y espada*. The scene, instead of passing in the capital, is always laid in some obscure *aldea;* and the personages, instead of being princes or nobles, are of the lowest class. The stage is alternately trod by a gipsey, a courtezan, an *alcalde* or *alguazil*,

* Those who would know more of this subject, will do well to read a full and satisfactory article in the eighth number of the American Quarterly, entitled, 'Early Spanish Drama.'

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a robber, a *contrabandista*, or a sexton. The plot of the *sainete* is always perfectly simple, and turns more frequently upon the passing interests of a moment, than upon matters which concern the future happiness of the parties. The inside of a dwelling or *posada*, or the public square of a village, are laid open to the audience. A few of the worthies of the place come together and talk for half an hour, uttering equivoques, and sometimes saying things that are not at all equivocal. They at last begin to quarrel, and get by the ears; the chairs and tables are overturned in the confusion, and the parties fall to beating each other off the stage with pasteboard clubs, which make a loud report, and gratify the audience, without breaking the bones of the comedians.

There is no people who have in their manners so much that is grotesques and amusing as the people of Spain. For this reason, the *sainete*, which, like Gil Blas, is a copy and not an invention, is always full of amusement. The play upon words, and the lively sallies of the *gracioso*, so offensive in serious pieces, are here no longer amiss. One has to laugh, not only at the wit of the *sainete*, but often at its very absurdity. The name of the piece, too, and the list of personages, are often sufficient of themselves to promote merriment. At one time it is *Saint Antonio's Pig*, in which the characters are a peasant, his wife, an *alcalde*, a *castrador*, and a sexton, who makes love successfully and talks Latin. At another it is the *Cause of a Jack-ass*, plead by his driver and an innkeeper, before some worthy *alcalde*, who administers justice much after the manner of Sancho in his island of Baritaria. The interlude of Olalla is a good specimen of the Spanish *sainete*.

Olalla is a country lass, sadly perplexed by the solicitations of several equally detested suitors. One of them is a sexton, another a soldier, and a third no less a person than the village doctor. In order to rid herself of their entreaties, she determines to set them all by the ears together. When, therefore, the sexton comes to see her, she promises to grant his most unreasonable request, if he will dress himself as a dead man and lay himself out in the church at midnight. From the soldier she next obtains a promise that he will go at the same hour and keep watch over the corpse; and the doctor is persuaded to assume the attributes of the devil, and go to turn the dead man out of his coffin. Last of all she gives notice to the *alguazils*—constables—of the expected disorder. At the appointed hour, Rinconete, the sexton, goes to the church, rolled from head to foot in a white sheet, with a light in his hand and with his face covered with flour. Having stretched himself out in the place where the funeral mass is performed, he puts the candlestick on his breast, and commences a soliloquy on the wonder-working power of love. Presently the soldier appears and takes his post tremblingly, though with shield and buckler. The sexton is greatly alarmed at the soldier, and the soldier much more so in finding himself in private with a dead man, who presently begins to talk with him and tell him that there is no jest about it, but that he is really dead. Upon this the doctor enters, covered over with little bells, having a pair of horns on his head and a great long tail behind.

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He is the least frightened of all, and finds that the guise of the devil lends him courage. The soldier, unused to face such foes, is greatly dismayed, and the dead man believes that the deceived devil has indeed come for his own. Meanwhile the devil advances, catches the corpse by the feet, and pitches it over upon the pavement. The dead man resents the blow; he falls upon the devil, and the soldier, gaining courage as the strife grows warm, begins to lay about him furiously. As a finale, they are all pounced upon in the midst of the affray and carried off by the *justicia*.

In addition to the tragedies, comedies, and farces, they have in Spain short musical pieces, called *tonadillas* and *seguidallas*, which are sung, danced, and recited by two or three performers. The music is entirely national. One may find in these primitive little pieces the earliest stage of the opera. As for the theatres of Madrid, they do not confine themselves to Spanish productions; but more frequently represent tragedies, comedies, and melodramas, in the modern taste, which are chiefly translated from the French. They likewise have Italian operas once or twice a week, which are given alternately in one of the theatres. The opera company is pretty good, and it possesses a great attraction in Letizia Cortessi, who takes the first parts. Though a poor singer, she makes up for this in a fine person and in a high tragic talent, which has few equals. Cortessi is, in fact, one of the very best actresses of the day. Her being degraded into a second rate opera singer is the best proof that there is no genuine drama in Italy.

There are at present in Madrid two public theatres, the *Teatro de la Cruz* and the *Teatro del Principe*. Their decoration is neat, though plain, and their scenery very good. Each is capable of containing about fifteen hundred persons. In arrangement these theatres cannot well be surpassed for comfort and convenience. The half of the pit immediately behind the orchestra, is divided into rows of seats, each with a back and arms. They are likewise numbered, so that a person may, late or early, find his place unoccupied. These seats are called *lunetas*, and are either hired for a month or for the evening. They cost twelve reals, or sixty cents. The remaining half of the pit contains seats of inferior price and convenience; and, still farther in the rear, are people who stand up and see the play, mixed with royalist volunteers, who are present to impose and keep order. The galleries are divided into private boxes, which are either hired for the season or the night. Except one little pigeon-house, next the ceiling, which is known by the sociable name of the *tertulia*, the men, in the public parts of the theatre, are always kept separate from the women. For the accommodation of the latter, there is a large place directly in front of the stage. It is separated from the rest of the theatre, and none can enter there but women in black *mantillas*. In the intervals of performance, the gentlemen rise from their seats in the *lunetas*, and go to wait upon their female acquaintances in the boxes; or else they

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stand up with their backs to the stage and sweep the whole range of the house with their double opera glasses. When they catch the eye of a friend, they beckon with their hands and take their hats off; a salutation which the lady returns with a nod, a smile, a brightening of the eye, and a pleasing beckon of the fan or fingers. The whole range being well examined, and this task of salutation over, all eyes are turned towards the *cazuela*, or stew-pan; it were better named the cage or *jaula*. Cage or stew-pan, it is at all events a most curious place. To look on the pale faces, black *mantillas*, and blacker eyes of the assembled damsels, one might almost believe them a party of nuns, such as may be seen in the chapel of a convent, peeping through a grating upon some solemn ceremony, and casting now and then a furtive, I have sometimes fancied, a wistful glance, upon the assembled multitude. This deception, however, is but momentary; for the inmates of the *cazuela* are, many of them, anything but nuns. It is somewhat unfavorable to the gentler sex, to remark, that whilst everything goes on orderly in the *lunetas*, the *cazuela* is often the scene of scolding and contention. This, however, may proceed from their being more crowded together than the men, and being, furthermore, left entirely to themselves; whilst the men are watched and taken care of by sundry fierce looking *realistas*. Be it as it may, there was sometimes more real amusement in glancing into the *cazuela*, than in gazing at the stage; for, what with confusion of voices, adjusting of hair and *mantillas*, nods, glances, and agitation of fans, it was indeed a singular scene, and might well be compared to the squall and flutter of a rookery.

The two companies of Madrid are of pretty equal force; if there be any difference, it is in favor of the Principe. At the Cruz, the first parts are filled by Garcia Luna; at the Principe, by La Torre, who is the first Spanish tragedian of the day. La Torre is a pupil of the celebrated Maiquez, who must, from all accounts, have been a wonderful actor. Maiquez had formed himself under the eye of Talma, and played for a while with great success in Madrid. But being infected with liberal notions, he found a difficulty in smothering his feelings, and allowed himself on several occasions to direct his indignant declamations towards the king, who used to come frequently to the theatre during the life time of his last queen. For this or some other reason, he fell into disgrace, and was driven from the capital. Being unable to delight other countries with those talents which could only be appreciated in his own, he languished in poverty somewhere in Andalusia, where he at last pined away and died, just before the return of the Constitution. As for La Torre, he is above the middle size, and finely proportioned, but his face is far from handsome. His features are large and of an ugly, exaggerated cast, an effect which is increased by their being deeply pitted with the small pox. La Torre is, on the whole, a good tragedian, equal, perhaps, to the best actor of the French theatre, but very inferior to our countryman Forrest. He

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has to a certain extent shaken himself free from those prescribed modes of declamation, those gestures established by custom for every sentiment, and that forced and inflated style which is general among Spanish players, and which they doubtless borrow from the exaggerated and bombastic character of their national drama. Though following nature rather than the rules of critics, La Torre is still a long way from perfection, and is entirely a stranger to those quiet, those wonderworking touches, which gave such a charm to the acting of Talma.

Nor should I forget to mention Guzman, who likewise plays at the Principe, and who is far better as a *gracioso*, than is La Torre as a tragedian. As for the female performers, they are equally poor in both theatres; a singular fact, which may, perhaps, find a cause in the disreputable character of the dramatic profession in Spain, which excludes educated women from the stage; and in the looseness of morals, which soon leads such as are beautiful to abandon an ungrateful profession. In private life, the Spanish females are remarkable for amiable attention to the courtesies of society, for tact in directing, and sprightliness in sustaining conversation, as for everything that can give a charm to social intercourse. When they step upon the stage, they seem to leave all their fascination behind them. Their manner is by times inflated and unnatural; or else they exhibit symptoms of weariness by looking round and gaping, or of a sense of ridicule by exchanging a glance of recognition and a smile with an acquaintance in the audience. What can be less easily forgiven them, they are no longer young and beautiful, as in the days of Gil Blas and Laura; but have all grown old, fat, and ugly. Can anything be more repulsive than to see a waddling, hackneyed old sinner, pleading the cause of injured innocence and endangered chastity?

But by far the most objectionable appendage of the Spanish stage is its prompter. He is always placed in a tin pulpit, which rises a few feet above the floor, and which is reached from below. The tin, being polished and kept bright, reflects the glare of the lights between which the pulpit is placed, and renders it a most conspicuous object. Hence the prompter reads the whole of the piece, which is afterwards repeated by the players. His book and hand usually project upon the boards, and are seen pointing from one to another of the actors, to indicate whose turn it is. His voice is always audible, and, occasionally, in a pathetic part, his declamation becomes loud and impassioned, and he forgets where he is, until called back by the audience. Since the prompter precedes the actor, you frequently know in anticipation what the latter is to say, and the idea is conveyed by the ears before you see the action which is meant to accompany it. After a while the actor draws himself up in a mysterious way, to repeat to you a secret which is already in your possession. This is even more monstrous than the custom which prevailed in the infancy of the Greek drama, of having one man to speak and another to gesticulate. Hence all deception is destroyed, and the chief pleasure of the drama, that of making one forget that he has actors before him, instead of persecuted orphans, hapless lovers, or great souls bearing up under misfortune, is lost entirely. It is an

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excellence, which, with one or two solitary exceptions, is absolutely unknown to the Spanish comedians. They are all players.

At all events, this is true of them considered as tragedians. In the *sainete*, the case is different. Indeed, no sooner is the tragedy over, and the men, throwing away cloak and sword and kicking off the buskin, appear in the every-day garb of peasants, gypsies, and *contrabandistas;* and the women, laying aside their assumed and ill-worn look of innocence, step forth loosely and boldly as coquettes and courtesans, then the audience is at once lost to everything but the reality of the scene. The jokes and equivoques call down unremitting bursts of laughter, and the finale of breaking each other's heads with clubs of paper, is the signal for shouting and uproar amidst the dispersing audience. That the Spaniards should fail in tragedy and succeed in farce, may clash with all those received notions of lofty bearing and Castilian gravity, which the reader may have formed to himself. Such is, nevertheless, the case; and I would describe things as I found them, and not as I expected to find them.

But I had well nigh forgotten to say something of the *bolero*, which usually comes as an interlude between the play and the farce. Who has not heard of the *fandango?*—a dance which has been bequeathed to Spain by the Arabs, together with the guitar and the castanet; and which, though now banished from refined society in Spain, still prevails in all the cities of South America. The *fandango* is danced by two persons, who stand opposite to each other, and who, without touching so much as a finger, still contrive to interest each other by alluring postures, by advancing, retreating, and pursuit; the female flying before her partner like a scared pullet, and showing at least evident symptoms of languor, hesitation, and approaching defeat. No one can deny that the *fandango* is a most fascinating dance, and there is even a story told of it, which would set the matter beyond a doubt, and which is, perhaps, as true as many other very good stories.

The holy see, it appears, being incited by the solicitude of the Spanish clergy, to attempt the reformation of public morals in Spain, issued a decree forbidding the exhibition of bull-fights, and sent a Roman bull to drive all the Spanish ones out of the arena. This triumph paved the way for another. The *fandango* was presently attacked in form, as having a tendency to excite unchaste desires, and to promote sensuality. But as the reverend consistory of cardinals was too just to pass sentence unheard, even upon the *fandango*, a couple were brought before the grave assemblage to exhibit the character of their dance. The dancers made their appearance in the usual costume, took out their castanets, raised their voices, and commenced the *fandango*. The venerable fathers first received them with the moderate look of sages, determined to bear in patience and decide justly. When the dance began, however, they contracted their brows and looked on frowningly, as if each would conceal his own secret satisfaction. But

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at last nature overcame dissimulation, their hearts warmed, their countenances brightened, and, slinging their long hats and scullcaps at each other, they began to caper over the floor in vain imitation of the *fandango*.

The *fandango* having thus successfully plead its own defence, continued to appear nightly upon the Spanish stage, and the progress of refinement in the public taste has gradually stripped it of all indecorum. The *bolero* is neither more nor less than a new edition of the *fandango*, which contains all the beauties of the original, curtailed of everything which might offend the most scrupulous delicacy. There are several varieties of the *bolero*, known by distinct names, and which may be danced by two, four, six, and even eight persons. To my taste, however, the most beautiful version of all, is the *cachucha*. It consists of a natural succession of movements at once easy and graceful, and has been well defined 'a just and harmonious convulsion of the whole body.' You are not astonished, as at the French opera, by the execution of feats of force and agility, which you would deem impossible did you not see them, nor by a combination of intricate movements in which the art consists in reducing confusion to order; but you are led along, delighted by a series of motions and attitudes, which succeed each other so naturally that the dancers seem to be on the floor rather for their own amusement than for the purpose of exhibition. In France the standard of excellence consists in who shall jump the highest, and turn round longest on one foot, the other being raised to a level with the chin. There the legs do everything; but the Andalusian *bolera* dances, not only with her feet, but likewise with her arms—she dances with her speaking eyes, and, indeed, in every muscle.

I have seen the *cachucha* danced in many Spanish cities, but never so well as one night in the theatre of Malaga. On that occasion, the couple could scarce have been surpassed, either for good looks or good dancing. Of the young man it is but small praise to say, that he was of fine size and perfect proportions;—for how could it be otherwise, when he had been selected from a whole nation of well made men, to do the honors of his country? All this nature had given him; nor had art failed to lend its assistance. He was dressed in the genuine gala of Andalusia; a gay rig, still worn in that country, and which is known all over Spain under the well received name of *majo*, or dandy. His long hair was combed backward and platted into a flat queue, interwoven with ribbons, whilst his luxuriant whiskers were trimmed into the true Andalusian curve. Over a shirt, richly worked at the breast, sleeves, and collar, he wore a green velvet jacket, too narrow to meet in front, and trimmed at the lappels and cuffs with abundance of dangling buttons of gilded basket-work. Under this jacket, and indeed forming part of it, was a waistcoat of the same material richly embroidered with gold, and which served to tighten the outer jacket to the body. The collar of his shirt was confined by a narrow scarf of yellow silk, which descended along the bosom, and his loins were girded with many turns of a sash of the same material. He wore white stockings and black shoes, with small-clothes, likewise of green velvet.

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These were studded along the leg with buttons, like those of the jacket, and which, with the floating of his hair as he moved, and of an embroidered handkerchief from each pocket, gave the *majo* a most airy appearance.

But how shall I give the reader an adequate idea of the charms of the *bolera*? for though here, too, art had been busy, nature had done more, and had even surpassed herself. Though taller than women usually are, she was still of perfect conformation, with just enough of fulness to remove the imputation of being lean, and to indicate the perfection of agility and grace. Her appearance offered one of the best comments upon the character of the *bolero;* for her form had not suffered by the nature of the exercise, and was neither cramped nor perverted by painful exertion. Her head wore no other ornament than its own luxuriant covering of jet black hair, parted in the middle and relieved by a single red rose. As for her complexion, it was of a ripe and ruddy brown, with features, dignified enough, but rather laughing and complacent; white teeth, well arched eyebrows and flashing eyes, such as are only to be met with in the mellow region of Andalusia. There was, in fact, about this lovely girl, the air of one who had inherited, even more than a woman's share of soul and feeling.

The dress of the *maja* was of green silk, trimmed with gold, and the lower half was entirely surrounded by a loose tassel work of this glittering texture. When she stood still it hung in rich and heavy folds around her; but, when turning rapidly in the windings of the dance, it would expand into a golden halo. Though her dress rose high in the neck, it left the arms at liberty, and their healthy coloring was relieved by black ribbons tied above the wrist and elbow, whilst a string of the same, confined a castanet to either thumb. Over stockings of white silk, she wore a light slipper, partially covering a foot, so round that it did but touch the ground, as if unwillingly, at the heel and toe, and seemed to spurn it.

The music has given a preparatory flourish, and the fine looking young man and this bewitching girl have darted from behind the scenes, rattling their castanets as they come. They are evidently well pleased with themselves, and their eyes beam with real good humor towards each other and the happy audience. As for the *bolera*, she welcomes us with a laughing eye, a retreating step, a backward motion of the arms, and a single stroke of her castanet. They are, in fact, only waiting for the murmur of applause to pass away, that they may begin the entertainment. I would willingly make the reader follow them in this trial of grace; but to give an idea of any dance, where so much depends on the motion, the attitude, or the look of the moment, is an ungrateful task. I will, therefore, merely tell him, that here, as in most dances, there was implied a simple story of rural courtship and coquetry, upon which to found a pantomime. The dancers alternately advanced, drew back, pursued, retreated, passed and repassed each other, keeping time all the while with their arms and castanets, nay, with the whole body, to a peculiar music, which was sometimes gay, sprightly, and animating, sometimes wild, plaintive, and reproachful, expressing,

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now contentment and happiness, now the poignant sorrow of unrequited love. Sometimes there would occur an abrupt break in the music, and they would remain, an instant, in the attitude in which it found them. At others, the *bolera* alone would pause, look with a satisfied air upon the performance of her partner, and, not content with striking the castanets in her extended hands, would mark the time for him by a skilful motion of her heel. At this critical moment the curtain interposed its dingy folds between my eyes and the object at which they were directed. The interruption was most unwelcome. I thought I could have gazed upon it forever. Nor was the impression merely momentary; for never since then have I heard the sound of the castanet, without a quickened motion of my blood, and a full reminiscence of that lovely Maliguenia.

There is at present in Madrid no theatre exclusively devoted to the court, nor does the king ever attend either of the public ones. It is difficult to say whether he is kept away by an unwillingness to appear among the more enlightened portion of his subjects, who would not, perhaps, receive him with enthusiasm, or by the religious scruples of his wife, the Saxon princess, who is a complete devotee, anxious to expiate the former heresy of herself and family, by every species of self-denial and mortification.

The Bull-Fight is, however, the great national amusement of Spain; an amusement which, though it may be stigmatized as cruel and brutalizing, is, nevertheless, without equal for deep and anxious interest. As for the drama, it owes everything to deception, and it is only when most cheated, that we are most amused. I have seen Talma stand alone upon the stage and describe the execution of Mary Stuart, as it advances in the hall adjoining. He shows you each motion of the victim. She ascends the scaffold under the pious revilings of the English dean, prepares her neck to meet the instrument of the executioner, takes an affectionate leave of her followers. Presently the hollow sounding stroke of the axe calls forth a piercing shriek and deprives him of sensibility; the audience is convulsed with horror. I have seen this same wonderful man, and Mademoiselle Mars, in Kotzebue's drama of *Misanthropy and Repentance*. The heart broken husband and the unhappy wife have come together to take a last farewell. Forgiveness has been asked and granted, and the hard—the fatal word is already uttered. They turn to depart, and are met by their children. They pause—embrace these dear pledges of a still lingering love; turn again to look—then fall upon the necks of each other. I saw this, and wept until I was ashamed of myself. But this dramatic interest, though more grateful to our best sensibilities, more worthy of a feeling heart, is far less powerful than that which is excited by the real dangers of the arena.

It has furnished matter of much learned discussion, whether the Spaniards derive their bull-fight from the Romans or the Moors. It

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is, however, pretty well established that the *Taurilia* of the Romans were similar to those of modern times.* It is equally certain that the bull-fight held an important rank in the chivalrous sports of the Arabian Spaniards. Having adopted this custom of the conquered country, they carried it to great perfection; for with them it furnished a means of finding favor with the fair, who attended the spectacle, and was, besides, a miniature of those scenes of strife and warfare in which they were constantly engaged. They, doubtless, introduced the mode of fighting the bull on horseback and with the lance; for they were a nation of cavaliers, who did everything in the saddle, and had even conquered Spain at a gallop. Thus improved, the bull-fight, with many other usages, was transmitted by the Moors to their christian conquerors, who also inherited many beautiful ballads on the subject.† These are still preserved in the Castilian, and form part of the spoil which the exiles left behind them when they crossed the water.

Even in the last century, the *Fiestas Reales* were still given in Spain on all great occasions, such as the birth, marriage, or coronation of a prince. In Madrid, these feasts always took place in the Plaza Mayor, an extensive quadrangle, four hundred and fifty by three hundred and fifty feet, which stands in the centre of the city. The Plaza Mayor is surrounded by uniform ranges of houses, five and six stories high, with wide balconies and an arcade below, which runs round the whole interior. At each of the corners, and midway between them, are arched portals, which communicate with the streets without, whilst within, the arcade furnishes a covered walk round the area, which serves as a market place. The buildings around the Plaza Mayor consist of the royal bakery and of one hundred and thirtysix dwellinghouses, which contain a population of three thousand persons. When the royal feasts took place, the front apartments of these houses were let out by their occupants, and were thronged with people to the very roofs. Below, wooden benches were erected for the population, and the royal halberdiers, with their steel-headed battle-axes, formed a barrier to protect them from the fury of the bull. The royal family drove into the Plaza in splendid coaches of state, and being attended by the first cavaliers and most distinguished beauties of the court, took their station in the gilded balconies of the Panaderia; whilst all the surrounding houses were hung with curtains of variegated silk, intermingled with fans and handkerchiefs, set in motion by the hand of beauty.

When all was ready, the cavaliers selected for the combat, made their appearance in gala coaches, attended by their sponsors, who were usually the first grandees of Spain; for, in the days of chivalry, to meet the bull was the peculiar privilege of gentle blood. They were followed by companies of horsemen, dressed in the Moorish garb, who led the horses of their masters. These, having mounted and received

* Clarke, Letters concerning the Spanish Nation.
† Poesias Escogidas-Romancero.

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their lances, went beneath the royal balcony to salute the king, and each took care, doubtless, to catch the approving or cautionary glance of his mistress. The arena being cleared by the *alguazils*, the king waved his handkerchief, warlike music repeated the signal, and a bull was let in. The cavaliers approached him, one by one, with lances in rest, and their ardor was shared by their proud-spirited horses. Sometimes the bull would receive the spear deep into his neck, at others he would shiver it to pieces, and overturn everything in his course.

There were on these occasions several modes of combat. Dogs were occasionally introduced to meet the bull, and though often tossed and mangled, it was more frequent for them to succeed in seizing his nose and holding him motionless to the ground. Another manner was much more harmless. The skins of different animals, blown into whimsical figures, were placed in the arena; and it was often found that the dread of the bull for an armed antagonist was less than what was inspired by these immoveable objects, which awaited his attack without apprehension or display. There was, however, one mode more cruel and dangerous than all. A man dressed in fantastic colors, to attract attention, placed himself in front of the portal by which the bull was to enter. He held in both hands an iron spear, one end of which was fixed in the ground, whilst the point inclined upwards in the direction of the portal. The combatant crouched closely behind this spear, which served him the double purpose of weapon and defence. Thus prepared, he awaited the career of the bull, who, on the opening of the portal, made at once towards the only object which stood in the way of his fury. If the career of the bull were direct, the spear entered deep into his forehead, and he remained nailed to the earth. If, on the contrary, the hold of the combatant became unsteady through fear, or the bull glanced to either side, he would pass the point of the weapon with a grazed face or the loss of an eye, and dart with fury upon his unprotected victim, toss him high into the air, and moisten the arena with his blood.

The bull-fight has been several times abolished in Spain; once in 1567 by an edict of Pope Pius V., which was revoked in 1576 by Clement VIII. In the present century it was again abolished by Godoy; but is now reestablished, and will doubtless long continue to form the favorite amusement of the Spanish people. It is true that they are no longer the splendid spectacles which they once were. We look in vain for gilded balconies, thronged with the wealthy and the beautiful, and for that soul-inspiring enthusiasm which has died with the days of chivalry. But though princes and nobles no longer descend into the arena, their places are filled with equal courage, and, perhaps, greater skill, by butchers from Andalusia, who become *toreros* by profession. The *toreros* of modern times no longer contend from a thirst after honorable distinction or a desire to win the approving smile of beauty; but only for money, to be spent in brothels and *tabernas*,

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where such as escape the dangers of the arena, usually end their lives by the knives of each other.

At Madrid the bull-fight now takes place in an edifice, called the Plaza-de-Toros, which stands upon an eminence without the gate of Alcala. The Plaza is of an elliptical form, and not circular, like the Roman amphitheatres. It differs from them, too, in being of frail and paltry construction, and in being partially covered with a roof, whilst the amphitheatre consisted usually of huge masses of uncemented granite, with no other shelter than a canvass awning, which protected the audience, but left the arena uncovered. The extreme diameter of the Plaza is three hundred and thirty feet; the diameter of the arena is two hundred and twenty. It is capable of containing eleven thousand spectators. The exterior wall is of brick, but the barriers, benches, and pillars, which sustain the two covered galleries and the roof, are all of wood. The upper gallery is divided into commodious boxes, of which the one which looks to the north, and which is never shone on by the sun, is decorated with the royal arms, and set apart for the king. Beneath the first gallery is another similar to it, except that it is not divided into boxes, but is left open the whole way round. Beneath this last gallery there is a succession of uncovered benches, sloping down towards the lobby which encloses the arena. These benches make the complete circuit of the edifice, and give a good miniature of the Roman amphitheatre.

The portion of the Plaza alloted to the bulls, horses, and *toreros*, is of very simple construction. The arena is enclosed by a barrier six feet high, without which there is a circular lobby, into which the combatants escape when too warmly pursued. This lobby is pierced by four sets of folding doors communicating with the arena, and which, when thrown open, form as many passages leading to the different apartments beneath the amphitheatre. One of these is the *toril*. Into this the bull is either driven by force, or else enticed by a likely heifer, introduced before him through a prison, the iron doors of which immediately close upon him, whilst the involuntary coquette passes on, to aid in entrapping others. A second door in front of the *toril*, gives admittance to the *alguazils*, who act as marshals; a third to the horses and *picadores;* whilst through a fourth are dragged away the carcasses of the victims.

In summer the bull-feast usually takes place in the morning of a week day, which is spent by the laboring classes in idleness and debauchery. In winter it is given on Sunday afternoon. The winter feasts are called *Corridas de Novillos*, because young bulls only are then brought forward. The style of the handbill issued on these occasions is singularly indicative of that propensity to be pompous and bombastic, which the Spaniards ridicule in the Portuguese, and for which they are themselves equally remarkable. It begins thus; 'The king our master, whom may God preserve, has been pleased to name this day for the fifth course of *novillos*, granted by his majesty for the benefit of his royal hospitals and the gratification of his vassals. His excellency, the corregidor of this very heroic city, will preside over

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the Plaza. The function to commence with two valiant *novillos*, which will be attacked by the intrepid amateurs, Bernardo Bermudez and Ramon de Rosa.'

This modest invitation was always sufficient to bring together several thousand motley Madrilenios and Madrilenias. Few or none of the Spanish gentry were present on these occasions, and the boxes of the upper row were almost entirely deserted. I do not know, however, whether they continue to avoid the Plaza in summer, when the number of *muertos*—bulls which are to die in the arena—instead of two, is increased to six, and when a hotter sun maddens the victims into deadlier fury. The second row was usually better filled, with company, however, by no means select. The well dressed persons were chiefly strangers belonging to the different legations, intermingled with officers, royalist volunteers, shopkeepers, and women, congregated together, or else singly with small children by the hand, and not a few suckling their infants. Here and there, too, one might see a dirty priest, who, having chanted himself hoarse in the morning, comes with his snuff or *cigarillo* to pass more congenially the evening of the Sabbath. But the uncovered benches of the *patio* were ever filled to overflowing. They were the favorite resort of the populace, and no vagabond ever remained away who could muster the *dos reales* demanded for admission, whether by stealing or starvation. Here the *canalla* are in all their glory. Whilst the contest lasts, they encourage or reprove the combatants, applaud or bellow at the bull, then shout, swear, and whistle during the period of the interlude. It is they, in fact, who give a tone and character to the whole entertainment.

The hour appointed for the commencement of the feast having at length arrived, the *corregidor* takes his seat in the royal box, supported by his officers. A priest also remains in waiting with *su magestad*—the host—ready to administer the sacrament to the dying *toreros*. The trumpets now sound, the gate under the royal box is thrown open, and two *alguazils* enter the lists, mounted on proud Andalusian studs, whose heads are half hidden under manes parted in the middle, with eyes glaring fiercely through their forelocks, and tails which sweep the arena. These noble beasts are seen to still greater advantage by being richly housed, with powerful bits, piqued saddles and broad stirrups, after the manner of the East. As for the *alguazils* themselves, they have in their hands their black wands of office, and are dressed in cloak, buskin, slashed sleeves, ruffles, and plumed hat—the gracious costume of Hernan Cortez and the Cid. Having rode round the lists, to clear them of those who have been sweeping and sprinkling the ground, and of the *canalla* who have been wrestling and rolling over in the dust, they meet each other in the centre, and then ride to the box of the *corregidor*, before which they make an obeisance to signify that everything is ready for the opening of the feast. Upon this the *corregidor* waves his handkerchief, and the music stationed at the opposite side of the amphitheatre, sounds a march. The folding gates are thrown open at the left, and the *chulos* enter, escorting the two *picadores*.

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The *chulos*, or cheats, are dressed as *majos*, some in black, some in green, and some in crimson. They are all beautifully made men, and are seen to peculiar advantage in their tight suit, ornamented with bunches of ribbon at the knees and shoe-ties, and in the hair. Beside a worked cambric handkerchief floating from either pocket, each *chulo* wears a silk cloak of green, red, or yellow. This serves to irritate the bull and to divert his attention.

The *picadores* wear Moorish jackets embroidered with gold, large flat hats of white, ornamented with roses or gay ribbons, and which are confined by a string passing round the chin, and buckskin trowsers lined with plates of armour to protect the leg. Their lance is long and heavy, with a small three-cornered point of steel at the end. This point is wound round with yarn, so that the more it is pressed by the bull, the deeper it enters. The lance of the *picador* serves to turn the bull off, but does him little injury; indeed it may rather be looked on as a defensive, than as an offensive weapon. Thus, in the contest between the bull and the *picador*, the danger is altogether on the side of the horse and his rider. The *picadores* enter the lists mounted on jaded beasts, which are evidently within a few months of their natural death. They are bought for a few dollars, part of which the proprietor gets back by the sale of the skin. When brought into the lists, they are half-hidden under huge Moorish saddles, which rise before and behind, near a foot from the back, in order to strengthen the seat of the *picador*. If they have a good eye remaining, he blinds it with his pocket handkerchief. The attire of the *picador* is usually soiled by frequent rolling in the dust; indeed, as he poises his lance and kicks his limping beast forward by dint of spurs to pay his devoirs to the *corregidor*, his whole appearance offers a striking contrast to the gallant bearing of the *alguazil*.

The winter feast always commenced with *novillos embolados*, whose horns were covered with balls, and who overturned the *picadores* and their horses without doing them much injury. This contest is sustained, usually, by novices, whose clumsy efforts to turn aside the bull give infinite amusement to the audience, and prepare them to estimate the excellence of the veteran *picadores*, who come after to contend with the *muertos*. Indeed, to appreciate correctly the difficulty of any task, we should not not only see it well, but ill executed. The *novillos* and the novices who contended with them, having left the lists, two old *toreros* ride through the portal, and are greeted with the applause of the multitude, to whom they have been rendered familiar by many a feat of skill and courage, and by many a scene of danger.

To give a general idea of the mode of attacking the bull, it may be sufficient to describe an individual fight, by far the most bloody of many that I saw in Spain. On the occasion to which I allude, the bull, though he bore the name of *novillo*, was a sturdy beast, who

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might have counted a lustrum. Though not large, the conformation of this bull could scarce have been more powerful. He was rather lightly built behind, widening, however, in span towards the shoulders, which served as foundation to a thick neck and short head, armed with a pair of horns, which were not long, but stout and well pointed. His coat was of a rusty brown, darkning into black towards the neck and shoulders, where it became thick and curly, like the mane of a lion.

This bull had taken the place of a companion who had preceded him to slaughter, in the narrow entry which leads from the *toril* to the arena. The *chulos* having taken their stand with the two *picadores* drawn up behind them, the signal was given and the trumpets sounded a martial flourish. The gates were at once thrown open to admit a passage into the lists, and we now first discovered the bull, such as I have described him, endeavouring to force his way through the iron grate which separated him from the *toril*. The poor animal had been tormented by separation from his flock, by confinement, by tortures to which his lacerated ears bore testimony, and by desires which had been pampered, but not gratified. At this moment a prick from a *torero* in the lobby caused him to turn about, when he discovered an open passage into the lists, and rushed at once madly in, hoping, doubtless, that he had at last found an open road to conduct him to the fertile marshes of the Guadiana, where he had so long reigned lord of the herd.

This moment is one of the most interesting of the whole spectacle. The bull is seen coming forward in mad career; his tail writhing furiously, head down, mouth foaming, nostrils wide open, and fiery, and eyes glaring fiercely through the matted curls of his forehead; whilst the red ribbon, nailed with a barbed iron to his neck, flutters wildly back, and serves at once as a torture and device. Having reached the centre of the arena, he discovers that his hope of escape was illusory, he pauses, glares with wonder upon the multitude drawn up in a continuous ring around him, and who greet his arrival with shouts, whistling, and the waving of garments. But though astonished, he is not terrified. Determined to make good his retreat, he endeavours to accommodate his bewildered eye to the broad day of the arena, and to seek out an enemy upon whom to wreak the first efforts of his fury.*

No sooner then did the bull discover the *chulos*, fluttering their gay cloaks, and inviting him to victory by showing a disposition to fly

* Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
The den expands, and expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe;
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and fro
His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.
Childe Harold.

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before him, than he made after the nearest at the top of his speed. The *chulo*, thus warmly pursued, waved his crimson cloak to the right and left, to retard the progress of the beast by rendering it unsteady, and, having with difficulty reached the barrier without being overtaken, he placed his feet upon the step, and grasping the top with a certain hand, leapt at once into the lobby, The escape of the *chulo* was by no means premature; the bull reached the barrier at the same instant, and, as the legs of the fugitive were vaulting over, his horns caught the fluttering silk and nailed it to the boards of the barrier.

Excited by victory, the bull now makes for the *picador*. Here is another situation which would furnish a fine study for the pencil. The *picador* is seen drawn up at a short distance from the barrier, with his lance grasped tightly in his right hand and under the arm, and presenting the right shoulder of his horse to the attack of the bull. Before aiming his blow, the bull usually pauses a moment to eye his antagonist. Then, if he be cowardly, he paws the ground, bellows, and makes a great display of valor, going backwards all the while, as if to gain space for his career; but in reality to place a greater distance between himself and his adversary. Such, however, was neither the character nor conduct of the bull in question; indeed, no sooner had he cleared his horns of the cloak of the *chulo*, than he moved at once towards the first *picador*. The shouts of the multitude now gave place to silent glances of anxiety; for the bull, having aimed his blow, dropped his head to cover it with his horns, and, shutting his eyes, darted upon his enemy. This first effort, however, was unsuccessfully made, or at least it was defeated by the address of the *picador*. The bull was met by the lance just as he rose on his hind legs to make his last bound, and was turned dexterously aside. Without checking his career, he darted at once upon the second *picador*, drawn up behind his comrade. This second attack was more successful. The lance of the *picador* was driven in by force, and the horns of the infuriated animal entered deep into the side of his victim. The wounded horse now turned to escape in the direction opposite to that whence this unseen attack had come; but he was instantly overtaken by the bull, who, goring him in the flank, threw his head upward, and completely overturned both horse and rider. But the fury of the animal was not yet satisfied. He darted upon his fallen adversary, and most unluckily came upon that side where lay the entangled *picador*, trampled him under foot, and drove his horns deep into the saddle. The anxiety of the multitude was now at its height, and horror was plainly painted upon every countenance. The men rose from their benches, and some seemed preparing to rush to the rescue of the *picador*. Some of the women uttered prayers and crossed themselves, whilst such as had infants, clasped them tighter. At this moment the *chulos* came up with their cloaks, and drew the bull to another quarter of the lists. It was for a moment uncertain whether the fallen man were dead or living; but being at length raised from the dust, it appeared that he had sustained no serious injury. The horse, being the more prominent object of the two, had

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attracted the chief attention of the bull; but a deep rent in the jacket of the *picador*, showed how narrow had been his escape.

Whilst this was doing, the first horseman, who had turned the bull, rode round the lists to take his place in readiness in the rear of his comrade. His second effort to turn the bull was less successful than before; probably through the fault of the horse, which being imperfectly blinded saw the approach of his antagonist, and retreated sideways before him. The lance of his rider was forced in, and the bull darting his horns into the side of the horse held him securely to the barrier. The *picador* now abandoning his lance caught the top of the barrier, and being assisted by people from without was drawn over into the lobby. The *chulos* again diverted the attention of the bull. He released the horse, and the wounded beast no longer supported by the murderous horns which had rendered support necessary, staggered sideways towards the centre of the lists. At each step the blood gushed in a torrent from behind his shoulder, until he fell motionless to the earth. The saddle and bridle were at once stripped from the carcase of the horse, and carried away to lead another to the same doom.

Meantime the second *picador* raised his horse from the ground, reached the saddle with the assistance of a *chulo*, and commenced spurring the mangled beast around the arena. I felt more for this poor horse than I had done for his hireling rider, when trampled beneath the feet of the bull. He was an elegantly made animal, once doubtless the pride of the Prado, and fit to have borne a Zegri beneath the balcony of his mistress. He even yet showed a shadow of his former grace, and something of his former ardor; for though his bowels were gushing from his side, and were at each instant torn and entangled by the spur of the *picador*, he still struggled to obey. In this sad condition the poor horse made several times the circuit of the lists, his bowels getting nearer and nearer to the ground, until they actually reached it, were drawn a while over the dirt, and were at length trampled upon and torn asunder by his own hoofs. Even yet he continued to advance, and would perhaps have stood another attack, had not the audience, barbarous as it was, interceded in his favor. He was led staggering away, and as the gates closed upon him, we even lacked the poor satisfaction of knowing that his sufferings were over.

The lists were now cleared, and the bull wandering about unopposed, came at length to the spot which was wet with the blood of his comrade. When he had rooted the ground awhile, he turned his nose high into the air; snuffed the passing breeze, and then, having sought in vain to discover the passage by which he had entered, made a single desperate effort to leap the barrier. He was very nearly successful; his body for an instant balanced in uncertainty on the top, and in the next fell back into the arena. This new hope thus speedily defeated, he bellowed in a low indistinct tone, and being excited by the taunting shouts which greeted his failure, he fell to wreaking his fury upon the dead body of his first victim.

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By this time the *picadores* were again mounted and in the lists. The first horse was forced round and overtaken in his flight as before, and being gored behind fell back upon his rider. The *chulos* with their cloaks most opportunely diverted the attention of the bull, and the grooms hastened to raise the wounded horse and drag him out of the lists. The thigh bone of the poor animal had been either broken or dislocated; for the leg, being useless and dangling behind, as he was forced away upon the three which remained to him. The fate of the next horse was sooner decided, and was even more shocking. He received a single gore in the belly; the whole of his bowels at once gushed out, and with an agonised moan, he commenced scratching them convulsively with his hoof until they were completely entangled.

Hitherto the bull alone had been the assailant; he was now in his turn to be the sufferer and the assailed. Some of the *chulos*, having laid aside their cloaks proceeded to arm themselves with *banderillas*—light darts which have a barbed point and are adorned with fluttering papers of variegated colors. The chief art in placing the *banderilla* is to make the bull attack. If he do not, this operation, like the final office of the *matador*, is full of danger; for a capricious motion of the horns by a cowardly bull is infinitely more to be dreaded than the straight forwarded career of a *claro*. The bull in question was of this description. With a dart therefore in each hand, one of the *chulos*, now become *banderillero*, placed himself before the bull, and invited him to attack by brandishing his weapons. When at last the bull rushed with closed eyes at his antagonist, the *banderillero* likewise ran to meet him, and directing the darts at each side of his neck, allowed the horns of the animal to pass under his right arm, whilst he ran away to gain the security of the lobby, or to get a new supply of *banderillas*. With the repetition of this torture, the bull became madder than ever; rubbed his neck against the boards of the barrier in the vain hope of alleviation—a hope which was set at nought by his own ill directed exertions, or by the malice of those in the lobby who would reach over and force the darts deeper, until at last the persecuted beast bounded foaming and frantic about the arena.

The bravery of the bull, though fatal to the life of more than one victim, can never avail to save his own. Nor, can the torments he has suffered, be urged in alleviation of his destiny. The laws of the Plaza are inexorable—his name is *Muerto*, and the red ribbon fluttering from his neck proclaims that he must die. The *corregidor* is seen to wave his handkerchief, the trumpets blow a warlike blast, and the *matador* faces his antagonist.

The man who now entered the lists at the sound of the trumpet, was no other than the principal *matador* of Spain—Manuel Romero by name, if my memory serves me. He was a short man, extremely well made, though inclining to corpulency, with small regular features, a keen, sure eye, and such an air of cold-blooded ferocity as became one whose business it was to incur danger, and to deal death. The dress of Romero was that of a *majo*, covered with more than the usual quantity of lace and embroidery; his hair combed backwards

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and platted into a flat queue, was surmounted by a black cocked hat. In his left hand he held a sword, hidden in the folds of a banner which was fastened to a staff. The color of this banner was red, deepened here and there into a deadlier die, where it had been used after former combats to wipe the sword of the *matador*. It was to him at once a trophy and a buckler, as with the warriors of old, who carried their achievments emblazoned on their shields.

Romero did not enter with the jaunty air of one who knew his own force and despised his adversary; nor as though he had to hide a faint heart under a careless brow; but with a fearless, determined, yet decent step. Having approached the box of the *corregidor*, he took off his hat and made a low obeisance; then returned the salutations which greeted him from the whole circuit of the amphitheatre. This done, he threw his hat away, brushed back a few hairs which had escaped from the platting of his queue, stretched his limbs to ease the elastic tightness of his costume, and then taking his well tried blade from beside the banner, he displayed a long straight *Toledano*, such as were once worn by cavaliers and crusaders.

Meantime the *chulos* were occupied in running before the bull and waving their cloaks in his eyes, in order to excite the last fit of ferocity, which was to facilitate his own destruction. In this way, the bull was enticed towards the spot where the *matador* awaited him. Holding out the banner, he allowed the animal to rush against it, seemingly astonished at its little opposition. This was twice repeated; but on the third time the *matador* held the banner projecting across his body, whilst with his right hand extended over the top, he poised and directed the sword. Here is the last and most interesting moment of the whole contest; the multitude once more rise upon the benches, and each assumes, according to his disposition, a defensive or intimidated air. All eyes meet upon the glittering point of the weapon. The bull now makes his final career; the banner again gives way before him; his horns pass closely beneath the extended arm of the *matador*, but the sword which he held a moment before is no longer seen. It has entered full length beside the back of the bull, and the cross at the hilt is alone conspicuous.

Having received his death blow, it is usual for the bull to fly bellowing to the extremity of the arena, and there fall and die. But the animal which had this day sustained the contest so nobly, was courageous to the last. He continued to rush again and again with blind fury at the *matador*, who each time received the blow on his deceptive buckler, laughed scornfully at the impotent rage of his victim, and talked to him jestingly. The admiration of the audience was now complete, and cries, whistling, and the cloud of dust which rose from the trampled benches, mingled with the clang of trumpets to proclaim the triumph of the *matador!*

A few more impotent attacks of the bull and his strength began to pass away with the blood which flowed fast from his wound, spread itself over his shoulder, and ran down his leg to sprinkle the dust of the arena. At length he can no longer advance; the motion of his

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head becomes tremulous and unsteady; he bows to his fate, pauses a moment upon his knees, and then with a low, repining moan, settles upon the ground. At this moment a vulgar murderer came from behind the barrier, where he had hitherto remained in security. He caught the animal by the left horn, then aiming a certain blow with a short wide dagger, he drove it deep into the spine. A convulsive shudder for a moment thrilled over the whole frame of the victim—in another he had passed the agony.*

At this moment the gates on the right were thrown open, and three mules rushed in, harnessed abreast, and covered with bells, flags, and feathers. Their driver hastened to fasten a strap round the horns of the dead bull, and dragged him to where lay the carcases of the two horses. Having tied a rope about their necks, he whipped his team into a gallop, and the impatient beasts stirred up a cloud of dust, and left a wide track to mark the course which had been passed over by the conqueror and the conquered. The *canalla* too, who had jumped into the lists to spat with the *novillos*, unmindful that the animal, which to-day furnished them with amusement would to-morrow supply them with food, now jumped upon him, greeted him with kicks, and even fastened upon his tail. Trumpets had announced the entry of the bull, trumpets are again heard at his departure. But who can recognise the proud beast, which a few minutes before overturned everything before him, in the unresisting carcase which now sweeps the arena?

Scarcely had the gate closed, when the trumpets once more sounded, and a *novillo embolado* was let into the lists; by this time filled with a ragged crew having hats, caps, or handkerchiefs on their heads, and their backs partially covered under the remnant of a cloak or blanket. Now begins a most singular scene. The bull, taunted by the waving of jackets, cloaks, and blankets, pursues and tramples upon one, tosses another into the air, and dragging a third along by the cloak, at length escapes with a portion of the tatters hanging to his horns, to the infinite amusement of all except the sufferer, who must go half naked for the remainder of the winter; and who, furthermore, if he be not hurt, is beset and banged for his clumsiness by the blankets of his companions.

I had seen enough of this, and was turning away in disgust to leave the amphitheatre, when I was met by the *matador* Romero, who had concealed his gala dress under a *capa parda*. He made at once towards a pretty girl in a black mantilla who sat near me during the

* Foiled, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast
And foes disabled in the brutal fray;
And now the matadores around him play,
Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand;
Once more through all he bursts his thundering way—
Vain rage! the mantle quits the conynge hand,
Wraps his fierce eye—'t is past—he sinks upon the sand!
The Childe.

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whole entertainment. The flourishes of her fan and the wanton glances of her rolling eye had long since proclaimed the courtezan. Having unfolded his cloak and made his obeisance, Romero presented her with a small iron barb, strung with a red ribbon. The whole iron was stained with blood, and the ribbon was the same fatal device, which had fluttered from the neck of the last *muerto*.

'*Pan y toros!*—bread and bulls!' exclaims the philosopher Jovillavos, like the Roman of old, in lamenting the fallen fortunes of his country. The Spaniards have still their bull feast; but where shall we look for the spirit of the Cid?

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CHAPTER VIII.

NEW CASTILE.

The Paseo.—The Prado.—The Paseadores.—Madrileno and Madrilenia.—Vehicles and Horsemen.—The Prado on a Feast Day.—San Anton.—Beggars.—Blind Men.—Lottery.—Hog Lottery.—An Execution.—La Plazuela-de-la-Cebada.—Mode of Execution in Spain.—The Verdugo and the Multitude.—Delay.—The Criminals.—Conduct of the Crowd.

The word *funcion* is applied by the Spaniards to all public amusements, such as plays, bull-fights, and public promenades. We have already spoken of the theatre and the bull-fight; it remains to take notice of the *Paseo*, or stated walk, which is daily taken in Madrid by the wealthy classes, and on Sundays and festivals by the whole population. There are several public walks within and about the city, such as the Florida, which lies without the walls, along the sheltered banks of the Manzanares, and the Delicias, which, leaving the gate of Atocha, passes through a double row of trees, until it reaches the canal of Manzanares and Xarama. This canal was commenced by Charles III. with a view to open a water communication between Madrid and Toledo. To effect this, it was necessary to make the canal four leagues long; but the first half only has been completed, and at present, instead of being a source of utility and wealth, it only serves to keep up an expensive establishment, whither the royal family goes every year or two, to be drawn along the canal in a gilded galley. This establishment is situated at the extremity of the Delicias, and bears the high sounding name of Embarcadero. It is reached through an imposing entrance, surmounted by bales, barrels, ropes, and anchors, and all the other emblems of commerce. A guard of royal marines are seen with anchor buttons standing sentry at the gate, and there is neither flag staff, nor piles of shot, nor cannon wanting, to constitute a perfect naval arsenal.

The principal promenade, however, is the Meadow or Prado. This now delightful resort, was, so late as the last century, nothing more than a broken and uneven waste, frequented by politicians or lovers for such deeds and consultations as required secrecy. Here, too, has been committed many an act of treachery, in the unsuspecting confidence inspired by the seclusion. For these reasons it frequently figures as the spot where the Spanish dramatists and romance writers have laid the scene of their inventions, and it may very well be, that frequently they did no more than embellish incidents which actually

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occurred in the Prado. Charles III., the most beneficent of Spanish kings, with a view to reclaim this place from its state of prostitution, had it levelled at great expense, and planted with numberless rows of elms and chestnuts, which, having been artificially watered, have already grown to a noble size. He likewise provided it with marble benches for the public accommodation, enlivened it with many noble fountains, and, in short, converted it into the charming resort which is now the pride and pleasure of Madrid, and the admiration of all Europe.

The Prado begins at the neat gate of Recoletos, and takes its course southward, between monasteries and palaces, as far as the street of Alcala, which crosses it at right angles. The street of Alcala is the finest in Madrid, nay, I have even heard it called the finest in Europe. It has a gradual declivity from the Puerta del Sol; widening as it approaches the Prado; on either hand are churches, convents, public buildings, and palaces of the grandees and ambassadors. Crossing the Prado, it once more ascends, having on the right the iron railing which encloses the garden of Retiro, on the left barracks for infantry, and in front is terminated by the triumphal arch of Alcala. This noble monument forms the eastern egress of Madrid. It was erected to commemorate the happy arrival of Charles III. from his kingdom of Naples, to receive the crown of Spain. It is surmounted with emblems and trophies, and is adorned with ten Ionic columns after the models left by Michael Angelo; and, taken altogether, for favorable situation on the summit of an eminence, combined with beauty of design, it is probably without equal.

At the angle formed by the Prado and the street of Alcala, is a large fountain formed entirely of marble. In the centre of the basin a rocky islet is seen emerging out of the water, and a sybil is drawn over it by lions harnassed to her chariot. Hence to the street of San Geronimo, the Prado is enclosed on one side by gardens and palaces, on the other by the railing of the Retiro; the two avenues of noble trees, which run parallel to each other, enclose a wide place for walking, called the Saloon, and, immediately beside it, the public way for carriages and horsemen. Here you meet a fountain surmounted by an elegant Apollo, whilst below the Four Seasons are beautifully and appropriately characterized. Opposite is an object which awakens less pleasing associations. It is an unfinished monument to the Spaniards who were there massacred in mass by the bloody order of Murat, on the famous *Dos de Mayo*.

Farther on is the finest fountain of Madrid. It represents Neptune riding over his watery dominion. His chariot is a conch shell resting on water wheels, about the paddles of which the real element is thrown off by numerous jets, as though it were dashed from the sea. It is drawn by two unreined sea-horses, so well executed, that they are almost seen to dash impetuous through the waves. Vegetation has fastened itself to the joints of the marble, and the plants emblematic of the sea are overgrown with moss; even live fishes are seen sporting about and rubbing their silvery sides against the marble scales of those

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which owe their existence to the imitative creation of the sculptor. Indeed, the real and the artificial are here so happily blended, that the beholder is for a moment unable to draw the distinction.

Having passed the fountain of Neptune, the road makes an angle to the east and brings you to the museum of statuary and painting, with its noble colonnade following the course of the Prado. Next is the botanic garden, a luxuriant and well planted field, in which are collected all the vegetable productions of a kingdom, upon which but a few years ago the sun never set. Each plant is neatly labelled, and in summer there is here delivered a gratuitous course on botany for the benefit of the public. The garden is entered through two beautiful doric portals, and is surrounded by an open railing of iron, which gives passage to a thousand varied perfumes, and rather improves than conceals the beauties which lie within. Following the course of this railing, you come at length to the gate of Atocha, where there is another fine fountain, enlivened by the amorous gambols of a Triton and a Nereid. Nor does the Prado end here, but, having made a second angle to the east, it terminates only at the convent of Our Lady of Atocha, whose peaceful inmates are often disturbed by the military reviews, which take place beneath the windows of their sanctuary.

The whole extent of the Prado falls little short of two miles. Hence it furnishes such a variety of promenades as to please people in every mood and of every disposition. The seclusion of Atocha is frequented by priests in their long hats and sable *capas*, who gather in gloomy triangles about the hermitage of Saint Blas, talk over the perils of the church, and contrive schemes to prop the overgrown and unsteady edifice. Moping misanthropy seeks the solitude of Recoletos, contemplates with a morbid and envious eye the lively throng of the Saloon, and riots in the luxury of unhappiness. The neighbourhood of the Botanic Garden is frequented by a far different class; ladies, who, having abandoned their coaches at the gate of Atocha, come with their children to benefit by the air and exercise. Here a lad, in a soldier's cap, rides upon a stick and lashes it into a gallop with a wooden sword; another manœuvres a mimic *tartana*, drawn by a panting pet dog, hung round with bells, and whose hair is as neatly washed and combed as though he were one of the family; whilst there, a little girl supports her doll against the railing of the garden, endeavours to draw it into discourse, and seeks in vain a reciprocation of her tenderness. Here, too, have I often witnessed a still more pleasing sight; a young couple followed by the pledge of a love which has not yet grown old, their first babe carried in the arms of its *ama-de-leche*. The bright green petticoat bordered with red, and cloth jacket covered with silver buttons, her hair done up in a gaily colored handkerchief, or else platted far down the back, and interwoven with ribbons, after the manner of Berne, but, especially, her rosy cheeks and azure eye, denote the mountaineer of Asturias. The happy couple occasionally pause, look

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round for the object upon which their affections meet to be reflected upon each other, and seem scarce to remember that they then are not alone in the world.

But the Saloon is by far the most remarkable portion of the Prado; it is the great resort whither all the world throngs to see and to be seen. Here may be found every variety of priest or friar, the long hat of the curate, and the longer beard of the capuchin. Here rank displays its stars, its crosses, and its ribbons; the trooper rattles his sabre, curls his mustaches, and stares fearlessly around him; and here woman shines out, a glowing combination of jewels and of graces. Here, too, the multitude, decked out in their best, come with decent looks and behaviour, to be amused at a cheap rate, and to contribute to the general joy by the assurance of its unlimited diffusion. The ladies usually come to the *Paseo* in small parties of two or more, under the escort of an old aunt or mother. They are not generally attended by gentlemen, but have on either side a vacancy which their friends occupy whilst they inquire after their health, and make with them one or more turns of the Saloon. These then break off, and move away to make room for others, whilst they pay elsewhere the same attention. And here it may not be amiss to say something of the women of Madrid.

The *Madrilenia* is rather under than above the middle size, with a a faultless shape, which is seen to tenfold advantage through the elastic folds of her *basquinia*. Her foot is, however, her chief care; indeed, not content with its natural beauty, she binds it with narrow bandages of linen, so as to force it into still greater relief. Though her complexion be pale, it is never defiled by rouge. Her teeth are pearly, lips red, eyes full, black, and glowing. Such is the *Madrilenia* at rest; when she advances, each motion becomes a study. Her step, though bold and quick, is yet harmonious, and the rapid action of her arms, as she adjusts her *mantilla* or flutters her fan, is an index to the impatient ardor of her temperament. As she moves forward, she looks with an undisturbed, yet pensive eye, upon the men that surround her; but if you have the good fortune to be an acquaintance, her face kindles into smiles; she beams benignantly upon you, and returns your salute with an inviting shake of her fan in token of recognition. Then if you have a soul, you lay it at once at her feet, are ready to become her slave forever, and by the humility of your bow, offer an earnest of eternal obedience.

Nor are the men who have been formed and fashioned in such a school, at all wanting in the airs and graces. No one, indeed, can be more happy in female intercourse than the Spaniard; for to the polite assiduities of the Frenchman, he adds a submissiveness, a self-devotion, that goes straight to the heart of a lady. It is this show of good understanding and of harmony, these lively sallies and these bows, but, above all, these soul-subduing looks and winning salutations, which lend its chief ch[illegible]o the concourse of the Prado.

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On these occasions the women are invariably clothed in the national costume; indeed, though at balls and theatres the Parisian modes are adopted by the highest class; yet at the *Paseo* there is neither hat, shawl, nor reticule; nothing in short, but the fan, *mantilla*, and *basquinia*. The men too, all wear ample *capas*, or cloaks of black, brown, or blue, which they handle with great dexterity and throw into a thousand graceful folds. Indeed in Spain the handling of the fan, and the wearing of the *mantilla*, with the women, and the graceful exercise of the *capa*, among the men, are a kind of second nature which has grown up with them; nay, it is even said that a French woman with all her elegance cannot arrive at the graceful carriage of the *mantilla*, and that a stranger who should cover himself with a cloak in order to pass for a native, would thus be most easily recognised. The *capa* is worn in winter to keep out the cold, and not unfrequently in summer as a shelter from the sun; indeed, it may rather be looked on as a part than as an appendage of a true Spaniard. To appear well and be convenient, the *capa* should form a complete circle. In cold weather it is worn with the right skirt thrown over the left shoulder. An important action in Spain, which is specially expressed by the word *embozarse*—to cover the mouth. At the theatre, or in mild weather, the cloak is more gracefully carried, by letting it hang entirely from the left shoulder, and passing the right skirt across the left one, and gathering both up under the left arm, leaving the right free and unembarrassed. Such a dark combination of *mantilla*, *basquinia*, and *capa*, produces, however, a monotony of coloring very unfavorable to the distant effect of this spectacle. This was so striking to the French soldiers when they first came to Madrid, that they were used to say, that they had at length reached a truly Catholic city, peopled only by monks and nuns.*

The Spaniard derives his *capa* from the romantic days of the nation, when the seclusion forced upon the fair by the jealousy of fathers and of husbands, awakened ingenuity and gave a stimulus to intrigue. Hence the advantage of a garment whose folds could conceal not only the wearer, but even, upon emergency, a pair of wearers. The *capa* too, has often lent itself to the purposes of malevolence—has often covered the ready and ruthless knife of the mercenary assassin. To such an extent indeed, was this evil carried, that in the last century the use of the *capa* was forbidden, and patrols scoured the streets of the capital to make prisoners of such as wore it. But the Spaniard could not quit his cloak; a mutiny was the consequence of the forced separation, and the authorities were compelled to yield. It is still universally worn in Spain, and much might be said in favor of its convenience. But why should I make the apology of the *capa*, since it would be more reasonable to ask why it is not worn everywhere?

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* Rocca—Memoires sur la Guerre D' Espagne.

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Meantime, those who make the *Paseo* in carriages form a double file between the streets of Alcala and San Geronimo, along the whole extent of the Saloon, and continue to ride up on one side and down on the other, until they choose to break off at either extremity. The intermediate space between the two files is reserved for horsemen, cavalry officers, and young nobility, who take advantage of the assemblage, and the watchful presence of beauty, to show off the good qualities of a horse or their own graceful equitation. A company of lancers with gay pennons, or cuirassiers with glittering cuirasses and Grecian helmets, are always in attendance to enforce the arrangements, without which there would be nothing but confusion. The vehicles, to the number of several hundred, are of every variety; elegant coaches of the most modern construction, with a liveried driver and Swiss footman, flanked by a German *jager*, with a pair of epaulettes, a heavy hunting knife, and a cocked hat, covered with green feathers; gigs and buggies, landaus, berlines, and barouches. Most of the carriages, however, are in the old Spanish style, not very different, indeed, from the first one used in Spain by the good queen Joana, the Foolish; the body is of a square, formal shape, oddly ornamented in a sort of Chinese taste, and is not unlike a tea chest. This body is sustained by leathern straps, whose only spring is derived from their great length; for which purpose they are placed at such a distance from each other, that they scarce seem to be parts of the same vehicle. A stout iron step facilitates the entrance to the interior; but as it does not open downwards, the remaining distance from the step to the ground is overcome by a small wooden bench which dangles by a string from the rear axle, and which, when the coach stops, the footman hastens to place in readiness beside the door. Nor is the *attelage* of this singular vehicle less worthy of notice. It usually consists of a pair of fat and long eared mules, their manes, hair, and tails, fantastically cut and tatooed, driven by a superannuated postillion in formidable boots, and not less formidable cocked hat of oil cloth, reaching upwards and downwards respectively, as if to shake hands and be on neighbourly terms with each other. Such an old carriage as this, is one of many things that I saw in Spain, which were at variance with the transitory tastes and ever changing customs of my own country. Indeed, when I looked at it, I could scarce persuade myself that the coach, the mules, and the postillion had not existed always, and would not continue forever to make each day the circuit of the Prado.

Such is the Saloon and such the Prado. Nothing, indeed, can be finer than the range of the eye from the fountain of the Sybil, on the afternoon of a feast day. At your back is the gate of Recoletos, standing at the extremity of a double avenue of trees; on the right is a hill ascending by the street of Alcala towards the gate of the Sun. On the left the same street making a second ascent, and terminated by the noble arch of triumph. The whole road is thronged with

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soldiers in every kind of uniform, and people in every sort of costume, from the various provinces of Spain, who are either going to walk in the Saloon, or without the gates, or are returning from the bull-fight. Some carriages quit the ever moving file of the Paseo to return home, and the animals which follow attempt to pursue those which have hitherto piloted them, the more willingly that they are beginning to tire of the diversion, which, indeed, is less a diversion for them than for the riders; but they are lashed into obedience and compelled to renew the circuit, whilst other carriages arrive to take the place of the absentees. Nor is the central area without its concourse of equestrians and its picquet of cavalry. The Saloon too, is thronged to overflowing, whilst in the distance are partially discovered the museum and botanic garden through the vistas of the trees; and in the interval, Neptune, half concealed by the spray which he throws up before him in his course, is seen urging impatiently the efforts of his steeds.

At such a moment the arrival of the king, surrounded by a pageantry which is scarce equalled by any court in Europe, serves to crown the splendor of the spectacle. His coming is first announced by drum and trumpet, as he passes the various guard rooms which lie in the way, and presently by the arrival of an avant-courier, who rides disdainfully forward in the road which his master is to follow. Next comes a squadron of young nobles of the body guard, mounted on beautiful horses from the royal stables, which are chiefly of the cast of Aranjuez, and immediately after, a gilded coach drawn by six milk white studs, covered with plumes, and with manes and tails that are full and flowing. They are mounted and controlled by postillions, richly dressed in jockey suits of blue and gold buckskin. Within, the Catholic king is discovered seated on the right, conspicuous by his stars, his blue scarf, and the golden fleece which dangles from his neck. He glances round on the multitude with a look between apathy and good humor, and salutes them mechanically by putting his hand up towards his nose and taking it down again, as though he were brushing the flies away. At his left is the queen, looking too good for this dirty world. Next comes Don Carlos, the heir apparent, drawn by six cream-colored horses, more beautiful than those of his brother. He grins horribly through his red mustaches, and frightens those whom he intended to flatter. Beside him is his wife, a big coarse woman, with heavy eyebrows which cross the forehead. In the third coach is Don Francisco and his wife, drawn by six noble blacks. In the forth the *Portugueza* with her young son Don Sebastien; after which come some four or five coaches, each drawn by six mules, and which contain the lords and ladies attendant upon their majesties. The whole is numerously escorted by cavaliers of the body-guard, and grooms from the royal service. The arrival of the royal family, like the passing of the host or the tolling of the *angelus*, usually arrests every one in the situation in which it may find him. The line between the carriages is at once cleared through the exertions of the cavalry, and the vehicles on either side pause until their majesties have passed. Those who are walking, turn their faces towards the road; the gentlemen unroll the *embozo* of

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their cloaks, and take their hats off, whilst the women shake their fans in passing salutation.

In winter the *Paseo* takes place at noon, and continues until dinner. In spring and summer it commences at sunset, and is not entirely over until after midnight; for the Spaniards usually pass the siesta of the hot season in sleep, and then having dressed themselves, they sally out in the evening fresh and buoyant. I was so unfortunate as to leave Madrid just when winter was lifting his frosty fingers from the face of nature, and when returning vegetation denoted the approach of happier times. Thus I missed the pleasure of passing a summer's evening on the Prado. But I heard much upon the subject; for Florencia, when she urged my longer stay, drew a vivid picture of its attractions. It appears, that in that season the walks are carefully sprinkled in anticipation, and if it be a feast day the fountains throw their waters higher. In the evening thousands of chairs are placed in readiness, in which the ladies take their seats in circles, and hold their *tertulias* under the trees. Bare-headed boys circulate with lighted matches for the accommodation of the smokers. *Aguadores* are at hand with water that is fresh and sparkling. Half-naked Valencians offer oranges and pomegranates. Old women praise their *dulces*, or sweetmeats, for which the *Medrilenias* have quite a passion, whilst the waiters of a neighbouring *bottilleria* bring ices and sherbets to gratify the palates of the thirsty. Children are heard on every side, collected in noisy groups, at their pleasant games and pastimes, whilst the humbler crowd seat themselves in circles under the trees, and scratch their guitars, and raise their voices, to make music for a light-heeled couple, who trip it gaily in the midst. Meantime, the falling waters of the neighbouring fountains impart a coolness to the air, which comes perfumed from the neighbouring garden with the aromas of every clime, and burdened with the song of the *ruisenior*.

Who can say enough in praise of the *Paseo?* It furnishes an amusement at once delightful and innocent, and from which not even the poorest are excluded—a school where the public manners and the public morals are beautified and refined by social intercourse, and by mutual observation; where families meet families, and friends meet friends, as upon a neutral ground—inform themselves of each other's affairs, unrestrained by ceremonial, and keep alive an intimacy, without the formalities of a visit. In these delightful associations, persons of every rank and of every calling forget their exclusive pretensions, whilst the softer sex to whom belong the attributes of modesty and grace, banish indecorum, and shed a charm over the whole assemblage.

In addition to the stated daily *Paseo* upon the Prado, there are in the course of the year at Madrid, several periodical ones; such as when the devout go on the day of San Blas, to make their prayers at the hermitage of that illustrious saint and bishop. Another takes place on Saint Anthony's day, when all the world promenades in front of the

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convent of San Antonio-Escolapios, in the *calle* Hortaleza. I had the rare fortune to witness this spectacle, and, much as I had seen of Spain, it appeared to me most singular. It may, perhaps, appear still more so to the reader. The fact is, that Saint Anthony, though a very good man, was both poor and a laborer. Hence, when beatified by the father of the church, and pronounced to be actually in the fruition of heaven, and in a situation to intercede for sinners, the stigma of his worldly humility still clung to him, so that he never became any more than a vulgar saint, the patron of the common people in Spain, to whom he is familiarly known by the nickname of San Anton. More especially is he the protector of farmers, horse-jockeys, muleteers, mules, and asses, cows, hogs, and horses. Nay, he is even the saint of the sinful sailor, who, when he has more wind than he wants, and a rough sea, begs Saint Anthony to take some of it back again; and if he has none at all, being a Spaniard and aware of the efficacy of a bribe, he says, '*Sopla! sopla! San Anton y le daré un pez.*' 'Blow! blow, Saint Anthony, and you shall have a fish!'

Saint Anthony's day, if I remember rightly, falls somewhere in the month of January. In Madrid it was a complete feast day, though I believe a voluntary one; for in addition to the many prescribed feasts in Spain, upon which it is unlawful to do any labor, there are likewise several when the people might work if they would; but it is so much harder to work than to let it alone, that many follow the latter course by preference, or else fall into it whilst they are thinking about the matter. On the present occasion the streets of Hortaleza were early paraded by squadrons of filthy *celadores*,* who maintained order amongst the throng of the populace, moving in the direction of the convent. It was not, however, until noon that the promenade of the wealthy commenced, and then carriages and horsemen were intermingled with the pedestrians, as we have seen upon the Prado.

Many of those who took part in this *funcion* came to procure a charm or receive a benediction, more to be amused by the spectacle. Having been drawn in by a current of devotees, I was forced to enter the church door, stumbling over two or three beggars that strewed the way, and found myself in a crowd consisting chiefly of females, who were kneeling before a table, at which presided a jolly friar, muttering a spell and crossing each with a bone of Saint Anthony. As each rose from her knees, she threw a piece of money into a box, which stood convenient to receive it, and then passed to where a young Levite sold consecrated rosaries and charmed scapularies, to hang about the necks of children; also, a lame ballad in praise of San Anton. Having gone through all the motions like the rest, I turned to look upon the massive walls around me, which, in addition to many gloomy paintings and statues, were everywhere hung with pieces of beeswax, moulded into the shape of arms, legs, feet, or babies; a pious offering of the afflicted to procure alleviation of suffering in a correspondent part of the

* *Celadores—Gens d'arms.* We have to go to the French for the word; nor need we envy them the thing.

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body—the cure of a sick baby, or a happy delivery. These waxen offerings form no inconsiderable item of revenue to such convents as are reputed for miracles; for when a good quantity is accumulated, they are melted down indiscriminately, feet, heads, and babies, and are made into candles, which are paid for at a good price on the occasion of a funeral mass; when the corpse is surrounded by wax tapers, in numbers proportionate to the rank and standing of the dead man. It was here, too, if I mistake not, that I saw in a chapel the picture of a naval officer in sword, chapeau, and small clothes, represented as kneeling on the steps of the same altar, near which the picture was hanging. Getting behind a column, I copied the following inscription, which, for aught I know, may have been traced by one of the heroes of Trafalgar. '*El Capitan-de-navio de la real armada Don Benito Vivero, hallandose afligido de una enfermedad nervosa, acudió al Senior y luego el alivóle. Enero*, 1818.'—'Captain Vivero, commander of a ship of the line in the royal navy, being afflicted with a nervous disorder, sought succor of the Lord, and immediately found alleviation.'

This is in the interior of the convent; without, the beneficent influence of the saint was not confined to man; but extended to the whole brute family, of which he was the patron. The convent of San Antonio stands at a corner, and has windows on a second street, which makes a right angle with the *calle* Hortaleza. In the cloisters, immediately behind one of these windows, stands a chapel which may be discovered from without. Here a friar of the order, more remarkable for being well fed than cleanly, and who had altogether the gross and sensual look of a man of this world, qualified with a good share of plebeian vulgarity, stood with a small mop or sprinkler in his hand, with which he shook holy water upon such as passed under the window. A continuous string of horses, mules, and asses, kept constantly filing through the street, and pausing a moment in turn to receive the genial shower. Each rider brought a sack of barley which the friar and his men lifted into the window, where it was moistened with the holy water, and well stirred up with a piece of Saint Anthony. It was then returned; the friar received a *peseta*, which he put carefully into the sleeve of his frock, whilst the other party to the bargain trotted off, holding the barley tightly before him, and happy in the assurance that his cattle might now be cured of any malady, even though bewitched, by administering a handful of this consecrated fodder. It was quite amusing to see the different moods in which the various animals received the wholesome application. A horse, as he was forced up to the window, would rear and plunge for fear of the friar; a mule would either kick, or go sidewise, or rub the legs of his rider against the wall, rather from perverseness than timidity; but Jack would busy himself in picking up the fallen grains of his predecessor, or hold his head down and take it patiently. Indeed, you may do anything with an ass, provided you don't touch his ears; but this is a discovery which I made afterwards in Andalusia.

Most of the people who stood nigh were amused with this display of monkish jugglery; none, however, seemed more sensible to the ridi-

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cule of the scene, than a noisy crew of boys, who had collected under the window. Grasping the iron *rejas*, they clambered up in order to see better, until the ill natured friar lost at once his patience and self-possession, and fell to driving them down by dashing holy water into their eyes. Thus, the boys got for nothing, and a few hearty curses into the bargain, what the muleteers were buying with their *pesetas*. Nor were there wanting others who seemed scandalised and indignant that strangers should witness this degradation. I noticed particularly one haggard and proscribed looking fellow, with a long beard and a tattered cloak, who shrugged his shoulders and said to me with energy, '*Estas son tonterias Espaniolas.*' 'These are Spanish fooleries!'

But the most singular appendage of this *funcion* of Saint Anthony, was the group of beggars collected about the front of the convent. On this occasion I recognised many wretches, whom I had been in the habit of seeing at particular stands as I made my rambles over the city. Indeed, it seemed as though a deputation of the vilest had been got together on this occasion. There were decrepit old men and helpless women, each hovering over an earthern dish of embers. These obstructed the way so that you could scarce enter the portal without treading upon them; an accident which they seemed to esteem fortunate, since it was sure to be followed by remuneration. They had forgotten all their everyday supplications in the name of *Maria Santisima del Carmen!—La Virgen del Pilar!* or *Santiago Apostol!*—for now adapting their song with admirable tact to the occasion, they begged only for the love of Saint Anthony. The generous received the thanks of the mendicant, who prayed 'that all might go well with him, that he might have health in body and in soul, which are the true riches, and finally that he might be delivered from mortal sin.' The uncharitable were snarled at by some, and more skilfully reproached by others, who wishing to make an impression upon those who came after, restrained their indignation and prayed that God would bestow wealth and honors upon the church, that he might have wherewith to give to the miserable.

There is, perhaps, nothing with which the stranger is more struck and more offended in Madrid, than with the extent of mendicity. There are, indeed, abundance of hospitals and infirmaries, where the poor of the city might all be received and cared for. But they are not subject to compulsion, and such is the charm of liberty that many prefer to roam about, uncertain whether they are to eat their next food to-day or to-morrow, to comfortable quarters and regular meals coupled with the conditions of seclusion and discipline. Unfortunately the facility of gaining a subsistence in Spain by begging is so great, contrasted with the shackled condition of the laborer, that, notwithstanding the national pride, many able bodied men prefer the former with all its degradation. This facility comes in part from the ruinous practices of certain conscientious Christians, who give each day a portion of their abundance to the poor; some from a mistaken sense of piety,

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others influenced by remorse for evil actions, which, though they may be regretted, can never be recalled. The most prominent cause, however, of this evil is found in the system pursued by the clergy, who distribute daily at the gates of their churches and convents a certain part of their substance, as though they were not satisfied with the loss, which society already sustains by their own idleness and dissipation. No sight, indeed, can be more degrading than one which I have often witnessed at the gate of San Isidro, the church and college of the now reestablished Jesuits. There, at the hour of noon, a familiar brings out a copper caldron filled with soup, which he serves round in equal portions to each of the hungry crew brought together by the occasion. Should a scramble take place for precedence, the familiar soon restores order by dashing the hot soup amongst them with his long iron ladle.

From all these reasons Madrid abounds in beggars. There is not a frequented street or corner in the city, but is the habitual stand of some particular occupant, and even the charms of the *paseo* are too often qualified by their unwelcome intrusion. They enter boldly into every house where there is no porter to stop them at the vestibule, and penetrate to the doors of the different habitations, where they make their presence known by a modest ring. Though often greeted at first with a sound scolding, they seldom go away empty-handed, especially if they happen to appeal to a woman, for the female heart is easily opened by a story of misfortune. I had occasion to see this in the house where I resided; for the daughter of my host, when she found her door thus besieged, would be exceedingly angry for a moment; but if a poor wretch stood his ground and grew eloquent, she would at length soften, the frown would vanish from her brow, and ejaculating '*Pobrecito!*' she would hurry away to bring some cold meat or a roll of bread. The successful beggar would then kiss the gift devoutly, and say with feeling, as he turned away, '*Dios se lo pagara!*'—'God will reward you!'

The churches, however, are the most frequented stands of the beggars. They always collect in the morning about the doors and near the holy water, which they take from the basin and offer on the ends of their fingers, or with a brush made for the purpose, to such as come up to mass or to confession. These poor wretches have doubtless found from experience that the most pious are likewise the most charitable.

However one may be prejudiced against this system of mendicity, it is impossible for him, if he have any compassion, to move untouched through the streets of Madrid—misery assumes so many and such painful aspects, and one is so often solicited by the old, the infirm, the macerated, nay, I had almost said, by the dying. In my winter morning walks down the street of Alcala, to make a turn through the solitary allies of the Prado, I used to see a poor emaciated wretch, who seemed to haunt the sunny side of the street and seat himself upon the pavement, rather to be warmed after a long and chilly night, spent, perhaps, upon the stones of some court-yard, than to beg from the few who passed at that early hour. Though sinking rapidly into decay, he was yet a very young man, scarce turned of twenty, and,

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whilst his red hair and florid complexion bespoke the native of Biscay or Asturias, the military trowsers which he wore, unless the gift of some charitable trooper, showed that he had been a soldier. When any one passed, he would stretch out his hand and move his lips, as if asking charity; but whether his voice were gone, or that he was not used to beg, he never uttered more than an inarticulate rattle. I had several times intended to ask a story, which must, doubtless, have been a sad one; but ere I had done so, the poor fellow ceased to return to his usual stand. The last time I saw him, he was crawling slowly down a cross street, bent nearly double, and supporting his unsteady steps, as he went, with a staff in either hand.

At the coming out of the theatre of Principe, a little girl, bareheaded and with naked feet, though in the middle of winter, was in the habit of patrolling the street through which the crowd passed. She usually finished her night's task by returning home through our street, begging as she went. Frequently, when I had just got into bed, and was yet shivering with cold, would I hear her shrill and piercing voice, borne upon the keen wind and only alternated by an occasional footfall, or by the cry of the *sereno* as he told the hours; '*A esta pobrecita para comprar zapatos; que no tiene padre ni madre!*'—'For this poor little creature to buy shoes; she has neither father nor mother!'

The road from the Gate of the Sun to the library was the habitual stand of a young man, a deaf mute, who sat cross-legged in a gray capote, with his hat before him and a bell in his hand. The sense of his misfortune, of his complete separation from the rest of the human family, seemed to have tinged his character with a degree of brutal ferocity, at least such was the expression of his countenance. He took no notice of those who gave to him, but sat all day in one of the coldest streets of the city, ringing his bell and uttering sounds, which, as he knew not how to modulate them so as to strike a tone of supplication came harshly upon the ear, like nothing so much as the moans sent forth by the wounded victims of the arena.

A sturdy wretch, in the garb of Valencia, constantly infested the *Calle* Montera, placing himself along the narrow *acua* of flag stones reserved for foot passengers. Here he would stretch himself on his side flat upon the cold pavement, with nothing between his head and the stones, but a matted mass of uncombed hair and the tatters of a handkerchief. His body was rolled in a blanket, and a young child of a year or two, either his own or hired for the occasion, raised its filthy head beside him. But the most disgusting part of the picture was a nearly naked leg, thrust out so as to cut off the passage of the walkers and drive them into the middle of the street. It was partially rolled in a dirty linen, so soiled and moistened as to bear testimony to the ulcers which it covered but did not conceal. The man was well made and able bodied, yet his sores were, doubtless, carefully kept from healing, for they constituted the stock in trade—the fortune of the mendicant. This miscreant was my greatest eyesore in Madrid; stretched out as I have described, the child was always kept crying, either from the intense cold or because its legs were getting pinched

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beneath the blanket; whilst the wretch himself shouted in an imperative tone, and without the intervention of any saint; '*Me da usted una limosna!*'—which, taking the manner into consideration, amounted to, 'Give me alms and be damned to you!'

But the most singular instance of mendicity I have ever seen, was furnished by a couple whom I one day met in the Red San Luis. The principal personage was a big blind man, whose eyelids were turned up and fiery, and who carried upon his shoulders a most singular being with an immense head and a pair of thin elastic legs, which were curled and twisted round the neck of his companion. The fellow overhead carried a bundle of ballads, which both were singing at the top of their lungs. Behind them came a patient ass, tied to the middle of the blind man, and loaded with their effects, as though they were passing through on their way to some other place, or were coming to make some stay in the capital. They seemed to get along very well by thus joining their fortunes; for whilst the blind man effected their locomotion, the cripple shaped their course, so as to avoid the obstacles which lay in the way, jested with the other beggars and blind men whom they met, or held out his hat to receive the offering of the charitable. This may appear comic enough, but it was not so to me, as I came suddenly upon the couple after turning a corner. Their bodies were, indeed, so twisted and entangled as to give at first the idea of a single being, forming a real combination, more monstrous than the fabled one of the Centaur.

The most numerous class of mendicants in Madrid are the blind; and they are also the most worthy of pity, since their misfortune is always involuntary. For, though we know on better authority than that of Don Guzman de Alfarache, that beggars will sometimes deform their bodies and cultivate sores, yet is there no record of a single one who ever parted with his eyes. They endeavour, too, to render themselves useful by hawking ballads about the streets, and crying the numbers of such lottery tickets as may yet be purchased. Nor are they so filthy as the rest of the beggarly brotherhood; since their misfortune, being such as to speak for itself, needs not the appendage of rags to excite pity. It was not the least amusing sight commanded from my balcony, to look down upon the Puerta del Sol, and watch the blind men as they moved about with the most perfect confidence. When one of them wanted to pass from a particular spot to one of the eight streets which discharge themselves there, he would take his station at the corner, and having felt the angle of the building, and noticed, as it seemed to me, the bearing of the sun and the direction of the wind, he would set out and move onward with the utmost precision, his staff extending before him, and the fingers of his left hand bent wistfully, as if the sensibility of the whole body were concentrated in their extremities. Once I saw two of them, who were going in opposite directions, knock their staves together, and meet in the middle. They knew each other

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at once, shook hands cordially, and had a long conversation, doubtless concerning the gains and adventures of the morning, for they are the most garrulous beings in all Spain. This over, they compared their reckonings, like two ships exchanging their longitudes at sea, and then continued on, each arriving exactly at his respective destination.

Blindness is not peculiar to the lower classes in the central region of Spain; many people in the middle and higher walks of life are thus afflicted, and the *paseo* is daily frequented by them, leaning on the arm of a servant or a friend. I was so much struck with the number of the blind in Madrid, as to seek a cause for it in the ardent energy of the sun in this cloudless region, combined with the naked and unsheltered condition of the country. Indeed, though I was not in Madrid in the hot season, I frequently found inconvenience to my eyes, from walking along the sandy roads which surround the capital. Peyron, however, in his sprightly essays, attributes the evil to the intemperate use of bleeding among the Spaniards; a practice, which is scarcely less prevalent now than in the days of Dr Sangrado, at least if one may judge from the number of persons whose business it is to draw blood, for every street in Spain has its barber, and every barber bleeds. Peyron tells us that it is quite common to hear a Spaniard say, when questioned concerning the health of a friend, 'Pedro was a little unwell yesterday; but he has been bled four times and is now better.'

If rank and wealth cannot avert this affliction, neither can they avail when associated with youth and beauty. I chanced to meet one evening at a ball in Madrid, a lovely girl, scarce ripened into womanhood, who was quite blind. She was somewhat under the middle size, with the form of a sylph, and features that the uncontrolled pencil of the painter could scarce have formed fairer. Her eyes, too, did not bear testimony to their own imperfection; but had only a pensive melancholy air, which they seemed to borrow from their half closed lids and silken lashes. I had from the first been struck with the appearance of this young unfortunate; but when I knew her affliction, my interest was at once augmented. There was, indeed, something inexpressibly touching in her condition, as she wandered from room to room, leaning with confidence upon the arm of her mother. How truly hard to be thus cut off from so many sources of innocent enjoyments?—to be insensible to the brilliancy of the illumination, to the richness of the ornaments, to the various dresses and decorations suggested by fancy or authorized by rank, to the rivalling charms and jewels of the beautiful, to the looks of mingled solicitude and admiration directed towards her by the other sex, nay, perhaps, to be even unconscious of her own loveliness?

She could, however, at least hear the kind words addressed to her by her acquaintance, she could appreciate better than any other the excellence of the music. Nor did her affliction exclude her from the dance; for whenever the formal movements of the quadrille were alternated by the more graceful waltz, she allowed herself to be conducted into the circle formed by those who had gathered round to admire the harmony of her execution. None, indeed, moved in the

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circling eddies with so rare a grace; and when, towards the conclusion, the time became more rapid, and the feet of the dancers moved quicker, none spurned the carpet with so true a step. There was a confiding helplessness about this lovely creature more truly feminine than anything I had yet seen in woman. The waltz, too, which she so beautifully executed, seemed to gain a new fascination, and now, if ever called upon to make its eulogy or to plead its defence, I have a triumphant argument by saying, that it may be danced by a blind girl.

In speaking of the amusements of Madrid, gaming should not be forgotten, since it is there, as throughout the Peninsula, an all pervading passion, which extends to every age, sex, and condition. Indeed, so general is it, that it may be said to extend even to the most destitute; for I scarcely ever went into the streets of Madrid, without seeing groups of boys, beggars, and ragamuffins, collected in some sunny corner, each risking the few *cuartos* he possessed in the attempt to win those of his companions. The most common way of playing, however, is by means of the lottery, which here, as in many other European countries, is an appendage of the state. The principal lottery, called the *Loteria Moderna*, is divided into twentyfive thousand tickets, which are sold at two dollars each. One fourth of the net amount of fifty thousand dollars, produced by the sale of the tickets, is taken off by government to pay the expenses of the central administration, and of the numerous offices established, like the *estancos*, for the sale of tobacco, in every street of the capital, and in every town of the kingdom. The balance remaining after these disbursements, forms an important item of the public revenue. There are eight hundred and thirtyseven prizes, the highest being of twelve thousand dollars. The *Loteria Moderna* draws at the end of each month, a circumstance which you never fail to be apprised of, by the blind beggars, who get about the doors of the lottery offices, or at the principal corners, and fill the whole city with uproar. The cause of this commotion is, that they learn from the keepers of the lottery what tickets are still for sale, and, selecting two or three at hazard, get them set down upon a scrap of paper, and having learned them by rote, go forth to cry them in the streets. Nor do they fail to mix in arguments of persuasion, when speaking of the numbers of their choice. 'Twelve thousand dollars for two,' say they; 'it draws to-morrow, and the day after you may come with your stocking and carry away the money, taking care that it be not a Valencian stocking—*cuidado que no sea media de Valencia!*'*

The eloquence and the wit of these blind men, though it may sometimes fail, is often effectual. I have frequently seen a man, after passing the lottery office resolutely, pause to listen to the cry of the blind man, and seem to reason with himself; if he has gained before and stopped

* The reader will remember that the stocking of a Valencian peasant is without a foot.

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playing on that very account, he asks himself, why he may not be successful again; if, on the contrary, he has been uniformly unfortunate, he meditates a moment—takes the paper with the numbers, and gives the beggar a *real;* for this handling the paper and crying the numbers by the poor is thought to give luck. Then swearing that it is the last time, he unfolds his cloak, takes out his purse, and enters the office. In this way the winners and losers from the most opposite motives fall upon the same course. Now the whole population of Madrid may be divided into winners and losers. I saw something of the operation of this system in my own house; for Don Valentin, though strictly economical, nay, more than half a miser, was in the constant practice of setting aside a portion of the little gains of each month for the purchase of lottery tickets. His manner of betting, too, was most extraordinary; for he always bought quarters, and would thus spend four dollars over eight tickets. It was impossible to convince him of the folly of this course, much less could he be persuaded to have nothing to do with the matter. He used always to answer, that he had no longer any hopes but in the lottery; and if Florencia asked him good humoredly for her dowry, he would pat her on the cheek—for, though ugly and one-eyed, he was yet affectionate—and say, *'En la loteria esta hija mia!'* Nor was the girl herself free from the general infection; for if she ever got any money, the first thing was to buy a pair of silk stockings or spangled shoes, and then the rest took the road to the lottery.

As for the drawing, it takes place in the large hall of the *Ayuntamiento*, dedicated on other occasions to the purposes of justice. At one end is a statue covered with a dais, and flanked by a painting of the Crucifixion. Here presides a counsellor of state, decorated with a variety of stars and crosses, and supported by other functionaries of inferior rank. The counsellor sits at the centre of a large table, and the officers of the lottery are placed round on either hand, with pens and paper. In front of this table, and in a conspicuous station near the edge of the platform, are two large globes, which contain, one, the whole number of tickets, the other, the different prizes. These globes hang upon pivots, and are easily made to vibrate, so as to mix the balls between each drawing. Near each globe, a boy is stationed, dressed in uniform, and with long sleeves tied tightly about the wrist, so as to remove the possibility of any fraudulent substitution. When drawing, the boy who has the numbers, takes out one at each rotation, and reads it off distinctly three times; the boy who has the other globe, does the same, and the balls are then passed to the officers who stand behind, by whom they are again called off, and then strung upon iron rods. If the prizes be high, both balls are handed to the counsellor, who reads them off three times in a distinct voice. These precautions are rendered necessary by the suspicion of the people, who have little confidence in the honest intentions of government. It has been said that the unsold tickets too frequently draw prizes; and I even heard that once such a number of prizes were drawn, that the avails of the tickets sold would not pay them, especially as the fourth part had

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been appropriated in anticipation by the government, which is often in distress for the smallest sums. In this critical state of affairs, it was somehow contrived to overturn the globe and spill the remaining tickets; when the functionaries insisted that the whole lottery should be drawn over again. The high rank of the presiding dignitary renders this story improbable, so far, at least, as it charges him with dishonest intentions, but it is at all events an indication of the current of public opinion.

The portion of the room not occupied by the lottery, was open for the admission of spectators, among whom I took a place on one occasion. Immediately in front of the dais was a small enclosure, separated from the rest by a light railing and provided with benches, where the women were accommodated as in a public pound. They came in large numbers, composed for the most part of the loose, the old, and the ugly. In the rear was a promiscuous collection of men, some well dressed, more ragged, but nearly all with the wan and bloodless look of the gambler, if, indeed, you except the priests in their long hats and gloomy garments, who, secure against the griping hand of poverty, seemed rather to play for amusement, than as if engaged in a struggle for existence. Most of the spectators were furnished with paper and pencil, or an inkhorn hanging at the button, to take note of the numbers which were drawn. Nor should the provisions for maintaining order be forgotten. They consisted of a file of grenadiers of the *Guardias Espaniolas*, who stood like statues round the circuit of the hall, with shouldered arms and fixed bayonets.

When the drawing had commenced, it was a singular scene to watch the ever varying countenances of the gamesters. On hearing the first three or four numbers of his ticket, the face of one of them would suddenly brighten; he would stretch his neck forward anxiously and prick his ears with expectation. But if the result did not meet his hopes, if the last number were the wrong one, the expression changed and he slunk back to hide his disappointment. If, however, the number were indeed perfect, fortune was now within his reach, and his hopes knew no bounds; did the prize, after all, prove an inferior one, he bit his lips, and seemed vexed at the boy for having made so poor a selection.

As I turned to quit this authorized den of vice and wickedness, I paused a moment at the door to carry away a distinct impression of the spectacle. What a singular combination! thought I, as my eye wandered over the group, pausing now on the priests, the soldiers, the women, the well dressed, the ragged, the officers of the lottery, the richly clad representative of royalty, until at last it fixed itself upon the image of him, who was made from his cross to look down upon and sanction the scene—the martyred founder of Christianity!

It were a gratuitous task to say anything of the vice of this system; of the loss of money and of time which it occasions, principally to those who can least afford to lose either; of an almost equal loss which society sustains in the unproductive employment of those who live by the lottery; in Spain, as everywhere, a vile and worthless crew of

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blood suckers, who prey upon the vitals of the community, or, worst of all, of the baneful effects it must necessarily produce upon the public morals. These are truths which are present to every mind.

But before quitting this subject, it may be well to give some account of a minor lottery which exists in Madrid, and which may be considered a miniature of the *Loteria Moderna*, inasmuch as the tickets, instead of selling for two dollars, cost but as many *cuartos*. This is the Hog Lottery. It is held at one corner of the Puerta del Sol, opposite the church of Buen Suceso. There, a *memorialista* has his little penthouse, placed against the wall of the corner store, and carries on the business of selling the tickets. As the *memorialista* is a very important personage in Spain, it may not be amiss to say that his employment is, to copy documents, and write letters or draw up petitions, with a due observance of the forms and compliments in use among his countrymen. As he is far too poorly paid to be at the expense of a regular office, he is content with a small wooden box, to which he bears the same relation that a tortoise does to its shell, which may be moved about with him at pleasure, and which he is allowed for a trifle to set down against a wall or in a court-yard. But the *memorialistas* are by no means such transitory beings as this facility of locomotion might imply; indeed, to look on one of them, seated in his little tenement, half hidden under an old cocked hat and black cloak as thin as a cobweb, and busily employed in forming antique characters upon Moorish paper, with a pen old enough to have served Cide Hamete Benengeli in writing the life and actions of Don Quixote, and ever and anon, pausing and placing his pen over the right ear, whilst he warms his fingers or lights his *cigarillo* over the chafing-dish of charcoal beside him—when one sees this, I say, he can scarce believe that the *memorialista* has not been thus occupied for at least a century.

The most frequented stand of these humble scribes is in the rear of the *Casa de Correos*, where their boxes are placed so close to each other, as to form narrow apertures between, which are used by night for a variety of purposes. Here they are ready throughout the day to do whatever may be required of them, more especially to expound letters just received by the post, and to indite answers for such unlearned persons as can neither read nor write, a class sufficiently numerous in Spain. They also muster in force about the purlieus of the palace, to draw up petitions for those who have business with the king, his ministers, or with the servants of his household. In truth the *memorialista* is indispensable in Spain, for no business of any kind can there be done, without the intervention of a *memorial*, or, as it is more frequently called in the diminutive, with a view, perhaps, to show the modesty of the supplicant, a *memorialito*.

To return to the Gate of the Sun, whence we have so unwittingly wandered; the *memorialista* in question, was, like the rest of his fraternity, a threadbare, half starved man, who sat all day in his humble

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pent-house, selling the tickets of the hog lottery. He always looked cold and torpid in the morning, thawing gradually towards noon, when the sun got from behind the *façade* of Buen Suceso. It was then, too, that the idle frequenters of the Gate of the Sun, began to gather round him, either to take up tickets or to praise the good qualities of the hog, who reposed upon straw in a second shed, beside that of his master, and who was made very unconsciously, the subject of so much discussion. This they might well do, for the animal was always a choice one; in fact, the breed of hogs in Spain is the finest in the world, unless, perhaps, their equals may be found in Africa, whence they came, for aught I know, though Mahomet was no pork-eater, at the time of the conquest. The hog chosen as a subject for the lottery was always black, without any hair, and enormously fat, having dimples in every direction, such as are to be found about the neck and chin of many a stout gentleman. His legs were short, thin, and sinewy, with a well made head and curly tail.

The price of tickets in the hog lottery is such as to exclude no one, however poor, so that even the mendicants can take a chance. This is especially the case with the blind men, who, as we have already seen, are better to pass in Spain than the rest of the beggarly fraternity. When one of these happened to pass through the Gate of the Sun, he almost always went towards the lottery, winding his way dexterously through the crowd until he reached the hog pen. He would then feel round with his staff for the occupant, and when he had reconnoitred him sufficiently, straightway give him a poke under the fore shoulder, to try if he squealled well, for these poor fellows have a thousand ways of finding out things that we know nothing about. If the result answered his expectations, he came up behind and scratched him, tickled his ribs, and then twisted his tail, until he squealed louder than ever. This done, to pacify the irritated and now clamorous *memorialista*, he would go at once and select a number of tickets. When all are thus sold, the lottery draws with proper solemnity, and the successful player, well consoled for the jokes and gibes of the disappointed multitude, moves off in triumph with his prize.

I have been thus particular in describing these things, because any new information on the subject cannot be otherwise than well received in a land where lotteries come in for so large a share of the public approbation. We have already daily invitations, in lame prose and lamer poetry, to come at once and be wealthy; nay, fortune, in her gayest garb, is seen in every street, making public proffers of her favors. The system should be carried to perfection; there should be a hog lottery established at every corner, in order that the matter may be brought more completely home to the means and understanding of the vulgar.

There was yet another spectacle which I witnessed in Madrid. It was one of deep and painful interest—the capital punishment of two noted robbers. The *Diario* of the morning on which it was to take

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place contained a short notice that the proper authorities would proceed to put to death two evil doers, each of whom was called by two or three different names, at ten o'clock, in the Place-of-Barley—Plazuela-de-la-Cebada. I had already been once a spectator of a similar scene, and the feeling of oppression and abasement—of utter disgust, with which I came from it, was such as to make me form a tacit resolution never to be present at another. As I glanced over the *Diario* on the morning of the execution, the recollection of what I had seen and felt a few months before in Montpellier, was still fresh in my memory; but when I turned to reflect that I was in a strange land—a land which I might never revisit, that a scene of such powerful excitement could not fail to elicit the unrestrained feelings of the multitude, and to bring the national character into strong relief, I made up my mind to be present on the occasion, and to overcome, or at least to stifle, my repugnance.

With this intention I went just before ten to the prison of the Court, in the Plazuela-de Santa Cruz, whence the criminals were to be marched to the place of execution. There was a company of infantry of the Guard, drawn up on the square before the prison, ready to act as an escort, and a crowd of people were waiting without; but as there were no immediate indications of a movement, I struck at once into the street of Toledo, and directed my steps towards the Plazuela-de-la-Cebada.

The Plazuela-de-la-Cebada is, on ordinary occasions, one of the principal markets of Madrid. In the centre is a fountain, in representation of abundance, and round it are a variety of wooden tenements, which are occupied as butchers' stalls, and garnished with a lean and ill-dressed assortment of beef and mutton. The rest of the area is filled by market men and women; each surrounded by baskets of eggs or *verduras*, festooned with unsavory chains of garlic; or else entrenched behind conical heaps of potatoes, onions, pomegranates, tomatoes, or oranges. Here, too, one might usually see herds of hogs, all dead, yet standing stiff upon their legs, with each a corn cob in its mouth, or else hung straddling upon a barrel and striving to touch the pavement with its feet.

The company usually assembled in this square is the very humblest to be found in Madrid; for it is the old and ruinous quarter of the city, to which it serves as a market and place of congregation. Furthermore, it is in this neighbourhood that one may find the greasy dwellings and slaughter houses of the *carniceros*. Here, too, pass innumerable carriages, carts, and wagons, going to or arriving from Toledo, Talavera, Aranjuez, Cordova, and Seville; not to mention strings of mules and asses, which are so continually filing through as to appear to be moving in procession. The greater part of the market people are inhabitants of the neighbouring country. As they do not pass the night away from home, they have no occasion to put up at a *posada;* but bring their own barley, which they put in bags and tie about the heads of

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their mules. As for themselves, they either supply their wants from saddle bags, in which they carry bread and cheese or sausages, with a leathern bottle of wine; or else go aside to the nearest corner, where there is always an old woman with a portable furnace of earthern-ware or iron, over which she prepares sundry greasy stews in little earthern *pucheros*.

Most of these things, which rendered the Plazuela on ordinary occasions so animated, were now no where to be seen. The meat stalls were vacant and deserted; the baskets of vegetables and the piles of fruit had been removed, whilst the hogs had either disappeared entirely, or were thrown into promiscuous heaps at one side of the Plaza, without much attention to the symmetrical arrangement of heads and feet. If, however, many objects were missing that are usually to be met with in the Plaza, there was, in return, one which I had never seen there before. This was the instrument of execution.

There are in Spain several modes of execution. The least dishonorable is to be shot; a death more particularly reserved for the military. Another is the *garrote*, which is inflicted by placing the criminal in an iron chair, provided with a collar which fits closely about the neck. The collar is then suddenly tightened by means of a powerful screw or lever, and death is instantaneous. The *garrote* is also inflicted in some parts of South America, by placing the culprit in the iron chair, as before, and then introducing a wedge between the collar and his neck, which is broken by a single blow struck upon the wedge with a sledge hammer. The last and most ignominious mode is hanging by the neck; a death more especially belonging to robbery, murder, and other ignoble crimes; but which of late years has likewise been extended, with even more than the usual brutal indignities, to the crime of patriotism. The men, however, who were this day to suffer, were of no equivocal character, and no one could either dispute or gainsay the justice of that sentence, which had doomed them to die upon the gallows.

The gallows erected on this occasion was somewhat different from the idea I had formed of its construction. It consisted of a heavy oaken beam, sustained in a horizontal position, upon vertical posts of still greater solidity. The ascent to the gallows was effected by a stout ladder, or rather close stair, which leaned upon the horizontal beam, the middle of which, immediately beside the ladder, was wound round with sheepskin so as to cover the edges of the wood and prevent them from cutting the ropes by a sudden friction. This last precaution; the solidity of the structure; everything, in short, announced a determination that justice should not be cheated of its victims, nor they be subjected to unnecessary torture.

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The approach to the gallows was guarded by *celadores*, and no one was allowed to come near it, but the *verdugo* or hangman, who, as I arrived in the square, ascended the ladder with four ropes in his hand, which he adjusted with much care—the whole four close beside each other, round the middle of the beam, where it was covered with the fleece. The office of *verdugo* is in Spain utterly disreputable and abject. Formerly it was filled only by Moors, Jews, and miscreants; indeed, it is still necessary to adduce evidence that one's ancestors were public executioners before being admitted to the degradation. Yet this office is not only accepted, but even sought after. There was in fact quite a concourse of competitors on a late occasion in Granada, each proving that he was descended on the side of father or mother, from a public hangman. The cause of this singular fact is found in another equally singular. In Granada the *verdugo* has a certain tax upon all *verduras* or greens, whether for soup or salad, which are daily sold in the public market. Hence, being secure of profit, he can afford to put up with obloquy. As for the *verdugo*, who officiated on this occasion, he was a stout and rather fat man, who seemed to thrive well, what with good cheer and idleness. His dress was a plain round jacket and trowsers of brown. A broad sash of red worsted, wound round the middle, served as suspenders, and at the same time sustained a stomach which seemed greatly in need of such assistance, whilst an oil cloth hat, with a narrow rim and still narrower crown, but imperfectly covered his full and bloated features. Such was the figure of the *verdugo*.

The Plazuela-de-la-Cebada, though on this occasion its ordinary bustle and animation were wanting, was however by no means deserted. The balconies of the surrounding houses were crowded with groups of either sex, formed into a panoramic view, probably not unlike what the Plaza Mayor may present on the occasion of a bull-feast. The area below was thronged by the lower classes, blended in one vast and motly collection. There were abundance of sallow mechanics, tinkers, and cobblers, with leathern aprons and dirty faces; or thin legged tailors, intermingled with gaily dressed Andalusians, or with sturdy, athletic peasants and muleteers from the neighbouring plains of Castile and La Mancha. Other men there were, standing apart and singly, whose appearance did not indicate a particular profession, and who, though poor and ragged, seemed too proud to be of any. These were covered to the nose in tattered cloaks, almost met by low slouched hats, between which their eyes wandered round with a glance which was meant to inspire fear, but which betrayed anxiety. Perhaps they were robbers, companions of the condemned men who were soon to suffer, with whom they might have taken part in many a scene of danger and of guilt; but who, not having as yet filled up the measure of their crimes, had come to witness a fate which might soon be their own.

The conduct of this ill assorted crowd was not however unworthy of the occasion. Those who composed it seemed either fearful or unwilling to talk of the many crimes of the malefactors, whether from a linger-

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ing dread of them, or lest they might be overheard by a companion. Some stood alone shut up within their cloaks, grave, thoughtful, and solemn; others in silent groups, whilst here and there a countryman leaned over his motionless *borrico*, directing his eyes in expectation along the street of Toledo. No clamor was anywhere to be heard except from the boys, who were dispersed about the square, clambering along the *rejas*, so as to overlook the heads of the taller multitude, now quarrelling for precedence, now forced, from inability to cling longer, to let themselves down and abandon stations which had cost them so much contention. There were also a few blind men singing a ballad, which they had for sale, and which consisted of prayers for the men who were about to die; and now and then a person passed through the crowd, who, as a self-prescribed penance, for which perhaps he took care to be well paid, went about ringing a bell and begging *cuartos* to buy masses for the souls of the malefactors.

The few moments employed in reaching the Plaza and walking round it, sufficed to make these observations; but the arrival of the prisoners was much more tardy. Indeed, ten o'clock went by, and eleven was likewise tolled from the towers of many surrounding convents, without any indication of their approach. The day as it chanced was cold and sunless, such as in winter may be found even in Madrid, and the air of that chilly, heartless kind, which sets at defiance our endeavours to keep it out by additional clothing, and which will even find its way to the fireside, coming over us with a feeling of misery. In addition to all these incitements to melancholy, which were common to me and the crowd about me, I had a peculiar cause to be restless, from feeling myself alone as I did in the midst of so many beings, between whose sympathies and my own, there could be no congeniality. All these things bore so hard upon me, that I began at last to look with anxiety for the coming of the criminals. But when I came to compare their condition with my own, I could not but reproach myself for my impatience. 'The remainder of their lives,' said I, 'is all condensed into the present hour, and it—already on the wane. This remnant of existence may be infinitely valuable to them in making their peace with men and in seeking reconciliation with Heaven. And yet you, who, perhaps, have years in store for you, would rob them even of this to escape from a short hour of weariness and inactivity.'

I had before only been disgusted with the scene around me; but now becoming disgusted with myself, I turned away to beguile my impatience by wandering through the neighbouring churches. I admired anew the vast dome of San Domingo, and made once more the circuit of the convent. The cloisters were even colder than the street. They were, besides, painted on every side with the actions of the patron saint—he who went hand in hand with the bloody Montfort in the persecution of the Albigenses, because they denied some two centuries sooner than Luther did, that the true body of Jesus Christ is not present in the sacrament; who founded the fanatic order which has furnished the Inquisition with many of its most relentless heroes. Some of these paintings were ridiculous, some bloody, and some dis-

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gusting. I returned once more to the Plaza, and had gained little in the way of equanimity.

When I had reached the opening of the street of Toledo, and glanced my eye over the crowd which filled it, the multitude seemed moved by some new impulse. The women in the balconies were no longer saluting each other across the street, or shaking their fans in recognition to those who passed below. All eyes were turned in one common direction. The object of this general attention from the balconies, was not so soon visible from the street below; indeed it was some minutes after before we discovered, first the *celadores* with their white belts and sabres moving upward and downward—next their restive horses, spurred and reined into impatience, in order to intimidate the crowd and clear away for the coming of the procession. Behind the *celadores*, were soon after seen the glittering points of many bayonets, vibrating with a measured motion from right to left, and only seeming to advance as they grew brighter above the sea of heads which intervened, growing upward and upward, until the weapons of which they formed the least destructive portion were likewise visible. Presently the large bear-skin caps of the grenadiers emerged, until at last the whole was apparent, to the very feet of the soldiery. It was now, too, that might be heard the death dirge, chanted by the humble monks who attended the criminals, swelling gradually above the hum of the multitude.

The soldiers were so arranged as to give the crowd on either side a view of the criminals. They were three in number, instead of two; but the first, though an accomplice of the others, had either been found less guilty at the trial, or else had made his peace with justice by becoming a witness against his companions. At all events, he was not to suffer death, but only to be conducted under the gallows and remain there during the execution. He was seated upon an ass, with his arms pinioned beside him. His head was bent forward, so as nearly to touch the neck of the animal, and his long hair, whose growth had, doubtless, been cherished for the purpose during a long confinement, hung down on every side so as to form a complete veil about his features; for the criminal felt the degradation, and dreaded lest he should be recognised at some future day. This was an honorable motive; it seemed, at least, to be so considered by the crowd; for none sought to invade the secrecy but one old woman, who stooped down to the ground as the culprit passed, and then hurried off to watch over the operation of her furnace and *puchero*.

The second criminal was dressed in a shroud; a living man in the garment of the dead. He sat bolt upright on an ass, and his feet were bound tightly together under the belly of the animal, to prevent any attempt to escape to the churches which lay in the way, and reach the sanctuary of some privileged altar. As for his hands, they were tied with a cord and made to clasp a copper crucifix, which stood erect be-

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fore him. But when it was pressed to his lips, by the anxious and tremulous hands of the poor monk who walked beside him, he refused to kiss the image of the Saviour; nay, he even spit upon it. There was, in fact, more of the hardened villain about this malefactor, than I had ever before seen. He was a small, spare man, of a thin, sinewy, and cat like conformation, and such a cast of countenance, that had I not seen him, I could scarce have believed it possible for human features to wear such an expression of fiendish malignity. Wishing to learn his story, I asked his crimes of an old man, who stood beside me. He answered the question first with a shrug and a shudder; then, using an idiomatic phrase, which has found its origin in the frequency of murder in Spain, he said, 'He has made many deaths; very many!' '*Ha hecho muchos muertos; muchisimos!*'

The third criminal was dressed like the last; but his looks and bearing were as different as possible. He was far larger and stouter than his companion—stouter at least in body, though not in heart; for whilst the latter only seemed pale and wasted from ill usage and confinement, this one had beside that bloodless, livid look, which can only be produced by intense fear. His hands were not bound to a crucifix like the other, but left at liberty to grasp a hymn, which he was singing with the friar. He had, perhaps, pretended repentance and conversion, with a view to interest the clergy in his favor; for in Spain, criminals are often rescued by their intervention, even under the gallows. This uncertainty evidently added to his fear; it was, indeed, a disgusting and yet piteous sight to see the lips of the miserable man turned blue with terror, yet earnestly chanting as though his life depended on the performance, his hands as they held the paper, and every muscle trembling in accompaniment to his broken and discordant voice.

The procession had now filed into the square, and took possession of the area reserved immediately about the gallows. The first culprit was posted beneath, and the other two were dismounted from the backs of the asses, and made to sit upon the last step of the ladder. The *verdugo* now came to take possession of his victims. Getting upon the stair, next above them, he grasped the smaller and more guilty miscreant under the arms and retreated upward, dragging him after, step by step, and pausing an instant between each, which was marked by a vibration of the ladder. At length the *verdugo* stood on the highest stair—his victim was a little lower. They had been followed the whole way by a humble monk in a loose garment of sackcloth and girded with a scourge. A long gray beard rested upon his breast, whilst his falling cowl discovered a half naked head, shaven in imitation of the crown of thorns, worn by our Saviour in his Passion. He seemed deeply anxious that the sinful man should not go thus into the presence of his Maker. Lost to every other feeling than the awful responsibilities of the moment, the tremulous earnestness of his manner testified to the arguments and entreaties with which he urged the sinner to repentance. But the heart of the murderer was obdurate to the last, and the crucifix was in vain pressed to his lips to receive a parting salutation.

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The latest minute of his life had now arrived. The *verdugo* took two of the cords, which dangled from the beam, and, having once more convinced himself that they were of equal length, he opened the nooses and placed them about the neck of the malefactor. This done, he let himself down a single step, and, seating himself firmly upon the shoulders of his victim, he grasped him tightly about the head with his legs. He then drew powerfully upon the cords—the strangling malefactor made a convulsive, but ineffectual attempt to reach upward with his pinioned arms, and then writhed his body to escape from the torture. This moment was seized upon by the *verdugo*, who threw himself over the edge of the ladder, when both fell downward together. They had nearly turned over, when the ropes arrested their fall, and as they tightened, they struck across the face of the *verdugo* and threw his hat aside among the crowd. But he clung to his prey with a resolute grasp, recovered his seat, and moved upward and downward upon the shoulders of the malefactor. Nor was he left to his own efforts—his assistants below reached the legs of the victim and drew them downward, with all their might.

When this had continued a few minutes, the *verdugo* stood erect upon the shoulders of his victim, and attempted to climb up by the cords as he probably had been want to do; but whether he had been stunned by the stroke of the ropes, or had grown heavier and less active since the last execution, his attempt proved abortive, and the loud cries of the multitude, outraged at the brutality, restrained him from a second effort. He then slid down by the body and legs of the criminal, until his feet rested upon the ground, and having tied a rope about the ankles of the dead man, he was drawn aside, so as to make room for his companion.

Meantime, the remaining malefactor had continued at the foot of the ladder, singing with his confessor a chant, which made a singular and fearful accompaniment to the scene which was going on behind them. But his respite was a short one. The impatient hands of the *verdugo* were soon upon him, lifting him step by step, as had been done with his companion. The dreadful uncertainty whether he were indeed to die, seemed still to cling to him, and he strained his voice and chanted louder than ever. As he was let down after each step, the jar lent a new tremor to his already heart-grating accents. Before the ropes were put round him, he kissed the cross with a greedy eagerness, and then sang on, until a jerk of the executioner broke at once upon his chant and upon the delusive hope of pardon. *Verdugo* and malefactor went off as before, and the latter was straightened and stretched, like the blackened corse which hung stiff and motionless at his side.

The conduct of the crowd was singularly solemn. As each victim plunged downward from the gallows, there was a tremulous murmur upon every lip, ejaculating a short prayer for the peace of the guilty

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soul, which was then entering upon eternity. The cloaks of all were unfolded, and as their lips moved in supplication, each crossed himself devoutly—first on the forehead, then over the face, and lastly upon the breast. These feelings, however, were not shared by the *verdugo*. They might, perhaps, have been banished by the active part he had taken in the execution; or else they were ever strangers to his breast. No sooner, indeed, had he descended the last time, than he turned leisurely to readjust his disordered dress. He also recovered his hat, pushed out a dint which the rope had made in it; then, taking a half smoked *cigarillo* from under the band, he struck a light and commenced smoking. I even fancied, as he looked round upon his victims, that the expression of his face was not unallied to satisfaction. Dreadful propensity of our nature, which often leads us to exult in the vilest deed, provided it be well executed!

The crowd now began to disperse. Such as had asses mounted them and rode away; others rolled themselves in their cloaks and departed. Nor did I linger, but moved off in a state of mind which none need envy. I experienced a return of the same sickly feeling of disgust with mankind and of myself, as forming part of it, with which I had once come from the reading of Rousseau's Confessions. Surely there can be nothing in such a spectacle to promote morality, nothing to make us either better or happier—a spectacle which serves but to stir up to despondency, and to array man in enmity with his condition!

I hurried at once from the spot, determined to seek some society which might rid me of my thoughts, and reconcile me to my species. On turning to leave the square at the Calle Toledo, I paused to take a last look at the now lifeless malefactors. The first executed had been loosened from the post to which his feet were bound, and his body still continued to knock against and revolve round that of his companion. However closely associated they might once have been in crime, they were now more closely associated in retribution. It was now, too, that I remembered that the same Plaza and the same gallows had known other and very different victims, that along this very street the purest and bravest of Spanish patriots was drawn to execution on a hurdle; nay, it was more than likely that I had seen the very *verdugo* who rode upon the shoulders of Riego!

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CHAPTER IX.

NEW AND OLD CASTILE.

Journey to Segovia.—Choice of Conveyance and Preparations for Departure.—Galera.—Manzanares and the Florida.—Galera Scenes.—The Venta of Guadarrama.—Passage of the Mountains.—Segovia.—The Aqueduct.—The Cathedral and Alcazar.

Let us now turn to a more pleasing theme, the bustle and incident of an excursion to the country. I had been promising myself during the whole winter to quit the city so soon as there were any symptoms of spring, and to go on a visit to Segovia, returning by San Ildefonso and the Escurial. Towards the middle of March, the trees of the Prado began to put forth shoots abundantly, which, when the sun shone brightly upon them at midday, were seen to distil a glutinous substance. One or two apricot trees, sheltered by the palace of a grandee near the Recoletos, showed here and there a scattering blossom, sent as a spy to peep out and see if winter had taken his departure; and one who kept his ears open as I did, might occasionally hear a solitary bird trying a note, as if to clear his throat for the overture in the garden of Retiro. Believing that I discovered the symptoms I so anxiously wished for, I determined to start immediately.

Nor was I doomed on this occasion to travel without a companion. Fortune, in a happy moment, provided one in the person of a young countryman, who had come to Spain in search of instruction. He was just from college, full of all the ardent feeling excited by classical pursuits, with health unbroken, hope that was a stranger to disappointment, curiosity which had never yet been fed to satiety. Then he had sunny locks, a fresh complexion, and a clear blue eye, all indications of a joyous temperament. We had been thrown almost alone together in a strange and unknown land, our ages were not dissimilar, and, though our previous occupations had been more so, we were, nevertheless, soon acquainted, first with each other, then with each other's views, and presently after we had agreed to be companions on the journey.

The next thing was to find a conveyance. This was not so easy; for in Spain diligences are only to be found on the three principal roads leading from Madrid to Bayonne, Seville, and Barcelona. This inconvenience is partly owing to the little travelling throughout the country, but principally to the great exposure of the diligences to being

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robbed on the highway. Indeed, these vehicles, starting at fixed hours, and arriving at particular stands at known periods, are thence so easily and frequently waylaid, that all quiet people who are not in a hurry—and there are many such in Spain—prefer a slower and less ostentatious conveyance. Hence, the diligences are poorly filled, and, in fact, are scarcely patronized by any but foreigners and men of business, neither of whom constitute a numerous class. To avoid this double inconvenience to nerves and pocket, the travelling among the natives is chiefly performed in antique coaches, such as Gil Blas and Serafina rode in, when they went to Salamanca, in large covered wagons, called *galeras*, or on mules that are constantly patroling the country under the charge of an *arriero*. These all carry passengers, and the two last also take produce and merchandise, performing, indeed, all the interior transportation of the country. They travel at the rate of seven leagues or twentyeight miles a day. Having, per force, decided for the *galera*, and found one that was to start on the thirteenth of March, we agreed with the master of it to carry us to Segovia, which is fiftysix miles from Madrid, and to provide for all our wants while on the voyage, for which services he was to receive seven *pesos duros*, hard dollars, agreeably to previous stipulation.

Our other arrangements were few and soon completed. One of them was, to buy each an old watch, whether of tin or silver, not for the usual purpose of learning the time, but to give away, in case we might meet with any fellow travellers on the highway, who should intimate that such a present would be acceptable. We did not so much make this provision from pure generosity of heart, as because we wanted, in the first place, to save our gold ones, and in the next to keep our ribs whole; for people who make these modest appeals to your charity, when they meet a person of a certain figure, take it for granted that he has a watch, and if it be not at once forthcoming, think that he has either concealed it or else left it at home, both of which are misdemeanors for which travellers get severely beaten.

On the night previous to our departure, we returned home at a late hour, and before going to bed, packed a little knapsack with sundry shirts, stockings, and collars, not to forget a little Don Quixote, to whom we looked as a talisman to take us safely through every adventure. The next morning we rose at an early hour, and put on our very worst clothes, so as not to make too splendid a figure in the mountains. Then, having taken chocolate, we shouldered our cloaks and knapsack, and took leave kindly of our hosts. They continued to pursue us with good wishes the whole way down stairs, commending us in rapid succession to all the saints. At the street door we turned to beckon a last farewell; Florencia was completely out of breath, and had got to the end of the calendar.

The clocks were just tolling seven as we reached the *meson* of our *galera*, and found a crowd of idlers assembled about the door to wit-

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ness its punctual departure. It was such a group as may be seen any night in a *sainete* at the *Teatro del Principe*. There were fat men and thin men, with sugarloaf caps and slouched hats, with shoes and with sandals, with gaiters and without them. There were none, however, without the *capa parda*—none uncovered in its mock-colored folds. While these worthies were yet indulging in their solemn wit, the group was joined by a young girl of beautiful features, but wasted and squalid appearance. Her *mantilla* was tattered, and hung in graceless folds about her head and shoulders, her gown faded and stained, and her dirty stockings contrasted strongly with the care which Spanish women usually bestow upon their feet. Enough, however, remained to show that when the glow of health was yet fresh upon her cheek, when the artless smile of innocence and the blush of conscious beauty still beamed expression upon that faded face—she must have been more than lovely. In a moment the girl was completely at home among these kindred spirits, and the jokes and conversation were hearty and unrestrained. Having handed her snuff round to the bystanders, even to us who stood apart in the doorway, she presently went off opening and shutting her fan with the swimming grace of an Andalusian. She did not, however, go off alone, but was followed at a distance by a quick-stepping little man, with whom certain significant glances had been exchanged. She had come like a privateer among this convoy of hard characters, and had cut out and sailed away with a prize.

The *galera*, or galley, as it was not improperly called, had now been backed out into the street, when the master and his man began to bring out mules, two at a time, and to string them in a row until there were eight of them. They were fat, saucy looking beasts, with the hair shaved away everywhere, except on the legs and the tip of the tail. As for the *galera*, it was neither more nor less than a huge wagon, or rather small house placed upon four wheels, of such solid construction as to seem built in defiance of time. The frame only was of wood, the sides being hung with mats of *esparto* or straw, and the bottom, instead of being boarded, had an open net-work of ropes, upon which was stowed the cargo. The passengers, and we happened to be the only ones, were to accommodate themselves on the load, in such postures as they might find convenient. The whole was completely sheltered and rendered habitable by a canvass pent-house, kept in place by several wooden hoops, traversed by reeds, the openings at the front and back being closed at pleasure by curtains of *esparto*. The wood and iron work of the *galera* were of their natural color, but the canvass roof was painted so as to turn the rain, whilst, on either side, were large red letters, saying, 'I belong to Manuel Garcia, regular trader to Segovia'—'*Soy de Manuel Garcia, ordinario de Segovia.*'

So soon as the mules were geared, Don Manuel loosened a big dog who had been on guard within, and who, whenever we had come to get a peep at our accommodations, had always jumped to the end of his chain, and looked most fiercely. As soon as the chain and collar

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fell to the bottom of the *galera*, he licked the hand of his master, then sprang at once to the ground, pawing and snuffing, and fell to racing about the mules as though he had been mad. We were now invited to crawl in. Don Manuel followed, taking a conspicuous station at the front, whilst the mate put himself between the foremost pair of mules with a hand at the head-stall of either. '*Arre!*' said Don Manuel, and we set forward accordingly, the big dog prancing proudly beside us, now barking loudly at other dogs, and when met by a bigger than himself, placing himself upon the defensive, under cover of the *galera*. Though the vibratory motion of the ropes at the bottom, in a measure overcame the jar, we found our vehicle rather uneasy upon the pavement; but on passing the Puerta de Segovia, its motion became easier, and we rolled onward quietly.

Our road lay for some distance along the bank of the little stream of Manzanares, here furnished with an occasional fountain and planted with abundance of trees, under whose shade is found one of the most agreeable promenades of the capital. It is known by the pleasing name of Florida. As from thence Madrid is seen with better effect than from any other point, we abandoned the *galera*, and took to our feet, the better to enjoy the spectacle. Nor could we fail to admire the commanding situation of the overhanging city, its noble palace placed conspicuously towards the Florida, and the numerous spires emerging in every direction from out the mass, tinged as they then were with the lustre of an early sun. The interminable wheat fields spread out on every side, were now, too, beginning to assume a verdant appearance; and the woody groves of the Casa del Campo, the chequered kitchen gardens which occupy the low banks of the Manzanares and follow the meanderings of the stream, and the many bridges which connected its opposite shores, each broke agreeably upon the delighted eye, and combined to make up a most attractive picture.

But the scene now borrowed its chief charm from the pleasures of the season. Winter, as I said before, was just resigning the dominion of nature to a happier guidance. The trees were resuming their verdure, and the birds, flying from the ardor of a hotter clime, were just returning to woo and to carol in the place of their nativity. The inhabitants seemed already sensible of the change. A few persons were strolling leisurely along at their early promenade on the Florida, which was further animated by people sallying out on mules or horses to begin a journey; with others more humbly seated upon panniered asses, and hastening to market, or with women descending to the river with each a bundle of clothes upon her head. Others, who had risen earlier, were already busy upon the bank, each upon her knees, with her clothes tucked tightly about her, and keeping time with her rapid hands to a wild and half sung voluntary.

This valley of the Manzanares furnishes the only rural attractions to be found anywhere near Madrid. Hence it is in summer the

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chosen resort of the whole population. Here, on the afternoon of a feast day, entire families come out to taste the joys of the country. Seating themselves in circles under the trees, they spread such provisions as they may have brought with them in the midst, and then make a joyous repast, with the earth for a table and the sky for a canopy. This over, they dance to the music of the voice, the guitar, and the castanet, mingled with the murmurs of the rushing river; and at a late hour each seeks with a lighter heart the shelter of his habitation. Whilst this is passing upon the brink of the stream, the neighbouring road is thronged with horsemen and with the equipages of the wealthy.*

At the extremity of the Florida we were met by a trooper coming at the top of his speed; his polished casque and cuirass glittering brilliantly in the sun, and his sabre, the hair of his helmet, and the mane and tail of his horse all streaming backward. This unusual speed announced the coming of some distinguished personage, which the soldier had posted in advance to make known to a picquet of cuirassiers, stationed at the barrier, that they might form in readiness to pay the customary honors. Presently after we discovered the cause of this commotion in the approach of a gentleman, who, though plainly dressed in a green surtout and cocked hat, with but two attendants, was mounted on a superb sorrel barb most richly caparisoned. It was Don Carlos, heir to the throne. We took off our hats in passing him, as is the custom, and he returned the compliment with a similar salutation, accompanied by one of his most ghastly grins.

On reaching a bridge over the Manzanares, the road turned away to the left in the direction of Segovia. We now took leave of the Florida, and the country opened before us, stretching upward in successive ranges of irregular hills, which, though partially cultivated, were destitute of a single tree. Before us were the mountains of Guadarrama, stretching their bold proportions across our path, and almost everywhere covered with snow. Whatever might be the season at the Prado, and upon the banks of the Manzanares, it was evident that winter had still a strong hold upon the mountains, and that however warmly the sun might now play upon our backs, as we moved onwards before him, we should have cold fingers ere we reached Segovia.

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* Calderon, in one of his comedies, has given an animated description of such a scene.

'Aqui cantan, alli baylan,
Aqui parlan, alli gritan,
Aqui rinien, alli juegan,
Meriendan aqui, alli brindan;
Pais tan hormoso y tan vario,
Que para su la florida
Estacion de todo el orbe
La mas bella, hormosa y rica,
Solo al rio falta el rio
Mas ya es objeccion antigua.'

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Having reached the open country, our host of the *galera* invited us to enter. He then drew from a canvass bag which hung beside him, certain loaves of fine white bread and links of Vique sausages, being the stores which he had laid in for the voyage. The first thing Don Manuel had done, on passing the barrier of the customs, was to fill with wine his *bota*, or skin bottle, at one of those shops which are found just without all the barriers of Madrid, and where the wine, not having paid a duty of near one hundred per cent., is sold for about half what it costs within. He now took down the *bota* from where it hung, swinging to and fro, on one of the reeds at the top of the *galera;* then, leaving the mules to their own discretion, we all drew round and commenced a hearty attack upon our stores, sitting in a circle and cross-legged, like so many Turks or tailors. There was a novelty, a charm in this primitive repast, which pleased us greatly, and of the *bota* we became completely enamoured.

The wine in Spain is everywhere transported—and so also is oil—in skins that are covered on the hairy side with a coat of pitch. If the skin belonged originally to a goat, the hair, being of no value, is not removed. Wine is said to keep better in skins than in casks; but the more probable reason why this kind of vessel has so completely superseded the use of barrels and bottles in Spain, may be found in the scarcity of wood in Spain, and the great number of sheep and goats that everywhere cover the country. A skin requires very little preparation to fit it for use. It is first tanned a little, then coated with pitch and turned inside out. The hole by which the original owner was let out, is now sewed up; so are the legs, which serve as handles to carry the *bota* to and fro, with the exception of one, which is tied round with a string, and serves as a spout to draw of the liquor. Another advantage of the *bota*, in a primitive country like this, is, that it keeps its place upon the back of a mule and takes care of itself much better than a barrel. The universal use of the *bota* is one of the first things in Spain to excite the attention of a stranger; and Cervantes, who introduces the most familiar scenes and objects into the life of his Hidalgo, has made one of his most diverting adventures to turn upon this peculiarity. The reader will readily remember the adventure of the giants.

But to return to our little *bota* or *borracho*, 'drunkard,' as it is otherwise called; though a mere chicken to those we have just been talking about, one can scarce conceive a more agreeable little travelling companion. It was somewhat in the shape of a shot bag, and held the convenient quantity of a gallon. At the mouth was a small wooden bowl which served as a tunnel to pour the wine in, and as a cup to drink it out again. Thus, when Don Manuel handed me the *borracho*, I did but hold the cup to my lips with my right hand, and lift the skin upward gradually with the other, when the wine began to make its appearance, and though I swigged long and lustily, it kept always at the same level; a mystery which greatly perplexed me, until I came to remember that in my earnestness I had been squeezing the skin with my fingers.

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After passing through a country poorly cultivated and almost without population, we arrived, towards dark, at the small town of Guadarrama, situated in a mountain valley at the foot of the highest range of the chain. The *galera* was driven into the long court-yard of the principal *venta*. We got our cloaks and knapsack together; then jumping to the ground, we stretched our legs, and were ushered into the kitchen, which, in a Spanish country-inn, is the common place of congregation. We were at once welcomed to the stone seats covered with mats, which projected from the wall beside, or rather within, the immense fire-place. In the chimney was a stone shelf, removed a few feet from the fire, which contained large splinters of pine wood. These blazed upward cheerily, sending forth a glare of light which illuminated the chimney and the nearer portions of the kitchen, and shone full upon the faces of the whole party.

The principal figure in the group was the *ventero*, who occupied the place of honor in the chimney corner. He was a most hearty looking little man, and his figure, with the cleanly, well ordered disposition of the kitchen, gave favorable anticipations of our fare. He was short and very bulky, yet extremely well made; indeed his neatly turned little legs, seen to advantage in velvet breeches, and descending from his rotund body, would have done no dishonor to a more distinguished personage. He wore, over sundry inner garments, an outer jacket of black sheepskin, which did not quite meet in front, but was fastened by chain clasps of silver; whilst his full and jocund face was surmounted by a narrow rimmed, sugar loaf hat of oil cloth, upon which was planted a flaming royalist cockade—the badge of his political belief. The *ventera* was a busy, stirring woman, content in all things to execute the orders of her lord. As for their daughter, who waited upon us, she was well made and quick moving—a Moorish beauty, in short, whose black eyes could not be gazed upon with indifference. The most singular of the group, however, was a sort of esquire to the *ventero*, who did not seem to have any precise office in the house; but to whose share fell sundry little indefinite cares, such as carrying the passports of travellers to be signed by the police, and holding the candle. He was a thin, meagre little old man, who, nevertheless, seemed quite as happy in his leanness as the *ventero* in his rotundity. It was, indeed, a singular and amusing sight to see the little man seated beside his master, with one arm over his thigh and looking up to him from his lower seat, as to a superior being, evidently seeking to catch the first expression of his will, by watching the movement of his lazy eye.

The society of the kitchen was soon after augmented by other arrivals. The new comers, after allowing a sufficient time to elapse, to show they were not so undignified as to be in a hurry, called for their suppers of soup and bacon. When asked by the *ventera* if they brought their own bread, each answered, Yes, and went to his cart or *galera* for a loaf, which he commenced cutting into a large basin, ready for the soup to be turned in upon it. Then when all was ready and each was about to sit down to his portion, he would call out so as to be heard by every one, 'Gentlemen! who wishes to sup with me?'—

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'*Seniores! quiere quiere cenar con migo?*' Being answered by the general thanks for his invitation, usually expressed in the words, '*Que le haga á usted buen provecho!*'—'May it do you good service!' he would then fall to manfully, as if determined to realize the good wishes of the company.

With all the remnants of ancient observances and abuses which remain in Spain, there has also been preserved a fund of that old fashioned punctilio, which, having been banished from the higher classes, who have adopted the French manners, is still observed by the mass of the nation. The first time you enter a house, you are told by the master that it is yours, to do with it whatever you may please, nor will a Spaniard ever so much as take a glass of water in your presence without first having offered it to you. Though there may be something irksome in this overstrained politeness, yet it gives, upon the whole, a courteous turn to the manners of a people.*

As for the master of our galley, he had been accosted almost immediately on entering the *venta*, by its well fed host, to know what the gentleman would sup upon. '*Lo que haya*'—'Whatever there may be,' was the answer. '*Pues senior*,' said the *ventero*, '*hay de toda;*' and then he began enumerating a long list of *liebres*, *perdizes*, *gallinas*, *jamon*, *y tocino*. Poor Don Manuel was embarrassed by the superfluity, and seemed to hesitate between the fear of not equalling our expectations, and the opposite dread of paying away too much money. The moment was a critical one, and we watched the countenance of our master with interest; for we had been a good deal shaken during the day's journey, and had taken nothing but bread and sausage. Finally he put his foot down with an air of resolution, and ordered bacon and eggs, to be followed by a stewed hare and a desert of olives. Upon this the *ventero*, who was still seated in the corner, put his hands upon his thighs, and then threw his body forward so as to rise with ease and dignity. When fairly up, he went to a corner where there were some hares hanging by their hind feet, with ears and tail cocked as if they were still bounding it over the lea. Little John—for such was the name of the *ventero's* uncle and esquire—attended punctually with a splinter of burning pine, which he had taken from the chimney, and after a short consultation, a fine hare was selected. '*Que gordo!*' 'How fat!' said the *ventero*. '*Que gordo!*' echoed little John. They then brought it over to me; I felt its ribs and exclaimed, '*Que gordo!*'

We spent another half hour most agreeably in listening to the conversation of the varied assembly. Nor were we slightly interested in watching the process of depriving the hare of his skin, which Don Manuel at once took possession of, and stowed away in the *galera*. The hare was then torn piecemeal and put into a *puchero*, with plenty of pepper, salt, and saffron, and sundry morsels of garlic and tomata. All this was interesting to us, and when the dark-eyed daughter of the *ventero* lifted the lid and put a wooden spoon in to taste the viand, it became still more so. But this was nothing to the moment when the

* These remarks apply to every part of Spain which the author visited, except Catalonia.

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contents were emptied, great and small, into a large earthen dish, sending up a smoke that filled the whole kitchen with the most grateful fragrance. Those who were busy with their humble soup, were too proud to look after the heavy laden dish as it sailed away into another apartment, leaving a track like a steamer, only far more savoury. When, however, the daughter came to announce supper, we gave all who pleased a chance to partake; for Don Manuel issued a loud and general invitation, by saying, '*Seniores! vengan ustedes á cenar con nosotros!*'

We followed our supper into the room where my friend and I were to sleep, and there found it crowded upon a small square table. Don Manuel and his man remained upon their feet until we were seated, nor would they put their spoons into the dish to help themselves until we had first done so. It was rather to our situation of guests and strangers that we owed this courtesy, than to any feeling of inferiority on the part of our hosts. A Spaniard, though only an *arriero*, owns himself inferior to no man. Don Manuel, when he went to the *galera* to leave the skin of the hare, returned with a loaf of bread and our little *bota;* he had likewise loosened the dog from his post that he might partake of our supper. We had scarce taken our stations round the table, before the animal posted himself beneath, where he was well cared for by the whole party. He seemed to understand perfectly the relation between us and his master, for he took our bones and received our caresses, and was altogether on tolerable terms with us throughout the journey; but when we met him afterwards in the street at Segovia, he took no notice of our whistle. Having ate of the eggs, the stew, and the bacon, and found all excellent, we amused ourselves awhile with the olives and in circulating the *borracho.* Presently after our companions asked if we took chocolate; we answered, '*Con mucho gusto.*' They then retired, saying, '*Que ustedes descansen!*'—'May you rest well!' The wreck of the supper likewise disappeared, and we were left in quiet possession.

The next morning before the dawn of day, we were suddenly waked by the glare of a lamp streaming full in our faces. We should, perhaps, have been vexed at the unseasonable interruption, had we not discovered, on bringing our eyes to a focus, that the bearer of the lamp was no other than our little Morisca who was bringing us the chocolate. Having swallowed it down and put on our clothes, we said '*Adios!*' to such of our hosts as were stirring, then nestled ourselves close together upon a bunch of mats at the bottom of the *galera*, which presently after rolled out of the court-yard, and commenced slowly its winding course up the side of the mountain.

The morning was a cool one, such as we might have expected to find in this elevated region and in the neighbourhood of snow. Hence we were happy when the sun rose to abandon the *galera*, and stretch our limbs to the top of the pass. There was something inspiring in this

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generous exercise and in inhaling the unbreathed air of the mountain; so that when we had reached the top of the pass, where New and Old Castile are divided, we were both in full glow and in a high state of excitation. Then, had there been any fine scenery within our reach, we were prepared to have relished it; I to gaze with the vague and general admiration of an ordinary man, my companion to point to the tree, the rock, the glen, and the river, in short, to see and to analyze with the eye of a poet. But neither of us was called upon to be sentimental either in feeling or expression. There were, indeed, a few young pines shooting up about our road, which was seen winding its way up the mountain, with many a turn, from the little village of Guadarrama. Here and there, along the declivity, were occasional ponds of stagnant water, now sources of disease, though only asking the aid of man to furnish the means of fertility. Over the extensive plains of New Castile, toward the southeast, might be seen some fields cultivated, though unenclosed; but there were more that had been abandoned, and the face of the country was uncheered by the presence of either tree or stream. The view on the side of Old Castile was still more desolate and dreary; for whilst the sun shone full and brightly upon the rival province, the mountains of Guadarrama still intercepted the genial influence, and covered all that lay westward with a cloak of obscurity.

During our winding descent along the side of the mountain, we met several groups of countrymen coming with loaded mules and asses from various parts of Old Castile, and toiling more slowly up the acclivity. Their costume, though very singular, was not inelegant. They wore breeches, leggings, and a peaked *montero* cap of brown cloth; but instead of a cloak, they had an outside jacket or rather cuirass of tanned sheepskin, which is put on over the head, and is then strapped closely around the body with a wide girdle of leather, having in front a large iron buckle. This girdle served likewise as a belt to sustain a long flexible cartouch box, which nearly surrounded the back; for each had a loaded musket, or fowling piece, hanging ready at the side of his mule. Some of these people had a dress very like the old Dutch costume. It consisted of a broad hat with a low crown, a jacket and waistcoat without collars, leaving the neck perfectly bare, and immense trunk hose, of the same dark colored cloth with the rest, which hung like a sack about the thighs. The lower part of this singular garment formed a legging, which was wrapped tightly about the calf, and confined with many turns of a green garter; at the bottom it terminated in a gaiter, which fell loosely over the shoe. Some of these men wore ample great coats, likewise without collars, and not unlike what are ascribed in paintings, and upon the stage, to the inhabitants of Hungary; but a jerkin or cuirass of leather strapped tightly about the loins was more common. Don Manuel told us that these people come from the neighbourhood of Astorga, in the kingdom of Leon. In dress and in physiognomy, they had less the appearance of Spaniards than of Germans or Dutchmen.

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Towards three in the afternoon, we entered that famous old city of Segovia, of which the curious may find mention, under the very same name, in the Natural History of Pliny. Nor has Segovia failed to make a distinguished figure in modern times; for it was a long while the principal manufacturing city of the whole Peninsula. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, we learn from Townshend, that there were in Segovia thirtyfour thousand persons employed exclusively in the manufacture of cloth; but now the whole population of the city does not exceed ten thousand. As a compensation for this decline, the number of convents has risen to twentyone, and there are now twentysix churches. Industry has fled—the clergy remain and multiply. In the open country between Madrid and Segovia, for one inhabited house that we came to, there were certainly two in ruins; indeed, it seemed as though we were passing through a depopulated territory. Many of these houses, we were told, had been destroyed in the war of independence; but it is likely, that in more instances, the insecurity of living isolated has led to their abandonment. As the villages in this part of Spain are separated by very long intervals, it generally follows that he who abandons his house, to seek security in the society of his fellow men, must likewise give up the cultivation of his field. Hence result a diminished production and declining population; and hence, too, the painful sight of wasted lands and ruined habitations.

Our first care on arriving in Segovia was to take leave of the *galera*, the mules, the dog, and Don Manuel, who promised to visit us at our *posada*. We were then conducted to the Plaza Mayor, by a lad who carried our knapsack, and were soon after installed in a narrow room, whose balcony overlooked the great Square of Segovia, now no longer the scene of stir and turmoil. Having taken a greasy dinner, we wandered forth to look at the famous aqueduct of Segovia. 'So marvellous a work,' says Father Mariana, 'that the vulgar still believe it to have been wrought by the devil.'

This aqueduct is supposed to have been built by the Romans in the reign of the Emperor Vespasian. Its object was to convey the water, brought from a great distance, over a steep ravine seven hundred feet wide, and more than ninety deep, which divided one portion of the city from the other. To effect this, two ranges of arches were thrown across, one above another. The upper one is on a level with the high land on either side, and has one hundred and fiftynine arches. Though the middle part of the aqueduct is ninetyfour feet from the ground, yet the bases of the abutments are not more than eight feet wide—a fact which is the best comment upon the beauty, lightness, and perfection of the structure. Indeed, it is even admitted that, though inferior in extent and magnificence to the Pont-du-Gard, the aqueduct of Segovia is yet the greater wonder. The stones used in the construction of this aqueduct are all of equal size, about two feet square, and are put to-

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gether without any cement, depending solely upon each other to be maintained in their places. A very few have fallen, but the action of the weather has worn away the edges of all of them, until they now appear nearly round. The slow but treacherous attacks of time will necessarily continue to work in secret upon this monument at once of human skill and human ignorance;* but when we look back through the seemingly interminable vista of two thousand years, during which it has continued to mock that principle of nature, which tends to the destruction of everything, it is impossible to fix the period when it shall no longer continue to call forth the admiration of the world.

Leaving the aqueduct, we went next to the cathedral—an immense pile in a finished and complete state, and perfectly symmetrical. It is a fine, though not a first rate specimen of Gothic architecture. From the cathedral we passed on to the Alcazar, or old fortified palace of the Moorish governors of Segovia. When the Moors conquered Spain, they erected strong holds which they called *Alcazars* in every favorable situation, with a view to guard their newly acquired possessions, to protect their territory from the predatory incursions of the Christians, and to lengthen out their lease of the Peninsula. This was the origin of the Alcazar of Segovia. It stands west of the city, on the extremity of a rocky peninsula, which is separated from the surrounding country by the deep bed of the river Eresema on one side, and on the other by that abrupt ravine which intersects the city, and to which we are indebted for the wonderful aqueduct. Thus the Alcazar is surrounded on these sides by perpendicular precipices. A deep trench, cut across the rocky platform, separates it from the city on the third, and renders it completely insular. The fortification consists of a huge square tower, surrounded by high walls, which stand upon the edges of the precipice, and are flanked with circular buttresses, having conical roofs in the Gothic style. The arches of the interior are circular, and very massive.

The Alcazar of Segovia, once the abode and strong hold of kings, has served in later times as a prison for Barbary corsairs, taken along the coast of Spain. Thus it may well have chanced that a descendant of the very prince who reared this goodly Alcazar to be the pride of his house, has returned in the condition of a slave, to dwell in the palace of his ancestors. The old tower, too, which rises in the midst, was long the mysterious abode of state prisoners, whether convicted or only accused of high treason. The reader will readily remember that Gil Blas, by an irksome residence in this very Tower of Segovia, was made to pay the penalty of having basked awhile in ministerial sunshine.

In the present day, the Alcazar is devoted to a nobler use. A number of noble youths are here educated, with a view to becoming

* The Romans were unacquainted with that simple law of physics, by which fluids, when confined, tend to regain their level.

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officers of engineers and artillery. Among the branches taught are mathematics, drawing, the French and English languages, and arms. Having a line to a young Swiss, who was one of the cadets, we were readily admitted at the outer gate, and conducted across the drawbridge, through several winding approaches, into the court yard behind the tower. We were much pleased with the cleanly and well ordered arrangement of the sleeping rooms, refectory, and hospitals; but what most delighted us was the appearance of the lads, all of them young, ruddy, and healthful. We thought we had never seen such a collection of good looks. Nor was it a little curious to see these generous youths, whose dress, manners, and pursuits, belonged entirely to the nineteenth century, moving about among the walls and arches of other times, learning the art of taking citadels, within the battlements of one, which, though once impregnable, would now scarce offer a day's resistance, or drawing men and horses in the very mosque of the Alcazar, whose hollow ceiling is still loaded with a profusion of minute and richly gilded ornaments, interlarded with maxims from the Koran, all the work of a people, who were taught to abhor every imitation of animate things as idolatrous and abominable.

We have thus in Segovia, monuments reared by three widely different people, who have ruled in turn over the Spanish Peninsula; by Romans from Italy; by Goths from the frosty coasts of Scandinavia; or by followers of Mahomet from the patriarchal regions of Arabia.* The Moorish part of the Alcazar may be esteemed rather a favorable specimen of the Arabesque, since it has its arches circular instead of elliptical, and is built with more than usual solidity. It is between the Gothic and the Grecian, destitute of the grandeur of the one, and the beauty of the other. As for the Gothic style, as we see it exhibited in the cathedral, no one can deny the grandeur of its conception, nor the hardihood of its execution. Gothic architecture seems admirably adapted to the uses of religion. Its severe grandeur inspires the mind with a feeling of awe and solemnity. When a man places himself at the extremity of such a pile as the Munster, and takes in, at a single glance, the whole combination of walls and arches, swelling upwards, to produce one single grand effect, and striving to take in as much as may be of that great spirit, which floats upon the breeze and exists in all nature, he forgets for a moment that he sees the work of beings like himself. But we turn with pleasure from the gloom of the Gothic to the simple elegance of the Grecian, from the Cathedral of Segovia to the Aqueduct. Here we see strength, durability, and convenience, combined with symmetry and beauty—here, the more we scrutinize, the more we admire.

* The writer does not remember whether the cathedral was erected before or after the recovery of Segovia by the Christians. It is not material, since the Gothic architecture was still used in Spain down to the time of Ferdinand and Isabella.

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CHAPTER X.

OLD AND NEW CASTILE.

La Granja.—We tire of Old Castile.—Pedro.—Perplexities in the Mountains.—The Summit of the Pass.—Pedro's Anxiety.—Guadarrama.—Escorial.—Return to Madrid.

At an early hour the morning after our arrival at Segovia, we left that city in a *calesin*, to go to La Granja, which is also known by the name of its patron saint, San Ildefonso. Our vehicle was conducted by a half witted fellow, who had just sense enough to hold his horse by the head, and run beside him, like one possessed, the whole seven miles of our journey. Towards eight o'clock we came in sight of the royal palace, and found its first appearance very imposing. When we approached nearer, however, it did not justify the opinion we had formed at a distance; for the front is irregular and destitute of all beauty. The same may not be said of the *façade* towards the garden, which is symmetrical and elegant. The fountains of La Granja form, however, its chief attraction, and render it one of the most interesting places in the world. They are very numerous, and are concentrated into a much smaller compass than at Versailles, so that when playing one may catch sight of nearly all of them at the same time. One of the principal represents Diana followed by her nymphs, who hide her from the eyes of Actæon. In another Apollo is seen with Latona and Diana, whilst at the extremities of the circular basin are seventy huge frogs, sending up as many jets, which form a canopy over the heads of the divinities. But the most wonderful of all is Fame, mounted upon Pegasus, and having in his mouth a trumpet, from which he sends a jet of water to the elevation of one hundred and thirty feet. The finest view in the garden, is at the angle, called Plaza-de-las-Ocho-calles, where commence eight avenues of trees, each of which has at its extremity a fine fountain surrounded by statues. Even as we saw it, the sight was, indeed, beautiful, and we regretted greatly that we could not witness the playing of the waters. There are a large number of finely executed statues in marble, placed in groups or singly along the public walks; but the figures connected with the fountains are chiefly of lead, bronzed over. It would seem, indeed, that this metal, by its susceptibility of improvement after having been cast, is admirably adapted to lend grace to sculpture.

The palace and garden of La Granja were erected by Philip V., who wished to have with him in Spain something which might remind him of his birth place Versailles, and at the same time furnish a shelter

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against the burning heats of a Castilian summer. To accomplish this purpose, he fixed upon La Granja, which being situated on the northwestern declivity of the mountains of Guadarrama, is only shone upon by the sun during a part of the day, and then with rays that are in a measure powerless. Hence the seasons are here so far retarded, that the spring fruits do not ripen until midsummer. The site of La Granja was at first no more than a bed of rocks, thrown together in irregular masses, with scarce soil enough in the intervals to support a scattered growth of pines. It was first necessary to soften the asperities of the ground and to bring soil from the plain below. A lake was then formed on a platform at the top of the garden, and here all the torrents produced by the melting of the snow and by rains, were collected with much art and labor, to feed the fountains. This done, forest trees were planted in every direction, with canals of water running to the roots of each. But the result is said to shew the vanity of art, when it attempts to render itself independent of nature; for the trees, seeking to push their roots into the earth, and meeting obstacles, are not found to flourish. Such as we see it, however, La Granja is a country residence worthy in all things of a great king. This the reader will more easily conceive, when he learns that the improvements cost fortyfive millions of dollars, according to Bourgoamme, the exact sum which Philip V. left Spain indebted, at the time of his death. The court passes the hot season in La Granja; during the rest of the year it is a complete desert.

Having seen everything of note connected with the palace and garden, we returned to the *posada*, in which we had previously deposited our knapsack. We now sat down to a rude and simple meal, which the keen air and exercise of the morning rendered most acceptable. Nor were we less pleased with the young girl who served us. She might already have seen fourteen summers, and was, perhaps, now entering upon her fifteenth, with new and unknown sensibilities. She had been, as she told us, a week in La Granja—caught and brought in wild from some village in the mountains. She was hearty, well made, and active, and unbroken by sickness, indulgence, or disease; indeed, as her eyes glanced rapidly from one object to another, I thought I had never seen so much animation and vivacity. There was a simplicity about her, too, that was more than amusing. Our dress, language, and appearance, were each different from what she had been accustomed to among the rude boors of the mountains, so that we came upon her like beings of a better order. She asked us whence we had come, and where our house was. 'In America,' was the answer. 'Is it towards Madrid.'—'*Esta por el lado de Madrid?*' said she, naming the most wonderful place she had ever heard of. Willing to avoid a lecture on geography, I answered, '*Cerquita.*' She then scrutinized our persons thoroughly, turned our hats round in her hands, and stroked my companion on the back, saying—'*Que panio tan fino!*'

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When our meal was over, we endeavoured to find a guide to conduct us to the Cartusian Convent of Paular, situated among the crests of the neighbouring mountains; but the direct passes had seven or eight feet of snow, and had not been traversed for several weeks, so that the convent could be reached only by making a circuit of near thirty miles. We would willingly have staid awhile at La Granja to witness the playing of the waters, which was to take place in a few days in honor of some saint, and especially to study the character of our mountain beauty; but we were already getting tired of Old Castile and its inhabitants, at least of its inn-keepers and horse drivers. The people of this province have a high character in Spain for honorable conduct, and for being above either trick or treachery. They have an expression which shows what a good opinion they have of themselves; for when speaking of an unworthy man or a dishonorable action, they say, '*No somos todos Castellanos Viejos.*'—'We are not all Old Castilians,' a favorite exclamation of my host Don Valentin, who, as I said before, was a native of La Rioja. We found, however, that there is no reducing a whole people down to any fixed standard. As exceptions to this general character for honesty, shrewdness, and sobriety, attributed to the people of Old Castile, we found in our host at Segovia a regular rogue; the driver who brought us to La Granja was more than half a fool; and as for our *posadero* at the latter place, he was so thorough going a sot, that we found him as drunk as a loon at nine in the morning.

We now agreed with an *arriero*, who had come with two miserable little mules loaded with barley, to take us to the Escorial. He was not like either of the three characters just described; but just such a well meaning, dull-witted boor, as may be found in any country. Though Pedro would be esteemed a very singular looking mortal in America, yet if one were to draw his portrait, it would serve for nine in ten of his Castilian countrymen. Pedro's face was long, with long legs and body. His frame was sinewy, gaunt, and bony; so hollow, indeed, was he, both on the back and belly, that he had scarce more waist than a spider. Over his hatchet face he wore a pointed *montero* cap; next came a waistcoat and jacket without collars, and then a pair of primitive breeches, which were secured in front by a single iron button, and hung dangling from the hips. His leggings, which served likewise as stockings, were neither more nor less than tatters of old cloth, wound round the leg and foot; and instead of shoes, he wore a sandal of raw cow hide, drawn up round the foot and bound to it with a thong. As for Pedro's old cloak, of the same dingy brown with the rest of his apparel, it was now thrown over the back of one of his little *machos*, which were already drawn out in front of the *posada*. Having stowed our knapsack in one side of his *alforjas* or cloth saddle bags, we placed a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine to make weight in the other—then, taking leave of the crowd, which had gathered round to witness our departure, we set out on foot from La Granja.

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Before commencing our journey some roguish fellow, or it may be only busy body, had persuaded our simple *arriero*, that the direct road to the Escorial, which had been shut up all winter by the snow, was now open. As a league or two were to be cut off by taking this route, Pedro guided his mules at once into it, when we left La Granja. Our road soon began to ascend the mountain, which was everywhere covered with pine trees and watered by many rivulets. We occasionally met with a woodman, returning, like the old man in the Forty Thieves, with a loaded ass, and an axe on his shoulder. None of them knew whether the pass were yet open. 'If it were not already,' they said, 'it soon would be,' so we continued upward. When within a league of the top, we saw an ill looking fellow, with huge black mustaches and a musket on his shoulder, who came out of the woods to meet us. He had red cuffs to his jacket and a red cockade, which showed that he was one of the king's foresters and a royalist volunteer. The man looked at us with astonishment, and asked where we were going by that road. We told him to the Escorial. He then gave us to understand that the people were yet busy in opening the pass, and that none but foot passengers had yet crossed the mountain. Pedro would now have retraced his steps to La Granja, in order to gain the road which crosses the mountain further south, and which we had followed the day before in the *galera*. But as there is nothing so irksome as to turn one's back upon any undertaking, we determined to keep on and brave every inconvenience. If the mules were unable to cross, we could leave them and Pedro in the snow together, then make the best of our way on foot, trusting to our own sagacity.

In addition to the probability of being arrested by the snow, we had before us the possibility of meeting with another obstacle; for there is no part of Spain more infested by highwaymen than this chain of Guadarrama. The numerous roads by which it is crossed, and the numbers of travellers who are constantly circulating between Madrid and France, Portugal and the intervening countries, hold out a powerful attraction to the freebooters, whilst the ravines and gorges of the mountains furnish the means of concealment. This last, however, is a matter of little importance, since Madrid is the head quarters, not only of the government and the police, but likewise of the robbers, who hold their rendezvous in the Gate of the Sun. A single story may be sufficient to give an idea of their numbers and hardihood.

Whilst I was in Madrid, the Swiss brigade of three thousand men, in the pay of the king of France, left that capital to return home. They did not all march away at once, but in small parties, so as not to make a famine on the road, or put the little villages to any inconvenience. It was amusing to see them file away for two or three successive mornings. They were followed by droves of asses, loaded with a variety of effects, which they had picked up in Spain. Now and then came a weeping woman with an infant in her arms, equally miserable whether she abandoned her house or her lover. It seemed indeed that many of these sturdy Switzers had gained favor with the Spanish girls, who are fond of strangers generally—*las carnes estran-*

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geras, as the phrase goes—and who especially cannot resist a red head and a light complexion. Of the men who were gathered round, all seemed glad that they were going; the liberals, because their arrival had been the signal of returning despotism; the apostolics, because they had kept them from going to extremes with their enemies. The former said *Adios!* with a significant air, the latter muttered *Hereges*, or heretics. The military chest brought up the rear, so as to pay the expenses of all who had gone before. It was of course well escorted; yet the day after its departure from Madrid, when the soldiers of the escort had stacked their arms and were engaged with their meal, they were suddenly pounced upon by twenty or thirty long legged Spaniards, who seized their arms, turned them upon the Swiss, whom they tied like culprits, then very leisurely carried away the the money, to the amount of four or five thousand dollars.

Thus much for the boldness of the Castilian bandits. Though in this respect they yield to none in Spain, yet they are much less cruel than those of Andalusia and Valencia. They content themselves usually with banging the ribs of those whom they suspect of concealing their money, and only kill them if they find it thus concealed, or in the event of resistance. During our ascent up the mountain, the snow so covered the sides of the road, that we could not see if it were skirted as usual by stone crosses; a single wooden one, nailed against a neighbouring tree, marked the site of a tragedy. But we found our chief security in the fact, that the road being now closed, there was no travelling, and consequently nothing to attract robbers; and we trusted that, unless accident should throw us into contact with some of these worthies, we would reach the Escorial with skins as whole as when we began our journey.

On approaching the top of the pass, we found the quantity of snow increasing. There was a narrow path, which had been cleared in the middle of the road, and along it our mules made a little progress, falling down occasionally either from fatigue or else unwillingness to go on. Pedro dragged them each time on their feet again, and a few steps on they would take another tumble. My companion and I, being in advance of the mules, soon after heard shrill and prolonged whistling and cries, resounding through the thick pines of the forest. Presently after, a sudden angle of the road brought us in sight of about twenty wild looking fellows, who were descending the mountain. They were variously dressed in cloth or sheepskin, and each had on his shoulder some ominous object that looked very like a musket. When they saw us, the shouts increased and the foremost ran rapidly to meet us. We were very anxious, and, pausing until Pedro came nigh, we asked the meaning of the mystery. He told us that the people, who had been cutting a road through the snow, had finished their day's task, and were retiring to their place of rest, adding, by way of consolation, as he glanced to the yet distant summit of the mountain, whose snows were just then enkindled by the last rays of the sun, 'God only knows when we shall get to ours!' As he uttered this in a despairing tone, down into the snow went both of the *machos;* and

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though Pedro pulled at their halters, and kicked, and cursed, and basted, they seemed determined to pass the night there. By this time the men had got near and gathered round us. The supposed bandits were only half wild peasants of the mountains, and the imaginary muskets had turned into shovels and pick-axes. What were we doing there, and where were we going? asked they, with a thousand other questions, excited by the singularity of the rencontre. When we in return inquired if we could cross the mountain, they gave us to understand that there yet remained an uncleared space, where the mules could not proceed, unless indeed they were dragged head and heels over it, which they were ready to perform for us, if we paid them well. This would be no easy task, one that would require much time and bear hardly upon the poor mules; so we told Pedro that he might either return with his mules and we would employ one of the mountaineers to guide us, or else get them to take care of his beasts and go himself with us to the Escorial. He determined, of the two evils, to choose the latter, made an agreement with one of the fellows to give his mules in charge to the landlord of the nearest inn, then, giving us our cloaks and shouldering his own, together with the *alforjas*, we recommended our comrades to God, and took our departure. Long after, as we wound slowly up the mountain, we could hear them shouting and whistling, or cursing at the mules, every time that they fell to the ground or showed an unwillingness to go onward.

We now pushed on unembarrassed and with new energy. Soon after, we came to the uncleared part of the road, and mounted on the surface of the snow. The upper crust bore us almost everywhere; but sometimes we went floundering in leg deep, and in extricating one leg would sink deeper with the other, until completely mired. At the top of the pass we once more caught sight of New Castile, and profited by a remnant of light to look around us. The mountains are here covered with a thick growth of pines, which are preserved from the common fate of trees in the Castiles, by belonging to the crown; the ravines were torn by rapid torrents, produced by the melting of the snow.

In ascending the mountain, the wind was so light from the north-west that it was scarce perceptible; but when at the top of the pass, we found it drawing up the valley with so much violence, that we could not check ourselves with so poor a foothold as was furnished by the snow, but had to scud before it down the opposite hill, until sheltered from its fury. My long cloak gave me infinite trouble on this occasion, for it flew and fluttered about me until I was afraid it would fly away with me. It was not thus with Pedro. His cloak happened to have many holes in it, and, as he threw the *embozo* over his left shoulder, one of them caught round the neck of our wine bottle, which was peering out of one corner of the *alforjas*, a clear proof that sometimes there may be advantage in a ragged cloak.

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The winds throughout this whole chain of Guadarrama are extremely violent, for, placed as these mountains are, at an elevation of four or five thousand feet above the sea, with far extending plains on every side, the currents of air come to them without obstacle and with unabated force. Hence, at the convent of the Escorial, the windows, though framed of iron, cannot resist the fury of the wind, but are frequently driven in, to the no small inconvenience of the occupants. For a similar reason, it has been found necessary to make a stone covered way, leading from the village to the convent, in order to protect the faithful, or take away any excuse which might lead to a neglect of their devotions. I was told in Madrid by one of the king's body guard, that in crossing between La Granja and the Escorial, there have been instances of their being driven from their horses by the wind, or cast, horse and rider, both together, against the rocks. These facts may serve to explain the double contest sustained by Napoleon in crossing the Somosierra. The crests of the mountain were alive with enemies, whilst his own followers were struck down about him by the fury of the storm; yet he overcame every obstacle by the mere force of his will, and triumphed at once over man and over the elements.

Having descended four or five miles we came to an inn, where Pedro proposed that we should pass the night; indeed he refused positively to go any farther, for it was already dark. We, however, were anxious to get to Guadarrama, where we knew there was a good inn, for we were fearful of encountering filth and bugs, such as we had met with at Segovia; so we told him that he might halt if he pleased, but that we meant to sleep in Guadarrama. Upon this Pedro yielded, stipulating that we should at least fill our bottle with wine, for by this time it was completely empty. We willingly assented to this, gave him the real that he asked for, and pushed on a little in advance, where we seated ourselves behind a rock at the road side to await his coming. When he at length arrived, we took a cut at the bread and a draught at the bottle, then started with new life for Guadarrama. This vivacity, however, was a little damped by Pedro's giving us to understand, that from what he had heard at the inn, we had still eight miles before us. He now told us also the true cause of his wanting to stay, which was that the whole road we were now about to traverse, swarmed with robbers. Had he told us this before we reached the inn, we certainly should have stopped, but after going so boldly past, we could not return without mortification.

The night had now set in with more than usual darkness; for the stars were veiled by heavy, ominous clouds, which came tumbling over the crests of the mountain, driving rapidly before the now freshening breeze. 'There will be snow on the mountain before morning,' said Pedro, in a disconsolate tone, 'and I shall have the devil's own time in getting to my mules again.' '*Valgame Dios!*' he presently after added, with uplifted eyes and an air of greater resignation. Just after

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dark, we had discoved the lights of Guadarrama, seemingly at no great distance. As we descended, however, an intervening hill rose gradually between, to cut us off from the cheering prospect. Other lights there were still nearer, in a valley on our right, where there seemed to be several villages. It was there, Pedro said, that the robbers, who haunted the neighbouring roads, had their dwellings. The petty authorities of these places either share the spoil of the depredators, or else they are restrained from interfering by the wholesome dread of having their throats cut or their houses burnt over their heads.

There was something in all this of wild and high excitement. With eyes on the alert and pricked ears, we hurried forward in silence, or talking by monosyllables and in a low voice. Pedro now began to tell us how to behave in the case of an attack. We were to stand close together; not to speak a word, and to do whatever we were ordered. The road over which we hurried was skirted with rocks and underwood, that furnished excellent lurking places at each step. These, as we walked rapidly past them, were registered with a rapid glance. The chief danger, we were told, lay near Guadarrama, where the meeting of a number of cross roads furnishes much passing and an excellent station for robbers. As we came towards this spot, there were several dark objects in the road before us; we kept on and found that they were trees, beyond the road side, where it made an angle. At the junction were several crosses piled round with stones. We had scarce left these tragic devices at our backs, when we were startled by a rustling in the bushes on our left. We paused simultaneously—a hare sprung at that moment into the path; terrified at our approach, it bounded away before us, and presently after disappeared behind a rock. By this time we had been a long while upon the road, and yet Guadarrama did not make its appearance. We had no means of judging of the distance we had performed by the time; for if the darkness had permitted us to see our watches, we should have been nothing the wiser, since, whilst one of them lost an hour, the other gained two, in twentyfour. There could be no doubt, however, that it was eight or nine o'clock; we must have come more than twenty miles since we left La Granja, and yet there were no signs of our resting place. Perhaps we had passed it at the junction of the roads, and then we must either retrace our steps, or else keep on, supperless and sleepless, to the Escorial. '*Valgame Dios!*' exclaimed Pedro. Just at that moment we emerged from behind a sand hill, and were suddenly accosted by a loud barking. We turned our eyes in the direction whence it came, and found ourselves close upon the little village of Guadarrama, with its lights, its hum of voices, and its watchful dogs—all breaking upon us with the most pleasing associations.

In the next minute we entered the identical inn, where we had passed our first night on the way to Segovia. Our fat host welcomed us most cordially; nay, he even gave up to us his privileged seat in the corner.

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Little John, who always followed the motions of his master, was equally generous with his humbler station, and thus we were soon accommodated within the very funnel of the chimney, close to the crackling fire, and with the pine splinters on the shelf above blazing full in our faces. What a contrast, thought we, from our late condition—dashing through the wet and snow, or roaming in a dark cold night over a wild waste, hungry, with wet feet, the prospect of being benighted, and the fear of footpads. Here all things were in the very same state that we had found them two nights before. The *ventero* and his man, his bustling wife, and his not to be forgotten daughter, the brown beauty of whom we have already spoken. Even the group of strangers was so similar, that the individuals scarce seemed changed. There were, however, no cooking preparations as before, nor any eating and drinking; for all had long since despatched their evening meal, and were now dropping away to their respective sleeping places. We did not need, however, the smell of food, nor the clatter of pots and pans to remind us of our supper; but straightway proceeded to discuss the matter with the *ventero*.

As we were now our own providers, we boldly ordered a stewed hare and a partridge. Pedro, who stood in the opposite corner, with the steam rising from his well soaked sandals, and curling upward along his legs, to mingle with the smoke from his *cigarillo*, started with astonishment at our extravagance. The hare and the partridge were, nevertheless, ordered, and were soon after placed in our bed-room upon a little table, whilst below was a *brasero* with embers. The *ventero* came in and took his seat beside us; now listening to our adventures, now aiding us to empty the tumbler, which each offered to him from time to time. As for Pedro, who, perhaps, had not tasted partridge since he was a boy, and may be never, he struggled hard between his inward delight and the desire to preserve his gravity. He sat between us at table, and we plied him well with wine and viand. Now, it is matter of courtesy in Spain to eat and drink whatever is put upon your plate or poured into your tumbler, in order to show your esteem for the favor. Pedro was aware of this, and therefore acquiesced with becoming resignation.

These matters being disposed of, each of us got into bed. We had offered Pedro to have one prepared for him; but he said he had no use for such a commodity—*mil gracias! que yo no gusto cama.* Thereupon, having adjusted his *alforgas* in one corner, he rolled his old cloak around him and threw himself flat upon the pavement, without removing either *montero* cap, legging, or sandal. He was, nevertheless, asleep and snoring, ere we had finished adjusting our pillows.

The next morning we had our chocolate as before from the hands of our little Morisca; Pedro shouldered his *alforjas*, and, having taken a last leave of the *venta* and its inmates, we set out on foot for the Escorial. The whole road was dreary enough, skirted only by abun-

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dance of rocks, and here and there a single *encina* or *alcornoque*. After a walk of eight miles we reached the Escorial, and found as comfortable lodgings as those we had left, in the *posada* of a motherly old widow woman. Pedro aided us in despatching a hearty breakfast. He was then paid for his own services, as well as for those of the mules which had given us so much trouble, and sent away with many good wishes. Nor did he neglect the parting salutations—'Stay with God,' said he, 'and may all go well with you'—'*Seniores! queden ustedes con Dios y que no haya novedad!*'

The convent of the Escorial is situated on the southeastern declivity of the Guadarrama chain, midway up the mountains. This magnificent building owes its existence to the bigotry of Philip II., who, being in a panic at the battle of Saint Quintin, vowed, if he gained the day, to build the most magnificent convent in the world, in honor of the saint whose name should be found that day upon the calendar. The battle being won, Saint Laurence was discovered to be the thrice happy individual, in whose favor the vow had been made. A place was chosen to erect the convent, which already bore the name of the saint, and was called San Lorenzo del Escorial.* Furthermore, since Saint Laurence was roasted to death upon a gridiron, the architect, Juan Baptista de Toledo took it into his head to build the convent in the figure of that culinary instrument. With this view he represented the several bars by files of building, the handle by a portion of the church, and even the feet of his singular model by four insignificant towers, which rise at the corners; indeed, the only poetic license of which this new John the Baptist was guilty, was in supposing his original to be turned upside down.

The exterior dimensions of the convent are seven hundred and forty feet, by five hundred and eighty. The principal dome over the centre of the church rises to an elevation of three hundred and thirty feet. It is built entirely of the granite found in the vicinity, and in the severest style, without any show of ornament;—it may also be added, as far as the exterior is concerned, without beauty. Indeed, there is no grand effect produced by the proportions of the whole; for the petty towers, rising at the corners, take much from the grandeur of the principal dome. There are also several ranges of irregular buildings, erected subsequently to the monastery, which lie adjacent and greatly injure the uniformity of its appearance. It is within, however, and especially in the chapel, that the Escorial is to be seen and admired. There we witness, in all the majesty of its proportions, one of the noblest monuments of modern times.

The great chapel of the Escorial is in the form of a Grecian cross, and is surmounted by the huge dome of which we have already spoken. This dome is supported upon four square columns or masses of granite, which rise from the pavement to the roof, and which are of such vast dimensions, that they have small chapels in them, where mass is daily performed. The organs, four in number, are placed on either side,

* Escorial derives from the word *escoria*, or dress; it is given to all places where there are old and exhausted mines.

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at the back is a gallery for the choir. Opposite the choir is the principal altar and the tabernacle, for the reception of the sacred vessels, and for the exposure of the sacrament in seasons of high solemnity. The altar is in the same severe style with the rest of the building. It is very imposing, and excites in the beholder a religious awe, which is further augmented by statues of two kings, Charles V. and his son Philip, who are seen in open niches at either side, kneeling devoutly, with their faces turned in the direction of the tabernacle. The imposing solemnity of this chapel, is, perhaps, surpassed by that of no sacred edifice in the world. There is here no profusion of ornament to dazzle and divert the beholder, whilst the rough granite, seen everywhere in its naked strength, is in happy accordance with the hardy grandeur of the edifice.

The Pantheon of the Escorial is the burying place of the Spanish kings. The body of Charles V. was first deposited there, and his successors have likewise been buried in the same place, with only two or three exceptions. The Pantheon is a subterranean chamber, situated immediately beneath the grand altar of the chapel. We were conducted to it by one of the monks, who carried the keys of this chamber of death, whilst a familiar attended with a light. A long arched stairway lined on every side with polished marble, took us far beneath the surface of the earth, and brought us at length to the Pantheon. It is of circular form, terminated overhead by a vaulted dome, from the centre of which hangs a chandelier of rock crystal. This is never lit, save at the burial of a prince, and the feeble light of our guide, now furnished but a scanty and insufficient illumination. We were able, however, to discover with its assistance, a small altar standing in front of the stairway, upon which was a crucifix of black marble, with a pedestal of porphyry. The whole interior is lined with dark marble, beautifully veined, and of great lustre. It is divided into three ranges of horizontal niches or compartments, separated from each other by fluted pilasters, and running entirely round the circle. Each of these niches contains a porphyry coffin, formed like a casket, and having a moveable cover. They are all in their places, but are not all tenanted. The empty ones have blank scrolls that are ready to receive the names of future occupants. Others are already filled. We read on one 'Carolus V.' An epitaph which carries with it the loftiest associations. There is an irresistible feeling of solemnity, which every one experiences in visiting the meanest dwelling place of the dead. What then must be the sensation of him, who after grouping through subterranean passages, which have never been warmed nor illuminated by the rays of the sun, comes at length upon this mysterious dwelling place, which genius has sought to render worthy to be the last home of the mighty of the earth; and where, as Bourgoanne well expresses it, 'deceased grandeur still struggles against annihilation!'

In examining the different portions of the convent, we passed through stairways and passages, arched into the wall, which is from fifteen to twenty feet in thickness, and entirely formed of, and filled in with hewn granite. We came also upon several little chapels in these se-

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questered situations. Josephus speaks of similar stairways, in describing the temple of Jerusalem. Had that famous building been constructed with equal solidity, no human fury could have been persevering enough to have completed its destruction. The apartments set apart for the royal family are very neat. They are everywhere hung with tapestry from the royal manufactory at Madrid. Some pieces are equal to the best productions of the Gobelins. One of the halls is painted with battles between Moors and Christians. The Moorish cross-bow-men are dressed in armour, like those of the christian army. The grand stairway is surmounted by a quadrangular dome. This is finely painted in fresco by Giordano. The first compartment represents the battle of Saint Quintin—another the accomplishment of the vow made on that occasion by Philip, and the last shows how the pious prince was at length admitted into the celestial regions, as a reward for so many good actions.

The convent of the Escorial formerly possessed treasures in gold, silver, and precious stones, worthy of its magnificent endowment. It may be sufficient to name one item, which was a statue of Saint Laurence, weighing four hundred and fifty pounds of silver, and eighteen of gold. These, in the time of the revolution, were plundered indiscriminately by French and Spaniards; nay, for aught I know, by the good monks themselves. The paintings, too, which had been collected at immense expense, were carried to France to perfect the gallery of the Louvre. Most of these have been returned, and the good Jeromites have in them ample consolation for the loss of their silver Saint Laurence. Among them is the Last Supper by Titian; a Nativity by Espanioleto, and a Virgin and Child in the very best style of Murillo; but the most esteemed paintings of the Escorial, and they are among the most esteemed in the world, are three from the pencil of Raphael. One is called Our Lady of the Fish, or simply the Fish, from a well drawn fish that figures in it—the other the Visitation, in which the Virgin, appearing in the presence of Elizabeth, exhibits the utmost embarrassment at her pregnancy. The last is called the Pearl—a famous painting, formerly owned by the kings of England, but which was sold either by Cromwell or by Charles II., for two thousand pounds sterling. It is now esteemed above all price. The subject is the Holy Family, and the whole piece is allowed by painters to possess in an unusual degree that perfection of design, beauty of expression, and that inimitable grace for which Raphael is said to be unequalled. It is to be regretted that natural coloring cannot be numbered among the attributes of Raphael; all his paintings which I have seen, have a bronzed tinge, which prevents the most momentary deception. It does not, however, require that a man should be a connoisseur, and ready to bow down to received and long established opinions, to admit the merits of the Pearl. Indeed I have never seen anything so beautiful as the face of the Virgin, whether on canvass or in nature.

The Escorial likewise possesses a fine library of thirty thousand volumes; four thousand of which are manuscripts, and half of these

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Arabian. A very valuable collection of Arabian manuscripts, arranged in a room of the convent, were destroyed by fire in 1671.*

The convent of the Escorial was formerly tenanted by one hundred and sixty monks of the order of Saint Jerome, and then its revenue amounted to one hundred and thirty thousand dollars a year, proceeding from estates and from a flock of thirtysix thousand merino sheep, which lived upon the neighbouring mountains in summer, and were driven in winter to the plains below in quest of a warmer clime.† They had beside a small flock of a thousand, which they kept in the neighbourhood to supply their table; for the Jeromites are good livers, and are not accused either of abstinence or maceration. The means of the convent, and in consequence the number of monks, have been somewhat reduced by the revolutions which have agitated Spain during the present century. Nevertheless, the Escorial still continues to be one of the most formidable of that vast system of religious strongholds, which cover the whole Peninsula, and maintain it in spiritual subjection.

The court comes to the Escorial every fall, and remains there during part of October and November. In addition to the royal apartments within the walls of the convent, there are two small palaces in the neighbourhood, erected for the recreation of the full grown Infantas. One of these is called the Casa-del-Campo. It is of plain exterior, but within of the most exquisite finish of any royal residence that I have seen; even the fairy Trianon at Versailles sinks in the comparison. The stairway is formed of the choicest Spanish marbles, and is of unequalled beauty. As for the rooms, whilst the ceilings are covered with a profusion of minute ornament, which resembles the richest mosaic, the sides are hung with a rare collection of paintings of unknown value, among which are some Arabesques and heads by Raphael.

The Escorial must certainly prove a dreary abode to the king and court, calculated to freeze and wither every generous sentiment. Its bleak situation upon the mountain, exposes it completely to the cold and furious winds of which we have already spoken; whilst the inclination of the declivity upon which it stands towards the southwest, gives full energy to the efforts of the sun. Hence, the proverb applied to it by the Spaniards—'You are frozen to death in winter, and burnt alive in summer.'—'*En invierno yiela, en verano quema.*' Nor is there anything here to soothe the mind, or to check and temper the fury of the elements. There are no trees, no rivulets, no fountains, no cultivation, no industry, nothing to invite man in the choice of a habitation; nothing in short but monks, masses, and granite. Nor is the result different from what might be expected. It is, during the residence of the court at the Escorial, more than ever, that the ghostly counsels of the clergy are visible in the affairs of state. It was within the dreary walls

* The library of the Escorial furnished Conde materials for his excellent history of the Arabs in Spain.

† Bourgoanne.

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of this very convent that the fatal edict, by which the Moriscos were driven from Spain, received the royal signature.

After wandering a whole day through the convent, we had completed a hasty examination of its most important parts. But it is so complicated that we were only able to carry away with us a distinct impression of the giant Chapel and of the Pantheon. These no one who has not seen them can appreciate; no one who has seen them can forget; nor, the effect produced upon the feelings by the massive construction of the whole pile. Indeed, there is no end to one's admiration in contemplating this stupendous edifice, of which it has been said, somewhat, perhaps, in the spirit of exaggeration, 'There is no structure in the world, save only those which triumph over ages upon the banks of the Nile, which give so high an idea of human power.' Some one else exclaims, 'Time, which destroyeth all things, doth but establish its walls.' As for the Spaniards, they show their estimation of the Escorial, by calling it familiarly—'The eighth wonder.'—'*La Octava Maravilla.*'

But let no one envy the Spaniards the possession of their Escorial. Independent of the annual sum, so unproductively expended for the maintenance of the idle monks by whom it is inhabited, it cost originally fifty millions of dollars; a sum which, it is said, would have sufficed to cover the whole country with a beautiful system of internal communications by means of canals and highways—one of many things for the want of which Spain is now sunk into such utter insignificance.

On the fifth morning of our departure from Madrid, we set out after breakfast with two mules and a guide to return to the city. We had heard so much lately of robbers, that we had much the same feeling towards them that a Frenchman has towards a Jesuit. We saw robber written upon every face. The night before, the little group about our kitchen fire had each some doleful story to communicate. One poor fellow had been stopped in the morning on a bridge about a league from the Escorial by a number of *salteadores* or jumpers, a name given to the robbers in Spain, from the sudden way in which they leap like tigers upon their prey. They had come suddenly upon him from out the ruined post house that lies hard by, and not finding any money upon him, they had basted him to his heart's content, and left him *molido y echo pedazos*—a mere mummy.

We started, therefore, with our minds made up to being robbed, and paid for the mules in advance, in order to save thus much from the wreck. When we came in sight of the fatal bridge, we made our guide get up behind one of us, so as to move on faster and linger the least possible time in the neighbourhood of the danger. We now descended briskly into the glen, and urged our mules over the noisy pavement of the bridge. The ruined post house stood at the right; its roof had fallen in, but the walls remained. When we got opposite to

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it, no robbers came out to meet us, and we passed without any rencontre and at a rapid rate. We went on thus four or five miles, when our guide suddenly jumped to the ground, saying—'*Voy molido.*' He had been sitting upon the buckle of the crupper, and though a Spaniard, and very tough, it had at last made an impression. He was an elegantly made, athletic young man, and kept up with us at the rate of near five miles an hour, and with little seeming exertion, during the greater part of the twentyeight miles which lay between Madrid and the Escorial.

Towards four o'clock we passed through the crowded promenade of the Florida—under the noble portal of San Vincente, and by the Palace, until we had reached the lofty level of the city—arriving at last at the Gate of the Sun, dirty, fatigued, and with the skin burnt and blistered on the right side of our faces, which had been turned towards the sun. This, however, did not hinder us from being well received by the old woman, whom we found as usual with her *gacetas* at the bottom of the entry, as well as by Don Valentin, and Donia Florencia, who testified a pleasure at our return, which was extremely grateful in a foreign land.

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CHAPTER XI.

KINGDOM OF NEW CASTILE.

Second Excursion.—Father Patrick.—The Carro.—Arrival at Aranjuez.—Jose.—The Palaces and Gardens.—Tedious Ride to Toledo.—Pause at a Venta.—Renew our Journey.—Wamba.—Arrival at Toledo.

On my return from Segovia, I received intelligence which made me anxious to depart with as little delay as possible for the South of Spain. Being, however, extremely unwilling to leave Castile without visiting Toledo, I determined to steal time enough to make a short journey to that famous old city, and to turn a little aside in the way, in order to see something of the palaces and gardens of the much boasted Aranjuez. My late companion having plenty of time before him, intended to perform the same journey less in a hurry, and at a later day, when a knowledge of the language would enable him to travel with greater profit. I regretted this circumstance much; for I had ever found the pleasures of travelling greatly enhanced by participation, and was beside, clearly of the opinion of the French moralist, when he says that solitude is indeed a beautiful thing; but we should always have some friend beside us, to whom we may say,—'How beautiful is solitude!'

On the first of April I was ready to depart, and as there was to be no diligence passing through Aranjuez until Wednesday, I endeavoured to find some earlier conveyance. Of the many *galeras* which trade regularly to the four kingdoms of Andalusia, there were none just then ready; but I was able at length, with the assistance of my good friend Don Diego, to find a *carro* in the *calle* Toledo, which was to start at an early hour on the following morning. Finding myself at the time in the neighbourhood of Father Patrick, and remembering that he had offered me a line, in case I should go to Toledo, to an old friend of his—a canon in the metropolitan cathedral—I entered his house, and going up a single pair of stairs, rang the bell at the door of his apartment.

Father Patrick was an Irishman, who had come when a youth to Spain, and had studied theology, as many of his countrymen had done before, in the Colegio-de-los Irlandeses at Salamanca. Since then he had passed an eventful life, chequered with a more than usual share of that incident and adventure which has been the lot of the Spanish

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clergy, during the various revolutions which have of late convulsed the Peninsula. He had, doubtless, taken an active part in politics; for he was once a prisoner of the French, and with his liberty had like to have lost his life. But he had gone safely through all these troubles, and now that the church had again triumphed over the constitution, he was busily employed in securing the advantages of victory. For aught I know, he might have been connected with that vast system, by means of which the Spanish hierarchy not only influence, but control the leading measures of state; that parallel government, which, though unseen, runs beside the ostensible one—is constantly informed of everything going on all over the world, of a favorable or unfavorable tendency to the cause of the church—and is ever ready with heart and hand to forward the great interests of that alliance, by means of which the Altar and the Throne still struggle to maintain their tottering dominion. Be this as it may, Father Patrick was often in possession of news, foreign and domestic, before they had reached the diplomatic circles; and I even once heard him say, when bewailing a disaster which had befallen the crusaders in Portugal, that he had been in possession of the particulars, ere they were known at the Palace.

Before I had time to give a second pull at the bell of Father Patrick, his own voice was heard within calling '*Quien?*' I gave the usual answer and was at once admitted. He was no longer habited in the long hat, low robe, and flowing cloak of the Spanish priest; but had on a dark surtout, beneath which were seen a pair of neat legs covered with breeches and black stockings. A small black neck stock, having a narrow streak of violet, and a silk skull cap to cover the tonsure, alone indicated the man of God. As for his face, it was well fed and rosy, full of mirth, frankness, and good humor; in short, it was all Irish. He had been sitting at a table covered with books, breviaries, and newspapers, and in front of his chair was a half written paper, which he presently covered, and which might very well have been a letter to the noisy Shiel or the noisier O'Connel.

And here, too, I would willingly tell the reader of a pilgrim, who was very often in the company of Father Patrick. The son of a Protestant clergyman in Ireland, he had gone back to the faith of Saint Peter, and, by way of penance, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He was a tall man, with lank white hair hanging about his features. His head was covered with a broad brimmed hat—in his right hand was the long staff of the pilgrim, whilst, for garments, he wore a surtout and breeches which might have fitted him when he left Ireland, but which had grown far too capacious in less wholesome climes. With the limbs and frame of a giant, our pilgrim had not only the simplicity, but even the squeaking tones of a child; for both voice and virility had gone together in a fit of dysentary in Palestine. It was indeed an odd scene to hear him and Father Patrick together. The pilgrim would recount some particular adventure at the request of his companion, who took him round to show him off to all his acquaintance. His language was simple and unaffected, and from much reading of the Bible, he had caught the scripture phraseology, which

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was rendered still more singular by his peculiar tone. But the best was when Father Patrick would break in with his full, fat voice, uttering some lewd joke, which his companion was too single minded to understand, and laughing from the bottom of his bowels. There chanced once to be by, when this exhibition was going on, one, of whom a genius for mimicry was the smallest merit; so that we had occasion many times after to laugh at the contrasting oddities of Father Patrick and his Pilgrim. To return to the matter in question, Father Thomas, when he found I was going to Toledo, at once offered me a note to the Canonigo, which he wrote upon the spot, and I returned home with everything ready for the journey.

Having risen the next day at an early hour, I repaired in due time to the inn of my *carro*. And here, lest the reader should form too magnificent an idea of our vehicle from the favorable sound of its name, it may not be amiss to tell him that it was neither more nor less than a rough cart, made entirely with the broad axe. Instead of shafts, it had a single piece of timber projecting from the centre, by means of which and a transverse beam, the vehicle was sustained in a horizontal position, resting upon the backs of the two mules which drew it. Like the *galera*, it was covered with a top, under which, and upon a solid load of various commodities, the passengers were to be accommodated. All being ready, we got in and sallied through the Gate of Toledo. The *carro*, as I soon discovered, is a very inferior conveyance to the *galera*. The *galera*, covering a very large space, is not easily disturbed, and rolls over the ground with a certain gravity of motion; but the *carro* is a restive, vivacious vehicle, which goes hopping and jumping over every pebble. And, inasmuch as you cannot seat yourself at any great distance from the wheels, its caprices are all brought home to you.

Towards noon we had gone fourteen miles, which was half the journey, when we stopped to dine in Valdemoro—Valley-of-the-Moor. Our meal was rather a homely one, consisting of a soup seasoned with garlic, which was served up in a large earthen basin, from which each one helped himself with a wooden spoon. Next came the *puchero*, from which the soup had been made; and then a salad. This being despatched, each one sought a bench or table, upon which to make a hasty *siesta*. At two we again departed from Valdemoro. The sun was very powerful; there was not a breath of air, and the heat became intense; furthermore, it had not rained for sometime, and the dust which covered the road was as fine as powder and rose into the air upon the slightest provocation. We had not got far, as it chanced, from Valdemoro, when we were overtaken by two *galeras* of the king's stables, which were conveying furniture to Aranjuez, preparatory to the removal of the court. Each of them was drawn as usual by a whole battalion of mules, so that they did not lack the means of kicking up a dust. The most natural course for us to have

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followed would have been, to pause awhile and let the dust of the *galeras* subside before advancing any farther. But our driver being young and ardent was anxious to recover the lead; this the *galera* men would not consent to, so we gallopped on, always cutting boldly into the cloud of dust which followed them. Not content with outstripping us and choaking us with dust, the *galera* men now rallied and ridiculed us. In this, however, they had no advantage of our man, who said some cutting things to them—among others, one, in which his majesty was treated with little ceremony. '*Los caleseros del Rey, poca honra!*'—'The king's wagoners forsooth! small is the honor!' The Spaniards, though on ordinary occasions grave and taciturn, when they become excited by a race, or other contest for superiority, are the wildest creatures in the world.

In due time we reached the bold bank of the Jarama and caught a view of that stream, of the more distant Tagus, and of the verdant groves of Aranjuez, all contrasting most gratefully with the dusty sterility of the country through which we had been passing. We descended by a winding road to the valley of the Jarama; we crossed that noble bridge, of which I have elsewhere spoken, and before five o'clock our *carro* had traversed the Tagus and paused for us to descend in the Plaza of Aranjuez. I had scarce reached the ground before several lads offered their services to carry my little bundle. All looked disappointed except the successful candidate, who took the prize under his arm and led the way to the *posada*.

Having shaken off a portion of the dust, which had gathered round me during the journey, I walked forth to refresh myself in a ramble along the banks of the Tagus. In crossing the Plaza to join the river I was accosted by a lad, whom I presently recognised to be one of those who had offered to conduct me to the *posada*. He asked me if I had lost anything when I got down from the *carro*, and at the same time took from his cap, a cut glass inkstand with a brass cover, which fitted tightly with a screw. I was pleased with this little act of honesty in a needy boy, and on turning to take more notice of him, was struck with his manly appearance, his sunburnt face, and keen black eye. Having asked him to show me to a pleasant walk, he took me at once across the bridge, and as we traced a foot path which lay along the margin of the river, I drew from him a story which was more than melancholy.

Jose—for such was the name of the lad—had never known his father; as he had been born to sorrow, he might also have been begotten in guilt. All that he knew of himself was, that three years before, at the period when the entry of the French troops into Spain had restored the priest party to preponderance and power—at that

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period of universal license, when from a pulpit in Madrid, it was publicly proclaimed to be no sin to kill the child of a Constitutional, though in its mother's womb—two royalists had entered their dwelling in the dead of night, and falling upon his mother, had murdered her with five knife stabs. Jose could not tell whether these blows had been aimed by religious or political fanaticism, or by the revengeful fury of a passion unknown in less ardent climes—it was enough for him that they had killed his mother. Since that fatal night, he had wrestled for his bread, as best he could. His character seemed to have formed itself prematurely, and though only twelve years old, he showed already something of the bearing and dignity of manhood. Yet his ragged clothing and uncombed hair showed that he would still have been the better for the care of a mother.

I was greatly struck with the solitary and unfriended condition of this poor boy, and determined to employ him the next day in showing me the wonders of Aranjuez. In returning towards the *posada* our road lay through the market place. It was thronged with laborers, returning from their work in the palaces and gardens, and who had stopped, on their way homeward, to talk over the village gossip of the day. All the men wore the undress of royalist volunteers; I had nowhere seen so many of these birds of evil omen. In one group near which we passed, I noticed a stout, powerful man with thick hair and long black mustaches; his jacket was hanging carelessly from the left shoulder, and a red cockade of most loyal dimensions was stuck under the ribbon of his hat. He followed us with his eyes as we went by, and when we had turned a corner, the boy drew towards me and said, 'It was he who killed my mother.'—'*Es el, quien mató á mi madre!*'

The next morning I was waked at sunrise, by my little companion of the day before; and we went at once to the principal palace. This building was commenced by Charles V., who delighted in Aranjuez. Since then many ranges of buildings have been erected for the lodgment of the host with which this court is always accompanied. They are all built with arcades and terraces. Had a uniform plan been observed throughout, they would form a noble assemblage. The arrangement and furniture of the interior have nothing striking, and there are few good paintings. But it is upon its gardens, rather than upon its palaces, that Aranjuez founds its reputation. They are indeed delightful. The Tagus flows immediately beside the grounds, and, being dammed up, it is rendered navigable above for the amusement of the court, and at the same time its waters are poured at pleasure over the fields and sent to the roots of every shrub. This may account for the unequalled size and luxuriance of the trees. They are of every kind; among the rest the lofty sycamore rose prominent, and came in a good hour to remind me of my distant home. A portion of the river being thus diverted to irrigate the garden, the remainder rushes over the dam, forming a perpetual cascade beneath the windows of the

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palace. The garden is laid out in straight walks; but the trees are not shorn into formal alleys, but left to their own luxuriance. Vine-covered arbors, parterres, groups of statues, and fountains, are scattered about in happy distribution.

Leaving the palace, we now struck into the *Calle-de-la-Reyna*, a fine wide road, which runs along the Tagus, and is shaded by noble trees. The river in its windings sometimes receded from the road, sometimes approached it closely. The space between them formed one continuous orchard, called the Garden of Spring, planted with peach, pear, plum, almond, and cherry trees, which were then covered with flowers, exhaling the most grateful fragrance. Fruit trees certainly add a wonderful charm to a mere pleasure garden; for they carry with them that idea of utility which raises everything in human estimation. Nor did Flora withhold her aid in decking forth this Garden of Primavera. On every side were seen bushes of roses and beds of the gayest flowers, enclosed in hedges of odoriferous shrubs, whilst the vine, clambering along the trunks of the trees, was preparing with shoot and tendril, to send abroad its airy festoons. I was delighted with the Garden of Primavera, and my confidence in my own opinion was not a little increased by finding that it was shared by the whole feathered tribe; for the groves, the bushes—nay, the very ground, teemed with their songs of exultation. The nightingales are said, especially, to delight in this favored abode, where they arrive about the middle of April, to open the summer campaign of love and matrimony. If these aërial voyagers, who pass at pleasure over countries and continents, be allowed to have a good taste in matters of rural attraction, then there is no place like Aranjuez.

Never have I made so pleasant a walk as this along the Calle-de-la-Reyna, and beside the Garden of Primavera. The time was that auspicious hour, when the risen sun had just strength enough to dissipate the coolness of the morning without bringing in exchange the least feeling of languor, and ere he had yet drunk up the dewdrops, which still clung to the leaves, the blossoms, and the branches. The place, too, was Aranjuez, the land of Galatea, the scene of many a pastoral ditty; whilst the river which glided by with scarce a ripple, reflecting the flying clouds, the azure sky, the hovering birds, the stately trees which skirted its banks, or the humbler willows which plunged their branches into its current, was the *Tajo dorado* of Cervantes, Gongora, and Garcilaso. As for the season of the year, it was that very vernal time, sung by poets and eulogized by moralists, when nature, escaping from the dreary durance of her wintry sleep, arrays herself once more in the habiliments of joy; that spring, which we love by comparison with the past and in anticipation of the future, whose promises we value higher than the realities of summer, because not having yet reached maturity, it does not bring with it the idea of decay, just as we prefer virgin beauty to the perfection of womanhood, or the blowing to the full blown rose.

Tracing the stream upward, we came at length to the Casa-de-los-Mavineros. This is a naval arsenal in miniature, with its buildings,

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its dock-yard, its ships, and even its sailors, who come from the sea coast and wear the naval uniform. Opposite is a little battery with embrasures for cannon, and, in the time of Bourgoanne, a number of frigates in miniature might be seen with spread canvass and fluttering pennons, coursing it over the Tagus, engaged in mock combat with each other, or in bombarding the battery. The only boat which I saw was the king's barge. It was gorgeously decorated, and seemed manned with statues, rising like mermaids above the water.

Leaving behind the naval arsenal, we next came to the Casa-del-Labrador. This fairy palace was built by Charles IV., a prince who added a passion for rural enjoyments and a refined taste in the arts, to a singular destitution of every honorable feeling. Its exterior forms three sides of a square, with busts and statues, standing in niches in its walls, or upon the balustrade which surrounds the court-yard. The decoration of the interior is rich, elegant, and tasty; but by a singular disregard of all decency, the apartment usually doomed to the most scrupulous concealment, is here the most conspicuous of all. Its windows command the pleasantest view of the surrounding country; whilst within, it is decorated with the costliest tables, vases, and time-pieces, and even hung round with four superb paintings, drawn by the magic pencil of Girodet, and presented by Napoleon.

The court comes to Aranjuez in April, and remains until the dog-days, when it removes to La Granja; for when the violent heats of summer set in, the air of this place is loaded with exhalations from the swampy valley, and becomes so noxious, that even the inhabitants are forced to withdraw to the neighbouring highlands. Thus Aranjuez, which in May has a population of nearly ten thousand, has on other inhabitants in August than the few that are detained by poverty.* From La Granja the court retires, as we have seen, to the Escorial, and thence, in November, to Madrid. From Madrid it goes to the Pardo, and thence, again, in the spring, to Aranjuez. Each of these *Sitios Reales*, not to mention several minor palaces, has its separate administration and train of attendants—a monstrous state of things, utterly inconsistent with the beggarly condition of the national resources.

Of all the *Sitios Reales*, however, none may compare with Aranjuez. Indeed, when the powerful sun of this elevated region strikes with unmitigated fury upon the naked plains of Castile, here one may find lofty trees to intercept the burning rays, and shade that is ever impervious. In Aranjuez everything soothes and gratifies the senses; the smell is greeted with the most grateful perfumes, and the singing of myriads of well toned birds and the rushing of water in subterranean canals, or its splash as it falls from ever gushing fountains, or the louder roar of the tumbling cataract, come cheeringly upon the ear; whilst the eye is pleased with the harmony of surrounding nature, not less than with the companionship of so many beautiful and cool looking men and women, created by the sculptor.

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* Bourgoanne.

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After being detained a day longer at Aranjuez than I had contemplated, for want of a conveyance, my little friend Jose at length procured me the means of reaching Toledo. Indeed, I was just thinking of the expediency of departing afoot, on the fourth morning of my absence from Madrid, when Jose knocked at my door and told me that he had got a horse for me, and that he was to go along, to bring him back, on a *borrico*. I liked this arrangement well; so, paying my bill and packing up my bundle, I sallied out into the court-yard, to commence my journey. I did not expect to be very splendidly mounted, but my astonishment and confusion were indeed great, on finding that I had to ride upon a miserable *rocin*, that had lost its hair by some disease, especially upon the tail, which was as long and as naked as the trunk of an elephant. The only flesh the animal had left seemed to have descended into its legs, and as for his hips, his backbone, and ribs, they were everywhere conspicuous, save where covered by a huge pack saddle, stuffed with straw and covered with canvass. What made the matter still worse, the master of the beast, an old man in a brown cloak, held his head before me, as I was approaching to take a nearer view, and told me that if it was *igual* to me, he would take the two dollars beforehand. I explained to the old man how very possible it was, that his horse would not live to complete the journey; to which he replied, with some indignation, that he would carry me to *las Indias*, much more to Toledo. As he continued to hold out his hand with a resolute air, I dropped the required sum into in, and grasping the pack saddle for want of a mane, I vaulted at once into the seat. The back of the poor animal cracked and twisted under the burthen, and as he gave some indications of a disposition to lie down, I drew forcibly upon the halter. Thus roughly handled, his neck bent backward like a broken bow, and, making a few retrograde steps, he backed full upon Jose, who, well pleased with the idea of so long an excursion, was drawn up behind, upon a little mouse-colored ass, with the bird bag which contained all my travelling equipage, hung round his neck and hanging from his shoulder. Three or four sound blows from the cudgel of Jose, accompanied by a kick under the belly from the master of the beast, corrected this retrograde motion, which, being changed for an advance, we sallied out of the inn and took our way through the market place, to the admiration of all Aranjuez.

Leaving the palace on the right, we entered a fine road which passed through the royal possessions, and was skirted on either side with noble trees, planted in a double row. This part of Aranjuez is similar to Flanders in its level surface and the fertility of the soil; whence its name of Campo Flamenco. Having passed the barrier, which marks the royal domain, the trees, which had originally been planted a mile or two farther, became rare and scattering. The few that still remained were either wounded in the trunk or had a ring of bark removed, with a view to destroy them; a singular evidence of that inveterate antipathy to trees, which has already been noticed, as being prevalent throughout the central provinces of Spain.

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During the remainder of the seven leagues, which lie between Toledo and Aranjuez, we had to pass through a country, once, perhaps, by the aid of irrigation, rendered as fertile as the neighbouring fields of Aranjuez, but now a complete desert, without inhabitants and without cultivation. The valley of the Tagus continued level as we advanced; but towards Toledo, the course of the river seemed to be arrested by a rocky barrier, upon one of the pinnacles of which the city was seen, conspicuous by its lofty Alcazar. We did not follow the circuitous course of the stream, but left it far on the right. Sometimes it approached the road and then receded from it again; but where the water itself could not be discovered, its meanderings might easily be traced by a winding track of verdure. But the distant vegetation, the cooling noise of the water, and the shade of the trees, were all lost upon us, or, still worse, seemed placed so near only to mock our suffering. The heat was indeed intense; for, as is usual in this climate, a cloudless sky left a free action for the rays of the sun. The dust, too, set in motion by my horse, had time to envelope me, ere he had got beyond it. Nor was there any comfort in my seat; the pack saddle was hard and uneven, and, being without stirrups, my legs, abandoned to their own support, seemed at each instant to grow longer and heavier. I had tired them, too, in kicking the ribs of my beast, in order to make him keep up with Jose and his *borrico*, which moved its feet so quickly over the ground, that it seemed even to be getting on much faster and leaving me behind, though it preserved always the same interval. It was a long and a weary ride this; for the lofty Alcazar of Toledo, seemed ever to maintain the same distance as when we first discovered it, in emerging from the groves of Aranjuez.

Towards noon, we reached a part of these desert and barren downs, where some laborers were constructing *nórias* to raise water for the purpose of irrigation. Hard by stood a solitary *vénta*, which we gladly entered, to procure some food and to escape awhile from the fury of the sun. A muleteer with two women had paused just before us, and was busy skinning a hare which he had just shot, and from which they were about to make their dinner. As we carried no gun and had not been so fortunate, we asked a coarse-haired, dark-eyed old woman, what she had to eat; and, being answered that there were eggs, we ordered a *tortilla*. Our hostess went into the next room, whence some hens had just come cackling forth to join the group that were picking the crumbs in the kitchen, and presently returned with half a dozen new laid eggs, breaking them at once into a frying pan, the bottom of which she had previously covered with oil. Whilst this operation was going on, Jose led his beast to the shady side of the house, and taking a few handfuls of barley from a canvass bag which hung from the back of the *borrico*, he threw it upon the ground, and left the two animals eating together in peace, like Rosinante and the Rucio.

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The eggs were soon emptied into an earthen dish, when they floated at large in a sea of oil, and placed on a low table, which for want of a bench—the only one in the house being occupied by the party of the muleteer—we drew close to the door, so as to take our seats upon the sill. Now that we had our meal before us, however, it was not so easy to eat it. The bread and the wine, indeed, gave us no trouble; but the eggs were as much beyond our reach, as fishes that you see in the water, but have no means of catching. In vain did we ask for a spoon or a fork. Our hostess only regretted that she could do nothing for us. Until a week before she had two wooden spoons and one horn one, for the accommodation of cavaliers who did not carry their own utensils; but some *quintas*, or conscripts, had passed by, on their way to the frontier of Portugal, and halted during the heat of the day at her house. Since then she had seen nothing either of her horn spoon or of the two wooden ones, and she never meant to buy another. As our invention was sharpened by hunger, Jose and I bethought ourselves to cut the bread into slices, and to use two pieces as chop sticks, after the manner of the Chinese. In this way, and by lending each other occasional assistance in catching a refractory egg, we were enabled to drive them, one by one, into a corner, and draw them out, until nothing remained but the oil.

Leaving the *vénta*, when we had finished our meal, we set forward anew. Soon after, we came up with a curate, who was doubtless going to pass the holy week in Toledo, with his *ama*, or housekeeper, and a good number of little orphans and nieces. The *pádre cúra* was seated upon a mule, with his robes drawn up around him so as to make room for the back of the animal, and displaying a pair of legs which seemed all unused to the saddle. As for his long hat, it was tied under the chin by a white handkerchief which passed over the crown. He had altogether a very helpless roasted look, yet seemed to take everything with much christian resignation.

At length, towards three in the afternoon, we drew near the end of the valley, and began to approach the rocky pinnacle upon which stands the city of Toledo. Our journey became more pleasant towards the close; for a rugged mountain, along whose base the road wound its way, protected us from the scorching heat of the sun, whilst here and there a scattering tree came in a welcome moment to relieve the monotony. Presently after, we drew near some country inns, where groups of people had halted to refresh themselves on their way to or from the city, and hard by was a fountain, at which horses, goats, and asses were slaking their thirst; whilst a young girl came, like Rebecca of old, with a stone jar upon her head in search of water. Being unwilling to enter Toledo, where I was to remain a few days, in the same state in which I had sallied from Aranjuez, whither I might never return again, I now slid down from my *rocin*, as he stood drinking from the full curb of the fountain, and discharged Jose, with

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many good wishes on both sides. Then, having shook myself free from the dust which had gathered about me, I took a long draught from the cool jar of the maiden, and crossed the road, to take a nearer view of a coarse and defaced statue of the good king Wamba.

The history of Wamba is very singular. Towards the close of the seventh century, the empire of the Visigoths, of which Toledo was the capital, and which included, not only all Spain, but also Narbonne in Gaul, was convulsed and torn by intestine commotions. The death of the reigning king had raised up several competitors, not one of whom was deemed worthy of the throne. At this season the eyes of the principal nobles and captains were turned towards Wamba, a prince of the royal blood, who was no less famous for valor than for his singular wisdom and moderation. But, being already advanced in years, and unwilling to hazard his peace by entering upon the cares of state, he declined the honor sought after by so many competitors. This unexpected answer, whilst it greatly embarrassed the assembled chiefs, was the best proof of the excellence of their choice. They, therefore, sent one of their number back to Wamba, with orders to make him choose between death and royalty. The Goth presented himself accordingly before his prince, with a drawn sword in his right hand and the crown in his left. Then, having offered Wamba the two alternatives, he concluded with the following words, which, more than the fear of death, compelled his acquiescence. 'Is it just, oh! Wamba, that thou shouldst resist that which all have determined, or that thou shouldst prefer thine own repose to the safety and happiness of a whole people?' Such is the origin of legitimacy!*

Wamba, thus forced upon the throne, applied himself diligently to the duties of his station. He subdued several rebellions, and conquered the Arabs, who had been invited by the oppressed Jews to come into Spain, from their newly acquired possessions in Africa. But Wamba was thrown upon stormy and barbarous times; for the crown which he had so little coveted, was held in far different estimation by the ambitious Ervigo. In order to accomplish his purpose, this man caused a poisonous beverage to be administered to Wamba, by means of which he was suddenly deprived of his senses and brought to the point of death. Seeing this, his followers shaved his hair and his beard, forming the crown upon his head after the manner of a priest—preparations for death then used in the last moments of a Christian. All this Ervigo caused to be done, that, even in case Wamba should recover, he never more might be king; for, among the Goths, the removal of the hair deprived a man of his nobility and incapacitated him forever for the throne. The king recovered at

* It is not a little singular that a fine painting of this scene, which gives the true illustration of the doctrine of legitimacy, should be hung up in the Casino at Madrid, under the very nose of Ferdinand.

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length from his swoon; but, seeing his condition, he determined to despise what Ervigo so greatly sought after, and, retiring to a convent, he dedicated the remainder of his life to the service of God. Wamba is, indeed, a fine character, and furnishes almost the only fair page in the dark history of the Gothic domination.

Leaving behind the statue of Wamba, the road now wound up a rocky eminence, and presently after came to an abrupt precipice, connected with a similar one, which stood opposite, by a convenient bridge. These precipices were the banks of the Tagus. On reaching the middle of the bridge, I paused to look down upon the stream, and could hardly persuade myself that the Tagus, which at Aranjuez glides so peacefully through a level valley amid groves and gardens, was indeed the same with the noisy torrent, which now foamed and fretted its way between rocks and precipices, and at such a fearful distance beneath me, that I grew dizzy as I gazed. From the bridge the road led, by winding approaches, along the rocky cone, upon the pinnacle of which Toledo is situated, until it brought me at length to one of the portals of the city. Over the centre of the arch was a two-headed eagle, reminding me that I was about to enter an imperial city, the residence of two emperors, Alonso el Sabio and Carlos Quinto. Having traversed a huge square, enclosed by ranges of buildings with arcades and balconies, I found comfortable quarters in the Fonda-del-Arzobispo.

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CHAPTER XII.

KINGDOM OF NEW CASTILE.

History of Toledo.—Present Condition.—Father Thomas.—Cathedral.—Private Habitations.—Alcazar and other Buildings.—Vega.—Sword Manufactory and Quemadero.—Evening Ramble.—Leave Toledo in a Coche de Coleras.—Amusing Ride.—Venta Scenes.—Return to Madrid.

Toledo is a very old city, so old, indeed, that there is a vulgar tradition among its inhabitants, that Adam was the first king of Spain, and that Toledo was his capital; nay, more, at the moment when the machine of creation was set in motion, the sun started from the meridian of Toledo. Though these points be rather disputable, there are others more generally admitted, by those worthy antiquaries, who, quitting the well known and the established, delight to wander back into the distant ages of uncertainty, to burrow amidst doubts and difficulties. It is recorded in early history, that about six hundred years before Christ, Nebuchadnezzar, having taken Jerusalem, and destroyed the proud temple which Solomon erected to the worship of the only true God, came into Spain to extend his conquests under the pretext of punishing the Phœnicians of Cadiz, for having succoured Tyre. Many of the Israelites, who had been led away into captivity, followed in his army, and when about to depart he allowed them to settle in Spain, where they founded two cities, the one Toledo, the other supposed to be Granada.

Under the Roman domination, Toledo was the capital of the Carpitania, and had the privilege of coining money, though it never rose to the dignity of a colony. I have seen engravings of some of these coins, which bear upon the reverse a mounted horseman with a lance, attired in a doublet and slouched hat, not unlike those now worn in the country. The people of this province were among the bravest in Spain; for it included within its limits that Numantia so famous for its bloody and terrible resistance against the Romans, and which was at length annihilated by Scipio Africanus. The long residence of the Goths in Toledo accounts sufficiently for the existence of so few remains of those noble monuments, with which the Romans were used to mark their dominion, and set an imperishable seal upon every conquered country; for the Goths are said to have been so eager to destroy all record of the Roman power, that they would demolish the finest columns and even throw medals into the Tagus. Traces of an amphitheatre may, however, be seen near the city. A single arch is still standing, and the outline of the whole may yet be discovered. I walked several times

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around it one evening, and could not estimate its circumference at less than half a mile.*

At length, however, the time arrived when the Goths were to be driven from a country, which they had seized upon with little ceremony, and governed with less moderation. Taric, sent over by Muza, the Emir of the Calif in Africa, had gained the battle of Xerez, and spread his forces over a country, whose inhabitants could only be gainers by innovation. Marching into the centre of the Peninsula, he laid siege to Toledo. The city at once capitulated, on condition that the inhabitants who chose to remain should preserve their houses, their property, and their churches, that they should be allowed the exercise of their faith, and be governed by their own laws, and judges chosen from their number. Taric took possession of the royal palace, where he found great riches, and, among other things, twentyfive crowns of gold enriched with precious stones. It was the custom of the Goths, on the death of a king, to deposit his crown in the palace, with an inscription of his name; and there had been twentyfive kings from Alaric the founder, to Roderic, the last of the dynasty. It was in the neighbourhood of Toledo, too, that Taric found that precious table adorned with hyacinths and emeralds, which Gelif Aledris, in his description of Spain, calls the table of Solomon-ben-David. This table is supposed to have been saved by the captive Jews, with other precious and sacred vessels, from the pillage of the temple by Nebuchadnezzar, and brought with them into Spain. It is doubtless the same table of the shew bread,† spoken of in the book of Kings and by Josephus, and which, with the candlestick and the altar of incense, constituted the three wonders of the temple.‡

Toledo continued to preserve its allegiance, first to the Calif of Damascus, in whose name the conquest had been made, and after the revolt, to the successors of Abderahman, until in the eleventh century, the empire of Cordova crumbled into pieces, and was divided into an infinity of petty kingdoms. Of these, Toledo became one of the most flourishing and powerful, and soon rose to a high degree of prosperity. The conditions of the capitulation had been sacredly observed; the Christians had been protected in the possession of their property and in the exercise of their faith; and as for the Jews, they found in their present masters a people of more congenial origin and of a spirit in-

* The entrance to the cave which Don Roderick, the last of the Gothic kings, is said in the traditionary fable to have violently opened, and where he saw a prediction of the coming and conquest of the Saracens, is placed by the Archbishop Roderick among the ruins of this amphitheatre. Scott has not made the most of this rich and highly poetic tradition in his Vision of Don Roderick.

† There can be little doubt that this was the original table of shew-bread made by Solomon, and that it was secreted by the Jews, when the treasures of the temple were carried by Nebuchadnezzar to Babylon; that table which Titus brought with him on his triumphal return to Rome, was not the same; for when the city and temple were rebuilt, after the first destruction, by the order of Cyrus, the sacred vessels were made anew, similar indeed to the old, but of inferior excellence, wanting, as they did, the anointing oil, which Moses had compounded at the Divine command. See Prideaux's Connexions; Horne's Introduction; Book of Exodus.

‡ Josephus, Antiquities of the Jews, Book VIII. Chap. II.

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finitely more tolerant, and were now allowed to give full scope to their diligence and industry. The system of agriculture which the Arabs introduced into Spain, was likewise calculated to increase the productiveness of a country, where cultivation is greatly retarded by the extreme dryness of the climate. The soil was everywhere irrigated by calling in the aid of streams and rivers, where they were convenient, and elsewhere by the digging of wells and the construction of *nórias*. Thus some tracts were rendered very fertile which had hitherto been little so, and verdure was introduced amidst rocks and ravines.

Toledo continued prosperous and happy under the kings of the Arab domination, until the year 1085, when it fell into the hands of Alonso VI., surnamed the Brave, who came, as a conqueror, to take possession of the very city which had received and succoured him, when an outcast and banished man, driven from his estates by the ambition of his own brother. But the Christians of those days considered that with Infidels there should be neither good faith nor sense of obligation. According to the terms of the capitulation, the Moors were to be allowed the free possession of their property and exercise of their faith; but the stipulations were gradually forgotten by the conquerors. Their churches were taken from them, one by one, and purified, and their property plundered by force or fraud; until, at length, they were glad to escape from a city, which, though dear to them as the place of their nativity, was embittered by the recollection of ruined privileges and lost liberty.

Since that period, Toledo has again risen from its ruins and become a most flourishing commercial and manufacturing city. At the beginning of the seventeenth century it had a population of not less than two hundred thousand souls; and there is even extant a petition of the inhabitants for a redress of some grievances, which states that manufactures were in such a fallen condition, that there no longer remained more than thirty thousand artisans. In the present century, the entire population of Toledo does not amount to twenty thousand. This unexampled decay is partly owing to the removal of the court, partly to the bloody persecutions of the descendants of the Jews, who had become Christians, in order to save their property and remain in their native land, at the time of the general expulsion of that vagrant and unhappy people. They were among the most industrious and richest of the inhabitants, and it is, perhaps, to this fact that they were mainly indebted for the solicitude of the Holy Office. The loss of its liberties and privileges in the time of Charles V., and the gradual enslavement of the whole nation under his successors, are, however, the chief causes of the decline of industry and wealth in Toledo, where it is even more remarkable than in any other part of Spain.

But though the prosperity of Toledo has passed away, though the industrious classes have dwindled, and well nigh disappeared, the priests and friars still remain and maintain themselves without diminution. There are now in Toledo near one hundred religious establish-

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ments, whether parish churches, convents of monks and nuns, chapels or hermitages. Many of these are endowed with rich estates in the city or surrounding country, and are supported in a style of great magnificence. The cathedral alone, is said to have six hundred people connected with it, including priests, singers, and familiars. Previous to the Revolution, the archbishop's share of the *dismes* and other revenues belonging the cathedral, amounted to the enormous sum of six hundred thousand dollars. Though doubtless much reduced by the alienation of their estates, by the imperfect payment of the *disme*, and by the heavy subsidies annually granted to the king, in his present emergency, yet, according to the admission of the clergy themselves, it is still worth two hundred thousand dollars. The canons, inferior dignitaries, and servants, are all provided for on the same princely scale. Where does all this wealth come from, since they to whom it furnishes meat and drink and clothing and the means of luxurious indulgence, lead a life of untasked idleness? The solution of this problem would go far towards explaining the fallen condition of Spain and of Toledo.

Toledo furnishes a striking epitome of the national decay. Here you may see the monuments of past magnificence crumbling to pieces and ready to crush the squalid habitations of modern times. If you go forth into those streets, which were once thronged with busy artisans and bustling soldiers, you are met by burly priests in unwieldy hats and sable garments, or filthy friars, with shaven crowns and robes of dirty flannel, their well filled and sensual faces giving a flat denial to the humility of their attire. These, with the *realistas* and hordes of ablebodied beggars, who receive their regular meals at the convent doors and bring up families without labor, compose no inconsiderable part of the population of Toledo. Instead of the noise of the loom and the shuttle, and the shouts of exultation, which announced the presence of an industrious and happy people, you may now hear the tinkling bell of the host, or the louder tolling of some convent clock, calling the lazy inmates to the daily duties of the refectory. The stirring sounds of martial music are exchanged for the nasal monotony of perpetual masses. But though there is much religion in Toledo, there is very little morality. There is, on the contrary, a vast deal of prostitution in this same sainted city. Indeed, how can it be otherwise, when so large a number of robust and high fed men are interdicted from the open enjoyment of domestic and family endearments, and, at the same time, provided with money to purchase the gratification of every desire? Many of the clergy, doubtless, observe their vow of celibacy, many have domestic establishments and families, many lead a roving life and prey upon the community. Hence the privilege of legitimating three hundred bastard children, conceded in the thirteenth century by the papal see, to that great prelate, Don Roderic, though inadequate to the wants of Toledo, must, if it still exist, be very useful.* The offspring of this clerical intercourse furnish monks and

* Mariana.

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nuns for the convents of Toledo; just as the mendicants rear their hopeful offspring, to nourish and keep alive the beggarly fraternity.

On the afternoon of my arrival I went to see the *Canonigo* to whom Father Patrick had addressed me. The people of the inn gave me the name of his street, and, after inquiring my way through many very short, narrow, and crooked lanes, and up and down several hills, I came at length to the one I was in search of. It was not more than five or six feet wide, and there are many such, not only in Toledo, but in all the old Moorish cities of Spain. I had not penetrated far into this dark defile, before coming to the house of the *Canonigo*. The inner door, at which I knocked, was opened after the customary challenge and reply, by a cord from the upper corridor, connected with the latch. Having asked for the *Canonigo*, the housekeeper said she would see if *Su Merced* had finished his *siésta*, and returning in the next moment, bade me pass on and ushered me into his study.

I found in Father Thomas a tall, thin man, about sixty years of age, with a dried up abstemious look, as of one who had ever been true to his vows. His outer cloak was thrown aside, and, instead of the long hat, he wore a square cap of black velvet, surmounted by a tassel. As he sat at an antique table covered with books and papers, a pair of large silver buckles, contrasting strongly with his well polished shoes, emerged from beneath the long gown of bombazet, which covered his body. The serene and benevolent aspect of Father Thomas impressed me favorably from the first; and this feeling increased, when, after reading the note of his old friend Father Patrick, he inquired with much interest after his health, and welcomed me to Toledo, making the offer of his dwelling with great kindness. Having offered me chocolate, he proposed a walk, and taking his hat, cloak, and staff, he led me to the esplanade north of the city and showed me the magnificent hospital of San Juan Bautista. Learning, in the course of our ramble, that my stay was to be very short, Father Thomas promised to set at once about letting me into all the secrets of Toledo, and accordingly made an engagement to meet me the next morning in the Cathedral, ere we separated at the door of the *Posada*.

The next morning found me in the Cathedral agreeably to appointment. The ten o'clock mass was not yet concluded; but I did not regret the detention, for the music that accompanied it was indeed heavenly. In addition to one of the noble organs, placed beside the central nave, which are among the finest in Spain, there were a variety of bassoons, viols, and violins, and a powerful choir of voices, among which three or four, from their silver and flute-like tones, had evidently been purchased at no trifling sacrifice. The association, though painful, had become familiar, and I listened with admiration to a sublime

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and exquisite harmony, which borrowed a grave, foreboding, and melancholy cast, from the approaching solemnities of the Passion.

The mass over, I found Father Thomas near the baptismal fount, where he soon deposited in a chest the sacred vestments, in which he had been officiating. Then, having resumed his ordinary garb, he began the circuit of the Cathedral. It appears that, so early as the sixth century, there existed a church on the site of the present edifice. At the period of the conquest it became a mosque, and when Toledo was again restored to the Christians, it returned to its original destination, although guaranteed to the Moors by an express article of the capitulation. Scarce, indeed, had king Alfonso departed from the captured city, which he left in possession of Constance his queen, than she, at the instigation of Bernard the archbishop, sent a party of soldiers who entered it in the night and drove out by force the Mussulmans, who were at their prayers. The whole was then carefully purified, altars were erected, and a bell being placed in the tower, the faithful were the next morning convened by its sound to their matin devotions. When Alfonso came to hear of these things, he was very indignant at this open violation of his royal word. He returned towards Toledo, resolved to punish the turbulent priests; nor would he be appeased, though they went forth to meet him dressed in mourning, until the Moors themselves, dreading the further vengeance of the clergy, sent an *alfaqui* to still the anger of the king. Since then, the Cathedral has ever maintained its original destination; and in the thirteenth century was greatly enlarged and rebuilt as we now see it. It is four hundred feet long by two hundred broad, and has five distinct naves, sustained by the walls and by eightyfour gothic columns, placed in four rows. This edifice is lower than gothic churches usually are; but the central nave rises to an elevation of one hundred and sixty feet, and would appear to great advantage, if the whole extent were seen. Being, however, cut up into a variety of divisions for the choir and for altars, the grand effect is entirely destroyed by the interruption of the view. Upon the whole, this Cathedral metropolitan of all Spain, is a noble and imposing edifice.

The Cathedral possesses few fine paintings on canvas; those, which were good, having disappeared during the war of Independence, when the French and Spaniards plundered everything promiscuously. During that period of license the church treasure was carried to Cadiz, and thence brought back again, on the downfall of Napoleon. Its value is inestimable. Among the mass of gold, silver, and precious stones, with which my eyes were dazzled, I was particularly struck with a large *custódia* for the exposition of the sacrament. It weighs seven thousand ounces of silver and gold, and is studded with precious gems. In the centre is a shrine of gold weighing fifty pounds. Its chief value consists, however, in its elaborate workmanship, being constructed in very small pieces, which, when screwed together, form a gothic tower, covered with the most beautiful fret work. The most remarkable object among the treasure is a garment for clothing the Virgin, when on certain occasions she is placed with an infant of solid

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gold, studded with eight hundred jewels, in her arms, upon a silver throne, weighing more than half a ton, and borne through the streets by men, concealed beneath. This garment is in the form of a wrapper and very ample. A texture of satin connects the fabric; but the ground work may be said to consist of pearls, for these and other precious stones, emeralds, amethysts, rubies, topazes, and diamonds entirely conceal the silken surface.

But if the treasure of the Cathedral be valuable, its reliquiary is, by the devout, esteemed still more so. Not to mention sundry pieces of the true cross and other relics, which may be found anywhere, it may be sufficient to name the veil of Santa Casilda. The story connected with this relic is very singular and carries one back into the presence of a distant and peculiar age. San Ildefonso, one of the most distinguished worthies of the Spanish church, when archbishop of this same Cathedral, wrote a book in defence of the immaculacy of the Virgin, which had been attacked with much force of reasoning by the cavillers of that day. The Virgin, well pleased with this zeal of Ildefonso, sent her confidant, Santa Casilda, to signify her high satisfaction. The sainted patroness of Toledo appeared accordingly before the archbishop, whilst performing mass in presence of the king and court, and paid him a very handsome compliment in Latin. Ildefonso, far from being terrified at this apparition, called to the king for the knife which he wore in his girdle, and whipped off a piece of the veil, lest the doubters should set his story down as an invention. Ildefonso appeared triumphant with the fragment of the veil, which, with the king's knife, has ever since been preserved and worshipped among the most sacred relics. Not satisfied with this honor conferred upon the defender of her chastity, the Virgin appeared publicly to Ildefonso in the church and threw over him a heaven-wove garment. This precious gift was carried to Oviedo at the time of the invasion by the infidels, and there it still remains; for the people of that city would by no means consent to relinquish their prize, and were once ready to revolt at the mere mention of such a thing. The stone, upon which the Virgin landed, received the impression of her feet. It is still preserved in a chapel of the Cathedral, and is much worn where the faithful have touched it with the ends of their fingers, when grieved by disease or affliction. It would seem, however, that, notwithstanding all these miracles, this question of immaculacy is still in dispute, and has given rise to the watchword, common in Spain, of '*Ave Maria Purissima*'—'Hail Mary most pure!' which must be replied to, with '*Sin pecado concebida*'—'Conceived without sin!' In Toledo they have a very ingenious way of repeating these ejaculations frequently, during the course of the day, and of gaining the annexed indulgences, conceded by the holy see. Every person, before entering the door of another, instead of knocking, utters the exclamation, '*Ave Maria Purissima!*' The rejoinder of '*Sin pecado concebida!*' is considered a fair invitation to come in. In the *fonda*, where I lodged, every chamber had this watchword painted on the outside of the door, so as to remind the person about to enter of the sacred obligation. This singular salutation embarrassed me

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greatly at first; but having informed myself of the matter, and not being troubled with doubts on the subject, I presently learned to shout the required response as loud as any.

This Cathedral contains the sepulchres and remains of several of the kings of Castile. They are rudely represented by statues placed in a recumbent posture, each upon its tomb. The choir is surrounded within, by a singular assemblage of uncouth figures. One of them represents the Moorish shepherd, who was compelled to guide Alfonso VIII. and his army, through an hitherto unknown pass of the Sierra Morena, where he fell unexpectedly upon the infidel host and gained the bloody battle, called Sas Navas de Tolosa. Here is also a statue of the Alfaqui, who went forth to meet and pacify the irritated Alfonso, on his way to Toledo to punish the archbishop for breaking the capitulation.

On one side of the Cathedral is a square court, enclosed by ranges of columns and a covered cloister. The walls are beautifully painted in fresco by Bayeux, and it is greatly to be regretted, that such noble specimens of the arts should have been placed in the open air, where they must suffer premature decay. The lives of Saint Eugenia and Leocadia, two patronesses of Toledo, furnish the subject of most of these pieces. There is one, however, placed beside the principal door, with which I was not less struck for the singularity of the group, than for the excellence and vivacity of its execution. It represents a number of men in the old Spanish costume, who are busily employed in crucifying a lad, not more than ten years old. One man stands upon a ladder, in the act of drawing the heart from an incision which he has made in the child's side. After some hesitation Father Thomas gave me the history of the painting.

It appears that some two centuries before, there were in Toledo many descendants of those Jews, who had become converts to Christianity at the time of the expulsion. These, though they conformed to the outward observance of the faith, were believed to lean secretly to the religion of their fathers. They were seized upon from time to time by the Inquisition, plundered of their property, which was often great, subjected to many terrible tortures, and often roasted in the *Quemadéro*. Whilst these persecutions were raging, one of the most zealous inquisitors chanced to die suddenly. It was at once said and circulated, that he had been poisoned by the *marrános* or porkers. Many of the new Christians, as they were also called by way of distinction, were at once seized upon and made to confess, in the secret dungeons of the Inquisition, that they had kidnapped a boy, who disappeared suddenly about that time from the village of Guardia; that they had crucified him, as their ancestors had done with Christ, and taking out his heart, had prepared a powder from it, which they caused to be administered to the inquisitor. This extorted confession was enough to cause the sequestration of much property and the roasting of many *marrános*. I was astonished at this story—astonished that scarce fifty years before it should have formed the subject of a piece, painted in the most public part of the Spanish metropolitan; and not less so, a week after, when on my way to Andalusia, I passed through

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the native village of the supposed victim, to learn that El Ninio de la Guardia—the Little-one of Guardia—was still an object of great adoration.

It was pleasing to turn from this disgusting painting, to the uncovered area in the hollow of the court, which is laid out in a delightful garden, planted with odoriferous shrubs and fruit trees, and having a fountain in the centre. It was the beginning of April—the shrubs were strewed with flowers, and the trees with blossoms, whilst numberless sweet-toned birds, pleased with the shade, the perfumes, and the undisturbed seclusion, responded to the peals of the choir, or poured forth their melody in unison with the ceaseless falling of the fountain. This custom of having a garden beside the church is, doubtless, borrowed from the Arabians, who usually had a court like this at the entrance of their mosques. It is indeed more than likely that the one in question, like those of Cordova and Seville, was originally created by that primitive and peculiar people.

Having seen all the wonders of the Cathedral, Father Thomas took me home with him. As I had expressed much admiration of the extreme cleanliness observable in the houses of Toledo, and which was the more striking from the poor and decayed condition of the city, he took a pleasure in showing me the whole economy of his own dwelling. It was two stories high, built round a square, and having a double corridor within, sustained upon columns of marble. The roof was flat, or nearly so, and at one side was a small open summer house, overlooking the city and surrounding country, and offering a cool and pleasing retreat. The most remarkable portion of the house, however, was under ground, consisting of several arched vaults, now used as cellars; but which the Arabs, who constructed them, themselves inhabited during the noontide heats. The space immediately beneath the court-yard was occupied by two brick *algibes*, or cisterns. One served as a reservoir for the drinking water, brought upon the backs of asses from the Tagus, and which, soon settling, became cool and pleasant. The other received the rain collected by the roof; and, when full, the lifting of a plug, at one corner of the court, sent the residue into a conduit, and thence into one of the many subterranean canals leading to the river, which carry off the filth of the city; and which, from its elevated situation and the consequent descent, have kept themselves clear since their first construction by the Arabs. The whole establishment of the Canonigo was, by the aid of an antique housekeeper and her daughter, kept in a state of neatness and polish, comparable to anything one might meet with in Holland. This was especially the case in the study of the good man, where he sat enclosed by a well ordered collection of parchment covered tomes in Latin and Spanish, with a small French library and some odd volumes of English; for he had partly mastered our obstinate language, during his intimacy with Father Patrick. The small oaken table, upon which stood an ebony

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cross, flanked by a painting of the Virgin, and the heavy arm chair beside it, were waxed and rubbed to an exquisite polish.

In the afternoon we went to see the Alcazar, a stupendous pile, first erected by Alfonso X., to serve as a palace and stronghold. It had long been abandoned as the residence of the Spanish kings, when that learned and benevolent prelate Cardinal Lorcuzana, the last archbishop but one of Toledo, caused it to be refitted at an expense of two hundred thousand dollars, which he paid from his own income. He then established manufactories of silk and woollen, where the poor were voluntarily received and entertained, or else taken by force from the doors of the churches and convents, and made to work according to their abilities. The excess of their labor over their maintenance, was paid to the workmen. This wise and beneficent institution soon became very flourishing. Upwards of six hundred persons were maintained in it by the produce of their own exertions, and many idle vagrants were won over to the pursuits of industry. Several branches of manufacture came, at length, to attain a high degree of perfection in the Alcazar. But this very circumstance proved its ruin; for when the English came here, in the war of independence, they made a pretext for destroying the Alcazar, lest it should be of service to the French. The crowds of poor, who had here found a home and the means of support, were driven forth to roam about homeless and houseless; fire was then applied to the fixtures and machines, and all was soon reduced to a heap of ruins, except the massive walls, which alone could ever have been useful to the common enemy. It was in a similar intention of destroying everything in the shape of a manufactory, wherever they went, and under cover of the same pretext, that the English demolished the Royal Porcelain Manufactory in the Retiro of Madrid. It would be doing injustice to the fair character of an upright and generous people, to suppose that these were the gratuitous acts of individual malice. They doubtless emanated from a higher source, and, indeed, are by no means inconsistent with the general policy of a government, which, with an outward show of high-handed liberality, is yet the most selfish that exists, and which can only maintain its sickly prosperity, by a greedy, grasping system of universal injustice.

The next afternoon we went to see the noble building, erected by the Cardinal Lorcuzana, for the location of the university; next to the hospital for the insane, a charitable institution, for which Toledo is indebted to the same benevolent prelate. On our way to the western gate, Father Thomas explained the object of a series of iron links, festooned round the cornices of the church of San Juan-de-los-Reyes, which I had already noticed in my solitary rambles, and which had greatly puzzled me. The church was built by Ferdinand and Isabella, or as they are commonly called in Spain, Los Reyes Catolicos, in fulfilment of a vow made by the sovereigns during the seige of

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Granada. The iron links, incorporated with the walls, were the chains found upon some hundreds of Christians, released from captivity by the taking of that magnificent city—the last rallying point and bulwark of the Arab domination.

Leaving the western gate, we now descended into the famous Vega of Toledo; a beautiful and highly cultivated plain, which forms the right bank of the Tagus, and is everywhere divided into gardens and orchards. After walking a mile or two, we came to the Royal Manufactory of Arms, reestablished by Charles III. at the close of the last century. Here are made all the swords, halberds, and lances required for the royal armies. The establishment is on an admirable footing, and the weapons now made in it, are said to be nowise inferior to those famous *Toledanos*, which, in more chivalrous times, were the indispensable companion of every well-appointed cavalier. Toledo was celebrated not only in the time of the Moors, but even under the Romans, for the admirable temper of its swords, which is chiefly attributed to some favorable quality in the water of the Tagus, used in tempering the steel. As a proof that this is the case, one of the workmen told me, that in the early period of the French invasion the manufactory was removed to Seville, where the National Junta then was; but the swords manufactured on the banks of the Guadalquivir were found to be very inferior to those which the same workmen had made in Toledo.

Returning from the Manufactory, we passed the site of the old Roman amphitheatre. Only one arch remains perfect. With the lapse of twelve centuries, the materials have been gradually removed as from a quarry, to build or repair the neighbouring city. They have likewise been freely used in the construction of a convent which stands hard by; now, also in ruins, and which will doubtless disappear entirely, as the *Quemadéro* of the Holy-Office has done, before the fall of the remaining arch of the amphitheatre. For the *Quemadéro*, of which I had read in Llorente's History of the Inquisition, I looked in vain; it had been utterly demolished in the revolution of 1820. The place where it stood was still marked by a small hollow, over which we walked, and which Father Thomas pointed out, without looking back or stopping. The *Quemadéro*, or furnace, was substituted for the stake and faggot by the illustrious Torquemada, because it was found to save fuel; since a number could be roasted by a single fire. It consisted of a huge hollow statue of plaster erected upon a stone oven. The fire was kindled beneath, and the victims being let down from above, perished slowly, rending the air with horrid yells.

The last evening of my stay in Toledo, I rambled alone in the environs, clambering among the ruins which skirt the bold bank of the

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Tagus. Here I found a battered column surmounted by an old stone, with an inscription setting forth that it had been erected on the site of the demolished dwelling of Don Juan de Padilla and his wife Donia Maria Pacheco, and stigmatizing them as traitors to their king and country. It had been newly restored as a beacon to warn the patriots of modern times. This monument, meant as a stigma, called at once to my remembrance the noble self-devotion of the young nobleman in defence of Spanish liberty; his affectionate appeal to his wife, when waiting for the summons of the executioner, and above all, the glorious conduct of Donia Maria herself, who, smothering her griefs and rejecting all womanish fears, fought in the same noble cause, and even outdid the noble actions of her husband.*

Crossing the bridge, I ascended the rocky mountain that lies opposite, and, having gained the summit, turned to look back on Toledo. Beneath me lay the city, placed on the pinnacle of a round hill and well nigh encircled by the Tagus. This stream would seem to have taken its course originally to the right, and subsequently to have opened itself a narrow pass, through the rocky bulwark which lay opposed to it; for the opposite banks are very similar and bear evident marks of having once been connected. After escaping from these straits, the Tagus expands its bed; its course becomes more quiet, and verdant islands rise midway between its banks. The left, upon which I stood, gradually lost its ragged and rocky character, and was thrown into a pleasing succession of swelling hills, covered with orchards of olive. In front lay the delicious Vega, irrigated in every direction by the fertilizing waters of the Tagus, and divided as far as the eye could discover, into verdant strips running backward from the river. The declining sun, as he sped his way to furnish the daily boon of light and heat to other and far distant climes, sent his departing rays obliquely upon the tranquil surface of the stream, which showed itself from time to time in its meanderings, like a succession of glassy lakes, shedding, at the same time, a warm and mellow lustre over the varied vegetation of the Vega. The scene had remained unaltered by the lapse of centuries; but how changeful had been the fortunes of that ancient city!

Two thousand years before, the Jews of Toledo and the fierce and barbarous Carpitanians had been compelled to yield to the courage and and conduct of Hannibal. The Roman domination followed, establishing itself after many struggles, and the inhabitants, won not less by the clemency than the valor of these generous conquerors, came at length to be softened by the arts of peace. What a noble show must Toledo have made in those days of the triumphal arch, the aqueduct, and the amphitheatre, when man walked forth robed in the flowing toga and borne up by the lofty soul of a Roman! Six peaceful centuries roll by, when a countless host is seen advancing with naked swords, dressed in an unknown garb, and speaking a strange and barbarous tongue. These are the hairy Goths, unwashed, unshorn;

* Robertson, Charles V.

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their hands and beards and faces smeared with the blood of the thousands they have murdered in their long pilgrimage. They seek only present gratifications, and rather court than avoid a bloody death, since it is the sure passport to that paradise where they are to riot forever in ceaseless slaughter, pausing only to refresh themselves with draughts of beer from the sculls of their enemies. Toledo groans under the heavy yoke of these hard masters; the elegant and useful arts disappear together; the amphitheatre is demolished, temples are thrown down, and columns and statues precipitated into the Tagus. After two centuries and a half of toilsome servitude, these fierce conquerors give place to an eastern people, who bring with them the simple tastes and primitive customs of Arabia. The conquerors and the conquered live together upon a friendly footing, and the earth, cultivated with an hitherto unknown care, teems with redoubled fertility. In four more centuries these in their turn give place to the Christian; each Saracen dying in defence of his home, or wandering back towards the land of his ancestors. The Castilian still preserves awhile his warlike spirit, until, at length, churches and convents rise in every direction over ruined habitations, and the din of chivalry is drowned amid chants and masses.

The city which once offered to the view so fair a combination of domes, and columns, and arches, now exhibited, as I looked upon it, but an uncouth mass of misshapen tenements, many of which were already abandoned and fallen, and many preparing to follow. A few listless inhabitants, enveloped in their lazy cloaks, were seen passing through the crazy gates of the city; whilst groups of dusty asses, looking as old as Toledo, moved down the steep hill-side, picking their way carefully amid the ruined fortifications, to have the earthen jars, with which they were laden, filled from the waters of the Tagus. The ruined piers of the many bridges, that, in times gone by, gave access to a great city, are now converted into mill-dams to prepare the hard earned bread of a small and needy population. The wide road, too, beneath me, which has been trod in succession by the Carthaginian and the Roman soldier, and the fearless Goth, and the rapid Arabian, or by the steel clad warrior of the days of chivalry, going forth with poised lance and closed visor in search of adventures, now offered no other company than a few loitering priests and friars, dressed in their unmanly garb, and moving onward with slow and solemn composure; while here and there a student, hidden under a sable cloak and cocked hat, sat, like a crow, upon a parapet, conning his lesson from a ghostly volume, or gazing into the trembling waters of the Tagus.

On Saturday morning, being the seventh of April, I took leave of the good *Canónigo* and of Toledo. It was a ruinous and dull old place, yet I felt pleased with it in spite of myself—there was about it such an air of quiet repose and solemnity, so little of that stir and turbulence which I had associated with the idea of a warlike city, ever prone to

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revolt and mutiny. Having taken my chocolate and roasted egg, I was summoned to depart by the old hostler, who, having prefaced with an *Ave Maria purissima!* pushed the door open to tell me the coach was ready. On reaching the front of the *posáda*, I found, drawn up before the door, the *cóche-de-cóleras*, that was to take me to Madrid. It was an antique vehicle, just like those I had seen so often upon the Prado, except that instead of the postillions riding one of the wheel mules, it had a wide wooden platform, planted firmly between the fore wheels, for the accommodation of the drivers. The bag of barley, which was to furnish the beasts with provender during the journey, served as a cushion. The mules, six in number, were fat and valiant; furthermore, they were tatooed and harnassed like those of the Catalonian diligence. The master and owner was a dried up, mummy-looking old man; but the under driver was a merry young Biscayan, who had followed mules from his earliest youth, and who had been cast in his wanderings into the centre of the Peninsula, where he was now fixed and nailed fast forever, having first become the *zagál* of the old man, and afterwards his *yérno*, or son-in-law. Both were dressed in velvet jackets and breeches, studded with brass buttons, gray stockings, long-quartered shoes, round hats, covered with brass points, and beads, and ribbons, with red sashes round the loins. The most remarkable part of their dress, however, was an outer jacket of brown cloth, ornamented with patches of red and yellow, like those worn by the *caleséros* of Madrid. This dress, though strictly Andalusian, and not common in Castile, is worn by the drivers all over Spain. Indeed, it would be deemed heretical to crack a whip in any other, and I have many doubts whether a Spanish mule would budge an inch for one not thus accoutred. The old man had his jacket fastened tightly about him, but the *zagál's* hung jauntily from his right shoulder. As I surveyed my present conveyance, I could not help thinking that it was vastly better than the *cárro* that had taken me to Aranjuez, and the *rocín* and *rúcio* that had brought me away again. I felicitated myself on the change. The old landlady of the Fonda-del-Arzobispo came out from her usual station in a large arm chair within the door-way, to take leave of the *jóven Americano*, the chambermaid brought my little bundle, which she insisted upon conveying, and the hostler lent me his arm to mount to the step. I had no need of such assistance, yet I gave it a thankful acceptance. The little man cried out '*Arre yérno!*' and the young fellow who had taken his station between the two head mules, gave way to their impatience, and away we went at a gallop. 'Go with God!' was the universal greeting; and the ancient landlady and the chambermaid, as they stood shading their eyes from the sun with the left hand, shook the right in parting salutation, and added, '*Y con la Virgen!*'

I was not the sole occupant of the *cóche*. It was brimming full of young girls, who were going a short distance from the city, partly for

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the sake of the ride, but chiefly to take leave of one of their number, who was to keep on to Madrid, whither she was going to serve a *Condésa*. I soon found from their conversation, that two of them were daughters of the old man; the eldest, a close built, fast sailing little frigate, with an exquisitely pointed foot, a brilliant eye, and a pretty arch face—not at all the worse for two or three pock-marks—was the newly married wife of the *zagál*. The one who was now about to leave her home for the first time, was a younger sister of the bride, and the rest were cousins and neighbours. They had all grown up together, and now, as they rode furiously down the hill-side that leads away from Toledo, were as merry as crickets, laughing, giggling, and shouting to their acquaintance as they were left rapidly behind. By and by, however, we got to the bottom of the valley, and began to toil up the opposite ascent. The excitation of the moment was over, and they remembered, that at the top of the hill they were to part with Beatriz. Their laughing ceased, the smiles passed from their countenances, a painful expression came instead, and, when the coach at length stopped, they were all in tears. Poor Beatriz! she cried and kissed them all; and when they got down from the coach and left her all alone, she sobbed aloud, and was half ready to follow them.

Margarita, the older sister, seeing poor Beatriz take on in this way, begged her husband to let her go along and come back the next trip. Andres would not at first listen to the proposal, but fastened the door. When she began, however, to grow angry at the refusal, he took the trouble, like a thoughtful husband, to explain how inconvenient it would be for her to go without any preparation; if she had but spoken in the morning, or the night before, the thing would have been easily settled. All these reasons availed nothing; Margarita grew more and more vexed, until Andres was driven from his resolution. He slowly opened the door, saying with a half displeased air, '*Entre usted!*' Contrary to all reasonable calculations, she stirred not a step towards accepting the offer, and her embarrassment and vexation seemed only to grow greater, at thus losing the cause of her displeasure. By this time, the old man, who had thought it was all over when he had kissed the children, and who did not understand this hemming and hawing, began to grow impatient, and gave the word of command. Away went the mules. Andres would not part in anger; he went to receive a farewell kiss from his wife; but Margarita turned away pettishly, striking her little foot on the ground and shaking her head, as though she would have torn her *mantilla*. Without more ado, he left her to her ill humor, and, overtaking the coach, caught the left mule by the tail and leapt to the wooden platform beside his father.

Meantime, Beatriz and I put our heads out of the window; she from interest and affection, I from curiosity. The girls remained where we left them, throwing up their handkerchiefs, and sending after us a thousand kind words and well wishes. Margarita alone stood motionless in the same place, with her head turned away. Gradually, however, she moved round to catch sight of us, and when she saw that her husband was not looking at her, seemed to be sorry for what she had done,

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shook her fan at him fondly, and cried out at the top of her voice, 'Until we meet, Andrew'—'*Hasta la vista, Andres!*' But it was too late, he would not hear, and beating the mule nearest him with great energy, we were soon descending the opposite hill. The last I saw of Margarita, she had hid her face in her hands, and her companions wer drawing round to offer consolation.

Andres forgot his wife and his vexation at the bottom of the second hill, and went onward laughing and joking with every one whom we either met or overtook upon the road. Sometimes he walked beside the mules, cheering them with a tuneless ditty; sometimes he sent them galloping down one hill and up another, himself standing with one foot in the step and holding by the door, as he spoke comfortable words to Beatriz, telling her how many fine things were to be seen in Madrid, and all about the palace and the Prado. Sometimes he ran away to exchange a word with a fellow *zagal;* for we met many coaches going to Toledo to be there in the holy week, when it is one of the most wonderful places in Christendom. The cardinal archbishop was among the number. He had no other attendants than his confessor and a single servant, who rode with him in a plain carriage, drawn by four hired mules. His own heavy, well fed pair followed a league or two behind, conducted by an ancient postillion, half lost amid cocked hat and leather. This prelate is said to be the head of the ultra-faction, as he is of the Spanish church, and one of the prime movers of the Portuguese rebellion. For the rest, he is of very simple and unostentatious habits, giving most of his substance in alms to the poor.

In this way we came before sunset to the little village where we were to pass the night. The mules were soon led away by Andres, who helped them to some barley, and the old man proceeded to search the coach box for the rabbit, the rice, and the garlic, which were to be stewed for our supper. Taking my cloak, I seated myself upon the stone bench without the door, where the landlady was nursing her child. I had not been there long before a traveller arrived with quite a fine horse, which he tied carelessly to one of the bones, driven into the wall for the purpose. The horse in rubbing his head chanced to disengage the bridle, and, finding himself at liberty, strayed out into the street. The hostler, coming out at that moment, went slowly and slyly towards his head to catch him; but the horse seeing what all this meant, cocked his tail and threw his heels into the air, and, having accompanied the act with a very disrespectful salutation, set off at the top of his speed, the sides of the saddle standing far out like a pair of wings, and seeming to account for the extreme velocity of his motion. The whole village was presently in a hue and cry; the women ran out and caught up their children, and the traveller started, bareheaded, in search of his beast. But the animal only wanted a little diversion, and when he had rolled in a neighbouring wheat field, and stretched his legs a little to please himself, as he had done all day to please his

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master, bounding onward with the lightness of a deer, and throwing his raised head round with a joyful air, he presently grew tired of his liberty and returned towards the door of the *posada*. Finding that we had made a line and were throwing our cloaks up to keep him from going past, he trotted boldly into the courtyard.

This source of disturbance was scarcely over, before a loud grunting announced the arrival of the public swineherd, bringing home the hogs of the village from their daily pasture. He had on a tattered cloak, a sugar loaf hat, and a pair of ruined leather gaiters. In his left hand was a long staff, pointed with a nail, and in the right a singularly sculptured cow horn, through which he uttered a fearful noise that brought the tears into my eyes. The hogs, which had minded the horn of the swineherd and followed him very obediently hitherto, when they reached the first corner of the village, suddenly gave a loud and general grunt, which might be interpreted, 'the devil take the hindmost;' for they all, with one accord, set off at a full gallop in different directions, each bolting into the open door of his own house, and hopping over the sill to the terror of the little children.

Before eight we were seated round our supper, which was placed on a small table in my own bedroom. It consisted of bread and wine, beside a well seasoned preparation of rice and rabbit, which, that it might keep the warmer, was served in the same iron stew-pan in which it had been cooked. A board was placed beneath, to keep the cloth from burning; and Andres, having politely turned the long handle towards himself, that it might incommode no one else, stirred it briskly with his spoon; and, as the savory vapor rose curling along his hand, he smacked his lips, and said, 'Here, sirs, is food for great folks,'—'*Esto es para seniores!*' The old man would have served me in a separate plate; but as it is considered among these worthy roadsters a friendly and fraternal act to eat from the same dish, I declined the offer, and we fell to with one accord.

Supper over, I was left in quiet possession of my chamber, and soon went to bed. I did not, however, get at once to sleep; for some of the guests were talking in the neighbouring court-yard, without my door. In the various changes of conversation I found that I myself furnished a topic. One asked what countryman I was. The old man answered, *Ingles*. One said then that I must be a *Judio*, and another, a *Protestante*. Beatriz took my part; she had seen me cross myself as I went into church, where we stopped at noon; and Andres, who, being a Biscayan, was more enlightened than the rest, contended that I was an *Irlandes* and a *Cristiano*. By and by, the talkers dropped off, carrying away the light, until none remained but Andres and a young wench, the Maritornes of the *venta*. I was greatly astonished to hear our *zagal* ask her if she had put any garlic in the stew; for I had been so haunted by this detestable seasoning, that I could not put my spoon into the saucepan to fish for a piece of rabbit, without bringing out a whole head of it. I was sure Andres could not be in earnest, and found presently that this was only the starting of a very different subject; for when Maritornes defended herself from the charge, the

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excuse was admitted, and the conversation—to which Margarita, had she been there, would not have listened with indifference—presently became lower and more earnest.

The next morning we departed before the dawn, and ere the sun was many hours high, we began to approach the capital. The surrounding scenes had nothing new for me; but it was not thus with Beatriz, who had never before been a league from Toledo, and who saw and caught at everything that was peculiar. The day before she had partly got over the grief of a first parting from friends and home, and when she saw any of the *cocheros* and *arrieros* whom she knew, she would salute them kindly and halloo to them with much vivacity as they came up; but when they had passed, and she looked back upon them as they went their way to Toledo, the delighted expression forsook her countenance. Sometimes a tear burst from her eye and hung quivering from the lid, until, growing too big, it fell heavily along her cheek; sometimes she got off with a sigh and a long drawn gape. I noticed that, at each gape, she crossed her open mouth devoutly with her thumb; and once or twice, when Andres stood on the step, beside the carriage, talking with us, he had interrupted his discourse, at the recurrence of one, to utter the invocation of, '*Jesus, Maria, Jose!*'—a call for protection which I had never before heard made except on the occasion of a sneeze. Now, however, every object was a novelty to Beatriz; and presently, when we came in sight of Madrid and the Manzanares, she was completely lost in admiration—asked what this was, and what that, then fell to exclaiming, '*Que de torres—que puente—quanta gente!*'

In this merry mood we entered the city, where, having taken leave of the old man, of Andres, and of Beatriz—who from being pleased, had again become melancholy and tearful, at finding herself in a dirty inn-yard, surrounded by so many strange and noisy people—I took my bundle under my arm, and covering all under the full *embozo* of my *capa*, made for the Puerta-del-Sol, where I presently after received the hearty greeting of my friend, the old woman, of Don Valentin, and of Florencia.

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CHAPTER XIII.

KINGDOM OF NEW CASTILE—JAEN AND CORDOVA.

Final departure from Madrid.—Ocania.—Cacaruco and his Brother-in-law.—The Guadiana.—Manzanares.—Val-de-Penias.—Dispeniaperros.—New Populations.—Fate of their Founder, Olavide.—Carolina.—Baylen.—The Guadalquivir and Andujar.—Herds of Horses along the Road to Cordova.

On the eleventh day of April, I took my last leave of Madrid. It was with no little regret; for, with all the magnificence of a great city and all the splendor of a brilliant court, it had something quiet, and retired, and unhacknied. My departure was the more painful, that several friends came to take leave of me at the office of the diligence. We shook hands heartily, and being summoned by the conductor, I took my lonely station in the rotunda. The *cabriolet* and the interior had a supply of passengers; I was all alone. 'May you arrive with sound ribs!' said one; and just then the clock struck twelve. Crack! went the whip of our conductor—the postillion mounted on one of the fourth pair of mules, which composed our team, responded from another street, and away we went. In a twinkling, we had reached the Puerta-del-Sol, and as we were dragged at a gallop through the dispersed crowd, I for a moment caught sight of the balcony of my apartment, that favorite lounging place, where I had passed so many happy moments in pleasant company, gazing upon the varied and characteristic scene below. Florencia was in her old station; she, too, was alone, and waving her handkerchief. I had scarce time to answer, before the white-washed wall of the clumsy house, at the corner, intruded itself between and snatched her from my view.

Traversing the Prado and taking into rapid review the Retiro, the Museum, the Botanic Garden, and that beautiful promenade, over which I should never again ramble, we passed under the Gate of Atocha and halted without the portal. Our conductor, a fine stout fellow, in the prime of life, who had a military air, and had doubtless been a soldier, got down to take leave of a young woman with an infant in her arms, who had come thus far to greet with well-wishes the beginning of his journey. He kissed his wife on either cheek and with great affection; then hugged the child awhile to his bosom, and abandoning it to its mother, jumped to the box of the diligence. When we had crossed the Manzanares and fairly turned our back upon Madrid, I thought that I had never seen it look so beautiful. Its infinite steeples and cupolas were gleaming to the powerful sun of this lofty and cloudless region, while the *alamedas* of trees leading to it had just put forth their

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foliage; and the neighbouring hills and plains, in winter so naked and monotonous, were now covered everywhere with the young wheat, forming one vast expanse of velvet verdure.

Crossing the valley of the Jarana and the Tagus, at sundown we arrived at Ocania. I had already passed through Ocania in coming from Valencia, and it may serve to give an idea of the imperfect state of communications in Spain, that the Valencia and Seville highroads are confounded for a distance of thirtysix miles, though those two places are situated in nearly opposite directions from Madrid. The Valencia road was probably constructed, when Toledo was the capital and great manufacturing city of Spain.

We found the diligence from Seville already drawn up in the courtyard, and the passengers waiting for us to sit down to supper. Having shaken off the dust, with which we were literally whitened, we hastened to take seats beside our temporary companions. The Spaniards, from most of the provinces of Spain, are very agreeable travelling companions. This is particularly the case with the Andalusian, who is full of amiable endeavours to make himself agreeable to those, into whose company he is thrown, though never so transiently. So much, it is true, may not be said of the Catalans and Valencians, who are but a rough and homespun set. As we, however, had none of these in our little party, we enjoyed ourselves much; and many a hearty joke went round at the expense of a good friar of the order of Mercy, who was one of our number, and whom we accused of being too polite to the buxom Manchegas who served us. The good father joined in our mirth, with as loud a laugh as any, and if we did not set him down as immaculate, we at least acquitted him of hypocrisy. The order of Mercy originated in those days when many Spaniards were torn from their homes, either by the chances of war or by the incursions of Barbary corsairs, to languish in slavery. This order was then instituted, with the benevolent motive of ransoming captives; money being collected for the purpose by mendicant expeditions through the country. As our friar was going to Malaga, I took it for granted that he was bound on some benevolent errand to Algiers or Tunis; but I learned by accident, some time after in Malaga, that the bishop of that city, who had lately died, had left all he possessed to the convent of our companion, of which he himself had long been an inmate, and that the good friar in question was hurrying on to secure the prize.

Supper being finished, we found our way to the long bedroom, furnished with a double row of cots, where, as usual in riding diligences in Spain, the passengers were accommodated together, so as to be called up with greater ease and certainty. Now a lady and her son had their cots in the antichamber of our room, which furnished the only passage to reach our beds; for in this land of suspicion, there is a great poverty of doors and windows. When, therefore, his mother was snug, the young man came to conduct us through; and when he had suc-

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ceeded in driving us all into our pen, he double locked the door, to the no small inconvenience of the reverend father, who had been taken greatly into favor by one of the serving maids. We were to be called up at two in the morning, so I jumped at once, boots and all, into bed. The others were more dilatory, especially the *Padre*. Having taken a huge gold snuff box from the bag sleeve of his outer garment, which served as a pocket, he fairly loaded his nostrils with tobacco, and then placed the box beneath his pillow. This done, he took off, one by one, his flowing robes of soiled flannel and laid them over a chair, hanging on the corner the huge long hat of the Spanish clergy; until at length nothing remained of all this covering to hide the individual, but a black silk nightcap and a jacket and drawers of the same white flannel. Heavens! what was my astonishment and dismay to see this portly, helpless man of God turn into as strapping and raw-boned a sinner, as ever frightened a virgin? I could scarce persuade myself that the friar was not still leaning over the chair at his devotions, and that a loquacious and sinewy Biscayan of our number had not taken his place at the bedside.

We renewed our journey the next day at an early hour and arrived by eight at Madrilejos, being escorted the whole way by four wild horsemen, armed with a singular collection of guns, pistols, and sabres. It chanced to be Holy Thursday, an occasion of great solemnity in the Catholic Church. It is the custom in Spain to abstain from meat, throughout the whole Passion week, and the innkeeper of Madrilejos, whose pocket would be no less benefited than his conscience, by giving us meagre fare for our three *pesetas*, was preparing to serve us up a most Catholic breakfast of eggs and codfish. But our female companion protested that her rest had been sadly disturbed the night before by the garlicky soup of Ocania; and since it was impossible to travel without proper nourishment, she insisted on a pullet or a partridge. I put in a plea of indigestion, and when the birds were at length produced, even the *Padre* joined in eating them, and none observed the fast in strictness, except our Biscayan, who seemed a truly conscientious and single-minded man. On our way to regain the diligence, we were surrounded by beggars who besought alms in a suppliant tone. It would have been impossible to give to one without giving to all, and to give to all would have been poor economy; so I pushed my way through, closing my heart to their supplications. I found, however, the door of the Rotunda in possession of a poorly clad friar, with a shaven crown. He opened it for me, offering at the same time a small money box, upon which was erected a copper image of the Crucifixion, and saying in accents that thrilled through me, '*Senior! Por la Pasion de Jesucristo!*' The appeal would have been irresistible at any season, much less upon Holy Thursday; so, dreading the misgivings of conscience, felt on similar occasion by Yorick of old, I dropped

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him a *peseta*, and as we drove away he said, 'Go in a good hour—God will reward you!'

Leaving Madrilejos, we travelled on, through a solitary country, until we came to the *venta* of Puerto Lapiche, the very house in which Don Quixote watched over his armour and was dubbed knight errant, in the beginning of his adventurous career. The conductor had taken his seat beside me in the rotunda, and we were yet talking over the exploits of that renowned hero, when our conversation was suddenly and unceremoniously interrupted by the discharge of muskets, the loud shouting of eager, angry voices, and the clattering of many hoofs. Here, indeed, is an adventure, thought I—oh! for Don Quixote! In the next moment the diligence stopped, and on looking out at the window, the cause of this interruption became manifest.

Our four wild partisans were seen flying at a fearful rate, closely pursued by eight still more desperate looking fellows, dressed in sheepskin jackets and breeches, with leathern leggings, and *montero* caps, or cotton handkerchiefs, on their heads. Each had four pistols at his saddle-bow, a steel sabre at his side, a long knife thrust through the belt of his cartouch box, and a carbine, in this moment of preparation, held across his horse's neck in front of him. It was an animated scene this, such as I had frequently before seen on canvass, in Wovermans's spirited little pictures of robber broils and battle scenes; but which I had never before been so highly favored as to witness in reality.

Whilst this was going on in the road behind us, we were made to get down by one of the party, who had been left to take care of us, and who now shouted in rapid succession, the words, '*Ajo! carajo! a tierra! bosa abajo, ladrones!*' As this is the robber formula throughout Spain, its translation may not be unacceptable to the reader. Let him learn, then, that *ajo* means garlic; *carajo*, a thing not fit to be named; and the remainder of the salutation, 'to the ground! mouths in the dust, robbers!' Though this formula was uttered with great volubility, the present was doubtles the first attempt of the person from whom it proceeded; a youth, scarce turned of twenty and evidently a novice—a mere Gil Blas—at the business. We did not, however, obey him the less quickly, and took our seats as ordered, upon the ground, in front of the mules and horses, so that they could only advance by passing over us; for he was so much agitated, that his musket shook like the spout of a fire engine, and we knew full well, that in such situations a frightened is not less to be dreaded than a furious man. Our conductor, to whom this scene offered no novelty, and who was anxious to oblige our visitors, placed himself upon his hands and knees, like a frog when he is about to jump, and asked if that was the right way. He took care, however, to turn his unpleasant situation to account, putting a huge watch into the rut of the road and covering it carefully with sand. Some of the party imitated this grasshopper attitude, and Fray Antonio availed himself of the occasion and the devotional posture, to bring up the arrears of his *Paters* and *Aves*.

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We had not been long thus, before the captain of the band returned, leaving five of his party to take care of the guards, three of whom stood their ground and behaved well. Indeed, their chief was no other than the celebrated Polinario, long the terror of La Mancha, until he had been brought over to guard the diligence, and had turned royalist volunteer. We could distinctly hear them exchanging *ajos* and *carajos* with the robbers, and daring them to come *tantos por tantos*—man for man. As honor, however, was not the object of these sturdy cavaliers, they contented themselves with keeping the guard in check, whilst their comrades were playing their part at the diligence. The first thing the captain did, when he rode among us, was to call for the conductor's hat, and when he had obeyed, he bade him mount upon the diligence and throw down whatever was there. He cautioned him at the same time to look around and see if anything was coming—adding, with a terrible voice, as he half lifted his carbine, 'And take care'—'*Y cuidado!*' The conductor quietly obeyed, and the captain having told us to get up and not be alarmed, as no harm was intended, called to us to put our watches and money into the conductor's hat, which he held out for the purpose, much in the ordinary way of taking up a collection, except that instead of coming to us, he sat very much at his ease upon his horse, and let us come to him. I threw my purse in, and as it had nine or ten silver dollars, it made a very good appearance and fell with a heavy chink. Then, grasping the bunch of brass keys and buttons, which hung from my fob, I drew out the huge watch which I had bought at Madrid, in contemplation of some such event, and whose case might upon emergency have served the purpose of a warming pan. Having looked with a consequential air at the time, which it marked within six hours, I placed it carefully into the hat of the conductor. The collection over, the captain emptied purses, watches, and loose money, all together into a large leathern pocket, which hung from his girdle, and then let the hat drop under his horse's hoofs.

'*Cuniado*'—'brother-in-law!'—said the captain to one of the worthies—his companions—'Take a look into those trunks and boxes, and see if there be anything in them that will suit us'—'*Las llaves, seniores!*'—'The keys gentlemen!' 'And do you, *zagal*, cast me loose those two horses on the lead; a fine fellow is that near horse with the saddle.' The two persons thus summoned, set about obeying, with a very different grace. Our *cuniado* dismounted at once and hitched his horse to the friar's trunk. He then took from the crupper of his saddle a little bundle, which, being unrolled, expanded into a prodigious long sack with a yawning mouth in the middle. This he threw over his arm, with the mouth uppermost, and with a certain professional air. He was a queer, systematic little fellow this, with a meek and Joseph cast of countenance, that in a market place would have inspired the most profound confidence. Having called for the owner of the nearest trunk, the good friar made his appearance, and he accosted him with great composure. 'Open it yourself, *Padre*, you know the lock better than I do.' The *Padre* complied with becoming resignation, and the

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worthy trunk inspector proceeded to take out an odd collection of loose breeches that were secured with a single button, robes of white flannel, and handkerchiefs filled with snuff. He had got to the bottom without finding aught that could be useful to any but a friar of Mercy, and there were none such in the fraternity, when as a last hope he pulled from one corner something square that might have been a box of diamonds, but which was only a breviary fastened with a clasp. The trunk of the Biscayan came next, and as it belonged to a sturdy trader from Bilboa, furnished much better picking. Last of all he came to mine; for I had delayed opening it, until he had called repeatedly for the key, in the hope that the arrival of succor might hurry the robbers away, or at least, that this double sack would fill itself from the others, which was certainly very charitable. The countenance of our *cuniado* brightened up, when he saw the contents of my well filled trunk, and not unlike Sancho of old, when he stumbled upon the portmanteau of the disconsolate Cardenio, in the neighbouring Sierra Morena, he went down upon one knee and fell to his task most inquisitively. Though the sack was already filled out to a very bloated size, yet there remained room for nearly all my linen and summer clothing, which was doubtless preferred in consideration of the approaching heats. My gold watch and seal went in search of its silver companion; for *Senior Cuniado* slipped it slyly into his side pocket, and, though there be no secrets among relations, I have my doubts whether to this day he has ever spoken of it to his brother-in-law.

Meantime, our female companion had made acquaintance with the captain of the band, who for a robber was quite a conscientious and conversable person. He was a stout, athletic man about forty years old, with a weather beaten face and long whiskers, which grew chiefly under his chin in the modern fashion, and like the beard of a goat. It chanced that among the other contents of the trunk, was a brass weight neatly done up and sealed, which our minister had procured from the Spanish Mint, and was sending with some despatches to the United States. This shone well, and had a goldish look, so that our *Cuniado* would have put it in his pocket, but I showed him that it was only brass, and when he had smelled and tasted it, and convinced himself that there was neither meat nor drink in it, he told me I might ask the captain, who graciously relinquished it to me. He also gave orders not to open the trunk of the lady, and then went on to apologize for the trouble he was giving us, and had well nigh convinced us that he was doing a very praiseworthy act. He said that if the proprietors of the diligence would procure his pardon and employ him as escort, he would serve them three months for nothing—'*Tres meses de nada. Soy Felipe Cano, y, por mal nombre, el Cacaruco*'—said he—'I am Philip Cano, nicknamed the Cacaruco. No rat-catcher am I; but a regular robber. I have no other profession or means of bringing up a large family with any decency.' *

* A rat-catcher means one who does not follow the profession habitually, but only makes it a subsidiary pursuit. Thus, a *contrabandista* who has been plundered and

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In twenty minutes after the arrival of these unwelcome visiters, they had finished levying their contribution and drew together to move off. The double sack of the inspector was thrown over the back of one of the horses that had been taken from the diligence; for in this part of the country the leaders of the teams were generally horses. The horse now loaded with such a singular burthen was a spirited animal and seemed to understand that all was not right; for he kicked away among the guns and sabres of the robbers, until one of them, thus roughly handled, drew his sword to kill him, and would have executed his purpose had he not been restrained by Cacaruco. Before the robbers departed, the postillion told Cacaruco that he had nothing in the world but the two horses, and that if he lost them, he was a ruined man; he begged him, at least, to leave him the poorest of the two. After a short parley, the request was granted, and then they moved off at a walk, talking and gesticulating, without once looking back. We kept sight of them for near half an hour, as they moved towards a ravine, which lay at the foot of a neighbouring mountain.

We now commenced packing up the remnant of our wardrobes. It was a sorrowful scene. Here a box emptied of some valuable articles, and the shavings, in which it had been packed, driven in every direction by the wind; there another, which had been broken in by the butt of a musket, that had passed with little ceremony through the shade of an astral lamp; here shirts, and there waistcoats—and there a solitary pair of red flannel drawers; everywhere, however, sorrowful faces and plaintive lamentations. I tried to console myself, as I locked my trunk, with reflecting upon the trouble I had found the day before in shutting it down; how I had tugged, and grated my teeth, and jumped upon it; but this was poor consolation. My little portmanteau, yesterday so bloated and big, now looked lean and flabby. I put my foot upon it, and it sunk slowly under the pressure. I now looked round for the robbers. They were still seen in the distance, moving away at a walk and followed by the horse, upon which was mounted that insatiate sack, which would have touched the ground on either side, had it not been crammed so full as to keep it from touching the horse's ribs. There was a singular association of ideas between the fatness of the bag and the leanness of my trunk, and as I still stood with one foot upon my trunk and turning my thumbs about each other, I set up a faint whistle, as a baffled man is apt to do. By a singular coincidence I happened to hit upon that very waltz in the Freyschutz, where the music seems to accompany the waltzers and gradually dies away as they disappear from the stage; and that, at a moment too, when the robbers having crossed a slight elevation were descending into the hollow beyond. The apropos seemed excellent; so I continued to whistle, winding up as the heads of the robbers bobbed up and down, and just blew the last note as they sank forever beyond the horizon.

dismounted by an *aduanero*, and who requites himself on some unhappy traveller, and a *carbonero*, who leaves his charcoal heap to put himself in ambush at the road side, are both *rateros*.

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By this time the *galeras*, and carts, and muleteers, whose progress had been arrested on either side of the road, got once more in motion, and when they had come up with the diligence, halted around it to learn the particulars of what they had only seen at a distance, and in pantomime. The sufferers were willing enough to let out their sorrow in words, and our painstaking Biscayan, who had very exactly ascertained the amount of his loss, told over the missing articles with a faltering voice and a countenance so sorrowful, that to have heard him and to have seen him, must have drawn pity, even from the stern Cacaruco. 'A new brown cloak that cost me thirty hard dollars only a week ago in Bilboa; six shirts,—two most beautiful, with sleeve and breast ruffles, and a long list of trowsers, drawers, and socks'—'*Calzones, calzoncillos y calcitines!*' At first, I almost forgot my own losses in the misery of the disconsolate Biscayan, who, in sooth, had been more unfortunate than the rest of us, having lost his cloak, that indispensable appendage of a Spaniard; but at every place where we either ate or changed horses, until our arrival at Cordova, he would ring over the charges of his *capa, parda, calzones, calzoncillos y calcitines*, until at length I only regretted that Cacaruco had not carried off the owner.

Having received the consoling commiserations of the many passing travellers who had witnessed our misfortune, we once more set forward with our curtailed team and lightened burthen. The escort, who had returned to take their station at the side of the diligence, and with whose conduct we could not reasonably quarrel, now commenced railing terribly at the authorities of the villages, who, they said, were openly protecting the robbers, and persecuting them. As a reason for this singular conduct, they told us, that the *alcaldes* and *ayuntamientos*, a kind of a mayor and aldermen, appointed from the inhabitants by the king, were bribed by the innkeepers and wagoners, who had conspired against the diligence and had even vowed to burn it. The motive of this hatred to the devoted diligence is, that formerly travellers loitered slowly through the country, leaving a little of their money at every *venta;* whereas, now they are whirled along without stopping, except at remote intervals.

Shortly after renewing our journey we came to an extensive morass, which we traversed by a long causeway. This is the river Guadiana, which has here disappeared as a stream, and hidden its lazy waters under ground. This morass, in which the waters of the Guadiana are lost, has an extent of nearly thirty miles from the first disappearance of the stream. As it is exceedingly rich in pasture, Antillon tells us, that the Manchegos are wont to boast that their river has a bridge, which furnishes nourishment to many thousand heads of cattle. It was, perhaps, in allusion to this disappearance of the Guadiana, too, that a Spaniard, being a prisoner in Africa, and boasting, as people who go abroad are apt to do, of his native land, took occasion to say, that his king was the mightiest in the world, and that among other great and

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wonderful things contained in his dominions, was a bridge seven leagues long, and a league wide.* This singular phenomenon was no stranger to the ancients. Pliny, who came as Procurator to Spain, speaks of it in his Natural History. 'The Ana,' says he, 'sometimes confounds its waters with some lakes; sometimes passes through mountains, which appear to absorb it; sometimes hides itself in the earth, and after disappearing often, for its own pleasure, at length empties into the Atlantic.' † It would seem that the inquisitive of more modern times have not been inattentive to the subject; for Cervantes, who ridiculed everything that was ridiculous, makes his hero discover the true secret of the weeping Guadiana. It was in this very neighbourhood, that Don Quixote descended into the cave of Montesinos; thus we met with that valiant knight, just before and just after our disaster, and only missed him at the moment that we needed his assistance.

On our arrival at Manzanares, the whole town came forth to hear the story of our disaster. Among the troops of children who gathered round to look at the smoking mules, and to gaze at and envy the strange people, who were going so swiftly to the happy land they had heard of, beyond the Sierra Morena, we were shown the daughter of the man who robbed us; the identical Cacaruco. She was an interesting girl of seven or eight, very neatly dressed, with a gold cross and rosary. The poor little thing, on seeing herself the object of general attention, slunk behind the door of the stable-yard and kept out of sight, until we had passed on. We here learned that Felipe Cano had commenced his career of honor as a *guerrilla* soldier, in the war of independence. By his superior courage and conduct, he rose to command among these wild warriors, and when Ferdinand came back from his French visit, he made him a captain. When the Constitution was restored, in 1820, Cano entered into it with ardor, and of course became a free-mason. It occurred to me that had I been a brother, I should certainly have saved my effects, and I secretly determined to avail myself of the first occasion to get the brand of the hot iron. In his new political career, our hero, leaving behind the duller spirits of his time, managed to make himself very obnoxious to the opposite party; for on the return of the king from Cadiz, he was sent to Ceuta for his excesses, to pass the remainder of his life in the Presidios. The Presidios are remote fortresses, where criminals are confined and kept at hard labor; a punishment which has been substituted for the galleys. As is not unfrequent with Spanish prisoners, Felipe Cano contrived to escape from his ball and chain, and returned once more to Manzanares and the poetic shadelessness of La Mancha. Finding

* Peyron.

† The word Guadi, found at the commencement of the names of most or many of the Spanish rivers, was added by the Arabs, and means simply river. Thus Guadiana—as the name of this stream now stands—the river Ana; Guadalaviar, clear river; Guadalquivir, big river. See Gelif Alidris, translated into Spanish by Conde.

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no easier means of gaining a livelihood, he collected a band of worthies, not less conscientious than himself, and commenced levying contributions under the nickname of Cacaruco, which has become the terror of the whole country. He does not appear publicly at Manzanares; but comes and goes in the night, passing much of his time with his family, which is living comfortably without any visible means of support. Nay we were told, that it was more than likely he would return to sleep at home that very night. Hisworthy brother-in-law, the trunk inspector, is another robber quite famous in La Mancha, under the name of *El Cochinero*, the pig-driver, probably from having once been of that profession.*

Leaving Manzanares, we arrived at Val-de-Penias towards dark. It was Holy Thursday, as we have already seen, and we found the entire population formed in procession along the principal streets. We did not join it, but contented ourselves with kneeling in the balconies of the *posada*, and crossing ourselves as the host went by. We were well paid for this act of penance, by passing in review a whole army of handsome *Manchegas*. The women of this province are said to be lively, animated, and full of fascination, great singers of *seguidillas* and dancers of the *fandango*. Of course we saw nothing of this on Holy Thursday; but the well modulated harmony of their voices told that there was much music in them—and the spring and precision of their step, and the vivacity with which they fluttered their fans and adjusted their *mantillas*, making the action an excuse for turning their faces towards us, and darting upon us their full and flashing eyes, gave sufficient assurance that they would appear well in the *fandango*. The females were dressed as usual in black—mantle, gown, and stockings, all of the same solemn color. The men wore blue stockings, with breeches and jacket of brown, and *montero* caps of the same, or of black velvet. The ample *capa parda* hung loosely from their shoulders, or was thrown into a variety of graceful folds.

Val-de-Penias is likewise famous for the delightful wine of the Burgundy kind, which grows in its neighbourhood. There is, perhaps, no pleasanter table wine than this; for it adds the strength of port to the rich and pleasant flavor of the original stock; and yet it is so plenty, and so cheap, that you may buy a bottle for two or three cents. This

* As the reader many feel some interest in the history of Cacaruco and his followers the following information contained in a letter from a friend may not be unacceptable.

'So you were stopped on your way to Andalusia, and made to pay toll to the knights of the highway. By the way, the robbers must have had a particular respect for you with your two watches. You must have been as great a personage in their eyes, as that renowned chieftain, Two-guns, was among the Indians. I hope you told them you had bought one for their express accommodation. I,—— has been more fortunate; he escaped unharmed, which now-a-days is somewhat extraordinary. But, perhaps, you have not heard that the leader of the gang who robbed you, has been shot by soldiers sent in pursuit of him, and that his band is broken up.'

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is quite a fortunate circumstance; for the water in La Mancha is generally very bad, and here, is hardly potable. The people of La Mancha drink freely of their generous wines from necessity, as is done in other parts of the country from choice, and yet there is no intoxication. Indeed, drunkenness is so rare in Spain, that it may be said to be unknown. The French are deservedly praised for their temperance; but this praise, both as it respects eating and drinking, is due in a far greater degree to the Spaniards. During nearly a year that I remained in Spain, I do not remember to have seen one single man reeling drunk—whereas, in my own favored country, the land which the world looks to for fair examples, one can never go forth into the most public streets, without seeing on the faces of many, the sure indications of habitual intemperance, or being staggered against and breathed upon by these walking nuisances. The comparison is unpleasant; I blush while I make it—nor can I avoid thinking that any measure, however strong, that would tend to the substitution of wines for stronger drinks, would confer a moral benefit on our country of infinitely greater value than the supposed economical one—for I deny its reality of being in all things independent of other nations. But we were speaking of the Val-de-Penias wine, which, though so excellent, is unknown out of Spain. The reason of this is found in the great imperfection of conveyances throughout the country, and in the consequent expense of transportation. The only Spanish wines know in foreign countries are produced near the sea; whereas, in France, where transportation is cheap, with few exceptions—such as of the Bordeaux and Marseilles wines—all the finer qualities come from the highlands of the interior. The central provinces of Spain, from their high and hilly character, their dry climate and powerful sun, are perhaps better calculated to produce wine than any other country in Europe; and this may become manifest at some future day, when Spain shall have taken the station for which nature destined her, among the nations of the earth.

Though we had small cause for gladness, our supper at Val-de-Penias, was nevertheless, a very merry one. We rallied each other on our losses and especially did we direct our face towards the poor Biscayan, whom we christened *Caballero de-la-Triste Figura*. We took infinite pleasure in making him recapitulate his losses, and as we had already heard them often enough to know them by heart, if perchance he forgot any article, one of us would refresh his memory, and then another, joining in and increasing the interruption, would send him back to recommence the sad narration. Thus, in the sorrows of the disconsolate Biscayan, each sought an alleviation of his own. Nor did the friar escape so well from our hands, as from the followers of Cacaruco. We ascribed all our calamities to the unchaste desires which he had cherished the night before, on the eve of so solemn a festival, and to his having ate the thigh of a pullet on the morning of Holy Thursday. In order to make him do penance for these sins, we would not let him eat anything but bread and lentils, and doled the wine out to him in portions, that served rather to excite than to gratify. But our merriment was at its height when he took his huge

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snuff box, which he did very often, from the bottom of his sleeve. We insisted that he ought to have given the gold box to the robbers who called repeatedly for tobacco, as the having kept back part might lead to future misfortunes. Our *Padre* contended on the contrary, that the robbers asked only for *cigarros* and *cigarillos*, and, that they never so much as mentioned the word *polvo*. To the lady and her son, who, thanks to the courteous demeanour of Cacaruco, had saved everything, we offered our congratulations with the best grace we could; but, in spite of ourselves, with the envious air of men who had much rather the case had been their own. Thus was our supper seasoned by mirth and good humor. But when it was eaten and the toothpicks were handed about in a wine glass, and it became a question of paying, each, as he rummaged his purseless pocket, was overcome with confusion. We could only promise to hand the money to the conductor, at the end of the journey. As for the postillions, escorts, serving maids, poor friars, the lame, the blind, and askers of alms, in general, we uniformly referred them to Cacaruco.

Before the day dawned we once more set forward. The face of the country, which had maintained its level and monotonous character since we crossed the valley of the Tagus, now became broken and uneven. The day before I had looked in vain for the Sierra Morena, which I expected to have seen rising in bold perspective toward the south, to form a barrier between Castile and Andalusia. It was only in advancing that the rocks rose round us, and we found ourselves in the mountains, without having had the labor of an ascent. Nor was it until we saw ourselves surrounded by precipices and ravines, and crags and chasms, that we knew that we had abandoned the plain of Castile, and were prepared to estimate its singular elevation. At the Dispeniaperros—Pitch-off-Dogs, so called, for the abrupt and sudden nature of the declivity, the crags rose round us in such rugged and hardy confusion, that, when we looked back upon them, their tops seemed to be connected overhead. Yet this wild region, which scarce furnishes a resting place for a scattering growth of pines and brambles, is traversed by one of the most safe and beautiful roads in the world.

The road of Dispeniaperros was constructed in the time of the good king Charles III., by M. Le Mauv, a French engineer, and is a noble triumph of art over the obstacles of nature. The difficulty of its execution may be estimated from the number of its bridges, which, large and small, amount to four hundred. Yet the road is nowhere so steep, as to require the chaining of a wheel in the descent, even of a heavy dilgence, or to occasion inconvenience and danger to the team and passengers; a rare merit in a mountain highway, which may not always be said of the celebrated Simplon. To gain such a result over a piece of ground, which has merited the name of Dispeniaperros, required infinite art. Sometimes, the road follows the course of a torrent, until met full in the face by some impassable bar-

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rier, it crosses to the opposite bank over a yawning chasm, spanned by a single hardy arch; sometimes, its way is forced by explosion into the side of a crag, and the shattered rocks assume a new asperity; sometimes, an arched slope is run along the edge of a nearly perpendicular cliff, clinging to the inequalities of the precipice, by a tenure, so slight, that it seems unequal to support the weight of the mason work, much less of the loaded diligence, the mules, and the passengers, who are only separated by a low barrier from a deep abyss, where a fall would lead to many deaths. It rained hard as we passed through this wild region, and the bottoms of the ravines were every where torn by torrents, which often dashed through bridges beneath the road, covering it with their spray. The rain did not, however, hinder me from stretching my neck from the window to gaze, now at the rugged and saw-like crests of the overhanging mountains, rending the heavy clouds as they rushed furiously by; now, at the deep ravine below, white with the foam of the dashing water; or, at the well soaked mules and muleteers, that might be distinctly seen at no great distance from us, toiling up the weary side of the mountain, and turning, first to the right hand, then to the left, as the road made angles, to overcome the declivity. Sometimes, we appeared to be coming towards them, and they towards us, with inconceivable rapidity, passing and repassing many times, the intervening rocks and trees seeming likewise to partake of the celerity of our motion, and the whole landscape changing at every step.

This declivity of the Sierra, which below the Dispeniaperros softens into beauty, retaining merely enough of its wild and romantic character to add to its attractions, and which, from its sheltered situation, its southern exposure, and well watered and fertile soil, is so admirably adapted to be the residence of man, was, until near the close of the last century, abandoned entirely to the caprice of nature and inhabited only by wolves and robbers. In the paternal reign of Charles III. Don Pablo Olavide, who, by his own merit and the mere force of his character, had risen to various offices of trust and honor, became intendant of Seville. Not content with doing good in that city, which is indebted to him for many excellent institutions, fine edifices, and pleasant public walks, he sought to extend the sphere of his usefulness. He saw and lamented the depopulated state of Spain, and succeeded in interesting the king in a plan to people some of the most fertile parts of Andalusia, which the vices of an impolitic government had deprived of inhabitants and converted into a wilderness. The Sierra Morena especially attracted his attention and became the scene of his first experiment.

Olavide saw, however, that the stock of cultivators in Spain was rather a bad one; and that their prejudice against labor which has descended from those days when arms and not servile offices were the proper occupation of a Christian, together with the listlessness and indolence, which his small share in the fruits of his own labor has engrafted upon the character of the Spanish peasant, would be heavy

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impediments to the execution of his scheme. He determined, therefore, to seek a population for his infant colony in some distant land, and thus to avail himself of that impulse, which emigration, like transplantation in the vegetable world, usually gives to human industry. Settlers were brought at a great expense from Germany, and each family received a portion of land, a house, the necessary implements of labor, and a certain number of domestic animals. When an emigrant had cultivated and put in order his first allotment of land, he received an additional field. The houses were all built alike, and so placed as to form one or more wide streets on either side of the highway. Particular attention was paid to the health of the infant colony, and no emigrant was allowed to settle near a morass. The new settlers, to the number of seven thousand, were for a time supported at the public expense; but first turning their attention towards producing the immediate necessaries of life, they were soon able to go alone. Being directed by the aid of science in the choice of their crops, and freed from the support of an idle population of priests and friars; from the burthensome taxes, ruinous restrictions, and thousand evils, which bore so hard upon the rest of Spain, they began in a few years to produce some oil, wine, and silk for exportation, in addition to the wheat, barley, rye, oats, peas, and Indian corn, required for their own consumption. Some of the towns had also domestic manufactures of glass, earthen ware, hemp, silk, and woollen. Such was the transformation wrought by Olavide, in the hitherto uninhabited regions of the Sierra Morena; the haunts of wild beasts became the habitation of man; the wilderness was converted into a garden; the howl of the wolf and the whistle of the robber were exchanged for the rattle of the loom and the gleeful song of the cultivator.

But what was the fate of Olavide—the man who had done so much for civilisation and for Spain. Olavide hated the monks, both theoretically and practically. He made a fundamental regulation, which excluded them entirely from the new colonies, and is even said to have built his house upon the ruins of a convent, which in times past had given shelter to a band of robbers, in return for a share in their spoil. But the monks were even with him, for in return they most cordially hated Olavide. It chanced that one Father Romauld, a German Capuchin, came on a mission to the Sierra Morena and was well received by Olavide. The good Father was delighted with the settlements. He had an eye to enjoy the beauty of the situation and the charms of the scenery; nor was he unmindful of the amenity of the climate, the sparkling purity of the water, the generous and well flavored quality of the wine, and the excellence of the eating. Father Romauld thought, what a fine station this would make for a convent of Capuchins. He therefore advised Olavide, since his colonists were all Germans, to get some German friars to come and teach them how to get to heaven. But Olavide professed his satisfaction with the cu-

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rates attached to the different parishes, and declared that their services were quite equal to the spiritual wants of the colonists. Though Father Romauld was thwarted and baffled, he dissembled his disappointment, as became the humility of his office. But he did not forget it; for sometime after, he availed himself of the intimacy to which he was admitted by Olavide, and caught up some imprudent expressions concerning the Spanish clergy, which dropped from him in the unguarded confidence of domestic life. These were reported to the council of Castile, and Olavide was called to Madrid, under the charge of reading prohibited books and speaking disrespectfully of the Catholic religion.

Olavide had been a year in Madrid, and began to believe that the threatened storm had passed by, and that Father Romauld had forgotten him, as he had forgotten Father Romauld, when he was suddenly seized with all his papers and taken by force from the bosom of his family. His friends heard no more of him for more than a year, and could only form conjectures whether he were living or dead. The first intelligence they received of him, was when he was called up to receive the sentence of the Inquisition, of which he had all this time been the prisoner. Olavide was confronted with his judges in the presence of many illustrious personages. He was dressed in a *sanbenito* of yellow, covered with flames and devils, and carried a green taper in his hand. He was accused of being a heretic, a believer in the doctrines of the *Encyclopédie*, and of having frequented the society of Voltaire and Rousseau. He was therefore exiled from Madrid and all other places of royal residence; from Seville where he had long resided, and even from Sierra, the place of his nativity. His property was confiscated for the benefit of the Holy Office, and he was at the same time declared incapable of any public employment. Lastly, he was condemned to be shut up eight years in a convent and employ his time in reading such pious volumes, as should be placed before him. His sentence was at once executed and he was confined in a convent of La Mancha. But his health and spirits sunk together under such accumulated misfortune; and his tormentors, who had no desire of destroying life and thus curtailing their vengeance, sent him to recruit at some mineral waters of Catalonia. There, Olavide was so fortunate as to elude his keepers and to escape forever from a country, to promote whose interests and welfare, had, hitherto, been the business of his life.*

But, to return to our journey. As we descended the mountains at a rapid rate, the clouds grew gradually thinner and thinner, and the rain lighter, until, by-and-by, the sun occasionally emerged to cheer our progress and give us a wider view of the softening scenes

* Antillon—Townsend—Bourgoanne.

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of the mountain, shining out at length, full and clear to greet our arrival into the principal settlement of Carolina. Leaving the diligence in the spacious inn-yard, and pushing my way through the crowd of worthies, to whom our fellow travellers, with the Biscayan at their head, were recounting their misfortunes, I wandered forth to look at this beautiful village in the mountains, which might serve as a model to all the village makers in the world. Its plan might well be known and copied in our own country, where new places are daily starting into existence, and where the will of two or three original settlers, judiciously exercised, might give convenience, and symmetry, and beauty, to the future abode of hundreds and of thousands.

La Carolina is traversed throughout its whole extent by the noble road of Andalusia, which forms its principal street. The other streets run, either parallel to, or at right angles with this, and not a scattering dwelling rises as a pioneer, in the neighbourhood of the town—or, indeed, anywhere in the new settlement, without a reference to some future street. Thus, the possibility of great future convenience, is purchased without the slightest present sacrifice. In the centre of the town is the *Plaza Mayor*, which serves on ordinary occasions as a market-place and general rendezvous, and on festivals as the scene of bull-fights and public spectacles. Here are found the village church, with its clock and bell; the *Ayuntamiento;* the large and commodious inn, at which we were about to breakfast; the smith, for the accommodation of the town's people and travellers, and a variety of country stores, where might be bought a little of everything. The various buildings which surround the square, are uniform and connected, and their fronts being supported upon a series of arcades, they furnish a covered walk round the whole interior, where the villagers may at all times find shelter from the heat of the sun, or the inclemency of the weather. I noticed with regret, that several of the houses which surround this little square, were ruined and tenantless. It would appear from this, that the colonies partake in the general decline of wealth, industry, and population; indeed, they are now subject to the pressure of all the evils common to the rest of Spain, and are no longer, as formerly, exempt from the many burthens and restrictions, which bear so hard upon the Spanish cultivator. As I wandered in the direction of the *Paseo*, which lies on the south of the town, the children, weary of their morning's confinement, were availing themselves of the returning sunshine, to sally forth to their daily pastimes. The flaxen heads of a few told that the Saxon stock had not yet been modified by a southern sun, nor lost in the blood of Andalusia.

The *Paseo* is a beautiful spot, planted with wide spreading trees, whose thick foliage covers as with an awning the stone benches which are placed below. In the centre of the area is a stone fountain surrounded by a curb, where the water is ever full and ever falling, and which, whilst it cools the air and gives animation to the scene, serves likewise to refresh the passing travellers and cattle. There are many such fountains in Carolina. They are supplied with excellent water by an aqueduct, which we were able to trace as we approached the town,

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by the stone piers which rose at short intervals, to indicate the place where repairs might be necessary in case of any derangement. The public walk is as essential an appendage of a Spanish town, as the parish church. Thither the inhabitants repair at an hour established by custom, and which changes with the season; in summer, the cool of the evening is chosen for this salutary distraction. I seated myself for a moment upon a bench, and, though it was far from the hour of *Paseo*, the scene was so familiar to me, that I was able to people the walks and benches, and pass in review the whole assemblage; the old *indefinido*, with his rusty cocked hat; the high stepping royalist volunteer; the village *acalde*, with his gold headed cane, his stained fingers and paper *cigarillo*. Nor did I forget the young mountaineer, with his round hat, covered with beads and turned gracefully aside; nor, least of all, the pretty *Andaluza*, as she moved springily onward, shaking her fan at a passing admirer, and piercing his heart with a sidelong beam from her full black eye.

Leaving the *Paseo* behind me, I extended my walk to the scattering dwellings without, and wandered on, enchanted by the beauty of the surrounding landscape. The country was abundantly watered with mountain streams, running in open channels, or else led off in wooden pipes, to furnish the means of irrigation. On every side were fields of wheat, oats, barley, flax, and *garbanzos*—orchards of olive and *algarroba*, and sunny hill sides, covered to their summit with the vine. Nor was Pomona forgotten in this happy scene. Each house in addition to its shady arbour had a little plantation of fruit trees on either side. It was the month of April, and they were all decked in their vernal livery, blending the young foliage of the fig with the gaudy pink of the peach and the more modest, though not less pleasing tints, of the pear, the cherry, and the apple.

It was delightful to gaze abroad upon this varied and wide extended landscape, where the wild beauty of mountain scenery was rather softened than subdued, by the magic touch of cultivation. The south wind had already floated away the moist clouds to the higher mountains, and the last thin veil of vapor alone lingered lazily in the heavens, where the sun blazed out in a sky of transparent blue, clear and unsullied, and with Andalusian splendor. The whole vegetable world seemed to have woke up renovated and refreshed by the showers of the morning. The wheat was higher and greener, and the meadow-lands looked so inviting, that I was half disposed to envy the luxurious indulgence of the cattle, as with balmy breath and swelling udders, they cropped the dewy herbage; the horses and mules grazed with equal relish, while the sheep and goats sought their food perseveringly amid the overhanging clifts. The atmosphere I breathed, too, seemed to be of some happier world; for the balmy breeze came burthened with sweet exhalations, newly sent forth by the thousand plants of the Sierra. What a transition this from the unvaried monotony of La Mancha, where, but the day before, we had gone forward for leagues and hours over an endless plain, without once encountering a tree, a rock, or a habitation!

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On leaving La Carolina, the country became more and more lovely, the whole way to Baylen, which lies at the foot of the mountains. Baylen makes a distinguished figure, in the history of the late war of independence; and, indeed, in the history of Napoleon. It was there that the French were first beaten by the Spaniards in a pitched battle, and General Dupont was compelled to capitulate to the patriot army under the Swiss Reding. At Baylen, then, the imperial arms received the first check in their career of victory.

When we left Baylen our anxiety was again awakened lest we should encounter robbers, for our road lay through a country much infested with this species of vermin. There was also a good deal of excitement among the three men who composed our escort, as though they were in expectation of an attack. Unluckily, one of the men had lamed his horse the day before in the mountains, whither the escort had been sent with the horsemen who came with us from Guarroman, to find and break up a nest of bandits. The laming of a horse was, however, the only result of the expedition. Rather than have this man behind, the conductor, at the moment of starting, made him take his seat beside me in the rotunda with sabre and carbine, ready to repel an attack. He was a hard visaged old veteran this, with long mustaches of mingled black and grey hairs. He had served in the northern campaigns with the auxiliary Spaniards, under the Marquis de la Romana. When Napoleon undertook his most unholy war against the independence of Spain, Romana eluded the vigilance of his perfidious ally and escaped with his army by sea, to share in the defence of his unhappy country. Our dismounted horseman followed the fortunes of his chief, until the day of his death, and then continued to fight against the French until the downfal of Napoleon. He did not tell me how he had gained his bread since the war; but I took it for granted that he had lived either by swindling or robbery. He had entered the escort about four months before, in the place of one who had been killed in defending the diligence. Not long since they had skirmished with the robbers in the same fatal spot, and began to look out for a more decisive attack. We feared now, not for our pockets, but our ribs; for the robbers always beat those who have no money. Having crossed a bridge, we began to approach the spot. It was a low hollow, opposite an olive orchard, which furnished a convenient lurking place. One of our guards, a thin, long man, with a Moorish complexion and lank black hair, unslung his carbine, and having looked at the priming rode slowly and composedly in advance. The other was evidently neither a muleteer, a soldier, a *contrabandista*, nor a robber, but a townsman, unused to this kind of work; for he had a big belly and a frothy pot-valiant look, and sat his horse very badly. As an additional misfortune, it chanced that his carbine had been out of order, and believing that his comrade was to remain behind, he had borrowed his and left his own with the blacksmith. No sooner, however, did the old soldier learn that he was to go in the diligence, than he at once regained possession of his piece. As we now approached the place of danger, the heart of the man began to fail him. But he laid all the blame upon the

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carbine, and came beside us to beseech his companion to give it up to him. My fellow hooted at the idea of being left alone in the diligence with only a sabre; but being still pestered, he cocked his piece and pointed it out of the window, crying—'*Anda!*' The poor man, thinking the action was meant for him, as well as the word, spurred his beast into a gallop, and guiding him with an unsteady hand, posted away to the front. As he drew one of three pistols from his capacious belt, he looked more as if he were going to the gallows than to battle.

The sun had just disappeared behind the western horizon, when, on crossing a gently sloping hill, we came suddenly upon the Guadalquivir. The noble stream was gliding silently and with scarce a ripple between the verdant banks which confined it, and which were covered with horses, and sheep, and oxen, whose jolly sides bore witness to the richness of the pasture. Some of them were wading along the shore to crop the tender herbage, which grew upon the margin of the stream; whilst others, more adventurous, pushed further into the current to drink of the untasted waters, as they stole rapidly past, stopping awhile to sport in eddies round their flanks. The shepherd and the herdsman were either collecting their charge, or else were still stretched along the grass, gazing listlessly upon the current, and half chanting, half murmuring some of those wild melodies, which give such a distinct character to Spanish music. This then was the Betis of the Phœnicians, the Carthaginians, and the Romans, the Guadalquivir of the Arab, and the Castilian. Can we wonder that they should have sung its praises boastingly; that they should have fought hard for its possession?

Andujar made a very pretty appearance as we entered it; for its streets were clean and the houses freshly whitewashed; each balcony was crowded with flowers and formed into a miniature parterre. But though the country was Andalusia, and the people Andalusians—famous, all the world over, for their light and festive temperament—everything was now grave, and solemn, and noiseless. The people of the place were just returning from a ceremony in which they were shown the Passion of the Saviour, as it took place on Calvary. Afterwards they had followed in solemn procession the bloody image of their Redeemer, preceded by the instruments of his torments—the cross, the crown of thorns, the spear, and the nails. The dress of the whole population partook, in a measure, of the general mourning, and a few penitents, frightfully attired in black, and concealed in a mask which terminated in a tall steeple over their heads, might be seen moving slowly homeward. In this disguise, they had taken an ignoble and unworthy part in the ceremony of the Passion, as a self-imposed penance for some real or imaginary crime. The next day at noon, however, Judas was to be stoned and beat to death, and hung, and drowned in the Guadalquivir; and then the people of Andujar were to return to meat and wine, to the song, the dance, and the revel; to *bolearse* and *menearse*, and in short, be once more Andalusians.

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In the evening I went in search of the banker, named in my circular of credit. I found a respectable looking old gentleman seated among his family and just about to qualify his fast with a cup of chocolate, which he hastened to offer me. When he found that I had just come in the diligence from Madrid, he inquired the particulars of the robbery, which he had already heard of in a general way. I had heard the story many times; but had not told it once. In consideration, however, of the audience, I made the attempt, and being occasionally assisted by two or three pretty Andaluzas, when at a loss for a word, I was able to finish the sad narration. The old man every now and then exclaimed—'*Caramba!*'—and his daughters stamped their little feet and tried to frown, and called the robbers *demonios* and *tunantes*. They seemed indignant, that a stranger should have met with such treatment in Espania; but were somewhat consoled in learning that it had happened among the rough Manchegos and not in Andalusia. The old man hastened to place his house and purse at my disposition. I thanked him for the first, and agreed to take from the latter, as much money as would carry me to Seville. He took me over the way to his *tienda*, where he sold almost everything, and made his young man tell me out the required sum, for which he would not receive any percentage. I afterwards found that the Spanish bankers are not in the habit of charging for small sums, advanced as an accommodation to travellers. The one in question, like most others I had business with, was at the same time an importing merchant and a shopkeeper. This circumstance sufficiently shows the fallen condition of commerce in Spain, where we see nothing of that subdivision of its pursuits which is found in more flourishing countries. These humble members of the *comercio* are, however, the most liberal people in Spain, and have the clearest perception of the evils which distress their unhappy country. They are likewise distinguished for an unshaken probity, not universal in other parts of the world, where business is done upon a larger scale.

The next morning we renewed our journey at an early hour, crossing the Guadalquivir by a rickety bridge, over which we preceded the diligence on foot. Our morning's ride was indeed delightful, leading us, as it did, through a country of gently swelling slopes—of hills, and dales, and trees, and streams, and pasture land. The meadows were thickly dotted with cattle, and the banks of the Guadalquivir were everywhere alive with mares and young horses. The keeper would either be seen sitting on a knoll, directing the efforts of his dogs, or else, catching the nearest beast by the mane, he would bound upon her back and scamper away, Numidian like, to check the wanderings of his charge. The horses raised here are the finest in Spain. They have been famous ever since the time of the Arabs, who brought the original stock with them at the conquest. Spain has, however, always been famous for the excellence of its horses, which are supposed to have been derived from the African Arab. The Roman poets used to

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say of them, that they were engendered by the wind. We are told that Julius Cæsar, when he came the second time to Spain, with the office of Prætor, picked up, somewhere in the province, a young colt, which, in addition to great spirit and beauty, had the remarkable peculiarity of having cloven feet. He carried this animal with him to Rome, and became so much attached to it, that no one was allowed to mount it but himself. When it died, he caused a statue of it to be erected in the temple of Venus—partly, doubtless, in honor of the beast—partly, perhaps, to show its peculiarity to future times.* But the most esteemed horses of the present day, such as those of Baylen, Xerez, and Cordova, and the famous cast of Aranjuez, from which the Spanish kings mount their domestics and body guard, and which they send as presents to their royal cousins abroad, are evidently of the stock of Arabia. They have lost nothing of their native beauty, grace, and docility, by emigrating to the banks of the Tagus and the Guadalquivir. Indeed, the Spaniards have a proverb that the waters of the Guadalquivir fattens horses better than the barley of other countries. I saw a greater number of truly beautiful horses, in my short stay in Spain, than I had before seen during my whole life. The Spaniards do not extend their hatred of the infidels to these, their companions in the conquest. They treat and ride the Arabian after the fashion of the East, and though they wound the ox with a steeled goad, and beat the mule and the ass most unmercifully, they never strike the horse; but frequently dismount to lighten his journey. They caress him, speak to him kindly and encouragingly, and sometimes cheer his labors with a song.

Having recrossed the Guadalquivir by a noble bridge at Ventas de Alcolea, our road led us onward through gardens and orchards, until we at length entered the once imperial Cordova—Cordova, the Colonia Patriciæ of the Romans—the mother of great men—the birthplace of Seneca and of Lucan.

* Mariana.

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CHAPTER XIV.

KINGDOM OF CORDOVA.

Kingdom and City of Cordova.—Introduction of the Saracens, and Creation of Western Caliphat.—Its Day of Glory.—Decline and Downfal.—Present Condition and Appearance.—The Cathedral.

CORDOVA, one of the four kingdoms of Andalusia,* is situated on either side of the Guadalquivir. That far famed and really beautiful stream, divides it into two widely different tracts, called Sierra and Campinia. The Sierra is a prolongation of the Sierra Morena, along whose southern base the Guadalquivir takes its course westward, towards Seville and the ocean. It is plentifully watered with springs and rivulets, producing abundance of food, pasture, medicinal herbs, fruits, flowers, and honey, and giving nourishment to great quantities of wild game, beside sheep, cattle, goats, and horses. Antillon well remarks, that 'in spring it furnishes a most delicious mansion.' The Campinia or Plain is famous for the abundance of its wines and oil, which are extensively exported to the provinces of the Peninsula. Both sections are rich in minerals. Yet, notwithstanding these natural bounties, the state of agriculture is so much depressed, on account of the number of entailed estates and the rich possessions of the church, combined with the consequent poverty of the cultivators, that the kingdom of Cordova does not even produce the wheat necessary for its own consumption.†

The city of Cordova stands upon the right bank of the Guadalquivir, and at the foot of the last dying swell of the Sierra Morena. The country around is thrown into a pleasing variety of hill and dale, laid out in plantations of wheat, vines, and olives, with meadows of the most luxuriant green, and many orchards and gardens. The sky of Cordova is cloudless and transparent, the air balmy and refreshing, and the water of a sparkling purity.

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* At the invasion of the northern Barbarians, in the fifth century, the Vandals settled in the ancient Betica and retained possession, until driven out by the Goths. Hence, the name of Vandalusia. The Arabs called the whole Peninsula Andaluz, from the first province with which they became acquainted; just as they were and still are called Moors, because they came immediately from Morosco.

† Martial has made the Campinia, the subject of one of his most beautiful odes. He speaks in other places of Cordova as the renowned and the ancient.

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Cordova is a place of very great antiquity; indeed, Peyron says—upon I do not know what authority—that, even before the Carthaginians and Romans, it possessed a school, where the sciences were publicly taught and in which were preserved the poetry and laws of the Turdetani. Be this as it may, Corduba was the first place in Spain that rose to the dignity of a Roman colony, and we are further told that when Julius Cæsar had pacified the whole of Spain, it was in this city that he held a general assembly of the province in order to confirm the people in his interests, previous to his departure to meet Pompey in Macedonia. Nor can anything be more conclusive, as to the importance of Spain, under the Roman domination, than that Cæsar should have left Pompey opposite Italy and master of the sea, to turn back to this remote province and put down the lieutenants of his adversary.

Cordova makes a still more distinguished figure a few years after, on the return of Cæsar from the conquest of Macedonia, Egypt, and Mauritania. The two sons of Pompey, animated by the recollection of their father's wrongs and excited by the reproaches of Cato, passed into Spain with the wreck of their faction, and determined to make a last effort against the power of the usurper. Pompey had rendered himself dear to the Spaniards, in his long government of the province, and for his sake and their own misfortunes many joined the standard of his sons. Cordova took the lead in their favor. Having remained a short time in Rome, after his return from Africa, Cæsar despatched his troops in advance, and then embarked for Saguntum, whence he passed in eight days to his camp near Corduba. It is a singular fact, that at the present day the distance is performed by the diligence in the same time. Cneius Pompey at first shut himself up in Cordova and the neigbouring cities; but, growing at length weary of the long continuance of the war, he determined to leave his brother Sextus in Cordova, and, taking the field in person, to stake all upon the fate of a single battle. The two armies came together near Malaga, and, after a long, doubtful, and most bloody contest, the victory declared for Cæsar. Sextus Pompey, on learning that all was lost, immediately fled from the city and from Spain, and the citizens of Cordova who had most strongly espoused the unsuccessful cause, either shared his flight, or else killed themselves, to avoid falling into the hands of the conqueror. Escapula, who had been at the head of the sedition, prepared himself a magnificent funeral pile; and, having divided all his riches among his relations, he supped sumptuously, drinking a mixture of wine and nard. This done he mounted the pile, which was immediately kindled by his freedman. Cæsar soon after entered Cordova without resistance, and caused twenty thousand of the inhabitants to be put to the sword. Yet this man was renowned among the Romans for his singular clemency! Let the lovers of antiquity say what they please; we have gained much since the days of Cæsar.*

* Mariana.

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It was under the Arab domination, however, that Cordova attained its highest prosperity. Immediately after the battle of Xerez, where the Gothic power received its death blow, Taric divided his army and sent it in different directions to receive the submission of the people, who were everywhere pleased at the prospect of a change, which might alleviate, but could not augment their sufferings. Mugueiz el Runie, a valiant Arab, who had commanded the cavalry in the field of Xerez, was despatched in the direction of Cordova. The inhabitants were summoned to surrender, as soon as he appeared before their walls. But there happened to be in the city a few soldiers who had escaped from the battle of Xerez; and counting upon their efforts, upon the strength of their walls, and the intervention of the river, they rejected the proposition with disdain. That very night Mugueiz caused a thousand horsemen to cross the river with each a foot soldier at his crupper, and these last having scaled the walls got possession of one of the gates, which they immediately opened to the cavalry, who in their turn made way for the whole army. The governor sought refuge in a church with four hundred followers, where they were at once besieged and put to the sword. The inhabitants asked and received the mercy of Mugueiz. The conquerors were everywhere received as at Cordova, and, in a few short months, Spain had exchanged the heavy yoke of the Goths for the lighter domination of the Arabs.

During the first half century which succeeded the conquest, Spain was given over to all the horrors of discord and anarchy. Twenty Emirs, to whom absolute powers were delegated by the Caliph, had governed in rapid succession, each devoting himself rather to the care of his own fortune, than to promote the public welfare. A civil war was substituted for the holy one which had hitherto been waged against the enemies of Islamism, and those arms which might have served to overrun the rest of Europe, and which did cut their way, until arrested by Charles Martel upon the banks of the Loire, were stained with Mussulman blood. The warlike tribes of Arabia and the savage hordes of Africa who followed the same standards, brought with them a love of independence, a spirit of revolt, an impatient ardor of dominion, and a jealous horror of owning a superior. Thus the conquest was hardly over, before it was followed by the war of possession.

In this calamitous state of the affairs of Spain, several noble Mussulmans, chiefs of Syrian and Egyptian tribes, assembled secretly in Cordova, determined to seek with good faith the means of putting an end to the existing evils. To attain this desirable result, they formed a plan for establishing an independent empire in the West, and severing the unnatural tie of dependence, which connected the political existence of Spain with the Caliphate of Damascus. To effect this they determined to call to the throne the youthful Abderahman, the last and only remaining descendant of the dynasty of Omeya. His family had been driven from the throne, which they had possessed during many generations, by the rival Abbassides—like them descend-

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ed from the prophet—and had been cruelly put to death and hunted like wild beasts. Abderahman alone remained, and passing from Syria to Egypt, where he led the wandering life and shared the toils of the Bedouin Arabs, he was at length driven by his hard fortune to take refuge among the tribe of Zeneta in Barbary. His mother had been of that tribe, and this circumstance, combined with his singular merit and unequalled misfortunes, secured him protection and hospitality. It was there that he received the embassy inviting him to take possession of Spain, and it was thence too that he set out at the head of seven hundred and fifty fearless cavaliers furnished him by his friends, to reap an inheritance, not inferior to the lost empire of his family.

Abderahman landed at Almuniecar in the beginning of 755. He was at once received by many Andalusian schieks, who swore allegiance to him, taking him by the hand, as was the custom. An immense concourse of people, brought together by the occasion, set up the cry of 'May God protect the king of Spain—Abderahman ben Moarie!' Abderahman was in the flower of manhood, full of grace and majesty, and with a figure not less prepossessing than noble. But, what was of more importance to him, he had been tried and proven in the school of adversity. He knew that the roving affections of the Arabs could only be won by brilliant actions, and that it was necessary to connect his name with glorious associations, and first to conquer his kingdom by dint of his own valor, that he might afterwards have the right of governing it with wisdom and moderation. Abderahman carried the war wherever there was a show of resistance, and placing himself at the head of his cavalry, was always found in the hottest of the fight. In this way the conquest was soon complete, and Abderahman turned his attention to the arts of peace.

The empire, thus happily established by Abderahman, resisted, and effectually defeated, all attacks from the East, from Africa, and from within, and continued to flourish during more than two centuries, under a long and glorious line of Abderahmans, of Hixems, of Alhakems, and Muhamads, princes who sought to merit sovereignty, in rising by superior intelligence and brilliant qualifications, as far above the common level, as they were already elevated over other men, by the dignity of their station. Though the empire continued to maintain its lustre until the beginning of the eleventh century, it seems to have reached the summit of its power and glory, in the reign of the third Abderahman, who raised to even higher eminence a name, which had been so nobly borne by two predecessors. Possessing the chief, and, at the same time, the most fertile portion of the Peninsula, and master of Africa, under the title of Protector, he was one of the most powerful sovereigns of that or any other day; the extent of his possessions was no more than a fair measure of his wealth and re-

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sources, since industry, commerce, and the arts were everywhere in an advanced state of developement. If it be considered that frequently during his reign, he had armies in Gallicia, Catalonia, and Africa, and had at the same time, frequent occasion to turn his arms against the rebellious governors of his frontier cities; and that, although he sometimes experienced reverses, he never failed to efface them by brilliant victories; that, at the same time that he was occupied in the construction of his wonderful palace of Azhara, he built many mosques, aqueducts, and arsenals, equipped squadrons and armadas, and that, in addition to all these cares, he found time to watch over the public instruction and cherish the cultivation of science; if we consider all this, we must admit that Abderahman was, indeed, a great king.

The principal revenue of Abderahman was derived from the dime, or tenth, which was received in kind of all the fruits of the earth, and which must have been immense, in a country where agriculture was so well understood and so highly honored. This plentiful supply, served to defray the expenses of so large a kingdom, and to maintain the court of Cordova in regal splendor. An idea of the magnificence of this court may be gathered from the fact, that the body guard of Abderahman alone, amounted to twelve thousand men. Two thirds of these were Andalusian and Zenetian horsemen, splendidly armed and mounted; the rest were Sclavonian foot soldiers, brought at a great expense from Constantinople, with whose emperors the kings of Cordova maintained the most intimate relations. These Sclavonians were charged with the immediate guard of the king's person. He had likewise large companies of huntsmen and falconers, who were ever ready in attendance, in the palace, and at the camp, to supply the favorite amusements of the time.

The reign of Abderahman III. was not more glorious for the successful termination of the wars, undertaken during its continuance, than for the enlightened protection extended by the king to learned men, and the rewards which he heaped upon those of his own country, as well as upon those who were drawn to his court from the cities of the East. Indeed, the king would have risen to distinction from his genius and poetical taste alone, even if his talents had not gained, as they did, by the lustre of royalty. He caused new schools to be everywhere founded for the instruction of youth, and established a university, where the sciences were publicly taught with a skill at that time unknown in any other part of Europe. Public justice was placed upon a simple footing and made accessible to all, and no other laws were used in the kingdom except the Koran, with which every one was familiar. The Cadis decided according to the dictates of this code. The criminal jurisprudence of the Arabs was even more simple and summary. The law of talion was applicable to every crime. This punishment might, however, be avoided by paying a certain sum of money, provided always, that the aggrieved consented. The protection of these laws, together with the enjoyment of liberty,

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rights, and possessions, was equally extended to all, whether Mussulman, Jew, or Christian.

Commerce was on a flourishing footing during the reign of Abderahman. Roads and bridges were constructed to facilitate the internal communication between the different parts of the kingdom, and a powerful marine was created for the defence of the coasts and for the protection of commerce. The ports of Seville, Cadiz, and Tarragona, were constantly filled with departing and arriving vessels, and new ships were each year launched from the arsenals. Alencria, which lies east from Malaga, was still more frequented. It was there that the trade was carried on with the Levant, and that the rich commodities of the East were exchanged for the productions of Andalusia. This trade was almost entirely in the hands of the Jews, who were carefully protected by the Arabians.

Manufactures, which, from their flourishing condition in the time of the Romans, had fallen to the lowest state of depression and misery under the Gothic dominion, now rose again to eminence. The Arabs and Moors, who came together to the conquest, were ingenious, skilful, and industrious. They brought with them many arts then unknown in Spain; these they improved upon, as well as upon those which they already found there; and their ingenuity being stimulated by the novelties of their situation and of the surrounding objects, they were led to invent others. The Arabs excelled in the manufacture of arms and of woollen cloths; the Moors, in their beautiful mode of preparing leather, weaving cotton, hemp, and flax, and especially in the manufacture of silk stuffs. Thus the Cordovan leather became famous throughout Europe—as it still is under the name of Morocco, since the art with those who practised it has been driven beyond the Mediterranean—and the silks of Granada had such a high reputation in the East, that they formed a lucrative commerce to Syria, Egypt, and Constantinople. *

As for agriculture, every one who has been in Spain can testify to what the country owed and still owes to the Arabs. With that primitive people, the cultivation of the earth and the care of flocks were pursuits of peculiar predilection; and, by a happy coincidence, the rural economy of their native Arabia was well adapted to the soil and climate of the Peninsula; where, from the power of the sun and the frequency of droughts, irrigation is essential to fertility. The Arabs directed the course of the springs and streams with great labor and ingenuity, collecting the waters in vast reservoirs, whence they conducted them by earthen pipes or in open canals to the trenches of their fields. They also introduced that useful machine the *noria*, by means of which, where streams are not convenient, water may be raised from wells and spread abroad upon the surface of the earth. Abderahman was well aware that agriculture was the certain and never failing sup-

* It is generally believed that silkworms were not known in Europe until the twelfth century, when they were brought by Roger, king of Sicily, from the Holy Land. There is, however, good reason for believing that they were found at a much earlier period in the kingdom of Cordova.

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port of an abundant population, and consequently the true source of national wealth and power. He, therefore, encouraged by every means the strong bias of his people for the improvement of their lands. He assisted them by constructing reservoirs and aqueducts, and thus gave a new stimulus to the spirit of agricultural enterprise. He gave them an example, in his immense gardens of Azarah upon the banks of the Guadalquivir, of what could be done by taste and industry. For there the trees and plants of Africa mingled their foliage with those of Europe. The palm tree and the banana, grew beside the olive and the orange, which had emigrated into Spain at an earlier period; the sugar cane sustained the helplessness of the vine. Like most of his subjects, the king had the simple and natural taste for plants and gardens; nor did he esteem it any degradation to labor with his own hands. Indeed, the most illustrious personages, those highest in dignity among the Arabs, loved to work in their own gardens, and to breathe a fresh and fragrant air, under a shade of their own creation. Scarce was the short winter of Cordova over, when the country was peopled at the expense of the city; whilst such of the villagers in turn as were devoted to the care of flocks, commenced the wandering life of their Arabian ancestors, passing from province to province and from mountain to mountain, in search of the freshest pasture. *

This taste for gardens was combined with an equal bias for the pursuits of poetry. Verse making may indeed be said to have been a mania among the Spanish Saracens. So prevalent was it, that extemporaneous versification—rendered easy, doubtless, by the character of the language and by a study of the art—was quite general among the wits of that country. Several pieces of the kings of Cordova, preserved in the cotemporary histories, have been translated from the Arabic by Conde. They are full of grace and fancy. All these learned men, these historians and poets, formed themselves into academies, assembling at stated periods, to augment the general stock of learning and science by free intercourse and by the clash of discussion. Nothing, however, so greatly tended to promote the cause of knowledge among the Arabs, as the public library established in Cordova by Alhakem, the son of Abderahman, and afterwards his worthy successor. It contained all the known works upon the sciences, history, eloquence, and poetry. To collect it, he sent agents, charged with the purchase of books, into Egypt, Syria, Greece, and Persia. The palace of the prince was ever open to the wise of all countries, who were made to promise before they took leave, to procure all the rare, curious and instructive works of which they had any knowledge. He himself classed the library in compartments, according to the various subjects, and the tables of reference alone are said to have filled forty-four volumes of fifty leaves. This occupation was with the virtuous Alhakem but an episode to the cares of state; for Abderahman, who lived to a great old age, would have no other minister than his son, whom he sought to

* Conde says that these wandering shepherds were called *moedinos;* and he supposes that a corruption of this word has produced *merinos*, the name given in the present day in Spain to the flocks which annually migrate from north to south.

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compensate in this way for the long privation to which he was subjected by the protraction of his own reign. He used often to say to him good humoredly—'It is at the expense of thy reign, my son, that mine is prolonged.' But when it at length ceased and the good king bade adieu alike to the cares and enjoyments of life, it was too soon for Spain and for Alhakem.

So greatly had the population of Spain increased, in consequence of the improvod systems of political and rural economy introduced by the Arabs, that there can be no doubt that the country, which lies south of the Sierra Morena, contained more inhabitants than are now found in the whole Peninsula. The city of Cordova naturally rose to the rank and standing worthy of the capital of so vast an empire. It abounded in useful monuments; among which, were six hundred mosques, fifty hospitals, and eighty public schools. All the streets were paved, and pure water was conducted from the mountains in pipes of lead, to nourish the public fountains which stood at every corner. Lofty embankments resisted the overflowing of the Guadalquivir, and furnished, at the same time, a planted promenade for the public recreation. There were likewise many washing places, and troughs for cattle and the cavalry; whilst no less than nine hundred public baths were kept constantly in order, to maintain health and cleanliness among the people, and to facilitate the observance of the ablutions prescribed by the Koran. The million of inhabitants ascribed by the Arabian historians to Cordova is, doubtless, an exaggeration. Yet the city must have been immense, to judge from the size of other places of far inferior importance under the Arab domination. Seville had four hundred thousand inhabitants, and Granada counted the same number when taken by Ferdinand and Isabella.

The picture we have given of the kingdom of Cordova, drawn after the fanciful descriptions of the Arabian historians, may, perhaps, convey an exaggerated idea of its wealth and power.* Indeed, it may rather be considered to have attained a high degree of civilisation, in reference to the other nations of that day, than when compared with our own. Yet, if an extensive developement of local advantages and of the bounties of nature, combined with a flourishing, dense, and happy population, convey the idea of civilisation; then, does this qualification belong in an eminent degree to the Arabian kingdom of Cordova.

The empire lost nothing in the happy reign of Alhakem, and in the decline of the dynasty under the weak Hixem, it gained a new and unknown lustre from the brilliant qualities of Mahamad, surnamed Almanzor, or the Conqueror, who with his son Abdelmelic, grew up beside the throne—like the mayor of the palace in France—to wield

* The foregoing observations are chiefly taken—often literally—from the history of the Arab domination, culled and translated by Conde from the valuable materials in the Escorial. This work has been handsomely rendered into French by M. De La Marles. It is full of interest, and contains abundant internal evidence of truth.

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the power of royalty without assuming the name. But on the demise of father and son, in the beginning of the eleventh century, the kingdom, which had long involved the elements of dissolution, crumbled at once into pieces; and the ambitious *walis*, or governors of fortresses and districts, at once asserted that independence, at which they had so often aimed. Thus Spain was soon broken into as many petty kingdoms, as there were principal towns; and Cordova even fell so low as to become a secondary city of the kingdom of Seville.

The Christians, who had hitherto been tolerated in the mountains of the north, did not fail to profit by this division of their enemies. Sometimes they attacked them openly; sometimes they espoused the cause of one king for the sake of plundering another. In this way, by slow yet certain steps, the Christians advanced into the plains, and gradually won back a good portion of the lost land of their ancestors. At length in the thirteenth century, the Castilians, urged on by the brilliant destinies of St Ferdinand, began to cross the Sierra Morena, and fix their habitations upon the banks of the Guadalquivir. In 1236, they were again masters of Cordova. The governor of Ubeda was informed that Cordova was scantily garrisoned. Not less brave than skilful, he formed at once the project of possessing himself of the city. The governor of Andujar approved the plan, and agreed to share the dangers and glory of the enterprise. Having set forward secretly, they arrived in the dead of night at the eastern side of the city. The scaling ladders were at once placed against the ramparts, and having answered the challenge in Arabic, they mounted the summit and laid the sentinels dead at their feet. Then getting possession of a neighbouring tower, they were first in a situation to maintain a siege, and then to become besiegers. Ferdinand had received timely information of the projected enterprise, and soon arrived before the walls with a numerous army. The inhabitants fought bravely so long as there was any prospect of success. Each house became a fortress, each street and square a field of battle. But without succor from without resistance was unavailing. As there was no hope of any such relief, they determined to procure the most favorable terms by an immediate capitulation. The Christians were aware of the famished condition of the inhabitants, and would, therefore, grant them no other boon than life, and the liberty of going away, whithersoever they would. These conditions were hard, but their necessities were still harder. At the same moment, therefore, that the sainted king rode proudly into the city, surrounded by captains and cavaliers, the whole population moved away to make room for the victor. Hundreds of thousands of miserable beings turned their backs upon their homes—the homes of ten generations of their ancestors. The high-born, the far-descended, the rich, and the luxurious, sunk to a level with the beggars which had fed for years in their courtyards, the men with downcast heads and heavy steps, or hurried on by despair; the women with neglected dress and piercing shrieks, and hands clasped in sorrow unutterable. A mother sustains the tottering footsteps of her child, and weeps an answer to its prattle; another clasps her first born infant to her breast and bathes it with her tears; while a

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son sustains the infirmities of his sire. The sick are left to their fate; the dying to meet their agony, unsupported by those tender cares, that soothe the anguish of the parting hour; the dead to bury the dead.

Unmindful of these scenes, which a single word from him might have spared, the first care of Ferdinand was to erect a cross upon that wonderful mosque, the most revered in all Spain. The interior of the building was then cleared of the symbols of the Mahometan superstition, and purified. Altars were erected; the *Te Deum* was sung by the assembled army, and mass celebrated. Nor, did the king forget that more than two centuries before, when the great Almanzor got possession of Santiago de Compostella, in Gallicia, that he took the bells from that venerated shrine, in which the remains of the blessed apostle St James are said to repose, and caused them to be brought upon the backs of Christians to Cordova, where they were suspended as trophies to the roof of the mosque. He now caused them to be taken down from their station and carried back by Moors to Santiago.*

When the inhabitants were gone, Cordova remained desolate; the grass started up in its streets and in its courtyards, and the cooling music of its fountains now murmured unheard. The cattle had been driven homeward by the returning conquerors, and the face of the country no longer teemed with men and animals; the plough stood still and rusted in its furrow. It is one thing to sweep off, and another to restore a numerous and flourishing population. At length, by grants of houses and lands, with exemption from taxes, a few thriftless people were induced to emigrate from other parts of Spain and settle in the newly conquered region. The descendants of these men form the scanty population of the country, as it exists in the present day.

Cordova must, from its situation alone, be ever a delightful place. But, as a city, it has small claims to beauty; being everywhere surrounded by walls, in which the works of Romans, Vandals, Goths, and Arabs are connected by a modern patchwork. The extent of Cordova is the same now as in the day of its greatest prosperity, although it contains but little more than thirty thousand inhabitants. The walls remaining the same, the houses have shrunk from each other and put themselves more at their ease; so that most of them have a vacant lot beside them, which is laid out in a garden. Here one may find the fruits and flowers of the tropics flourishing unprotected in the open air, and living in fellowship and harmony with all the productions of the temperate climes. The peach, the pear, and the apple, the orange, lemon, fig, and even banana tree, all attain an equal perfection. But the most singular feature in the gardens of Cordova is the lofty palm, which is seen towering far above trees, walls, and housetops. The palm is, indeed, among the first objects which the traveller discovers as he approaches Cordova, and for a moment he fancies that he is about to enter some African or Asiatic city.

* Mariana.

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This plant is not more singular in its appearance than in its growth. When the kernel of the date is planted, the leaves continue to unfold in succession for four or five years, until at length the stem emerges above the ground, of the full diameter which it ever acquires; for, though it may be measured frequently as it rises proudly and perpendicularly into the air, it is never found to vary in size. The leaves put forth in the spring and proceed entirely from the summit. They are long and flat as a blade of corn, falling over naturally with their own weight, like the hair of the head. As soon as the leaves of the past year are thus concealed from the view, they dry up and blow away, leaving circular furrows, which mark the age of the tree. This has been known to reach eight hundred years.* The dates grow below in bunches, as is the case with the cocoa nut, which the palm greatly resembles. They have ever formed an essential article of food among the abstemious nations of the East. But the difficulty of collecting the fruit, from the smoothness of the trunk and the great elevation, would to a stranger seem insurmountable. Nature, however, has forgotten nothing and has not been bountiful by halves. Thus Clarke tells us, that he was at first surprised with the facility with which the Arabs ran up and down the date trees; but when he himself made the attempt, he found a series of furrows, left by the fallen leaves, by means of which the ascent was as easy as upon the steps of a ladder. The elevation of the palm is scarce inferior to that of the loftiest pine; and this, combined with the almost artificial uniformity of the trunk and the bulky cluster of branches that surmount it, produce a singular effect in a landscape. If the comparison were not eccentric, it might be likened to the head of a giant, planted upon his own lance. Among the Greeks and Romans, the branches of the palm were consecrated as an attribute of victory; in Spain they are of little estimation, except, indeed, once a year, to carry in procession on Palm Sunday. It is said that all the palm trees in Spain—and they are very numerous in Andalusia, Murcia, and Valencia—proceeded from the one planted by the first Abderahman in his favorite garden upon the bank of the Guadalquivir.† He had erected in the same place a lofty tower, from whose summit the eye took in a wide view of the surrounding country. The amiable prince loved frequently to climb in the evening to the top of his tower, and to contemplate from the eminence, the outspread beauties of the very fairest spot in that vast domain won by his own valor. When his eye, wearied with roving over the remoter objects of the landscape, returned to dwell upon the plainer beauties that lay below, and especially upon his favorite palm tree, touched with the tender recollections of his lost country, he would exclaim, in words which fancy could never have suggested;—'Beautiful palm tree! thou art, like me, a stranger in this land; but thy roots find a friendly and a fertile soil; thy head rises into a genial atmosphere; and the balmy west breathes kindly among thy branches. Thou hast now nothing to fear from evil fortune; whilst I am ever exposed to its treachery!

* Rees' Encyclopedia. † Conde.

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When cruel fate and the fury of Abbas drove me from my dear country, my tears often watered the palm trees, which grew upon the banks of the Euphrates. Neither the trees, nor the river have presented the memory of my sorrows. And thou, too, beautiful palm, hast also forgotten thy country!' The palm tree is almost the only object that now remains to call to mind the glorious days of Cordova and the dominion of her Abderahmans. The eye turns from the surrounding objects to dwell upon it with pleasure; and fancy, calling up the ever fair picture of the things that have been, seeks to forget the present amid the associations of the past.

But the palm tree should not make us forget the orange, which after all furnishes the fairest ornament of the gardens of Cordova. This tree is nowhere seen in greater perfection than here, where it no longer needs man's sickly assistance; but where, left to its own energies, it grows up thick, and sturdy, and wide-spreading. It does not reach the height of the cherry; but has a larger trunk, an equally regular and symmetric growth, and a more impervious foliage. The Cordobeses are used to leave the oranges unpicked from season to season. Thus, in the middle of April, I saw the tree covered with fruit, at the same time that the blossoms were ripe and falling. Nothing in nature could be more enchanting, than to gaze upon these noble trees, crowned at once with plenty and with promise, the rich verdure of their foliage blended with golden fruit and silver flowers. Their branches, too, sometimes projected over the garden walls, so that many of the streets were white with the falling blossoms. These being trod by the passers by, combined with the flavor of the fruit and the spicy aroma of the foliage, to load the air with the most delicious exhalations.

The streets of Cordova are almost all short, narrow, and very crooked, as is the case in all the Spanish cities where the Arabs were long established; for wheeled carriages were not in use among them—and, coming as they did from a warm climate, they made their streets narrow, that the projecting roofs of the houses might effectually exclude the rays of the sun. They are, however, kept quite clean, and the houses are neatly whitewashed, with each its latticed window beside the portal, and overhead a projecting balcony, filled with daffodils, carnations, and roses, and now and then a young lemon tree, amid the foliage of which you may often catch sight of the full black eye and sunny cheek of some brown beauty, as rich as the ripe fruit that hangs beside it.

The only remarkable object to be seen in Cordova, the only monument which calls to mind the age of her Abderahmans—is the mosque, which Saint Ferdinand converted into the cathedral of a bishopric. It is, doubtless, the most singular structure in the world. The mosque of Cordova was erected after the establishment of the western caliphate by its founder, the first Abderahman. He resolved to give his capital the finest mosque in the world—superior in richness to those of Bagdad

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and Damascus, and an object of veneration among the believers, like the Caaba of Mecca, reared by the hands of Abraham and of Ismael, and the Alaska, or temple of Resurrection, in Jerusalem. He is said himself to have traced the plan, and even to have labored an hour each day with his own hands, in order to give an example of diligence to the workmen, and of humiliation and piety to his people. The Arabian historians give a brilliant description of this wonderful temple. They say that it had thirtynine naves one way, by nineteen the other, and that these naves were sustained upon one thousand and ninetythree columns of marble. On one side were nineteen gates, corresponding to the naves. The central one was covered with plates of gold; the others with bronze, beautifully decorated. The minarets terminated in gilt balls, surmounted by golden pomegranates. This vast edifice was lit by four thousand seven hundred lamps, of which the oil was perfumed with amber and aloes. Such is said to have been this mosque in the time of the Arabs; it is much easier to vouch for and determine its present appearance.

The exterior of the Cathedral offers a quadrangle of six hundred and twenty feet, by four hundred and forty. The walls are about fifty feet high, of hewn stone, and very solid. They are perfectly plain, without columns or other ornament, and terminate at the top in alternate squares and vacancies, like the loop holes of a turret. The wonder of this building, however, lies within. Here, you find yourself in a perfect forest of columns laid out in twentynine parallel rows. They are still more than four hundred in number, although many have been removed to make room for the choir and for chapels. These columns are of different forms and thickness, as well as of different materials—some being of granite, others of serpentine, porphyry, jasper, and marbles of every kind and color. They are supposed to have been collected from different parts of the Peninsula, where the Greeks, Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Romans, had cut them from the quarries to adorn the temples of their gods. When thus brought together with infinite labor, they were sawn of equal lengths and then placed erect upon the pavement, without any bases. Singular capitals, in rude imitation of the Grecian orders, but almost each one of a different ornament, were then thrown from column to column, until the whole fabric was connected. On these arches rested, originally, a light roof of wood; but a century or two ago, the building underwent many changes. The wooden roof was removed, and a second series of arches was thrown over the lighter ones of the original construction. But the most remarkable alteration that then took place, was the erection of an immense Gothic choir, which rises like a distinct church, in the centre of the quadrangle. It may be, that at the same time, ten of the naves were likewise removed to make room in front of the cathedral, which would at once account for the difference in the number of the naves and columns, as described by the Arabs, and as they are found at the present day. Where the original walls remain untouched, they are covered with a profusion of minute ornament, worked upon a surface

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of plaster, and which, in the form of wreaths and garlands, represent sentences from the Koran. How beautiful an idea this, to write moral maxims in lilies and in roses, that they might steal upon the mind with so many pleasing associations of beauty and of perfumes! How different these, from the gloomy decorations of more modern times! a virgin with a halo of swords, all pointing at the heart; a crucifixion, with its nails, its thorns, and its blood; and, perhaps, a cherub holding a cup to catch the crimson stream, as it gushes from the side of the Saviour; the blood itself by a horrible artifice being made to sustain the cherub and his cup; Saint Sebastian transfixed by many an arrow; Saint Dennis, with his head in both hands, or Saint Bartholomew with his skin hanging over his shoulder!

On one side of the Cathedral is still found the spacious garden planted by the third Abderahman, and which now serves as a vestibule to the temple. Over the portal which gives admittance to this place, is still seen an Arabic inscription from the Koran, beginning with—'O, true believers! come not to prayers when ye are drunk,'—and which the curious and laughter-loving may read at large in the chapter entitled *Women*. The area is surrounded by high walls, within which are some very large orange trees, said to be cotemporary with the Moors. When I saw them, they were loaded with fruit and flowers, and teeming with the music of many birds. To complete the charms of the spot, there are several fountains of gushing water, ever falling into marble basins, which are filled with glistening shoals of gold and silver fish. The main entrance to the mosque lay through this grove, and it was probably intended by this display of natural attractions, to banish the recollection of the world without, and soothe the passions of the believer, on his way to prostrate himself in the presence of his God.

One of many visits that I made to the Cathedral was on Sunday, at the celebration of grand mass. It was Easter-Sunday—the faithful were crowding to the sanctuary; the dignitaries of the cathedral were all present; the choir was full, and the bishop himself stood ready to officiate, with crosier, and mitre, and all the pomp of episcopacy. The Passion week was past—the sufferings, the agony, the death of Christ, had been commemorated, and now they had come together to celebrate his resurrection from the dead. Mortification, and sorrow, and restraint were forgotten; happiness was in every heart, joy upon every countenance. The noble organ was touched by a master hand, whilst the stringed instruments, the bassoons and the various and well practised voices, harmonized in the softest symphonies, or swelled into such a moving chorus, that the lofty choir and the countless naves fairly rang with peals of exultation. I knelt upon the pavement without, and whilst the sounds came thrillingly upon my ear, my eyes sought to penetrate the obscurity of the columns as they opened in interminable vistas before me. As I glanced round upon the work of Abderahman and upon the temple of Mahomet, over which thousands of lamps once shed a noonday effulgence, and upon the pavement which had been

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often strewed by the prostrate bodies of tens of thousands of Moslems, I felt more than half bewildered by the singularity of the associations.*

* This mosque was the third in veneration among the Mussulmans, being only inferior to those of Mecca and Jerusalem. It was customary, among the true believers, to make pilgrimages between Cordova and Mecca. Hence the Spanish proverb—'*Irse de Ceca á Meca*'—'Going from Ceca to Mecca,' applied to a person who wanders a long way on a fruitless errand. Ceca being—if my memory serves me—the Arab name for the mosque of Cordova.

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CHAPTER XV.

KINGDOMS OF CORDOVA AND SEVILLE.

Excursion to the Desert of Cordova.—The Hermano Mayor.—The Hermitage.—The Garden.—Return.—Start for Seville with Tio Jorge.—Cross the Guadalquivir.—Galera Party.—Azhara.—Ecija and her Little Ones.—Decayed Condition of Andalusia.

The afternoon before leaving Cordova, I went to visit a very famous hermitage, situated about five miles from the city, in the last range of the Sierra Morena. An old porter, who had shown me all the wonders of Cordova, was to have been my guide to the desert, but as he did not come at the appointed hour, I grew impatient and started alone, determined to inquire the way. As I passed through the beautiful public walk which lies without the gate, in the direction of the Sierra, a cut-throat looking group of three or four occupied the stone benches beneath the trees, and whilst one of them smoked his *cigarillo*, the others were stretched flat upon their faces, enjoying a *siesta*, under the influence of the shade and of a gentle breeze which blew refreshingly from the mountains. Leaving the city walls, I struck at once into the road, which had been pointed out to me the day before, as leading to the Hermitage. I had not gone far, however, between waving fields of wheat and barley, before I discovered, that I was closely followed by an ill-looking fellow; the same I had seen smoking upon the bench. This alarmed me; for the porter had told me several stories of people, who had been robbed and beaten in this short pilgrimage; indeed, he had shown an unwillingness to go on this very account. It at once occurred to me, that if the fellow intended any treachery, it would be easy for him to spring upon me unseen from behind; so, crossing to the opposite side of the road, I slackened my pace suddenly and allowed him to go past. But he did not seem to like this new station in advance any better than I liked mine; for he presently seated himself by the road side, and when I had once more got before him, he again resumed his journey. This looked very suspicious, I laid my hand at once upon a dirk, which I had of late occasionally carried in my erratic rambles, by day and night, and, turning towards the fellow who thus pertinaciously followed my footsteps, I awaited his approach. He was quite a young man, but sturdy and athletic, with a soiled or neglected dress, and as dogged and ill-favored a face, as I had seen for many a day. He passed the second time without noticing me; and, on coming to a fork a little farther on, where, as is frequent in such situ-

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ations, a rough stone cross bore testimony to some act of violence, he took a different road from the one leading to the Hermitage. It might be, that seeing me on my gaard, he intended to join his comrades and waylay me in the cork wood farther on, or else upon my return to Cordova. I did not like the appearance of things, and still less, to turn back from my undertaking; so, I pushed on briskly, beginning to ascend the mountain.

The level lands, covered with grain and pasture, and fruit orchards, now gave place to a rugged and graceless steep, plentifully sown with rocks and brambles, interspersed with a scattering growth of cork trees and *algarrobos*, which soon concealed the Hermitage from my view. As I advanced, the beaten road gradually branched into several paths that wound among the trees. In such a case it was very easy to miss one's way, and as bad luck had of late presided over my destinies, it was more than easy for me to miss mine. Thus perplexed, I chose the path which led most directly upward, until it brought me to a level spot, where there was a small farm house, surrounded by an orchard. There was nobody at home but a large mastiff, who gave me a very bad reception, springing at me fiercely as I entered the gate-way, and making the links of his chain crack and strike fire, beside a sunburnt urchin, who was scarcely able to hear and answer my questions for the howlings of his noisy coadjutor. Finding, at length, what I was in search of, he told me that the road to the Desert lay a long way to the left, and that I should scarce get there with the sun. I knew that the little fellow must be mistaken, for there was yet two hours of day; and though sweating with the heat, the toil and the vexation, I determined to persevere. The lad could not leave his home to accompany me the whole way, but he showed me the road, and just before he left me, he pointed to a sudden angle of the path where an overhanging rock formed a cavern beneath, and told me how one Don Jose, a rich *mayorazgo* of Cordova, whom he seemed astonished that I should never have heard of, had been plundered in that very spot, of his horse, his purse, and his clothes, to his very shirt, and sent back to Cordova as smooth and naked as when his mother bore him. There was small encouragement in this parting information of my little friend; but I kept on, and after many a winding turn up the side of the mountain, came, at length to the gate of the Hermitage.

I found the Hermitage situated upon one of the wildest ledges of the mountain. It is bounded on the southern and eastern sides by a precipice of a fearful depth, and on every other hand the world is as effectually shut out by an irregular wall connecting and binding together the scattering rocks, which had been rudely thrown there by the hand of nature. Having rung at the gate I was presently reconnoitred through a small grated window, by one of the hermits with a pale face and a long beard. He asked what I would have, in a tone

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of meekness. I told him that I had come to see the Desert of Cordova. He disappeared to ask the permission of the chief brother; and soon after returned to give me admittance. My first sensation on entering, was one of most pleasing disappointment. I had expected to find everything within dreary and graceless, as became the abode of austere misanthropy; but instead of that, there were fifteen or twenty little whitewashed cottages, nestling among the rocks, and almost overrun and hidden amid vines, fruit trees, and flowers. Nature here was as savage as without; the rocks and precipices were of equal boldness; but man had been busy, and the rain and the sun had lent their assistance. Indeed, vegetation could nowhere be more luxuriant, and the plants and flowers had a richness of color and of perfume, that could scarce be surpassed.

On entering the cottage of the Hermano Mayor, he came to the door to receive me, signed the cross over me, and pressed my hand in token of a welcome reception. Like the other hermits, the Hermano Mayor wore a large garment of coarse brown cloth, girded round the middle with a rope and having a hood for the head; the only covering of his feet consisted of a coarse shoe of half tanned leather. Yet was there something in his appearance, which would have enabled one to single him out at once from the whole fraternity. He had a lofty and towering form, and features of the very noblest mould. I cannot tell the curious reader how long his beard was; for after descending a reasonable distance along the chest, it returned to expend itself in the bosom of his habit. This man was such an one as, in any dress or situation, a person would have turned to look at a second time; but as he now stood before me, in addition to the effect of his apostolic garment, his complexion and his eye had a clearness that no one can conceive, who is not familiar with the aspect of those who have practised a long and rigid abstinence from animal food and every exciting aliment. It gives a lustre, a spiritual intelligence to the countenance that has something saintlike and divine; and the adventurous artist, who would essay to trace the lineaments of his Saviour, should seek a model in some convent of Trappists or Cartusians, or in the etherial region of the Desert of Cordova.

When we were seated in the cell of the superior, he began at once to ask questions about America; for I had sent in word that a citizen of the United States asked admission, having ever found this character to be a ready passport. He had been on mercantile business to Mexico many years before, and had come away at the commencement of the revolution. He felt anxious to hear something of its present condition, of which he was very ignorant; and, when I had satisfied his curiosity and rose to depart, he gave me a little cross of a wood that had grown within the consecrated enclosure, and had been rudely wrought by the hands of the hermits. He told me that, if troubles and sorrows should ever assail me—if I should grow weary of worldly vanities—if the burthen of existence should ever wax heavier than I could bear, I might leave all behind and come to their solitude, where I should be at least sure of a peaceful and a welcome home.

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Then, ordering a brother to show me everything, he uttered a benediction and bade me 'Go with God!'

A good natured friar of the convent of San Francisco in Cordova, who had come out to take the mountain air with two young lads, his relations, took his leave at the same time of the Hermano Mayor, and we all went the rounds together. The little chapel we found under the same roof with the principal cell. It has been very much enriched by the pious gifts of such of the faithful and devout, as have wished to secure an interest in the prayers of these holy recluses; for silver, gold, and precious stones, are everywhere in profusion. As the Desert is under the invocation of the Virgin, the altar of the chapel is decorated with her image. It is a little painting, either an original of Raphael, or else a copy of one of his best heads; for it has all that heavenly sweetness which gives such a distinct character to his pictures of the Holy Family. I lingered long in this fairy spot. What a contrast between the dazzling splendors of that altar, and the humble garb and humble mien of the penitents who lay prostrate before it?

From the chapel we went to see the different cottages of the brethren. They are very small, containing, each, a small sleeping room with a broad platform, a straw pillar, and two blankets for the whole bed furniture. A second apartment serves as a workshop and a kitchen. Each brother prepares his own food, which consists of milk, beans, cabbages, and other vegetable dishes, chiefly cultivated by themselves in the hermitage garden. There is a larger building for the instruction of novices, where they pass a year in learning the duties of their new life, under the tutelage of an elder brother. Among many other curious things to be seen here, was an instrument of torture for mortifying the flesh, when under the temptation of the devil. It consists of a square piece of net work, made of short bits of iron wire, the points of which are left sharp and projecting; at two ends are handles to pass a cord through. This ingenious contrivance is rarely used, but by the novices, who often being young men and lately accustomed to a grosser diet, are much more liable to fleshly visitations. Nor do they resort to it, except in emergent cases. When, however, all other means have failed to keep down the tempter, the iron bandage is placed about the thigh, with the points inwards; and then the string is passed, and drawn to a comfortable tightness.

The brother did not fail to lead us to the projecting point of the ledge upon which the Hermitage stands, near two thousand feet above the level of the city, and which is bounded on three sides by a fearful abyss. Hence you command a broad view of one of the fairest regions of Andalusia. A rock which occupied the spot has been hewn away, so as to leave a stone arm chair, just at the pinnacle. This stone chair has received sundry great personages; among others the French Dauphin, and Fernando Septimo, who halted here to review

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a part of his kingdom on one of his forced marches to Cadiz. The august pressure, which the chair had felt on former occasions, did not, however, hinder us from seating ourselves in turn and gazing abroad upon the splendid panorama. The view was, indeed, a fine one; the hour for contemplating it, most auspicious; for the sun had well nigh finished his course and was soon to hide himself—unclouded and brilliant to the last—behind a projection of the Sierra Morena. The country about us was, indeed, broken and savage; the precipices and ravines, the rocks and half grown trees, were thrown together in the utmost confusion; but below the scenery was of the most peaceful kind; for there the Campania spread itself in a gentle succession of slopes and swells, everywhere covered with wheat fields, vineyards, and fruit orchards. The Guadalquivir glided nobly amid the white buildings of Cordova, concealed occasionally in its meanderings, as it wound round a slope, and emerging again in a succession of glassy lakes, which served as mirrors to the rays of the sun. The course of the river might, however, be constantly traced by the trees which skirted it, and by a broad range of meadow land sweeping back from the banks, and thickly dotted with cattle. In the distance rose the towering Sierras of Ronda and Nevada, the latter blending its snowy summit with the clouds. At its foot lies Granada, blest with a continual spring and surrounded by that land of promise—that favored Vega, over which the Genil and the Daro are ever scattering fertility.

But the pleasantest, if not the most interesting portion of our ramble, was when we came to wander through the garden. It was arranged in grades, without much attention to symmetry, wherever the rocks left a vacant space, and levelled off to prevent the soil from washing away. These grades were occupied by plantations of peas, lettuce, and cauliflowers, interspersed with fruit trees, which seemed to thrive admirably; whilst the vine occupied little sunny angles formed by a conjunction of the rocks, between which it hung itself in festoons. Nor was mere ornament entirely proscribed in this little seclusion. There were everywhere hedges of the fairest flowers, dividing the beds and creeping along the rocks; so that here the perfumes of the parterre were added to the wild aromas of the mountain. The roses of white, of orange, and of crimson, formed, however, the chief attraction of the spot; for they had an unequalled richness of smell and color. We were allowed to select a few of these beautiful flowers, which are in such estimation throughout Andalusia, that you scarcely meet the poorest peasant, going to his daily toil, without one of them thrust through his buttonhole or lodged over the left ear, his round hat being gaily turned aside to make room for it. This passion for roses is of course stronger among the women. They wear them in the folds of their hair, or at their girdle; and often wear them in the same hand that moves the fan, or else hold them dangling by the stem from their teeth.

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An occasion now occurred of seeing something of this, in the eagerness of the two lads, and even of their old *tio*, who hastened to avail themselves of the privilege of carrying home each a bunch of flowers. One of these two lads had a pale, sickly, city look; the other was about thirteen, and one of the handsomest boys I had ever seen. He had come from Montilla with his sister to spend the Holy Week in Cordova. It was the first time that he had been so far from home, and his city cousin and their common uncle, the friar, had brought him out to see the wonderful Desert. He was dressed in the true *majo* style, as became the son of a sturdy cultivator—a low crowned beaver with the brim gracefully turned upward, and ornamented with tassels and variegated beads; a shirt, embroidered at the sleeves, the collar, and the ruffles; a jacket and breeches of green velvet, everywhere studded with gilt basket-buttons, with shoes and leggings of the beautifully tanned and bleached leather in use in Andalusia. The boy was enthusiastic in praise of the roses, which he allowed were finer than any to be found in Montilla, though but a little while before he had been eulogizing his native place, for the whiteness of its bread and the flavor of its wine.

By the time we had seen the garden, the sun had got low and warned us that we had to sleep in Cordova. The friar had made himself acquainted with all my affairs, and finding that our roads lay the same way, he proposed that we should all go together. The proposition was gladly accepted, both for the sake of good fellowship, and because I had not forgot the possibility of an encounter in the dark, with the fellows who had shown a disposition to escort me in my outward journey. I took leave of the hermits and their peaceful abode, with a feeling of good-will which I had not yet felt in turning my back upon any religious community in Spain. These recluses take no vows at the time of their admission, so that they may return to their homes whenever they please. The Hermano Mayor had formerly been a wealthy merchant in Mexico, and afterwards in Cadiz, which place, the friar told me, he had left some years before to bury himself in this solitude. There was another hermit who had been there twenty years. He was a grandee of Portugal, and had given up honors and estates to a younger brother, to turn his back upon the world forever. The rest of the brethren were vulgar men, chiefly peasants from the neighbourhood, who had been conducted to the Desert by a deep-felt sentiment of piety, or by worldly disappointments and blighted hopes, or who had come upon the more difficult errand of escaping from the stings of remorse, and easing a loaded conscience by ceaseless prayers and unrelenting maceration. These humble brethren do not live by the toil of their fellow men, but eat only the fruits of their own labor. Their wants, indeed, are all reduced to the narrowest necessities of nature. It may be that their piety is a mistaken one; but it certainly must be sincere, and if they add little to their own happiness, they certainly take nothing from the happiness of others.

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At the gate of the Hermitage we met Fray Pedro, a lay brother and kind of porter to the convent of our monkish friend, and who like him wore the blue habit of San Francisco. He had come out with the party to lead the mule, which was browsing among the rocks, and when he had caught it we all set out on the descent. After winding by zig-zag paths half way down the side of the mountain, we came to a little rill, springing up under a precipice, and which had been made to fall into a stone basin. Here Fray Juan commanded a halt, and when old Pedro had come up with the mule, he took down the *alforjas* and produced a skin bottle of plump dimensions with some bread and a preparation of figs and other dried fruit, called *pandigo*, or bread of figs, which is made into rolls like Bologna sausage. This simple food needed no other seasoning than the keen appetite which the exercise and the mountain air had excited, to become very acceptable; nor did I wait a second invitation to join in and take my turn at the wine skin, as it rapidly performed the round of our circle. Fray Juan had probably done penance in the Holy Week, and doubtless thought the occasion a good one to bring up arrears; indeed the skin lingered nowhere so long as in his hands, until at length he became as merry as a cricket. The remains of our repast being stored away in the saddle-bags, and old Pedro having mounted the mule, with one of the lads before and the other behind him, we once more set forward. Fray Juan rolled his habit snugly round him and tucked it under his rope girdle, so as to leave his thin legs unembarrassed, when he set off capering down the mountain, the most ludicrous figure imaginable. By degrees he cooled down with the exercise, and then went on more quietly, striking up a Royalist song of triumph to one of the old Constitutional airs. The others joined in at the chorus, and formed a music which in this mountain solitude was far from contemptible.

In this way we went merrily forward, and at sundown arrived at a *huerta*, or fruit orchard and kitchen garden, that lay in the road to Cordova. It belonged to the convent of San Francisco and was kept by a friend of the friar; so we walked in and were well received by the farmer and his wife. The whole *huerta* was levelled off with a gentle slope, and in the highest part, near the house, was a large reservoir of mason work, kept constantly full of water by means of a never-failing brook, which passed along the outer wall, paying a tribute of fertility to many an orchard and garden in its way to the Guadalquivir. From the reservoir the water is sent at pleasure to any part of the field, in little canals formed along the surface of the ground, and thus the inconvenience of a drought is always avoided. The field thus furnished with the means of fertility was laid out with beds of vegetables, interspersed with date, fig, olive, orange, lemon, almond, peach, plum, and pomegranate trees. The orange and the lemon still preserved their fruits, and they, as well as many of the other trees, were likewise covered with leaves and blossoms, in the full pride of their vernal decorations.

On our return from walking round this delightful spot, we found that the woman of the house had placed a little wooden table by the

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side of the reservoir, and had prepared a salad for us, which with bread and sometimes meat, forms the common evening meal in all Andalusia. We accepted this simple food with the same frankness that it was offered; and, seated under a wide-spreading orange, whose blossoms would now and then fall into our common dish, we talked, or ate, or amused ourselves in throwing bread to the gold fish that swam about in the reservoir, and now and then came to the top of the water to beg a part of our pittance. Whatever we did, it was all novel, all amusing to me; and when we took leave of the unbought hospitality of this humble roof and reached the streets of the city, where I bade a first and last farewell to my kind-hearted companions, it was with feelings of no common good-will towards everything belonging to Cordova. Yet the Cordoveses are spoken of by writers of travels, and even by Antillon, the Spanish geographer, as wanting education and politeness, and being in fact a brutal people. Of this I saw nothing during my short stay in Cordova, although I had frequent occasion to ask my way in the streets of the meanest people. The only thing that struck me unfavorably amongst them, was an unusual number of royalist cockades.

Cordova being seen, the next thing was to think about getting forward in my journey; and this I was the more anxious to do, that my lodgings in the chief *posada* of Ronda, which stands next to the many columned cathedral, were quite as miserable as they could possibly have been, in the meanest caravansary of the days of Abderahman. The diligence which had brought me from Madrid had gone on without delay, and I had taken leave of my friendly companions, with the promise of finding each other out and talking over our misfortunes in Seville and in Cadiz. The next diligence would not be along for a day or two—so I determined to take some slower conveyance, which would carry me to Seville as quickly, and at the same time give me an opportunity of seeing something of the interesting country. It would have been too hot work with the *corsarios*, or regular trading muleteers, and my ride to Aranjuez had given me abundant experience in the way of *carros*. I therefore decided for the only remaining alternative, that of getting a passage in some *galera* on its way from Madrid to Seville. The master of the *posada*, to whom I made known my intentions on the night of my return from the Desert, told me that Tio Jorge, the galera-man, was then in the *posada;* that his mules had rested the whole Sabbath, and would go off for Seville with the better will the next morning after the matin mass; adding that he was sure he would receive *infinito gusto* from my company. Uncle, or rather Gaffer George, was accordingly sent for, and made his appearance in my room—a tall, robust old man of fifty or sixty, with a weather beaten, wind worn countenance, which expressed a droll mixture of roundabout cunning, combined with bluntness and good humor. He was dressed in a well worn jacket and breeches of changeable velvet, with

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coarse blue stockings below; an attire not at all calculated to improve his appearance, inasmuch as the old man was terribly knock-kneed, and had feet that were put together with as little symmetry; for his shoes were everywhere pierced to make room for the projection of corns and bunches. Tio Jorge and the Posadero sat down on either side of me, like allied armies before a besieged city. Thus hemmed in, I surrendered after half an hour's parley, and the capitulation being made for something less than double the common price, the two worthies went away to divide the excess, over an *alcarraza* of *vino tinto*, leaving me, in return, a pious prayer for my repose—'*Que usted descanse caballero!*'

The next morning I was called at an early hour and summoned to the *galera*. And then it was, to my no small dismay, that I discovered that I was to be fellow passenger to near twenty noisy officers, who, the day before, had kept the whole house in a continual uproar. The eight mules, too, which, according to Tio Jorge's account, were so fat and arrogant, had as meagre and broken spirited a look as one can well conceive. Instead of lifting their heads impatiently, shaking their bells, and endeavouring to break away from the *zagal*, as valiant mules are wont to do, they stood mostly on three legs, with each his head resting on the rump of his antecedent, or on the neck of his companion, or else turned back wistfully in the direction of the stable. The officers were all stowed, and Tio Jorge sat upon the front, just within the pent-house of reeds and canvass that covered the wagon, inviting me to enter with the most guileless countenance in the world. My trunk was already stowed, my bill was paid, and I had exchanged the parting *Adios* with the landlord, the *mozo*, and the *moza*. There was no alternative—so, swallowing my vexation, I told the old man I would overtake him beyond the Guadalquivir.

The bridge which was then emptying its current of market people, men and women, carts, mules, and asses, in front of our *posada*, and over which I followed the *galera*, has served during many centuries to effect the passage of the Guadalquivir. It is of very massive construction, and has towards the centre a shrine containing the image of the patron of Cordova, the archangel Raphael. A lantern hangs overhead and is lit during the night for the convenience of such pious traversers of the bridge, as may be disposed to kneel upon the pavement and indulge in a passing devotion. This bridge and the present station of Saint Raphael, were once the scene of a singular and terrible tragedy. Soon after the period of the conquest, the Moors of the neighbouring provinces of Africa revolted against the Arabs and drove an army of Syrians and Egyptians, under Baleg-ben-Bakir, to the sea-coast, whence they sought refuge in Spain. There Baleg was joined by certain factious chiefs, who were enemies of the Emir Abdelmelic, and who persuaded him to raise the standard of revolt, under the pretext that the Emir was about to declare himself independent of the Caliph of Da-

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mascus. On hearing this unwelcome intelligence, Abdelmelic immediately mustered his forces and marched against the rebels; but fortune betrayed him. His courage and self-devotion were of no avail, and, having lost the battle, he was forced to take refuge in Cordova. Baleg marched at once upon the capital, and the treacherous inhabitants, purchasing safety at the expense of honor, revolted against Abdelmelic, seized upon his person, and tied him to a stake in the centre of this very bridge, over which Baleg must needs pass in his advance upon the city. The head of Abdelmelic was severed by the first assailant, and carried as an acceptable offering to the rebel chief, whilst the rest of their army took their way over the headless trunk of the murdered Emir.*

The Guadalquivir at Cordova flows a considerable stream; but it is not deep, except in the season of freshets, when, like the other rivers of this mountainous country, it becomes very much swollen; for, being many hundred feet higher than the sea, its course is necessarily very rapid. As I now looked over the parapet, the bottom might be seen in several places, and I fully realized the possibility of the fact mentioned by Hirtius in the Commentaries—that Cæsar, in the siege of Cordova, passed his army over the Guadalquivir upon a bridge constructed by throwing baskets of stones into the bed of the river, and connecting them with a platform of boards.† We learn, however, from Pliny that the river was navigable in his time as high as Cordova. This navigation had been long abandoned, when Marshal Soult caused it to be reopened, to facilitate the transportation of military stores between Seville and Cordova.

When we had reached the left bank of the Guadalquivir, the *galera* struck into a fine wide road, which was originally constructed by the Romans. By and by, however, I began to tire of treading this classic causeway, and then crouched quietly into the narrow seat, which Tio Jorge had offered me. Here I found my situation by no means so pleasant as in the *galera* of Manuel Garcia; for my present companions were not at all to my mind, and even had they been the best fellows in the world, there were too many of them. Among the number was a a curate, who was going to Seville to contend in the public convention for some one of several vacant livings, in the gift of the Archbishop, and which were to be bestowed according to the relative merit of the candidates. The rest were all officers from Biscay, who had been apostolical *guerillos* in the late counter-revolution, and who were now going to join the garrison of Algeziras. Though disposed to be as civil as they knew how, they were low fellows with nothing of the officer in their manners and appearance, and had probably been bought over, from being distressed mechanics or broken-down shop-keepers, to rob, and plunder, and cut off heads, in the de-

* Conde. † De Bello Hispan. V.

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fence of the altar and throne. From our numbers we were necessarily stowed very closely; indeed, the wagon could only contain us all, by our fitting ourselves together like a bundle of spoons; and thus accommodated, it was utterly impossible to turn over, except by common consent.

This unpleasant state of affairs, within the *galera*, furnished an excellent excuse for descending frequently, and footing it onward during the greater part of the journey. The curate was much of the same mind; so we soon engaged in conversation. He was quite a handsome man of thirty, dressed in a round jacket and Andalusian hat; retaining no other badges of his clerical office, except breeches and stockings of black, with silver buckles at the knee and shoe-tie, and a silk stock streaked with violet. He was evidently a very good scholar; and, though he knew very little about the present state of the world, could tell all about the days of antiquity. What, however, contributed most to render his company agreeable, was the extreme amenity and courteousness of his demeanour. The regular clergy in Spain, and especially in Andalusia, are remarkable for the amiability of their manners; a quality which they acquire by constant intercourse with society, and by close attention to all the arts of rendering themselves agreeable, as the only means of riveting and extending their influence.

Tio Jorge, likewise, furnished much amusement when he occasionally alighted to stumble up a hill; for there was something very peculiar and original in his way of thinking. It seemed that he had contracted to carry the load of officers to Seville for a certain stipulated sum, which he now found, or pretended to find, deficient. This he endeavored to make up, by keeping them upon a low diet; doubtless, not without a view to the benefit of their health; for they lay close all day, talking, singing, or sleeping, and took no exercise. The officers in return passed alternately from jest to abuse; and the old man gave them as good as they sent, growling quite as loudly. As I was not obnoxious to the charge of having held him to a hard bargain, he took a pleasure in telling me his griefs; nor did he fail to revile the officers, in a smothered tone, for their devotion to the priests and to royalty. He asked me if there were any chance that the English, who were then upon the Portuguese frontier, would march into Spain; ten thousand *cosacas encardadas* would, he said, be sufficient to rally the whole country. I thought so too; with this difference, however, that where one Spaniard would go over to the English, there would be two ready to knife them. 'What a fine thing,' he added, 'would it not be, if the English were to blockade the whole of Spain! There would then be no coasting trade; everything would have to be carried inland. If they come, too, they will have a great deal of stores to carry; a Spaniard will go bare-footed through the bushes and march all day upon a crust of bread; but your Englishman will only fight upon a full belly. To be sure they are heretics, and a little brutish withal; but then they pay well. They give you few good words, but they count down the hard dollars.'

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As for the *zagal* of our *galera*, he was no other than the son of Tio Jorge; Juan by name, which the soldiers, in consideration of his youthful years, converted into Juanito and Juanico, when they wished to speak kindly, and by the *diminutivos despreciativos* of Juanillo and Juantonto, when they wanted to jeer him. The boy was indeed somewhat obnoxious to raillery, for he was quite as odd and oldfashioned as his sire. Though only in his fourteenth year, he had already filled the office of *zagal* nearly two years; and now walked almost every step of the way, cracking his whip and reasoning with the mules, from morning till night, notwithstanding the inconvenience of locomotion upon knock-knees and crooked feet; for the lad was his father's son, every inch of him, nay, to the very toes; a thing not always self-evident in Spain. Nor should I forget to mention the humblest of our whole party, a young Gallego, who did little offices about our vehicle, for the privilege of having his bundle stowed in it, and of walking the whole day within the sound of our bells. This young man was wandering away from home, as the poor of his province are wont to do, in search of employment. They usually stay away ten or twenty years, and when they have accumulated a few hundred dollars, return, like the Swiss and Savoyards, to die quietly in their native mountains. He tendered me his services in the capacity of squire; but, though I afterwards gave him something to do in Seville, I declined the offer, from the consideration that it was quite as much as I could do, to take care of myself. I met him in the street at Cadiz; he had got a place, having found many countrymen there in the service of the merchants, who employ them as porters and trust them to the utmost extent, even to the collection and payment of monies.

As we journeyed onward, I looked in vain for any remains of the wonderful palace of Azhara, constructed by the third Abderahman upon the banks of the Guadalquivir, a few miles below Cordova. The Arabian historians, translated by Conde, tell us that its vaults and arches were sustained upon no fewer than four thousand three hundred columns of marble. The pavement was composed of variegated marbles, cut in squares, circles, and diamonds; the walls were impressed with regular figures and inscriptions, intermingled with fruits and flowers; whilst the beams, which sustained the ceilings, were elaborately carved, and the ceilings themselves everywhere painted with gold and azure. Every apartment had one or more fountains of chrystal water, constantly falling into basins of jasper, porphyry, and serpentine. In the centre of the great saloon, was a large fountain, from the midst of whose waters rose a golden swan, which had been made in Constantinople. Over the head of the swan hung suspended a very large pearl, which had come as a present from the emperor Leo.* The curtains and tapestry were all of silk, embroidered with

* Probably Leo the Philosopher, Emperor of the East.

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gold. Adjoining the palace were extensive gardens, planted with fruit trees and flowers. They contained also groves of laurel and bowers of myrtle, which enclosed numerous baths and glassy sheets of water, in which the branches of the overhanging trees, the clouds and azure sky, were seen again by reflection. But the great wonder of Azhara was the favorite pavilion of Abderahman, in which he used to repose after the fatigues of business or of the chase. It stood upon the summit of a little knoll, whence the eye overlooked without obstacle, the palace, the garden, the river, and a wide extent of the surrounding country. The columns which sustained it, were of the choicest marble, and surmounted by gilt capitals, whilst in the centre stood a porphyry couch, which served as a reservoir to a jet of quicksilver. Whenever the rising and setting sun sent his rays upon the falling drops and ever undulating surface of this wonderful fountain, they were reflected and dispersed in a thousand directions, with magical effect.*

During the whole day's ride, the country through which we passed, lost nothing of its beauty; indeed, I had scarce ever witnessed a fairer scene than broke upon me, when, after toiling up a hill side behind which the sun had just sunk to rest, we at length attained the summit. Before us stretched the storied Genil, winding its way at the bottom of a deep and verdant valley, too soon to lose itself amid the waters of the Guadalquivir. The river was traversed by a time worn bridge, at whose extremity lay the city of Ecija, long a border fortress between Moors and Christians, and famous in many a roundelay. The walls which had once teemed with spears, with crossbows, and with fighting men, were now fallen or overgrown with ruins and brambles; the clang of the trumpet and the shock of chivalry, were exchanged for the low of herds, the bark of house dogs, and the mournful toll of *las animas*.

In modern times Ecija has founded its reputation, chiefly, upon a band of robbers, who lived and exercised their depredations in and about the city; rendering the name of the Thirteen Little Ones of Ecija, *Los Trieze Ninios de Ecija*, not less famous and formidable

* This description of Azhara may seem exaggerated and fanciful; it may indeed be so; but one who has seen the Court of the Lions at Granada, which in a quadrangle of one hundred and twentysix feet by seventytwo, has one hundred and twentyeight columns, and which, in addition to a single fountain of thirteen jets, has sixteen others, which may be discovered simultaneously,—who has wandered through the halls of the Alhambra, gazing with wonder upon the curious painting and gilding of the ceilings, and upon the surrounding walls, everywhere elaborately impressed with fruits, flowers, and inscriptions,—finally, who has witnessed the ruin wrought in the old palace by the lapse of little more than three centuries, finds little here to stagger his credulity. The fountain of quicksilver will appear the least wonder of all, if we remember that the mine of Almaden, in the neighbouring Sierra, produces annually, twenty thousand quintals of that precious fluid. For the rest, the envious reader may be pleased to learn that these moulderring monuments of Arabian greatness gain little by contemplation.

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than that of the Forty Thieves. I knew a young noble of Ecija, a cadet in the king's body guard, who was taken by them when a child, on his way to Madrid in a *galera*. He said they made all the passengers get down to search among the load, and, seeing that he was quite small and a good deal frightened, they took him out and laid him on the grass by the road side, as carefully as though he had been a basket of eggs. It is a singular fact that, though these bandits were often pursued, and sometimes one or more of them were killed or taken, yet their number ever remained the same; it was still *Los Treize Ninios*. After years of successful depredation, the fraternity has not disappeared until very lately. This long continuance is partly attributed to their not having wantonly murdered any of their non-resisting victims; but chiefly to the singular regulation, which they religiously observed, of dividing their spoil always into three equal portions. One of these portions was conveyed to certain *alcaldes* of the vicinity; another to a convent of friars who protected and concealed them; whilst the remainder only was retained as the share of the Little Ones.

The second night of our journey was passed at Carmona, which is situated upon the pinnacle of a mountain, overlooking a rich and varied view of the valley of the Guadalquivir. This city was quite famous under the Romans, and was for a short time the capital of one of those petty kingdoms which sprung up in the decline of the Arabian domination. Beside Ecija and Carmona, we met but a few villages between Cordova and Seville, and no solitary farms, nor houses, other than the public *ventas*. Though the soil was everywhere fertile and capable of nourishing a numerous population, yet it was in general very imperfectly cultivated, and often abandoned to the caprice of nature. Nothing can be more painful than to behold this country, which rose to such a high degree of prosperity under the Romans and Arabs, now so fallen, so impoverished. The principal source of this depopulation may be found in the division of property; nearly the whole country being owned by large proprietors to whose ancestors it was granted at the time of the conquest. Hence the soil has to support, not only the laborer who cultivates it, but likewise the idle landlord, who lives at court, and contributes nothing towards the business of production. They who preach the preservation of families and estates, and deprecate the unlimited subdivision of property, should make a journey to Andalusia. Other causes are found in the odious privileges of the *mesta*, in the exorbitance of the taxes, and in the vexatious system of raising them; in the imperfect state of internal communications, and in the thousand restrictions which check circulation at every step. Not to mention the clergy, the convents, and the robbers, have we not already causes enough of ruin and desolation?

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CHAPTER XVI.

KINGDOM OF SEVILLE.

Arrival in Seville.—Casa de Pupilos.—History of Seville.—Its General Appearance and Remarkable Edifices.—Cathedral and Giralda.—Amusements.—Murder of Abu-Said.—Isabel Davalos.—Guzman the Good.—Italica.—A Poor Officer.—Seville at Sunset.

EARLY on the third day of our journey from Cordova, a more careful cultivation announced our approach to Seville, which we presently discovered in the plain before us, conspicuous by its lofty and far-famed Giralda. Towards noon we entered the suburbs of the city, and kept along the road which follows the arches of the aqueduct. In passing the front of the tobacco manufactory to reach the southern gate, I noticed on our left the naked carcasses of six horses, which a noisy congregation of crows and dogs were hastening to devour. These were the victims of a bull-fight that had taken place the day before in the Plaza-de-Toros. At the gate, we were made to stop and deliver our passports. Here too, we were encountered by the wife of Tio Jorge, a dried up and dark-skinned old woman, who came forth to meet her husband; bringing in her hand, a thing rolled in a bundle which proved to be a diminutive baby—the child of their old age. Tio Jorge, when they had entered the *galera*, took the infant into his arms, and leaving Juanito between the head mules, which he guided with much dexterity through the narrow windings of Seville, he fell with great earnestness to chuckling and kissing it; indeed, he seemed to have forgotten the mother, the mules, and Juanito, in his fondness for this imperfect production.

My first intention had been to take lodgings during my short stay in Seville, in a *posada*, which had been recommended to me by a friend; but the curate counselled me to go with him to a boarding-house, where one would find more comfort, more retirement, and at the same time more society. I readily agreed to do so; and, leaving our baggage, we went to seek a place that would answer. We had not gone far with our eyes on the lookout for the required sign of *casa-de-pupilos*, when, coming to a barber's shop, we walked in to make inquiries; for the barbers here, even more than elsewhere, know every thing. It was a barber's shop in Seville, and, though the young man who rose to receive us, instead of the dangling queue and silken *gorra* of the genuine *majo*, his jaunty jacket and breeches covered with gilt buttons; his gaudy sash, well filled stocking, and neat shoe-tie; was plainly

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dressed in an embroidered roundabout of green, with linen trowsers; yet the towel thrown over his arm professionally, the brazen basin, scolloped at one side, which hung from the wall, ready to receive the neck of the subject and to remind one of the helmet of Mambrino; but especially, his vivacious air and ready civility, as he hastened to hang his guitar by its flesh colored ribbon upon a peg in the corner, announced the son of Figaro. So soon as he had learned our will, he stepped forth into the street, with the springy tread of one not unused to go forth in the waltz; proceeding to explain to us where we might find what we were in search of, and asking us to take the trouble to go a very little way in this direction and then give a *vueltacita* round the left corner, where we would find ourselves in front of a house kept by a widow lady, where we could not fail to be *á gusto*. We thanked him for his advice, and having accepted his invitation to return to his shop when we should again require his services, soon entered the house in question.

The outer door was open as usual, and, on knocking at the inner one, it was presently jerked by a string from the corridor of the second story, so as to admit us into the central court-yard. '*Paseu ustedes adelante, Seniores*'—'Please to pass onward!' was the next salutation; and taking the speaker at her word, we made a turn to avoid a noisy fountain, which stood in the centre of the court, and ascending the stairs, wheeled round the corridor to the front parlour. This room was an oblong with two balcony windows on the street, which were shaded from the sun by awnings, or rather outer curtains of red and white stripes, placed alternately. The walls and rafters were newly white-washed and the tile floor looked cool and cleanly. Its furniture consisted of a marble table, surmounted by a looking-glass, beside a good assortment of rush-bottomed chairs; the backs of which were prettily painted with French love scenes. There were few ornaments here; unless, indeed, three young women—the two daughters and niece of the ancient hostess—who sat with their embroidery in the cool balcony, might be so esteemed. One of them was at least five and twenty—a complete woman; the next might be eighteen—a dark-haired, dark-eyed damsel, with a swarthy Moorish complexion, and passionate temperament. The neice was a little girl from Ecija, the native place of the whole family, who had come to Seville to witness the splendors of the Holy Week. She was just beginning to lose the careless animation, the simplicity, and the prattle of the child, in the suppressed demeanor, the softness, the voice, and figure of a woman. She looked as though she might have talked and acted like a child a week or two ago in Ecija; but had been awakened to new and unknown feelings by the scenes of Seville. As for the Morisca, she touched the guitar and sang, not only with passion and feeling, but with no mean taste; for she went frequently to the Italian opera. The other two waltzed like true Andaluzas, as I had occasion to see that very evening.

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Such being the state of affairs, the curate and I decided that we would go no farther, and accordingly accepted the rooms that were offered us, and agreed to take our meals with the family. Nor did we afterwards regret our precipitation; for the house was in all things delightful. As for myself, it furnished me with an additional and most intimate opportunity of seeing something of those Sevillanas, of whose charms and graces, of whose sprightliness and courtesy, I had already heard such favourable mention. With these and some other specimens which I saw of the sex, as it is in Seville, I was indeed delighted;—delighted with their looks, their words and actions; their Andalusian Spanish; their seducing accent; and their augmentatives and diminutives from *grandissimo* to *poquito* and *chiqui-ti-ti-ti-to*.—Every thing is very big or very little in the mouth of a Sevillana; she is a superlative creature, and is ever in the superlative.

There was one thing, however, in my situation in this *casa-de-pupilos*, which was new and singular, to say nothing of its inconvenience; and which may furnish a curious study of Spanish customs. This was the position of my bedchamber. It had a grated window on the street and a door opening into the courtyard. Next it, was a long room, running to the back of the building. This also was a bedchamber, and the bedchamber of the old lady and of the three little ones of Ecija, who slept on cots ranged along the room. But it may not be amiss to tell how I came by this information. Now, it chanced, that the partition wall betwixt my room and this next did not extend to the ceiling; nor, indeed, more than two thirds of the way up, the remainder being left open to admit a free circulation of air and keep the rooms cool; for Seville, in Summer, is little better than an oven. This being the case, I could hear every thing that was going on next me—We used to commend each other to God, over the wall very regularly every night, before going to sleep; and, presently, I used to hear the old woman snore. The girls, however, would go on talking in a whisper, that they might not disturb their mother. In the morning again, we always woke at the same hour, and with the customary salutations. Sometimes, too, I would be aroused in the dead of the night, and kept from sleeping for hours, just by the cracking of a cot, as one of my fair neighbors turned over; or may be, on no greater provocation than the suppressed moan of a troubled dreamer, or the half-heard sigh of one just awoke from some blissful vision to a sense of disappointment.

But to return to graver matters, Seville is by far the largest of the four kingdoms of Andalusia. Nor is it surpassed by any province of the Peninsula, except perhaps Valencia and Granada, in fertility and abundance. It has mines of silver in the neighbouring Sierra, and produces everywhere generous wines and fruits of delicious flavor. The wheat of this kingdom, though unequal in quantity to the domes-

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tic consumption, is of the very finest quality.* Oil is, however, the staple production of this kingdom. It has a strong taste, from the way in which it is purposely prepared. The pickled olives of Seville are the largest and finest in the world.

Seville, the capital of this kingdom, is situated chiefly on the left bank of the Guadalquivir, and has a bridge of boats connecting it with the suburb of Triana. This is a very old city—so old, indeed, that its foundation is ascribed to the Lybian Hercules, who makes a great figure in the fabulous history of the Peninsula. This is even set forth in an ancient inscription over one of the city gates. '*Hercules me edificó; Julio Cesar me cerco de muros y torres altas; y el Rey Santo me ganó con Garci Perez de Vargas*'—'Hercules built me; Julius Cæsar surrounded me with walls and towers; and the Sainted king gained me, with the aid of Garci Perez de Vargas.' The sainted king was no other than Saint Ferdinand, who took Cordova from the Arabs; and as for Garci Perez, he was a right valiant cavalier—a second Cid—who not only with word and voice, but also with lance and buckler, did many wonders in the siege of the city. Notwithstanding this very positive assertion, the origin of Seville is involved in a great deal of learned doubt, and certain antiquaries rather opine that it was built by Hispalis, whom Hercules left governor of Spain when he had subdued his enemies, and who called the new city by his own name. Others again will have nothing to do with either Hercules or his lieutenant; but ascribe the foundation of the city to the Phœnicians. At all events, Hispalis was a very important place in the time of the Romans. Pliny tells us that it was one of the four chief tribunals of Betica; and we read, at an earlier date in the Commentaries, that when Cæsar had gone to Cadiz, after the capture of Cordova, the head of the elder of the two Pompeys—sons of the Great Pompey—who had been made prisoner near Gibraltar, was brought to Seville and exposed on the walls, in order to strike terror into the turbulent spirits of that city. In the time of the Emperors, the impatience of Hispalis became somewhat eclipsed by Italica, which stood upon the opposite bank of the Guadalquivir, at the distance of five miles. It again recovered its preponderance, however, under the Arabian dominion; and, indeed, rose to a degree of wealth and greatness, that it had never yet known. By the aid of the improved systems of rural economy, introduced by that industrious people, the country attained the highest state of developement of which it was susceptible, and the population of the city alone is said to have risen to four hundred thousand souls. On the dismemberment of the kingdom of Cordova, Seville became the capital of an independent state, surpassing all the other petty kingdoms in extent,

* Whether the wheat of Spain has a degree of excellence not found in other countries, or from whatever cause, the bread is perhaps sweeter and better there than any where else. This is especially the case in Seville, where the bread is unequalled for beauty and relish. It is not much raised nor spongy; but rather solid with a close grain and rich color. It retains its freshness a long while; indeed I have tasted some, a week or ten days' old, that had been sent as a present to Gibraltar, even then far better than the best I had ever ate out of Spain.

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population, and power. It was the largest fragment left from the wreck of that once mighty empire. Though almost constantly involved in wars with its Moorish or christian neighbors, its prosperity continued to increase, and industry and the sciences to flourish in its walls, until the fatal period, when Ferdinand, having made himself master of Cordova, at length turned his attention towards the conquest of Seville. Force and fortune followed the banners of the Saint. The odds were fearful, and Seville soon opened her gates to the conqueror. The capitulation granted the inhabitants the privilege of preserving their property, and of remaining each in the quiet possession of his dwelling. One hundred thousand souls rejected the alternative, and, disposing of their property as best they might, passed into voluntary exile. Some went to Xerez; some to the Algarves; some to Granada; and some, sharing the adverse—as they had shared the more prosperous fortunes—of their prince Cid-Abu-Abdala, passed with him into Africa. Others make the number of the exiles amount to four hundred thousand; and this will not appear incredible if we reflect that the mass of the population, finding themselves subject to very different terms from those fixed upon in the capitulation and treated with the scornful indignity due to infidels, may well have wearied of their condition and dropped gradually away, until Seville once more became a truly christian and Catholic city.

Though occasionally the residence of the Castilian court, Seville continued fallen and unworthy of its former rank, until the discovery of the New World, when it became the exclusive depot of the commerce to the colonies. So rigorous, indeed, was the monopoly enjoyed by Seville, that all shipmasters, from whatever ports of Spain they might have sailed, were compelled to bring their return cargoes to Seville, under pain of death. This valuable trade, and the concentration of wealth, population, and power, which must have ensued, raised Seville to the highest rank among the cities of the Peninsula. Now, however, that these exclusive pretensions have been long removed, and that the other ports of Spain have been admitted to an equal participation in the trade, which no longer exists, Seville has shrunk from her former magnificence. Her population scarce amounts to one hundred thousand souls, and twentyfive hundred silk looms alone survive the wreck of ruined industry. As for her commerce, it is now reduced to a petty trade with Barcelona and some other Spanish ports, with occasionally a foreign arrival. Seville may even be said to have fallen far below her fair value; for situated, as she is, near a hundred miles in the interior of a country, where the productions of the temperate, harmonize with those of the tropic climes, and which, for natural riches, knows no superior in Europe; and upon a noble stream, which might easily be rendered navigable as formerly for large ships, Seville is eminently calculated to hold a high station as an agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial metropolis.

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Seville is by no means a handsome city; nay, so far as mere beauty is concerned, it may scarce be admitted to the rank of mediocrity. It is flanked on every side by ragged gates and towers, which bear the impress of every age, since before the beginning of the christian era; and its streets have been rendered narrow, crooked, and irregular, by the long residence of the Saracens. Notwithstanding all these defects, Seville is not entirely destitute of the grandeur belonging to a great city. Among a countless number of churches, chapels, and oratories, one hundred convents, and other public edifices in proportion, all of which offer some interest in the way of architecture, paintings, or historic associations, there are a few which attract more particularly the attention of the traveller. Among this number is the common foundry; an immense establishment, where have been cast some of the most beautiful brass pieces in the world. It is still in operation, though Spain is no longer troubled with the task of fortifying the many strongholds of the New World. The tobacco manufactory is in the outskirts of the city. It is a noble pile of quadrangular form and very solid construction; which, with the deep trench that surrounds it, and the drawbridge that rises every night and insulates it completely, give it the appearance of a fortress. Here is prepared the tobacco sold by government, of which it constitutes the chief monopoly. This oppressive system causes an extensive contraband trade with much misery and more vexation. As for the establishment in question, it produces a revenue to the crown, which might be raised at half the expense in some other way. It further furnishes a semi-sinecure to a swarm of idle officers, and a vast seraglio to some dozen or two of old fellows, who strut round with cigars in their mouths, superintending the labors of many hundreds of young women, whom they search, as they tell me, *muy á menudo* every night, as they go over the drawbridge, to see that they have no tobacco concealed. The Lonja, or Exchange, is the most regular and beautiful building in Seville. There are collected all the documents relating to the Indias. Among many precious materials connected with the colonization of America, is the entire library of the learned Ferdinand Columbus. Here is also seen the only original portrait of his father, the Discoverer. It was deposited here by his descendant, the Duke of Veragua, as the most proper place for the preservation of a thing so precious.* It is to be deeply regretted that this painting was found in the family gallery in a defaced condition, and having been retouched, the reality of the resemblance has become a matter of learned disputation. The Alcazar, often the residence of the Castilian kings, and the favorite abode of Peter the Cruel, is a most singular edifice, composed of a confused pile of Gothic, Arabic, and modern constructions. The inhabitants find a favorite promenade in the equally singular gardens which lie adjacent; erst the lounging place of the lovely Eleanor de Guzman, Maria Padilla, and the ill-fated Blanche de Bourbon.

* The Lonja is indestructible; the ceilings being vaulted and the floors paved.

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The Marine Academy is pleasantly situated without the walls of the city. This institution was founded by Ferdinand Columbus, to educate a number of young men, with the view to their becoming masters of merchant ships. They pass several years in making a good theoretical study of navigation, and in learning seamanship from a number of very good books, aided by a little antique frigate, suspended upon a pivot in one of the rooms, which they tacked and veered for me with surprising dexterity. The absurdity of this system is self-evident. In the merchant service, the future master must learn the science of navigation, whilst he is yet in a subordinate station, either in the interval of his voyages, or better from his superiors during their continuance. This is the mode practised in the United States, whose ships sail more safely, more expeditiously, and more economically, than those of any other nation. In the military marine, where a higher order of professional excellence is required—where the skill of the thoroughbred sailor must be added to the science of the mathematician and the gentlemanly accomplishments, which raise a national character in the eyes of strangers, the necessary education can scarcely be acquired except in an academy, where theory should go hand in hand with practice; and where daily studies on shore should be alternated by daily exercises on ship-board; not a ship moored head and stern, like the school of practice at Toulon, nor built upon terra firma, or rather on the tops of trees, as at Amsterdam; but a real, live little ship, that could loose her sails, and lift her anchor, and turn her back upon the land at pleasure. The periodical vacations, everywhere found necessary to relieve the mind of the student, might consist in little voyages along the land, which should at the same time be rendered parties of pleasure. This would furnish the young men with much minute information concerning their native coasts, which older sailors, engaged in the ordinary business of the profession, have no means of acquiring. Nor should the adventurous aspirant after naval glory, shun to dip out into the ocean and learn thus early in his little bark, to brave the element destined hereafter to become the scene of his triumphs.

But by far the most conspicuous monument of Seville, is the Cathedral. It is indeed famous in all Spain, where the three principal temples are thus characterized. *La de Sevilla, la grande, la de Toledo, la rica, y la de Leon, la bella.* In Andalusia it even receives the disputed appellation of patriarchal. And, indeed, whether we consider its extent and proportions, or the pomp and ceremonial of worship, it is certainly one of the noblest temples in all Christendom. The extent of the church itself, is four hundred and twenty feet by two hundred and sixty, with a central nave rising to an immense height. The endowment of this temple accords with the magnificence of its construction; for, so late as the last century, the archbishop received the handsome income of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; with corresponding provision for two hundred and thirty-five canons, prebenda-

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ries, curates, confessors, musicians, singers, and levitical aspirants.* Nor will this number of dependants appear extravagant, if we remember that they have to officiate at no fewer than eighty-two altars, and perform five hundred masses on a daily average.

The exterior of the Cathedral offers a grotesque grandeur, produced by the combination of three utterly different species of architecture. The church itself is of Gothic construction, partly erected at an earlier period than the eighth century; the sacristy is entirely in the modern taste, whilst the court and garden adjoining, with the thrice famous Giralda, date from the dominion of the Arabians. This wondrous tower of Giralda was built towards the close of the twelfth century, in the reign of Jacub Almanzor, by Algeber, a famous mathematician and architect.† Originally it rose to an elevation of two hundred and eighty feet, and was surmounted by an iron globe of prodigious size, which, being splendidly gilded, reflected and almost rivalled the brilliancy of the sun. Immediately beneath this ball was the gallery, whence the mudhews convoked the faithful to their stated devotions. The ascent of the tower is effected by a spiral stairway, without steps, and of such gradual inclination that a person walks up with scarce an effort, as he would up a gentle hill. In more modern times, the globe has been removed, and a small tower of inferior diameter has been erected above, making the entire present height of the whole construction three hundred and sixtyfour feet, more than two thirds of the higher pyramid.‡ This immense and misshapen mass terminates in a colossal statue in brass, of a female, intended to represent the Faith. This is the famous Giralda or weathercock, one of the great wonders of Spain and the subject of many a poetic allusion. It is certainly a little singular that any good Catholic should have thought of setting the emblem of his faith up for a weathercock, to turn about with every change of wind; though, the different destinies, which have ruled Seville, and the widely different religious usages with which this same tower has been associated, all point to the possibility of variation. As I walked up the winding hill which leads to the tower, it was evident to me that two cavaliers, accoutred with spear, shield, and helmet, and mounted upon their warhorses, might easily ride side by side to the top of the tower, as is said to have been done on more than one occasion; and as for the Knight of the Mirrors, though he told Don Quixote many a lie, he was at

* Townsend.

† The invention of Algebra has been attributed to this Algeber of Seville, from whom it is said to derive its name. Though this science is known to have existed many centuries before, yet it is very possible that he introduced it among his countrymen; for it first became known in Europe through the Arabian Spaniards, who cultivated mathematics so successfully, that when Alonso the Wise arranged the celebrated astronomic tables, which still bear his name, he got most of his calculations from the astronomers of Granada. Nor is there any good reason why Algeber may not have reinvented the science; for these things are not the accidental offspring of a single brain; but real, existing combinations, growing out of the state of science, and waiting the grasp of the master mind who leads the van of discovery.

‡ Conde and Antillon.

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least within the bounds of probability, when he recounted his adventure with the giantess Giralda. From the gallery at the top of the tower too, one may estimate the difficulty and danger of the fearful feat executed by that wild warrior, Don Alonzo de Ojeda.* The view from this immense elevation is necessarily a fine one; the huge Cathedral below; and round about it the city with its many churches, its hundred convents, its Alcazar and Amphitheatre; without these, the ancient walls and time worn turrets of Hispalis; the masts, yards, and streamers of the vessels in port, and the leafy promenades that offer shade and shelter for the daily and nightly exercises of the Sevillians; and, in the remoter portions of the panorama, a vast tract of level country traversed by the winding Guadalquivir, all combine to furnish a delightful picture.

But to return to the interior of the Cathedral; it is very rich in paintings, statues, and relics, and contains the tombs of many cavaliers, whose names are deservedly dear to the Spaniard. Here rest the remains of Ferdinand Columbus, a great benefactor of Seville; of Maria Padilla, the guilty mistress, or, as some say, the unhappy wife of Peter the Cruel. Here too, are found all that could die of Saint Ferdinand, by whom the cathedral was conquered and consecrated; a man, according to Father Mariana, who was endowed with all the bodily and mental acquirements, that any one could desire; of whom it was doubted whether he excelled for goodness, greatness, or good fortune. So pure, indeed, were his manners that they won him while living the surname of Santo, and caused him after death to be regularly enrolled upon the list of the beatified.†

A far finer sight, however, than all these marble heaps, that cover the bones of the departed, are found in the many beautiful paintings that adorn the walls and chapels of the cathedral. They are above all praise. It is, indeed, only in Seville that one may properly appreciate the school of Seville; a school which would take precedence of all others, if the successful imitation of nature were made the standard of excellence, in an art of which the sole object is imitation. This school owes its chief celebrity to Murillo, born in Seville, like his great master Velasquez, and who spent the greater part of his life in painting for the churches, convents, and hospitals of his native city. Scarce a public edifice there, but contains something from the pencil of this great man. The Hospital of Charity, near the bank of the river, is especially rich in these precious productions. Among the number are the return of the Prodigal Son, and Moses smiting the rock in Horeb. The fine study offered by the emigrant children of Israel, but now ready to die with thirst, thus suddenly furnished with a running stream of crystal water, has been admirably carried out by Murillo. The men, women, children, and even the beasts of the

* Irving's Life of Columbus.

† One of his saintly qualities was his detestation of heresy, which was so great that he personally performed the drudgery on more than one occasion, of carrying wood to the bonfire of an unbeliever.

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thirsty caravan are drinking with a joyful avidity, that gives almost equal delight to the spectator, brought by the aid of genius into positive, palpable presence of the scene. Here, too, was originally placed the wonderful painting of Saint Isabella dressing the sores of sick mendicants, which was carried to Paris by the French and unjustly retained by the Academy of San Fernando at Madrid, when restored after the second fall of Napoleon. This is to be regretted, for it is now considered by many, a disgusting picture; whereas, if contemplated in the Hospital of Charity, which doubtless furnished the originals of those loathsome wretches who still live and suffer after the lapse of nearly two centuries, the beholder would only be alive to the perfection of the copy.

Campana's famous Descent from the Cross now hangs in the Cathedral. It is a noble painting, not unlike, nor altogether unworthy of being compared, to the great masterpiece of Reubens. Murillo greatly admired it; indeed, he begged that he might be buried in the church of Santa Cruz, where it then was, and directly opposite the painting. He used to come almost daily to gaze upon it; and when once, the sexton asked him what he was seeking, he answered, '*Estoy esperando que acaben de bajar de la Cruz a ese bendito Senior!*'

The amusements of Seville are sufficiently numerous; for the people of that city are famous all the world over, as a light-hearted, laughter-loving people; eternal scratchers of the guitar and dancers of the waltz and *bolero*. They have a tolerable company of comedians and a very good Italian opera. Here, however, more than elsewhere, the bull-fight constitutes the leading popular amusement; and the Amphitheatre of Seville—said to be a very fine one—is looked up to by those of Madrid, Ronda, and Grenada in the light of a metropolitan. The right way to turn a bull with the lance, or fix a *banderilla*, or deal the death blow, is always the way it is done in Seville—'*Asi se hace en la Plaza de Sevilla!*' There is, however, another amusement, which though not so passionately beloved by the people of Seville, is, nevertheless, more frequently enjoyed; for the *fiesta de toras* seldom comes more than once a week, and costs money, whereas the *paseo* takes place daily, and may be had by the poorest citizen for the mere trouble.

There are a variety of pleasant promenades in and about the city.—You may wander through the orange grove of the old Alcazar; or cross over to Triana and take a look at the convent of the silent Cartusians; or following the receding tide, as it floats along the quay, you may mingle amid the motley group of sailors and landsmen there assembled, until you pause to contemplate the famous Golden Tower; a venerable pile which has in like manner been looked on by Sertorius and by Cæsar. And then, as you proceed, you may chance to discover some naked people bathing, or walking along the bank of the river in their snug-setting suit of buff. Or, perhaps a group of females—haply the same chaste nymphs of the Guadalquivir invoked by

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the bard of Gonsalvo. Thence, turning back upon the Betis, you may seek the shade of the neighboring *alameda*. Here you find a throng of soldiers, citizens, and peasants; with priests and friars, no longer so grave as in Madrid and Toledo; perhaps too, a light-hearted Frenchman from the garrison at Cadiz, who has come in search of a little amusement, moving about as if he had lived all his life in Seville, and already on the best terms in the world with some dozen of newly-made acquaintances; or else, an Englishman from Gibraltar, who has come to see the Holy Week and sneer at papistical degradation; buttoned to his chin in his military frock, between which and his slouched foraging cap, he looks defiance upon the multitude. Here too, are hosts of gracious Sevillanas, with pretty nurses not a few; and groups of boys and girls following in the train of their parents, with each a woolly white dog, or a pet lamb adorned with bells and ribbons and accommodated with a pair of mimic panniers, which the little ones load with grass and thus make their favorite carry home his own supper. I have no where seen such a fondness for this little animal—emblem of innocence—as in Seville; it is quite as common an inmate of the house as a dog, and it is by no means rare to see a full-sized merino, thus grown up in family favor, following its master about the streets to his daily avocations. This simple bias would go far to intimate and indeed to produce an amenity of disposition, difficult to reconcile with a taste for the sanguinary sports of the arena. Whilst the children, caring little for the thoughts of others, abandon themselves without restraint to the frolic of their disposition, the full-grown, on the contrary, scarce seem to live for themselves. With them, all is deference, courtesy, and submission, on the one side, met by a winning display of charms, of graces and fascination. Little do these happy mortals remember that the ground which they now tread with so free a step has been stained by the crimes of Peter the Cruel; has heard the reproaches of the murdered Abu-Said, or rung with the wailings of Donia Urraca de Orsorio!

It was in this very *alameda* that Peter—whose title of Cruel has been otherwise rendered the Justicier, and whose crimes an English divine has been willing to palliate; God knows for what reason; unless it were that Blanche of Bourbon was a Frenchwoman, whilst Peter was the ally of the Black Prince—gave his last audience to the king of Granada. Abu-Said had usurped the throne of Granada to the exclusion of the rightful king, the virtuous Muhamad. Peter became the ally of the exile, and, having collected his troops, marched with such of the Granadians as remained faithful, to replace him upon his throne. The efforts of the two armies were successful, and they soon arrived beneath the walls of Granada. But when Muhamad found that his subjects did not rally to his standard, as he had hoped; when he reflected upon the horrid evils that must befall Granada, should he prove victorious, his heart bled for the miseries of his disobedient people; he begged Peter to return and leave him to his fate, since of the

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two he preferred the loss of his crown to the ruin of his country. Peter yielded to his request, and Muhamad retreated within the walls of Ronda. But his mercy and moderation did more for him than a thousand battles; they gained him the hearts of his people, and the usurper, finding his power on the wane, sought aid in turn from the court of Seville. He dismissed the Grand Master of Caltarava, whom he had lately made prisoner with many other Castilians, not only without ransom, but even loaded with presents for their master. Not content with this, he set out in person for Seville and came into the presence of Peter, making a splendid display of riches and magnificence; for, not only the garments of himself and followers, but even the housings of their Arabian horses were every where glittering with gold and jewels. The gracious reception of Peter filled the heart of Abu-Said with the happiest anticipations. But this dazzling show of wealth is said to have caused his perdition. Peter had not beheld it with indifference; for calling together his counsellors, it was at once decided that Abu-Said was an usurper, and deserved death. That very night, when all the Granadian cavaliers had sunk to sleep with the most pleasing impressions of christian hospitality, they were traitorously set upon and murdered. The next day their bodies, bloody, and despoiled, were carried into this open field, without the gates of the city. Abu-Said was conducted to the spot; and when he had been allowed a while to contemplate this scene and read his own destiny in the fate of his followers, the Castilian king drew nigh. Abu-Said had scarce time to exclaim—'Oh, Pedro!—what a return is this for so much confidence?—how shameful this victory?' ere the dagger of the assassin had found its way to his heart!*

It was here too, that when the valor of the Black Prince had restored him to his throne, he burnt to death the aged Donia Urraca de Orsorio, because she had given birth to Don Alonzo de Guzman. Alonzo had espoused the cause of his relative, Henry de Transtamar—the bastard brother of Pedro and son of the ill-fated Senor Guzman—who had already driven the monster from the throne, and who was yet destined with his own hand, to avenge himself and the world upon so ruthless a murderer. The old age and the sex of the unsuspecting mother of Guzman were no protection against the fury of Don Pedro. She was bound to the stake and the faggots were kindled around her. But this outrage upon the sex was doomed to redound to its honor; and to show that there is no limit to the self-devotion of women. Scarce, indeed, had the flames caught the attire of Donia Urraca, than her waiting maid, the faithful Isabel Davalos, unable to support the cruel sight, sought the only relief for her outraged feelings in sharing the tortures of her benefactress. She rushed into the fire, and unmindful of her own person, sought to preserve a little longer the dress of her mistress from

* Mariana.—Conde.

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indecent discomposure. Though herself unbound, she would not escape from the flames, but clung tighter to Donia Urraca, and shared her agony!*

The last afternoon of my stay in Seville was spent in a short excursion to the ruins of Italica. I made it afoot and alone, for the want of a better conveyance and better company. The distance is about five miles, and when I had travelled three of them, through a country, flat, marshy and poorly cultivated, though susceptible of the highest improvement, were the land held under a different tenure, I found myself in front of the convent of San Isidro. An aged friar of the order of Mercy who was walking under the trees that stand on the knoll in front, attended by two very good companions on a promenade, his staff and snuff-box, readily undertook to answer my inquiries concerning the convent and Italica. It appears that San Isidro owes its foundation to Alonzo Perez de Guzman, better known in Spanish annals by the appellation of Guzman El Bueno; his remains with those of his wife now repose within these walls, raised by their piety. Guzman was born to a high rank among the nobles of Castile; but he rose far above all the cavaliers of his time for valor, prudence, and such unshaken integrity, that it procured him the surname of the Good. It chanced that in his time the fortress of Tarifa was taken by surprise from the Moors. From its remote situation, and its being nearly surrounded by Algeziras and other frontier fortresses of the king of Morocco, it was a place rather to be razed than defended; but Guzman, being ready to make every sacrifice to promote the interests of his faith and nation, readily undertook to maintain it for his king, and was accordingly appointed governor. Soon after, Prince Juan—who claimed the cities of Seville and Badajoz in right of the will made by his father Alonzo the Wise, to punish the disobedience and rebellion of his oldest son, Don Sancho—having been repeatedly conquered by his brother, was at length forced to flee from Spain and take refuge in Africa. There, he boasted to the king of Morocco, that if he would furnish him with a few troops, he would soon put him in possession of Tarifa. The king, being very anxious to recover so important a fortress, readily put him at the head of five thousand horse, with which and the garrison of Algeziras, the siege was soon formed. But the place was so stoutly defended by Guzman, that the efforts of the assailants were all rendered unavailing. Thus baffled, Juan had recourse to an expedient, the idea of which had doubtless given confidence to his promises of success.

It chanced that among the followers of the prince was the only and much beloved son of Guzman. The boy had either fallen into his hands by accident, or else had been entrusted to him to train up; for we read that it was the custom in those days for noble youths to enter

*Mariana.

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the service and attend upon the persons of princes, which situation, if they had merit, furnished them with a ready introduction to honor and office. Profiting by this circumstance, Juan now sent a herald to invite the governor of Tarifa to a parley, and, when Guzman appeared upon the rampart, he caused his little son to be led in chains beneath the walls. When the father had been allowed a while to contemplate this dear object, towards which his heart yearned, he was suddenly recalled to himself by a threat from the renegado prince, that if the place was not forthwith surrendered, the boy should be put to an instant and cruel death. Guzman was indignant at this vile threat, so full of outrage to the feelings of a father and the honor of a Castilian, from one who so far degraded the royal and the christian name, as to war against his own country, and in the ranks of infidels. He rejected the proposition with disdain, and declared that if he had an hundred children, it were but just that he should hazard them all, rather than, by staining the fair name of Guzman, to bequeath them a heritage of ignominy. Nay, to his words he added actions, and, glowing with scorn, he drew his sword from the scabbard and hurled it from the ramparts, that if the prince had the mind, he might not lack the means of perpetrating such an atrocity. This done, Guzman turned away to where his wife, ignorant of what was passing, was waiting to sit down to dinner. He had not, however been long with her, ere he was aroused by a loud uproar upon the ramparts, caused by the horror of the garrison at the murder of that unhappy boy. Scarce, indeed, had Guzman returnd to the wall, when the severed head of his child was thrown over by the Africans, and fell bounding and bloody at his feet. This was a sad sight for a father; the father of an only son. Yet did Guzman sustain himself, supported as he was by the courage of a soaring soul and by the sense of having done nobly. Losing the father in the patriot, he concealed his emotion lest his followers should sink into despondency; and smoothing his brow, he merely said, 'I thought that the enemy had got possession of the city'—*Cuidaba que los enemigos habian entrado la ciudad*'—and then returned to his wife, having now another and more painful motive for dissimulation.*

When the good monk had told me all about Guzman and San Isidro, where masses are daily said for the souls of the founders, he pointed out the direction of Italica. Having taken leave of him, I pursued my way and presently passed through a miserable collection of hovels, called Santi Ponce. To the left, and a little farther on, are the hills, upon which, like Rome of old, once stood Italica, a city of great wealth and magnificence under the Roman domination. Its total decline and utter desolation can scarce be accounted for, by the proximity of Seville, and by the variation in the course of the Guadalquivir, which now takes its way many miles to the left, though it formerly bathed the walls of Italica. An amphitheatre, which may still be

* Mariana. This Guzman the Good, was of the family which has since become famous under the title of Dukes of Medina Sidonia. The ill fated Leonor was his lineal descendant. The Roman act here related has furnished the painter and the poet with many a study. The following sonnet is by Lope de Vega; like the deed it commemorates, it may, perhaps, be esteemed bombastic; but both the hero and

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distinctly traced between two hills, is the only lingering remnant of so much greatness. Having penetrated up the ravine in which it lies, I came to a place where a boy was busy turning water into four earthen jars that were balanced in a wooden frame upon the back of an ass. The spring at which he filled them, stood opposite to the amphitheatre and emerged from the side of a hill. On entering the aperture, I found that it was the work of art, apparently the remnant of an aqueduct, constructed to convert at pleasure the neighbouring arena into a lake for the display of naval races and engagements. The boy lent me the gourd with which he took up the water, and, having drank, I clambered to the top of the ruin. This amphitheatre is not a large one, its greatest diameter being only two hundred and ninety feet, and the lesser, two hundred. Its form and extent are now all that one may discover; the grades and facings of hewn stone having all been removed to build the convent of San Isidro, or make a breakwater in the Guadalquivir. The benches which had been often crowded with their thousands on thousands piled; which have rung with the approving shouts of tens of thousands of happy and exulting Italicans, now offered nothing but a succession of hills and chasms, overrun with weeds; whilst the arena below, fattened for centuries upon the blood of wild beasts and gladiators, was covered with a heavy crop of waving wheat, which each instant changed its hue, swept by the passing gales, as they entered the arches of the amphitheatre. Thrown, as I was, alone upon this deathlike solitude, it was scarce possible to realize that the city which now neither owns a house nor an inhabitant, was indeed that Italica that furnished Rome with three of her mightiest emperors; nay, that the very amphitheatre where I now stood, the native of a new born land, had been oft graced by the presence of Trajan, of Adrian, and Theodosius; of Trajan, the disciple of Plutarch; *Trajanus Optimus*; he of whom the Romans spake, when they were used to exclaim at the inauguration of an emperor—'May he be happier than Augustus! may he be better than Trajan!'

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the bard belong to a peculiar people—to a land of extravagance and exaggeration—not to be measured by an ordinary standard.

'Al tierno ninio, al nuevo Isac Cristiano,
En la arena de Tarifa mira
El mejor padre con piadosa ira,
La lealtad y el amor Cuchando en vano.

'Alta la daga en la temida mano!
Glorioso vence! intrepido la tira!
Ciega el sol! nace Roma! amor suspira!
Triunfa Espania! enmudece el Africano!

'Baxo la frente Italia, y de la suya
Quito a Gorcato el lauro en oro y bronces,
Porque ninguno ser Guzman presuma;

'Y la fama principio de la tuya,
Guzman el Bueno escribe, siendo entonces
La tinta sangre, y el cuchillo pluma!'

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On my return homeward, I remembered that there was a convent of Cartusians on the bank of the river above Triana, and turned aside to seek admittance. After much knocking at the postern, a surly old porter came to reconnoitre me through a little trap; but he refused to let me enter, or even to go himself to ask permission of the prior. The season was one of solemnity, and the devotion of these sons of Saint Bruno could not suffer interruption. I turned away in disappointment, and walked quickly along a narrow path which skirted the bank of the river. The rapidity of my pace soon brought me up with an officer who was walking at a slower rate in the same direction; and as the path chanced to grow narrower just there, he politely stood aside to let me pass him. He was dressed in an oilcloth cocked hat, with a red cockade covering the whole side of it, and which was in turn concealed under two broad stripes of tarnished gold lace. His coatee of green, with a strap on either shoulder, and his legs, which were bent to the saddle, together with the height and heaviness of his tread, announced a captain of cavalry. Instead, however, of a sabre he carried nothing but a yellow walking cane; and, as for his cheek bones and mustaches of black and gray, they were quite as hollow and quite as crest fallen as those of Don Quixote. He was evidently a poor officer—a very poor officer. Poor as he might be, however, the courtesy with which he stood aside, putting out his cane to keep him from falling into the Guadalquivir, whilst with his left hand he waved for me to pass on, was at least entitled to an acknowledgement, and this was in turn a fair introduction to the discourse which followed.

He soon learned that I was a stranger—an American, and had been disappointed in seeing the convent. He too had failed to gain admittance; but his errand had related to something else beside mere curiosity. It appeared that he was an *indéfinido*, and, when I asked him if he had made himself obnoxious during the constitutional system, he said no—he had ever been true to his king, perchance, to the prejudice of his country. He had long since been regularly purified, and was now ready to go, wheresoever the king his master might be pleased to send him. But no orders came for him to go upon active service, nor had he, and many others in Seville, received any halfpay for near a year. What could he do? it was too late in life for him to begin the world anew; he could not work—and he glanced at the soiled embroidery of his uniform. He had to struggle along with his wife and two children, the best way he could. A relation who had a place in the Cathedral had done something for them, and the prior of Cartuxa had been very charitable. His necessities, however, had outgrown these scanty supplies, and he had gone again to-day to the convent to seek relief from pressing want, but he had not seen the prior. Meantime, his wife was at the term of her pregnancy, and he did not know where he was to find bread for her and for the children, much less the comforts and assistance called for by her peculiar condition. The threadbare dress of the veteran, his meagre countenance, the contending sense of pride and poverty there expressed, and the

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tearful eye that proclaimed the triumph of the last, were so many pledges to the faithfulness of his tale. Doubtless, he had not overcome his shame and made me privy to his poverty, for the sake of being pitied. I did what I could for him; though, it was rather in accordance with my means, than with my own will or his necessity. The old man was grateful and glad; he begged me to stay a day or two in Seville, and promised to procure me the sight of the Cartuxa and of whatever else was still worthy of being seen. He now walked quicker than before, and seemed as anxious to reach his home, as he had lately appeared unwilling to go there.

In this way we gained the bridge of boats, which now as in the time of the Moors connects the banks of the Guadalquivir.* The setting sun had already withdrawn from the surface of the stream, and was sending his last rays upon Seville, gilding her antique towers and gateways, and shining through the spars and rigging of a dozen petty felucças, that lay at intervals along the quay. The tale of the poor officer, the season and the sight were all of a melancholy cast. Could this then be the same Seville, that had witnessed the departing ships of Columbus, Ojeda, Cortez, and Magellan, and acted such a brilliant part in the conquest and colonization of the other hemisphere; which long received the undivided tribute of a virgin world, and was thronged by the ships and merchants of all Europe, bringing their richest productions to barter for the gold of the Spaniards. In the various revolutions of the moral as of the physical world, may she not hope again to recover her lost magnificence, or is she, indeed, destined to wander back to the condition of Italica?

I had come to Seville with expectations greatly raised, and had met in some measure with disappointment. Instead of the delightful situation of Cordova; the at once protecting and cooling neighbourhood of the Sierra Morena, and the pleasing alternation of hill and dale that there meet the eye; here, if you except a highland in the direction of Italica, the surrounding country is flat and marshy; which, in connexion with its partially drained and poorly cultivated condition, furnishes the fruitful source of fevers. Indeed, were it not for the thousand interesting associations that hover over Hispalis and Seville; had not San Fernando taken the city; and Peter the Cruel delivered Leonor de Guzman into the hands of his mother and her rival, and stabbed the Moor, and burnt Donia Mozacca; had Algeber forgotten to build the Giralda, and Ojeda to stand upon it with one leg, whilst he flourished the other in the air for the gratification of Isabel-

* Some modern antiquarian has pretended to find at Seville a tunnel under the Guadalquivir, similar to the one now attempting at London; and said to have been the work of the Saracens. No such means of communication between the opposite banks is mentioned by the Arabian writers, translated by Conde; and we well know that the destruction of the bridge of boats by Saint Fardinand, led to the immediate surrender of the city.

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la; I would not give a pin to have seen it. But it ill becomes the merchant to speak disparagingly of his merchandize, or the voyager to undervalue his; so I will even send the untravelled reader away regretful and envious, by quoting an old proverb quite common in Spain:

'He who hath not Seville seen,
Hath not seen strange things, I ween.'

'Quien no ha visto Sevilla,
No ha visto Maravilla.'

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CHAPTER XVII.

SEVILLE.

Steamer Hernan Cortes.—Guadalquivir.—Bonanza.—Perplexities at Santa Maria.—Arrival at Cadiz—Its Situation and early History—Its Destruction by Essex—Present Condition—Appearance.—The Gaditana.

The clock had scarce struck four on Monday morning, the twenty-third of April, ere I heard a knocking at our outer door. I was on the alert, as a man on the eve of departure it apt to be, and readily conjectured that it could be no other than the porter, who had promised to call me, and carry my trunk to the steamer that was to start that morning for Cadiz. Having dressed myself by the aid of a small lamp that was burning in the vestibule, I bade farewell again to my female friends on the other side of the partition, who had been waked by the tumult, and who, although I had received their hearty well-wishes the night before, were still nowise niggard of their commendations to God and to the Virgin. This, if it was uttered with no other advantage, at least served to send me away from Seville with the happiest impressions.

On gaining the street, I noticed that the porter avoided the direct route, and, passing close to the Cathedral, took a broader street that lay to the right. Having asked the reason of this, he told me that several passengers, while going to the quay a few mornings before, had been waylaid and plundered. Quite as much interested as himself in avoiding such a rencontre, I assented, and having passed the gate, we proceeded along the quay and arrived safely on board the Hernan Cortes. The coolness and mist of the morning and the deeper darkness that precedes the dawn, all made the deck unpleasant and furnished an inducement to dive below in search of better weather. Though this was the only steamer known in the country where the discovery first met with a successful application, it had been built in England, and, if not so gorgeously decorated as is usual with us, possessed everything that one might desire in the way of comfort. Some twenty or thirty gentlemen were stretched at full length upon the settees and benches, or else sitting round a dim lamp that stood on the table before them, engaged in a sleepy, scattering conversation. Politics being a proscribed topic among Spaniards, they talked of pleasure. The performers of Seville were compared with those of Cadiz, the *bolero* and *bolera* were discussed, and various opinions were put forth upon the stars of the opera. Commerce, of course, came in for a share of notice among commercial men, and all joined in deploring its unequalled de-

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pression, though no one did more than advert to the cause. From Europe they passed to America, to Cuba, Mexico, and the United States, where some of them had been. It was delightful to hear my native land spoken of by the Spaniards in the language of unprejudiced eulogy—the equal footing upon which foreigners are admitted into it—the way in which commerce is left to take care of itself, and the merchant to dispose of his capital as he pleases, and the singular liberty enjoyed by both citizens and strangers of coming without any passport, and of going from city to city, and from state to state, without asking the permission of any one. And yet with all this freedom, there was far more security than at Cadiz—a robber or a murderer was inevitably brought to justice. This led them to speak of a robbery which had lately been committed upon Ximenez, a merchant of Cadiz. Several thousand dollars had been taken from his counting-house, and the persons who had been engaged in it, from being poor people, were now seen leaving off their labor and enjoying a momentary affluence; yet there was no taking hold of them, no convicting them of the theft, though everyone knew them to have committed it. These gentlemen evinced an intelligence and a knowledge of what was passing in the world, which I had nowhere met with in Spain. It was the first time since I had crossed the Pyrenees, that I had found an occasion of conversing with Spaniards of my own country in my own language.

When the light began to break in upon us through the cabin windows and drown the feebler glimmering of the lamp, we were tempted to return to the deck. As the sun rose, the mists gradually regained their elasticity and floated away, disclosing a scene in which we looked in vain for the beauties of Andalusia. The Guadalquivir below Seville passes through a level track, and divides itself into three branches, which reunite before it empties itself into the sea, near the port of San Lucar. These lowlands are almost entirely without cultivation and inhabitants, if you except a few herdsmen who tend the cattle and horses that graze in large droves upon the meadows. As there are no levees, the river sometimes overflows its banks and covers the country with devastation. Towards the mouth, the meadows give place to sand banks thrown up by the sea, and covered with pine woods that furnish abundance of charcoal. On the right a single continuous hill follows the course of the stream; that is a minor branch of the Sierra Morena, holding out to the last and dying only in the ocean. In the east, of the two hundred towers of Seville, the Giralda alone still lingered above the horizon.

Having asked some questions respecting the navigation of the Guadalquivir, I was informed that it was no longer navigable to Seville for vessels drawing more than nine feet of water, but vessels of three or four hundred tons may enter the river. This, however, is now a matter of little importance, since few vessels of any class are found to profit

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by it.* Among the group of sailors, from whom I was gathering this information, was a man of lofty person and noble countenance, but very meanly dressed in a dingy cloak of brown, and a round hat slouched over the face. He seemed to know much about the country, and expressed himself with an elegance and fluency which enhanced the beauty of the graceful language in which he spoke. His accent had nothing provincial, and I felt sure he could be no other than a Castilian. I found, however, on the contrary, that he was not even a native of Spain. He was born in Caraccas, and his conversation showed he must have been among the first of his own country; but he had come early to Spain and taken employment under the government, and meantime the revolution broke out in America. The government not having the means of compulsion, had sent him and two associates to try the alternative of negotiation, but he returned without effecting anything. He said nothing about his present occupation, but it was evident, that, whatever it might be, it was not congenial with his feelings nor early education. Doubtless, he had taken the generous side in the dissensions of the Peninsula, and was now expiating the sin of a political heresy.

As we descended the stream, the breeze gradually came in strong from the ocean, and made it evident that we would not be able to reach Cadiz in the packet; for the sea is said to be rough on the bar. Under these circumstances it was determined that we should put into Bonanza. As we entered this little port, we passed through a fleet of fishing and coasting vessels that were riding at anchor. One of the seamen of the packet who belonged to Huelva, pointed out a felucca among the number, which was commanded by a descendant of Martin Alonzo Pinzon, who bore so conspicuous a part in the first voyage of Columbus. As we went by the little felucca, which might be noticed among the rest for its neat order and compact rigging, a fine looking young man stood up to see us pass. This was no other than Pinzon, with whom the sailor exchanged a shout of recognition. The sailor told me that Palos, which witnessed the doubtful departure of the adventurous enthusiast and the glorious return of the discoverer, is now so dwindled that it scarce owns half a dozen fishing boats. Huelva has been increased by emigrants from Palos, and the Pinzons are among the number. There are four families of them; they are not wealthy, but are much respected and are very proud of their ancestor, whose papers and journals they preserve with religious reverence. Well may they be proud of Martin Alonzo; for the honor of having acted the important part he did in the discovery of another world, is not less a subject of honest exultation than the proudest achievements of a Cid, a Guzman, or a Gonsalvo.

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* The Guadalquivir abounds in excellent fish. The shad so much esteemed in America, makes its annual visits here.

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A busy and boisterous scene awaited us at Bonanza, whose peaceful and pleasant name might have led us to look for better things. Scarce, indeed, had our anchor dropped and the packet tended to the tide, than we were surrounded by boatmen from the shore offering to land us; for to have taken the packet alongside of the wharf would have been a dangerous infringement of their rights. Here ensued a scene of bustle and clamor for precedence, which drowned entirely the hiss of the escaping steam. On reaching the wharf new troubles awaited us; herds of hungry porters seized upon our trunks, while custom-house officers stopped us at the gate to examine their contents, and see what we might be smuggling from Seville to Cadiz. These trials passed, yet another set met us on the beach, where a number of *calesas* were drawn up to carry us to Santa Maria, which stands upon the bay of Cadiz, opposite the city. The drivers, accoutred in the genuine breeches and many colored jacket proper to *caleseros*, rushed round us, cracking their whips and praising their mules and horses; or calling our attention to the softness of the cushions, or to the painting of a ship or a saint, which adorned the back. Among the passengers was a British colonel with his lady. He could scarce say yes and no in Spanish, and yet was surrounded on every side by these clamorous mortals, talking to him as fast as they could, and at the top of their lungs. The boatman was demanding an additional *peseta*—the custom-house officer thrust out his hand for a fee, and the porter sat upon his portmanteau, as if determined to maintain possession until fully remunerated; while the *caleseros* were calling his attention to their vehicles. The poor man understood not a word of it; he only knew that there was a general conspiracy to cheat him, and was determined to resist the injustice, instead of submitting quietly to the operation. He was a stout, well set man, with a fiery complexion, which seemed no unfair indication of his character; for he looked as though he would willingly have whipped off the head of every sinner of them, casting his eye first on his sword and then on his wife, the recollection of whom recalled him always to the more pacific use of words. He talked to them in no very good French, then attempted a word or two of Spanish which the fellows repeated by way of ridicule, and at last fell to cursing them soundly in plain English. They were not be intimidated—they called him 'God damn,' and 'Carajo,' and insisted upon having the money. In this situation, a fellow passenger came to his assistance with an offer of interpreting for him. By a little lowering of demands on the part of these worthies, and an increased anxiety to get forward on the other, the matter was presently arranged, and the colonel set out for San Lucen in a *calesin*, drawing sundry comparisons between England and Spain, which were by no means favorable to the latter. By this time, all the other passengers had gone away and left me alone to fight it out for myself. There were, however, several *calesines* untaken; so, putting myself up at auction, I presently knocked down to the lowest bidder, and hurried away, aiding the driver in beating the horse soundly, that we might overtake the rest of the caravan. This was a matter of no small importance, for though the coun-

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try was sandy and open, we were now attended by not less than six horsemen paid by the proprietors of the packet, and I had always found that the danger from robbers was in proportion to the strength of the escort. It appeared indeed from what had been said on board, that the *caleseros* are connected with the robbers, and sometimes lag behind, when they take advantage of an angle of the road to pick up a straggler—at others, they seize boldly upon the inn that stands upon a hill midway between San Lucen and Santa Maria, and have a regular rencontre.

We reached the port of Santa Maria at sunset and without any adventures. We were extremely anxious to pass the night in Cadiz, rather than in the indifferent inns of Santa Maria. But the tide was now too low to leave the river, and though one of the boatmen endeavoured to get us on board of his felucca, with the view of making sure of us for the morrow, yet the representations of the landlord of the *posada*, who was anxious to have our company, connected with the experience of some of the party respecting the danger of crossing the bar, induced us to wait until morning. After a poor dinner, which was a little qualified by some genuine Sherry, one of my fellow travellers proposed a ramble to which I gladly assented. On leaving the *posada* we struck into a path leading along the bank of the small stream which flowed beneath our balconies, and the mouth of which forms the little port of Saint Mary. This is the Guadaletc, upon which stands the famous old city of Xerez. Near Xerez was fought, eleven centuries since, that celebrated battle between the Arab Taric and Don Roderick, the last of the Goths, which decided the fate of Spain. An old tradition says, that Roderick, having lost the day, escaped to Portugal, where he died in obscurity, upon the authority of which Southey has undertaken to resuscitate him. The Arabians assert that his head was sent to Damascus, and the Spanish chroniclers will have it that he was drowned, like many of his followers, in this same stream of Guadalete, and that a part of his royal apparel was found upon the banks. Xerez is also celebrated in Spain for its fine horses, and, all the world over, for the excellence of its wine. Santa Maria is the depot of this product; the first qualities are much finer, and far more expensive than the best wines of Madeira.* Having rambled through the pleasant *paseo*, which lies northward of the town, and admired some fine specimens of the black eyed beauties, for which Santa Maria is famous, we returned to the *posada*.

The next morning we rose at an early hour, and found ourselves as badly off as we had been the night before; for the tide had flowed and ebbed again, and was now once more at the lowest. The masters of

* It is a singular instance of the English faculty of distorting foreign names, that *Xerez Seco*, dry Xerez, should have been converted into Sherry Sack. We have a similar instance in our own country. Cayo Hueso is the name of a small island on the coast of Florida. It means literally, Bone Island—we have turned it into Key West.

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two of the feluccas had however been wiser than their brethren; for during the night they had moved them without the bar. Several *caleseros*, who had concerted with the boatmen, had their *calesines* drawn up at the door, and offered to convey us round to the feluccas. The idea that the tide would be at the same point again the next morning had not occurred to us in the evening, and our host had neglected to remind us of the fact, lest he should lose our society in taking his chocolate. As the matter stood, there was no alternative between taking the advice of the *posadero* and the boatmen, whose feluccas were at the quay, that we should wait the flowing of the tide, or of the *caleseros* and the boatmen from without, who insisted that we should arrive two hours sooner at Cadiz by employing them. The most expeditious way of escaping from these perplexities and torments seemed the best, and we, one and all, determined to go round with the *caleseros*. This arrangement and its general adoption by the whole party did not at all suit the views of the watermen, who were thus left without employment. When persuasion and arguments failed, they called us *tontos* for paying away so much money uselessly, and first growling at the *caleseros*, they presently began to quarrel with them. When we started off, they even caught hold of the backs of the *calesines* to stop them. This brought them sundry strokes with the whip, followed up by others upon the rumps of the horses, which soon relieved us of the embarrassment, and sent us away in a hurry with the curses of the watermen, leaving an open quarrel between them and the *caleseros* to be afterwards settled over a pot of wine, or more summarily decided by the arbitration of the knife. This was not the last source of vexation ere we reached Cadiz. When we got to the beach opposite to the feluccas, several fishermen volunteered their services to carry us on their shoulders to them. When this service had been rendered, they demanded an exorbitant remuneration, which some of us consented to pay, but which an honest Catalan who had labored hard to get his gear, and thought that what had given so much trouble in collecting, was at least worth taking care of, absolutely refused. He was a very robust, portly man, and had made quite a ludicrous figure in coming off, mounted upon the shoulders of the fisherman. He said not a word about the price then, but kept cautioning him against letting him into the water, and promising what a world of money he would give him if he arrived safe. As the water grew deeper and began laving the skirts of his coat, he tried to work upward on the fellow's shoulders, and puffed and blowed as if he were already swimming. The difficulty over, however, he seemed to think less of it, and beat the fisherman down to the half of his demand. This produced a new riot, and sent us on our journey in a squall. The occurrences of the day, and all that I saw of these people at Cadiz, Gibraltar, and Malaga, convinced me that the lower classes on the coast of Andalusia are the most quarrelsome, cheating, and vindictive rascals in the world. It suggested to me the source of a sweeping prejudice which I had formerly felt against all Spaniards; for in the colonial seaports, the Spaniards whom I had met, and from whom I had received my impressions of the national character, were

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all either from the ports of Andalusia or descendants of emigrants from that section of the Peninsula.

There was scarce a breath of wind in the bay of Cadiz, and the inward and outward bound vessels stood still with flapping sails, or only moved with the tide, whilst a boat was seen rowing under the bow of each to keep it in the channel. This being the case, we did not loose our sail, but the rowers took to their oars to toil over to the city, which lies eight miles from Santa Maria. They did not sit still and sweep the oar by the more muscular exertion of the arms, shoulders, and back; but rose to each stroke upon their feet, sending the oar through the water by the weight of the body, as they let themselves fall towards the benches. Our sailors ridicule this clumsy operation, which they call playing hard tail, from the forcible manner in which the breech and bench come in contact. But if this mode of rowing be less graceful than ours, it is certainly much less laborious. We had not gone far from the beach, ere we came to the outer bar of the Guadalcte. Here upon a signal from the master who stood up at the helm, the rowers all rested on their oars, and taking off their hats uttered a short prayer for the souls of the mariners who had been there drowned. This done, they crossed themselves, replaced their hats, and renewed their rowing, their conversation, and their songs. Formerly it was the custom to take up alms, to have masses said for the ransom of such souls of drowned sinners as still continued in purgatory. The master of the felucca told me that there had been many, very many drowned there. Scarce a year without its victims; for the surf comes in so treacherously, that after rowing over a smooth sea, a wave is seen rising behind, at first small, but gradually increasing, and driving the boat sideways before it, comes combing over, fills the boat and rolls it and the passengers in the quick sands. When I looked at the smooth surface of the sea, as it now glided by us in ripples, I could not help reflecting upon the many miserable men that had there sunk never again to rise; many an unhappy being balancing between sinking and swimming, whom a single one of these useless oars and planks that lay at the bottom of our boat would have kept upon the surface—nay, whom a thread might have sustained until the arrival of succour.

In about two hours we reached the quay, one of the noisiest places in the world, and passed thence to the nearest gate, where numbers of custom house and police officers were standing ready to search and examine every one who came in. We got off with a gratuity, not smuggled secretly, but openly administered into the hand of the functionary. This admitted us into the Plaza de Mar; an open place which lies just within the sea gate and which was crowded with an odd collection of people. Here is held a market place for the sale of all sorts of provisions; fruit, eggs, and vegetables, ice, barley, and lemon water; American parrots trying to make themselves heard in

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the uproar; singing birds in cages or unfledged in the nest, opening their yawning mouths to receive the food, offered them on the end of a stick—poor substitute for the parent's beak. And here, most strange of all, are sold grasshoppers, confined in little traps, to enliven the bedchambers of the Cadiz ladies with their evening chirp—unsatisfactory solace of the single and solitary. In addition to the noises sent forth by the venders of all these commodities and by the commodities themselves, there was a fearful jabbering in every tongue of Europe. Hordes of Frenchmen were seen making their court to the pretty serving maids and gypsies who frequent the market, and asking for a rendezvous; Germans, Dutchmen, English, Italians, and even turbaned and bearded Moors, with their grave and guttural declamation, added to the confusion.

Cadiz is situated at the extremity of a peninsula which makes out into the ocean, northwestward from the island of Leon. South of this peninsula is the open ocean, stretching away towards the Mediterranean straits, while on the north is a deep bay formed by the peninsula itself and the Spanish coast, running in the direction of Cape Saint Vincent. The open bay furnishes a harbor which is not always secure, for the northwest winds sometimes bring in a heavy and dangerous sea; but the inner port, where the navy yard is stationed, is at all times safe and commodious. This admirable station for the pursuits of commerce attracted the attention of the earliest navigators. So long ago as eight centuries before the christian era, the Phœnicians, having founded Carthage and pushed their dominions beyond the pillars of Hercules, even to Britain, were induced to establish several colonies on the coast of Spain, where the abundance of silver and gold attracted them, even more than the fertility of the soil and the amenity of the climate. Of these colonies, Gades was the principal. Being moreover anxious by every means to strengthen their influence over the minds of the wild and warlike Spaniards, they erected a magnificent temple to enclose the two famous pillars of brass, raised by Hercules, when he came to Spain, about thirteen centuries before the christian era. The existence and character of these pillars, and of the man who reared them, are surrounded by fable and mystery. The most probable account of them is, that one Osiris, an Egyptian chief, having passed into Spain to rescue that country from the tyranny of Geyron, succeeded in conquering and slaying the tyrant in the plain of Tarifa. But he became reconciled to the three sons of Geyron, and left them at liberty. In return for this indulgence, they caused him to be assassinated. Osochor Hercules, the son of Osiris, as soon as he was able, passed into Spain to avenge his father's death. Having arrived with his army before the walls of Cadiz, he is said to have offered the Geyrons, that since their quarrel was a private one, they should spare the blood of their followers and decide it by single combat, and he himself would meet the three sing-

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ly, until he or they should be slain. The Geyrons gladly accepted the challenge, but the force of Hercules prevailed, and the three brothers were slain.. In conclusion, he pacified Spain, built Cadiz, and raised the famous pillars.* They are supposed originally to have had some connexion with the patriarchal religion, like the pillar raised by Jacob; for we read in holy writ, that after having seen the vision the night he slept so uncomfortably in the open air with a stone pillow under his head, the patriarch rose early and 'took the stone he had put for his pillow, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it.' Doubtless like these pillars were also the famous ones of brass, called Jachin and Boaz, erected by Solomon in the temple of Jerusalem, and described by Josephus and in the book of Kings. The word Hercules is conjectured to have been a cognomen added by the Phœnicians, to denote a great voyager or conqueror. Hence it is that we have so many Hercules; the Grecian, the Tyrian, and the Egyptian, each with his distinctive name of Alcides, Agenor and Osochor. From all these wonderful men, who, no doubt, once existed, the Greeks formed a single hero, to whom they have ascribed with due amplification the achievements of the whole number. Thus the eleven labors of Hercules have been made up; the slaughter of the Geyrons being one of them, for which the life of one man is manifestly inadequate; hence, for consistency's sake, Hercules was converted into a god. Osochor the Lybian, who raised these columns, is he from whom the god takes his attributes of the club and the garment formed from the skin of a lion; no unfitting guise for a savage chief famed for his courage and prowess.

Such was the estimation in which this sacred temple was held by the Carthaginians, that Hannibal, when he had taken Saguntum and was about to march towards Rome at the head of one hundred thousand men, though himself an open scoffer at all religion, would not, from respect to his superstitious followers, undertake the expedition without having first made his vows in the temple of Cadiz. So immense were the riches of the temple, that they served to bear the expenses of the second Punic war, and may, indeed, have had something to do with Hannibal's pious visit. Julius Cæsar, too, though he had made Varro disgorge the sacrilegious plunder of the temple, yet when he had gained the battle of Munda, himself took great treasures from it, which doubtless helped to pave the way to his assumption of supreme power. Among the wonders of the temple were the belt of Teucer, and the golden olive tree of Pygmalion. The only statue which was allowed a place in it, except that of the god, was a colossal image of Alexander. It was in the presence of this very image that Cæsar, when he came to Spain as Questor, sighed and even wept to recollect, that at an age when Alexander had conquered the world, he had yet done nothing worthy to be recorded. The priests who offered up the sacrifices in the temple of Hercules, were to be chaste, not by

* They are otherwise attributed to the Tyrian Hercules, who figures in the expedition of the Argonauts.

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vow merely, as the Levites of modern Cadiz—but de facto. They were further to have their heads shaved, feet bare, and robe tucked up. Dogs and flies were piously excluded from the temple of Hercules at Rome; and in this more sacred one of Cadiz, the interdiction was further extended to both pigs and women.

It may be asked what remains are there to bear witness to the existence of this wonderful temple and to the past grandeur of Cadiz, the city which once sent forth the Carthaginian Hanno to explore and colonize Africa. Even the site of the temple remained a problem in modern times, until the year seventeen hundred and thirty, when its ruins were discovered under water near the island of Santi Petri, in consequence of an unusually low tide. This fact, in connexion with some accounts concerning the former extent of Cadiz, prove conclusively that it has been greatly wasted by the attacks of the sea, which, while it abandons the Mediterranean coast of Spain, is daily gaining ground on the side of the Atlantic. I had an opportunity of observing this for myself; for, while I was at Cadiz, a portion of the beautiful wall which surrounds the city had fallen in, in consequence of the encroachments of the sea, and in many other places it was undermined and in a tottering condition.

Cadiz also contained many Phœnician, Greek, and Roman inscriptions and other antiquities. Among them was an odd epitaph, found upon the tomb of some man-hating Cynic, who thought he had fled to the end of the earth. It ran, 'Heliodorus, a Carthaginian madman, ordered me by his will to be put into this sarcophagus, at this farthest extremity of the globe, that he might see whether any one more mad than himself would come as far as this place to see him!' All these memorials of the past vanished in 1597, when Elizabeth sent her favorite Essex with two hundred ships and fifteen thousand men, including seamen and soldiers, to avenge the insults of the haughty Philip and his Invincible Armada. Lord Effingham commanded the fleet, accompanied by all the gallant spirits of the day; Lord Thomas Howard, Sir Corniers Clifford, Sir George Carew, Sir Francis Vere, and Sir Walter Raleigh. The destination of the fleet was not known until after it put to sea, and thus it arrived off Cadiz without any intimation. Essex, when he had prevailed upon the cautious admiral to make the attack, was informed that the queen, careful of his life, had ordered that he should keep himself in the centre of the fleet. He promised to do so; but no sooner did he see Sir Walter Raleigh leading boldly into the inner harbor, under a dreadful fire from the batteries on either side, than throwing his hat overboard he gave way to his impatience, and pressed at once forward into the thickest of the fire. The inner harbor was full of ships newly arrived, and laden with bullion and the precious commodities of America. These were run on shore by the Spanish admiral, the Duke of Medina, and when he saw that the headlong valor of the English was about to prove successful, he caus-

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ed them to be fired. Leaving this scene of conflagration, Essex got possession of Puntalis, and no longer ruled by any will but his own, marched with his soldiers along the narrow causeway which leads from Leon to Cadiz, and regardless of the batteries that swept his ranks, stormed the city sword in hand. The Spaniards fought as usual from house to house, and many of the English were slain; of the Spaniards many more, not less than four thousand, but none in cold blood. When the resistance ceased, the town was given over to plunder, and the generals having taken their stations in the town hall, the principal inhabitants came to kiss their feet. The priests and nuns were dismissed unconditionally; but the rest of the population were compelled to give hostages for the payment of a stipulated ransom. This done, the treasure was embarked, the inhabitants were driven from their homes, and the city was delivered to the flames. Thus perished Cadiz, and with her the statue of Alexander and every trace of present and pristine greatness.*

Upon the later glories, and still later misfortunes of Cadiz, it is unnecessary to enlarge. The commercial prosperity of the city, the thousand masts that filled its port, when this was the only corner of the Peninsula untrod by the foot of the usurper; the fearless proclamation of the Constitution of the year 1812 by the Spanish Cortes, under the very fire of Matagorda; the later revolution in this same island of Leon by Riego and Queiorga, and the very troops who were about to depart to replace the cast off fetters of the free Americans; and finally, the gloomy drama of 1823, are all things of yesterday, in the recollection of every one. But it may not be amiss to take a view of Cadiz, as she now presents herself to the attention of the the stranger. Her population has been lately set down at sixtytwo thousand; but it is doubtless much lessened since the fall of commerce; if any opinion may be formed from the number of vacant houses, to be seen everywhere. To the standing number of the inhabitants, however, must now be added an army of ten thousand French, who have their quarters in and about the city. These add much to the life and gaiety of the place, in both of which particulars it would without them be very deficient. They are the soul of the theatres, the public walks, and the coffee houses, where soldiers and officers meet as on a neutral ground, captains going with captains, lieutenants with their equals, and corporals with corporals, and where of whatever grade they are equally conspicuous for correct deportment and civility. I have often been amused with the conversation of the common soldiers and sub-officers. Sometimes they admire the

* The plunder is said to have amounted to eight millions of ducats, and six millions perished with the fleet. The loss by the universal conflagration, like the misery consequent upon it, is of course inestimable. See Hume. Mariana. James' History of Straits, &c.

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beauty of a female whom they have just passed or who is walking before them, speaking critically of whatever is pleasing and lovely in her face or figure, and talking, perhaps purposely, in a high whisper, that they may be overheard, as if by accident, by the object of their admiration—not so loud as to embarrass, yet just loud enough to please and flatter. Sometimes, too, and much oftener, they talk about the prospects of war and gaining glory and advancement; the corporal declaims upon *la tactique militaire*, and sighs for *quelque peu de promotion*, the height of his present ambition being to win the half silver epaulette of the sergeant major, or to become a sub-lieutenant and reach the first step above the rank of *sous officier*. Even in their cups and revelry these lighthearted fellows continue to amuse; and when sometimes they sit too long over the hardy wines of Spain, forgetting that they have not to deal with the *petits vins* of their province, instead of passing insults, which among them can never be washed away except by blood, instead of pulling out their swords, or belaboring each other with their fists, which they never do, whether drunk or sober, they seem, on the contrary, overcome with a rare kindness, and the most drunken fellow of the company is taken with the fancy of assisting his companions in this their helpless condition. Should a sudden reel of this officious assistant, or the twisting of his spur or sabre, bring a whole group to the ground, instead of coming to blows they laugh at the accident, and fall to hugging and kissing each other. Hardy and intrepid upon the field of battle, the social sentiment is strong in the breast of the Frenchman—frank, generous, and loyal, he is a stranger to jealousy and suspicion, he is ever ready to give his hand to a friend and lay his heart at the feet of the nearest fair one.

On the Sunday which I passed in Cadiz, I was so fortunate as to witness a military mass, performed for the benefit of the soldiery. At the proper hour the general arrived and took his seat, attended by his staff, and the veteran colonels of the different regiments, their breasts decorated with stars and other insignia. Presently the advancing troops are heard, and by and by they enter the church with clang of drum and trumpet; the arches resound to the stern orders of the commander, and the pavement rattles with their descending muskets. The veteran *Sapeurs* with their bear-skin caps, their long beards, white aprons and shouldered axes, march boldly up the steps of the altar, and seem, like a presbyterian prayer, ready to take heaven by holy violence. The drums are silent; the din of arms ceases; not a whisper is heard; and the solemn service commences. At length the Host is elevated to the contemplation of the multitude, a bell rings, and the soldiers with uncovered heads and arms reversed, kneel humbly upon the pavement. At that moment a gently swelling burst of music is heard resounding in the dome, dissolving the soul into tenderness, and soothing it with the promise of reconciliation.

Though no nation and no soldiers are calculated to ingratiate themselves like the French, yet a yoke, whether it be made of wood or iron, is always heavy to the wearer. There are many abuses consequent upon this military occupation, injurious alike to the nation and the

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city, and which are likely to continue for a long while; for these new masters seem firmly fixed at Cadiz, which they certainly have as good a right to, and, for aught we know, are as likely to keep as the English to maintain Gibraltar.* The French government, it seems, openly countenances the contraband introduction of goods from France, with the view of giving enlarged outlets to the national industry. Thus whole cargoes of flour, provisions, and even fancy goods are landed under the pretence of being stores for the army; for it is one of the stipulations in the treaty between the two nations, that all stores for the use of the auxiliary armies may be introduced from France, free of charge. The government is, doubtless, unwise in encouraging these practices, or at least in employing its military and naval officers in such service; for any slight advantage that may be thus gained by the monopoly of a lucrative trade, is more than counterbalanced by the moral injury which it produces upon the military character. The best proof of this is found in the result. The French ships of war, stationed at Cadiz, instead of cruising about to gain that nautical experience which the officers so greatly need, remain almost constantly in port. The officers pass the greater part of the time in the gaieties of the shore, or employ themselves in smuggling valuable goods into Cadiz and the environs; nay, to so shameful an extent is this thing carried, that I have even heard of their going on board an American ship, newly arrived from the Havana, to offer their assistance in landing any Spanish cigars that the captain might be anxious to send on shore without encountering the vexations of the customhouse. This sickly and demoralizing contraband, with an occasional arrival from the colonies, and a coasting trade, frequently interrupted by the South American pirates, comprise the whole commerce of this once flourishing mart. The impoverishment consequent upon such a decline, in a place entirely destitute of agricultural resources, is sufficiently obvious; and the evil has been increased into tenfold misery by the proscription of many patriots—a class more numerous and respectable in Cadiz than elsewhere;—the confiscation of their property, and abandonment of their families to starvation and ignominy. This misery speaks for itself. Scarce, indeed, may one go forth into the streets by day or night, without being pursued by crowds of beggars, and not unfrequently by women decently dressed, who still preserve a semblance of their former elegance, though begging their daily bread; or worst of all, seeking a market for the charms of a daughter, born like themselves, not merely to loveliness and beauty, but likewise to wealth and a good name, and the prospect of the happiest connexions.

The decline of Cadiz is however, so modern a disaster, that it still continues to maintain its beauty; it is indeed, so far as streets and houses and general disposition go, the handsomest city in Spain, and

*Cadiz is now evacuated.

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one of the handsomest in the world. It is entirely surrounded by a fine wall, washed by the waves, within which is a rampart, forming the complete circuit of the city and affording a continuous walk, which commands a broad view of the sea without, or of the bay and distant land and the narrow isthmus leading to the Isla. Within this rampart lies the city, beautifully laid out with abundance of squares, and fine streets with side walks, crossing each other at right angles. The houses are very beautiful, as well as admirably adapted to the climate. They are built in the style which was introduced by the Arabs and is now general throughout Spain; being of two stories, with a square in the centre, and a double gallery, supported on columns of marble, running round the interior. In summer an awning is spread over the area of this square, and being wet from time to time, the place is always kept cool. The sun is never permitted to enter this pleasant retreat, where the evening *tertulia* is held; where the chocolate is served, and the lover is admitted to touch his guitar and pour out his passson in the eloquence of song, or to listen to a sweeter melody and catch the spirit of wit and merriment from the frolic sallies of some bewitching Gaditana. The windows on the street reach from the ceiling to the tile floor, so as to leave a free passage for the air. Each has a balcony, furnished with a green veranda, through the lattices of which you may sometimes catch sight of a fair tenant, sitting amid plants and flowers, covering a handkerchief with the elaborate embroidery which the Spanish ladies love, whilst the rose, the geranium, and the lavender encompass her with perfumes, and the canary which hangs above, pleased with a climate kindly as his own, keeps constantly greeting her with his song.

There are no regular sights at Cadiz in the way of paintings and public buildings. The convents and churches are in smaller numbers and on a poorer footing than elsewhere; for they and commerce do not seem to have flourished together. There are, however, several benevolent institutions which do great credit to the public spirit of Cadiz; such are the Almshouse, where several hundreds of poor people are maintained at the public expense, doing what they can towards supporting themselves, and receiving pay for what they earn over and above their own maintenance; the Academy of San Fernando, where the fine arts are gratuitously taught with even greater skill than at Madrid. Such also is the Society of Friends of the Country, similar to that of Madrid. The patriotic individuals who compose it, have here established a garden for the acclimation of valuable foreign plants and other productions. Among other things that may be seen in this garden, is the cochineal bug. The eggs of the female are put in a little piece of gauze, and pinned to a leaf of the prickly pear. When hatched, they crawl through the apertures of the gauze, and spread themselves over the plant, which furnishes them with food. When they have gained the full growth, and are bloated with blood which furnishes the dye, they are knocked with a knife from the plant into some liquid which destroys life. They are then packed up in their natural state, and become a marketable article. This bug was for a long while con-

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sidered the seed of some Mexican plant; but the agricultural societies of Cadiz, Seville, and Malaga, are now busily employed in distributing them gratuitously among the cultivators. As the plant and insect thrive well in this genial climate, and require very little trouble and attention, this most precious of all dyes, which furnishes the manufacturer with his scarlet crimson, the landscape painter with his carmine, and the frail and palefaced with their rouge, is likely to become both cheap and abundant.

The best view of Cadiz, to give a general idea of its situation and appearance, is from the top of the signal tower. Thence the eye takes in a prospect, which, to those but little accustomed to sea scenery, must indeed be enchanting. If you look eastward, your eye follows the narrow causeway leading to Leon, takes in the batteries that defend the inner harbor, and discovers the verdant coast, whitened at intervals by many villages. Medina Sidonia, founded by the Phœnicians of Sidon, rears itself in the distance; and farther yet may be faintly seen the cloud-covered mountains of Ronda. Returning seaward, you follow the line of the bay and point to Puerto Real, Santa Maria, and Rota, taking in the fleet that floats in the roads, and the ships that everywhere cover the sea, where wave succeeds wave in dwindled perspective, until far in the west it is seen to blend its blue outline with the kindred azure of the sky.

Nor does Cadiz itself lose anything when thus seen from above. Instead of the awkward combination of tile roofs and chimnies, which the tops of houses usually offer, we have here a level surface smoothly plastered, connecting all the houses of the same block, where the lame devil could hop about with much greater convenience and security than upon the breakneck roofs of Madrid, and of which sundry devils who are not lame, though they deserve to be so, make use to pass nocturnally from house to house. In overlooking this range of roofs, you can trace the interior courts with the noisy streets and public places, whilst the pleasanter region above is covered in some instances with orange trees and flower pots. Almost every house has its towering kiosk, where, in the cool of the evening, the wealthier classes of Gaditanos and Gaditanas repair, to enjoy the view and fly kites, for which diversion men, women, and children, have an equal bias. Even the great Ferdinand caught the kite flying infection, as he would have caught the yellow fever, had he made his visit a few years sooner; for while the greater Angouleme—Pacificator of Andujar—was debauching the easy virtue of the Trocadero, and buying the privilege of having his deeds of arms emblazoned upon the arch reared in honor of the little Napoleon, Ferdinand was flying his royal kite and smoking *habaneros puros*—indifferent to the result of a contest, which was merely to decide whether he was to be henceforth the servant of the Constitution or the slave of the clergy.

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But let me not forget the Plaza-de-San Antonio, nor, least of all, the shady Alameda; for these are the nightly resort of all the fashion and beauty of Cadiz. No one who has been there has ever dared to gainsay the charms of the Gaditana—none to deny that, of all the creatures in creation, she is the most lovely, the most enchanting. She is, for the most part, tall, slender waisted, and delicate; yet no one who had an eye to the healthy fullness of her cheek and other occasional indications of *embonpoint*—or, to keep to our own tongue, of good condition—and to the assured precision and elasticity of her step, would ever accuse her of leanness or flaccidity. As for her ankle, it is round and springy, and is seen to tenfold advantage through the silken network of her stocking. Her well turned foot, ready at each step to abandon its little slipper, is taken up and put down again naturally, and without affectation, yet with an exquisite grace. Her *basquinia*, once a petticoat of mohair, but now a silken gown, is festooned with cord and tassels or golden bells, and loaded with lead so as to fit closely round a form, to which the climate allows the incumbrance of but a single additional garment. Whilst the right hand opens and shuts the fan, or waves it with wondrous volubility in signal of recognition, the glossy taper fingers of the left, strung with gold and precious stones, confine the floating sides of the mantilla, and assist in concealing those charms the *basquinia* alone is scarce able to cover. The rich folds of the mantilla give a spread and dignity to the bust, yet do by no means conceal the jet black festoons of her hair, her round and sunny cheek, her coral lips, and those black and brilliant eyes, now full of animation and fire, now ready to dissolve with tenderness, and seeming to beseech you to woo and to win her. No where does the material woman reach the perfection of Cadiz; nowhere does she attain so rare a grace. There is, indeed, a charm in every look of the Gaditana, a harmony, a fascination in each well poised movement, that at once storms the senses and breaks through the barrier of the most stubborn morality.*

* It is a little remarkable, that in all ages the females of Cadiz have been famous for their singular grace and beauty. Under the Roman domination their fame knew no other limits than those of the empire, throughout which they were noted for their elegance, their gaiety, and their powers of fascination; nay, the women of pleasure reared there, were allowed to understand the art of making a gallant happy, better than any others in Europe. If we may believe the Childe, the race has by no means degenerated in these days of the basquinia and mantilla.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

KINGDOM OF SEVILLE.

Levanter.—The Tartana and her Company.—Leave Cadiz.—Return and take Horse.—Leon; Carraca; and the Sacred Salt Pans.—Chiclana and Vegel.—Night Ride in the Mountains.—The Nightingale.—Morning Ride and Robber Scenes.—First View of Gibraltar.—The Mouth of Fire.—Contrast.

One of my first cares on reaching Cadiz had been to look up a vessel bound to Gibraltar. For this purpose I was referred to one Signor Maccaroni, a pains-taking Italian who kept a petty shop near to the Plaza de Mar, for the sale of seamen's clothing. As a collateral branch of trade, he received the consignment of small craft, commanded by his countrymen, into whose hands the chief coasting trade of Spain is now fallen; for vessels are no longer able to sail, even coastwise, under Spanish colors, from the numbers and boldness of the South American pirates. I found in the Signor, a thin-legged, meagre-faced little man, snuffed to death, and wasted with the cares of business. When he had learned my desire, he told me in modified and sweetened Spanish and in a great hurry, that he had something that would suit me exactly; that there was a *tartana* which he had just been clearing at the custom house, and that if the levanter stopped blowing, God willing, it should set sail the next morning. We were yet talking the matter over, when the skipper of the *tartana* entered—a stout, double fisted, hale old man, with a white weather beaten face, and eyes screwed up to a focus from much looking at squalls and levanters. We were soon agreed concerning the price, and the skipper, who had been reconnoitring the heavens, added that the clouds were rising in the west and there was a prospect of wind from that quarter. The clouds, however, rose to little purpose; they were driven back again by the levanter, which continued to blow on, all prognostications of the weatherwise to the contrary notwithstanding. This state of things continued, day after day, for nearly a week. It is quite bad enough to suffer from impatience and disappointment under any circumstances, and in a levanter, where mingled languor and irritability comes over the whole creation, the case becomes intolerable. He who has been at Cadiz at such a time will never forget his sensations. They are well described by Fischer in his interesting letters on Spain. 'When the *solano* blows at Cadiz, the wind comes pregnant with suffocating vapors from the African desert; the atmosphere has the appearance of bluish vapor, and seems fairly on fire; and the sun,

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as seen through it, looks large and broken: the sea becomes calm and smooth, the water so warm that the fish come panting to the surface. The air is close and burning, like the atmosphere of an oven, and the birds show their uneasiness in it by flying in a lower region; dogs hide themselves; cats seem in a rage; mules gasp and stagger; fowls become restless; and pigs roll over in the dust. In man it produces tension of the nerves, renders circulation slower, and excites to excess and voluptuousness; the imagination is bewildered; the senses inebriated; and all abandon themselves to a resistless instinct which is excited by solicitation and authorised by example.'*

Everything, however, has its end, and so has a levanter. At length the wind became calm in the night, and with the morning sun a breeze sprang up from the west, bringing with it the refreshing air of the ocean. Our captain went round, beating up the quarters of his passengers, and before the ebb tide began to make at noon, we were all snugly deposited upon the deck of the little *tartana*. She turned out to be a vessel of about thirty tons, with one large lateen sail, a jib, and jigger, which was planted upon the tafrail and took care of itself without assistance from the crew. As for the cabin, it was about six feet long with two beggarly births, which served as benches; one of which was assigned to a female passenger, the other to me. A little table constituted the only furniture of the cabin, and a colored print of the Virgin from a picture of Raphael, its only ornament. This formed a sort of shrine against the rudder case. As we were sailing under the auspices of her ladyship and indeed bore her name, the little barque being called the Virgin of Carmel, so soon as I discovered her presence, I hastened to make my obeisance. Among our passengers was a rough spoken, but shrewd and sensible Catalan, who was going to Lisbon, but who not being able to sail direct, from the existing nonintercourse growing out of the fear of constitutional contagion, had obtained a passport to return to Catalonia, intending to shape his course according to his own fancy, when he should find himself in Gibraltar. Beside the female passenger there were several other women who sat in the hold. There was also a Moor of Tetuan. He was a middle sized, well looking man, with a large white turban over a red cap; a pair of big cloth breeches that were

* This coincides exactly with what we are told in the excellent work of Bowles, on the Natural History and Physical Geography of Spain. 'El viento solano es tan perjudicial en Cadiz como en Sevilla, donde trastorna la cabeza y enciende la sangre de modo que mientras reyma, se ven excesos de todas especias, cuando sopla diez o doce dias en Cadiz causa los mismos desordenes, introduce grande acrimonia en la sangre, sobre todo en las mugeres, poniendo en tal tension sus fibras, que algunas llegan a padecer el furor uterino, y no cesan los sintomas hasta que los vientos contrarios discipan sus malignas influencias.

'Lo que dice Fischer del "ejemplo publico" se puede interpretar literalmente. Yo he visto de mis ojos en varios cuidades de Andalucia, que cuando sopla el solano y aun cuando no sopla, las calles abiertas no ofrecen siempre altares, des-denados, para los sacrificios de Venus.

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put on with a drawing string or sash; and a neat blue jacket, slashed at the sleeves and covered with embroidery. A loose *haick* or cloth overcoat, without cape or collar, completed his costume. He had traded many years to Spain in a petty barter of fruit, slippers, and other productions of his country, and spoke the language well, though with an addition to the strongly guttural accent which is proper to it, and which, doubtless, had its origin from the intercourse with his countrymen during the period of their domination. He was an intelligent, liberal fellow enough, and, with the exception of his dress which was completely national, he looked less like an Arab or Moor than many Spaniards, to be daily met with in Andalusia. Indeed, his ancestors were of Granadian origin, and his name of Bueno-Muhamad-Bueno, as I saw it endorsed on his passport, had certainly as much of Spanish in it as of Arabic. He seemed too to have a strong feeling of pride for Andalusia, and boasted much of its luxuriance and beauty. He spoke of its mild temperature; its pleasant sky; of the regularity of the seasons; of the valuable mines contained in its mountains; the fertility of the soil, and the variety and abundance of its productions; its excellent wheat, delicious fruits, the beauty and perfumes of its flowers, and the value of many plants, which now grow unknown and ungathered upon its mountains; but above all he seemed to remember the freshness and abundance of the waters, which trickle everywhere down the side of its mountains, slaking the thirst of men and animals, and quickening the earth with fertility and beauty. His countrymen, though now they could scarce procure the privilege of passing like strangers over its soil, had once introduced many plants and trees before unknown, and which now form its greatest riches; as well as the system of cultivation, still practised by the Spaniards. Though Muhamad seemed a familiar, amusing fellow, he was yet a strict observer of the tenets and prescriptions of his faith. After making a sparing meal of some fried fish, which he brought with him in a straw pannier, he washed his hands carefully, over the side for the purpose; and at sundown, turning his back upon the west, he bent forward in a reverential posture, aud seemed busied in his devotions.

As soon as the skipper arrived on board, he hastened to remove his beaver hat, high heeled boots, and a long blue coat, which, to use a sea phrase, sheeted close home to his ankles. These being snugly deposited in a chest, were replaced by a broad brimmed tarpaulin, a pair of canvass trowsers, which had stiffened to the shape of his legs, and a well worn jacket, that had little to fear either from tar or tallow. This done, the captain hopped upon deck, quite himself again, and began bustling about to hoist the boat in and lash it to the deck, prepare the sails and rigging for evolutions, and shorten in the cable. The remaining time until high water was employed in writing the log; a task which was executed under the direction of the captain by

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a young Spaniard of broken down appearance, whose *cachuca* might have bespoken the victim of some political heresy.* As for the skipper himself, though his appearance and conversation would have promised better things, he could not write a word, not even his own name, though Italian and made up of vowels. The scribe was not the only Spaniard of our crew; they were nearly all of that nation, the vessel itself being owned in Cadiz, though sailing as the property of the Genoese captain. Nothing that I had yet seen in Spain furnished so complete an illustration of her fallen fortunes. Here was the property of a nation, which in the last century claimed the rank of the second naval power in the world, forced to skulk and take refuge under the banner of a petty Italian state.

When the ebb began to make, we loosed and spread our sails, weighed anchor and turned to windward, until the lighthouse, which stands upon the point of rocks, west of Cadiz, was completely under our lee. We then bore away to the south, with flowing sheets, and when the sun sank behind the well defined horizon, Cadiz with its snow-white dwellings, its many belvederes and lofty light-tower, grew low and trembled, as we rose and fell upon the waves, and seemed ready to merge into the ocean. Thus we went quietly forward; the wind was light, and the sea was covered in every direction with vessels large and small, intersecting each other's tracks, as with various intent, though with equal assiduity, they sought or abandoned the port, or stood for the entrance of the Mediterranean.

Having discussed the leg of a capon and some Seville bread, seasoned with a bottle of Manzanilla, sent me by a friend, while the captain and crew were busy with the humbler fare of oil, vinegar, garlic, and red herrings, I continued rolled in my cloak and reclining upon the deck until a late hour, beguiled by the interesting conversation of the Moor and the well sung song of our Italian captain. At last overcome with sleep, I sought out my birth below. It was filthy enough, and by no means exclusively my own; yet the dash of the water as we cut it with our prow, the roll of our little bark, and the flapping of the sails, all promoted drowsiness, and soon put me to sleep with the prospect of waking the next morning at Gibraltar. But this world is one of disappointment, more especially the watery portion. In truth, it was not long after midnight before I was roused by the quickened roll of the *tartana*, the shifting of sails, rustling of cordage, and noise of feet upon deck, as the seamen obeyed the orders of their skipper. The women, too, in the hold, as well as my fellow passenger in the cabin, who had ate heartily of the provisions the evening before, were now paying the customary forfeit, retching, sighing, and bewailing their fate, in a way to inspire the pity of any one but a sailor. Gathering myself up, I projected my head above the companion, when the mystery was soon

* Caps were the badge of the Constitutionals.

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solved by the doleful note of the captain, as he stood at the helm looking reproachfully at the wind, and crying—'*Levante! levante!*' The fact was, that though there had been a light western breeze on our departure from Cadiz, yet the wind and sea still continued to move out of the Mediterranean. Nevertheless, as there is uniformly a strong current running into the Straits, I took it for granted that there would be nothing to hinder us from proceeding in our bark, which, though small, was better adapted to encounter head winds and stormy weather, than the deckless caravels, in which the countryman of our skipper had started three centuries before, from nearly the same point, in search of a world. The result showed that I had not made due allowance for the creeping caution of Mediterranean mariners. For, on returning to the deck at sunrise, I found that the skipper had been frightened back by the bigness of the waves. The direction of our prow was changed from south to north, the bold head-land of Trafalgar was fading from view, and the white dwellings of Cadiz were again rising above the horizon, like the marble monuments of a grave-yard. The disappointed and unwelcome feeling with which Cadiz now broke upon me, excited the comparison. The evening before I had parted with the place in an excellent humor and with the happiest impressions, admiring its beauty, and exclaiming with the poet—'Adieu! fair Cadiz! yea, a long adieu!'—But now, at the expiration of a dozen hours, I was ready to send it to the devil.

As we beat out of the harbor the night before, so now we had to beat in again. Every one on board looked unhappy; the women had gone through their sea sickness to no purpose; the captain seamed his forehead into such a fearful frown that the number of wrinkles were doubled, and even the face of the philosophic Moor had grown longer by a fathom. I was no stranger to their feelings; and when I landed upon the wharf, encountered anew the persecutions of the *aduaneros*, passed through the Plaza-de-Mar, and by the shop of the little Italian, who was astonished to see me, and assailed me with a volley of irritating questions, I really felt miserable. Every one seemed to be pointing at me and pitying my disappointment. I felt unwilling to meet the friend whose kindness had rendered my stay at Cadiz so agreeable, and of whom I had taken leave for at least the half dozenth time. I was almost ashamed even to return to the inn, though an innkeeper seldom tires of exercising hospitality.

Determined to encounter robbers, murder, and any other inconvenience, rather than trust again to the uncertainty of the elements, I looked up a couple of horses and a guide the next morning, and after breakfast set out from Cadiz, bag and baggage. Our horses were sturdy, active beasts, with long and shaggy manes and tails, an indication of having, like their compatriot, Rosinante, the further advantage of being horses of all points. I was mounted upon the lighter beast of the two, with a large Spanish or rather Moorish saddle, high before

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and behind, with broad stirrups of sheet iron, which, being pointed at the corners, served the additional purpose of spurs. The bridle was single with a heavy curb bit, by means of which one could bring the horse from a gallop back in a twinkling upon his haunches. A pack saddle being accommodated upon the back of the other animal, my trunk was secured upon it crosswise, and behind it sat the guide, directing his horse, though a spirited animal, by means of a halter. As for my guide and only companion in this expedition, he was a stout and fine looking Gallego, of about forty years, who had begun by being a porter in Cadiz, and having got together a little money had bought horses and now served as a guide to travellers wishing to pass to Seville or Ronda, Gibraltar or Malaga. Though dressed in a jacket and tight breeches and leggins, after the manner of Andalusia, he still preserved a memento of Gallicia in the color of his dress, the favorite green of his native mountains. He proved to be a faithful, active, sprightly, and well disposed fellow, so that I soon felt at home in his company.

Leaving Matagarda and the notorious Trocadero on the left, together with Fort St Louis, built by that sturdy old cruiser Dugay Trouin, we came over a Roman causeway to the Isla de Leon, forever memorable as the birthplace of the second Constitution. This place, called also the city of San Fernando, contains the principal observatory of Spain, where the Nautical Almanac and Ephemeris are still calculated and published for the benefit of navigators and astronomers. Carraca, too, which lies in the neighbourhood and opens upon the bay of Cadiz, was once the first arsenal of Spain and the great stronghold of her naval prowess. There was little left to indicate its character and uses. Of the eighty ships of the line, which Spain could have sent to sea at the close of the last century, only one was anywhere to be seen. It was, as my guide told me, one of those brought from Russia in the year 1820, to carry out the expedition destined to reestablish order in America, and which chose rather to turn its attention to the redress of domestic grievances. As it lay abandoned, without anchor or cable, with a single mast standing, and careened against a mud bank, it furnished a fit yet mournful emblem of national decline.

Having passed through a sandy tract, which, like Cadiz, seems a sort of neutral ground, in dispute between land and water, and destined, if we may believe experience, to fall entirely under the dominion of the latter, we at length crossed the arm of the sea which insulates the Isla, and trod upon terra firma of a less equivocal character. In looking back from this point, many conical heaps of salt, produced by the evaporation of sea water, may be seen rising like tents upon the even surface of the shore. Salt being, as well as tobacco, one of the governmental monopolies, is sold at so high a price to the natives, as even to check the use of it to a certain extent. At the same time the people of the neighbourhood may see foreigners come and take it away by the ship load and for a mere song. The Spaniards neither understand nor

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admire this odious distinction. They are willing to pay a good high price to government for their scanty pittance of tobacco, because it comes from the *extrangero;* but this measuring out of salt, a produce of their own country, by the quart to Spaniards, and by the bushel to the English, is an economical subtlety altogether beyond their comprehension. They, perhaps, find some cause of consolation in the pious name bestowed upon the salt pans, from which they receive their supply; for here ships, shops, boats, and coaches have by no means the exclusive appropriation of the Virgin. What think you of the *Salina de Maria Santisima?* and what of the *Salina del Dulcisimo Nombre de Jesus?*

Chiclana, through which we next passed, is a pretty, pleasant place, which, in the better days of Cadiz, originated in the wealth of her merchants, who built summer houses here, their daily retreat from the dust and drudgery of the shop and warehouse. Hence its honorary surname, Aranjuez of Cadiz. Leaving Chiclana, our road passed over a sandy country, covered at intervals with pine forests and broken into hill and dale. It became still more irregular, the mountains higher, and the ravines deeper, as we advanced, gaining greatly, however, in fertility. This was especially the case at Vegel, where we halted to dine and refresh our horses, during the heat of the day. Vegel is one of the most singular places in Spain. It stands with an imposing attitude upon the very pinnacle of a precipitous mountain, which rises to the sudden height of near a thousand feet above the little stream, with its corresponding valley, by which it is almost encircled. Without, rises an amphitheatre of still higher mountains, which everywhere bound the horizon and insolate this little spot within a world of its own. The situation is impregnable, and this, as well as the singular fertility of the surrounding country, must have rendered it a chosen hold of the Moors, an agricultural and pastoral people, who, while they sought out and fortified the strongest posts to check invasion and perpetuate their conquest, were ever alive to the natural beauties of the country. It had evidently been an important city in their time, judging from the many remains of towers and defences, which still crown the crest of the hill, and from the now deserted caves dug into its steep side, to aid in lodging a redundant population. The whole slope from the tower down to the valley, though very precipitous, forms a continuous vineyard, which is reached when the vines are to be pruned or the fruit gathered, by zigzag steps and terraces. As for the valley below, it is a perfect garden, planted with fields of wheat and groves of orange, the chosen abode of the nightingale.

While our dinner was preparing, I was near being arrested in my journey, through the igorance and stupidity of a customhouse officer, who, in examining my trunk for money or other articles of contraband, happened to fall upon a bundle of despatches, which even Cacaruco had spared, and which he seemed determined that I should carry no

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farther. In vain did I explain to him that they were for the government of the United States and sealed with the seal of the American minister; he had never heard either of the place or the individual. Equally in vain did I show him a duplicate passport from the minister of the interior, ordering all whom it might concern to help me forward in my journey, and headed by a long list of titles and honorary distinctions. All was of no avail, and I should certainly have been arrested, unless some more sensible person should discover that I was neither spy nor conspirator and send me off with the comfort of an apology, had I not hastened to make use of a nostrum, which I carried in my pocket, and which at once quieted every qualm of the functionary. Relieved of this troublesome fellow and refreshed by food and repose, we set forward at four from Vegel and passed along the little stream, which is navigable for small vessels nearly to the foot of the mountain. When we turned aside, the surface of the country became broken, rugged, and almost uninhabited. This was especially the case in crossing a mountain which lay in our way, and to which we came at nightfall. Here ragged oaks and equally ragged cork trees completely beset our path, and seemed to dispute possession of the niggard soil. There was now, as throughout the journey, no road, but a variety of diverging paths, of which the guide chose the most direct. Though the descent was sometimes so steep and intricate that the path seemed completely closed a few feet in advance, yet our horses picked their way along with infinite sagacity and without any hesitation. But if they took care of themselves, they left us too to do the same. We had now to lie flat upon the saddle to escape the branch of a tree; now to lift a foot or swing both legs on one side to avoid the contact of a rock.

Descending this inhospitable mountain, we reached the level country below, seemingly fertile and rich in natural productions, and needing only the the seconding efforts of man, to become a perfect paradise. We found it, however, but little cultivated, and abandoned to cattle and brood mares, with, here and there, the hut of a herdsman. Of their neighbourhood we were always notified at the distance of a mile or more by the snuffing and neighing of our horses, who seemed often disposed to wander from the beaten track in search of company. My fellow, who found he had to deal with a stranger, was especially wrong headed and obstinate; indeed, he required much jirking of the bridle and forcible persuasion from the sharp corners of my stirrups, to curb his licentiousness and bring him back to a sense of duty. We paused at several of the huts that lay in our way, to light a cigar or beg a glass of water, and the guide would take such as were of his acquaintance aside and talk with them in a low tone, inquiring, as I presumed, whether the road were open and free from *salteadores*. Other huts, whose tenants were in bad odor among the muleteers, were passed at a gallop, to prevent the trunk from being discovered and avoid investigation, which might prove troublesome. As we shot by, we could see

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all that was going on within;—the faggots heaped up and crackling in the huge chimney which rose from the centre of the building, the women busied with the evening meal, and the swarthy, skin-clad peasants with neglected beard and shaggy hair, sitting upon the sill, their bright eyes gleaming from the reflection of the fire, whereas they could only catch an indistinct glance at our figures as we darted through the glare of the door way.

Towards ten o'clock, we began to ascend a second mountain, and when near the top halted at an obscure stopping place, where we were to pass the night. It was a small cottage built of stones and mud, and thatched with straw. It consisted as usual of a single story, with the earth for a floor, and the sooty roof for a ceiling. The chimney rose from the centre, the side upon which it opened served as a kitchen and eating room, the other half of the dwelling was screened off for a general bedroom. Opposite was a shed for the horses. Diego, upon whom fell all the cares of providing for the journey, hastened to order such food as might be found in our humble caravansary. This was not very choice;—some bacon broiled before the fire, and a huge earthen basin containing eggs and garlic, floating about in the oil, which had served to fry them. A ride of fifty miles, the mountain air and the evening breeze, had prepared me to assist in despatching this pittance. That business disposed of, Diego sought out the stable, stretched himself beside his horses and went to sleep to the music of their jaws as they discussed their barley; and I, before throwing myself on the less inviting bed, prepared for me in the adjoining room, wandered out to take a draught of the fresh breeze, perfumed as it was by the thousand aromatic plants that grow wild upon the mountains of Andalusia.

There I found an inducement to linger much longer than I had anticipated. I had been already delighted during the day's ride especially after sunset and the commencement of twilight, by the singing of nightingales, which abound in Spain, and particularly in Andalusia. On this occasion there were two perched upon neighbouring trees, in which were doubtless the nests of the females. They sung alternately and evidently waited for each other; the one only commencing some time after the other had finished. Thus they exercised a degree of deference and politeness towards each other, not always observed in the colloquies of more reasonable creatures. Their prevailing note was, as usual, that sweet and swelling strain, which, beginning in a low whistle, passes from rapid quavers to well articulated modulations, and grows fuller and fuller for a few seconds, until it reaches the pitch of force and melody, thence declining to a close by an equally happy and harmonious gradation. This pleasing contest reminded me of Pliny's animated, and perhaps rather imaginative, description of this little musician; how the young ones go to school to the old, listen attentively to their lesson and strive to repeat it; how the more experienced song-

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sters dispute among themselves for the palm of supremacy, and grow obstinate in the contest, the conquered, at length, losing his life, and rather renouncing his respiration than his song. I had passed nearly two years in Europe, and from living mostly in cities had missed hearing this bird until now. A friend had told me in reference to the received opinion of its mournful, melancholy note, 'you will find it a lively, sprightly bird, and its song the joyful outpouring of a healthy, hearty, happy individual.' And so indeed it proved. I at once became enamoured of the litte songster, who has all the vivacity, the fulness of tone, and melody, without any of the confused jumble of our self-complacent bobalink, much of the skill and judgment of the mock-bird, without any of his mocking.* When, some months afterwards, having in vain sought to steal unseen upon him in the bushes which resounded with his melody, I at length caught sight of the rusty little songster, in a cage which furnished his coyness with no concealment, I wondered with the naturalist that so small and mean a body should supply so loud a voice; such a fund of spirit and earnestness.† On this occasion the music of the nightingale fell upon my ear with the charm of novelty; it beguiled me of the repose required for the renewal of our journey; and when I at length found myself in the filthy, and over-tenanted sleeping room, and upon the comfortless bed that had been assigned me, I thought it was but a poor exchange for the calm star-light without, the sweet breath of the mountain, and the song of the *ruisenior*.

The next morning we were in motion at an early hour. Several countrymen who had passed the night in the same cottage, and who were going to San Roque, willingly availed themselves of our company. If our road had been rough and even dangerous the day before, it became still more so this morning, in crossing the higher ranges of mountains, which here form a barrier between the waters of the Atlantic and Mediterranean. Precipices towered high around us; rocks were piled on rocks in defiance of symmetry, whilst between lay ravines of yawning depth, whose horrors were magnified by being imperfectly seen through the ragged branches of the cork trees. As we wound through these mountain defiles, our little party found a doubtful pleasure, as usual, in recounting the robber stories by which the rocks and trees and occasional crosses were consecrated.

During ten years that Diego had travelled this road, he had been attacked three times by banditti and robbed twice. Once, when he had rode nearly through a narrow pass, and heard himself called upon by the robbers in ambush with the usual war cry of '*A tierra, ladron!*'—he had turned his horse short round, and calling to those who followed to do the same, hurried away at a gallop. The exasperated marauders jumped at once from the concealment and taking aim as he fled, greeted him with a volley from their carbines. One of the balls took effect in the haunch of his horse, the other in

* I would not be understood to give the palm to the nightingale. It belongs undisputedly to the mocking-bird.

† Tanta vox tam parvo in corpusculo, tam pertinax spiritus.—PLINY.

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his own thigh; but he got away by dint of hoof to the nearest dwelling, and in another fortnight he was again in the saddle.

The year before, he had been plundered at the bottom of the ravine at which we were arriving, by *carboneros*, who had been making charcoal in the neighbouring woods, and had prepared to close their campaign by besetting all the paths and taking every one who passed during the day. The Gallego had been allowed to cross the ravine in security, and had entered the path beyond, when he heard a sudden rustling in the bushes, and footsteps behind him, accompanied by the usual salutation. Trusting to his former success, he pressed the flanks of his horse and struck forward. But he had scarce galloped a few steps, when he found a fellow directly in his path, pointing his gun right at his eye, and seemingly in the very act of pulling trigger. There was no alternative. He stopped his horse, threw himself upon the ground, and lay flat upon his face, in hopes thus to deprecate the rage of the robbers. The goodness of his horse, and a new jacket and hat with a pair of worked leggings, which he had bought the last time he was in Seville, plead strongly in his favor, and he was permitted to go away barelegged and hatless.

When I thought what a loss this must have been to my poor Gallego, I could not help reflecting what small inducements there were in Spain to industry and economy. In that country there is neither truth nor reason in the commonly received adage, 'honesty is the best policy.' Another of our party had been caught in the same scrape, and had been stripped to his shoes and beaten into a jelly, for having attempted to conceal a few reals, which he had with him. Nay, they tied his hands and feet and left him at a distance from the road, where he might have died of heat and hunger, had he not been relieved by some good Samaritan, who happened as he passed to catch the sound of his lamentations.

When we came to the scene of these operations, we wound slowly down amid the rocks and trunks of trees, until we reached the muddy brook which ran at the bottom of the ravine; thence we ascended again in the same order, the Gallego taking the lead. When he had got clear of the worst impediments he struck forward at a gallop, leaning his body over the trunk and looking with a hurried glance from side to side, as there occurred an opening in the woods. There was a wild excitement in these little risks, which gave a value to whatever I saw, and prepared me to appreciate the more quiet beauties of the country, and the security inspired by the neighbourhood of man, as we left the region of the mountain and descended into the smiling valley which receives its torrents.

After breakfast we left the pretty village of Los Barriors, one of the the favorite resorts of the people of Gibraltar, who often fly to the main land from the dust and bustle and business of the Rock, in search of purer air and a less equivocal verdure. On crossing a hill we

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came suddenly in sight of the Mediterranean. The bay of Gibraltar lay open before us, Algeziras and the land beyond stretching away to the right hand, while, farther on the left, the Rock itself rose unconnected from the ocean, at the extremity of the long sand beach, into which the mountains gradually decline, seagirt on every side except towards the Andalusian coast, with which it only seems united for some mischievous purpose. The ships in the bay, though distinct and conspicuous, seemed mere points in the comparison.

There is something singularly formidable in the appearance of the Rock, whether seen near or from a distance. In looking at it from the east and west, many persons have discovered in its form the rude outline of a crouched lion. Nor do you need the remembrance of its natural and artificial strength, nor yet that the lion is the emblem of Britain, to help you out with the association. The precipitous bluff which rises perpendicularly more than a thousand feet above the neutral ground, furnishes by no means an unreal resemblance to the head of that fierce and frowning animal; the rugged ridge may represent his mane, while the gradual decline to the south, and the abrupt termination in the sea, all serve to perfect the comparison.

Having crossed the Guadarranque, we rode over the site of Carteia, a city founded by the Phœnicians, connected in fabulous history with the name of Hercules, and famous in Roman annals. Having declined and become desolate under the ruinous domination of the Goths, its materials are said to have been carried away by the Arabs for the building of Algeziras and Gibraltar. Nothing but history and a half forgotten tradition, not even a single habitation—nay, not a stone remains to proclaim its existence. Could the gallant but unhappy son of Pompey, when driven from the gate of Carteia, have looked forward to this utter annihilation, he might have found ample revenge for his cruel and heartless persecution.

From Carteia we followed the sand of the sea beach, left hard by the receding tide, and clattered merrily along. Diego sang for joy, to be so near the end of his journey. With myself the prospect of meeting friends, and hearing from others, furnished no inferior motives for exultation. We were arrested at a knot of ruinous buildings which forms the Spanish barrier, until our passports could be examined, and Diego should pay a dollar or two of his little earnings for permission to pass his majesty's dominions; and this he has to do every time he comes to Gibraltar.

Nothing could be more striking than the contrast which everything presented, as I passed the narrow interval which separates Spain from Gibraltar. It so happens that the very poorest of the Spanish troops are stationed here, and that everything connected with the public service denotes more than usual ruin and dilapidation. The soldiers on duty were ragged, their schaikos often stretched out of shape and kept from falling over their eyes by a handkerchief thrust between the fore-

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head, until they projected in front, like the self-sustained penthouse of a low Dutch dwelling. Some wore shoes and gaiters, others hempen sandals; but all had rusty muskets and rustier bayonets. In this neglected garb, however, you could see a well made and sinewy, though starved form, a weather beaten face, and black and bristly mustaches, which, with the keen eye of the poor soldier, denoted a fund of military spirit. Besides these troops, groups of beggars, vagrant gypsies, squalid unwashed men, and half naked women, paralytic and rickety wretches, whom their own want and others' avarice had condemned to grope into the earth in search of quicksilver, until they were converted into monsters of deformity, and fitted to gain their bread by working upon the disgust of mankind—here surround and pester all who pass, cut their horrid antics, and seem purposely placed to greet strangers and do the honors of the country.

How different everything within the English lines! I first came to a drawbridge of neat construction; then a guard-house with a snug lodge for the person who is charged with the service of watching those who enter and depart, and who sits comfortably under cover. Beside this man, and to secure him obedience, stood a British soldier, as stiff as a statue. His coat, cap, and shoes, all brushed to perfection; his trowsers, false ruffles, plume, and belts, as white as washing and pipe-clay could make them; and his musket, where not colored, reflecting the sun beams, like a mirror. Though his form was less muscular and his eye less martial than those of the poor Spaniard without, he was nevertheless bigger and better fed—had been caned into good looks, and was ready, by the force of discipline, to do anything and go anywhere.

On a nearer approach to the fortress, I paused for a moment to look upon its rugged front with a mingled feeling of awe and admiration. Here the whole art of defence has been exhausted. The entire face and foot of the mountain is covered with defences and bristling with cannon. The level ground below, the slopes and ridges, and every inequality of surface, have been converted into batteries. Even the precipice itself, where nature, having precluded all approach, refuses a foothold for a single warrior, is perforated with yawning portholes, suspended near a thousand feet above, and ready in a moment to be converted into mouths of fire. All these cannon pointed at the place upon which I stood; their tompions out, to denote preparation and a readiness to be lit up in a moment into one vast blaze, as terrible as the thunder of the heavens. Well pleased was I to pass on and enter the lines, over which the heavy cannon protrude, until I found that their backs were turned upon me and I had got on the right side of them.

After passing through several parallels, where all denoted the most perfect state of order and preparation, I came to the neat market recently erected without the gate, and the general landing place of man-

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of-war's-men and merchant sailors of every nation in Europe. Here one may see filthy Jews, big breeched Moors, wily Greeks, spluttering Dutchmen, and flippant Frenchmen; smooth-tongued Italians, long waisted and red-capped Catalans, and English sailors, with their neat tarpaulins and jackets so-blue, reeling shipward and 'damning their tarry eyes and toplights, and top-gallant eye-brows.' Here, and as you penetrate into the town, all denotes the stir and bustle of commerce, an immense business confined within narrow limits. Goods are constantly landing and embarking, and carts and wagons passing in every direction. The people no longer moved slowly as in Spain, nor loitered about the corners; every one had something to do; every one was in a hurry. Salutations were abrupt and ceremonies dispensed with. 'How do,' was the word, without waiting for an answer. Even the Spaniards residing here seem to have caught the impetus—instead of their long 'How are you,' and 'God guard you!' I now heard nothing from them but a sudden '*Salud*,' as they were forced against, and bounded away from each other in the crowd. The officers of the garrison, amid all this bustle, seemed the only men of leisure. They sat on horseback, dressed in their neat red Moorish jackets, with foraging caps covering their faces, often equally red; their horses drawn up in the middle of the street to the obstruction of the drays, or planted at the only crossing-place for foot-men. Others monopolized the sidewalk, driving the trader into the street, whilst elsewhere a couple, as if mutually unwilling to sacrifice dignity by coming towards each other, carried on their conversation for the public benefit from either side of the street—saying very flat things with arms folded or a-kimbo, and in a very pon-honorish tone, as though each were talking through a quire of paper. Here was music too, and marching, and ladies, and everything that can be seen in the whole world, reduced into a narrow compass. There was much in all this to please, and yet there was much that was unpleasing. I now saw again, in the appearance of many of the moving multitude, those indications of intemperance to which I had been long a stranger—swollen and unwieldy bodies, surmounted by fiery faces, mottled with blotches and carbuncles. These putrid wretches, as you passed them on the causeway, breathed upon you with their burning, brandied breath. Everywhere along the main street, at the corners, and where there were no corners, stood open tap rooms—the ready reservoirs of all this intemperance. The well-rubbed bottles glistened upon the shelves, with each its silver label, while the alternate glasses were surmounted by lemons to make the poison palatable to beginners. It was long since I had seen anything like this, and it pained me to remember, that had I been transported as suddenly into my own country, I might have met with objects equally hateful and disgusting. The contrast brought into strong relief, the frugal, temperate habits, the sinewy conformation, and manly bearing of the Spanish peasantry. Nor could I help reflecting that if their case called upon us for commiseration, there was also some room for admiration and for envy.

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CHAPTER XIX.

KINGDOM OF SEVILLE.

Gibraltar.—Early History.—Under Saracen Domination.—Under Spaniards and British.—Spanish Attempts at Recovery.—The Late Siege—Advantages to Possessors.—The Town.—The Crazy Greek.—Amusements.—The Alameda.—Europa.—Moorish Castle and Excavations.—Excursions to the Summit.—St Michael's Cave.—A Ship.

The Rock of Gibraltar is, as its name imports, an immense mountain of stone, rising abruptly from the sea at the southern extremity of Spain and of the European continent. It is separated into two distinct sections by a lofty ridge, which, beginning abruptly at the northern extremity, rises still higher until it has reached an elevation of fourteen hundred feet, thence declining gradually and terminating in Europa Point, the southern extremity of Europe. The eastern section, which looks upon the Mediterranean, is either perfectly perpendicular, like the bluff point at the north, which faces the Spanish lines, or else so steep and craggy as to be altogether inaccessible. The western front, though interspersed with dangerous precipices, offers some gradual slopes, which have furnished sites to the town as well as many isolated dwellings. On this side are the only landing places. This formidable spot of ground, which has been the cause of so much bloodshed and contention, is yet only three miles long and but seven in circumference. It is not quite insulated, being connected with the Andalusian coast by a narrow sandy neck of land, which rises but a few feet above the level of the sea. On every other side it is surrounded by water, and its coasts are so rough and precipitous, that it can only be approached in a very few places. The entire eastern half, as we have said, is utterly inaccessible. To the west there is a deep bay extending completely over to Algeziras and the corresponding peninsula, which runs out to form the northern point of the Herculean Straits. This is the harbor of Gibraltar, an unsafe roadstead whence vessels are often forced from their anchors and driven high and dry upon the shore.

This place, until the invasion of the Saracens, was known by the name of Calpe. Its position in front of the opposite mountain of Abyla, and at the opening of that vast sea of unknown waters which none had ever penetrated, or penetrated to return, awakened at an

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early period the attention of the ancients. The strangeness of its situation with respect to the adjacent country, the deep, dark cave which is still an object of wonder in modern times, and its total difference in form and figure from the other parts of the known world, doubtless aided the imagination of a superstitious age in inventing the fable, which has connected its origin with the achievements of a deified hero of still earlier antiquity. As the story goes, Hercules having conquered the Girons, as we have seen at Cadiz, caused immense stones to be thrown into the mouth of the strait, until a great mountain rose up on either side in honor of his victory. These are the ever famous pillars of Hercules. This wild fable was, doubtless, invented after the real pillars erected at Cadiz were destroyed or forgotten, and the *ne plus ultra* was added, to signify that Calpe and Abyla were the ends of the earth.

Though Calpe thus early attracted the attention of the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Romans, by whom it was visited and who built several cities in its immediate vicinity, there is no account of its having been made the site of a settlement, until the time of the Saracenic invasion. This took place in the year 711, when Musa, the lieutenant of the Calif in Africa, sent Taric-ben-Zeyad with five hundred chosen horsemen to test the possibility of effecting a conquest, to which the distracted state of Spain, the faction of the exiled sons of Witiza, and his own proximity, so strongly invited him.

Taric crossed the strait with his little force, and, attended by the traitorous Count Julian, governor of Gothic Mauritania, overran the neighbouring coast without resistance; for the strongholds had gone to ruin, or been destroyed to prevent internal treason, by the orders of Witiza. Loaded with booty, his little troop returned in triumph to Tangiers. The success of this expedition corroborated the representation of Count Julian, and seemed ominous of more important results. Taric was again despatched with a numerous fleet. He had already gained a name by extending the Mussulman dominion in Africa, against the barbarous natives as well as the no longer victorious Visigoths. The easily acquired spoil of those who had shared in the first expedition, procured him abundance of ready volunteers, and twelve thousand veterans of hand and heart were chosen from the number. He now arrived at Algeziras, one of the frontier fortresses belonging to the government of Count Julian; and crossing the bay, disembarked upon the narrow isthmus which joins Calpe to the continent. One of his first steps was to fortify the Rock, by constructing a wall to prevent all entrance from the continent, and building a strong castle to secure his retreat, should he be defeated by the Goths. This castle and part of the wall still remain, and an inscription found on the principal gate fixes the time of its completion at the fourteenth year after the coming of Taric.

Leaving a garrison in the unfinished fortification, Taric prepared

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to meet the approaching hosts of Theodemir and king Roderick. The Saracens were at first dismayed at the number of their enemies. But when they would have fled to their ships, they beheld them in flames, fired by the order of Taric himself, who thus gave an example which has been since followed in another hemisphere. Several battles paved the way to the final victory of Xerez, as that did to the conquest of a whole nation of slaves, who had little to lose by a change masters. A new language now pervaded the Peninsula, and cities, mountains, and rivers were named anew by the conquerors. Calpe received the name of the successful general in commemoration of his victory. It was called Gibal-Taric, the Mountain of Taric. It was also called Bab-el-Fetah, Gate of the Entrance, and was looked upon as the key to the Peninsula. Hence the symbol of the key, which with a castle still constitutes the arms of the fortress. Those of the Saracens, who first came with Taric to the conquest, adopted the symbol of the key and wore it upon their banners. And hence it is that a sculptured key is found in so many places among the ruins of Alhambra at Granada, where many of the followers of Taric are supposed to have settled.

Gibraltar continued in the hands of the Saracens until the beginning of the fourteenth century, when the Christians had already won back their whole territory except the kingdom of Granada. It then fell into the possession of the king of Castile, who having made an ineffectual attempt to take Algeziras, contented himself with the capture of Gibraltar, at that time a place of little importance. When Ferdinand entered the town in triumph, a very old Moor, as Father Mariana informs us, addressed him in the following words, which give a lively idea of what his countrymen must have suffered by the gradual and exterminating march of the christian conquest—'What misery is mine, brought upon me by my own sins or by an evil destiny! My whole life have I wandered an unhappy exile, forced to change my abode at every step and make a spectacle of my misfortunes in all the cities of Andalusia. Thy great-grandfather, San Fernando, drove me from Seville. I fixed myself in Xerez. This city was conquered by thy grandfather, Don Alonzo, and for a similar reason I was forced to move away to Tarifa. Don Sancho, thy father, gained Tarifa; it was lost to me and mine, and I sought a last refuge in Gibraltar. I thought that at length, in this extremity of Andalusia, I had also found the end of so many misfortunes. The thought deceived me; I am forced again, old as I am, to seek out a new country and a new home. I am resolved to pass into the middle of Africa, that I may see, if by so remote an exile it be possible to find shelter for the close of my old age, and spend in quiet the little of life that may yet remain to me!'

Twentyfour years after, the emperor of Morocco sent his son over with a large force, and got possession of Gibraltar, at a moment when the Castilian king was employed in quelling a domestic rebellion. Gibraltar now became an important place, and was so well fortified as to resist a siege, laid by Don Alonzo in person, who was forced to withdraw. He returned again, however, in 1344 and blockaded Algeziras,

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of which he at length possessed himself, though the place was stoutly defended by the Moors, 'who threw,' says Father Mariana, 'balls of iron, with great explosion, and no little injury, into the tents of the Castilians.' The historian adds, that this was the first occasion on which any mention is found of the use of cannon in Europe; but though this may be true with respect to the Spanish chronicles, yet in the Arabic histories translated by Conde, and which bear far greater internal evidence of truth than even the history of Mariana, mention is made of the use of cannon by the Saracens in the year 1257, in the defence of Neibla, as also in 1324 at the sieges of Baza and Martos, and a few years after at the fatal battle of Rio Salado. Algeziras being in possession of the Christians, Alonzo marched against Gibraltar; but the king of Granada coming to the assistance of the Africans, the siege was raised and a truce made between the three kings. But Don Alonzo could not conquer his desire to recover Gibraltar, for he knew it might serve at any moment for the introduction of new hordes by the emperor of Morocoo. He therefore took advantage of some dissentions, which subsequently arose in Africa, to attempt the reduction of the fortress. He encamped with a powerful army before the place; but well knowing the impossibility of entering it by force, he caused it to be strictly blockaded by sea and land. Famine soon began to make havoc within the garrison, and it was already a question of surrendering, when a more fearful calamity, the plague, made its appearance in the camp of the besiegers. So great was the mortality among the Christians, that the chief captains counselled the king to raise the siege; but he could not consent to give up the object of such long and earnest desire, when just within his grasp. He determined to continue the siege, and became the victim of his perseverance. He took the plague and died in the camp. The Castilians now prepared to march homeward with the body of their king. And it is recorded that such was the admiration of the Moors for Don Alonzo, on account of his generous treatment of the inhabitants of Algeziras many years before, that they said when he died, there did not remain his equal in the whole world. They were well pleased to be relieved from the pressing wants and dangers of their condition, and suffered the Castilians to bear away the body of Don Alonzo, without attempting any annoyance.

Gibraltar continued in possession of the emperor of Morocco until 1411, when the king of Granada marched against the place and took it by blockade and starvation. A half century afterward, a civil war breaking out in Granada, the greater part of the garrison was withdrawn to strengthen the party of one of the competitors for the throne. Information of the weak state of the place was at once conveyed to the governor of Tarifa, by a Mussulman who had embraced Christianity. The governor chanced to be Juan de Guzman, Duke of Medina Sidonia, a descendant of Guzman the Good, and son to the brave Count of Neibla who had been drowned some years before in an ineffectual attempt to possess himself of Gibraltar. Glowing with the desire to avenge a father's death and add something to the name of Guzman, he

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hastily assembled an army and appeared before the fortress. Notwithstanding the weak state of the garrison and the unlooked for appearance of the Christians, the inhabitants fought valiantly in defence of their homes, and only surrendered to the superior force and obstinacy of Guzman.

Gibraltar, thus fallen into the hands of the proper owners, the possessors of the adjacent country, continued for many centuries to form an appendage of the Spanish crown, as of the Spanish territory. Charles V., aware of its importance, caused its fortifications to be enlarged and modernized, until it was esteemed impregnable. There is still a gate standing which bears the arms and inscription of that great prince. Gibraltar had been lost to the Granadians in consequence of a civil war and a disputed succession, and under similar circumstances it was afterwards lost to Spain. While the Austrian and Bourbon competitors were struggling, in 1704, for the Spanish crown, the weakened garrison, having only one hundred and fifty men to manœuvre one hundred guns, was pounced upon and became the prey of a third party. The taking of Gibraltar was the consequence of a failure; for Admiral Rook, having been sent to Barcelona with troops under the command of the Prince of Hesse d'Armstadt, had failed to effect the object of his expedition. Dreading the reflections of a disappointed public, he called together a council in which it was determined to attack Gibrallar. On the 21st July the fleet arrived in the bay, and eighteen hundred English and Dutch were landed upon the beach. The fortress was summoned to surrender, and, on receiving a refusal, the batteries were opened, and the enemy who were scarce in numbers to lend each other encouragement, much less cooperation, were driven from their guns. The governor was again summoned to surrender, and now, conscious of his own weakness and dreading an assault from the intrepidity of the English sailors, who mounted the mole sword in hand, he felt that nothing remained but submission. The possession of this fortress, to recover which Spain has sacrificed tens of thousands of men and millions of money, was purchased by the British with the trifling loss of sixty killed and two hundred and twenty wounded.

The new dynasty, sensible of the importance of this loss, set at once about repairing it. An army was assembled before the fortress, and a a heavy cannonade opened. But the British returned ball for ball, and the Spaniards, finding that force was hopeless, determined to try the effect of stratagem. They came to the desperate resolution of surprising the garrison, even in the presence of the British admiral, who was in the bay at the time. On the thirtyfirst of October, five hundred volunteers made a vow never to return alive,

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except as masters of Gibraltar. To prepare themselves for a too probable death, they began by confessing themselves and taking the sacrament. In the dead of the night, this truly forlorn hope was conducted by a goatherd round the back of the Rock to the south, and thence to Saint Michael's Cave, which they reached unperceived. In the many concealments of this singular place, they continued all day undiscovered. When night had again returned, and all the garrison, except the customary guards were buried in sleep, they sallied out and scaled the wall of Charles V., surprising and cutting to pieces the Middle Hill guard. Here, by the aid of ladders and ropes, they drew up a party of several hundred, which had been ordered to sustain them. It had been concerted that these brave soldiers, if they succeeded in the preliminary parts of the attack, should be supported by a party of French troops, whilst a feint attack was to be made in some other quarter, to divert the attention of the besieged. They had effected the most difficult and dangerous part of the service, with complete success; but some misunderstanding had taken place among the commanding officers, and the intrepid Spaniards were abandoned to their fate. They and their achievement were sacrificed to some petty point of military etiquette. They waited in vain for the feint attack and for succour. Meantime the alarm had been given in the garrison, and a body of British grenadiers marching up to the top of the Rock, fell fearfully upon them, killing some, driving others over the precipice, and taking the rest prisoners. Such was the fate of this gallant enterprise, conceived and conducted with equal hardihood, and which needed but a little well timed cooperation to have become completely successful.

The Spaniards, though soon afterwards at peace with England, continued to keep a watchful eye upon the garrison, and seem at various times to have meditated a surprise. At length, in 1726 they assembled an army of twenty thousand men under the Marquis de Las Torres, at Algeziras, whence they marched round the bay and established themselves in front of Gibraltar. The Spaniards continued gradually to advance towards the garrison, answering the remonstrances of the British general by saying that they were ont heir master's ground. At last when they had almost reached the point of the Rock, the batteries opened upon them and the fire was quickly returned. When under the corner of the rock, the Spaniards commenced a mine, intending to blow up the northeast corner of it and thus if possible to destroy at a single explosion the garrison and its defences; filling up the trenches and opening in the confusion a road for the assailants. Some consider the idea ridiculous, to attempt even the partial destruction of such a mountain. The Spaniards, from their making the attempt, must have been of a different opinion. The thing, whether possible or not, was never executed; for the operations of the assailants were soon after terminated by peace.

In 1760, Gibraltar had well nigh fallen into the hands of the Spaniards, without any exertion. A conspiracy was formed in the garrison by two regiments, which had been long on the station and still

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continued without a prospect of relief, to surprise and massacre the officers and all others opposed to their designs. Then to plunder the place, secure the military chest, and purchase themselves a retreat into Spain by the surrender of the fortress. The number of the conspirators amounted to nearly a thousand, and they might perhaps, have executed their purpose, had the plot not have been discovered in the course of a grogshop quarrel. Reed, the chief conspirator, was condemned and executed.

But all the efforts made to recover this important fortress become insignificant, when compared to the siege which it sustained during the great war, set in motion by our struggle for independence. This famous siege lasted nearly four years. The Duke de Crillon commanded the allies, assisted by the young Dukes of Artois* and Bourbon, who had come to learn the art of war in a contest, which occupied the attention of all Europe. The defence was conducted by the brave General Elliot, with equal courage and good conduct. The number of rounds from the allied batteries was sometimes one thousand a day. The total of rounds on both sides amounted to half a million. The loss of life was of course proportionate. All the known arts of taking towns were exhausted, and new inventions in the science of destruction date from the siege of Gibraltar. Among the number were the ten floating towers of the allies, which mounted two hundred guns, and were so cunningly contrived, that they were both ball and bomb proof, and had nothing to fear from any known art of annoyance. But they were not provided against possible inventions. In this emergency the expedient was tried by the British, of heating shot in furnaces and discharging them red hot at these moving fortresses, which were able to approach the walls and place themselves in the most assailable positions. The expedient succeeded; the shot penetrated and fired the wood, and at midnight those floating castles, which in the morning had been the terror of the besieged, furnished huge funeral piles for the destruction of the besiegers. The situation of the brave but unfortunate Spaniards, shut up in these seagirt towers, is enough to make the heart bleed. Assailed by balls of fire from the fortress, by flames from within; surrounded by an adverse element, and their escape cut off by the British flotilla, all that remained to them in their extremity, was a choice of deaths. This terrible siege is full of incidents such as this; and, were they recorded with equal genius, it could scarce possess inferior interest to the retreat of Xenophon or the campaign of Moscow.

If Gibraltar has defied the efforts of the Duke de Crillon backed by two princes of the blood, it has also resisted the will of Napoleon. It still continues in possession of the British, and doubtless will so con-

* Now Charles X.

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tinue, if not lost by some such accident or surprise, as have already been near to delivering it into the hands of the Spaniards, until Britain shall descend from her factitious greatness to a rank in unison with her natural resources, or Spain recover her proper preponderance among the nations of the earth. It may be questioned, indeed, whether Britain would not be the better for the loss. She is sure of an enormous expenditure for the support of four thousand men and for the repairs of the works; while in time of peace she draws no peculiar advantages from it, as the port is free to every flag, and other nations enjoy all the benefit of the establishment without paying any portion of the expense. The facility which the situation of Gibraltar furnishes for the introduction of contraband goods, and the use made of it, to smuggle large quantities of British manufactures, are considered among the greatest advantages derived from the possession. But how enormous must be the value of the goods introduced, to make the individual profits equal to the national expense! Gibraltar is said in time of war to command the entrance of the Mediterranean. But the command of the Mediterranean belongs to the strongest fleet; for the width of the Straits, which varies from ten to twenty miles, renders ships regardless of the batteries of both Ceuta and Gibraltar. It is rather useful, therefore, as a place of refuge than of annoyance, and would, consequently, be more indispensable to some other power than the one which claims the mastery of the ocean. Indeed, if we look back upon the history of the last century, during which Britain has possessed Gibraltar, whilst it may be easy to compute the millions and tens of millions of the hard earned money of her subjects here expended, it would perhaps be difficult to point to a single instance in which it has been productive of any commensurate advantage. Here is a direct and positive expense encountered with a view to a very remote and barely possible benefit.

The present town of Gibraltar is situated on the western side of the Rock, beginning just within the lines, which open upon the mole and isthmus, and extending a half mile southward. As the level is barely wide enough to give room for a single principal street and two or three smaller ones, the town has extended itself up the steep acclivity; so that ranges of buildings, reached by flights of steps, are seen towering above each other with highly picturesque effect. In the centre of the town stands a fine Exchange, erected at the expense of the merchants. In the upper story is a beautiful room, kept in the most perfect order, and provided with a well selected library and with journals from all parts of the world. It was truly delightful to me, on being introduced by a friend to the privileges of this room, to pass from the solemn silence of Spain, and its single *gaceta* to a complete knowledge of all that was passing in the world. The Exchange, with the courthouse and a fastastic church with Moorish columns and arches, now building, are the only remarkable edifices of Gibraltar.

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The private dwellings are by no means what they should be. Though in a southern climate, they are built in a northern taste, close and snug and compact, instead of being open with courtyards and lofty ceilings, and long windows and balconies for the enjoyment of the air.

The convent, so called from its having been the abode of monks in more Catholic times, is the residence of the lieutenant governor; for the governorship of Gibraltar is one of those sinecure offices given in Britain to men whose fortunes are already princely, that they may revel and sensualize the better upon the sums wrung from the hands of honest industry. General Don, the present lieutenant governor, has grown old in the command of Gibraltar, and much of the neatness, and exact order and discipline observable throughout the garrison, is attributable to his taste and activity. In the convent is a small church fitted up for the use of the garrison. It is the same with the chapel of the ancient convent, and is a Gothic construction. The scene presented in this little chapel on Sunday is very characteristic. The collection of redcoats, and goldlace, and epaulettes; the staid and humble demeanour of the citizen admitted by peculiar privilege into the military sanctuary, and the pert good-as-you-are look of his pretty daughter; the unruffled robes, and holyday devotion of the regimental chaplain, and the well brushed sergeant officiating as clerk below, were all worth seeing, did not one pay dearly for it by the infliction of a long sermon from a well bred clergyman of the established church. The music made on these occasions, however, by a chosen band selected from all the performers in the garrison, was always exquisite.

The population of Gibraltar is about twenty thousand, consisting of people of all nations, brought together by the facilities which the place possesses for trade. For, situated as it is at the entrance of the Mediterranean, it affords a convenient entrepot, whence valuable cargoes may be distributed over the adjacent coasts. There is, also, an extensive demand for the subsistence of a large population entirely dependent upon external supplies. Though this mixed society must be detestable to the permanent inhabitant, it offers a singular and amusing study to the mere passer by. Often have I been diverted during a lazy hour in gazing from a window of the library upon the assembled multitude below. The high handed hauteur of his majesty's officer, as he lounges at a corner in utter scorn of the busy crew of bargainers; the supple cit who bows breast low to him in hope of a nod of condescension, ere he turns to cheapen the beans or coffee in the hands of some still humbler broker; the less supple bearing of a roughknot skipper, accustomed to bang and bully, a little king upon his own quarter deck; the sullen demeanour of the turbaned Moor, who sits crosslegged at a shady corner; all, down to the filthy, slipshod, abject Jew, who wallows anywhere in the dirt, selling slippers or oranges, or with a bag over his head or a rope round his neck, ready to serve officers, merchants, sailors, or Moors, as a beast of burden—furnish an odd combination. These Jews come from Barbary, where they settled in great numbers, at the time of their expulsion.

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from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella. Many of them are traders and very rich, living in great state. These assume the European costume, and lose every thing of the Jew, but his characteristic physiognomy; but the greater number serve in menial offices as laborers, filling the same stations in Gibraltar that the Irish do with us. They wear loose bag breeches reaching below the knee, a tunic, and a haik or capote of cloth or of bedticking. This garment is very large with sleeves and a hood. It is put on like a shirt, without any opening except for the head and hands. Their garb is, indeed, much like that of the Moors, except that instead of a turban, which in Morocco would be taken away from them, head and all, they cover their shaven crowns with a close scullcap. They are an ill formed, disgusting race, with a bent and abject bearing, immense fish eyes, and fleshy swollen ankles that receive no protection or support from the large slippers which they drag after them over the pavement. It is impossible to conceive a stronger contrast than is furnished by these poor oppressed Israelites and the well turned, gaily dressed mountaineers, who come for contraband goods from the Sierrania of Ronda. These noble looking fellows are alike free from haughtiness and humiliation. Bred among the mountains and passing half of their lives in the saddle, with their good carbines beside them, they are accustomed to avenge their own wrongs, and own allegiance to none but their village curate and the Virgin Mary.

Not the least singular figure to be seen upon change at Gibraltar, was an old Greek captain, who made a voyage to America many years ago, carrying a cargo of wine, which went to a bad market. On his return to Gibraltar with a Flemish account of the proceeds, the poor Greek was thrown into prison, whence he only escaped with the loss of his reason. He still continues in Gibraltar, wanting both means and inclination to get away from the scene of his misfortunes, and living rent free in a little hovel upon the flat roof of the theatre. Nor will he associate with any creature except with dogs, of which he has a whole family. In the night season, while the strumming of the orchestra below, the rant of the players, and the rattle of the castanet, come faintly to him, he sits upon his doorsill and holds communion with his friend the moon. And when the noontide heat drives him from his hovel, he seeks the shade below, and moves from side to side, with the motion of the shadows. Poor fellow! well do I remember to have seen him in my boyish days; and many a time, when I have been plodding the weary road that led to the school of that cross old Scot ———, with dictionary and Julius Cæsar hanging heavy at the end of my strap, have I come upon the track of the Greek, and followed him street after street, filled with wonder at his outlandish garb and the bigness of his breeches. It chanced one hot morning as I was emerging from my lodgings, that he was sitting in the shade of the doorway. The place was private, and I found some excuse for

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opening a conversation. But I made a bad choice in putting him in mind of America; for he presently grew enraged, swore like a trooper at the New York merchants, calling them in no very genteel Spanish all the rogues he could think of. He vowed that he would go to Greece, fit out a ship, and sink any American he met. Gathering himself up out of the dirt, he drew his red cap over his brow and strode off, followed by his dogs, as if bent on the immediate execution of his purpose. He was a fine looking veteran, with a muscular frame, a manly face, and long red mustaches; upon the whole he would have made no contemptible figure on the deck of a rover. But poor fellow! his imbecility will defend us from his revenge; for he will never be able to tear himself from the society of his faithful dogs nor from his friendly hovel on the top of the theatre.

The diversions of the garrison consist in rambles about the Rock, and in balls, theatres, and operas, often performed by distinguished Spaniards, who here starve and languish in exile. Pic-nics, where a party is formed to go into Spain in carriages and on horseback, and make a feast in a cork wood or under the poetic shade of an orange orchard, furnish also a favorite diversion. There are also many pleasant excursions on foot and horseback within the circumscribed extent of the Rock. Such is that to Catalan Bay, a little fishing settlement planted upon the shore, immediately under the the overhanging projection of the mountain. I chanced to be caught there one day in the rain with a couple of my countrymen, and we had an opportunity of testing the security of this singular location. Hardly had we taken refuge in the tavern and drawn our horses in after us—for there was no stable—when we heard a rumbling noise as if the mountain was sliding down upon us, and presently a crash of rafters. We all ran out, some with hats, some without them; and all the huts of Catalan Bay poured forth their inmates, boys and girls, men and women; the fishermen left their nets, which they were hanging over their boats upon the beach, and crowded round in the sweetest confusion. The fact was, a piece of the Rock had tumbled from above, raced down the declivity, and walked through the roof of a house with little ceremony; but no one was hurt. So we joined the fishermen in thanking God, and when the rain abated, took horse and rode home.

But a far pleasanter promenade is to sally out of Charles Fifth's gate at the south in the direction of the Alameda. Here you find the beautiful parade ground for the exercises of the soldiery, and may, perchance, be present at a drill. Nothing can exceed the exact precision with which the British troops perform the exercise. The Prussians and Austrians, though famous for their tactics, can by no means compare with them. The French pretend to nothing of the kind; for

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they find in the military spirit and native ardor of their conscripts, in their inborn sense of honor, and reckless impetuosity, qualities which are inconsistent with this ratan discipline of the British army, and which a long series of the most brilliant victories have proved to be of far greater value. Among the regiments at Gibraltar was one of Highlanders. The dress is very absurd; the plumed hat, the buskins, and especially the tartan filabeg, were never meant to be worn in conjunction with a red coat. What indeed can be more inconsistent, than to bestow upon the breech the supernumerary covering of a coat tail, when the legs and thighs are exposed to the rude blast, and denied the slightest protection? As the filabeg descends not so low as the knee, when the soldiers jump about or sit carelessly and cross-legged, it often gives rise to the most untoward exposures. And yet, strange to tell, the officers who wear pantaloons on ordinary occasions, always don the airy filabeg for balls and galas, to approach the persons of the fair. Experience may have taught them that in this their war-garb they become irresistible.*

The din of war, the bustle, marching, and display, connected with the garrison, is one of the greatest resources of the stranger in Gibraltar. Twice a day there is the parade of relief, with music morning and evening, and frequently between them the trumpets sound 'The Roast Beef of Old England,' proclaiming dinner, or on Sunday invite to church by the sweet tune of 'Hark, the merry Christ church bells,' repeated at every corner. The bands are not so good as those of the Spanish or French guards, nor the selections of music at all comparable; but the concerts of bugles, playing the merry or mournful airs of Scotland, are truly exquisite; no accordance of instruments can be more perfect, and when heard in the still night, no strains can be more harmonious, more heavenly.

On passing the parade ground you enter the delightful gardens, which in very defiance of nature have risen within a few years upon the declivity of the Rock. Much of the soil which supports the trees and shrubbery, has been brought from the main land. Though the area of the Alameda is small, yet it is in a manner multiplied by the winding of the walks up and down the slopes, and by the judicious distribution of alleys, steps, light latticed fences, trees, shrubbery, and flowers. Towards the commencement of the gradual slope, which begins at the foot of the mountain, are two airy pavilions of the most exquisite taste and beauty. From the highest you command a charming view, rendered still more lovely by the contrasted gloom of the overhanging precipice. And first you dwell upon the softened features of the slope on the left, with the white summer-houses perched upon it, embosomed amid shady fig trees, with here and there an orange or a stately palm, growing beside the peach and lanced aloe—the produc-

* The ridicule of this dress was rendered more obvious from the fact that many of the men thus airily attired were English, and Irish, unused to kilt or tartan. But few belonged to that glorious little kingdom which has achieved so much in the sciences, in literature and in arms—so much for the good of the whole world, and for her own glory.

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tions of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, all harmonizing in this congenial clime. Below, the beds of grass or flowers are enclosed by hedges of geranium, covered in May, when I saw them, with the most beautiful blossoms, while the walks between are enlivened with moving multitudes of men, women, and soldiery, with here and there the head and shoulders of a Highlander emerging above the verdure, and gliding by with nodding plumes and waving tartans. Still lower is the line wall, with Gibraltar on the right and the pretty Rosia on the left, and then the sea-green surface of the bay; the ships, which give it incident, coming, going, or at anchor. Where the land again alternates beyond, are seen the white buildings of Algeziras, protected by verdant mountains, which stretch southward to form the Straits, seeming to meet the African shores, which rise black and gloomy in the distance.

And yet—will it be believed?—the Alameda, like our own thrice beautiful Battery, is but little frequented except upon a feast day. The English avoid it always; on week days because it is so solitary, and on Sundays because it is run down by the commonalty. It would seem, indeed, that, though they have the talent to create, they have not the taste to enjoy. Occasionally at the evening hour, one may meet a Genoese, in her graceless red cloak, a Provencelle duly attended by her gallant, or Malignenia with *basquinia* and *mantilla*, or a gracious Gaditana.

Beyond the Alameda stands the cluster of dwellings, called Rosia, with its little mole. The Rock in the immediate neighbourhood, though it has again become precipitous, has a little covering of soil, produced by the successive growth and decay of vegetable matter. This has been planted into gardens and fruit orchards, where the hardy fig-tree, fond of a precarious foothold, spreads highest and most luxuriant. It is said that the Rock is capable of producing all the vegetables necessary for the consumption of the garrison. If this be the case, it is remarkable that every eligible spot is not brought under cultivation; for Gibraltar will only be retaken by surprise or by starvation. At present, the supplies are brought from Spain, Barbary, and even from America. Fine fish and a few vegetables are the only food from the Rock and its vicinity. In a place like this, where all is preparation and watchfulness, it should be an object to live at all times, as much as possible, upon domestic resources.

South of Rosia, and towards Europa, the Rock no longer allows the intervention of a level, but throws itself into the most broken and fantastic shapes, leaving an occasional Thermopylæ for the passage of the road. Though the surrounding precipices are naked and sterile, there are here a few intervening glens, which are filled with flowers and overrun with verdure. These favored spots have been improved as country seats by the pretty taste of the English, whose notions of snugness, comfort, and beauty, in rural residences, we by no means equal

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in America. The dwellings are sometimes fashioned, in accordance with the character of the scenery and out of compliment to the past possessors of the place, into mimic Moorish castles, with terraces, embrasures, and frowning towers. Elsewhere are snug little cottages, nestled closely in a corner, with a grape vine arbour for a portal, and more than half overrun with honeysuckle and eglantine.

The excursion to Europa is by far the prettiest on the Rock; but yet there are others, which possess greater interest. Such is the walk to the old castle of Taric, which stands midway up the mountain. Much of the structure has been removed designedly, or battered away by the balls of besiegers, who have also left their marks upon the remaining portion. The spiral stairway, or rather path, like that of the Giralda, is crumbling to a ruin, and a fig tree has fastened upon the battlement; enough, however, remains to form an imposing feature in the picture of the Rock, and to give lodgment to a guard of soldiers and to the public hangman, who lives here out of sight and out of mind. This worthy functionary is occasionally called upon to do justice on a Spaniard, who, forgetting that he is in a land of law, has appealed, according to the custom of his country, to the arbitration of the knife.

A winding zigzag conducts you from the Moorish Castle upwards to the Excavations. These consist of a passage cut into the solid rock, across the north front, for the distance of half a mile, and which communicates by means of spiral stairways through the immense halls with other galleries above and below. It is scarce possible to conceive the astonishment with which the stranger must ever visit this singular place. He finds himself alone in the very heart of the Rock, with immense cannon ranged round this devil's den, each with its pile of heavy shot beside it, and protruding through port holes which overlook the Peninsula. The dim light that enters beside the muzzles of the cannon, the black darkness behind you, the solitude, the silence, broken only by the prolonged reverberation of every spoken work, all awaken the most singular sensations.

There is, indeed, something exceedingly formidable in the aspect of these batteries, whether seen from within or without. As you look down through the port-holes upon the neutral ground, you feel as though all the pygmies below were in your power, to be destroyed at will. And when you are below and look upward, you experience on the contrary an inward sense of danger and dependence. These batteries are, however, more formidable in appearance than in reality. A shot from so great an elevation may, it is true, be projected within the works of the besiegers; but then it only strikes in one place, where it buries itself in the sand—whereas the Devil's Tongue, which forms the mole and is upon a level with the Neutral Ground, sweeps an extent equal to the range of its cannon, and fairly licks up all before it.

The excavations have all been hewn out since the fortress has been in the possession of the British. The labor is certainly one of the most

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hardy and astonishing of modern times. There is, indeed, much at Gibraltar to convey an exalted idea of British power. Here is a nation which occupies a mere point upon the map of the world, raised by a concurrence of not obvious causes to the rank of a first rate power, and occupying all the strongholds of the ocean. By the multiplied industry of an inconsiderable population, buying the alliance of greater nations, making war and peace at pleasure, and sitting at the helm of European policy. Nor is her greatness only physical; her Newton, her Shakspeare, Milton, Scott, and Byron, stand alone and unrivalled in the world, at the head of whatever is excellent. It is a proud thing to be able to claim a common origin with this singular people; and when we revert to our own country, where a kinder nature seconds all our efforts, and where a boundless territory leaves unlimited room for developement; when we remember that we have adopted all the beauties of that social system under which Britain has prospered, without any of its deformities, and then, with her experience and our own as data, attempt to picture the future fortunes of our country, the fancy is amazed and bewildered at the splendor of the vision.

On leaving the Galleries, it is usual to pass out by a different opening upon the higher part of the Rock, where you again find yourself in the open air, refreshed by the clear breeze and warmed by the rays of the sun, which enable you to enjoy a widely extended and delightful view. The path now leads to the Signal Tower, where a party is stationed to observe the vessels that are passing the Straits, descending the Mediterranean, or entering the harbor. They also watch for daybreak and the setting of the sun, which are announced from a small battery near the summit. The view from the Signal Tower is wide, varied, and commanding; and as there are fine telescopes there, when tired of gazing generally, you can bring near and analyse the objects which please you, and thus prolong the interest. The Rock and Town are spread out directly below; the ships anchored in the bay, show nothing but the decks; presenting themselves as they are represented in the plan of a battle. The coast towards Algeziras, though seen more obliquely, displays the rivers which it discharges into the bay with all their curves and meanderings, while towards the straits in the southwest, the bright verdure of the Spanish hills, lit up by the sun-beams, contrasts most singularly with the forbidding aspect of the African shores, which blacken in the distance, overhung by their own shadows. The spectacle of the town by day is full of interest; the crowd of moving objects discernable upon the surface of the bay, in the roads of the environs, or between the roofs of the houses, all produce a singular effect, beheld from this unwonted position. Man is seen everywhere in motion, and seemingly to little purpose. The result of his labors is dwindled into insignificance, and you wonder at the pertinacious vivacity of the little animal, as you would at the business air of the ant, toiling all day to remove a kernel. At such a time the ear brings objects

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much nearer than the sight; the clatter of hoofs, the rumbling of wheels, the firing of cannon, the mixed sound of music, in different and equidistant directions—of drums and fifes, clarionettes, bugles, and bagpipes, produce a singular combination. I did not fail to witness this favorite view by night, though at the risk of breaking my neck in the descent. The outlines of things, of land, and water, and vessels, are then alone discoverable—faintly illuminated at intervals by man's poor substitute for the glories of the sun. On the contrary, the confused hum in which, in the daytime, all individual sounds are dissipated and drowned, is now exchanged for the clatter of a single horseman returning over the rocky road of the Alameda, the shrill pipe of a fife, or the distinct melody of a chorus of bugles. Nay, voices and even words are now clearly distinguishable.

There is, if possible, a still finer prospect from the old Tower of St George, which stands upon the highest pinnacle of the Rock. Having chosen a pleasant day for the excursion, I toiled to the top and seated myself in the shade of the Tower, which has been sorely shattered by lightning. The morning was bright, and, in addition to the objects discoverable from the Signal Tower, I could now catch an overland view of the Atlantic, and of the African coast, clearly revealed as it stretches away south-eastward from Ceuta. On the other hand, rose the Andalusian shore in bold and beautiful perspective, with the Sierra Nevada, seen at the distance of more than a hundred miles, pushing his snowy head above the surrounding clouds into the region of the heavens. Between these opposite coasts of Africa and Europe, the Mediterranean reposed in its basin, slightly rippled by the western breeze, and stretching from beneath my feet interminably eastward, until it seemed to blend its bright blue with the kindred azure of the sky.

It was impossible to remain alone on this towering elevation and in the presence of such a scene, without the recurrence of the most exalted recollections. I was standing upon one of the very pillars of Hercules, left behind by Jason and his worthies in that daring voyage, which fable afterwards converted into a search for the Golden Fleece. It was through that strait, too, that Hanno and Hamilcar went forth to look for other worlds. From this eminence might have been traced the course of the Arab Taric, as he crossed the water. There he disembarked upon the beach, and there, like Hernan Cortes in the New World, he fired his whole fleet to strengthen and give desperation to the faltering courage of his followers. And that was the same Mediterranean, which wafted Hannibal to Spain, Scipio to Africa, Pompey to Macedonia, Cæsar to Pharsalia, Mark Anthony to the arms of Cleopatra, Augustus to Actium, Don Juan de Austria to Sepanto, Bonaparte to Aboukir, Nelson to the Nile!

The Rock of Gibraltar would be considered a very singular production of nature, if it had not St Michael's Cave, and if it possessed no

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other claim to attention, this alone would seem to render it remarkable. This cave, like other similar ones to be seen at the Rock, is supposed to be produced by the undermining and falling away of the loose earth and stones below. In process of time, the dripping of the moisture and its petrifaction covers the vault with stalactites, some of which, getting the start of others, depend lower and lower until they reach the corresponding mass of petrifaction, which the dripping water has produced immediately below; these combining, form a perfect column, while the space between two of them assumes the figure of an arch. The entrance to St Michael's Cave is very small, and being overgrown with bushes and brambles, might easily escape the search of a stranger. On entering, however, it at once expands into a vast hall, from which passages diverge to other halls, deeper and deeper into the bowels of the earth. The floor, like the vault above, is very irregular. The stalactites do not furnish any beautiful shades and veins, such as they exhibit when cut and polished, in consequence of the whole interior being blackened by smoke from the torches of visiters. Upon penetrating a short distance, the cave assumes a beautiful and highly interesting appearance. The little light which streams in at the entrance, is yet sufficient to illuminate and define with clearness the outline of caverns, columns, and arches, which intervene. Nature seems here in one of her eccentricities to have imitated art, producing without any toil but that of time, a combination, which, in the days of enchantment, might have seemed the work, and passed for the residence of a fairy.

The extreme singularity of this place has given rise to many superstitious stories, not only among the ancients, but also among the vulgar of our own day. As it has been penetrated by the hardy and enterprising to a great distance—on one occasion by a surgeon of the United States navy, who descended by ropes, like Don Quixote in the cave of Montesinos, a depth of five hundred feet—a wild story is current, that the cave communicates by a submarine passage with Africa. The sailors who have visited the Rock and seen the monkeys, which are found in no other part of Europe, and are only seen here occasionally and at intervals, say that they pass at pleasure by means of the cave to their native land. The more cunning go so far as to think that the descendants of the Andalusian Moors will one day profit by this communication; and, taking the monkeys for guides, pass over to recover the land of their long cherished predilection. There is, in truth, something very strange in the coming and going of these same monkeys. During nearly two months that I passed on the Rock, I saw them but twice in my daily rambles. Once while a Levanter was blowing, and again just before the setting in of one; of which, indeed, their appearance is considered a certain prognostic. They are supposed to live at other times among the inaccessible precipices of the eastern declivity, where there is a scanty store of monkey-grass for their subsistence. When a Levanter sets in, the wind drives them from their caves and crannies, and they take refuge among the western rocks, where they may be seen from the Alameda below, hopping from bush to bush, boxing each other's ears and cutting the most singular antics. If disturbed

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by an intrusive step, they scamper off amain, the young ones jumping upon the backs, and putting their arms round the necks of the old, where they cling like so many papooses. As they are very innocent animals and form a kind of poetical appendage of the Rock, strict orders have been issued for their special protection.

While I was at the Rock, however, two drunken soldiers one day undertook to violate these orders; one of them was summarily punished for his disobedience, without the intervention of a court martial. As they were rambling about the declivity, below the Signal Tower, they happened to come upon the traces of a party of monkeys, and at once gave chace. The monkeys, cut off from their upward retreat, ran downwards, the soldiers followed and the monkeys ran faster. In this way they approached the perpendicular precipice which rises from the Alameda. One of the soldiers was able to check his course, and just saved himself; the foremost and most impetuous, urged on by a resistless impetus, passed over the fearful steep, and fell a mangled and lifeless corpse upon the walk of the Alameda. The next morning the slow and measured tread of many feet beneath my window, the mournful sound of the muffled drums, and the shrill and piercing plaint of the fife, told me that they were bearing the dead soldier to his tomb. Poor fellow! if he had not died drunk, I certainly should have pitied him.

But to return to the Cavern—to see it in perfection, one should go with torches and bluelights, when it is said to assume a marvellous and even magic splendor. To have missed this sight, which for some trivial reason I neglected, together with the occasion of passing a delightful day in the most agreeable company, is now a source of no little regret.

There was, however, a much finer sight than this which I did not miss seeing; a finer sight, indeed, a far prouder exhibition, than any which comes within the whole range of nature and of art. This was an American ship of the line, which had been long expected at Gibraltar, and which I had been extremely anxious to meet.* She was said to be, if not the largest, certainly the most efficient and formidable, as well as most beautiful ship that ever crossed the ocean. After much weary expectation, the ship was at length signaled from the tower, and climbing to the top of the Rock, I saw her coming down before a gentle Levanter, with skysails and studding-sails—a perfect cloud of snow-white canvass. By and by the lighter sails were drawn in and disposed of. Europa was doubled and left behind, and the gallant ship stood boldly into the harbor, with yards a little braced, sails all filled and asleep, and hull just careened enough to improve the beauty of the broadside. As she came closer, and I contemplated her from the more favorable position of the line wall, nothing could exceed the beauty of the spectacle. If, as we are told in

* The U. S. Ship North Carolina, Commodore John Rogers.

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the Life of Columbus, 'nothing seems to have filled themind of the most stoical savage with more wonder, than that sublime and beautiful trophy of human genius, a ship under sail,' what would have been the wild ecstasy of the sensitive Anacoona, if instead of the shapeless caravel of the Adelantado, she had first seen this ship, at least twenty times as large and a hundred times more perfect. She might not only have believed it to have come from Turi, but that the deity himself had deigned to come down and visit his children of Xaragua. Even to a practised eye the sight was a magnificent one. Instead of the heavy poop and other incumbrances, which disfigure European vessels of the same class, everything here was smooth and uniform, calculated to produce an unbroken effect and the most perfect symmetry. So perfect, indeed, are the proportions of this vessel, that her size at a distance would be undervalued, and though larger in tonnage and throwing a greater weight of metal than any ship that ever went to sea, yet her appearance is so deceptive, that she might at a distance be taken for and approached as a frigate. It was only by comparing the pigmy proportions of the men who moved up and down the masts or threw the lead, with her huge masts and wide spread canvass, that any idea could be formed of her size until she entered the road and came near other vessels. A British frigate, which had hitherto looked a leviathian, as the American crossed her stern, was dwindled into a cock-boat. And now the wonder became still greater, to see this immense mass, this wooden mountain, playing about in the harbor, with the graceful facility of a little schooner; the huge sails changed from side to side, to receive the action of the wind with the changing prow, and at last when the anchor was cast, gathered up into plaits and hidden from view, with the facility with which a bird would fold its wings. It seemed as if there were magic in the whistle of the boatswain.*

The immense size of the ship did not, however, become completely palpable to me until I had reached her in a boat, journeyed up the weary side and stood at length upon her deck. The sailors were drawn up before the mainmast, looking with silent respect towards the hallowed region of the quarter-deck. Upon this spacious parade ground, flanked by a double battery, a hundred fine looking soldiers, with burnished arms and well brushed attire, were drawn up to salute the departure of the commander. A splendid band of music,

* Though the Carolina carries but one hundred guns, on three uniform decks, they are of so heavy a calibre, thirtytwos and fortytwos, that the weight of metal thrown at the double broadside is greater than that of any first rate in the British service. It is 3,840 pounds. And yet this ship is called a seventyfour!—This is an absurdity. What great inconvenience would there be in calling a ship of twentyfour guns a twentyfour—a ship of fortyfour guns a fortyfour—of an hundred an hundred gun ship—instead of the present deceptive classification of sloops, frigates, and seventyfours. Another instance of defective organization in our navy was apparent in the humble rank and indefinite title of the commander of this ship. Though chief of our squadron in the Mediterranean, and, indeed, of the whole navy, he is yet in positive rank only a post-captain. There are men in the navy, who entered it long after he had attained his present rank, and who have passed from grade to grade, whilst he has remained stationary, until they have now become his equals. Here is room for reformation.

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dressed in Moorish garb, was stationed at the stern, and the officers were all collected for the same purpose upon the quarter-deck, in irregular groups of noble looking young fellows, the present pride and future hope of our country. At length the Herculean form and martial figure of the veteran Commodore was added to the number. Here was the master spirit that gave impulse and soul to the machine. A thousand eyes were fixed upon him, a thousand hats were raised; and as he passed over the side, the soldiers presented arms and the music sent forth a martial melody. I thought I had never seen any array so soul inspiring, so imposing; and when I came, from contemplating the whole, to look into the details of this perfect contrivance, this little world, this moving city, and to admire the excellent order and arrangement everywhere observable for health, comfort, and convenience, for annoyance and defence; I could not but feel the folly of that wish which could look back with longing after the refinements of 'the Augustan age.' The Greeks and Romans may have made nobler buildings and better statues and finer paintings than we do. Yet—to say nothing of our improvement in morals, to leave unnoticed a thousand rare and useful discoveries, and especially that singular invention of our countryman, the proudest production of human ingenuity, by which the elements are made to triumph over each other—what, let me ask, did the Augustan or any other age, ever produce to compare with this noble production, in which art itself is outdone, and science altogether exhausted? *

* The present work contained originally, a much greater quantity of matter than in the form of its publication. It was the intention of the author to publish the whole work under the title of *A Year in Spain*—a good round name; promising nothing, and therefore not likely to convey disappointment. Finding, however, that his book grew and increased in a manner truly alarming to an unpractised author, and knowing that to reduce and generalize would take from the narrative whatever merit it might possess, he preferred rather to strike out entirely a sufficient portion to reduce it to more moderate dimensions.

This he accordingly did, though the part omitted at the close chanced to relate to the most interesting section of the Peninsula; whether considered locally, or in the light of historic association. He was the more strongly induced to pursue this course by the consideration that there might aleady be too much; and because he was publishing it at his own risk. For, though not forced to the drudgery of writing, as Cervantes has it, for *dineros*—not dinners, but wherewithal to buy them—he has yet neither the means nor the inclination to purchase publicity by any pecuniary sacrifice.

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CHAPTER XX.

GENERAL VIEW OF SPAIN.

Physical Character of the Peninsula.—Soil, Climate, and Productions.—Early History.—Rise and Overthrow of Gothic Power.—Saracen Domination.—Consequences of its Subversion.—Present Population.—Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce.—Arts and Sciences.—Government.—Finances.—Military Power.—State of Parties and Social Divisions.—Clergy.—Royal Family.—Spanish Character.—Its Provincial Peculiarities.—General Characteristics.—National Language.—Manners.—Conclusion.

THE Spanish Peninsula, including the two kingdoms of Spain and Portugal, is situated between the thirtysixth and fortyfourth degrees of north latitude, and between the third degree of east and ninth of west longitude, reckoning from the meridian of Greenwich. It stands at the southwestern extremity of Europe, and is surrounded on every side by the Atlantic ocean and Mediterranean sea, except towards the northeast, where it is connected with France for a distance of three hundred miles. Here, however, nature has provided an excellent national barrier in the Pyrenean mountains. The ancients were used to compare the outline of Hispania to the distended hide of a bullock. A single glance of the map will show that they must have had a good notion of its geography; for the resemblance is at once discoverable without the aid of fancy.

But a far more singular trait in the physical character of the Peninsula, is the extent, number, and elevation of its mountains. Spain is, indeed, a complete system of mountains. The strong contrast between the state of things here and in the level monotonous region of France, has stimulated the ingenuity of modern geographers to find some other cause for the fact, than the mere caprice of nature. They have, therefore, discovered that the Spanish mountains are only the termination of that great range, which, taking its rise in Tartary, traverses Asia and Europe, leaves a stronghold in Switzerland and a few scattering posts in France by the way, to keep up its communications with Spain; where as a last effort, it forms a vast bulwark of mountains, which lend each other mutual support in withstanding the immense volume of waters, with which the ocean endeavors to overwhelm the whole of Europe. Without inquiring why such is the case, it is sufficiently evident that there are many chains of mountains, which take their rise in the Pyrenees and run southward and westward, intersecting the whole Peninsula. Such is the Asturian and Gallician range; the range of Guadarrama; that which Antillon

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has called the Iberican; the Sierra Morena; and the mountains of Granada and Ronda, which skirt the Mediterranean, and which are the most elevated of all. 'These,' says Father Mariana, 'press onward with so much boldness, that they seem to have pretended in various places to cross the sea, dry up the strait, and unite themselves with Africa.'

But there is yet a more singular feature in the physiognomy of Spain—in its distinctly marked division into two separate regions; one of which has been called the central region, the other the region of the coast. Indeed the whole interior of Spain may be considered one vast mountain; for though it consists chiefly of level lands, traversed by lofty ridges, yet even the plains rise almost everywhere to an elevation of two thousand feet above the sea. If then, on entering Spain, and traversing the eastern coast along the Mediterranean, I was surprised to find the western horizon everywhere bounded by lofty mountains, how much greater was my astonishment, when, on abandoning the sea at Valencia, I toiled up the eminences that lay inland, and instead of descending the opposite side, saw nothing before me but a weary arid plain, over which I continued to wander, without descending, for hundreds of leagues, until I at length reached the Sierra Morena, thence descending suddenly by the Dispenia-perros, into the blissful regions of Andalusia.

In consequence of the extreme dryness of its atmosphere, the rivers of the Peninsula are neither so many, nor so great, as to comport with the number and elevation of the mountains. The principal are the Tagus, the Guadalquivir, the Ebro, the Duero, and the Guadiana. The Tagus, prince of Spanish rivers and fruitful theme of so much poetry, takes its rise in the mountains of Guadarrama, waters the groves and gardens of Aranjuez, half encircles the wormeaten Toledo, and having received the increase of many tributary streams, it at length opens into a wide estuary, reflecting the images of Lisboa and of Cintra. The Guadalquivir rises between the Morena and the Nevada; and being fed by tributaries from either mountain, it flows gracefully towards the ocean, bathing the walls of Cordova and Seville, and scattering fertility over the fairest portions of Andalusia. The Ebro has its source in the mountains of Navarre, and takes its course between two of the branches of the Pyrences, until it empties into the Mediterranean. This is the only one of the larger rivers that holds an eastern course. The Duero begins a mere rivulet north of the Guadarrama, swelling gradually until it reaches the spot where Numantia once stood, defying the mistress of the world, and yielding only in death. The Duero passes through Portugal and reaches the ocean at Oporto. *El muy placido* Guadiana springs mysteriously into being among the classic marshes of Ruidosa, flows forward between delightful meadows, the pasture of many flocks and herds; and reaches the ocean in the Gulf of Huelva. These are the principal rivers of Spain. They are about upon a par with those of France for volume of water, but not so navigable, on account of the great elevation of the interior of Spain and their consequent descent. This great

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descent is doubtless the cause of their being very direct and free from windings; a circumstance that would render their banks extremely eligible for the construction of canals. Like the inferior streams, they are now, however, of little use except for irrigation. Spain has no lakes of any importance.

The soil of the Peninsula is very different in the central region and the region of the coast. The first consists for the most part of dry and mountainous plains traversed in every direction by mountains still more lofty. The region of the coast, though less elevated and sloping gradually towards the sea, is broken into a constant succession of mountains and vallies, which produce the most agreeable variety, and furnish a happy contrast with the monotony of the interior. It is everywhere fertile, or may be easily rendered so by means of irrigation.

The climate of Spain varies with the face of the country. The loftier mountains are a prey to perpetual winter; the elevated plains of the interior are either swept without shelter by the cold blasts of the inclement season; or else burnt up in summer by a powerful sun, which plays upon them, unchecked either by clouds in the sky, or trees upon its own surface. But the region of the coast enjoys for the most part an ever temperate climate; protected from cold winds by the mountains of the interior and fanned during the hot season by refreshing breezes from the sea. The climate of Spain, except in the northern provinces, is remarkable for its dryness; almost every day is a fine one, and in making engagements nobody ever thinks of putting in a proviso for good weather. A freedom from rain and dampness, and a cloudless transparent sky, are blessings that you may always count upon. Dryness of climate is, however, excessive in Spain, and often degenerates into drought. It is recorded in the old chronicles of the thirteenth century, that about the time of the famous battle of Navas-de-Tolosa, in which two hundred thousand Saracens were slain, nine whole months passed by without its having once rained in the kingdom of Toledo. There is even a tradition mentioned by Mariana of a drought, which lasted so long that the springs and rivers were entirely dried, the vegetation was burnt up and destroyed, and men and animals died miserably from thirst, heat, and hunger, until almost every living thing was exterminated. It is, perhaps, owing to this extreme dryness of climate, that in the interior provinces the water is often of miserable quality. Though tertians are sometimes found in the provinces, where irrigation is used, and malignant fevers occasionally devastate others but poorly drained and cultivated, yet the climate of Spain may upon the whole be considered quite equal, and perhaps superior, to any other in Europe.

The productions of Spain are rich, various, and, indeed, universal. The hills and mountains, among which so many small rivers take their rise, contain within their bowels all the metals, salts, bitumens, and stones, which can in any way conduce to the service and benefit

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of man. The mines of gold and silver which furnished the ancients with so much wealth, are, it is true, with the exception of the silver mine of Guadalcanal, either exhausted or abandoned as no longer worth working, since the discovery of America and the consequent depreciation of the precious metals; but iron of first quality; lead, tin, copper, quicksilver, and every valuable mineral are found with ease in various parts of the Peninsula. Coal and salt are dug in Asturias, Arragon, and La Mancha; precious stones are found in different parts of the kingdom; and granite, jasper, alabaster, and the most beautiful marbles in the world, abound in almost every mountain. Wheat of the first quality is produced in most of the provinces, and, though some do not supply their own consumption, the deficiency is made up by the surplus of others. Wine is raised abundantly all over Spain, and of the crops that grow on the coasts large quantities are exported to different parts of the world. But the best and most generous wines are found in the high and arid region of the interior. So imperfect, however, is the state of communications in Spain, that they will not pay the price of transportation, and are consequently consumed and known, only in the section which produces them. The other principal productions of Spain are oats, barley, maize, rice, oil, honey, and some sugar; hemp, flax, *esparto* or sedge, cork, cotton, silk, sumach, and barilla. The loftier mountains are covered with forests, which furnish wood to be converted into charcoal, the chief fuel used in the country, and also abundance of ship timber. These and the vallies supply pasture to the various animals which minister to the wants of man.

The horses of Spain have been famous in all ages; the Romans were used to say that they were engendered of the wind.* They are supposed to have sprung originally from the African barb, which was in turn the offspring of the Arabian. The Arabs, when in possession of Spain stocked it with their finest breeds; for in their warlike sports and chivalrous amusements, the beauty and graceful carriage of the horse was not less a matter of emulation than the bearing and dexterity of the cavalier. The horses now seen in Spain, especially in Andalusia, are evidently of the Arabian stock; for beauty, grace, and docility, they are very superior to those of the English breed. They are, however, but little used for harness or labor of any kind; mules and asses being found to eat less, labor more, and endure the heats better. In addition to horned cattle and hogs, of which great consumption is made in Spain, salted and in the form of bacon, there are immense numbers of sheep, so much so that there are a million or two more sheep in the country than there are human beings. Nor are wild animals entirely wanting in Spain; bears, wolves, wild boars, with hares and rabbits in great abundance, are the chief prey of the hunter. Though the feathered tribe avoid the treeless plains of the two Castiles, they delight in the more genial region of the coast, and the

* Martial speaks in many places of Spain, as famous for steeds and arms.

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nightingale sings nowhere more sweetly than upon the mountains and in the vallies of Andalusia.

Flowers and medicinal plants grow wild on all the mountains, and in the night season they load the air with the most delightful aromas. But it is in the abundance, variety, and the delicious flavor of its fruits that Spain most surpasses all other nations of Europe. In addition to all the different varieties common to the temperate climes, the fig, pomegranate, orange, lemon, and citron; the date, plantain, banana, and cheremoya, find a kindly home in some portion of the Peninsula. There seems indeed to be no extravagance in the theory of a Frenchman, who has attempted to find in the different sections of Spain, a similitude in point of climate and productions to the different quarters of the world which lie opposite. Thus he compares Biscay, Asturias, and Gallicia, to the neighbouring countries of Europe, and finds them similar; Portugal is likened to the corresponding parts of America; Andalusia is found to be identical in most respects with the opposite coasts of Africa—and Valencia, in point of soil, climate, and genius of its inhabitants, has much in common with the genial regions of the East. Nor are the riches of Spain confined to the resources of her fertile soil; the Atlantic and Mediterranean, washing an equal extent of coast, vie in supplying her inhabitants with a food which requires little labor in the harvest, and at the same time place them in ready communication with the most distant countries of the earth. Nature seems, indeed, to have exhausted her benignity upon this favored land, and had the gratitude of man equalled her generosity, Spain would now yield the precedence to no country upon earth.*

The original population of Spain is supposed to have been formed by Celts from France, and Moors from Africa. The latter being, however, the more warlike, expelled or subjugated the former, and are even said to have passed into the countries north of the Pyrenees. The swarthy complexions, glowing eyes, and impassioned ardent temperament of the inhabitants of Lauguedoc and Provence, would seem, indeed, to favor the opinion of a Moorish origin. Be this as it may, nothing except fable is known of the history of Spain until six or eight centuries before the commencement of the christian era, when the attention of the Phœnicians was directed to this waste country by their most adventurous voyages. Its extreme fertility, the amenity of its climate, but especially the precious metals, which abounded in its mountains, awakened their cupidity. The parts of the coast most favorable for commerce, were at once colonized, and cities were built at Mallacca, Carteia, Gades, and Sidonia. They found in possession of the country, a people barbarous yet brave, against whom open force availed little; but whom they were able to cajole into obedience by working upon their superstitions, and by the intervention of religion.

* The matter contained in this chapter has been collected from Antillon, Laborde, Pliny, Mariana, Conde, &c., and from personal observation.

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They carried on an extensive trade with the barbarians, giving them an idea of new wants, and the desire of gratifying these, stimulated industry and aided in developing the resources of the country. Thus civilization was introduced into Betica. Among other arts, which the Spaniards learned from the Phœnicians, was that of dying the Tyrian purple. The dye-stuff was gathered from a small fish, which is still found upon the coasts of Andalusia. These colonies continued to increase and grow richer until the destruction of Tyre by Nebuchadnezzar, when they changed their allegiance to the Phœnicians of Carthage. The proximity of Spain to the new metropolis now gave a stimulus to every species of developement. Not content with the dominion of the coast, the armies of Carthage, under her Hannos and Hamilcars, penetrated far into the interior, until by fraud or force the greater part of the Peninsula was brought into subjection.

But the Tyrians and Carthaginians had not been alone in colonizing Spain. The Greeks and Trojans had founded several cities, among which the most famous was Saguntum. Saguntum grew in wealth and riches until it became a great city, claiming dominion over the rich tract which is now known as the kingdom of Valencia. As Saguntum was, however, unable alone to withstand the power of Carthage, she courted the alliance of Rome. It was this alliance that brought on the attack of Hannibal, by whom Saguntum was besieged, taken, and destroyed with all its inhabitants; and this outrage led in turn, as was expected, to that desperate struggle between the rival states, which, after bringing Rome to the very brink of destruction, at length ended in the demolition of Carthage and the downfal of her empire. The conquest of Spain had preceded the destruction of the metropolis, and was rendered easy by the hatred which the Spaniards bore the Carthaginians for their treachery and avarice, those hateful vices of a commercial people; on the contrary, they had much less aversion to the Romans, whose state of civilization was more analogous to their own, and who possessed the winning qualities which belong to a nation of free-handed warriors more prone to war than industry.

Notwithstanding the desperate efforts which the Numantines made to maintain their independence, so soon as they discovered that, in aiding the Romans to drive out the Carthaginians, they had only been raising up a new set of masters, Spain was soon pacified and brought into perfect subjection. Biscay, Gallicia, and Asturias, protected by their mountain barriers, continued free for two centuries longer, until Augustus himself was forced to pass into Spain and attack them with the concentrated power of the whole empire. Spain was now completely subdued, and in process of time, civilization completed what arms had begun. The nation assumed the language, manners, and dress of the conquerors; and at length, becoming completely identified with them, they acceded to all the privileges of Italians, conferred by Vespasian upon every Spaniard, and even attained the rare honor of furnishing Rome with several emperors. Spain, under the emperors, must have been rich and flourishing. She was considered the granary of the empire, and the nursery of her armies. The state of the arts and sciences in the Province was analogous to that of the Capital

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Nay, Rome was indebted to Spain for many fine fabrics and other luxuries, a knowledge of which had been perpetuated in the Province of Betica after the downfal of the Carthaginians. Bridges and aqueducts were constructed, and causeways opened to facilitate communition between the extremities of the Province. The population of the country grew with the developement of its resources, and is said to have amounted to forty millions; industry gave rise to wealth, and wealth to luxury. The Grecian style of architecture was introduced with the other tastes and customs of Rome; and temples and amphitheatres rose on every side, relieved by the tributary ornaments of painting and of statuary. The names of Pomponius Mela, of Columella, Silius Italicus, Quintilian, Martial, Seneca, and Lucan, embellish this portion of Spanish history.

In process of time, when the Empire began to decay, a prey to its own greatness, this Province, remote from the commotions which shook all Italy, still enjoyed perfect repose, under the subordinate sway of its governors. Not, however, but that it had suffered something in the civil wars of Marius and Sylla, when Sertorius availed himself of the troubled state of the Republic. And still later when Pompey and Cæsar contended for universal domination, the momentous struggle was more than once decided in the battle-fields of the Peninsula. Yet for the most part Spain continued, in all the vicissitudes of the metropolis, to enjoy peace. At length, however, in the fifth century, when the Roman empire ceased to exist after twelve hundred years of greatness, Spain became likewise a victim to the savage hordes which poured down from the north and east of Europe. These having overrun Italy and France, at length ascended the Pyrenees and looked down upon this favored land. Centuries of peace and prosperity had deprived the Spaniards of their warlike character, and thus rendered them an easy prey to the savage valor of the Barbarians. Everything gave way before them. They rushed over this devoted country with the fury of a deluge, and their traces were marked by equal devastation. The Goths seemed rather to take pleasure in destruction than enjoyment; towers were demolished, and plantations laid waste, until famine followed to the degree that they were forced to feed upon the flesh of their slaughtered victims. A plague was the obvious consequence of these evils, and Spain had well nigh become a desert. But the Barbarians did not only war against the Romans, but also with each other. The Suevi, who had settled in Gallicia, were able to maintain possession of that inaccessible province; but the Vandals, who had passed the Sierra Morena, and converted the blooming Betica into the blighted Vandalousia, were either annihilated, forced to yield, or else driven beyond the water to struggle with the Romans for a foothold in Africa. The kingdom of the Visigoths, with the exception of Gallicia, included all Spain and Narbonne Gaul. The feudal system now came to increase the horrors of this devoted land; the new kingdom was split into dukedoms and counties, to reward the captains who had been raised to rank by their superior ferocity, whilst the meaner soldiers assumed the es-

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tates of the Romans and Spaniards, degrading the proprietors into the condition of slaves. Such is the origin of nobility. What contrast can be more pitiable than is offered by the late flourishing, and now blighted and famished condition of unhappy Spain? The noble monuments, dedicated not less to usefulness than beauty, which rose on every hand to justify Roman usurpation, are now demolished to destroy the recollection of happier destinies. The statues of her benefactors, the busts of her own great men, are dashed from their pedestals; the halls and temples, which furnished living imitations of the fairest structures of Greece, give place to gloomy masses, towering upwards in defiance of grace and beauty, fit for the uses of a faith, to which the converts had imparted their own ferocity. Devastated fields and smoking cities now furnish forth the landscape.

But violated humanity did not cry in vain for vengeance. The day of retribution was at hand. A new power had risen in the East, the birthplace of so many religions; and, urged by the impulse of a novel and popular faith, had overrun a part of Asia and Africa, stripping the Romans, Vandals and Goths of their possessions in Mauritania. Nor did the Saracens pause and rest satisfied at the extremity of Africa, where so narrow a strip of water alone remained between them and that beautiful land, of which they had received such flattering descriptions. There was much to call them over; the disputed succession between king Roderick and the sons of Witiza his predecessor; the disaffection of a powerful faction, in favor of the exiled princes, with Count Julian, son-in-law to Witiza and the Bishop Oppas at their head; the destruction of all the strong places in the kingdom, which the last king had ordered, to prevent rebellion; the degeneracy of the Goths, whose sensual life had reduced them to a shameful state of effeminacy; the earnest invitation of the oppressed and plundered Jews, whose ancestors had come to Spain when Jerusalem was taken by Nebuchadnezzar, and in still greater numbers at the time of its total demolition by Titus, and who now monopolized all the wealth and learning of the land; but above all, the abject condition of the nation at large, weary of slavery, and ready and willing to change a state, which admitted of no deterioration. These are the motives, which in 711 induced Musa, the lieutenant of the Caliph in Africa, to send Taric over to try his fortunes and test the possibility of a conquest.

His success stimulated to greater exertions. Taric crossed again with a more suitable force. The battle of Xerez was fought and won; the power and spirit of the Goths were broken; none remained to be overcome but the degraded Spaniards, who still preserved the language and manners of Romans, with but little of the Roman valor. These, astonished at the moderation of the new conquerors, who, instead of destroying everything, as the Goths had done, sought rather to preserve all things inviolate—who allowed the people to move away freely, or to remain in the possession of property, privileges, and religion, with the condition of paying a certain tax, which was not exorbitant, turned gladly to this new and more auspicious allegiance. The Goths and some of the clergy took refuge in the mountains of the north; hence it

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is that even at present more than three quarters of the Spanish nobility are found in Leon, Biscay, Gallicia, and Asturias; and that priests also there abound in greater numbers than elsewhere. The abandonment of the conquered country was, however, by no means general among the clergy. They remained undisturbed during centuries, until the inroads of the barbarous and fanatic Moors towards the close of the Mahometan domination. Their bishops continued to exercise their apostolic functions, and even to hold councils. The mass of the people remained. Many continued to practise the faith and observe the customs of their ancestors; but more, won by the indifference of the conquerors, who made small endeavours for the conversion of their souls, readily embraced a religion, which promised much bliss in the next world, at the expense of little sacrifice in this. A new language was now introduced into Spain; and rivers, mountains, provinces, and even the whole Peninsula received new or modified names more conformable to the genius or caprice of the conquerors. Thus the general appellation of Hispania, which descends from the remotest antiquity, was exchanged for that of Andaluz from the province of Vandalusia, with which the Saracens first came in contact. Most of these names have maintained themselves with little variation to the present day.

The dominion of the Saracens, thus established over the largest and fairest portion of the Peninsula, continued to own allegiance for half a century to the Caliph of Damascus, in whose name the conquest had been made. But the remoteness of the province from the metropolis, and the ambition of rival chiefs, gave rise to endless dissensions, until some of the most enlightened and patriotic of the Spanish Arabians, determined, as the only means of securing their conquest, to erect it into an independent empire. Fortunately there yet remained a single prince of the unhappy race of Omar, escaped from the cruel massacre of all his family, and now wandering a houseless exile among the savages of Africa. This exile was Abderahman. He was now invited to pass over into Spain, and place himself at the head of the new empire of the West. Obeying the summons, he landed at once in Andalusia, attended by a trusty band of those brave Zenetes, who had lent him protection and hospitality. Abderahman, though young and brave and sensitive, was yet old in that experience, which is but gained amid the trials of adversity. He was soon surrounded by the generous and enlightened; and by their aid succeeded in driving out the Lieutenant and those who still owned allegiance to the Caliph. The genius of the people and the rare qualities of a brilliant succession of kings, combined to carry the new empire to the height of developement.

The Arabians had come from a hot and dry climate, and a land by nature arid, but which, by the aid of water, is easily quickened into fertility. They found in Spain a country analogous to their own. The lands were levelled and irrigation introduced; where streams were convenient they were made use of; and where there were none, water

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was drawn from the bowels of the earth by means of the *noria* and spread over its surface. Thus the rich lands were rendered more fertile, and those which had hitherto been sunburnt and naked, were covered with vegetation. Many plants, hitherto unknown in Europe, were now acclimated in the low countries of the coast; cotton, sugar the cane, mulberry, and olive were among the number. The population of the country rose at once to the measure of its means; and there can be little doubt that, in the ninth century, Spain contained even more than the forty millions of inhabitants, attributed to the prosperous period of the Roman domination. We know that the little kingdom of Granada at a later period contained three millions of inhabitants, though less than the twentieth of the Peninsula. The arts which promote the comfort and convenience of life, as well as those which serve to embellish it, were begun and perfected; the manufactures of silk, linen, and leather were introduced, and paper was now invented to meet the new wants of an improving people.

The social and intellectual condition of Spain kept pace with its improvement in moral and domestic economy. Chemistry, medicine, surgery, mathematics, astronomy, and all the sciences, whether curious or useful, were cultivated with a success unknown in any other part of Europe. Indeed, the same causes, which are now producing such splendid results among ourselves, were acting in Spain with equal energy. The ingenious Arabians were thrown into situations where all was novel and changing; cut off from their country, their antique prejudices destroyed, they no longer were satisfied to plod on in the beaten track; some endeavoured to improve upon what was already known; the more adventurous sallied forth into the unknown region of originality. Men of genius associated themselves into academies, as in our day. Universities were established for the cultivation of science, and libraries for the dissemination of learning. The university of Cordova opened its halls to the curious of Christendom; a future Pope was among the number of its pupils; and the royal library, established by the benificence of Alhakem, knew no equal in the West.

Music, too, was cultivated and taught as a science; but poetry was the favorite study of the Spanish Saracens. The fire, which they had brought with them from the East, burned brighter and blazed higher, as Spain burst upon them in all her beauty. Their own glorious achievements too; the deeds of their Abderahmans and Almanzors; the gallant feats of that self-devoting chivalry, which had sprung up among them, could only be worthily transmitted to us in the exaltation of song. Poetry was no rare accomplishment; even princes and ministers learned to touch the lyre; and thus, we are told, many of those strains, which were first sung upon the banks of the Guril and the Guadalquiver, were repeated with admiration in the harems of Persia and Arabia. They are still transmitted to us by the Romance language, forming the theme and substance of many a roundelay.

But with the arts and sciences, with refinement, and learning, and luxury, came also a mitigation from that military spirit and that religious enthusiasm, which had won them possession of the Peninsula.

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The broken remnant of the Goths had been allowed to remain in undisturbed possession of the mountains of the north, when a single well directed effort would forever have annihilated them, and whilst the war was carried on in France, even to the banks of the Loire. Meantime the constitutions and characters of the Goths underwent a reform; they were hardened by the precarious life of the mountains, and schooled and tempered by their disastrous reverses. Thus fortified, they descended into the plains to contend with the Saracens. When they were unfortunate, their fastnesses received them; when victorious, they overran the country, driving off the cattle and inhabitants, destroying the crops, orchards, and habitations, and giving all over to fire and the sword. Thus they gradually gained ground, extending their possessions at the expense of their adversaries. That fanaticism, which among the Saracens had been quenched by the dawn of science, was with them at its height. They were fighting, not only for themselves, but also for Christ and for the Virgin. Each of their victories was also a victory of the faith. Priests and bishops mingled in the thickest of the fight, waving their blood stained swords, or lifting the bones of a patron saint, as a pledge of victory. To the killed was promised a free passport into heaven. Even supernatural interposition was not wanting; the bones of Saint James the Apostle had been opportunely found at Compostella, where they were said to have been buried by his disciples, who had brought them thither in a small boat from the extremity of the Mediterranean. And now the priests saw their beloved Santiago descending in every doubtful struggle from the clouds, overthrowing whole ranks of the infidels with his sword, or trampling them under the hoofs of his snow white charger.

But a succor of greater value if possible than that of Santiago, was furnished by the Saracens themselves. Whilst consolidation from intermarriage was taking place among the christian kingdoms, those principles of dissolution inherent in all Mahometan despotisms from the uncertain order of succession, and which had showed themselves in the East immediately after the death of the Prophet, began to operate in Spain. The brilliant empire of Cordova, a prey to disputed succession, was shaken to atoms; and every ambitious *wali*, shutting himself up in the stronghold of his command, became a petty king and laid claim to a contemptible independence. These, in virtue of their kingly condition, quarrelled with each other for the demarcation of their territory and made war. Such as had the Christians for neighbours called in their aid, overcame their adversaries, divided the spoil, and became themselves in turn the prey of their aggrandized ally. For, though in all these wars the Saracens were scrupulously observant of their given faith, it was a tenet and practice of the Christians to keep no terms with infidels, but those of expediency. They had the best of ghostly counsel to prove that anything was justifiable, that would end in the glory of God.

Though the arrival of numerous hordes of savage and warlike Moors, brought a new set of oppressors to the Saracens, and checked for the time the ascendency of the Christians; yet these, little by little, at

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length won back, within the lapse of eight centuries, the whole of that fair empire which they had lost in a few months, rather by a route than a conquest. Every spot became the site of a ranged battle, or of some rencontre of contending chivalry. Thus Spain, already rich in classic association, was further consecrated by thousands of heroic feats and hapless disasters. These were commemorated in ballads by the Saracens; and this species of composition being imitated by the Christians, became popular throughout Europe, under the name of romance, from the Romance language, through which it first became known.

But the alteration in the moral and economical condition of the Peninsula, produced by this change of masters, calls for sorrow and lamentation. Intolerance succeeds to toleration; idleness to industry; solitude and silence to the stir and turmoil of happy multitudes; ignorance, listlessness, and superstition to the dawning light of awakened science. We see on every side, busy cities made suddenly desolate; plantations laid waste and fired; rugged rocks and hill sides, which had been won to fertility by the use of irrigation, now relapsing into their original sterility. Vast tracts of desert lands are awarded to those captains, who had been foremost to pillage and destroy, or to the churches and convents which had aided at a distance with their prayers. Henceforth, the country, peopled under such ill-fated auspices, presents the distressing spectacle of wealth and luxury entailed without exertion upon the few, at the expense of toil and suffering and self-denial to the many. Such, indeed, was the melancholy use made by the conquerors of their conquest; such the deplorable results of the extermination of the Saracens, that we are fairly forced to sigh over the triumphs of Christianity.

And here we are led to pause and reflect on the changes which time and circumstances bring upon the noblest institutions. Fifteen centuries previous to the period of which we speak, Jesus Christ appeared in the East, preaching peace upon earth and good will towards men. His system is propagated by sufferings, by sorrows, by martyrdom; and thus it wins its way over the whole of Europe. Six hundred years after, a new prophet arises in the same land, proclaiming fraternity to the faithful, death to all who disbelieve. These two faiths, the one promulgated by the endurance of every evil, the other by the keener logic of the sword, extend themselves westward over Europe and Africa, until we at length see them meet and mingle at the extremities of their respective continents. But now how modified and how perverted! Behold the Christian become warlike; steel is the only fit covering for the followers of the Lamb! Nay, the very successors of the apostles now lead the van of devastation and carnage! But how is it with the Mahometan? The spear with which he proved the perfection of his creed, is turned into a pruning hook; his only present desire to enjoy in peace, and partially to cultivate the land, which has thus been enjoyed and cultivated by twenty generations of his ancestors. But the boon, though small, will not be granted. Plundered of his property, his sons forced into slavery, his daughters consigned to prostitution, he drags out his life, flying from one captured city to another, and at last

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crossing the water, he turns his back upon his country in utter despair, repeating, peradventure, the soliloquy of the old Moor—'Ah! what a hard fate is mine, brought upon me by my own wickedness or by an insatiate destiny! I wander a banished man my whole life; forced to seek a new country at each step, and to make a spectacle of my misfortunes in every city!'

Yet the close of the fifteenth century, the period posterior to the final extinction of the Saracenic domination, and the reign of Charles I, fifth emperor of that name, is esteemed the most brilliant period of the Spanish monarchy. Notwithstanding the perpetual warfare, which had prevailed for centuries, the country had continued rich and prosperous, counting twenty millions of inhabitants, nearly double of the present day. The spirit of industry and the knowledge of the arts, caught by intercourse with the Saracens, and fostered by the commercial enterprise and accumulated capital of the Jews, had made great progress among the Christians. The exposed state of the country, too, from constant warfare, had forced the inhabitants to congregate in cities for mutual protection. This, whilst it diverted their attention from agriculture to manufactures, had also the effect of promoting intelligence by free intercourse and interchange of sentiment, and of giving the people a knowledge of their rights, whilst it furnished facilities for combining for their defence. Property thus found protection in the association of the industrious classes, and in their admission to a share in the concerns of state. The discovery of another world, at this auspicious moment, carried the power and glory of Spain to still greater elevation. Emigration to the colonies drained the country of the worthless and idle, creating markets abroad, where goods were exchanged for the precious metals, and these returned to foster industry, facilitate circulation, and enrich Spain by new exchanges for the productions of other countries. At this period we behold Spain rich, happy, and preponderant, maintaining her proper station among the nations of the earth.

But the sad alternation of returning reverses was again at hand. Those liberties, which distinguished and formed the just pride of the Spaniard of the fifteenth century, were gradually undermined by the crafty Ferdinand and by Charles V., until they were at length utterly destroyed by Philip II., that bloody bigot; forever accursed be his memory! The people had no longer any voice in the national councils; they were no longer solicited to bestow; but, like poor travellers beset upon the highway, were commanded to deliver, with death for an alternative. The motive to acquire wealth was diminished in proportion as the prospect of preserving it grew smaller. This check upon improvement was still further increased by the terrors of the Inquisition. To grow rich, was to be exposed to suspicion of Judaism, or some other offence, which might bring the wealth of the individual within the clutches of the Tribunal. Thus beset, the industrious

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either ceased to be so, or else fled to the colonies, in the hope of escaping from the evils which awaited them at home; the rich sought to withdraw their capital from productive employment, converting it into some form, in which it might be hidden from view and consumed at pleasure and without molestation. Hence, perhaps, that avidity for the precious metals with which the Spaniards are justly reproached; and which, though it may have been stimulated by the greedy pursuit of them in the new world, is doubtless more owing to the facilities which they afford for the concealment of wealth.

To check the prosperity of the Spanish empire, a most efficacious expedient had been fallen upon by Ferdinand and Isabella, or rather by their priestly advisers, in the expulsion of the Jews. The Moors, too, forcibly christianized and burnt to death for relapsing, in the face of solemn stipulations made at the capitulation of Granada, were at length, after more than a century of the most cruel persecution, driven forcibly from their homes to starve in Africa, stripped of the little wealth which might have purchased them an asylum. Some found succor in the very rigor of their necessities, and returned full of fury and revenge, to murder and despoil those, whom they would willingly have enriched by their labor. Thus were enterprise and industry proscribed and driven from this devoted land, at a season, too, when everything combined to check domestic developement. Meantime, the little all which had been wrested from these hapless outcasts, was lavished with wanton profusion upon courtiers, favorites, and harlots, until the use made of the money, thus amassed, revealed the foul motive of their plunder and expatriation. A system of corruption had, indeed, taken root in Spain, beginning near the throne and extending down to the meanest *alcalde* or *alguazil*. Unchecked by publicity, unrestrained by popular responsibility, the whole machine of state was moved by money. Honor and office became the portion of him, who could pay most for them. Thus bribery sanctioned peculation, until the word *justicia*, synonymous with one, which is pronounced in our language with respect, with reverence with the comforting sense of security, became in Spain the dread of the innocent, the scoff of the guilty, and associated with all that is infamous. He who has read Gil Blas—and who has not read it? may form a proper notion of Spanish justice; such as it was in the seventeenth century; such as it is at the present day.

The accession of the Bourbon family brought, indeed, a prospect of melioration, quickly overcast by the assimilation of the masters to their slaves. Yet did Charles III., in modern times, make a noble effort to arrest the national decline. But his son and successor was a different man. Charles IV., the most ignobly base, the most worthless and vile of all the Spanish kings, abandoned the monarchy to its downward fate and to the guidance of the harlot his wife, and the greedy wretch her paramour. The feeble tie which bound the colonies is severed; from friends they are arrayed as enemies; and the mother country is abandoned to the designs of an ambitious neighbour, to civil war, and the quick succession of several separate revolutions.

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Unhappy Spain! we behold her now at the bottom of the abyss, her only consolation that she can fall no farther.

The population of Spain, though some have reduced it to eight millions, is supposed to be much greater. It has been proved that from the manner in which imposts are raised and levies of troops made in various parts of the country, the different towns have each been interested in making their population as low as possible, in order to furnish a quota proportionably small. Hence resulted a very defective enumeration. A different means of obtaining the census has lately been adopted, and the population of Spain proves to have been rather more than ten millions, at the beginning of this century. The destruction of life and property, consequent upon so many revolutions in the last twenty years, may have still further reduced the number. The ruined and untenanted habitations, which I have everywhere met with in Spain, would indicate as much. If Portugal be considered in conjunction with Spain, and nature has drawn no line of separation, the entire population of the Peninsula may be estimated at near fourteen millions, about seventy souls to the square mile. This is much less than half the number found upon an equal space in France and England; countries far inferior in fertility of soil, amenity of climate, and all the bounties of nature.*

And thus we see Spain awakened to civilization under the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, reaching the pinnacle of prosperity under the Romans, when she is supposed to have sustained no fewer than

* It may, perhaps, aid in explaining the decline of population in Spain to annex the following division of the inhabitants, as given by Laborde. The census was taken in 1788. There were then in Spain 10,409,879 individuals of both sexes; 5,204,187 males, and 5,205,692 females. Of the men 3,257,022 were widowers, bachelors, and ecclesiastics; and of the women 3,262,197 were nuns, widows, and waiters upon Providence. Again, of the whole population 60,240 were secular clergy; 49,270 were monks; and 22,237, nuns. The hermits, *beatas*, sextons, and singers, made an item of about 20,000 more; forming a total of more than 150,000 connected with religion; near one and an half *per cent.* upon the entire population. In Catalonia, where the clergy are most numerous, they amounted to near two per cent. Then there were in Spain 478,716 nobles; 231,187 of whom were found in Biscay and Asturias, which together contained a population of only 655,933. To wait upon such of these nobles as do not wait upon themselves and upon others, 276,090 men servants were required. One hundred thousand beggars were fed at the convents of the aforesaid monks and nuns; and there were 60,000 students, half of whom also begged charity. Then, there were upwards of 100,000 individuals connected with the administration of government and justice, or with the military for the maintenance of despotism. Add to these 100,000 existing as smugglers, robbers, and assassins; and 30,000 custom and other officers to take these, and often having an understanding with them. Having made these and other unprofitable deductions, there remained 964,571 day laborers; 917,197 peasants; 310,739 artisans and manufacturers, and 34,339 merchants, to sustain by their productive occupations ten millions of inhabitants, many of whom riot in wealth and luxury. As the sum total of the present population as given in the last edition of Antillon, corresponds with this, we may assume these items as correct at the present day.

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forty millions of people. The dark days of the Gothic domination intervene, and we see her again under the sway of a lively, industrious, and intelligent people, attaining equal prosperity with that which she had enjoyed in the best days of the empire. After eight centuries of war and carnage, we find her still rich and industrious, with twenty millions of inhabitants. Since then, though generally in the enjoyment of peace, and in the presence of the progressive prosperity of all Europe, she is seen to waste away and decline, though possessing still, as ever, all the elements of prosperity, until at length in the nineteenth century, the era of unknown improvements in morals and in arts, she is seen to number with difficulty ten millions of unhappy individuals; princes or paupers, oppressors or oppressed.

Travellers and economists have been much perplexed in accounting for this singular declension. Townsend, who is much quoted, ascribes it to the expulsion of the Jews and Moors; to the intestine wars, which raged during seven centuries between Moors and Christians; to the contagious fevers, which have at various times desolated the southern provinces; to the emigrations to America, and to the celibacy of so many monks and nuns. The expulsion of three millions of Jews and Moors was undoubtedly a severe blow to industry and population. As much may be said of the Inquisition, with its half million of victims; but as for the wars with the Saracens, they left Spain rich, industrious, and with twenty millions of people. It is only during three centuries of almost uninterrupted peace, that her population declines to the half of this number. The contagious fevers to which he alludes are, perhaps, a consequence instead of a cause of decay. Emigration is found rather to enrich than to impoverish a country, by the return of those who go away poor and come back wealthy, and by creating outlets abroad for profitable exchanges of domestic produce. As for the supposed celibacy of the monks and nuns, it is a matter of little moment; if they would but work, there would be plenty ready to supply the demand for population.

Indeed, to account for the economical contrast furnished by Spain, in the beginning of the fifteenth and nineteenth centuries, by the decline of population, is but a troublesome task, unless we may find a solution of the difficulty in the corresponding political one, produced by the decline of liberty. The country was not then less split than now, into separate states, governed by distinct laws; taxes were not less imposed unequally; property was not less unjustly divided; the roads and communications were much more defective. The checks to intelligence and civilisation were equally great; the Inquisition had already prepared its tortures and lit its *quemadero*. But the Spaniard of that day had a voice in the councils of the nation; something to say when it was a question of taking away his property. If wronged, he could demand redress of his equals in Cortes, not as an act of grace, but as the right of a freeman. A single fact may, I think, serve to make that plain, which is otherwise a mystery. The Aragonese of the fifteenth century, in swearing allegiance to their king, made this noble proviso. 'We, who are each of us as good, and who together can do more than

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you, promise obedience to your government, if you maintain our rights; but if not—not!'—'*Y si no—no!*' These are words becoming the Spaniard and his noble tongue; but now, alas! none dares name his *fueros*, none to lisp the pleasant word of *libertad!*

That liberty made Spain, and that despotism has marred her, let no one doubt. There is, indeed, a moral force in freedom, which knows no equal. Look at Holland—a sand bank recovered from the sea, a nation in spite of nature, sending out navies to sweep the ocean of her enemies; at Britain—a mere cluster of sea-washed rocks, giving impulse and direction to all Europe; at America—the republic of half a century, already taking her station among the most prominent powers of the earth. And if there is a force in freedom, there is also a withering power in the touch of despotism. Turn from these happy lands to Spain—the very fairest country of Europe—the birthplace of a Cid and a Guzman—the nation that sent Columbus forth to search for new worlds, and Cortes and Pizarro to conquer them. Behold her dwindled and impoverished, stripped of her possessions, reduced to the mere productions of her own soil, and no longer fit even at home to maintain her sovereignty, by turns a prey to the rival cupidity of Gauls and Britains, and openly despoiled by her own children!

The state of agriculture in Spain is very little in unison with the fertility of her soil and the mildness of her climate. A thousand causes contribute to this calamity. But the universality of *mayorazgos*, or entails, and the unequal division of property into immense estates, producing in several instances, in spite of mal-administration, a half million of dollars revenue to a single individual; and the enormous wealth of the clergy, unpurchased by exertion, yet profusely squandered in church decorations, in luxurious indulgence, in secret debauchery; in conjunction with the consequent poverty of the peasants, who toil that others may enjoy, are sufficient reasons for this unhappy result. Were they not, we might find yet others in the hateful privileges of the *Mesta*, an association of nobles and rich convents, owning the five millions of wandering merinos, which migrate semi-annually from valley to mountain, and mountain to valley, eating everything as they go, and claiming the privilege, from the mere antiquity of the abuse, to pasture their flocks freely or at their own prices, on the lands of the cultivator; in that dread of living isolated in an insecure country, which crowds the population together in villages, removing the cultivator from the scene of his labors; in those defective communications, which check production for the want of outlets, and give one province over to famine, whilst another is suffering from a surfeit, and in the diminution of home consumers by the decline of industry. Thus each step in the descending gradations of decay leads on to new declensions.

Low as agriculture has fallen, manufactures, being of less instant necessity, are still lower. With the exception of a few expensive establishments, which form appendages to the crown and serve to check

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private industry, there are few fine commodities wrought in the Peninsula. Watches, jewelry, lace, and almost everything requiring taste and ingenuity in the production, are brought from abroad. In general, each little place, deprived of all facilities for carrying on that internal trade and commerce of exchanges, so invaluable to a country, produces, advantageously or disadvantageously, as the case may be, the few narrow necessaries, which are indispensable to life. If we exclude then the establishments, which are forced into sickly prosperity by royal protection, a few coarse fabrics of wool, cotton, silk, hemp, flax, paper, leather, and iron, compose the productions of Spanish industry. Spain is now the exporter of scarcely a single manufactured article. And thus we see the country, which in the fifteenth century furnished the rest of Europe with fine cloths, silks, and other luxurious commodities, now reduced in turn to a like condition of dependence.

As for the foreign commerce, which once spread itself over two oceans and into every sea, it is at present restricted to an occasional arrival from Cuba, Porto Rico, or the Philippines, at an uninsurable risk, and an exchange of raw commodities, such as silk, wool, wine, oil, figs, raisins, almonds, salt, and barilla, for the manufactured articles of foreign countries. Even that internal trade and free exchange of domestic productions, which constitute the most valuable branch of commerce, are no longer enjoyed without molestation. The poverty of communications, from the defective state of roads and utter absence of canals, with a single contemptible exception; the want of uniformity in weights, measures, and commercial regulations; the insecurity and fluctuating policy proper to despotism; the destructive imports levied at every step; the authorised and systematic vexations of mercenary customhouse creatures and police-men—all tend to check, and even arrest circulation within, whilst the South American corsairs, pushed on by cupidity, interrupt the coasting trade at every headland, and force it to seek refuge under a foreign flag.

If agriculture, commerce, and the arts be in a fallen state, the condition of science and literature is scarcely better. The fine arts, however, forming, as they do, an appendage of a magnificent court, are still as well off in Spain as in the other countries of Europe. Sculptors and painters, not content with studying the noble models contained in the royal museums, are still sent to Italy at the public expense, even in the face of a national bankruptcy. During my residence in Madrid, statues arrived from Rome of Charles IV. and his queen Maria Louisa, beautifully executed by Spanish artists. Charles IV. was not less noble in person than ignoble in character; his statue might almost be taken for that of Washington, whom he greatly resembled. Whoever, therefore, may chance to see this marble image, will have something to qualify his detestation of the original. To be thus cheated into admiration were almost enough to make one quarrel with statuary. As for literature, it may not merely be said to be dying in Spain, but ac-

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tually dead. The illustrious race of writers in poetry, in romance, in the drama, which arose there, before freedom of thought and speech and publicity were lost with her other liberties, and ere the decline of industry and wealth had produced universal stagnation, is now extinct. A single living poet alone remains, or is known to fame. Yriarte, whose fables are equal to those of Æsop or La Fontaine, will long be read with equal profit and pleasure. Her Lope de Vega, her Calderon, Gongora, Garcilaso, Quevedo, her Alemano, are only known to Spain traditionally, or to the curious few through a scarce collection of antique tomes. Hardly any of these authors are reprinted at the present day; and were it not for fear of a tumult among the Spaniards, nothing would prevent the censor from proscribing their beloved champion Don Quixote. Indeed, the art of printing might be lost in Spain, but for the publication of a single semi-weekly *gaceta* and a half dozen of *diarios*.*

Science is in an equally unhappy condition, though the seventeen splendidly endowed universities of Spain might well serve to stock the world with sages. That of Salamanca still boasts its sixty professors; its twenty fine colleges: its voluminous library; but its fame has fled forever, and of its fifteen thousand students, which once flocked to gather wisdom in its halls, from England, France, and every country of Europe, a thousand poor Spaniards and Irishmen now alone remain to be bewildered and mystified. Laborde tells us that medicine is taught in the different universities of Spain by professors who confine themselves to verbal explanations, except at Salamanca and Valencia, where alone are medical libraries and anatomical preparations. All who apply are freely admitted as students of medicine, without any previous examination. They continue to follow the courses for four years, taking down the lectures from the dictation of the professors. Yet these manuscripts, crude as they are, form the main resource of

* I do not feel qualified to speak of literature, with which I am little acquainted, the more so that I am not *critically* acquainted even with my own; nor would I willingly indulge in those patriotic partialities, which it is equally honorable to feel and unbecoming to express. Yet can I say that, with the exception of the Quixote, which is a book by itself, and from which I have derived more amusement than from any other, I have looked in vain among the Spanish authors which have been recommended to me, as I had before done among the French, for any counterparts of Shakspeare, Byron, Milton, Young, Thompson, Cowper, Campbell, Moore, Scott, Sterne, Irving, and the thousand worthies which have so illustrated our own language.

And I would fain believe that this is not mere partiality for a native tongue. A German friend, not less frank than intelligent, who is familiar with all the prevailing languages of Europe, and by no means superficially read in their literature, thus writes to me from Amsterdam.—'You make me a compliment on my English writing; I thank you for the compliment and forgive the jest, provided you forgive my presumption. I am not used to write in this language. It is true I read it much and with delight. If I were not afraid lest I should forget the Spanish and Italian—the French is an every day tongue with us here, and is out of the question—I would read nothing else. Let Calderon be what he may; to me he is not a shade of Byron. I have but begun Mariana; but I do not think he will afford me the pleasure which Gibbon did, and which Hume now does. I like the few Italians I have read much better. But they neither suit my taste and feelings like Byron. I think I never read an author, who so spoke to my heart and soul as Byron. I could have wept when I found that Don Juan was not ended.'

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the student in those universities, which have no medical library. The purchase of books, in Spain either dear or altogether deficient, is out of the question. The students are never examined during the course, nor even at its termination; nor is any notice taken of irregular attendance. Indeed, Laborde tells us that many of them are so miserably poor, as to be obliged to spend much of their time in dancing attendance about the doors of the convents and hospitals, to share in the gratuitous distribution of soup and *puchero*. After the expiration of this noviciate, two years more are spent in acquiring the practice of the profession. For this purpose they enter the service of a physician, accompanying him in his daily rounds to visit his patients; and thus learn the art of feeling a pulse, looking very wise, examining the tongue, &c. Reader! do you not see Gil Blas clinging to the skirts of Sangrado? This education is now finished, and, after a characteristic examination, the degree is given and the doctor is complete. But he is not admitted until he receives a license from the Protomedicate, or medical tribunal, after the fashion of the Mesta. He now undergoes a second examination on the theory of medicine, and is required during three days to physic an unhappy patient in one of the public hospitals; which, whether right or wrong, he takes care to do according to the method of the examiner. Lastly, and here is the only stumbling block, he is forced to pay near fifty dollars, ere he be turned loose upon the community.

From the nature of their education, the excessive number of the *medicos*, and their miserable emoluments; as well as from the qualities required for success, which are rather impudence and self sufficiency, than intelligence and skill, the medical profession in Spain is on the worst possible footing. With, doubtless, many honorable exceptions in the larger cities, the theory of Sangrado still prevails among the whole race of physicians, surgeons, and their first cousins the barbers. Indeed, how can it be otherwise, when professional advancement does not depend upon the public confidence, purchased by years of patient assiduity; but on the intrigue of a moment, and the welltimed administration of a bribe. That this is the case generally throughout Spain I feel entitled to assert. The surgeons and physicians are not selected at pleasure by every family, but appointed by the *ayuntamiento*, municipality of each town, now chosen from the inhabitants by the king, according to the standard of loyalty. The individual, thus selected to take charge of the public health, receives a fixed salary from the *ayuntamiento*, taken from the duties raised on the consumption of the town and usually from the tax upon brandy. In return for this compensation, he is bound to attend all the inhabitants of the place, without further gratuity. The only check upon the man, therefore, is the dread of removal; but as *medico* in Spain is a manner of fixture, this is merely imaginary; and the main dependence falls at last upon his goodness of heart and accidental capacity.*

* How far the *ayuntamientos* may be guided by conscientious considerations in their choice may be gathered from the following incident. Whilst in Madrid, Don

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And now we come to the cause of all these consequences, and to the moral of our story. The Spanish government, down to the last accounts, was an unlimited monarchy, all power and authority residing ostensibly in the individual person of the king, who is not supposed to know any restrictions, but those of his own will, and that of the faction, which has restored him to the nominal possession of supreme power. This mighty individual communicates his behests through the medium of five secretaries of state. He is also assisted in his deliberations by a corps of worthies, appointed by himself and denominated the council of state. The council of Castile assists in affairs of state and in the administration of justice. In the provinces are also various high tribunals, such as the chanceries of Valladolid and Granada, the council of Navarre, and the royal audiences of Caceres, Seville, Valencia, Barcelona, Palma in Majorca, Zaragoza, Oviedo, and Corunia. In other districts and in smaller places, the administration of the laws and dispensation of justice belong to the governors, *corregidores* and *alcaldes*. The civil and criminal jurisprudence of Spain are contained chiefly in a code of laws of Gothic origin called *Siete Partidas*, which Alonzo the Sage caused to be compiled in the vulgar tongue; and in a second code entitled *Novisima Recopilacion*, which contains those since established, or that from time to time still emanate from the throne. The laws of Spain may be very good, but the great number of courts and appeals, with the consequent protraction of suits; the multiplicity of judges, advocates and *escribanos*, who all must feed upon the litigant; but above all the chicanery and

Valentin, my worthy host, who usually gave me his company every morning, accompanying my chocolate with his *cigarillo*, chanced to mention one day in December, that the *Diario* had advertised that the place of *medico* was vacant in a neighboring village; and that a friend of his, a learned doctor and an Old Castilian, had sent to ask his aid in applying for the office. He had sent his pretensions, too, and putting his *cigarillo* in the vacant porthole of his upper teeth, Don Valentin drew out a sheet of paper, covered everywhere, except on the wide margin to the left, with neat writing of a curious antique character. Here was set forth the life of the applicant; his personal sacrifices for the cause of the altar and the throne; his great merits and acquirements; the treatises that he had written, and the cures that he had made, in spite alike of malady and mortality. As Don Valentin was going to the village in the afternoon, I thought there might be something learned by accompanying him. So, when he had taken dinner, we donned our cloaks, and followed by the namesake of the British minister, the good dog Pito, away we went on our errand. A walk of eight miles brought us among the ruined habitations of the village; where we were not long in finding the secretary of the *ayuntamiento*. He was a stout, well conditioned little man, in velvet breeches and doublet, and set with much majesty behind several ranges of manuscripts, listening to a group of peasants. When the room was vacant, and none remained but a picture of the Crucifixion, yielding the post of honor to another of Fernando Septimo, the secretary, Don Valentin, and myself; Don Valentin opened the object of his mission, and presented the credentials and pretensions of his friend. He said much of the merits of the pretender, much also of his generosity, naming the sum that he was willing to give to him who would help him to the office. This, however, he did after he had invited me, by a wink of his single eye, to withdraw, for fear of shocking official chastity. The matter was not yet settled when I left Madrid; but there was no doubt that the right to purge and bleed the good people of ———, would be knocked down to the highest bidder

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mercenary villany, and also the power of these last, so swerve and vitiate them, that justice in Spain is no longer justice. It is, indeed, as likely to afflict the injured as the aggressor and the guilty; more so, perhaps, if trusting to the justice of his cause, the former should neglect the use of bribery. The office of *escribano*, a species of notaryship, is peculiar to Spain; God be praised for it! According to Laborde, he exercises the functions of secretary, solicitor, notifier, and registrar, and is the only medium of communication between the client and his judge. In any given suit, all the writings on both sides are collected together by the same *escribano* into a volume, of which he retains possession, loaning it from time to time to the opposite attornies. He also registers the orders and sentences of the court, and notifies the parties concerned of each step in the suit, by reading the decrees, without, however, allowing them to be copied. He only can receive the declarations of the parties, take the testimony of witnesses, putting what questions he thinks proper, and recording the answers as he pleases, without the interposition, and often in the absence of the judge. The union of such important functions gives ample room for dishonesty, and this is still farther increased by a vicious regulation, which obliges the defendant in every case to choose the *escribano* of his adversary. If, in conjunction with these facts, it be remembered that the *escribanos* are very numerous and very needy, and that the example of peculation is furnished them by the higher functionaries, and impunity thus secured, it will not seem strange, that they are so notoriously intriguing, dishonest, and open to bribery, throughout the whole of Spain. Upon the whole, therefore, it would, perhaps, be better for Spain, if she were without government, without law, and if each individual were left the guardian of his own rights and safety. He might lose a little protection; but would be sure to escape from a great deal of plunder.*

The revenue of Spain arises from a variety of duties and taxes, which are levied with little uniformity. The principal sources of it are the imposts collected at the maritime customhouses, and at those of

* Such as this government is, the Spaniards, at least a majority of them, are content to endure it, and other nations have no right to quarrel with their choice. They will best promote the interests of Spain and their own, by cultivating a good understanding with the existing despotism, and by contenting themselves with recommending measures in accordance with their own more liberal views. Such has been the policy of the United States, and it is a pleasing reflection, that our relations with this country are at present in a good and improving condition. They cannot fail still to improve, whilst they are entrusted to our present minister, His Excellency Alexander H. Everett; a gentleman not less distinguished for his skill and intelligence as a statesman and economist and his accomplishments as a scholar, than for that perfect good breeding, which consists in simplicity of manners, equally remote from awkwardness and affectation. The writer has avoided any allusion to individuals; yet public men are public property; and at a time when abuse and vilification are ushered in without apology, none may be necessary for commending a distinguished and meritorious individual.

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the interior for entering cities; these are denominated *Rentas Generales*. Also the *Estaucos*, or government monopolies of tobacco, salt, lead, powder, playing cards, and sealed paper. In the two Castiles is the *Servicio de milliones;* an impost upon wine, oil, meat, vinegar, and candles. The *Alcabala* is a percentage levied upon every sale of lands, estates, and furniture. In Arragon, instead of the hateful *Alcabala*, which offers such an insuperable bar to every species of circulation, a single contribution is paid, which is equally divided throughout that kingdom. Navarre and the neighbouring provinces are relieved from many of these vexations by peculiar privileges of great antiquity. It is not, however, the respect of government for ancient usages, unless when it be a question of legitimacy, which protects the Navarrese from injurious innovation; but rather their proximity to France, and the consequent necessity of conciliation. The sale of the bulls of papal pardon and indulgence produces an immense revenue in Spain, half of which has been conceded to the crown. The principal is the Bull of Cruzade, which is issued on the supposition of a perpetual war with the Infidels, from Spain's holding the fortress of Ceuta in Africa. The possession of this bull, which the mass of Spaniards take care to buy, as a necessary step to presenting themselves for communion and absolution, concedes the right of eating milk, eggs, and butter during Lent; these articles, if eaten without the bull, involve the fearful incurrence of *mortal sin*. The Flesh Bull, which is of higher price, authorizes the purchaser to eat meat during Lent, except in Passion Week. The Defunct Bull is bought for the benefit of the deceased; and is of such a nature, that if the name of any dead man be entered upon it, a plenary indulgence is thereby conveyed to his soul, if it be suffering in purgatory.

Another branch of revenue is the *Excusado* or right conceded by the Church of appropriating in each parish the tithes of the finest farm, as the privilege of the crown. Also the *Noveno decimal*, or the ninth part of the tithes collected everywhere by the ecclesiastics, and three and a half per cent. on such natural productions as pay no disme. The military orders of Santiago, Alcantara, Calatrava, and Montesa, which were originally established like the Knights of Malta, to fight the Infidels, and which have immense revenues connected with them, are now in the gift of the king. The lottery, which has offices in every town in Spain, is very profitable. Yet all these vicious imposts, which foster vice, beget misery, and offer innumerable impediments to enterprise and industry, go for the most part to feed the hosts of officers employed in collecting them, and who are ever happy to wink at fraud when it may promote their individual interests. But thirty millions reach the treasury; and these, instead of being employed in objects of public utility; in endeavors to restore agriculture from its fallen condition; to awaken industry; to open anew the channels of commerce; are squandered for the most part in the profusion and display of a court, whose splendor reaches an excess, only equalled by the opposite extreme of national poverty. The sums due for loans are got rid of by dishonorable compromise; the debts of honor, to those who have

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spent their lives and shed their blood freely in the struggle for independence, are cruelly cancelled; and yet while this is doing the royal family abates nothing of its extravagance; nor does it the less maintain and annually visit its five magnificent palaces.

One fact may serve to give an idea of the miserable condition of Spanish finances, and of the little confidence attached to the most solemn obligations of government. The loan subscribed in France, under the sanction of its king and for the payment of which the quicksilver mine of Almaden is solemnly pledged, was at between forty and fifty per cent. discount, during my stay in Spain, although the interest of five or six per cent. has been invariably paid. The determination of government to observe its faith in this solitary instance, seems, indeed, worthy of more favorable consideration. For we are told in a late *Constitutionnel* that the timely arrival of the frigate Pearl at Cadiz, with a million of dollars, had relieved government of the necessity of appropriating the sinking fund to the payment of the French rents. Such is the hap-hazard existence of Spain; bankrupt in fortune and in fame, the government is only enabled to stagger on from day to day, under its load of debt and dishonor, by the support of the clergy, who mete out their money at the expense of the most ruinous concessions. Already do they demand the Inquisition; the Council of Castile is in their favor; the king alone still clings to his remnant of power. But he may yield; for those who ask favors of the poor with money in their hand, seldom meet with a refusal.

Notwithstanding the decayed state of the finances in Spain, or rather as an important cause of this decay, she has still a very formidable standing army. It consists of a splendid royal guard of twenty-five thousand men; and of troops of the line and provincial militia, under regular discipline, to the amount of fiftyfive thousand; making a total of eighty thousand men. This force is regularly paid at present; but with such precarious finances, the army is rather a danger than a safeguard to the existing despotism. Especially, if it be considered that liberal opinions and generous sentiments are ever first to gain ground among men, removed at once from home and its prejudices, and brought together in great numbers, with leisure and convenience for the discussion of every question. The moral courage and constancy of the Spaniard, not less than his physical force, his capacity to endure fatigue, and patient subordination, combine in fitting him for the military life. But the vicious practice of taking the officers exclusively from among the nobles, who are not the most worthy and literally noble in Spain, instead of allowing them to rise by merit from the lowest ranks—a system to which France is indebted for a Soult, a Bernadotte, a Ney, a Murat, and a Massena—is a complete impediment to military excellence.

The navy of Spain, like much of her greatness, exists only in recollections of the past. In 1795 it consisted of eighty ships of the line

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and three hundred smaller vessels; with twenty thousand mechanics in the dock yards, sixtyfour thousand seamen, and sixteen thousand marines. But succeeding wars, consequent upon the French Revolution, reduced it to half this force, and Trafalgar gave the death blow. Spain may now be said to have no navy; nor can this arm of power be restored, until the primary step be taken of creating a commercial marine. As for the modern men-of-war of this nation, the few stragglers that remain, flying across the ocean, and abandoning their convoys to the contemptible armaments of South America, serve not so much for defence as for dishonor.

The famous royalist volunteers amount to the number of three hundred and fifty thousand. They consist of the refuse of the population, principally in the towns and cities, and are moved entirely by the clergy, for the sake of religion or of money; their maintenance costing annually near twelve millions of dollars. The royalist volunteers are better armed, better clothed, and better disciplined than militia usually are. Their fidelity to the cause of the church, for, notwithstanding their denomination, they are her exclusive body guard, is, I think, less doubtful than has been generally supposed. Not to take into consideration that spirit of fanaticism, which moves a majority of them, they have as individuals rendered themselves obnoxious to justice by the commission of many crimes, impunity for which, as well as for others yet uncommitted, they can only secure by the maintenance of their devotion; as a body they have outraged the whole liberal party, and stirred up the deadly hate of individual families, by thousands of assassinations, perpetrated at the instigation of the clergy. Their only hope of profit, therefore, their only chance for security, are found in perpetuating the present condition of affairs. With these means, then, Spain would make a desperate war of resistance; especially, if we consider the universal aversion to foreign interference. And, despite the powerful party of liberals, should the good natured people of Britain take compassion upon Spain, and send her a ready made constitution bolstered by bayonets, they would be likely to meet small reward for their generosity.

It remains for us to endeavor to form some further notion of the state of parties in Spain, andof the general character and customs of the people. With this view the whole nation may be divided into the classes of nobility, inhabitants of cities, peasantry, and clergy. The nobility are very numerous in Spain, composing near a twentieth of the whole population. Their order originated at the time of the Gothic inroad, when the whole of the Roman population were degraded into the condition of slaves, and the feudal system was fastened upon the Peninsula. The Goths were a red haired and fair complexioned race; and hence and from their rarity, the high estimation in which these are held throughout Spain, as a proof of gentle blood and Scandinavian origin. The invasion of the Saracens broke down these distinctions, and drove

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the whole aristocracy into the mountains of the North. This is the reason why of near half a million of nobles that are found in Spain, a whole moiety belong to the small provinces of Biscay and Asturias; where every third man is a noble, though often only a servant, a shoe black, or a waterman; witness the Vizcayano, so testy on the score of nobility, who had well nigh split the head and helmet of Don Quixote. When the tide of conquest began to flow back, and these mountains poured forth their regenerated and hardened inhabitants, some nobles of the old stock became distinguished for their prowess as commanders and partizans; these received the waste lands, as they were recovered, together with the sovereignty of towns and villages. Thus, the greater part of Spain was parcelled out among the captains, who took part in the conquest, and who lived and ruled, each in his territory, with the state and power of a petty prince, owning themselves little inferior to the king, who was looked upon as no better than the first noble. When not engaged in war with the Infidels, they had contentions and disputes among each other upon territorial questions, or for personal precedence; particularly during the minority of a king, when the most powerful pretended to the regency, and made war for the possession of his person.

Though the privileges of the nobility are still important in the present day, yet their power has been weakened and their influence destroyed, by following the court, where they live luxuriously, and, notwithstanding the immense incomes of many, are often embarrassed and poor. They do not live upon their estates, and not one in a hundred has any other than his city residence. A castled nobility and a country gentry are equally unknown in Spain; thus the dignity and wealth of the order are completely frittered away and lost in the superior splendors of the throne of which they have become the mere satellites; whilst the country is deprived of the good, which they might do by living on their estates and improving them and the condition of the peasantry, in return for so much evil, resulting from the unequal division of property. Their present effeminate and motiveless life entirely incapacitates them, too, for the career of arms, which they consider alone worthy of their condition. Many of the nobles are attached to the existing despotism, from the consideration that a change might deprive them of the property and privileges, which they enjoy to the injury of the whole nation; others, who have less to lose, and whose better education and knowledge of what is passing in other countries, have opened their eyes to the unhappy condition of their own, are ready and anxious for a revolution. Upon the whole, the Spanish nobility, though without any fixed principles or peculiar policy, may, when taken collectively, be considered as belonging to the liberal party.

To this party belong also the inhabitants of cities, especially on the seacoast, where a communication with strangers has favored the propagation of intelligence and awakened the people to a sense of their rights. This forms, however, the least pleasing portion of the Spanish nation. They have adopted much of the costume and manners of

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foreign countries and many of their vices, whilst they retain few of the nobler features, belonging to the character of the peasantry. They have the pride, the vainglorious and boastful disposition attributed to the Spaniard, with little of that sense of honor, that obstinate courage and unshaken probity, which form his distinguishing characteristics.

The peasantry, including the inhabitants of the smaller towns and villages, on the contrary, still maintain much of the national character. Their courage, their vindictive spirit, their impatience of control, their hatred of foreigners and foreign interference, were all equally conspicuous in the late war of independence. Their devotion to the faith of their fathers, and their blind obedience to its priests, showed themselves at the same time, and still more in the late struggle between the constitution and the clergy, when the latter by their assistance would, doubtless, have triumphed eventually, even though unassisted by the French. That this would probably have been the case, we may infer from the revolution which has been lately wrought in Portugal against the constitutional party backed by the power of Britain; though that kingdom, from her maritime situation, and her long and intimate intercourse with free countries, might have been supposed more ready for liberal institutions than Spain. It is this blind devotion to their faith and its ministers, as yet but little troubled with doubts, that brings the Spanish peasantry, the most numerous and personally respectable class of the nation, into the party of the serviles, and that gives to this party its present preponderance.

But the clergy is the great and dominant body in Spain, which moves everything at will, and gives impulse even to the machine of state. The earliest Spaniards are said to have adored one only God, to whom they erected no temples and of whom they formed no images; but whom they assembled to adore in the open air, at the season of the full moon. The natives, who have been ever of a devout and superstitious character, doubtless adopted successively the religion of the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Romans. These, however, were all abandoned for Christianity, which spread itself over Spain, in the earliest ages of the church. The Spaniards claim, indeed, to have been first converted by Saint James, the Apostle, and no Arragonese dares to doubt that Zaragoza has been blessed by the incarnate presence of the Virgin. Be this as it may, Christianity prevailed throughout Spain long before the coming of the Barbarians of the North, who were either christianized by the way or else converted soon after their arrival. The religion thus established was not driven away by the Arabs. The conquered country still preserved its clergy and even its bishops; but as the customs, manners, and language of the Christians assimilated themselves to those of the Arabs, their religion likewise became tainted with the dogmas of Mahomet. At length when the savage Moors of the Almohadian sect overran the country of the

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Saracens, all traces of Christianity disappeared. As, however, it was gradually won back by the Christians, their religion recovered the ascendency and became exclusive. The clergy, too, who had not merely aided the warriors with their prayers, but had taken an active part in every battle, now shared in the spoil and received lands, and even the sovereignty of towns and villages. This was the origin of the secular clergy in Spain and of its rich endowment. The regulars were introduced long after, as an appendage of that dark and self-denying devotion of the middle ages, which led the gloomy and ascetic to retire to caves and solitudes, there to pass their lives in prayerful exercises and undisturbed meditation. By and by, individuals of this taste and turn of mind, united themselves in communities, to enjoy the godly conversation of each other and spend their time in a uniformity of pursuits. Presently, women began to follow the example and form similar associations; nor were the pious and the penitent slow in bestowing benefactions upon these holy recluses. Those who had been guilty of many crimes, too, when tortured by remorse or touched by a deathbed repentance, now endowed convents upon the most magnificent scale, to receive their bodies after dissolution, with the stipulation that prayers might be offered and perpetual masses said to withdraw their souls from merited perdition. Thus, those communities, which had been first instituted as asylums for self-torture and maceration, were converted into the desirable abodes of untasked enjoyment and sensual gratification.

It is a painful task to speak of the morals of the Spanish clergy. In a country like ours, where the clerical career leads neither to riches nor honors, and where religion reposes upon its own respectability, I can well believe that the Roman church, venerable on so many accounts, may fully sustain the purity of its office and be meritorious in proportion to the extent of its sacrifices. But in Spain, where a rich and never failing endowment holds out to indolence the prospect of wealth, unpurchased by labor; where the hope of civil as well as religious preferment furnishes a lure to ambition, there is surely abundant room for unworthy inducements. There is, indeed, much reason to fear that utter infidelity is by no means uncommon; for in a church, which lays claim to infallibility and requires a blind belief in every dogma, the transition from Christianity to positive atheism is not so wide; for to disbelieve in part—and there are doubtless, some doctrines repugnant to reason—is to disbelieve altogether. And what is the consequence of imbibing skeptical opinions? Does the unbeliever proclaim his infidelity and forswear his faith? By no means. He continues to fill the sacerdotal functions; for death would follow the disclosure, and, once a priest, always a priest. There are however, undoubtedly, many individuals, who devote themselves to the church from the purest motives. A young man enters upon the duties of his office, for instance, with the most exalted zeal and piety. He is led as a curate into the most intimate intercourse with his parishoners, and, as the females are most at home, especially with them. The confessional, too, reveals the secret workings of hearts made for

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love and full of amiability. Nay, perhaps the acknowledgment of sinful indulgence shows the weakness of the individual, whilst a detail of the alleviating prelimaries, not less than the close contact of the lovely penitent, create a fever of the blood, and beset the confidant of these dangerous secrets with irresistible temptation. Alas! though a minister of God, he is yet a man; a Spaniard too, by nature of an ardent and ungovernable temperament. How difficult to resist temptation, when an authorised intimacy lends facility to intercourse?

If the secular clergy be of impure morals in Spain, there is much reason to fear that the regulars are still more so. The monks go freely into the world, and are also employed as confessors, though they are disliked for their filthiness and want of that urbanity, which is only acquired by the intercourse of society. The nuns, to be sure, pass their lives in perpetual seclusion. A few, perhaps, enter their prison-house from a sense of devotion; but, immured forever, after a short noviciate, devotion may sometimes die, ere worldly longing be extinct. What conscientious obligations can they feel, who have become inmates of nunneries from prudential considerations, in a land where the establishment of females is checked by the decline of population, or who have been enticed by parental solicitation, or encaged by parental cruelty? As for the convent walls and bolts and bars, they are but slight impediments, when it is question of confining the passions. Though there may be few cases of monastic derilection on record, equally atrocious with that of the Capuchin of Carthagena, who, when he had gained the reputation of a saint, in the convent of nuns to which he was confessor, made use of his influence to persuade the sisters individually, to the number of thirteen—the remaining four of the flock being old and ugly—that the Saviour had appeared to him in the mass, and granted dispensation of their vows of chastity in his favor, as a reward for their devotion, and that they might be completely associated with him in love; yet the manner in which this horrible sacrilege and debauchery was punished by the Inquisition, with only five years imprisonment in a convent of his order, would show small abhorrence for the enormity. It seems, indeed, that it is not enough that the convents in Spain should be, as they undoubtedly are, the abode of waning charms and wasted powers of misery, misfortune, and unavailing regret; there can be little doubt that, if not so universally defiled as in former times, they are yet the frequent scene of sensual indulgence—of abortions, infanticides, and the many unnatural vices which result from the frustration of nature.

With all this, however, the immense number of the ecclesiastics in Spain, amounting to about one and a half *per cent.* on the whole population, and their corresponding wealth, give them great importance.* Indeed, if the nobility of Spain, who are three times as numerous, and with possessions infinitely more extensive, have no influence in the conduct of public affairs, the clergy on the contrary, may be said to

* There are in Spain, besides servants, sextons, and singers, attached to the religious establishments, 60,000 seculars, 50,000 monks, and near 30,000 nuns.

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direct everything at will. They are the best economists in Spain. Their estates are usually kept in good order, and, though they have been despoiled on every hand during the late wars, they are already able to administer from time to time to the necessities of state. They have a still greater source of consequence and consideration, in the power which they exercise upon the minds of the people, through the medium of religion. Superstition has ever been a characteristic of the Spaniards, and their present exclusive faith, so long fostered by the Inquisition, has a sway, which, until the late convulsions of the Peninsula, may be said to have been universal. The skeptic spirit of the French Revolution has extended to Spain, in a partial degree, and irreligion has gained some ground among the inhabitants of cities, who, as might be expected, pass from their late extreme of bigotry and superstition, to the opposite one of utter infidelity. Even in Madrid, however, the curates still go round every Lent among their parishioners to see that they have confessed and received communion, which they ascertain by means of printed checks, which are given by the ecclesiastic, who administers the sacrament. This practice is said in modern times to have given rise to a very scandalous custom. Prostitutes and poor women are in the habit of going round to a number of churches and chapels, to confess and take the sacrament, and receive the corresponding checks, which they afterwards sell to those who, whilst they are unwilling to resort to the confessional, are yet unwilling to incur the displeasure of the clergy. But the great stronghold of the church is the peasantry and lower orders, who form the mass of the nation. Their influence over these, they endeavour to maintain by the exterior display of virtue and humility, and by the exercise of charity, returning to the poor a portion of what they have originally plundered from them, by the operation of injurious privileges. With a similar view, the curates mingle much among their flocks, taking an interest in all their concerns, and giving good advice, when it is not their interest to give bad. This frequent and familiar intercourse makes them great adepts in the art of pleasing, and it is especially by means of it, that they are able to move the minds of the females, and through them, of the whole community. The confessional is, however, the great engine of their power. Through this, they become acquainted, not only with what is passing in the world, but also in men's minds; it shows them, not only all that has been done, but also all that is meditated.

Hence then that strong control, which the clergy exercise over all the concerns of state, from the operation of an obvious principle, the foundation of liberty in countries where property is duly divided, that those who willingly contribute to the expenses of government, will have an authority over its councils, and from the sovereign influence which they exercise over the minds of the majority. I have been credibly informed, that the interest which the Spanish clergy take in politics is so direct, that they even have individuals of their body, charged with particular branches of the public service. They receive and despatch couriers, and are often informed by newspapers and by the correspondence which they maintain with the whole world, of intelligence, yet

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unknown to the visible government. The church in Spain forms, indeed, a species of free-masonry, acting in secret and effecting the most important results, by that perfect unity of will and sentiment, which springs from a community of interests and from spiritual subjection. Their ignorance, though true of the body collectively, does by no means apply to those crafty individuals who direct their concerns, and who, though unheard and unseen, are perhaps as well informed of the condition of the world and of the general policy of its different nations, as the Clays and Cannings, whose political craft excites such merited admiration. We are not, therefore, when we see a decree of the Spanish government breathing a spirit of bigoted intolerance, to ascribe it to this or that minister; but rather to some unseen bishop, or father abbot behind the curtain. Nor are we greatly to pity the people of Spain that they are subjected to a vexatious tutelage, which can only have its foundation in the adhesion of the majority.

From these causes, then, and not from the sovereign will of a single individual, originate those persecuting decrees and apostolic denunciations, which have brought on Ferdinand the appellation of bloody bigot, and all the hard names in the calendar of abuse. There is much reason to believe, on the contrary, that he cares little for religion, and though by way of flattering the clergy and the nation, he may once have made a petticoat for the Virgin Mary, yet if the truth were known, he would doubtless be willing to do less for her ladyship than for any living Manola or Andaluza. The character of the present king is, indeed, little known in foreign countries, where, from the mere fact of his being called *El Rey Absoluto*, everything is supposed to emanate from his individual will. His character is not, in fact, so much a compound of vices, as made up of a few virtues and many weaknesses. He is ready to receive the meanest subject of his kingdom, and is said to be frank, good humored, accessible, courteous, and kingly, in an unusual degree. He will listen attentively to those who appeal to him, appear convinced of the justice of what they ask, and promise compliance, without ever returning to think of the matter. Facility is his great foible, and yet is he occasionally subject to irritability and a disposition to be wrongheaded and have his own way, to the no small inconvenience of those who undertake to direct him. The faults of Ferdinand are partly natural, partly the effect of education. Instead of being trained up and nurtured with the care necessary to fit him for the high station to which he was born, his youth was not only neglected, but even purposely perverted.

Godoy, whose views were of the most ambitious kind, took great pains to debase the character and understanding of Ferdinand. With this view, and partly perhaps to get rid of his own cast-off courtesans, he not only abandoned him without restraint to the ruling passion of his family, but even threw temptation in his way, well knowing the debasing effect of those early indulgences, which sap the moral and

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physical energies of youth. Thus a life of uninterrupted sensuality has deadened every manly and generous sentiment. The person of the king was noble and prepossessing in his youth, when he is said to have been the most graceful horseman of his kingdom. In 1808 he was the idol of every heart in the nation. Had he but proved worthy of this devoted loyalty, Spain would present us with a different spectacle. Even now, though his figure has been bent by long indulgence, and his features engraven with heaviness and sensuality, yet is his appearance still rather pleasing than otherwise. There is about him a look of blunt good humor and rough jollity, which gives a flat denial to the cruelty ascribed to him. He is said to have a leaning towards liberalism—weak, perhaps, in proportion to the inefficiency of his character, yet rendered probable by the fact, that he is now more detested by the ruling party, and acting under much more restraint, than in the most boisterous period of the Constitution.

The heir of Ferdinand, and his probable successor, is his brother Don Carlos. This is a very different man. Of a cruel disposition and fiery temperament, he either is, or pretends to be, a very great fanatic. Hence he is the idol of the clergy, who have made more than one attempt to raise him to the throne by popular conspiracies, and who wait with impatience for the death of the incumbent. I once heard a priest, in boasting his qualifications, say, that he would make such another king as Philip II. Should this prove true, Spain has before her a blessed futurity. His title will be Carlos Quinto, and he must be either very good or very bad, in order to avoid insignificance. As for his figure it is worse than contemptible, with a face strongly expressive of malice, cowardice, and irritability.

Don Francisco is the third brother; a little fat good-natured looking man, with a red blotch upon his face. He is said to be intelligent, paints with the skill of a master, and is a great chess-player. As his legitimacy was first acknowledged by the Cortes, he is supposed to have a leaning towards the abolished system. He does not resemble either of his brothers, and there can be little doubt that each had a separate father, among the host whom the old queen admitted to her favors—favors, however, they can hardly be called, if we consider either her ill-looks or her facility. Notwithstanding the shameful, or rather shameless manner, in which she attempted at Bayonne to invalidate the legitimacy of Ferdinand, there can be little doubt, from his resemblance to Charles IV., that he, alone of the three, is the real son of his father.

The whole house may be considered a very degenerate race—partly perhaps from the nature of their education and the habits of the court; partly from such constant intermarriage with the same families. It has been much the fashion with them of late, to take wives from the house of Braganza, from conformity of language and manners, or perhaps with the political view of reannexing that fine strip of the Peninsula to the Spanish monarchy. Ferdinand took to wife two sisters in succession, one or both of whom died in childbed. Don Carlos took a third sister, for whom Ferdinand, in his penchant for the family, is said to

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have cherished an incestuous inclination—and an uncle of the royal brothers, Don Sebastian, a fourth, the present titular Princess of Beyra. Thus this princess is, at the same time, aunt and sister-in-law to Ferdinand by marriage. She is his niece by blood, for the queen-mother of Portugal is his sister, and yet her son is his cousin. It was, perhaps, to check the deterioriation, resulting from this monstrous state of things, that Ferdinand sought his last wife in Saxony. The poor princess, fated to become the wife of Ferdinand, arrived in Spain young, gay, sprightly, and fascinating. A picture of her, which hangs in the palace, represents a perfect Hebe. She was met upon the frontier by the escort, appointed to receive her, separated from her female friends and confidants, stripped of all that could remind her of home, even to her apparel, and given over to the care and conversation of a bevy of ugly old ladies. She soon abandoned her soul to the priests and friars, by whom it was beset, and is now pining away, a prey to fanaticism and melancholy. Poor woman! she is never seen to smile; her only present occupation to play her part in the ceremonial of the court, and pray, and write poetry. In all her deprivations, too, what comfort and consolation may she find in the society of Ferdinand, the man of three wives and a thousand concubines?

Though it has been the chief design of this work to convey some notion of Spanish character and manners, through the medium of narrative, yet it may not be amiss here to enumerate the peculiarities of the different provinces, and the leading traits which are common to the whole nation. Our remarks will apply chiefly to the common people, as it is only among them that the national peculiarities may be discovered. It has been by no means uncommon to describe this nation collectively, and to say, for instance—'The Spaniard is short and thin, with an olive complexion. He is grave and dignified, and has the graces. His dress is black, with a low and slouched hat, and an ample cloak, under which he carries a very long sword, which he handles with great dexterity.' Yet nothing can be more calculated to convey false impressions. What, indeed, can be more different than the costume of the different provinces? Contrast the red cap and long pantaloon of the Catalan, with the airy *braga*, and pendent blanket of the neighbouring Valencian, the close suit and jaunty attire of the Andalusian, with the trunk-hose and leathern cuirass of the Leones, or the sheepskin garments of the Manchego. Yet if their dress be different, their constitutions and characters are equally various. All these variations doubtless originate in the opposite origin of those who have at different periods conquered and colonized separate portions of the Peninsula—people from Scythia, Scandinavia, Greece, Africa, and Arabia. Variety of climate, too, in a country of mountains and vallies, has doubtless done something. But that these striking distinctions should be maintained in face of each other, during so many centuries, can only be accounted for by the poverty of internal communications

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in Spain, checking intercourse between the provinces, and by the deep-rooted prejudices of all, for what they call—'Our ancient customs'—'*Nuestros antiguos costumbres.*' Indeed, in phisiognomy, in dress, in manners, and often in language—in everything, in short, but in those prejudices, and that unity of faith, which has been brought about by the Inquisition, each province of the Peninsula is distinct from every other.

Though the Spaniards are generally esteemed below the middle size, yet in Catalonia, Arragon, Biscay, and some parts of Andalusia, the inhabitants more frequently rise above the standard stature. They are generally famed for vigor and activity, and are almost always kept lean by their temperance, whilst their bodies are dried and hardened by the ardent energy of the sun. For the same reason, their complexions are generally tawney, or of an olive cast. Their hair is usually dark and crisp; eyes very black, heavy and languid on ordinary occasions, but in moments of excitement, piercing and full of fire. Their teeth, when not destroyed by the use of paper cigars, are white and regular. Though their features, like their characters, are often of an exaggerated cast, yet on the whole, if we except some sections, where the treacherous disposition of the inhabitants imparts a scowling and vindictive look to the physiognomy, the general expression of their countenances is grave and dignified habitually and on serious occasions; in moments of festivity, lively, animated, and pleasing.

The distinguishing characteristics of the different provinces of Spain, according to the general acceptation, confirmed by my own experience, as far as it went, are as follow. The Asturians and Gallicians are civil, industrious, and of unshaken honesty. Ground down at home by the exclusive pretensions of the nobility and clergy, they are forced to seek employment abroad, at Madrid, Lisbon, Seville and Cadiz, where they fill the stations of servants, porters, bootblacks, and water-carriers. When, however, they have collected a few hundred dollars by dint of perseverance and industry, they return like the Auvergnats and Savoyards, to close their days in their native mountains, where their little competency enables them to marry and rear up a new race of servants and watermen. The Portuguese are reputed as bigoted, as idle, and more boastful than the Castilians. I have often seen their pomposity ridiculed upon the Spanish stage. Though the Andalusian of some sections, and especially of the seaport towns, has the reputation of being treacherous, vindictive, and bloodthirsty, yet this is not generally true of the people of the Four Kingdoms. The Andalusian is boastful and yet brave, very extravagant in his conversation and forever dealing in superlatives. He hates the ungrateful toil of cultivation, which goes rather to enrich the proprietor than himself; but loves to be on horseback, and never wearies with journeying. Hence, his dress is ever that of a horseman, and none makes a finer figure in the saddle. The Mercians are listless, lazy, aud prone to suspicion. They make no advances in the arts that embellish life, and will not even pursue agriculture, except to the extent necessary

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for mere existence. The lower classes are very treacherous, ever ready to drive the knife into the back of an unsuspecting enemy. The Valencian is intelligent, industrious, active, affable, and fond of pleasure; he is also light, frivolous, vindictive, and insincere. He has a very bad name throughout Spain, and I, at least, from the reception I received on entering the kingdom, have no right to think it unmerited. We know that the bravos and assassins, kept in the pay of the great in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, or hired for the occasion of momentary revenge by the guilty or the aggrieved, were almost all from the kingdom of Valencia. Peyron says that the tumblers and mountebanks of Spain are from the same kingdom. The Catalan is famous for his persevering and indefatigable industry. He is active and laborious, and has a love of liberty, not common to the other provinces, and which has often led him to revolt. I found him wanting in the courtesy general to the Spaniard, and with an abrupt and vulgar bluntness bordering on brutality. The Arragonese, Navarese, and Biscayans are famous for their industry, love of liberty, and spirit of independence. The Arragonese are also charged with vain glory, pride, and arrogance. The Biscayans are said to possess the same foibles, and to be filled with foolish notions of that nobility of blood, which every third man is heir to. With the sunny locks and red complexions of the Goths, they have also inherited their irritable and impetuous disposition, their frankness, their social feelings, and hearty animation. The Castilians are generally esteemed for their uprightness, strength of mind, and solidity of character. Like their neighbours of Arragon, they are haughty, and like the Portuguese, idle; they are also the most profoundly grave, the most obstinately taciturn, the most blindly attached to their ancient customs, of all the people of the Peninsula. But though they speak little, and deal little in professions of friendship, yet are they often friendly, unaffectedly kind; and are even notoriously honest, and of unshaken fidelity.

Such are some of the traits of the Spaniard, as he exhibits himself in the different provinces. Though no people can be so difficult to characterize collectively, yet are there also some qualities common to the whole nation. Among them, a blind and excessive bigotry may be considered universal; and gravity, though not found everywhere, is yet pretty general. But under this covering, even in Castile, where gravity is at the gravest, there is often found a force of feeling, a fund of animation and hidden fire. If the Castilian awakes to anger, the cloak of apathy falls; he is headlong, furious, frantic; it is the awakening of the lion; if only to be pleased, the latent gaiety of his disposition shows itself in keen sallies, biting repartees, or pithy proverbs, borrowed, like Sancho's, from the national abundance; or made, like a few of his, for the occasion. Sometimes, he gives way to mirth; wild, half crazy, and obstreperous. A disposition to speak and

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write in a bombastic style is not a rare foible in Spain, and is doubtless promoted by the noble and sonorous character of the language.* Neither is a disposition to have a high idea of himself and of his nation at all uncommon with the Spaniard. No bad quality this, however, if pride be a protection from meanness, and self-respect, the beginning of respectability. That the Spaniard is passionate, there can be no doubt; the fire of his eye, the impetuosity of his words and actions, when excited, all testify to the truth of the accusation. But it is the ardor of the climate, and the heating nature of the aliments, which, in this dry region, derive their chief nourishment from the sun, that help to make him so. The stranger, if disposed to quarrel with this generous ebullition, without which there can be neither greatness nor glory, may, perhaps, find some apology for the Spaniard in the quickened fervor of his own feelings. And this is the cause, why the Spaniard is sometimes vindictive and cruel. He loves fervently and hates with fury; his devotion is only equalled by his revenge. The history of our own time might go to prove that he is savage in war, and merciless in the moment of victory. But in order to appreciate the conduct of the Spaniards in their war of independence, we should think of their situation; the poverty of their resources; the absence of all organization, at a time when they were beset by the organized energies of Europe. We should consider these things, before we blame them for skulking behind trees and rocks to destroy their enemies singly, or for throwing them headlong into wells, when they were drinking unsuspectingly at the curbstone. But above all we should think of their wrongs; we should remember that they were struggling for liberty. The French themselves, who took an unwilling part in this unholy war, are first to praise the character of their enemies; and if there are many cases of coldblooded cruelty on record, there are also not a few of the most generous devotion to save individual Frenchmen from popular fury.† If we accuse the Spaniards of a love of crime, a propensity to plunder rather than to labor, and adduce the hordes of banditti, which have infested Spain for centuries; though no one can dispute the fact, yet some and much mitigation may be found in the lawless state of a country, where innocence and patriotism are often more obnoxious to *justicia*—I will not call it justice—than crime.

Indolence is one of the greatest reproaches of the Spanish character. But this is no more true of the Catalan, the Biscayan, the Gallego, than it is of the Briton, or the Dutchman. It may only be said to prevail in the central provinces, where enterprise has no outlet and where industry

* This proneness to hyperbole and grandiloquism, the Spaniard may doubtless owe to the Eastern people, who so long held possession of the Peninsula. Much of that strange peculiarity, there so discoverable, derived from the Moorish origin of its population; much also from the dominion of the Saracens. Those of the French who had made in succession the campaigns of Egypt and Spain, found many things in common in the two countries. The castanet, the guitar, the singing of seguidillas and dancing of fandangos are among the number.

† See the interesting Memoirs of Rocca.

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is without a motive. There agriculture is the only resource, and what inducement is there for the unhappy boor to toil that others may eat, or to labor, that his betters may enjoy. Hence, and hence only, that supine indolence, which is so striking a characteristic of the Castilian. To say, as is often said, that it is the pride of the Spaniard that keeps him from menial toil, is a mere absurdity. When was ever pride proof against poverty? If it be a question of enduring fatigue, journeying without rest, without food, and yet without a murmur, from morning till night—there is none to equal your Spaniard. This remarkable capacity of the Spaniards to endure fatigue, proceeds, doubtless, from the spare and sundried, yet vigorous and athletic character of their bodies, and from the temper which the physical constitution imparts to the mind. To this, and to their dauntless bravery is it owing, that they make, when disciplined, such noble soldiers; nor is it a little remarkable that they have possessed the same characteristics since the remotest times.

Mariana gives the following description of the original Spaniards. 'Gross, and destitute of breeding and politeness, were our savage forefathers; their disposition warlike and unquiet, rather of wild beasts than men. They were given to false religions and the worship of their Gods. Such was their obstinacy in keeping secrets, that even the most horrible torments had no power to shake them. In war their sustenance was coarse and simple; their common drink water, and seldom wine. The lightness and activity of their bodies was wonderful, and they were by nature capable of enduring hunger and fatigue.' Plutarch, in his life of Sertorius, that great hero, who gained such ascendancy over the Spaniards by his personal superiority, and by working upon their superstitions, that from a houseless exile in the cause of Marius, he became master of nearly all Spain, and went nigh to founding an independent empire;—tells us that 'Metellus did not know which way to turn himself, having to do with a man of undaunted boldness, who was continually harrassing him, and yet could not be brought to a pitched battle; for by the swiftness and dexterity of his Spanish soldiery, Sertorius was able to change his station and cast his army into every kind of form. Thus, though Metellus had great experience in conducting heavy armed legions, when drawn up in due order into a standing phalanx, to encounter the enemy hand in hand, and overpower him by force; yet he was not able to climb up steep hills, and to be continually upon the pursuit of a swift enemy; nor could he like them endure hunger, nor live exposed to the weather, without fire or covering.'

The unbroken obstinacy of the Spaniards in sieges and in wars of resistance is notorious. Witness Saguntum and Astapa, where the townsmen, rather than depart with their lives, or sue for greater mercy, burnt their houses, brought together and fired their valuables in the public squares, then mounted the funeral pile. Witness Numantia, braving the concentrated efforts of Roman power, triumphing repeatedly over the armies of the Republic, and twice compelling her generals to sue for peace, nor yet yielding, until Rome treasonably broke her

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treaty, and resorted to an infraction of that law of the Republic, which required ten years to expire, before a re-election to the consulate. Scipio Africanus could alone subdue Numantia. He was sent on this perilous errand, and gained new immortality by meriting the surname of Numantinus. We are told that when the besieged became sorely straitened, they sent ambassadors to Scipio to sue for that peace, which had been more than once granted. They asked for an honorable capitulation, speaking with submission, and yet with a certain nobleness. Scipio marvelled much that the hearts of this people were not broken by such bitter adversity, and that, when all hope was lost, they still were mindful of their dignity. Notwithstanding his admiration, however, he replied that there was no room for treaty and that it only remained for them to yield. When this news was brought to the Numantines, they slew the ambassadors and determined to resist to the last. Having made themselves furiously drunk with a beverage distilled from wheat, they rushed out and slew thousands of Romans, until they were overpowered and destroyed, or else driven back into the city. The remainder now resolved to sally forth on horseback and cut themselves an escape; but the women, who, although willing to share the common fate, were yet unwilling to be left abandoned, discovered their purpose and baffled it, by cutting the hamstrings of their horses. To die was now the only refuge of the Numantines; the women and children were slain, by their husbands and fathers; and these in turn despatched each other, fighting in single combat, the conqueror and conquered being thrown by the survivors upon the same funeral pile.—Such was the fate of Numantia! But there is little need to wander back to such remote antiquity for proofs of Spanish valor. Behold Cortes burning his ships, leading his five hundred followers against a mighty empire, and seizing its emperor in his own city!—Pizarro overcoming Peru with but half as many companions! Watch the Spaniards burning to death, in their floating castles under the batteries of Gibraltar;—men and women vieing to leave their bodies in the trenches of Zarragoza! See them in our own time eating rats and carrion rather than give up the fortresses of Callao and Ulloa!

That the Spaniards, as a people, are ignorant, supremely ignorant, it is impossible to dissemble; but this comes from the state of education, altogether in the hands of the clergy, who exert themselves to maintain that ignorance to which they are indebted for their power. From all that I saw of the Spaniards, I formed the most favorable notion of their genius and capacity; their untutored mother wit and native sagacity are as notorious as Sancho Panza. And, to say nothing of the great names in every department of excellence which embellish her history, is it not enough for Spain to have produced a Cervantes?

Temperance is, and ever has been, a distinguishing characteristic of the Spaniard. Sparing and unmindful in his diet, his aversion to drunkenness amounts to detestation. Mention is said to be found in Strabo of a Spaniard, who threw himself into the fire, because some one had called him a drunkard; a whimsical extravagance, the recounting of which, whether true or false, speaks volumes in favor of

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Spanish sobriety. If it be a noble quality, too, to maintain silence at every extremity, when it might injure others or be unworthy to speak, what credit is there not due to the Spaniard for that depth of secrecy of which he has given so many brilliant examples? * To prove the extreme of Spanish probity, the firmness of Spanish faith, it may be sufficient to adduce a single instance, incidentally mentioned by Voltaire. When war broke out between France and Spain in 1684, the Spanish king endeavored to seize all the French property in his kingdom; for which purpose he invited the factors to share the spoil with him; but *not one* Spaniard would betray his French correspondent! that loyalty to their kings and attachment to the existing state of things, which in our day have been carried too far by the Spaniards, are on the whole advantageous qualities, and would prove powerful engines in the hands of a well disposed prince. When they are prepared for good and wholesome institutions, their constant character will secure them perpetuity. That the Spaniard, should be devout and pious, that he should give himself, heart and soul, to that faith, which he believes the only true one,—is it not subject of commendation? If then we compare the virtues and vices of the Spanish character, where may we find a people more worthy of admiration?

Among the general characteristics of the Spanish people, their language may not be improperly numbered. For, though the Limousin or Provençal, the old language of the troubadour, is the popular tongue of Catalonia and Valencia, whilst in Biscay, Alava, and Guipuscoa they have the Basque, a harsh and peculiar dialect, which has existed since the earliest times, even before the coming of the Romans, yet the Castilian is now so widely diffused over the Peninsula, that it has received the general appellation of the Spanish language. And here, it may not be amiss to say something of its origin.

How far the language of the original Spaniards may have been modified during the Phœnician domination is now unknown. It is certain, however, that the complete conquest and final identification which took place under the Romans, had the effect to supplant a rude language, inadequate to express the objects and ideas which belong to a condition of refinement. This change might, perhaps, have been facilitated by the previous existence of several dialects, resulting from the various origin of its population. Be it as it may, the Latin language was universally adopted in the Peninsula, with the customs and manners of the metropolis, Biscay alone still retaining its barbarous and characteristic dialect.

When the Northern barbarians overran the whole of Europe, and pushed their way beyond the barrier of the Pyrenees, the Peninsula

* The late French papers give an interesting account of the execution and obstinate silence of Jeps de L'Estang, a fierce robber, set on to rebellion by the clergy and Carlists.

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became the residence of two distinct nations, speaking distinct languages. But the Barbarians being far inferior in numbers to the conquered people, and of inferior civilization, naturally adopted a language, which whilst it was that of the majority, furnished them with names for things with which they now first became acquainted, and which was far better adapted to express the sentiments arising in a more civilized condition. This, however, was not effected without modification. The construction of the Latin underwent a few changes; the verbs still maintained their conjugations with little variation; but the declension of nouns was now effected more simply by annexing prepositions, instead of altering their terminations. A large addition of duplicates was made to the catalogue of the nouns, and a more natural and easy arrangement was introduced in the structure of sentences. Thus modified, the language now received the name of Romance, to distinguish it from the pure Latin, which continued in general use among the learned until the reign of Don Alonso, the Sage, who first caused the laws to be written in the vulgar tongue. That the Latin should have suffered less modification in Spain than in Italy will not seem strange, if it be considered that the greater contiguity of Italy to the land of the Barbarians, would naturally invite more numerous settlements than the remoter regions of the Peninsula.

The invasion of the Saracens had well nigh extinguished the noblest language of Christendom. They came in far greater numbers than the Goths, and wherever they established their domination, the Arab became the prevailing tongue. Happily the exiled Romance still preserved itself in the mountains of Asturias, together with the christian faith, the bones of her saints, and that spark of patriotism which was to win back the whole of the Peninsula. The cities, mountains, and rivers of Spain, received almost everywhere Arabian names; they are still preserved, and the Romance likewise borrowed, with many unknown things, a number of new nouns, which may still be readily discovered by their guttural pronunciation. To these several sources, then, is Spain indebted for the many synonymous words, and such as have narrow shades of distinction, which give such richness and variety to her language.

The Castilian language, starting as it did from the Latin, began by being a highly cultivated tongue. It has been gradually simplified and improved by popular usage, and by the great men who have written in it, from the old romanciers down to Cervantes and Calderon; and in later times by the labors of the learned society, to whose care the national language is especially entrusted. This society has produced a dictionary and grammar, of which it may be said as the greatest possible praise, that they are worthy of their subject. There everything is defined by invariable rules, which are in all things conformable to reason. The pronunciation of the Spanish is rendered very easy, by reason that every word is spoken precisely as it is spelt. Some letters do, indeed, take a different sound in particular situations; but the exceptions are uniform and invariable. The proper and approved pronunciation is that of the Castiles. In Andalusia, it is soft and sweet;

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but slightly different from the standard in some particulars, especially in the sound of *c*, preceding an *e* or *i*; in Andalusia it is pronounced as *s*; in Castile as *th*, and any other sound is esteemed abominable. Thus *Cena* would be Sena in Andalusia, and Thena in Castile. As, however, Andalusia has been foremost in colonizing the New World, it has given its peculiar pronunciation to these extensive regions, and must eventually carry the day by force of numbers; thus rendering acceptable and polite, that which is now rejected as barbarous and provincial.

In its present state, the Spanish language is doubtless the most excellent of all. Like the Italian, full of vowels, it lends itself with ease to the uses of poetry, and furnishes the most graceful garb to a happy idea. In what other language, indeed, could plays, which have been admired during centuries, have been written in verse and enacted in a single day? Yet was this more than once done by Lope de Vega. Though in the hands of the unskilful, the Spanish from its very richness is apt to degenerate into bombast,—witness Ferdinand's decrees and Bolivar's proclamations, in which a puny idea is often seen smothered to death under a load of heavy words—yet what can be more noble than Spanish prose, such as we read in the periods of Jovillanos? As a spoken tongue, the Spanish is unequalled; for whilst its graceful inflexions and sonorous cadences please the ear, even of one who does not understand them, the mind is delighted and self-love flattered and gratified by a thousand happy proverbs and complimentary expressions, which have grown into use among a witty and courteous people. In the pulpit the Spanish is dignified and solemn, requiring but a little skill and feeling to enkindle into eloquence; at the head of an army it is prolonged, powerful, and commanding; in ordinary discourse it is expressive, sprightly, and amusing; from an enraged voice, its gutturals are deeply expressive of hatred and detestation; as the language of a lover, as the vehicle of passion, the Spanish has an earnest eloquence, an irresistible force of feeling; in the mouth of women it is sweet, captivating, and fraught with persuasion.

In his manners, the Spaniard is dignified, yet full of courtesy. He is not fond of exercising hospitality, because he is poor, and because the Inquisition, and its present substitute, the Police, have rendered him suspicious; for the same reason he is backward in intruding his presence and imparting his opinions; whence he has been called unsocial. He is equally free from the doltish dulness of the Dutchman, the sneer and satire of the Englishman, and the hollow-hearted complacency of the degenerate Italian. Contempt for petty inconvenience, and superiority to trivial and unbecoming impatience, are common qualities in Spain. And so is that personal dignity, equally remote from haughtiness and humiliation, which enables the blanketed savage of our wilds, to carry his head high in the midst of the civilized and the luxurious, though contemned and pitied for his poverty. The

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humblest peasant, the meanest muleteer has, in fact, a certain air of independence, a sense of inferiority to no man, which breaks down the barrier of factitious distinction, and makes one feel himself in the presence of an equal. Notwithstanding the immense distinction of classes in Spain, I have nowhere seen more equality in the ordinary intercourse of life. The great seem to forget their greatness, and the poor their poverty. Of the two the peasant has the nobler and more princely bearing.

But if the Spaniard is courteous in general, he is especially so in his intercourse with the other sex. It is then that he waves both dignity and independence, and owns himself inferior. There is, indeed, a humility, a devotedness, in Spanish gallantry, of which we have no idea—*A los pies de usted Seniora!* accompanied by a bow and bearing of corresponding humility is but the prelude to a long series of the most devoted courtesies. Woman here, even in the lowest stations, is never subjected to the menial drudgery of France and Switzerland; but seems born only to embellish life. Ignorant of all that pertains to learning and book lore, she is yet a deep-read adept in the art of pleasing. Ever ready and most happy in conversation, she dances and does everything with a native grace, unattainable by mere cultivation, touches her guitar as if by a gift, and sings with the eloquence that passion only can inspire. The Spanish woman is, indeed, a most fascinating creature.* Her complexion is usually a mellow olive, often russet, rarely rosy, and never artificially so. Her skin smooth and rich—face round, full, and well proportioned, with eyes large, black, brilliant, and speaking, a small mouth, and teeth white and regular. As for her shape, without descending to particulars, which might lead to extravagance, it is sufficient to say that it is beautifully—nay exquisitely formed, and of such perfect flexibility, that when she moves, every gesture becomes a grace and every step a study. Her habitual expression is one of sadness and melancholy; but when she meets an acquaintance and makes an effort to please, opening her full-orbed and enkindling eyes, and parting her rich lips to make room for the contrasting pearl of her teeth, or to give passage to some honied word, the heart must be more than adamant that can withstand her blandishments. Nor is the Spanish woman only beautiful; she is not changeful in her loves, though fond and passionate and peremptory. She is capable of the greatest self-devotion, and history has recorded acts of heroism in her honor, which are without example. If, indeed, Joan of Arc be taken from the ranks of humanity, and accounted either more or less than a woman, where may we find equals for Isabel Danalos, Donia Maria de Pacheco, and the Maid of Zaragoza.

* The Spanish women are more easy to characterise than the men; for they are much more uniform in dress, manners, and appearance; perhaps, because the different nations, who have conquered the Peninsula, may have brought no women with them; for, though well enough at home, they are but poor companions upon a march. The reader need not, however, suppose this the portrait of every woman in Spain. The ugly are to be found there, as well as in other countries.

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There is, however—let us show the whole truth—one female virtue, which, though it may belong to many in Spain, is yet not universal—and this is chastity. It is no longer there, as in the days of Roderick de Bivar and his good Ximena. Alas! the Spanish dame of our day is often no better than she should be—no better than Donia Julia. I know not whence this decline of morals, if not from the poverty of the country; which, whilst it checks marriages and the creation of families, cannot check the passions enkindled by an ardent clime. I am led to fear that, though positive prostitution be less common in Spain than in other countries, there is little regard for the vows of matrimony, even in the villages; where, if at all, one looks for virtue. Though conflicting loves and connubial jealousies often lead to deadly strife among the common people, very frequently to the destruction of the female, yet in the cities husbands have become more gentle, and the duels so common a century or two since are now entirely unknown. The *mantilla*, too, borrowed from the Saracens as an appendage of Oriental jealousy, instead of concealing the face, now lends a new charm to loveliness. The aunt and the mother still totter at the heels of virginity with watchful eyes; but the wife has no longer occasion to hoodwink her *duenia*, ere she receive the caresses of her *cortego*.

In conversation, too, the freedom of the Spanish women is carried to such an extent, that matters are often discussed among them without any sense of indelicacy, that in my own country would not be even adverted to, and equivoques uttered, that are sometimes anything but equivocal. Yet, though these liberties of speech are so freely indulged in, there are others esteemed more venial among us, that are not there tolerated even upon the stage. Thus, with their ardent temperaments, ready to take fire at the slightest contact, a kiss is ever considered the sure foretaste of the greatest favors. But if females in Spain are not all that they ought to be, let us not blame them too severely. Woman is born there, as everywhere, with that strong desire to please which constitutes the chief attraction and loveliness of the sex, and which is in fact but another name for amiability. It is to please the Mahometan taste of the Spaniard that she leads a sedentary life and grows fleshy, and it is also for his gratification that she consents to be frail. And hence, wherever woman is vile, there is too much reason to fear that man is also worthless.

But let me not assume the vileness of Spanish women, nor infer the worthlessness of the men. Let me rather from the many beautiful qualities of the one deduce the excellence of the other. With all the foibles of these fair Spaniards, they are indeed not merely interesting, but in many things good and praiseworthy. Their easy, artless, unstudied manners, their graceful utterance of their native tongue; their lively conversation, full of tact and pointed with espriegleric; their sweet persuasion; their attention to the courtesies of life; to whatever soothes pain or imparts pleasure; but especially their unaffected amiability, their tenderness and truth, render them at once attractive and admirable. Their faults are few, and grow out of the evils which af-

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flict their country; a better state of things will not fail to mend them; their good qualities are many, and are altogether their own.

It has been our endeavour here to convey a succinct view of Spain and of her inhabitants. From what has been stated, it appears that the adhesion of the people to a state of things, which has reduced their country, from a proud and becoming preeminence to its present unworthy condition, can only be accounted for by their poverty and ignorance, and by the strong influence of the clergy, who move them with the double lever of wealth and religion. The best chance that Spain could have had for quiet regeneration, would have been, perhaps, under the enlightened despotism of such a king as Joseph; a prince whose sagacity would have led to the redress of grievances, whilst his goodness of heart would have tempered the evils resulting from sudden innovation. But Joseph was a usurper and a stranger, and the national dignity would have been shocked by growing better under his auspices. Joseph has been supplanted by Ferdinand; the constitution, too, has had its day, and some other means must be looked to now, to effect the business of regeneration. Happily they are not wanting. There is in Spain a party of men, who have been awakened to a sense of their rights during the struggles of the present century, and who have known what it is to taste the pleasures of unrestrained liberty in speech and action. The representations of these men—nay, the very persecutions which they suffer, must add new numbers to the list of liberals, until they shall cease to be a minority. And thus that ecclesiastical influence, which has crushed Spain during so many centuries, must gradually go down. It is already declining; the monks are much decreased by the destruction of their convents, and the partial alienation of their estates; the idle will soon cease to prefer a life, which, from being peaceful, has become precarious. The clergy has lost much popularity since the last revolution; for the people do not find that their condition has been much improved by the downfal of the constitution. The dime, which is a debt of conscience and may therefore serve as a measure of the popular love, is now dwindled into a twentieth. The progressive improvement of the whole world, and that spirit of liberty which is shaking old Europe to the centre, must also be felt in Spain. The influence of free, happy, and enlightened France, now at last completely mistress of her destinies, will not be arrested by excisemen, nor by soldiery. The Pyrenees will offer but a feeble barrier to arrest the passage of thought and sentiment. The Spaniards will soon begin to compare conditions and ask themselves, why are Frenchman happy and we miserable? Are they more generous, more valiant, more loyal, more persevering, more patriotic? They are not. Then why should they be respected and powerful, whilst we are become the scoff of the whole world? It is because they have no clergy, owning the best of the

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soil, and passing their lives in untasked enjoyment; because they have no nobles and lordly proprietors dividing the country among themselves, and living by the labor of the industrious; because each cultivator tills his little field, nor fears to improve it, since he knows that it will descend thus improved to the children of his own body; because all men are born to the strictest equality; because justice is there administered with more certainty and expedition than in any other country; and because they have a government not for plunder but protection. And now, the next question is, how did France arrive at these results, and what course must that nation follow that would imitate her example? It was the Revolution! Methinks I see Spain, as this magic word reverberates through the land, shaking off her long lethargy and preparing for the struggle.

She now discovers that the clergy, in so long controlling and directing her in this world, under the plea of securing her happiness in the next, did but cajole her with the view to promote their own temporal interests. The blind devotion of so many centuries is at once converted into the most dreadful detestation; and Spain seeks to expiate her past bigotry by present infidelity, and by ungovernable rage against religion, its rites, its altars, and its ministers. And if France, the land of good humor, gentleness, and urbanity, was converted by a sense of long sustained injury into a nation of monsters, what will become of Spain, where the passions burn with tenfold ardor, and where man has long groaned under tenfold oppression?

It would seem that there is much chance of a revolution in Spain at some future day, and that when it arrives it is likely to be terrible. But when it shall have passed, with a fearful, yet regenerating hand, over this ill-fated country, removing the abused institutions and unjust privileges which have borne so long and so hardly upon her, and she shall have passed, as France has done, through the various ordeals of spurious liberty and military despotism, intelligence may have a chance to creep in, and the people may at length turn their attention to the enjoyment of life and the developement of their resources. Nature has been most kind to Spain. Her bowels teem with every valuable production, her surface is everywhere spread with fertility; a kindly sun shines always forth in furtherance of the universal benignity; her almost insular situation at the extremity of Europe releases her from the dangers of aggression; and whilst the ocean opens on one hand a convenient high road to the most distant nations of the earth, the Mediterranean on the other facilitates her communications with the rich countries that enclose it. Her coasts, too, indented with finer ports than are elsewhere seen, and her waters, not deformed by those fearful storms, which cover more northern seas with wrecks and ruin; all, in connexion with her internal wealth, furnish the happiest adaptation to commercial pursuits. Thus, whilst her native riches and fertility make trade unnecessary to Spain, her situation enables her to pursue it with unequalled advantage. Surely where God has been thus good, man will not always remain ungrateful.

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In taking leave of Spain, may we not then indulge a hope, that, though her futurity looks threatening, ominous, and full of evil forebodings, the present century may yet see her safely through the storm and leave her, as she deserves to be, rich, respected, and happy?

THE END.

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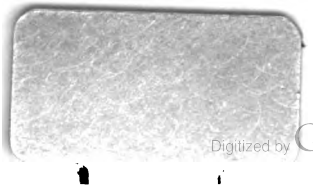

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