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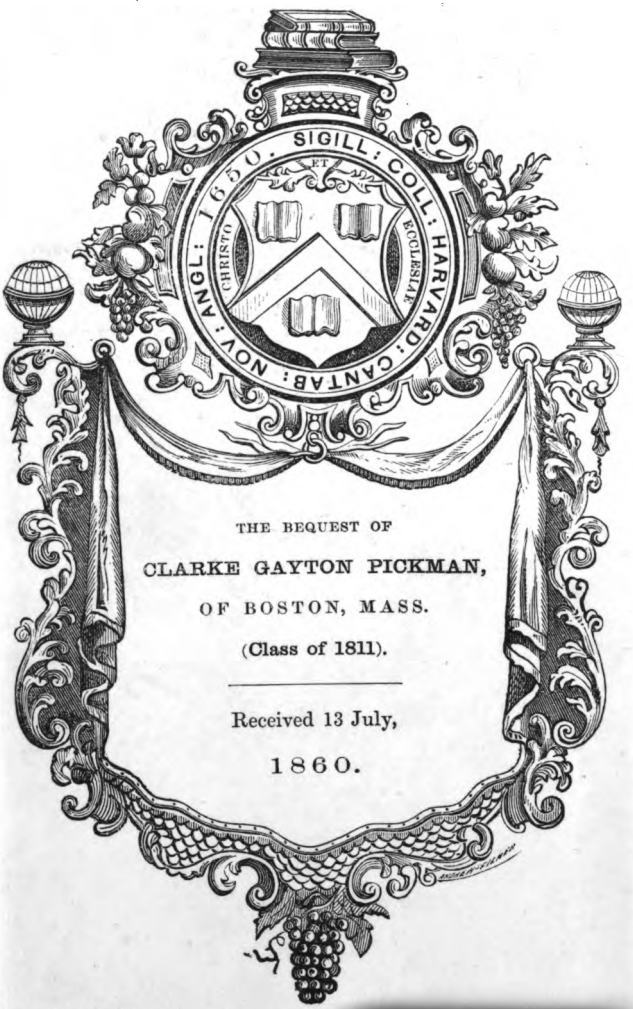

THE BEQUEST OF

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OF BOSTON, MASS.

(Class of 1811).

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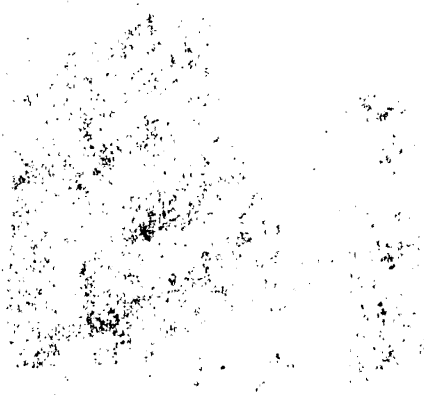

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A YEAR IN SPAIN,

BY

A YOUNG AMERICAN.

VOL. III.

NEW YORK

HARPER & BROTHERS

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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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A YEAR IN SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

VOYAGE TO MALAGA.

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HAVING thus traversed Spain in its greatest length from Catalonia to Andalusia, and passed with no measured gratification from province to province, finding, at each change of name, dress, manners, and customs equally distinct and peculiar, I had at length halted, as we have seen, at Gibraltar, the proposed limit of my wanderings through this delightful land, and the point whence I had promised myself to commence my voyage westward in quest of my own. There still lay wind-bound in the bay the noble line-of-battle-ship which I have already described, and as I had been offered a passage in her, it was in my power to reach home, surrounded by every circumstance that was gratifying. There was, however, a long-cherished desire still unfulfilled, which attracted me in a different direction. I was within a few days' ride of Granada, and in that name, so full of touching and heroic associations, there was a charm too strong even for my homeward yearnings. Home would still be the same, I argued, and only the more attractive, for a slight prolongation of my absence; but the present occasion lost, Granada might for ever remain unvisited. So,

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having accomplished the troublesome task of comparing my contending desires, and coming to a conclusion, from a secluded bastion of the line wall I beheld the gallant ship weigh anchor—which was to have borne me homeward, and then applied myself forthwith to the arrangements for my departure in the opposite direction. There was an American brigantine, bound in a day or two to Malaga, to load with fruit and wine; and her captain having offered me a passage, I gladly seized the opportunity of approaching so conveniently the place of my destination, intending to return to Gibraltar through Ronda, and thus complete the circuit of the kingdom of Granada.

When our day of sailing came round, departure was rendered doubly agreeable because it chanced to be a season of levanter. Nothing can be more disagreeable than a levanter in Gibraltar; it is bad enough in any part of the Mediterranean; but here there is a lofty and precipitous mountain intervening to obstruct the passage of the wind, which, being thus intercepted, sends not a breath to revive the languid inhabitant, unless when now and then a flaw of air encircles the Rock, rushes furiously up the main street, and drinking up all the dust of a road as much travelled as any in the world, yet from sanitary considerations never watered, drives against the houses, penetrating into the remotest retreat, in spite of closed doors and windows. The sky, everywhere lurid at such a season, is here unusually so; the clouds which descend along the Mediterranean, on encountering the Rock are turned upwards and piled into heavy masses, in which they come rolling over the crest of the mountain. There is no rest to be found anywhere; in the streets and houses all look alike miserable, and the only congenial occupation that remains is to stretch one's self upon a sofa and read some horrible romance. I can well conceive, from the feverish excitement of mind, combined with languor of body, which I ever ex-

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perienced on such occasions, that the solano may indeed, as it is said to do, augment the disposition to crime, ascribed to the Mediterranean coast of Andalusia.

At such a time, escape on any condition was most acceptable; so, hiring a Jew porter to carry my night-bag, containing a small provision of clothing, I proceeded to the counting-room of the consignee, where the master of the vessel was to call for his papers, just before embarking. There, seated with the ladies of the family in the kiosk at the top of the house, I enjoyed the growing coolness of a June evening, and beguiled the time by looking out upon the bay, and at the animated succession of objects which it never failed to afford. Presently a little brigantine was descried, slowly stealing with flapping sails from under the lee of the Rock. It could not be ours, said the consignee, because the captain had not yet got all his papers. She was nevertheless presently determined, by the aid of telescopes, to be the same; and now the question occurred whether I had not lost my passage. A moment's delay would have settled the matter against me. Taking a hasty leave of my friends, and carrying their good wishes with me, I seized the papers that were to have secured my passage, and started away to the wharf. It was near sunset; a busy moment on the quay at Gibraltar; for then all who are to sleep in the harbour, or to pass the night ashore, hasten to place themselves on the right side of the drawbridge and portcullis, which rise and fall punctually with the gun from the signal-station at the top of the Rock. An American master was just getting into his boat, manned by four long-armed New-Englanders in red shirts, and being informed of my predicament, he at once gave me a passage, and in a moment we were pulling merrily after the absconding vessel.

The wind was light, and we gained so fast upon her, that, secure of my passage, I had time again to admire the

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interesting spectacle that Gibraltar affords at all times, and more especially at sunset. The bay was smooth, and the air of repose that reigned over its surface, over the huge Rock, with its shaggy and well-marked profile of the crouched lion, and the bold promontories of Europe and Africa, as they seemed blended into one; the sleeping stillness of so many ships, merchantmen and men-of-war, contrasted pleasingly with the bustling activity of the lesser boats, darting rapidly over the smooth surface of the bay in every possible direction, and stirring it by dint of oar into many a ripple.

The captain received me kindly on his deck; told me that I had been near losing my passage; that the papers rather concerned the merchant than himself; and that when his ship was ready, it was his rule to wait for nothing, and, as the case proved, not even for the wind. I remembered well the manœuvres of my Sardinian skipper at Cadiz, and found in the contrast a sufficient cause for that commercial superiority which the enterprise and activity of my countrymen have procured for them among the navigators of the day. The setting sun, as it shed a flood of light over the bold front of Gibraltar, enabled me to see the friends I had just left, still on the look-out, watching the result of my efforts, and congratulating me on their success, as with shawl and handkerchief they waved me a last God-speed.

The wind, which had been light when the brigantine weighed anchor, just lasted long enough to take us out of the bay, and then abandoned us to the strong current which runs constantly into the Mediterranean, and which now floated us gently past the Rock towards the east, the desired direction of our voyage. This phenomenon of a current running constantly from one sea into another, whence there is no outlet, has greatly excited the attention of scientific men. Among the theories which it has called forth, that of Colonel James, in his history of the Herculean

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Straits, seems the most reasonable, being supported by important facts. He asserts that the mass of water which enters the Mediterranean, instead of being evaporated, as Dr. Halley would have it, in undue proportion, is returned, partly by the counter-currents which have been observed to exist along the European and African shores on each side of the main current, but chiefly by an under current which, at a distance below the surface, runs from the Mediterranean into the Atlantic. As a proof of the existence of this current, he mentions a remarkable fact, the correctness of which is undoubted. In 1712 a French privateer, cruising in the Straits, fell in with a Dutch merchantman, laden with oil and brandy. The privateer fired one broadside, and the Dutchman sank immediately. This happened off Tarifa; and a few days after, the vessel with her cargo came on shore at Tangier, about fifteen miles to the westward. To this counter-current below he likewise attributes the fact, that no one has ever been able to get soundings in the Straits, though it has been attempted with lines of great length. Though Colonel James accounts satisfactorily for the manner in which the equilibrium is maintained between the ocean and the sea, he gives no reason why there should be any current at all. The strong westerly winds which blow, during at least three fourths of the year, over the temperate regions of the Atlantic, and which continue their course into the Mediterranean, seem to me a sufficient cause to produce, as they are found to do, a current in the Atlantic; and this, being contracted in its influence as it approaches the Mediterranean, must necessarily become more powerful in the Straits, where the sphere of its action is reduced to so small a compass.

But to return to our narrative. As it grew dark, the captain showed me the way down into his little cabin, where the steward, a mulatto, had prepared our somewhat sturdy sup-

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per. I have often remarked that the stations on board of an American merchantman are filled with a sort of reference to colours; thus, the captain is always white, the steward a mulatto, and as for the cook, or doctor, as he is often called, the blacker the better. Our supper finished, we returned to the deck and seated ourselves on the hencoop, when the captain produced some good cigars which he had brought from Havana. In the meantime night had come on, and the moon, which was nearly full, threw its sober light against the sails, among the ropes, and upon the deck of the vessel. We had been borne by the current past the Rock, which, with Apes Hill upon the African coast, was in full view to the west of us. These two rugged mountains, which frown upon each other from the extremities of Europe and Africa, are the Calpe and Abyla of the ancients, the fabled pillars of Hercules, and the ne plus ultra of the ancient world. As we receded from them, they grew indistinct and closed in with each other. No stranger would have supposed, on looking at these mountains, that between them lay the entrance to a great sea, for they were shut in together, and were so similar in their appearance as to seem to form a continuous coast. The reader will easily appreciate the singular associations suggested by the motto of ne plus ultra, to one born so many thousand miles beyond this ancient termination of the earth. After Columbus had discovered the New World, in defiance of the old interdiction, Spain adopted a happy motto to commemorate the achievement, by which the mystery of the ocean had been revealed and the boundaries of the earth extended. She assumed the encouraging motto of plus ultra, the negative being omitted; and in this day of her decay still stamps it upon her coin, in conjunction with the fabled pillars, no longer impassable.

The strong resemblance between the adjacent coasts of Spain and Africa, together with the existence in both coun-

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tries of many plants which only extend themselves by their roots, and are not found in any other part of Europe, has led naturalists to conjecture that Spain once formed a part of Africa. The Atlantic and Mediterranean, it was supposed, had a communication north of the Pyrenees, until some effort of nature opened the more direct one which exists at the present day. Tradition likewise comes to the assistance of this theory, though it ascribes the effect to human exertions. There are many wild stories on the subject, but the most curious, perhaps, is found in the work of Gerif Aledris the Nubian. While it proves that the attention of mankind has in all ages been attracted to the singularity of this spot, it serves to show that the Arabs had little acquaintance with the history of the country which they had conquered. "When the Emperor Alexander," says he, "had arrived in Spain, the inhabitants complained to him of the incursions made by the Africans into their territories; wherefore he consulted the wise men who accompanied him, as to cutting the barren ridge which united the two countries, and making a canal between them. These persons measured the earth and the depth of the two seas, and found that the sea of Xami was less profound than the great ocean. Upon this, he ordered the earth to be dug for the distance of twelve miles, being the interval between them. This being done, he caused the pass to be opened for the water, and it entered with such violence into the sea of Xami, that many cities which lay upon its shore were overwhelmed and destroyed entirely."

The reader will not suppose, however, that this was the subject of our conversation as we reclined on the hencoops on either side of the companion-way. We were discussing the common topic among seafaring men, the sights they have seen and the troubles they have encountered in many a maritime pilgrimage. The captain took the lead with many a story of the North Sea and the Horn; of gales of wind, lee

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shores aboard, ships run down, masts carried away, and topsails blown from the bolt-rope. He had sailed chiefly in small craft, had been upset several times, and met with many unfortunate adventures. On one occasion, the vessel in which he was capsized was laden with a cargo of sugar, which dissolved and left her waterlogged. The crew contrived to crawl to that part of the bottom which remained highest above the sea. In this situation they remained four long days, exposed to the dash of the waves, without drink, and with no other food than the salted biscuit which floated round the wreck. There were many voracious sharks perpetually swimming about the vessel, and diving into the hold in search of the salted provisions that were floating there, and which did not refuse such of the sufferers as relinquished their hold of the wreck from exhaustion, and sank powerless into the sea, to be torn asunder and devoured before the eyes of their comrades.

Our narrator was the mate of the distressed vessel, and in this trying situation had to feel not only for himself, but also for a younger brother who was making a first voyage under his care. He contrived to fasten the unhappy youth to the wreck by means of cords, lest he should drop into the sea, and in this way preserved him from a fate which befell several of the crew. At length, on the fourth morning of their disaster, they discovered a sail standing for them on her way towards the land. The wind blew fair, and the stranger approached so fast that they could soon discover that she also had been disabled in the late gale. But as she drew near, they began to fear that they might be passed unseen; for their once stately bark now was so nearly immersed as scarcely to be visible in the horizon. This fear, though soon removed, was quickly replaced by another. As the stranger got closer, her whole company came to the side to gaze at them, but without making any effort to relieve them; for no boat was to be seen putting off to take them in.

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In fact, the long-boat had been swept from the deck, and at each roll the fragments of the jolly-boat might be seen swinging from the stern. If the feelings of those who clung to the wreck were hopeless and appalling, those of the crew of the strange ship must have been scarce more enviable. They seemed brought in presence of these unhappy men but to pity them, and bear to their friends their last adieu, and the story of their disaster. Man is not, however, so easily cheated of his existence; and, in the suggestion of expedients, suffering is worth twice as much as pity. After gazing anxiously at the ship, and convincing themselves that safety was only to be found in their own exertions, the shipwrecked sailors commenced stripping off the tattered apparel that the pelting of the sea had left them, and prepared to swim for their lives. The others soon understood and seconded their efforts by coming as close as safety would allow to leeward of the wreck, and heaving to there. Unmindful of the sharks which played between the vessels, the whole party plunged in, and soon swam the distance that separated them from succour; while those in the ship let down ropes, and joyfully assisted them in reaching the deck.

In this little tale of the sea there was one incident more striking than the rest; it is remarkably illustrative of what we can do to save life in a situation of desperate necessity. Our narrator had been among the first to leave the wreck, and was already ascending the side of the relieving vessel, when the dreadful recollection came across his mind that his little brother could not swim. He shuddered at his neglect, and determined to return with a rope to his relief ere the vessel should be too remote. What was his astonishment, as he turned to effect his purpose, to see the little fellow close behind and swimming like a fish. In another moment he stood upon the deck, and then the joyous embraces and surprise of his brother first seemed to apprize

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him that he had never swum before. The idea of his danger, added to his previous exhaustion, overpowered his weak frame, and he swooned upon the deck.

This story, with two or three others of more fatal consequences, though less interesting in the details, caused me to look upon our skipper in the light of a Jonah, though nothing happened to disturb the tranquillity of our passage, which was completed, in an almost constant calm, at the end of thirty-six hours. Having cast anchor within the noble mole which alone constitutes Malaga a safe harbour, and received the visit of the health-officer, a sallow and starveling individual, who, after due and deliberate investigation, pronounced us free from disease, and fit to mingle with the subjects of his Catholic majesty, we were permitted to land, and I soon found comfortable and quiet lodgings in a private family. Thence, sallying forth from time to time in search of adventures, and to gain such information as I might concerning the city in which I had arrived, I gathered, in process of time, the facts which are hereafter set down for the edification of the reader.

Malaga is situated at the bottom of a deep bay, entirely open to the sea towards the south. It is bounded in every other direction by a range of lofty mountains which reach the sea on the east and west, but which at Malaga leave room for the intervention of a narrow plain, stretching about ten miles along the shore. This plain is watered by two small rivers which descend from the neighbouring mountains. It is very fertile, and being cultivated with care, is covered with an abundant vegetation, consisting chiefly of heavy crops of wheat and Indian corn, and many fruit-orchards. The ridges of the surrounding mountains are rugged and uncultivated, but their sides are planted with vines, or groves of olive, fig, orange, and lemon trees. The city itself stands at the eastern extremity of the plain, and is contiguous to a bold hill, which rises in an insulated

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manner, and upon which stands the old fortress of Gibral-Faro, which made so stout a defence when Malaga was besieged by Ferdinand and Isabella.

Malaga at the present day is but a mere shadow of what it was in the time of the Moors, who first appreciated the fertility of the soil, and the amenity of a climate to which the snows of winter and the scorching heats of summer are alike unknown. The surrounding country possesses that broken character in which the Moors delighted; bold hills, favourable to the purposes of fortification and defence against the inroads of freebooting neighbours, and fertile valleys, rewarding the labours of the husbandman. In the hands of this frugal people Malaga rose to great importance; its population is said to have exceeded eighty thousand, and there were no less than fifty villages in the vega west of it. A great quantity of silk was produced in its territory, and it carried on an important trade by sea with Africa and the Levant, and by land with the magnificent city of Granada, of which it might be considered the port. It still continued, indeed, after its conquest by the Christians, to enjoy a certain prosperity until the final expulsion of the Moriscos, at the beginning of the seventeenth century. This was a blow to the manufactures of the country from which they have never recovered. The situation of Malaga and the fertility of its territory must, however, render it under any circumstances a place of importance; for, besides supplying whatever is necessary for the consumption of its population, it has a large surplus for exportation, consisting principally in oil, wines, and dried fruits, and said to amount to nearly five millions of dollars, notwithstanding all the restrictions to which commerce is subjected in Spain. Such great territorial wealth would admit of an immense population within the narrow boundaries of Malaga, were it not that at the conquest, the whole country was divided in tracts among the nobles and the religious

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congregations, who live in idleness upon the labour of the industrious classes. The city, which in the prosperous days of the Moors contained eighty thousand inhabitants, now gives shelter to fifty thousand of the vilest people in all Spain; and the little vega, which was enlivened by fifty flourishing villages, is now haunted by six decayed pueblos, the ghosts of departed prosperity.

I must not, however, speak ill of modern Malaga, for, after all, it is a place where one may pass his time very agreeably. Among its amusements, the cheapest, as well as the most agreeable, is the paseo, or public walk. The Alameda, where this takes place in Malaga, is an extensive oblong, planted with trees, furnished with stone benches, and flanked by fountains at either end. Within the area the whole space is reserved for walkers, and is surrounded by a wide road for carriages and horsemen. When the heat of the day begins to abate, the convicts, who attend to the cleanliness of the city, come with watering-pots, which they fill at the adjoining fountains, and sprinkle the whole surface of the Alameda. Towards sunset the important business begins, and unites in one common festival the whole population. Almost all are pedestrians; for though there is a drive without the walk, there are few in Malaga to profit by it, from the almost total absence of equipages; there seems, indeed, to be a pervading poverty among all classes here, which the stranger is at a loss to reconcile with the profusion manifested by the surrounding country. The governor, a Louisianais, and his son, were the only horsemen; and there were one or two antique vehicles, drawn by long-eared mules and driven by superannuated postillions, in seven-league boots and cocked hats. These made the circuit of the Alameda but a few times, and then went off in the direction of the theatre; but the paseo continued to be crowded until a late hour, the night-air of this country being quite harmless, and all appeared highly to

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enjoy an entertainment which promoted health and furnished amusement at so cheap a rate. I had an opportunity of being present at the paseo of Malaga on a feast-day, when the inhabitants of all classes had thronged thither to see and to be seen. On this occasion all the fine women of the place were there; and from what I then saw I was quite ready to adopt the opinion I had somewhere seen expressed, that the Maliguenas are lively, gay, bewitching, and replete with grace.

While in Malaga I was much gratified by a walk which I took one evening to the summit of Gibral-Faro, which overlooks the town. The old fortress had remained much as it was in the time of the Moors, until its occupation by the French. They repaired and strengthened the fortifications, but when they abandoned the place, many of the buildings were blown up. It consists of irregular lines of walls and towers, which enclose the whole summit of the hill. Within are the remains of a royal palace, for Malaga was, on several occasions, a place of refuge to the kings of Granada, when driven from the throne by rival pretenders. The few remaining apartments, once the scene of regal magnificence and of eastern luxury, are now inhabited by a guard of ragged, half-fed soldiers. The sentry was amusing himself somewhat inelegantly, though not singularly for a Spanish soldier, in a ruined tower that overlooked the sea, while his companions were stretched listlessly among the rubbish, basking in the sun. As one looked upon these poor fellows, lying inanimate amid the ruined greatness of a departed race, he might have half persuaded himself that he had before him a living allegory of the fallen fortunes of their country. From the Gibral-Faro is a covered way leading down to the Alcazaba. This is no longer a fortress, as in the day of Mahomet Zegri. It has been converted, with the lapse of time, into a vast number of miserable hovels, where the Moorish walls, incorporated

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with the patchwork of the present occupants, combine to form the squalid abode of poverty and crime. The inhabitants of this sorry neighbourhood consist of beggars, gipsies, robbers, and murderers. The reader will not be surprised that the last are sufficiently numerous to constitute a class in Malaga, when he is informed that there is probably no place in Europe where so many murders are committed in proportion to the population. As a specimen of the frequency of this crime, I may mention that the young woman who served me in the casa de pupilos, where I lodged, had lost her husband eight months before; he having been murdered, as she told me, in an affray, and the person who took his life, being a royalist volunteer, still walked the streets unmolested. Happening to mention this one day to a friend, he told me that precisely the same misfortune had befallen a female who was then living as nurse in his family. Murders are said to increase in Malaga in the time of the Solano, when the passions are heated into an unwonted ardour. All the lower classes in this part of the country carry large knives, which, when opened, are kept firm by means of a spring at the back. They all understand the use of this weapon, and when quarrels occur, duels sometimes ensue, which are often fatal either to one or both of the parties. These knives serve the well-disposed as any other knife would; but there is in Malaga a set of miscreants, without any known means of support, who make a different use of that treacherous weapon. They waylay people in the street, drag them into the obscurity of a portico, and putting knives to their throats, compel them to remain quiet until they are disencumbered of every thing to their skins, and then allow them to pursue their promenade. Should resistance be offered in the first unguarded moment of attack, death is sure to follow. Most of these bravoes are tenants of the ruinous Alcazaba; and the police, in order to check their atrocities, has closed all

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the entrances to this hell, except one, which remains shut during the whole night. It is not easy to give a satisfactory reason for this disposition to the treacherous use of the knife, which is ascribed to the Spaniards generally, but which exists only in Andalusia, and there principally on the seacoast. It probably originated among the Moors, not, indeed, when they were masters of the country, but when they became an injured and enslaved people, debased by ill usage and brutalized by the desire of revenge.

The eminence of Gibral-Faro commands an extensive view of the sea and neighbouring coast; it overlooks the city with its vega, and the eye surveys at a glance the bold range of mountains that forms the landward barrier, and in a measure isolates Malaga from the rest of Andalusia. As I descended towards the town, my attention was attracted to the prison of the "presidiarios," or galley-slaves, as they used to be called. Malaga is one of the "presidios," or frontier towns, whither criminals are sent to undergo their sentence. In criminal cases in Spain, all who are not acquitted are either hung or sent to the presidios, so that the latter punishment is applicable to every variety of crime. Among these criminals, some were pointed out to me who had committed repeated murders; one indeed was said to have made eleven deaths, to use the familiar idiom of the country; others had done nothing worse than smuggling, which in Spain is abstractly rather a praiseworthy act, and a benefit to the country, since it constitutes an approximation towards free trade. I saw and talked with one old man in the botanical garden, who had been sentenced to ten years of presidio, torn from a family entirely dependant upon his labour for support, and brought from his native island, Majorca, to a country, the language of which he did not speak, and all for no other crime than having killed his neighbour's goat. He said he killed it because it came upon his field; but his fellow-prisoners said that it was to

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eat it. Put the worst construction on it, and still how unequal the offence and the punishment! When I heard this, it struck me that, notwithstanding the ingratitude of Gines de Pasamonte and the Student, Don Quixote, in his character of undoer of grievances, did no bad action in releasing the galley-slaves whom he found strung like beads by the neck in the weary plain of La Mancha. The condition of these poor wretches in Malaga is miserable enough. They are furnished with neither clothing, beds, nor separate cells, but are all driven into one common dungeon, where they assimilate themselves to each other until all become equally abandoned, and where they frequently quarrel and kill each other. Their only allowance is a few cuartos daily, which barely suffices to buy what is rigorously necessary for the support of life, and even this, being dependant upon some precarious branch of revenue, or upon some public charity, sometimes fails. We were walking one day in the botanical garden, and my companion, missing the labourers usually employed upon a neighbouring road, inquired the cause of their absence. We were informed, that instead of the customary eight or ten cuartos, or five or six cents, I forget the exact amount, they had only received the half of that, which, when active, was insufficient for the support of life, and were therefore excused from work. As they have only the clothing given to them by their friends, or in charity, many of them are half naked, and some become occasionally quite so, until an inhabitant, shocked for himself and family at the indecency, relieves their wants. Jail fevers are very frequent during the winter in the prisons of this place, in consequence of the exposure of the poor wretches to the stone floor without fire or bedding, or even the protection of ordinary clothing. Their place of confinement is a source of great uneasiness to the citizens; for, from the insecurity of the buildings, they have frequent occasions of escaping. Those who have friends and can

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procure a little money find a still easier method, by buying the connivance of a keeper or guard, for these heroes, belonging to the class of public men in Spain, are by no means nice upon the score of conscience. When once clear, then, of the prison walls, either through their own dexterity or the connivance of the keepers, these miserable men go forth with a fresh stock of ingenuity, to renew their depredations in the neighbourhood. It may thus very well be, that the existence of the presidio in Malaga has contributed to vitiate the character of the lower classes, both by the escape of many of the convicts, and by the intercourse with those who labour in the streets. I thought I had observed at Toulon the influence of mingling with the galley-slaves, in the great brutality of the lower classes; and at all events feel convinced that the frequent and familiar contemplation of crime, even when associated with punishment, can have no other than a perverting effect upon the morals of a community.

CHAPTER II.

JOURNEY TO GRANADA.

Coast of Andalusia—Velez Malaga—Town—A Serenade—The Caravan—Locomotion in Spain—Viñuela—Kiss of the Monk—Alhama—Capture from Moors—Scenes in Alhama—The Troubadour—The Revellers—Approach to Granada—First View—The Vega—Genil and Daro—Lodgings—A Granadian Dwelling.

HAVING seen every thing of interest in Malaga, and taken leave of some friends, whose kindness had greatly contributed to my enjoyment, I started with the cosario, or muleteer, for Granada. The reader who is surrounded with all the facilities for expeditious travelling which our own coun-

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try affords, may be surprised that one should be detained five days in Malaga for a conveyance to Granada, and that unless he chose to take horses and a guide, and incur the risk of solitary travelling, he could only find one opportunity in a week of going thither. And yet, these are principal cities, but seventy-two miles apart, and have had commercial relations with each other since the days of the Phœnicians. A young German merchant, residing in the same house with me, was also anxious to make the journey; so we agreed to travel in company, and set forward together accordingly; he mounted upon a patient mule, while I was accommodated upon the back of an active little hack. As the loaded beasts had been despatched in advance with the muleteers, we followed with the cosario, at a quicker pace.

The road to Velez Malaga lay nearly the whole way along the shore, sometimes, however, crossing a bold promontory, which projected so far into the sea as to leave no beach. The country was generally rocky and steril, but we came occasionally to little valleys, running far into the interior, whose singular fertility and laboured cultivation contrasted delightfully with the gloomy mountains that enclosed them. At intervals of two or three miles along the coast were watch-towers for discovering the approach of an enemy and momentarily repelling an attack, while at wider distances were small batteries of no very ancient construction, and which have not yet fallen into ruin, though now unoccupied. They were erected after the expulsion of the Moriscos, when those victims of priestcraft and avarice, being driven to plunder as an only resource, and maddened by the sense of their wrongs, commenced the system of predatory incursions, robberies, murders, and devastation, which has produced so much private misery in Spain. These aggressions, which have furnished the incidents for many a tale of captivity and sorrow, were continued down to a period not very remote. It would seem that the pres-

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ent imbecility of Spain is likely to renew these scenes, for very recently the Algerines, by way of reminding the government that certain arrears of tribute remained unpaid, sent over a few boats to pick up captives on the coasts of Murcia and Valencia. Such was the alarm excited by these depredations, that the captain-general of Valencia would not allow the fishermen to leave the coast. Thus the poor fellows remained without bread, and the meager days of the Valencians, who are good Catholics, were rendered meager indeed.

At eighteen miles from Malaga we left the sea, and struck abruptly into the interior. In receding from the sands and precipices of the coast we crossed a slight elevation, and a very different scene unfolded itself. The territory of Velez Malaga lay before us, forming a succession of undulations, not unlike an irregular swell of the sea, and ascending gradually from the coast towards the bold mountains which bound it on the north, forming altogether an area of about four miles square, enclosed towards the interior by lofty hills. A small river runs like an artery through the whole tract, and, with the brooks which trickle from the neighbouring mountains, supplies means for the irrigation which forms so important a feature in the rural economy of the country. There are few spots in the world more productive than Velez Malaga; for within its boundaries grow no inconsiderable portion of the fine figs, raisins, and wines, which are exported from Malaga. It is everywhere laid out in plantations of wheat, maize, and sugar-cane, among which are mulberry-trees for the silk-worms, olive, orange, lemon, and fig trees; but the most important object of cultivation is the vine, which covers the slopes, and is seen pushing itself far up the sides of the mountains. In addition to the productions peculiar to Spain, which abound at Velez, cotton and sugar-cane thrive perfectly, and the cochineal, if care be taken in propagating the insects, will

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soon become a staple. There are, indeed, few productions of the tropical, as of the temperate climates, that do not flourish in Velez Malaga as in their native soil.

About a mile from the sea, we came to a small river skirted by silver poplars. These were merry with the music of birds, among which the nightingale, with his full round notes, bore the burden of the song. This is a bird of good taste, and is always found in Andalusia upon the tops of the mountains and along the banks of the rivers; for it loves to sing in accompaniment to the pleasing murmurs of a stream. It is said that in Velez alone, of all Europe, as in Arabia Felix, the nightingale sings the whole year round. We halted in the middle of the river to refresh our horses, and then, crossing to the opposite bank, entered an alley bordered with trees, which presently brought us in view of the town of Velez Malaga. This beautiful place stands at the bottom of a mountain, whose whole declivity is but one extended vineyard. Just above the town, and rising out of the side of the mountain, is an insulated hill, crowned with an old fortress of the Moors. Such a scene as this would at all times possess the power to please, but we had the advantage of contemplating it by the rich illumination of the setting sun.

The avenue to Velez was thronged by labourers returning from the fields, whom we quickly overtook, for our horses were longing for the shelter and entertainment of the stable. Just at the entrance of the city we passed a party of a hundred conscripts, who were going to Granada to be incorporated into a regiment of lancers. They formed a singular group, in every variety of dress, from that of the sturdy peasant to the squalid finery of the artisan. Most of them had their little all tied in pocket-handkerchiefs and slung upon sticks or hanging from their shoulders, with occasionally a guitar or a barber's basin. This barber's basin is the original of Don Quixote's hel-

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met of Mambrino. It is usually of brass; shaped like a soup-plate, with an opening in the rim to admit the neck, and which, when hung over a door in Spain, serves the same purpose as that singular invention, the barber's pole. It is one of the chief merits of Cervantes' inimitable work, that it founds its adventures upon the most familiar objects, and fastens associations to them which are constantly recurring. Thus, in a Spanish town, you meet with Mambrino's helmet in each street, and encounter giants in the shape of bloated wine-skins at every corner.

We had scarcely dismounted at the entrance of the inn, when the conscripts arrived in the square in front of it. They soon obtained their billets from the alcalde, and went each in search of the inhabitant for whom they had received this unceremonious letter of introduction. As for my fellow-traveller and myself, after supping heartily on fresh fish and a dessert of the delicious figs of the country, we went to bed at an early hour, which was the more fortunate, as we were aroused soon after midnight from our slumbers by the sound of music in front of the posada, which, on going to the balcony, was found to proceed from the conscripts, who had been called up to be in readiness to renew their march. Some of them were stretched upon the stone pavement, making a hasty addition to their stock of sleep; but the mass were collected round one of the number, who touched his guitar with no contemptible skill. Two or three sang in accompaniment, and the rest, joining in the burden, formed a chorus calculated to act as a reveille to all Velez. Soon after, the young officer who was conducting the party made his appearance, and summoned them to depart. They were all on their legs in an instant, the music ceased, and the troubadour, slinging his guitar over his shoulder, marched off at the head of his comrades.

Our next stage was to Alhama, and we might have performed it by an early hour, but the day was Sunday, and

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the muleteers were all inhabitants of Velez. So that what with hearing mass and lingering among their families, we did not start till seven o'clock. Thus we encountered the heat of the day instead of performing the journey as we might have done, by the light of a full moon, and in the cool air of the morning. We set out at length, quite a caravan, composed of at least a hundred beasts; horses, mules, and asses, forming a scattering file a mile long. The cosarios and male passengers were mounted on horses, while the baggage, with merchandise of every description, was placed on the backs of mules tied in a line, the head of one to the tail of another. The ladies of the party, eight or ten in number, were accommodated on the asses, with very comfortable seats formed of a frame, strapped upon the back of the animal, with pillows, and a step to rest the feet on. They all wore bonnets, which are preferred to the mantilla in travelling, for the latter affords no protection against the sun. There were among these fair travellers two very pretty women of Cadiz, and three from Velez, scarcely less interesting and attractive. They were all going to Granada with their husbands, mammas, or aunts, as the case might be, to witness the solemnities and festivity of the approaching feast of Corpus Christi. There was something ludicrous and piquant in the situation of these dark-eyed travelling companions, that made it pleasant to draw near and converse with them, particularly with the young girls, whose matronly protectors were hidden under umbrellas, or thrown out in the rear of the caravan. The reader may be surprised that the ladies of the land should travel after so primitive a fashion in a country which, two thousand years ago, was everywhere intersected with carriage-roads; yet such is the case; and now, in the nineteenth century, at least one half of all the travelling and transportation in Spain is performed upon the backs of horses, mules, or asses. This state of things originated, doubtless,

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in the time of the Moors, a nation of horsemen, who loved to take the shortest path over mountain and valley. It is a convincing proof that commerce could not have been much practised among that people, who produced the necessaries of life upon the spot which they inhabited, and whose simple habits excluded artificial wants, that not one road, similar to those which do so much honour to the Roman domination, was constructed by the Saracens in Spain. This feature in the Arab economy, like many others, continued among the Spaniards; and, down to a late period, the use of vehicles either for luxury or transportation was unknown. There is, in the Royal Armory at Madrid, a singular vehicle, similar to the lettiga of Sicily, intended to be carried like a sedan on the backs of horses. It was in this that Charles V. made his excursions into the country, and moved from place to place. The use of this vehicle is preserved in Sicily wherever the roads are very bad, and the conveyance is said to be convenient and easy. In the same place is the antique carriage of Charles's mother, Joanna the foolish, which is said to be the first wheeled vehicle known in Spain, in the days of reviving civilization. The making of roads commenced with the use of wheels, and in the paternal reign of Charles III. much was done to facilitate the communication between the several sections of the country. Much, however, remained to be done; and since that time, those already constructed have rather gone back for want of repairs, than been improved by new expenditures.

On leaving Velez the road makes a gradual ascent and passes along the banks of a stream, which it occasionally crosses. The country here is richly cultivated, and irrigation in general use. In the valley the husbandman draws upon the river for this purpose, and on the hillsides there is abundance of gurgling springs, which are detained to assist his efforts. In the plain, the plantations were chiefly of Indian corn and sugar-cane, intermingled with groves of

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orange, almond, fig, and lemon trees, while the hillsides were covered with yellow crops of wheat already ripe for the sickle. Here were many orchards of olive; a dismal-looking tree, it is true, but one whose poverty of appearance is more than compensated by the richness of its productions; and when it becomes familiar to the eye, the idea of utility associated with it, always renders it an agreeable addition to the landscape. As we advanced, the road would occasionally quit the windings of the stream and strike into elevated passes of utter sterility, thence descending again and entering upon scenes of fertility and beauty. Delighted at each moment by these varied alternations, we arrived at Viñuela, one of the most picturesque places one can conceive. You approach at first by a valley, rich in all the productions just enumerated, until you reach the foot of a precipitous mountain. Here you make an ascent of several hundred feet, the path being crossed at every step by noisy little brooks, which are seen higher up bursting from the rocks, and which, after being arrested a while to fertilize patches of soil, lying between projecting precipices, dash off to lose themselves in the stream below. The mountain is a perfect sieve, with water bursting from every cranny, and cooling the air, while it delights the ear of the sunburnt traveller. Viñuela is perched near the summit of this mountain, at three thousand feet above the level of the sea. Above and below are precipices, so that the little town, which consists of a single street, is in a manner excavated in the side of the mountain.

Beyond Viñuela the country became more rugged as we ascended towards the summit of the Sierra Tejia, but on passing the mountain there was a sensible alteration in its appearance. It was no longer rocky, and full of incident and variety, as on the other side, but was thrown into gentle slopes, almost entirely planted in wheat, with cork-trees scattered here and there. There were, however, on the

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right hand of the road, two insulated rocks, very singular in their appearance, but still more so in their history. They stand in front of each other, and have, in fact, a rude resemblance to human forms. The imaginative eye may even trace in one of them the appearance of a monk, with his habit and falling cowl, while the other is fancied to resemble, in an equal degree, the figure of a nun.

According to tradition, a capuchin friar, confessor to a monastery in Alhama, conceived a passion for one of the nuns, and persuaded her to elope with him. They had reached the rising ground which overlooks the city, and were urging onward to the Sierra Tejia, to seek the concealment of the mountain, when, having paused in this place, they were overtaken by divine wrath and converted into stone, to show to all future times the consequences of sacrilegious passion. The spot is still known as "El beso del monge."

The descent was now gradual for a league or more, until we came suddenly upon Alhama, lying almost at our feet, with a ravine on one side and a small stream trickling away below. The descent was here so steep, that, although the road ran zigzag, we were obliged to dismount and let our horses pick their way down, while we followed on foot. Though at the bottom of one hill, Alhama is on the summit of another, being built upon a rocky platform which intervenes. This place was one of the last that fell into the hands of the Christians, and is said to contain many traces of its former inhabitants. The houses are different from those usually seen in Spanish villages, for they are chiefly without balconies, and their windows are so small that loopholes would be, perhaps, the more proper name. The chimneys, too, are of a peculiar construction, for the part which rises above the roof has the miniature figure of a house, with doors, windows, and chimney, affording so many apertures for the escape of the smoke. The streets are

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formed of the living rock upon which the town is built, and have been worn into deep channels by the course of the rain finding its way down the hillside.

In the wars of the conquest the capture of Alhama was of vast importance, for it led to the fall of Velez Malaga and of Malaga, thus leaving Granada shorn of its most important resources. The ten years' war which opened the gates of Granada to Ferdinand and Isabella, was commenced on the part of the Christians by the surprise of this place. Diego de Merlo and Rodrigo de Ponce, Marquis of Cadiz, two valiant captains who commanded upon the frontier, having received orders from the sovereigns to open the war, held a conference in Seville. They had learned that Alhama was weakly garrisoned, and, though it fell far within the enemies' territory, they determined to make an attempt upon it. Having collected a force of four thousand foot and twenty-five hundred horse, they set out from Seville in the night, and followed a by-path that led towards Alhama. On the third night they arrived within two miles of the city, and there halted. The captains now for the first time disclosed to their followers the object of the expedition, and having excited them by the prospect of plunder, bade them forget fatigue and think only of victory. Three hundred of the bravest were despatched in advance, and, having approached the castle under cover of the darkness, fixed their ladders against the walls and mounted, undiscovered, to the top. The sluggish soldiers of the garrison awoke to receive their death-blow, and the remainder of the army was introduced, without loss, into the castle. But the battle was not yet won; the town was still to be gained, and the Moors prepared to defend it stoutly. Many of the besiegers were discouraged at this show of resistance, for the distance to Granada was but twenty-eight miles, and succour must soon arrive. The more valiant, however, were for completing what had been so auspi-

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ciously begun, and the assault was soon after made. The inhabitants were defending their property, their firesides, their lives, and liberty. They fought as became men thus situated; every street became a line, and every house a citadel. Nothing, however, availed against the headlong valour of the Spaniards; the inhabitants were driven from every defence, and at length compelled to give way. Many were cut down in the attempt to escape, and of those who fled to the sanctuary of the Mosque, some were slaughtered and others driven away into captivity.

Several attempts were made by the Moors to recover Alhama, but they were all unsuccessful. It was on the occasion of the surprise of Alhama, so severe, so unexpected a blow to the Granadians, that the famous romance was written, which begins—"Cabalgaba el rey Moro," and has for chorus—"Ay de mi Alhama!" and which is said to have been so dolorous in Arabic, that it was forbidden to sing it within the walls of Granada. Alhama continued until very lately surrounded by the extensive fortifications of the old Moorish city; but, with the exception of a few antiquated towers, they were all demolished by the French. The place is chiefly famous for the mineral hot baths, whence it derived its name, and, maybe, its existence. It has been observed that there still remain in Alhama strong indications of the Moorish blood and customs.

It was the evening of Sunday as we now entered the town, and the streets were filled with men, collected in groups and enveloped in their heavy cloaks, as if in defiance of the heat; the boys were at their games and merry-making, while the little girls of each narrow neighbourhood were dancing the fandango in front of their houses, and keeping time with the rattle of their castanets. The young women were seated in the doors or at their grated windows, gayly dressed and with roses in their hair, chatting among themselves, or leaning forward more silently, but

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with a brighter eye, to listen to the young men who accosted them from the street.

Having supped with the cosario and his men, I walked out into the town, and, being disguised in cloak and calines, mingled unnoticed among the groups. There is in this town a Moorish aqueduct, made in the style of the Romans, supported upon massive pillars and arches of mason-work. The construction is better than the usual work of the Moors, for the stones, though not of equal size, are cut with much exactness, and the arches are uniform. I could not conjecture what could have induced them to build such a pile, for the Arabs understood perfectly that property of fluids which urges them to gain their level, and knew how to make use of it. It must be that they found it less difficult to erect the aqueduct than to dig a channel in the rock for the passage of their pipes; for they were too good economists, and paid too little attention to architectural effect, to have raised such a structure for the mere ornament of their city.

The aqueduct, however, was now dry, and men and women moved under its arches with no danger of being moistened from above. As I passed along, I noticed a group gathered round one of the pillars, and presently heard the music of a voice and a guitar, reverberating from the overhanging arch. I drew nigh, and discovered the musician to be a blind ballad-singer, whom I had more than once seen in Seville. He used to make his appearance at evening by the cathedral, when the labour of the day was done, and the workmen were returning to their homes. He was a stout, healthy-looking man, and evidently of a lively temperament; for, in spite of his misfortune, he was ever in a merry mood. When he had gathered a crowd around him, he would tune his guitar and raise a mellow, manly voice, which did full justice to the simple melodies and plaintive airs of his country. In the interludes he amused his audience by a happy utterance of those "chistes y chanzas,"

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jocular and burlesque sayings, which the Spaniards so greatly relish, and which rarely failed to procure him a successful collection of cuartos, or a good market for his ballads. The rencounter with this old acquaintance was full of gratification, and I lingered long round the spot, listening with delight, as by turns he sang of war, of love, and of devotion. There was much in all this, in the scene and in the circumstances, to carry one back to heroic times, and the days of the troubadour.

At two o'clock in the morning we were called up to depart on our third and last day's journey. As there was some delay in loading the mules, I walked out into the street to inhale the cool air, and to look at Alhama by the light of the moon. I had not gone far, when my attention was attracted by the tinkling of guitars, accompanied by the rattle of castanets and the hum of voices. I soon traced this wiry music to its source, and came upon a group collected in the street, before the door of one of the houses. There were a couple of dancers in the centre of a circle, formed by young men and women sitting upon the rocky platform of the street. Our conscript, the serenader of Velez on the previous night, was assisting with his guitar, and several of his comrades were looking on, for they had already been called up to renew their march. The fandango, the popular dance in Andalusia, is a species of bolero, but much simpler than that which is performed upon the stage; like it, consisting rather in graceful attitudes and easy motions of the limbs and body, than in feats of agility. The dancers stand opposite each other, figure about a while, and then change places, as in a reel, keeping time with the castanets to the music, which, though wild and passionate, is yet monotonous from constant repetition. These castanets have so inspiring a sound, that one feels an irresistible inclination to caper whenever he hears it. While a couple were dancing, some one of the by-standers would take up

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the measure and sing a verse in praise of the female dancer, which usually consisted in comparing her eyes to stars, her teeth to pearls, her breath to roses, and such poetical conceits. Whether these effusions were original or borrowed for the occasion, I cannot say; but am only certain that each singer received in return for his poetry an embrace from its fair object, who, when about to sit down, would go round the whole circle, and lay her arm over the shoulder of each one who had sung her praises. The dances of the common people in Spain have none of that boorish clumsiness which characterizes those of other countries; among the men one almost everywhere finds, especially in Andalusia, grace of body united to a lofty courtesy of manner; and the women, unaccustomed to the sordid toil to which they are elsewhere condemned, have a delicacy of limbs, and a harmonious ease and elegance of manner, of which those who are unacquainted with the "meneo Andaluz" cannot easily form a conception.

The mules were loaded, and we were in motion before three. As we descended from Alhama by the winding road that leads to the valley, the song and the castanets of the still unwearied dancers would now and then break faintly upon the ear. At the bottom of the hill we crossed the torrent which runs by the town, upon a bridge of a single arch, and, as we passed over, for a moment caught sight of it, urging its way down a narrow pass, as the moon threw its uncertain light upon the troubled water, or played amid the obscurity of the ravine. As we receded from Alhama, the country became less fertile; but the ride was interesting, for it was performed by the light of a full moon, and cheered by the song of the nightingale. At five leagues from Alhama we came to Almar, which lies at the bottom of a valley, where there are some salt-springs worked by the government; for salt as well as tobacco is a monopoly in Spain, and charged with a very heavy tax. The neigh-

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bouring country consists in declivities, which, with infinite labour, have been levelled in past ages, by the banished and wellnigh forgotten Moors, into terraces to facilitate irrigation; these were covered with heavy crops of wheat.

Having crossed the stream which runs through Almar, we began to ascend the steep mountain which lies towards the northeast and divides it from Granada. The cosario, whom I had worried all the morning with my impatience to arrive in sight of Granada and of the Vega, now told me that in a few minutes we should see them both. It was a moment of anxious expectation, of mingled hope and fear, whether I should be satisfied or disappointed. Ten years before, while yet a child, I had read Florian's "Gonsalve de Cordoue" over and over again on shipboard, when shut up for years among sailors, leading a monastic life, which secluded me from female association, and those delights of romantic love which are there so seductively portrayed. No wonder, then, that I should have abandoned my boyish imagination to the creations of the romancer, and musing at the mast-head, with naught but the sea in view, of knight and lady-love, of the Vega, the silver Genil, and the golden Daro, have contracted a desire to see that Granada which my fancy had been taught to picture to itself in colours so captivating. This desire grew with my years, and gathered appetite by what it fed on, until long after "the last of the Abencerrages," that touching story from a pen tinged with all that is delicate in sentiment, and that tells of exile with a tender sorrow that experience only could have imparted, came to strengthen my longing by newer and truer associations. And now that this hope was so soon to be realized, I began to dread a disappointment, and half wished that I had been left to dream on over this paradise of my imagination.

These reflections occupied the ascent, until my horse, less impatient, had nearly toiled to the ridge of the moun-

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tain. At length, the Sierra Nevada rose above the hill-top that bounded the eastern horizon, and outlined its snowy summit upon the sky. A few seconds more, and a lower and nearer range of mountains became visible above the intervening obstacles, and at each successive step of my horse a league of the Vega would unfold its treasures, until the whole was revealed. The last swell of these mountains was divided by a deep ravine, on both sides of which the white buildings of a city were dimly discoverable, while the hill on the south was crowned by an irregular collection of rusty towers. It was easy to tell that the ravine was the bed of the Daro, that the city could be no other than Granada, and that the rusty towers were those of the Alhambra. The city was partially hidden in its smoke, for the sun, though it had long since enkindled into brightness the snows of the Sierra, had not yet dispelled the shadows that hung westward. The Vega, too, was canopied with the rising mists of the morning, so that no very distinct idea could be formed of it; enough, however, appeared to show that its reputation was not exaggerated. It was evidently teeming with the most luxuriant vegetation, and checkered everywhere with the habitations of man.

This mountain pass, though it commands so joyful a view, has but a melancholy name. It is called "El suspiro del Moro—The sigh of the Moor," doubtless in memory of those much injured exiles who, when about to turn their backs for ever upon this happy valley, would here pause to heave a last sigh for the lost land of their ancestors. Another eminence, more generally known by this name, lies further east, on the road to the Alpujaras; for it was there that Boabdil, when on his way to take possession of the estate assigned to him in the Alpujaras, stopped to weep over the fair kingdom whose ruin had been hastened by his folly.

With different emotions, for they were those of unmin-

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gled gratification, we now descended into the Vega, and made our way to Granada over its teeming surface. The Spanish word vega signifies a valley, in connexion with great fertility, and is usually given to an alluvial tract lying along the banks of a river, and which may be easily irrigated. Thus, the Vega of Toledo, the Vega of Antiquera, the Vega of Granada. The latter, however, is the vega by way of excellence, and is known simply by that name throughout all Andalusia. As we rode across it, we found it everywhere intersected by small canals, through which water might at any time be introduced into the different fields, which were cut into trenches and defended by embankments. The plantations were chiefly of wheat, barley, hemp, flax, and, nearer the city, there were innumerable fruit-orchards and kitchen-gardens. The crops were heavier than I had ever seen before. Indeed, the wheat and hemp stood so close and high as to excite my astonishment. Much of this was doubtless to be attributed to the unequalled fertility of the soil, and to the system of irrigation; much also to the favourable season, which had not been surpassed in the memory of the oldest inhabitants. Though Granada was hidden in the trees, our approach to it was indicated by a greater concourse of men and animals than we had yet seen, with an occasional carriage or horseman riding out for amusement, an indication of wealth and luxury not often to be observed in the provincial cities of Spain.

Shortly before we reached the city, we came to a small hermitage standing at the roadside. It was under a tree which stood here, that the allied sovereigns received the keys of the Alhambra from the hand of Boabdil. We now fell in with the Genil, the principal of all the small streams which water the Vega, and which, after taking its rise amid the glaciers of the Sierra Nevada, bathes the confines of Granada, and forms its southern barrier. It has been remarked that this stream, owing its existence chiefly to the

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melting of the mountain snows, is fuller in summer than in winter; and that it has its daily swell and wane, increasing with the growing power of the sun in the afternoon, and diminishing towards morning, as its effects become remote and have been longest suspended. The high road, which we now followed, lay between the bank of the stream and a delightful promenade called the Viol, from its having somewhat the shape of that instrument. It is enlivened by fountains, and planted with trees, under whose shade are benches of stone for the convenience of loiterers.

Leaving the Viol behind, we presently crossed the river by a rough stone bridge, just above the spot where the Daro loses its existence and its name amid the waters of the Genil, and entered a wide street, which follows the course of the Daro and runs northward, making a right angle with the Genil. Granada had hitherto been separated from us by trees, so that we had scarcely caught even a partial glimpse of it since our descent from the mountain-pass, until we were surrounded by the temples, fanes, and close-packed dwellings, the bustle, noise, and movement of the warrior city. As we now turned our horses and dashed onward at a brisker rate, we for a moment caught sight of the upward course of the Genil, and of the shady Saloon, the most delicious of all the walks that furnish the nightly pastime of the Granadians. The road, which thus led us into the heart of Granada and to the stopping-place of our cosario, occupies the place of the old walls, and is flanked for a quarter of a mile by the course of the Daro. This portion of the river's bed would seem to be artificial, and to have been cut by the Saracens to form a ditch for the better defence of the city. The wall is no longer visible, except a single portal; and the city, having descended the hill of the Alhambra, has passed the barrier, and extended itself in the direction of the Vega. The Daro is at best an inconsiderable stream; and, as we followed its bank, it had

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scarcely water enough to wash down the filth of the neighbourhood. This river is the De Auro, or Dauro, of the Romans, who procured gold by washing its sands. Particles of gold are still found in it; and, when Philip II. came once to Granada, the city presented him with a crown made from the gold of the Daro. The value of this metal has however been so much depreciated in modern ages by the discovery of the New World, that the gold of the Daro will not now pay the cost of collection. Its almost total dryness in summer is owing to its being diverted in the mountains above, to supply the fountains and cisterns of the city; for the Granadians are thirsty for the waters of this stream, which they look upon in the light of a panacea.

The German and myself had already become intimate. Like every intelligent European, he was full of curiosity concerning the United States; besides, he had seen most of Europe with an attentive eye, and was an enthusiastic admirer of English literature; so that we did not want topics of conversation, and had therefore no idea of separating in a place where we were both strangers. Having dismounted at the inn, we took leave of our good cosario, with many thanks for his courteous attentions to our comfort, and engaged a porter, in well-worn velvet jacket and breeches, slouched hat, and hempen sandals, who stood with a rope over his shoulder, leaning against a column of the court-yard, to go with us in search of lodgings. The posada which had been recommended to us proved to be no better than posadas in general, and we next turned to seek out private lodgings. Those which we found were all crowded with visiters to witness the Corpus. Fortunately, our porter remembered an old widow lady, who had once been wealthy, but who, like many people in Spain, had become poor in the calamities of modern times, and had been occasionally in the habit of taking lodgers. He showed us her house, and though at first she seemed unwilling to admit

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perfect strangers into her family, she at length consented to furnish us with apartments and a separate table. This was fortunate, for nothing could have proved more delightful than our temporary home.

Though the exterior of the house was plain and unpromising, with an immense gate studded with iron, and flanked with a few grated and prison-like windows, yet within it assumed a very different appearance. The building formed a hollow square, with an open court in the centre, paved with different coloured pebbles, mosaically arranged to form symmetric figures; a fashion derived from the Saracens, like the general arrangement of the whole. In the centre was a marble basin, with a small jet of water; at one side opened a large "algibe," or cistern, into which the pure water of the Daro, which is conveyed through the streets of Granada in earthen pipes, could be turned at pleasure, and left to settle for use; for, when taken from these deep reservoirs, it is both cool and transparently clear. There was, besides this pure current, an open canal a foot or two wide, which passed through the basement, and ran thus from house to house, carrying away the filth of the whole neighbourhood, to empty it into the Genil far below the city. This pleasant square, which, protected by an awning above, offered an ever cool retreat from the heat without, was surrounded by a double corridor, connected with the house, and corresponding to the two stories into which it was divided. These were supported towards the court by a double row of marble columns. In the rear of the quadrangle was a large and delightful garden, laid out in beds of vegetables and flowers, and forming above a complete grove of orange, almond, and pomegranate trees. Here passed a third canal of water, and every morning the servant would open his mimic sluices at sunrise, until the trenches, by which all the beds were surrounded, were filled to overflowing. The middle walk, extending from

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the door to the wall in the rear, was canopied by a grape-vine, which expanded in the centre into a circular bower: while below were a marble basin and a jet, like that of the courtyard, which sent its waters upward to the leafy ceiling. Here hung the cage and nightingale of the daughter of our hostess; but the rusty little prisoner seemed to find no recompense in the charms of his abode or of his jailer for the durance to which he was subject. For, thus unwillingly obtruded upon the public view, he sought to make no apology for the homeliness of his appearance, and ever faintly responded to the blither birds which carolled in freedom without. Happily, my room overlooked the garden, and the matted mass of vine and eglantine, which overran the whole rear of the dwelling, pushed its tenderest shoots, covered with young grapes and flowers, into my window. But if the mere local advantages of our Granadian residence were great, our social advantages were not inferior. The good old hostess was ever kind and obliging, and soon became affectionate; and as for her blue-eyed, fair-haired, Magdalen-faced daughter, who though, like her, also a widow, was neither old nor ugly, it is but half speaking her praise to say that she was frank, fascinating, and unaffectedly amiable. With these attractions at home; with several acquaintances abroad, which the letters of my friends had procured me; in a country offering the most enchanting promenades; in a city enriched with the most curious antiquities, and consecrated by the most interesting associations; and, withal, an intelligent companion to partake and echo my admiration, I passed a fortnight which will ever be in retrospect one of the most pleasing of my life.

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CHAPTER III.

GRANADA.

Kingdom of Granada—Physical Character—The Vega—Productions—Jewish Settlement—Saracenic Conquest—Muhamad Alhamar—Foundation of the Kingdom—Institutions—Government—Army—Taxes—Religion and Justice—Agriculture—Commerce—Arts—Manners—Condition of Women—Chivalry—Overthrow of Kingdom—Conquest by Ferdinand and Isabella—Triumphal Entry—Departure of Boabdil—Consequences of Conquest—Expulsion of Jews—Treatment of Saracens—Forcible Conversion—Moriscos—Expulsion—Results—Barbary Pirates—Present Life—Decline of Granada.

THE kingdom of Granada, the last refuge of Saracen greatness in Spain, is situated in Andalusia, surrounded by the kingdoms of Seville, Cordova, Jaen, and Murcia, and by the Mediterranean. Like the other provinces annexed to the crown of Castile by the gradual consolidation of the Christian states, or by conquest from the infidels, it still maintains its boundaries, and distinctive appellation of kingdom, with something also of distinct government and organization. This district is one of the most mountainous in Europe, being intersected in every direction by lofty ridges, which meet in a single point, towering to the immense elevation of eleven thousand feet. This is the famous Sierra Nevada, which is the loftiest spot of the Peninsula; almost as high as the Peak of Teneriffe, and equal to three fourths of Mont Blanc. The Alpuxarras and other ridges support this noble mountain and form its branches, enclosing between their various ranges valleys of great beauty, fertilized by the streams and brooks which trickle from the neighbouring elevations. Among all these lofty valleys, the Vega of Granada excels in fertility and loveli-

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ness, not less than in extent. It stands about two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and beginning at the foot of the Sierra Nevada, extends northwesterly from it, about twenty-eight miles. It is of elliptic form, and twelve miles wide at the broadest, having a slight descent from the foot of the Nevada, which greatly facilitates its irrigation. Besides the Genil, of which it may be considered the valley, it is also watered by the Daro, Beyro, Dilar, Vargo, and Monachil, and by thirty-six small springs, all taking their rise in the Sierra Nevada or some of its branches. There can be little doubt, from the alluvial formation of the Vega, and from the character of the mountains which enclose it, and which come together at Loja, that at some remote day it was the bed of a lake, fed by these same waters. The evidence of a passage having been violently broken, or slowly effected by the ceaseless pouring of the stream, is sufficiently apparent at Loja to make the matter certain. The abundance of its streams, corresponding to the number and elevation of its mountains, forms, indeed, the chief wealth and beauty of the kingdom of Granada.

While the rugged mountains of this Alpine region contain mines of excellent iron, copper, and lead, also sapphires, carnelians, agates, jasper, the finest marbles and alabaster, and quarries of beautiful serpentine, either the same or similar to the verd-antique, so much sought after by the Romans, their surface is covered with forest-trees, and furnishes pasture to abundance of horned cattle, sheep, and swine.* The delightful vegas imbosomed in these mountains being easily submitted to irrigation, and enjoying the quickening influence of an ardent sun, produce abundantly

* These swine supply delicious hams, which the natives cure without salt, or with very little, by burying them in the snow: they are much and deservedly esteemed in Granada. The lead-mines of the Alpuxarras are now worked; the metal which they afford being shipped in considerable quantities to the United States.

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whatever conduces to sustain life; all sorts of grains, and the fruits alike of the temperate and torrid zones; wine, oil, sugar, hemp, flax, cotton, and the richest silks. Every thing, indeed, seems to combine in rendering this little kingdom one of the most favoured regions of the earth; for the storms which deform, and the maladies which desolate other countries, are here unknown; and the heat which belongs to its southern situation and transparent sky, is ever kindly tempered by the cooling influence of its snow-covered mountain.

The city of Granada is situated nearly in the centre of the kingdom, at the foot of the last swell of the Sierra Nevada, and just at the commencement of the Vega. It stands partly upon the mountain, here divided into the hills of Alhambra and Albaycin, by the deep bed of the Daro, and partly in the Vega, into which it has gradually descended in the peaceful days which have followed the conquest. The Daro, which runs through the heart of the city, furnishes its fountains with the purest water, descending ever cool from the snows of the Sierra, and serves as a natural conduit to maintain cleanliness within its walls. The Genil encircles its southern barrier, and, no longer called upon to assist in its defence, now serves to embellish and enliven the promenades of the citizen, or to promote the peaceful purposes of the cultivator. The great elevation of the country, and the amenity of its climate, in conjunction with the purity of an atmosphere to which fogs and marshes impart no dank humidity, secure health to the Granadian; while the bounteous provision spread out before him, consisting in whatever is nourishing or pleasant as food, and in all the raw materials which the ingenuity of man has learned to render subservient to his comfort or convenience, give assurance of competence. Indeed, even the elements seem to respect this land of predilection; for here neither gales nor hurricanes destroy the hopes of the cultivator, and

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the thunderbolt, diverted by the lofty Nevada, seldom reaches the peaceful region of the valley.

The learned Milanese, Peter Martyr, whom Isabella appointed one of the first canons of the Cathedral of Granada, thus speaks of his situation, in a letter to a friend: "The outlets into the country which Granada offers to cure the cares of the mind, nature has not given better to any place whatever; for in its Vega it possesses all the beauty of Milan. The mountains, which render the winter horrible in Florence, are a convenience in Granada, for they interrupt the fury of the winds. It has the advantage of Rome, inasmuch as the east winds are here healthful, and the waters of the Daro are a medicine for many infirmities. Granada enjoys a continual spring, with constant fruits of summer; the lemon and orange trees are covered at the same time with fruit and blossoms, while the grass and flowers, ever gay, are an emulation of the Hesperidal gardens." It is said that the Arabs of Granada believed this to be the true paradise of Adam and Eve, and that their descendants now long for its restoration, as the Jews do for their return to Jerusalem. Well may the Moor mourn for the lost paradise of his forefathers; for it is a land blest with all that nature can bestow; and well too may the Spaniard, though he fail to make the most of the bounty of heaven, repeat his old proverb—"A quien Dios quiso bien en Granada le dio de comer!"

The original foundation of Granada is ascribed to the Jews led captive in the train of Nebuchadnezzar, when he came to Spain after the destruction of Jerusalem and Tyre, six centuries before the Christian era, and who were allowed to settle there, where they are supposed to have built the two cities of Toledo and Granada, in which they continued in great numbers down to the time of their expulsion. The place, though it may have increased by new emigrants from Jerusalem, upon the destruction of the city by Titus, did not attain much

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importance until the conquest of Spain by the Saracens. When the country had been completely won, it was parcelled out among the conquerors: the Moslems of Egypt settled in Murcia, the royal legion of Emesus in Seville, that of Kinsirin in Jaen, that of Palestine in Medina Sidonia, while the fertile dominions of Granada were assigned to ten thousand cavaliers of Syria, who were of the noblest blood of Arabia. Thus these colonies of Mussulmans endeavoured to connect themselves according to the tribes to which they belonged, or the provinces whence they emigrated, sedulously keeping up their ancient distinctions, and often naming the place of their settlement after that of their nativity. In this way the Syrian cavaliers called the settlement which they formed, on the bank of the Daro, after the city of Damascus; although, in process of time, it lost its boundaries in the growing extension of the Albaycin, which still bore the name of Granada. The colonists of Granada were also led, doubtless, to give it the name of Damascus by other considerations than those of love and veneration for their native city. Granada, like Damascus, enjoys a fertility so constant, that seasons of scarcity are unknown within its walls. It also has its two rivers and many springs, bathing its walls, cleansing its streets, passing in cooling streams through each dwelling, and gushing everywhere in fountains; nor does the Daro furnish a beverage less delightful to the Granadians, than the Torra to the natives of Damascus. The silver Genil, like the Barrada of Damascus, laves the southern confines of Granada, while the Sierra Nevada, with its snow-covered ridges, pierces the clouds, and rises another Mount Lebanon at its back.*

In the early days of the conquest, Granada, like the rest of Spain, remained subject to the Calif of Damascus, who was represented by a viceroy, residing in Cordova; and

* Conde. Mariana. Paseos por Granada. These works have furnished most of the facts stated in this chapter.

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when the happy revolution effected by Abderahman created an independent caliphate in the west, it continued to form part of the same extensive dominion. When, at last, after two centuries of greatness, this vast empire began to crumble in the hands of a weaker prince than its founder, and the whole of Mahometan Spain was in dispute between the walis, or warlike governors, of the different fortresses, who laid claim to independence and dominion, and the new hordes of the Almoravidian and Almohadian sects, who introduced themselves from time to time from Africa, Granada, too, became occasionally the capital of one of these petty kingdoms, or was annexed as a subordinate appendage to some neighbouring city. This dismembered condition of the Saracens, and their continual wars with each other, were put to a good use by the Christian kings. The country was gradually won back and organized; and, soon after the beginning of the thirteenth century, all that still remained to conquer was Valencia, Murcia, and the country lying south of the Sierra Morena. Unfortunately for the Saracens, the two kingdoms of Castile and Arragon, into which the greater part of Christian Spain was divided, were at this time governed by two illustrious and warlike princes, Saint Ferdinand and King James; which last, if he were less saintly, was neither less warlike nor less victorious than his compeer. Living at peace with each other, they turned all their energies towards the conquest and extirpation of the infidels. James invaded and overcame the kingdom of Valencia, and Ferdinand passed the barrier of the Sierra Morena, took Andujar and Cordova, and looked with longing eye towards Seville and Granada. Meantime the Saracen kings, instead of uniting for the common defence, made war against each other, as if impatient for their own destruction. Every thing, indeed, seemed to predict the speedy and entire downfall of the Saracen domination, when there arose one of those illustrious individuals who sometimes appear upon

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the earth, to affect the destinies of men and nations, and stamp the age in which they live with something of their own greatness, and who now, seizing upon the fragments of the broken states, erected a new kingdom in one corner of Andalusia, destined still to enjoy nearly three centuries of greatness and glory.

This individual was Muhamad ben Anasir, surnamed Alhamar, or the Red, the first of that distinguished race which governed Granada so wisely, under the title of Emperor of the Faithful and King of Spain, and with whom may be said to have commenced the golden age of this favoured little kingdom. This young prince, according to some, born a poor shepherd of Argona, or, as others say, and with greater probability, descended from the emperors of Morocco, of the Almohadian sect, was not less distinguished for his ready genius, courage, and activity, combined with prudence, caution, and the more solid qualities necessary to constitute greatness, than for the amiable manners and gracious exterior which are so efficacious in winning the affections of the people. Muhamad early announced great brilliancy of genius and elevation of character, together with a love of danger and enterprise, and an insatiable desire for distinction and command. And when, by his own valour, seconded by the good-will of the Andalusians, who saw in him a counterpart of their famous and terrible Almanzor, he had made himself master of all the country now known as the kingdom of Granada, he showed that he also possessed the rarer qualities of forbearance and moderation. As soon as Muhamad had triumphed over those who had opposed his accession to the throne, he gave himself up entirely to the cares of peace. He organized a police for the prevention of crimes, and frequently gave audiences, to which all were equally admitted, whether Christians or Mussulmans, rendering justice to those to whom it seemed due, and especially delighting to act the part of arbiter and

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conciliator. He founded hospitals for the reception of the poor, the sick, and the blind; schools for children, and colleges for the youth, frequently visiting in person these beneficent institutions, to inquire whether the attendants were kind, and the teachers did their duty. He caused public baths and fountains to be constructed, and took care that the markets were kept in order and plentifully provided. Nor did he fail to encourage industry, and foster the arts, by the establishment of premiums in favour of those who excelled in their respective branches. To the improvement of agriculture Muhamad was especially attentive; constructing for this purpose, wherever it was possible, aqueducts and canals, to convey the mountain streams to fields that were barren for the want of irrigation; many of which aqueducts still exist. As, however, there is no safety in peace without preparation for war, Muhamad took care to repair the fortifications of his towns, and especially of Granada, where he commenced the building of the Alhambra, to serve the double purpose of a citadel and palace. In order to strengthen himself still farther, he formed an alliance with the emirs of Tunis, Tremecen, and Fez. Notwithstanding these precautions, Muhamad was drawn into a war with Ferdinand, and, though his valour kept him ever upon the alert, and foremost in the fight, gaining for him the surname of Galib, or Conqueror, he was forced by the superior power of his adversaries to sue for peace, to own himself the vassal of Ferdinand, and even to follow him in that capacity to the siege of Seville. The presence of Muhamad, however, proved rather a protection than a scourge to the people of Seville. When further resistance became unavailing, he persuaded them to yield, interceded to procure them favourable terms, and received all the exiles who pleased to follow him into his own kingdom. Though the wars and great undertakings carried on by Muhamad required immense expense, yet such was the good

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order introduced into every branch of the public service, that the treasury was kept full, and the storehouses were constantly supplied with grain and seeds, to aid the people in times of scarcity. The Granadians, at a loss to account for this maintenance of plenty in the midst of such vast expenditure, believed that their king had recourse to alchymy, a secret of which the learned of that day were in anxious search; and so, indeed, he had; for what is economy but a better kind of alchymy? If the public career of Muhamad was illustrious, his private life was not less amiable. He was temperate in his food, and so frugal that he clothed himself constantly like a common man. His palace was elegant without ostentation; a few domestics composed his household; and we are also told that he was contented with a very moderate number of wives, whom he chose among the daughters of his walis, and among whom it is recorded, in evidence of his good-nature, that he took great pains to preserve concord. The greater part of his leisure, however, was passed in his gardens, for which he shared the common taste of his countrymen; delighting himself to cultivate the beds of flowers, while his attendants amused him by reading tales of imagination. He found time, moreover, to pass a part of each day among his children, sharing with their teachers the task of instructing them.

Such was Muhamad Alhamar, equally great, good, and amiable; and such were many of his successors of the Naseritan race, under whom Granada attained that degree of advancement and prosperity which has been so much extolled, and which has doubtless been also a little exaggerated. The hard treatment which the Saracens received from the Christians, in the day of their adversity, as a return for their own moderation when they were conquerors, and their cruel expulsion from Spain, have created in their favour a deep and amiable sympathy. In sorrowing for their sufferings, men have been led likewise to

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regret the loss that the sciences and arts have sustained in their extirpation, and hence, perhaps, to overrate their advances towards the perfection of modern times. Though the Castilians of the age of Charles V. were doubtless in possession of all that had been known and practised among the Spanish Saracens, while they carried almost to the perfection of Grecian times those nobler arts, to which the Mahometan, while he observes the precepts of his faith, must ever remain a stranger, it may still repay our attention to take a view of the condition of Granada in her day of prosperity.

The government of Granada was an absolute monarchy, limited by nothing but the will of the sovereign, and the necessity of his gaining the affections of the people, in order to preserve himself upon an unsteady throne, unsustained by inviolability, or fixed laws of succession. The king was the fountain of all authority and justice, for the administration of which he held a public audience every day. On these occasions he either referred matters to other tribunals, or gave judgment himself; sometimes causing sentence to be executed in his own presence. The kingdom of Granada preserved its unity longer, and enjoyed a greater freedom from the convulsions which distracted the other Saracen states, in consequence of its being governed by a succession of princes who are unsurpassed in royal annals for wisdom and valour. They sought to obviate the danger of disputed succession, incident to Mahometan institutions, by rendering their chosen sons worthy of the throne, surrounding them with wise and good men, whose duty it was to instil into them the qualities which render men respected and beloved. They also associated them, at an early age, in the cares of state, giving them thus an opportunity to gain experience, and win the affections of their people, in anticipation of the day when they should be called to govern them. To avoid

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the possibility of revolt, and the elevation of pretenders to the throne, all the princes of the blood, except the successor of the king, were confined in the fortress of Salobreña, in which the public treasure was also kept; and which was, of course, guarded with the most anxious care, being never confided but to an officer of assured fidelity.

The military strength of Granada consisted chiefly in that institution common to all Mahometan states, by which each man was born a soldier. Muhamad Alhamar, however, established a standing army. Besides his body-guard of Andalusians and Africans, he had regular troops stationed in all the frontier fortresses. In case of defensive war, each town supplied its quota. When it became offensive, the governors and nobles were obliged to furnish soldiers, whom they equipped and led to battle; if the algihed, or holy war, was proclaimed, every Mussulman of the proper age drew his sword in the cause of his religion. The army was divided into tribes, obeying the same chiefs as when at home in their districts. Each chief had his particular standard, and the sultan or other commander bore the banner of the faith. The infantry used pikes, cross-bows, and cimeters, with visors, breastplates, and leathern shields for defence. The chief force of the Granadian army consisted, however, in cavalry, which was rendered very formidable by the spirit and docility of the horses, and the great dexterity of the cavaliers. The arms of the horseman were a curved cimeter and a long lance, pointed at either end, which he balanced over his head in coursing at the ring, in the chivalrous sports of his country, or in transfixing an enemy in the deadlier encounters of the field. The order of battle among the Granadians was a solid quadrangle, defended on every side, and difficult to penetrate; their warlike music consisted in drums and cymbals; their war-cry was Alla Akbar, or God Omnipotent! It was terrible in the ears of the Christians; for

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when this was shouted, the Granadians attacked with headlong fury, rendered reckless by a blind belief in predestination, and the assurance of either winning victory or a crown of martyrdom.

To support this army and the administration of government, various taxes were levied in Granada, the principal of which was the disme or tenth of all agricultural and pastoral produce, which was levied in kind, as is still done by the clergy in Spain. An eighth was also levied upon all merchandise entering or departing from the kingdom. The alcabala was a tax of ten per cent., which was exacted at the moment of sale, whenever property changed hands. This baneful impost was adopted, name and all, by the Christians, and still exists in the greater part of Spain at the present day. These excessive taxes are difficult to reconcile with the flourishing condition of Granada, and that its prosperity should not have been checked by them, can only be accounted for by the great industry and frugality of the people.

Religion exercised the same influence over the Granadians as in other Mahometan states, giving a tone and character to all their institutions. The Koran was the compendium of their faith, and formed at once their code of laws, morality, and religion. In consequence of the extreme simplicity of their creed, recognising one only God, omnipotent and omnipresent, their worship was also simple, consisting in prayers and thanksgivings, with few forms and ceremonies. Before the extinction of the caliphate, the calif was the supreme pontiff; but afterward this dignity passed to the mufti, or prelate of Mecca. Granada had also its mufti; he enjoyed the privilege of a perfect immunity, decided all doubtful passages of the Koran, preached at certain seasons in the open fields, that he might be heard by a greater number of the faithful, and was charged with the care of the temples, hospitals, and other pious institutions.

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Under the mufti were the cadis, who took part in the public devotions, preached morality, and expounded the Koran. In their civil capacity they took cognizance of small causes, and were compelled to found their sentence upon some rule of law or usage. The only appeal from their decision was to the mufti. There were also talbes, who served as scriveners and notaries, and who alone were permitted to keep school, and teach the Koran; they also presided at marriages, ministered consolation to the dying, and buried the dead. The muezzens were a kind of sexton, who kept the mosques, proclaimed the hours from the tops of the minarets, and invited the people to their devotions. These various employments imparted a reputation of sanctity to those who filled them, who usually affected an exterior of devotion and piety.

Agriculture was the predominant and almost exclusive employment of the Granadians; it was greatly honoured among them, as the most natural occupation of man, and received the attention and assistance of sages and men of science. The farmers are said to have used great care in the cultivation of their fields, and when the grain began to ripen, they would watch constantly to frighten away the birds from pilfering the fruit of their labours, always preserving with superstitious scruple the birds of prey that assisted them as sentinels. When the harvest was over a part of the grain was put into deep pits, dug for the purpose in dry situations, and lined with straw, to keep out the humidity. In this way the Granadians, who possessed a small territory, and depended entirely upon it for subsistence, were enabled to baffle the inconstancy of the seasons. A similar custom still prevails in Morocco, where fathers are in the habit of creating reservoirs of this kind to serve as marriage-portions for their daughters, to be opened only on the wedding-day. Besides improving the cultivation of all the plants which they found in the Penin-

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sula, the Saracens are said to have brought many from Africa and the East. Among these are rice, peas, and the garbanzo, so universally used in Spain; likewise the sugar-cane, cotton-plant, mulberry, apricot, almond, orange, and lemon trees. They cultivated many fruits, which they preserved dry during the winter. To the vine they paid great attention, chiefly for the crop of raisins, though they made a little wine, and distilled brandy for medicine. They also extracted a liquor from rice, which had the effect of maddening those who drank it. The system of agriculture practised by the Arabs is said by Conde to have been taken from a Chaldean treatise, equally applicable to Andalusia and the country for which it was written. The principal feature of this system was irrigation, which was well adapted to Spain, where rains are very rare and the sun powerful, and especially to Andalusia, a mountainous country, everywhere intersected by water-courses. By means of this agent, the Arabs were able to cover with fertility even the rocky sides of mountains. Some specimens of this singular cultivation may still be seen in the neighbourhood of Granada; but you oftener come to spots bearing marks of having once been forced into productiveness, but which have relapsed into their original barrenness. In rearing domestic animals to share their labours, they spared neither care nor pains; especially the horse, which was rather the faithful friend and companion of the Granadian in all his toils and excursions, in the field, in battle, and at the tournament, than an ill-used slave. With the poor and humble, he was often the inhabitant of the same roof. In order to maintain the purity of blood and excellence of this noble animal, his pedigree was noted and preserved with the utmost attention.

Nor was Granada without manufactures, which were in a more flourishing condition here than in any contemporary kingdom of Europe. Among the curious arts practised

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among the Granadians was that of making gunpowder, which they first introduced into Europe; also the manufacture of glass, porcelain, and paper, and dying leather of different colours. They were also acquainted with the working of mines, and derived much profit from the lead and iron abounding in the Alpujarras. They wrought metals, too, with great skill, and their steel cimeters were highly esteemed throughout Europe in the days of chivalry. The manufacture of cotton and woollen cloths was very extensive in Granada; but its most brilliant branch of industry was the silk trade. It was carried on to so great an extent that this luxurious commodity, which in the time of Justinian was sold for its weight in gold, became a common wear with the Granadians. Their serges, taffetas, and velvets, reached indeed such a degree of fineness and beauty, that in the markets of the Levant they were preferred to the fabrics of Syria. In exchange for her silks, Granada received the luxuries and rare commodities of India, by way of Egypt and the Red Sea. The foreign commerce which this little kingdom carried on with Africa and the Levant, through the ports of Almeria and Malaga, is said to have been very great, and strangers of twenty different nations were seen habitually in the streets of Granada. In time of war the corsairs of Almeria were the terror of the Catalans, Genoese, and other early voyagers of the Mediterranean.

The progress of the fine arts in Granada was, however, by no means commensurate with that of the useful ones. The article of the Mahometan faith which forbids as idolatrous all representations of the deity, contains also a sweeping denunciation against every attempt to imitate animate objects, whether by painting or statuary. This institution of the Koran, like most others, was doubtless founded on some national prejudice or tradition. Indeed, there never was a lawgiver who so blended his institutions with the feelings and manners of the people for whom they

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were intended, as Mahomet. It is said that the Persians and Arabians had an idea that they would have to find souls hereafter for all the bodies they should make here, and therefore would neither make statues or paintings, or any visible imitation of animate forms, lest, in default of other souls, they might have to supply them with their own. To this interdiction is doubtless owing the little progress of the Granadians in architecture; for notions of taste and symmetry can only be acquired and perfected by a study of the human form. Hence it is that the architectural monuments which the Saracens have left in Spain offer so little to admire. The dwellings of the Granadians are also said to have been small and inconvenient; we may still observe the narrowness of their streets, which are often no wider than a fathom. Each of these humble habitations had, however, the luxuries most esteemed by a primitive people: a retired court, with a jetting fountain, a stone cistern, to preserve their only beverage pure and of an even temperature, and a bath for performing the ablutions prescribed by their faith. Music, not being proscribed by the Koran, and forming a necessary appendage of chivalry and love among a sentimental and amorous people, is the only one of the fine arts which prospered in Granada. There are still extant works written on this subject by Granadians, in which mention is made of thirty-one different instruments of music.

That love of literature and science which sprang up in Arabia, among the successors of the same calif who had caused the destruction of the Alexandrian Library, and which then led to the institution of colleges and libraries, did not fail to extend itself among the Arabs of the Peninsula. They are said to have established no less than sixty libraries in different places, and mention is made of three hundred contemporaneous authors of some note among them in the twelfth century, the very gloomiest period of the dark ages of Christendom. Nowhere in the Saracen

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dominions did learning flourish more than in Granada; which, besides its primary schools, contained a royal university and two inferior colleges. The libraries connected with these establishments, and all others collected by the Saracens in Spain, doubtless fell a prey to the superstitious fury of the Christians. It is well known that Cardinal Ximenez, great, illustrious, and learned as he was, caused eighty thousand volumes, found in Granada, to be brought together and burnt in one bonfire. Thus, independent of the unknown treasures of originality cruelly consumed, it may well be that literature, indebted to the Arabic for the recovery of lost portions of ancient letters, may also have to deplore anew the destruction of works, now only known to be regretted. A few Arabic manuscripts, preserved from the wreck, are collected in the library of the Escurial.

The Granadians greatly excelled in a knowledge of medicine; so famous were they, that the Christian princes would frequently intrust their health to Moorish or Jewish physicians. Their advancement in this science is said to have been much checked by a superstitious feeling, which hindered them from profiting by dissection, and the closer investigation of the human form. The Arabs drew, however, great resources from chymistry, which grew up among them. The names alembic, alchymy, and others, denote the Arabic origin of the science. Even the search after the great elixir, which was to effect the transmutation of metals, doubtless led to many golden discoveries. Astronomy was, however, the favourite study of the Arabs, and the names of zenith, nadir, and azimuth, prove their titles of discovery. This science, with geometry, trigonometry, and algebra, was profoundly studied in Granada. It was from the philosophers of this city that Alonzo the Sage received his chief assistance in the construction of the astronomic tables which are still famous under his name;

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a fact sufficient in itself to prove that the Saracens did much towards the revival of science and literature in Christendom, where it had so long given place to the religious disputes of priests and friars, who alone possessed the meager and gloomy learning of the day.

The Granadians are described by a native historian as being of ordinary stature and finely proportioned, with white teeth, black and glossy hair and beard, and very animated physiognomy. They spoke the Arabic with great purity, and are said to have delighted in a figurative and redundant style; a peculiarity strongly observable in the inscriptions of the Alhambra. They were of an ardent, passionate temperament, irritable, prone to contention, and fond of change, whence Father Mariana, who was too good a Christian to like the Moors, calls them "gente ligera—a frivolous race," on every convenient occasion. The Granadians, though fond of ostentation, were yet frugal, and exceedingly temperate. Their tables were rather remarkable for an abundance, dictated by the love of hospitality, than for elegance or variety. Their food consisted chiefly in preparations of milk, in bread, esculents, raisins, and other dried fruits. They drank little wine, though the precept of the Koran which interdicts its use was not strictly observed, for all their national peculiarities were modified by the vicinity and intercourse of the Christians. The use of vessels of glass and earthenware was common among them, as well as of the baser metals; but utensils of either gold or silver were interdicted and unknown. The Granadian costume is said to have resembled the Persian; it consisted of linen or cotton garments, alternated with stripes of silk or woollen, to which was added a linen tunic in summer, or a haik of cloth in winter. Few besides the clergy or doctors wore the cumbersome turban of the East; the people generally using the more convenient covering of a hat of straw or woollen. On festive occasions

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they delighted to dress gallantly, and indulge in diversions, the young men being passionately fond of their national dances, and of greeting their mistresses with ballads of an amorous or plaintive nature.

Neither were the Granadian women unmindful of the duties of the toilet; they are said to have taken great care of their hair, which they platted into long tresses, intwined with sprigs of coral, wearing also necklaces of the same, or of amber. Their dresses were often spangled and embroidered with gold and silver, with belts of precious stones at the waist, and bracelets at the wrists and ankles. They delighted in flowers, and in sweet perfumes, which they used abundantly upon their persons. This studious attention to the arts of personal embellishment was not practised with the sordid view of fastening the affections of an inconstant master, but with the more generous purpose of appearing well in the eyes of an aspiring lover. Far different indeed were the destinies of woman in the kingdom of Granada, from those of the debased prisoner of an Eastern harem. At the period of the conquest, conquerors and conquered were incorporated together, and this intermixture must have produced a vast change in the manners of the Saracens, at the end even of a single generation. Hence it is that the Granadian women were not less famous for their sprightliness than for their beauty. Escaping from the humbling interdiction which forbade them the mere reading of that Koran by which they were excluded from an equal participation in the enjoyments of paradise, they often excelled as much in science and learning as in the arts of fascination. The Saracens doubtless preferred the high-spirited Christian dames to their own insignificant women, if, indeed, they brought any with them. Thus we see Egilona, wife of Don Roderick, wooed and wedded by Abdelasis, son of Musa the conqueror; and we are also told that of two hundred thousand inhabitants

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which Granada contained at the close of the thirteenth century, there were few who were not wholly or in part of Christian blood. The Spanish fair were only to be won upon their own terms, and thus the restraints of the harem were exchanged for the faster bonds of reason and of duty.

Great indeed must have been the change produced in the character and customs of the Saracens, by their removal to Andalusia. Delighted with their conquest, and in love with their captives, the hidden fire of their ardent temperament kindled into enthusiasm and poetry. They formed a taste for pleasures, for magnificence, for the arts which conduce to the luxurious enjoyment of life. The cultivation of these tastes and sentiments, combined with the tincture of Christian manners, rendered them at length so refined in their loves, that they would even invent difficulties for the sake of overcoming them, and rendering their gallantry the more conspicuous. They sought by warlike achievements, or the redress of individual wrongs, to become worthy of their mistresses, and found in their favourite passion not a source of indolence and effeminacy, but a powerful incentive to valour. With a view to shine in the presence of the fair, they exhibited feigned battles and tournaments, in which they ran tilting-matches with reeds instead of lances, or made careers upon their noble horses, in which the excellence consisted in carrying away a suspended ring upon the point of the lance; the successful champion considering his valour or dexterity well rewarded by a wreath or a riband from the hand of his lady-love. The Granadian poets too of those days, inspired by the actions of the brave, recorded them in song. These ballads were either chanted by blind men and mendicants, or else the bard seized his lute and gave a deeper feeling to his own sentiments. Hence the origin of romance. Whether chivalry took its rise in the East or in the North, among the Saracens or among the Scandinavians, it cer-

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tainly flourished nowhere more than in Granada; and though in our day its institutions would be useless, and its usage absurd, it forms a generous and redeeming feature in the picture of a less civilized age.

Such was Granada under Muhamad Alhamar and the illustrious race of Naseritan princes, his descendants and successors. Intrenched within its mountains, strong in its industry, wealth, and immense population, in the wisdom of the kings who governed it, and in the spirit of unity which animated all, it was able for centuries to maintain its ground, and carry on an almost uninterrupted war, sometimes with Arragon, sometimes with Castile, sometimes with the two united. The destruction of the kingdoms of Valencia, Seville, and Murcia, and the emigration of their inhabitants, had augmented the population to the number of three millions, and the wealth of the country had been proportionately increased by such an accession of valuable industry. This development was especially manifest in the capital, which, from containing two hundred thousand inhabitants at the end of the thirteenth century, towards the close of the fifteenth had doubled its number. Of these, sixty thousand men were trained to the use of arms, and the number of soldiers could even be increased, upon emergency, from the neighbouring mountains, until it amounted to one hundred thousand. Granada was surrounded on all sides by a wall four feet wide and thirty high, and was strengthened by no fewer than four thousand towers, twenty of which were gates, defended after the manner of citadels; of these towers one thousand are still counted entire, or in a ruined condition. Its size, defences, palaces, mosques, and academies; its bridges, fountains, baths, and aqueducts, for the maintenance of cleanliness, all combined to render Granada worthy to be the capital of an immense empire. But the greatness and glory of this little kingdom were, like all things else, to have an end, and its decline and utter ex-

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tinction were doomed to be as sudden as its happiness had hitherto been illustrious and enduring.

Indeed, the prosperity which this little kingdom of Granada enjoyed under the dominion of the Moors, has rarely been surpassed by the most flourishing states of modern or of ancient times; and the whole story of its downfall at the moment of its greatest power, and without any prelude of that decay which usually announces the overthrow of states, is one of the most touching that the pen of history has ever traced. The story of the Moorish, or rather Saracenic domination in Spain, as compiled from Arabic manuscripts by the Jeromite monk and librarian of the Escurial, Jose Antoño Conde, is full of the most romantic incident; while the later events which closed the struggle by that ten years war which terminated with the triumphal entry of Ferdinand and Isabella into the proud capital of this heroic kingdom, have been related with a gorgeous and poetic richness of description which, in abating nothing of the fidelity of history, yet serves to fill the mind with a series of brilliant pictures that recall the creations of Homer, and half persuade the reader that he is poring over another Iliad, with a theme no less noble than the first. The "Conquest of Granada" has been neither appreciated nor understood. It contains the most faithful record extant of that romantic war, which is not embellished, like the civil wars of Granada, of Perez de la Gita, from the creations of a sickly imagination, but from abundant and varied research, and intimate acquaintance with the feelings and manners of the age. Hence the "Conquest of Granada," in becoming poetical, does not cease to be true, containing, as it does, no fact unsubstantiated by historians and chroniclers.

Though this victory of Ferdinand and Isabella was a Christian triumph, in name at least, it was not a triumph of humanity; and if the philanthropist or the colder economist, speculating with a view to utility alone, were to in-

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quire what use Christian Spain had made of her dear-bought conquest, and how far the aggregate happiness of mankind and the interests of civilization had been promoted by the extermination of an heroic, ingenious, and industrious people, a picture of fraud, cruelty, and oppression would be presented, as frightful as the world has ever witnessed, and followed by consequences equally ruinous to the oppressors and the oppressed.

Yet the spectacle in which this long-continued scene of infamy commenced must indeed have been a proud one, as Ferdinand and Isabella, clothed in their royal robes, and invested with that yet more brilliant halo which the lustre of their deeds shed around them, swept into the conquered city, surrounded by the double pomp of a brilliant court and a victorious and elated army. Nor did the scene lack any thing of that added lustre which is derived from the effect of contrast; for never was brilliant fortune brought nearer to the lowest depths of hopeless and despairing misery, than when the vanquished Boabdil came forth to tender his allegiance and sue for the mercy of his victor. We read that he would have alighted and kissed the hand of Ferdinand in token of vassalage, had not the king restrained him, receiving the keys of the city and of the Alhambra from him, as in a mournful and suppliant tone he uttered the words:—"Thine are we, great and invincible king; and, since such is the will of Alla, this city and this kingdom do we deliver up unto thee, confident that thou wilt deal with us with temperance and clemency!" Ferdinand embraced the unhappy prince, and made offers of friendship and consolation, inviting him to return to Granada; this, however, he declined, and took the road to the Alpuxarras, where estates had been assigned to him, and whither he had sent forward his family and treasure.

And now the imposing procession entered the fallen city and ascended the elevation, whence the Alhambra frowns

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upon the Vega, until at length the Catholic sovereigns found themselves within the walls, and masters of that fortress, which hitherto they had only contemplated at a distance, and with a dread inspired by an old and formidable foe. When they had attained that lofty eminence, Fray Hernando de Talavera, who had been named archbishop of the new see, ascended the Tower of the Watch, which most completely overlooks the city; there, having invoked a benediction, he erected the cross, placing beside it the royal standard and that of Santiago. At the same moment a triumphant shout ascended from the assembled multitude, and the king, kneeling with great humility, offered thanks to God that Spain was at last delivered from the empire of so perverse a race, and that the banner of the cross now waved over that city in which impiety had so long prevailed; he prayed that it might be perpetual. The grandees and captains then drew nigh and did homage for the new kingdom, by kissing the hands of the king, queen, and infante; five hundred captives, who were found in the subterranean dungeons of Granada, were also admitted into the royal presence, and these, having heard mass, and bowed before the precious symbol of a faith which they had deemed lost for ever, fell prostrate before Ferdinand and Isabella, and blessed them for the unlooked-for deliverance.

Far different must have been the feelings of Boabdil. There is an old romance that tells us, and the Arabian writers confirm the story, that when he had delivered up the keys of Granada, and sunk back into the condition of a private man, he followed the road which his family had taken, and came weeping into the presence of his mother. History shows us this high-spirited woman saving, at an earlier period, the life of her son from the cruelty of his father; but a mother's solicitude had been unworthily bestowed. Indignant not less at his past misconduct than at his present want of fortitude under the pressure of misfortune,

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Zoraya said to him scornfully—"Weep! weep! like a woman, the loss of thy kingdom, since thou hast not known how to defend it as became a man!" There is a mountain pass in the road to the Alpuxarras which commands the latest view of Granada. There the unhappy prince paused to look an eternal farewell to the land of his ancestors, to the fair city where he was born and had reigned, to the outspread glories of the Vega, to the palaces and gardens of his family. Overcome with sorrow, he had only power to ejaculate "Alla hu akibar!"* One of his attendants endeavoured to administer consolation to him: "Remember," said he, "that great misfortunes give to those who nobly endure them no less renown than the trophies of victory!" "Alas!" rejoined the unhappy prince, "when were there ever misfortunes like mine?" The Saracens ever after called the pass Feg Alla hu akibar; and it bears to this day, among the Spaniards, the name of El Suspiro del Moro—The Sigh of the Moor.

Let us now return to see what use the Christians made of their conquest, and how the city prospered under its new destinies. One of the first acts that followed the temporary establishment of the court in Granada, was the expulof the Jews who had first settled in Spain, when led into captivity by Nebuchadnezzar, and afterward emigrated thither in still greater numbers at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. They might therefore well claim to be among its oldest inhabitants. Their characteristic industry and economy had enabled them to accumulate so much wealth, that in Gothic times no small portion of the floating capital of the country settled in their hands. Hence the

* This is translated in Ali Bey, "O God most great!" It is one of the prayerful ejaculations uttered by Mussulmans in telling their beads, and frequently called up in moments of sorrow or resignation. Boabdil soon after passed into Africa, where he is said to have fallen, fighting for the King of Fez, and displaying in a foreign cause a steady courage which he had never exerted in his own.

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Jews were courted by kings and nobles, who, when in want of money, would mortgage their estates to them to procure loans, at such heavy interest as became the insecurity of the times. Their knowledge of finances, too, sometimes caused them to be appointed royal treasurers. Removed from the din of war, they were also able to turn their attention to literature and the sciences; they especially excelled in medicine, and, with the wealth, monopolized no inconsiderable portion of the learning of the land. This superiority over the poorer and more ignorant nobles was galling to the haughty chivalry of the day, who, instead of considering them useful citizens, promoting the public welfare by their wealth and information, rather regarded them as hungry leeches, sucking at the vitals of the community. This ill-will was increased by the strange manners of the Jews, and their infidel religion, into the most bitter hatred; and when a loan was refused to a needy noble, rapine would frequently obtain what had been denied to solicitation. Wearied by these wrongs, it is probable that they engaged in a conspiracy to call in the Arabs from Morocco; at all events, they were punished cruelly for an alleged offence of this nature long before the conquest was attempted. When it was afterward undertaken, they certainly aided the Saracens, and were rewarded for their assistance by new privileges, which greatly augmented their number and prosperity. Of course, the hatred of the Christians was not allayed by the recollection of the evil part which the Jews had taken in introducing the conquerors. And now that the cross was everywhere triumphant, and that their enmity had ceased to be formidable, it was determined to drive them from Spain, in punishment of former offences, and to remove every future apprehension. Accordingly, soon after the capitulation of Granada, the Jews were ordered to leave the Spanish territory within the space of four months; and Fray Tomas de Torquemada, the hero of the newly-estab-

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lished inquisition, issued a threat of terrible persecution against any person who, when that period was past, should either speak to a Jew or give him food, though his dearest friend.

This unexpected mandate, proclaimed from that very Granada which they themselves had founded two thousand years before, as a city of refuge, struck deadly terror into these unhappy men. Many, rather than quit for ever the beloved land of their adoption, determined to become Christians; but the greater part chose rather to seek a new home than forsake dishonourably the faith of their fathers. They went away to the number of eight hundred thousand, carrying with them no inconsiderable portion of the wealth, enterprise, and intelligence which had long given impulse to national industry. Of the outcasts, a great number passed into Portugal, paying a heavy sum for the hospitality thus granted them. It was, however, but for a stipulated time, and when it had expired, the Jews who still remained there from inability to remove, through sickness or destitution, were sold into slavery. Others passed into Africa, others to Italy, and many to the Levant, where they were kindly received, distinguished by the name of mousaphir, or visiters, and where their descendants still preserve the Castilian language as their vernacular tongue. The universal use of pork in Spain, as an article of food, is attributed to the many pretended proselytes who about this time were frightened into Christianity by the fagots and tortures of the inquisition. Here was a sure test; for not only the Jews, but also the Mahometans, who have copied their institutions, reject pork as the meat of an unclean beast. Hence, the eating of pork, in public houses or at home, became as common a pledge of religious, as the red cockade now is of political, orthodoxy. It may well be that many an unfortunate person has been roasted to death in Spain for rejecting pork, either from principle or taste, haply for having too weak a

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stomach for the digestion of this oily aliment. The practice of pork-eating still continues to form one of the characteristics of this peculiar people. Neither can eggs be now fried nor olla concocted without its slice of bacon. It was with infinite difficulty, and an air of no little doubt on her side, that I could hinder my old landlady in Madrid from seasoning my puchero with a "miaja de tocino—a little piece of pork." I was inexorable, though she begged with great eloquence for the miaja, and would at last have been contented with a "miajita." Indeed, the fervour with which every good Spaniard still hates the Jews, is even more catholic than his detestation for the Moors. The turban of the last may still be sometimes met with in Cadiz, Malaga, or Granada; but the features of the Jew are never seen within the Spanish territory. "Judio" is the vilest epithet in the Castilian tongue.

As for the Granadians, Ferdinand and Isabella continued openly to respect their plighted faith, and to guard the terms of the capitulation with them, though the privileges so solemnly guarantied were slowly and silently invaded. The priests, being ready to justify a breach of faith, when the consequences were to redound to the glory of God, were at the bottom of this treachery. At length they persuaded the pious sovereigns that the public safety required that the Moors should forswear their faith and become Christians. The Archbishops of Toledo and Granada were accordingly charged with their conversion. With the consent of the inquisition, they determined to take possession of the children of certain Moors whose ancestors had been Christians, and to baptize them. The people of the Albaycin, whose children were thus taken from them, to be reared by the hands of strangers, were rendered frantic by this cruel bereavement. They rose tumultuously, flew to arms, and surrounded the archiepiscopal palace. But they were soon subdued by the disciplined soldiers of the gar-

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rison; their arms were taken from them, their mosques purified and converted into churches, and themselves forced to receive baptism, to the number of fifty thousand. Meantime, the insurrection had extended itself to the mountains of Alpuxarra and Ronda; for the inhabitants saw, in this labour of love, a direct attack against the rights which had been so solemnly guarantied and so dearly purchased. For a while they made obstinate resistance; but when the king came to the war in person, bringing with him Gonsalo de Cordova, the Great Captain, and his bold brother, Don Diego Fernandez, and Don Alonzo Aguilar, they were obliged to yield, and choose between banishment and conversion. The insurrection being thus put down, preachers were despatched over the country, under strong escorts of cavalry, to preach peace and Christianity to the infidels.

The Granadians were thus, one and all, converted into nominal Christians, and they took the title, still odious to the Spaniards, as it was to them, of Moriscos; they were also called "Christianos nuevos," to distinguish them and the converted Jews from those whose orthodoxy was of older date. They were placed under the peculiar care of the inquisition, which had been established to watch over the doubtful proselytism of the Jews, who had forsworn their faith to improve their condition, or to escape from the edict of expulsion. Under this wholesome tutelage they were subjected to a variety of restrictions, were compelled to lay aside their national dress, language, manners, and amusements, to keep no Arabic books in their houses, to send their children to schools in which they could learn nothing but Castilian, to hear mass on every feast-day, and to keep their doors open on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, that those who passed in the street might see that they were not engaged in the devotions of their former faith. In vain did the Saracens urge the difficulty and hardship of suddenly renouncing their ancient customs;

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that it was not easy for people who had always spoken Arabic to learn Castilian in a single day; that the use of baths was found highly conducive to health in so warm a climate; that their dances had nothing to do with religion; that their dress was the dress of their fathers; and that the use of veils among the women evinced a sentiment of modesty worthy of imitation; equally in vain did they supplicate relief from these cruel conditions, or ask time to reform their manners, so as to observe them. The edicts were rigorously executed; their baths demolished, their women stripped of their veils and insulted, and their children taken away forcibly. As it was easy to offend where offences were thus multiplied, they were frequently imprisoned and tortured, and sometimes made to figure in autos-de-fe, and be burnt for the benefit of their brethren.

Thus were the Granadians harassed, and driven from time to time to resistance and desperation, that they might be slaughtered and subdued, and bound down to still harder conditions. But though these persecutions, and the occasional opportunity of fleshing their swords, might have satisfied the animosity of the nation and of the soldiery, yet the rancour of the clergy was not yet appeased. To the Christian clergy of Spain belongs the credit of having filled to overflowing the cup of sorrow for this unhappy people. In the beginning of the seventeenth century they presented a list of complaints, stating, among other things, that the Moriscos were traitors to their king and country, keeping up a correspondence with the people of Africa, rejoicing at their victories, and at the misfortunes which befell the Christian arms, and inviting them to attempt a second conquest. They represented them as rich and numerous, so that there was danger of their corrupting the Christians; as being given to murder, robbery, and crime, and so incorrigibly obstinate, that neither serious instruction nor parochial care made any impression upon them; for of twenty chil-

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dren born among them, they did not baptize more than one, and him twenty times over, even lending him for the purpose, from village to village. When they heard mass, too, they signed the faith of Mahomet beneath their cloaks; "Hacian higos, debajo de la capa." A doubled fist, with the thumb pointed between the middle fingers, is a serious affront in Spain. We shall see that among the Granadians it was a symbol of their faith, and a charm against danger and fascination. As for the images of Jesus and the Virgin, which they were compelled to have in their houses, they were not unfrequently found head downwards, in the vilest situations. The clergy, therefore, supplicated the king to take immediate measures to remedy these evils, and they saw none sufficient but to banish them for ever from Spain.

On the contrary, the lords and landholders made a very different statement; for they were interested in the preservation of the Moriscos, who cultivated the land with great care, and paid their rents regularly. They represented that the intelligence with the Moors of which they were accused was improbable, and without proof, for they were a poor and ignorant people, chiefly engaged in cultivating the earth, and, being unarmed, were incapable of effecting an insurrection; that their impiety was rather the effect of the blind zeal of the ecclesiastics, and of their odious distinctions between old and new Christians, than of any innate obstinacy. They also spoke of the vicious regulation which excluded them from public employment, and, under pretext of preserving purity of blood, from contracting alliances with Christian families: of the rigour and cruelty with which they were tormented by the inquisition, hinting at the same time that the desire of the clergy to possess themselves of the spoil of the exiles might be at the bottom of their animosity. Finally, they protested that if the Moriscos were driven from Spain, the lands would remain uncultivated, the most necessary arts would be lost and forgotten, and commerce become extinct.

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Unhappily for Spain and for the Moriscos, this question of policy, big with such important consequences to the nation, and involving the dearest interests of nearly a million of people, was discussed in the monkish palace of the Escurial, where the court chanced then to be. The gloomy influence of the cloister was no doubt thrown into the scale of intolerance, and even the ministers of the crown looked rather to their share in the unholy spoil, than to the interests of the nation, or the cause of humanity. The fatal edict of expulsion was signed in September, 1609; and as if the single act itself was not sufficient to blast for ever the memory of all who affixed their names to it, the following conditions were annexed, to aggravate their infamy. The Moriscos were to be shipped away at the public expense, within the period of sixty days, and allowed to take with them their clothes and moveables, and half the value of their treasure in productions of the country; but they were to carry no jewels, money, nor bills of exchange, except what was strictly necessary for the expenses of the voyage. Finally, the half of their treasure was to be confiscated, and their lands and houses sold for the benefit of the state.

The Moriscos became frantic at this barbarous and unlooked-for intelligence. In some places they flew to arms, and committed the most horrible atrocities; their vengeance falling heaviest upon the ecclesiastics, to whom they owed all their misfortunes. But the possibility of resistance had been foreseen; the soldiery were prepared to act their part; the infantry had charged their arquebuses; the cavaliers were already in the saddle. And now the game was started, the leashes were cut, and the blood-hounds bounded upon their prey. Hunted like wild beasts in the mountains, whither they had taken refuge, and chased together into droves, the Moriscos who did not meet death upon the points of the Christian lances, or under the armed hoofs of

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their war-horses, were forced forward to their doom, and forced to bow to the stern mandate that drove them from their home. Pricked by the spears of their ruthless pursuers into a quicker gate, one may fancy them, doubtless with little exaggeration, lingering about the mountain-tops, to cast back, like the unhappy Boabdil, a last long look towards their homes, the bequeathed and cherished homes of many generations of ancestors.

A few of these unhappy men were able to carry away, secretly, a portion of their treasure; but the greater number destroyed it, by sinking it in rivers, or buried it in some concealment, where they or their descendants might return and find it at a future day. Many hidden treasures have in consequence been found in Spain, giving rise in a former age to a system of money-digging which was carried to a ruinous extent. Cervantes, who has founded all the adventures of his inimitable work on the customs of his country, and who has made a history where he only meant to write a romance, introduces the story of a Morisco, returning by stealth to his native village, in search of hidden treasure, and in vain endeavouring to enlist the cautious and conscientious Sancho in his enterprise.

It is difficult to imagine a calamity more heart-rending than this expulsion of the Moriscos. Those who had been driven from captured cities as the Christians advanced in their tide of conquest, and been forced to seek refuge in Granada, and the other places that still held their faith, must have suffered terribly, although they found in their new home scenes similar to those they had left behind them, a soil and climate equally propitious, and manners congenial to their own. But now there remained no Granada, no city of refuge. They were to leave the European soil, and to place the deep sea between them and that fair Andalusia which they believed the true terrestrial paradise; they were to give up wealth and luxury in a land of pre-

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dilection, thenceforth to sweat and toil for existence under an African sun. Nor did all the exiles even attain the poor boon of an abode in Africa; at least, if we may believe a story which, though not asserted in any history, for there was already enough to blush for, is yet strongly attested by the traditions of the country. Malaga was one of the places of embarcation; and it is there said, and universally believed, that of the families which took ship, many went no farther than the neighbouring cape of Burra, and were there thrown into the sea. We have the authority of Lord Cottington, the British resident at the time, for the probability of this fact; for, in writing to a friend concerning the simultaneous expulsion of the Moriscos from Valencia, after stating that they had been commanded by proclamation to repair in three days to the seaside on pain of death, he goes on to say, that "many, fearing what should afterward be done to them, attempted to have fled, were immediately executed; the rest had their hands bound, and so put on board. Some say there is a commission given to put them all on shore in Barbary; and others, which I rather believe, that it is to cast them into the sea." In a postscript he adds, "I can almost assure you that they have and will throw into the sea, of men, women, and children, above three hundred thousand persons; a cruelty never before heard of in any age or country."

The number of Moriscos thus sent away is generally estimated at a million of souls; the greater part small proprietors, cultivators, traders, and artisans, all busily engaged in the work of production. While the expenses attendant upon the embarcation amounted to near a million of ducats, the plunder of the Moriscos, instead of being applied to meet the exigency, was squandered upon the king's favourites with the most scandalous profusion. Thus the Duke of Lerma, prime minister, received two hundred and fifty thousand ducats as his share. This was the result of the

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expulsion; may it not likewise have aided in causing it? Immediately after the execution of this cruel edict, the disorder became so great in the capital, that scarcely a night passed without many murders. These were perpetrated by slaves, descendants of those who had been sold into bondage at the capture of Malaga and other cities. They sought, in deeds of treachery, the only resource of slaves, to avenge the manifold wrongs of their people, until the abuse became so alarming, that they were forbidden to approach within five leagues of the court. May we not find in this convulsive resistance of an enslaved and persecuted race the origin of assassination in Spain?—a practice ascribed by strangers to the whole nation, but, indeed, rarely occurring save in Valencia and Andalusia, where the Moriscos most abounded.

In estimating the loss which Spain has sustained by the expulsion of the Moriscos, it is necessary not only to consider the expenses incident to their removal, and the riches which they either carried away, buried, or destroyed, but likewise the whole amount of confiscated property, the proceeds of which, instead of being employed in reproduction, were wantonly squandered by courtiers and ecclesiastics. A more important loss was suffered by Spain, in the useful labour of so many industrious individuals. These were taken from the number of her friends and the scale of usefulness, to be added to the array of her enemies, and employed in desolating her shores. If the Moriscos were regarded as infidels in Spain, in Africa they were received, not with the ready hospitality due to persecuted brethren, but as renegadoes from the faith of their fathers. They therefore found little favour among the Moors, and were with some difficulty allowed to settle on the coast. They had now to seek out a new livelihood; and, taking counsel from their evil passions and their necessities, as fallen spirits are wont to do, the Mediterranean soon swarmed with

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those piratical cruisers which have rendered the names of Tangier, Tetuan, Algiers, and Salee, so terrible to the peaceful trader. Their deadliest hatred was directed against that land which had spurned them from her bosom. They swept the sea of her ships, and landing on every part of the coast, plundered the churches, burnt the villages, and slaughtered the inhabitants, or carried them away into captivity. These incursions became at last so vexatious, that the coast was abandoned by its peaceful population, and watch-towers were erected along its whole extent, to give notice of the approach of danger. These watch-towers may still be seen, ruined or entire, as you follow the Mediterranean shores of Spain, posted, like sentinels, at the extremity of every head-land. The descendants of the Moriscos, deprived of this resource, have greatly diminished in modern times, and the few that remain gain their bread by petty trade with the opposite coast, or in the exercise of the mechanic arts. Thus, in the nineteenth century, a descendant of the light-hearted Abencerrages, once the flower of Granadian chivalry, may, perchance, be seen in Gibraltar, sitting cross-legged, with soiled turban and filthy attire, upon the steps of the exchange, selling slippers or oranges.

Travellers who have visited Tetuan and other settlements in Morocco, whither the exiled Moriscos retired, tell us that when they were driven from their native land, they locked the doors of their houses and carried the keys with them into exile, preserving them with religious care, and bequeathing them from father to son. The practice yet continues among their descendants, and these time-worn keys are still kept bright, though the houses they were made for no longer exist. They constitute in these decayed families a memento of wealth and honours no longer enjoyed, and serve to keep alive the delusion of a future return. It is indeed singular, and yet true, that after the

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lapse of two centuries, these children of the exiled still believe themselves but sojourners in Africa, and look with hope to the day when that destiny which drove them from Andalusia will, in more relenting mood, restore them to their birthright. This is the ceaseless object of their supplications; for each Friday, at the rising of the sun, their hands raised to heaven, their looks directed towards the land of their ancestors, they are said to address their prayers and lamentations to Alla, earnestly beseeching him to give them back Granada!

The kingdom of Granada has of course suffered vitally by this wanton depopulation. The invasion of the Saracens, far from bringing barbarity and desolation in its train, had raised the country to the highest pitch of prosperity. This little state, which is but a twentieth of the Peninsula, contained, at the period of its fall, no less than three millions of inhabitants; an immense multiplication of the species, the best comment upon the habits and institutions of the Granadians, as the present depopulation also is upon those of the race which has supplanted them. Industry, which continued to flourish down to the period of the expulsion, has entirely disappeared from modern Granada. Of the many thousand workshops, in which no small portion of the silk goods used in Europe, Africa, and the East, were manufactured, scarce any thing but the narrow stalls of a few solitary riband-makers remain. Though the wool, and cotton, and silk, are still furnished upon the spot, they are furnished to ungrateful hands. And as with the industry and resources of Granada, so also with her population. The kingdom which once contained three millions of inhabitants now scarce counts the fourth of that number, and the city which enclosed four hundred thousand happy individuals within the circuit of her walls, which sent from among her sons sixty thousand warriors forth for her defence, now reckons with difficulty as many as these last for her entire population.

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It is in truth a difficult task, when we revert from the past history to the present condition of Spain, to realize that such things have been; that there has indeed existed a caliphate of Cordova, of Toledo, Valencia, Seville, Murcia, and Granada. What, indeed, now remains to remind the traveller of that brilliant domination of the Saracens, which maintained itself over Spain, either in whole or in part, during nearly eight centuries? What but an occasional trait of African or Asiatic physiognomy, a feeble tincture of Eastern usages mingling with the customs of Christendom, a few Arabic names bequeathed to rivers or to mountains, a few crumbling towers, a few unavailing regrets?

CHAPTER IV.

THE ALHAMBRA.

The Archbishop's Secretary—The Bibarambla—The Chancery—Mountain of Alhambra—Seat of the Moor—View of the Vega—Granada—Generalife—The Gardens—Alhambra—Tower of Justice—Square of the Cisterns—Moorish Palace—Tower of Comares—Court of Lions—Slaughter of the Abencerrages—Baths—Toilet—Mosque—New Palace—Construction—Granada, Capital of Spain—Consequences.

To return to our narrative: my wishes were at length accomplished, and I was now arrived in that Granada to which Spanish grandiloquence has given the titles of "the Famous, the Grand, and the Renowned." When my companion and I had reposed a night from the fatigue of the journey, we began to think of seeking out the persons to whom we had been respectively addressed. It chanced that, among the letters with which the kindness of my friends had supplied me, there was one from a merchant in

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Malaga to his cousin, directed to "the Archiepiscopal Palace." Though the rank of the person was not mentioned in the superscription, my curiosity was much piqued by the coincidence; for who that has read Gil Blas will ever forget the Archbishopric of Granada, and all that belongs to it. Of course, nothing was to be done in the way of sight-seeing with this mystery on my mind; so I singled out my archiepiscopal friend for my first visit. It was no difficult task to find the palace: the people of whom I asked the way, while they pointed to the huge stone pile that rises at the side of the cathedral, smiled at my simplicity. I found the door by the description of the worthy nephew of Gil Perez, and went straight to the lodge of the porter. It did not seem so easy a matter to find the person to whom the letter was addressed; for, said the porter, "there is no such person in the palace." I insisted, and the group of the unoccupied who were loitering about the courtyard passed the letter from hand to hand, and consulted gravely concerning the superscription. Various opinions were given, until at length the cook, whose art, being somewhat locked up in books, was the most learned of the party, was called from the neighbouring kitchen, and came forth in his robes of office, a greasy apron and cotton nightcap. He now in turn took the letter, and, having armed his half-baked eyes with a pair of iron spectacles, presently broke the awful silence of his attentive compeers with the exclamation, "El Señor Secretario! arriba esta!"—"The Secretary!" rejoined I, in astonishment; for while this scene was going on, my mind, surprised by the identity, had wandered back to a period which fiction has portrayed with such perfection, that the truth of the picture is still displayed at every step in the unchanged manners of the nation. I had wellnigh added, "The Secretary! it can't be possible; he died in Valencia!" when, recollecting myself in time, I thanked my informant, and followed the porter up the ample staircase.

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At the top of the second flight I was ushered into an apartment, and a respectable-looking middle-aged man came forward to welcome me. The illusion vanished at once, and Gil Blas was forgotten. Though the room and its furniture might well be the same as of old, yet the occupations of the two secretaries were as different as possible: instead of the neatly-copied homilies of the venerable archbishop, the table was now covered with piles of account-books. The secretary had evidently been interrupted in the midst of a knotty calculation, from which he seemed not at all sorry to be momentarily relieved. He was probably estimating the deficiency in the tithes of the coming harvest; or endeavouring to provide a remedy for the embarrassment occasioned by the last remittance to the defenders of the altar in Portugal. Don Fulano was very glad to see me, and promised to pass as much time as his avocations would allow, in showing me the wonders of Granada; and, as a proof of good-will, took me forthwith to his house, and presented me to his wife and to an elder brother, an officer who had served in the war of independence, having been several years a prisoner in France, and now laid on the shelf as commandant of the corps of invalids that garrisoned the Alhambra. As for the old soldier, when I was about to take leave, he invited me to come and see him at his quarters in the ancient Tower of Justice.

Having made our respective visits, my German friend and I passed the rest of the day at our meals, in siesta, or in delightful intercourse with the fair daughter of our hostess. It was by her advice, and full even to dreaming of the anticipated pleasure which her glowing descriptions had excited, that we rose with the succeeding dawn, and, refreshed with chocolate, ascended to the eminence of the Silla del Moro. Our object was to gain a general idea of the city and its environs, as a guide for future excursions, and we were told that thence we should see it spread out

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as in a map before us; for of all the hills and mountains that encircle Granada, none so eminently possesses the double advantage of elevation and proximity. With the direction fresh in our minds, as it had dropped from the lips of the most amiable of cicerones, we took our way through the square of Bibarambla, where, as the story goes, the tilting-matches, bullfights, and other chivalrous sports of the Moors were held of old. The romancers assure us that the place has witnessed still more interesting encounters, and that here the four Christian cavaliers laid the perjured Zegris in the dust, and sustained the honour of the last Queen of Granada. Crossing the Bibarambla, we traversed the Zacatin, a long street ten feet in width, the main artery of Moorish Granada, which also figures in the chivalrous history of the Conquest. At the extremity of the Zacatin is the market-place, where stands the Chancery, a stately pile, ornamented with the royal arms, sustained by emblems of justice and power. It is told of a poor labourer of the neighbourhood, that, having been wronged by the alcalde of his village in a suit with the feudal lord, he came to Granada to appeal to the high tribunal held in this noble edifice. But when he had reached its front, and begun scanning its exterior decoration, he was struck with the stately elevation of the emblematic justice, and reminded, by strong analogy, that to the lowly of his country the real was equally inaccessible. As he stood thus abstracted, a friend and fellow-labourer who happened to pass accosted him, demanding why he did not urge his suit. "Alas!" said the poor man, "I begin to see that these things are not for you and me; I will even rest contented with the wrongs already received, and return to my own humble house; for in this one dame Justice sits so high, that neither can I reach her, nor she stoop so low as to hear me."

Ascending the hill of Alhambra, through the street of

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Gomeles, in which the lover of romance will recognise the name of one of the most distinguished tribes of the Granadian chivalry, who doubtless had their abode there, we came to an arched gateway of imposing form, which admitted us within the privileged precincts of the Alhambra. The paved street of Gomeles, with its double row of time-worn and tottering dwellings, was at once exchanged for a rural walk, which wound its way through a forest of tall trees, impervious to the eye, and, except in the beaten path we followed, rendered equally inaccessible to the foot, by the rank luxuriance of the underwood. The moment we had passed the barrier, we found ourselves as completely in the country as if transported suddenly to the centre of a wilderness; for the view was bounded on all sides by the closeness of the foliage, and the bustle and clamour of the multitudes in the neighbouring market-place were exchanged for the sweet songs of the nightingale and merlin, which rear their young in these groves, or drowned by the noise of the water, as it was everywhere heard rushing subterraneously, or falling in spray from the fountains that skirted the roadside. Many of these fountains are of the simple workmanship of the Saracens, having a plain kerb, from the centre of which rises a square pillar, surmounted by a basin; the jet rises from its centre, falling back again into the basin, if not diverted by the wind, and thence overflowing on every side, and falling in a crystal shower into the kerb below. Others denoted the classic taste and perfect execution of the era of Charles V. It was melancholy to notice, that while the modern fountains spirted their waters aloft gayly, and looked bright and joyous, the Moorish ones, as if in sympathy with the decayed fortunes of their founders, were chiefly moss-grown and noiseless. These were the only works of man anywhere visible; and the only sound that attested his presence was the plaintive, long-drawn song of some approaching peasant, growing more and more dis-

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tinct, as he wended his way to the market, for a moment interrupting his carol as he passed, to greet us with the salutation of "Con Dios!"

Presently, an opening to the left brought us in sight of the high wall which encloses the fortress of Alhambra; and leaving it and the Generalife behind us, we continued ascending, until we stood upon the summit of the Silla del Moro. This noble and commanding eminence takes its name from the summer-house of one of the Granadian kings, which once stood there. In later times it had been occupied by the imperial armies of France, and converted into a battery, overlooking at once the Alhambra, Granada, and the Vega. At the period of the evacuation this battery was blown up, and reduced, with the remnants of the Moorish country-house, into a blackened heap of desolation. When we had climbed to the top, we found ourselves somewhat overcome with the toil of the ascent; so we sat down amid the ruins of Arabian luxury and French ambition, thus strangely brought together, thus totally passed away, to repose, and contemplate the never-changing works of nature. The scene was certainly magnificent. The whole extent of country composing the vast plain of the Vega, together with the towering mountains which enclose and protect it on every side, seemed indeed, as we had been told, spread out like a map before us. The Sierra Nevada, venerable with the snow of many winters, rose pre-eminent, the picture's noblest feature; as if to prop the huge proportions of their common sire, two noble ranges of mountains were seen growing out of it in opposite directions, which, bending towards each other as they stretched westward, appeared at length again to unite at Loxa, though they really left a narrow pass for the waters of the Genil. The ridges of these mountains were rugged; but the lower declivities seemed to catch the spirit of fertility from the adjoining Vega, being covered in patches with the cedar, the cypress, the oak, and

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the ebony, interspersed with wheat-fields and olive-orchards. The Vega of Granada lay enclosed below, the vast arena of this mighty amphitheatre, fertilized by no less than forty streams which trickled from the reservoirs of Nevada and the surrounding mountains. These waters, being distributed in canals, imparted a deeper green to the vegetation of the Vega; and when shone upon by the sun of this cloudless region, resembled a network of silvery threads covering the whole expanse. The entire plain offered one wide scene of cultivation; it is for the most part planted with wheat, barley, hemp, and flax, with a vast number of gardens for raising every species of culinary vegetables, among which are scattered mulberry-trees for the silk-worm, and almond, peach, pear, apple, fig, cherry, walnut, orange, lemon, and pomegranate trees. This varied production, the wheat, the hemp, and the water, tinged the Vega with the richest and most contrasted colours; while the towns, the villages, and the countless farmhouses that checkered the whole surface, imparted to it an air of animation and gladness.

When my vision, so long detained by the contemplation of these remoter objects, reverted to those that lay around me, I saw, immediately beneath my feet, the house and grounds of the Generalife; below it the irregular, crumbling walls and towers of the Alhambra; while still lower lay a portion of Granada, situated upon the lowest range of the mountain, and descending a little into the plain. That portion of the ancient city which, in consequence of its difficult access, has been abandoned by the mass of its population, is now covered with scattered dwellings, each of which has its hanging garden on stair-like terraces, connected with each other by wall-fruit and clambering grape-vines. The situation of all others that I have ever seen, best adapted by salubrity, prospect, and abundance of water, connected with proximity to a delightful city, to attract the rich, and

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second the efforts of taste in architecture and ornamental gardening, is now abandoned to the poor mechanics of Granada, the weavers of silk and riband, and the ingenious makers of beautiful earthen figures, which are happy efforts at imitation, and far more worthy of the name of statuary than half the bronze and marble to which it is conceded. North of the Silla del Moro lay the precipitous ravine which divides the Alhambra from the Albaycin, and at the bottom of which, near five hundred feet below, trickled the dwindled waters of the Daro. About two miles up this ravine stood the college and monastery of the Sacred Mountain, while opposite us, and close at hand, was the Albaycin, the most populous half of Granada. It is inhabited by the labouring classes and by the poor, who live, some in houses, others in caves, hollowed within the rocky side of the mountain. Their chimneys are perforated upwards, and the scanty smoke of the needy and humble housekeepers might be seen at that early hour rising amid the Indian fig-trees that overran the whole surface of the hill, and clinging to their branches as it curled lazily upwards.

Such were the principal objects that attracted our attention from the Silla del Moro; it would be an endless task to mention the minuter beauties of the landscape, or to recount the various associations of love, devotion, or chivalry, that connect themselves with and hallow almost every object within view. The Sacred Mountain, the Generalife, the Alhambra, the Pinos Puente, the Sierra Elvira, Santa Fe, the Pass of Loja, the Sigh of the Moor, and that fruitful Vega, that field of many battles, every foot of which has been fought for, and moistened by the blood of the brave, would be, and indeed already is, the theme of volumes. Let the reader then endeavour, with such poor data before him, to form the best idea he can of the teeming and beautiful valley which unfolds itself below; let him place Granada at his feet, of vast extent, with its numerous churches and ver-

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dant promenades, and its hanging gardens covering the hillside; let him surmount this with the turrets of the Alhambra, and crown all with the snowy ridge of the Nevada, bounding the rest of the horizon with the bold projections that grow out of it, and he may succeed in forming to himself some conception of this terrestrial paradise, and be able to appreciate the weekly prayer of the son of the exile—"Give me back Granada!"

Descending from the Silla del Moro through a sandy tract, covered with scanty vegetation, we soon came to the entrance of the Generalife. In the time of the Moors, this whole hillside is said to have been covered with the summer residences of the Granadian nobility. We found it now covered with wheat, growing luxuriantly amid the ruined monuments of so many races. The palace and garden of the Generalife, or House of Recreation, are situated, like the Silla del Moro, beside the precipice overlooking the Daro, and immediately above the Alhambra, from which its grounds are separated by the deep trench that surrounds the old fortress. Like all the remains of the Spanish Saracens, except the Mosque at Cordova, the edifice is without symmetry, being simply constructed with a view to convenience, and consisting of a variety of towers and suites of apartments, connected together by an open gallery, which is overhung with arches, and sustained on light columns of marble. The gardens surround the house on three sides, while the fourth stands upon the very verge of the precipice, which, steep and inaccessible though it be, is covered the whole way down to the Daro with a luxuriant and entangled growth of trees, vines, and bushes. These gardens are laid out in terraces, connected by flights of stairs, to overcome the declivity, and facilitate irrigation; and abound in shady walks and impervious bowers, enlivened by fountains, and cooled by the perpetual fall of water. The roots of the laurels which form the principal bower

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are said to be coeval with the conquest, and there are beside it several cypress-trees of immense size and unknown age, which the gardener pointed out as those which figure in the traditional ballads of the same romantic era.

This portion of the garden of Generalife, together with the palace, is enclosed by a high wall, without which is another garden of still greater extent, traversed by the most delightful walks. Their chief merit consists in the beauty of the vistas, the balmy coolness of the air, the closeness of the shade, and the luxuriance and variety of the trees, which are said to produce the most delicious fruit of the whole kingdom of Granada. Here one may see in perfection the beautiful pomegranate-tree, which is the more worthy of notice, because its fruit is the emblem of Granada, and is believed to have furnished it with a name. The tree has always greatly abounded here, and besides, the city, standing as it does in amphitheatric form, upon the side of a mountain abruptly split in twain by the steep bed of the Daro, bears no unreal nor wholly imaginary resemblance to an open pomegranate.

The Generalife and its gardens have little intrinsic merit as productions of taste, but they derive a pervading charm from their unequalled situation in the cooling vicinity of the Nevada, and from commanding the same view with the Seat of the Moor, except that while they are themselves withdrawn from the picture, the beholder has the advantage of catching sight of what remains through the improving medium of trees, arcades, and fountains. As one might expect of this place, it has a high reputation for salubrity of climate; in proof of which we are told that the good Isabella sent her favourite, Cardinal Ximenez de Cisneros, to Generalife, that he might recruit a broken constitution; and an old Moorish woman, whom she consulted respecting him, prescribed, as an only remedy, that he should stay there a month or more, open his mouth, and let the air come in

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freely. Nowhere, indeed, did I ever feel so strongly, as on this occasion in the garden of Generalife, the magical influence of nature, uniting all her attractions; before me lay a widespread view of whatever may delight the eye, overhung by the canopy of an ethereal heaven, while the song of birds, gladdened into eloquence by the return of another day, came blended to the senses with the aroma of blossoms and of flowers. With each respiration inhaled there, I seemed to gain an accession of vitality and capacity for enjoyment, and to feel or fancy my heart warmed with something of a generous enthusiasm. Existence, which often hangs so heavily amid the smoke and oft-respired air of a populous city, is felt in Generalife to be indeed the boon of beneficence.

A very short walk from the gate of the Generalife brought us to the wall of the Alhambra, which we followed until we came to the principal entrance of the fortress, at the Gate of the Tribunal. The royal citadel of Alhambra stands on the southern of the two hills on which Granada is situated, and which are separated from each other by the precipitous ravine of the Daro. The platform which it occupies is about eight hundred yards long by two hundred wide. It is perfectly inaccessible to the north, where it is steeply terminated by the ravine of the Daro, and to the west, where it overlooks the city; on the south a second ravine divides it from the Mountain of the Martyrs and the Bermejan Towers, but from the east it is completely commanded by the Generalife and Seat of the Moor, which are loftier eminences of the same ridge. This noble esplanade is enclosed by a wall five feet in thickness and twenty-five in height, which follows the irregularity of its outline, and is flanked at short intervals, chiefly at the angles, by square towers of double its elevation. There are, however, other towers of much greater size and more solid construction, in the most commanding situations: such are the towers of

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La Vela, overlooking the declivity towards the city, of Comares, forming part of the palace, and frowning upon the Albaycin, and of the Tribunal, which defends the entrance to the citadel, all of which were crowned with cannon in the time of the Saracens. The wall is constructed of tapias, a sort of artificial stone, made of earth and pebbles intermixed with lime, and which, being moulded like bricks, becomes very hard by exposure to the sun, or else it is made in bulk, by simply throwing the same materials into a wooden frame, and there pounding them down and leaving them to become solid ere the timber is removed. The towers are either constructed of the same material, or of hewn stone from the quarries of the vicinity.

The Tower of the Tribunal, under which is the principal entrance to the Alhambra, has an arched gateway, making right angles to mask the opening on the interior. The gate is placed at the second angle, so that it cannot be assailed by missiles or battering-rams from without, and could only be attacked from the middle of the tower, where the assailant would be exposed to the spears and missiles of the garrison, wielded in perfect security through the perpendicular opening overhead. The arches that surmount the entrance, and the angles of the passages, are of horseshoe form, a distinctive character of Saracenic architecture, being so constructed that the parts of the arch corresponding to the ends of the horseshoe project a little beyond the wall which sustains them, which, while it gives them an air of lightness, conveys also the idea of insecurity. Nor is this insecurity only apparent; for I frequently saw brick arches of this form in Andalusia, which had lost the end bricks, forming the projections of the horseshoe, by which those that were above should have been sustained; though stone arches of this form are less liable to destruction, from the greater size of the component parts. There are several Arabic inscriptions which surmount these different arches

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and follow their curves, and which, like those within the palace, are mostly in praise of the Deity, of the Prophet, or of the king who erected the tower. One of them is thus translated: "The praise of God. There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet. There is no strength but in God." There are two objects, however, which antiquaries have been more puzzled to explain; these are representations of the arm and closed hand of a man, and of a key, sculptured above the arches. It is said that the Arabs borrowed the emblem of the human arm from the ancient Egyptians, among whom it was the symbol of strength, and therefore an appropriate ornament for so formidable a tower. It had, moreover, a religious signification among the followers of Mahomet; it represented the hand of God displayed in his superintending providence, and was besides emblematic of the principal dogmas of their creed; for, as the hand has five fingers, in like manner the Mahometan religion establishes five fundamental precepts: to believe in God and in his prophet; to call upon God in prayer; to succour the poor; to fast during the month of Ramadan; and to visit the temples of Mecca and Medina. In consequence of their faith being represented by the hand, the Saracens believed that it formed a powerful defence against the arms and wiles of infidels, and therefore used it as a charm, though it would have been idolatry thus to copy the whole body; in the form of a clinched fist it was believed to weaken the power of an enemy; and with the thumb passed between the fingers, it had the virtue of breaking a charm, and averting the blighting effects of the evil eye, or of being looked on with desire by the possessor of the fatal, though involuntary power of fascination. Ivory representations of the hand in this last form were hung round the neck of an infant, at the throat-latch of a favourite horse, or on the cage of a nightingale. It was this charm, as we have already seen, that the Moriscos were accused of ma-

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king under their cloaks, when compelled to attend mass by the priests who counselled their expulsion, and it is still used among the lower classes in Spain to convey insult. The key sculptured over the inner arch of the portal was likewise a mysterious symbol among the Saracens; for it indicated the power claimed by the prophet, and which is also successfully used by the preachers of other faiths, of opening and shutting the gates of heaven. The key is, however, said to have been especially a favourite emblem with the Andalusians who first invaded Spain, and opened the door of conquest to their countrymen. These and their descendants wore it vauntingly in their standards. The entrance of the Tower of Tribunal remains unchanged since the days of Boabdil, with the single exception that we found a small chapel, under the invocation of the Virgin, constructed against the wall of the passage, and fronting the interior of the Alhambra. The principal ornament over the rude altar of this little oratory, where the devout may make a flying invocation as they pass, is a small oil painting of the Virgin, with the infant Jesus in her arms. It appears from the adjoining table of indulgences granted to those who worship at this shrine, that this is the second portrait which Saint Luke took in person of our blessed Lady. Time, which would have left no tatters of a heathen production, though Apelles had been the painter, has breathed kindly upon this precious relic. It is a singular religious coincidence thus to find a chapel, where more than divine adoration is offered to the Virgin, existing in the presence of such contradictory inscriptions, and, in fact, surmounted by the motto—"There is no God but God!"

Having reached the interior of the citadel, our first care was to seek out the commander of the invalids, who had so kindly offered to be my guide to the antiquities of the Alhambra. We readily found him, snugly domesticated in the superior story of that Tower of Tribunal through which

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we had entered, and though the place looked forbidding and cheerless without, there was no want of comforts within; and when the old soldier, in showing us through his antique and characteristic habitation, had led us to the flat terrace that surmounts it, once the noisy arena of the lombard and the arquebuse, now the most peaceful as well as most beautiful of belvideres, we were again delighted with the display of the surrounding scenery; the mountain of Alhambra, the ravine of the Daro, and the snow-clad Sierra, are rich enough in mere picturesque attractions; but the Vega is, after all, the object of which the eye never tires.

The little sitting-room of the invalid had one window towards the south, and a second, which, instead of looking to the open air, is so covered by the front of the tower, that it only commands the portion of the gateway lying immediately below. We had noticed this in entering, and thought it so arranged merely as a station whence archers might defend the entrance without the risk of annoyance; but we were now told that it was also connected with an oriental custom, and that in this secure situation, like the Turkish sultans in their Sublime Porte, the kings of Granada were wont to hear the complaints of their subjects, and to administer summary justice in person and upon the spot. Hence the name of the Tower of Tribunal.

After a short repose we went to see the remains of the Moorish palace, passing on the way through the open place of arms, called now Plaza de los Algibes, from the immense reservoir for water which lies below. On the east stands the magnificent palace of Charles V., and the other sides are flanked by towers and apartments of the old palace, or by the modern buildings which have sprung up within the walls; for the Alhambra, besides its garrison of invalids, has a population of a thousand souls or more, attracted to the spot for the enjoyment of immunities which are not common to Granada, and which frequently render it

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a temporary refuge to criminals fleeing from the city. The reservoir in question occupies subterraneously an extent nearly equal to the whole Plaza, to which it gives its name, and is kept constantly filled by an aqueduct connected with the Daro; thus supplying water not only to the Alhambra, but also to many inhabitants of the city, among whom it is in great repute. In the spring it is emptied and carefully cleansed, then refilled and allowed to settle, and afterward refilled from time to time. The great depth of the reservoir maintains the water in a clear state, and of an equal temperature, warmer than the air in winter, and in summer as cool as one could desire. It is said to have contained sufficient water to supply the Granadian court, with a garrison of several thousands, for years, in the event of a siege and the exterior communication being interrupted by the destruction of the pipes. As we passed the kerb of this mammoth cistern we found a number of watermen, who had come with asses from the city, to fill the jars hung on each side of their animals, and covered with leaves freshly culled from the grove of the Alhambra, and which, being wet, cool the water by constant evaporation. These people live by retailing the water in the streets and places of Granada, where they receive an ochavo for each glass, furnishing, as a bonus, two sugarplums of anise, which are eaten before swallowing the water. A young waterman, whose good taste had interspersed a few rich flowers with the leaves that surrounded his kegs, hastened to offer us a huge tumbler of pure and sparkling water, while with the other hand he opened the tin box at his girdle, that we might supply ourselves with sugarplums. The temptation was not to be resisted; and we drank long and freely of the best, and, to the unperverted taste of those who drink to supply a want of nature, most luxurious of beverages.

The Moorish palace extends along the north side of the Alhambra, overlooking the ravine of the Daro. It is not

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easy, amid the existing ruins of this famous pile, to determine what was its extent and form, when the abode of the powerful kings of Granada. Part of the ancient constructions have yielded to their own frailty, part have been overrun by the patched rookeries of the present inhabitants, and part removed to make room for the proud palace of the Cesar. It is believed, however, that when perfect it formed an extensive quadrangle, about four hundred feet long and two hundred wide, containing five enclosed courts, the largest of which stood in the centre, and was one hundred and fifty feet in length by eighty in breadth; the other four were placed at the four angles, and were of somewhat smaller size. The first exists at present, under the name of the Court of the Myrtles, but of the smaller ones, the thrice-famed Court of Lions alone remains. Although this may have been the general form of the edifice, it is not likely that its plan was rigorously uniform; for in what remains it is difficult to trace any thing like unity of design. The period of construction is evidently various, and there is a bewildering connexion of apartments, courts, galleries, and towers, that not only baffles description, but renders it difficult even for the person who sees it to form a clear idea of its figure. The royal apartments, being in the towers that overlook the Daro, are of solid hewn stone; the rest is frailly built of tapias, coated externally with a rough plaster, and within with a surface of stucco, impressed, by means of wooden moulds, with a profusion of elaborate figures, interwoven with inscriptions.

The quadrangle through which we first passed was enclosed by a gallery, formed by the walls and by a range of light marble columns connected by arches. In the centre was a large sheet of water, constantly renewed by two crystal jets at the extremities of the court, and which, running in canals from their overflowing basins, at length emptied themselves into the central reservoir, which was filled

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with gold and silver fishes, while the surrounding banks were formed into parterres. In the days of the Saracens it was dedicated to a different use; it served for the legal purifications prescribed by the Koran to the faithful who were about to assist in the devotions at the royal mosque, which stood adjoining.

Beside this court stands the Tower of Comares, which forms an angle of the fortress, overlooking the Daro and Albaycin to the north, while the western windows command a view of Granada and the Vega. This Saloon of Comares, also called of the Ambassadors, is the largest and most magnificent of the royal apartments, being about forty feet square, with a lofty dome-like ceiling, the apex rising to the height of sixty feet. The pavement is of earthen tiles, alternated with others of blue and white porcelain, symmetrically disposed. The wainscot is lined with the same species of mosaic; and above it the walls are covered with stucco, impressed, by means of models, with a variety of regular figures, very exactly executed, and enclosing small medallions for inscriptions, which are intwined with garlands of leaves, fruits, and flowers. At the junction of the walls and ceiling is a narrow riband running round the whole apartment, and closely written with Arabic characters. Each side of the room has five window-places, three of which are open and two false, except on the side of the entrance, where all are closed. These windows are ornamented with small columns sustaining arches, which are stuccoed to represent leaves and flowers; the false ones have long inscriptions on the interior of the arches. The cornice projects far from the walls, and is most elaborately decorated with a variety of minute ornament, fretted into the stucco. The ceiling leaves the cornice at half a right angle, making upward in four sides, corresponding to the walls of the room until they terminate in a cupola. The whole of this lofty dome is lined with wood in small pieces of various col-

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ours, placed in regular figures, and alternated with gilt and silver; the whole forming a checkered mosaic, rudely representing crowns, stars, and crescents. This roof is meant to imitate the splendours of the firmament; and however abortive the imitation, it does not want a certain grace. The inscriptions are said to be chiefly ejaculatory expressions in praise of the Deity, much in use among the followers of Mahomet, as, "O God! to thee let perpetual praise be given! to thee thanksgiving for evermore! For God is our aid in every affliction; no creature has for excellence the attribute of mercy; this is the prerogative of God alone. Glory to God!" Again, "There is no God other than God, the only, the absolute, the potent over the powerful!" There are others in praise of the building, and of the king who ordered its erection. "Oh thou who art the son of a king, and the descendant of many kings! it was thou who didst build and decorate this marvellous palace, which is of such singular beauty, and in which the wondrous excellences of thy reign are demonstrated. Yes! the King Nasere is the powerful and the valiant, causing dread to all nations! If he should place himself in the heavens, the stars would lose their glory!" There is no inscription, however, which occurs so frequently in the Alhambra as that of "God alone is the conqueror!" This was the watch-word of the Granadians, and was even stamped upon their coin. It originated with Muhamad Alhamar, the founder of the kingdom and builder of the Alhambra, who, being praised as the most valiant and successful of warriors, with the pious modesty of a brave man, disclaimed the honour, and, like the Templars in the better days of their order, placed upon his shield the humble motto, "Conqueror through God!"

This Saloon of Comares formerly displayed in its walls a brilliant variety of colours, among which red, blue, and green were the most conspicuous, while the multiplied in-

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scriptions were wrought into a relief of gold and silver. Time, neglect, and desolation, have dealt roughly with the Alhambra; and the gorgeous colouring, the gold, the silver, and the enamel, are now covered with whitewash, filling up the interstices of the fretwork, and rounding all into uniformity. And yet the Saloon of Comares, with its fretted walls, its lofty roof, and numerous windows, overlooking one of nature's fairest pictures, cannot even now be contemplated with indifference. What then must it not have appeared to an age of inferior civilization, when all the splendour of contrasted colouring enlivened the present monotony; when those mysterious characters, which now baffle the curiosity of the unlearned, spoke in golden poetry to the beholders, and when this naked and solitary apartment was provided with the luxurious conveniences of an oriental people, thronged by obsequious courtiers, and hallowed by the presence of royalty!

Returning from the Saloon of Comares to the principal quadrangle, we passed thence into the famous Court of Lions, which is enclosed by a gallery connected with the wall and the adjacent apartments, and sustained towards the court by high Arabic arches, standing on no fewer than a hundred and twenty-eight marble columns. The columns are about eight feet high, and as many inches in diameter; standing singly, or grouped at the angles. The walls that enclose the court and gallery are plastered in stucco, and impressed with the same variety of ornaments and inscriptions that abound in the Saloon of Comares; the pavement is of white marble. At each end of the court is a beautiful pavilion, connected with the gallery, but projecting within the quadrangle; columns, similar to those of the gallery, in groups of three, sustain light horseshoe arches, ornamented profusely with garlands, upon which rests a miniature dome, whose cavity is ornamented with a fretwork of rich woods. A fountain placed under each of

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these pavilions throws a jet of water aloft into the obscurity of each cupola, whence it falls back in spray.

Between these two pavilions stands the Fountain of the Lions, consisting of a large marble basin, ten feet in diameter, yet of a single piece, supported on the haunches of twelve lions, drawn up in a circle, with their heads outward. This basin is surmounted by a smaller one, into which the water, bursting from a jet at its centre, falls back, thence running over on every side in a continuous sheet, resembling a glass cylinder as it descends to the lower basin, where it is augmented by twelve streams spouted backwards from the mouths of the lions. It is said that this fountain was constructed in imitation of the brazen sea of Solomon, described in the book of Chronicles, where we read that there were twelve moulten oxen, "and the sea was set above upon them, and all their hinder parts were inward." Even the garlands sculptured round the brim are repeated in the Fountain of Lions. An identity of design will appear nowise incredible, when we consider the number of Jews living in Granada from the earliest times, and the great favour which they enjoyed among the Saracens, from their common oriental origin, from the assistance they had lent at the time of the conquest, and from their wealth, learning, and refinement, so superior to the age of warfare in which they lived. The lions are rudely formed, as might be expected among a people to whom the imitation of animate forms was interdicted, and who in this case acted by exception. We may see, however, in these figures, round the Fountain of Lions, an effort on the part of the Granadians to release themselves from an ordinance of their religion, which effectually checked their progress in the arts. The walls that encircle the court, the arches, and the fountains, are profusely covered with inscriptions, telling the beholder, in the language of song, the admiration this place excited among the poets of Granada. Some of

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them are translated as follows: "Blessed be he who gave unto the Prince Muhamad a habitation, which for beauty excels all others. Oh! heir of the Naseritan blood! there is no glory equal to that of inheriting such power and greatness. The peace of God be with thee for ever! causing thee to keep thy subjects in obedience, and to subdue thine enemies. Dost thou not see in what confusion the waters run; and yet, other currents are constantly falling? It is like unto a lover bathed in tears, and who carefully conceals them from the object of her passion. And, perhaps, it is in reality but a crystal cloud spreading itself over the lions." There is another which furnishes the beholder with a very gratuitous piece of encouragement: "O thou who lookest upon these lions! fear not! they have not life to harm thee." In addition to the three principal fountains of the interior, there are twelve smaller jets in the surrounding gallery, the waters of which, after falling back into their respective basins, run in marble canals until they meet at the central reservoir under the Fountain of the Lions. The number of currents constantly running within this small area is still further increased by the jets from the neighbouring apartments, which empty at the common centre, imparting to the whole scene a magical animation, while, to complete the attractions of the place, the whole vacant portion of the quadrangle is laid out as a flower-garden, and planted with cypresses.

The Court of the Lions is the most pleasing monument left by the Saracens in Spain, to testify that the story of their brilliant and meteor-like domination is indeed no dream of the fancy. It was on the feast of Corpus Christi that we visited it; the waters were all playing in honour of the day, and the whole quadrangle, with its adjoining apartments, was thronged with blue-eyed or dark peasant-girls, and well-made mountaineers, all decked in picturesque costume, who had come to assist in the festivities of Gra-

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nada, and chiefly to gain indulgences by hearing the grand mass to be that day celebrated in the Metropolitan, with archiepiscopal pomp, and the exposition of the most precious relics, and to receive pleasure from seeing the concluding bullfight in the amphitheatre. The moment of our visit was therefore most auspicious. The finest specimens of the human form mingled amid the low arches, the countless columns, the foliage, and the water; and we could not but admit, that, though shorn of its gay colouring, its enamelled silver, and gilded illuminations, the Court of the Lions was still a place of no ordinary attraction.

Adjoining the Court of the Lions, and standing open towards it, are three rooms, among the most richly decorated of the Alhambra. One of them is now called the Chamber of Justice, because romantic tradition points to it as the scene of the trial of Boabdil's sultana, under a false charge of infidelity with Abenhamet Abencerrage. Among its ornaments are some human figures in Eastern costume, rudely painted on the wall. They are too badly done to belong to the period of the conquest, which was also the age of Raphael; and therefore must rather be referred to an earlier period, having probably been executed by some Christian captive, for their faith forbade the Saracens most strictly from all imitations of the human form, as idolatrous. Indeed, when they entered Spain as conquerors, they everywhere destroyed the objects of art that came in their way, grinding into powder every statue, however beautiful and beyond all price, and converting it into cement and stucco for the building of their cities. And thus it may well be, that many of the proudest productions of the Roman or Grecian chisel, after having delighted the eyes of many succeeding generations, may now crumble undistinguished amid the ruins of the Alhambra.

Another of the rooms which open upon the Court of Lions is called the Hall of Abencerrages, and has in its centre a

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marble fountain, which tradition has connected with a melancholy tale. It is here, we are told in the romances, that Boabdil, instigated by the treacherous Zegris, who had invented the tale of the sultana's guilt, enticed the Abencerrages, one by one, and, as they reached the Court of Lions, caused them to be decapitated, after allowing each to contemplate a while the bloody tragedy which had been wrought upon his companions. The hall itself and the neighbouring court were strewed with headless trunks, while the marble basin was piled high with the ghastly visages of these once light-hearted cavaliers, and the best blood of Granada filled the narrow canal, and sought an outlet at the feet of the lions. The red veins that still streak the marble were shown us as the traces of that ensanguined current, and the tender-hearted damsels from the mountains, who had oft wept over the plaintive romance in which the treachery is alone recorded, sighed and grew tearful as they remembered how—

"En las Torres de Alhambra
Sonaba gran voceria,
Y en la ciudad de Granada
Grande llanto se hacia,
Porque sin razon el Rey
Hizo degollar un dia
Treinta y seis Abencerrages
Nobles de grandé valia,
A quien Zegries y Gomeles
Acusan de alebosia:
Que en perder tales varones
Es mucho lo que perdia.
Lloraban todas las Damas
Quantas en Granada habia
Por las calles y ventanas
Mucho luto parecia."

Nothing is more cruel than to be aroused from a cherished day-dream to the dull realities of waking existence, and it is but an ungrateful task to be called upon to disturb

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these old associations, which cling, like their own cobwebs, to the walls of the Alhambra; for what will remain to Granada in the eye of poetry, if you take away its Zulemas, its Zaydes, its Zegries, and its Abencerrages? Even an attempt to save the lives of thirty-six Abencerrages will, we fear, be received as any thing but an act of kindness. Nevertheless, it may be but fair to state, that all we have been accustomed to read in romances of the trial of the queen, of her defence by the four Christian cavaliers, and this slaughter of the Abencerrages, is nowhere to be met with upon the page of history. These stories rest upon the authority of a work called "The Civil Wars of Granada," written towards the close of the sixteenth century, by one Gines Perez de Hita, who professes to have translated it from an Arabic manuscript. This work, though it pretends to be a history, has not even the usual quantity of truth with which writers of fiction are accustomed to cast a shade of probability over their inventions. It was probably written to imbody the Moorish and Castilian romances, which we find plentifully scattered throughout the work, and which either grew up round the chivalry of the two nations, or were afterward composed, when the lapse of time began to leave room for the embellishments of fancy. The "Civil Wars" is not, however, without merit, as a mere work of fiction; it gives an insight into the chivalrous usages of the Saracens of Granada, and the bull-feasts, cane-tilts, and tournaments, are described with vivid simplicity. It is from this work that the chief incidents of Florian's beautiful romance have been taken; and even an identity of scenes and names is observable in the Gonsalve de Cordoue.

The sleeping and feasting apartments, and baths, are found in a lower story of the palace, and are subterranean, except on the side of the precipice. In the chambers are large alcoves for beds, raised a little above the level of the floor, and paved with tiles of various colours, the entrance

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being flanked by columns sustaining horseshoe arches. In the centre of the chambers are jets, to cool the air or lull the senses of the sleeper. The feasting-hall has no windows, and was therefore doubtless lighted artificially, to give effect to Asiatic luxury. Near its ceiling is a gallery, where musicians remained in waiting to attune their melodies to the mood of those who feasted, bathed, or sought sleep in the adjoining apartments. The first of the bathing-rooms contains small marble baths of the size in use among us, and which are said to have been set apart for children. Farther on is the principal room, whose destination is sufficiently shown by the niches without the door, similar to those of the other state apartments, to receive the slippers of those who approached the royal presence. For the Asiatics uncover the feet instead of the head, in token of deference. The baths here, two in number, are formed of large slabs of white marble, and are of uncommon size, being quite large enough for swimming. The floor is paved with marble slabs, and the walls are of stucco, richly impressed and illuminated, while the ceiling forms an arched vault of bold and beautiful execution. Apertures, cut through it in the form of stars, allowed the vapour to escape, and admitted the only external light that reached this spot, destined to the exercise of a religious observance and to luxury. As we groped through these ruined apartments, reconnoitring their dark and untenanted recesses, with no other sound than that of our own resounding footfall, treading heedless through the once secret and hallowed precincts of the harem, it was curious and melancholy to turn, in fancy, from the present to the past, and conjure up the far different spectacle which the place must have presented ere the evil day of Granada had arrived.

Having seen the baths, we reascended towards the Queen's Toilet, and on our way passed through some apartments of the time of Charles V. One of these stands on a

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small courtyard, and has a gallery round the interior, which is strongly wickered with rods of iron. We were told that here the sultana was imprisoned after the accusation of the Zegries; for romance has here lent another tradition to the modern tenants of the Alhambra. It is said with more probability, that Queen Joanna, becoming foolish with grief upon the death of her husband, Philip the Handsome, was confined for a time in the apartments adjoining this cage, which was constructed for her reception. This, though disputed, receives some colouring of possibility from the fact that the apartment bears the initials of Charles V., her son, and from the notorious imbecility of Joanna, who used to spend most of her time in the company of her dead husband, and even carry his body with her on her journeys; thereby acquiring for herself the surname of "The Foolish." The Alhambra, in its day of adversity, is still the prison of a maniac. We saw in a lower cell of one of the towers, overlooking the precipice of the Daro, an emaciated and squalid wretch, sitting in the sill of a grated window, and gazing with haggard and vacant, yet steadfast eye, upon the narrow portion of the Vega thence visible. His hands grasped two of the window-bars, and his meager and bloodless face, rendered still more ashy by the blackness of his matted hair and beard, was forced between the irons, as if there were a satisfaction in approaching even a little nearer to the scenes upon which he gazed so wistfully. We thought at first that he was a state prisoner, of whom we had already seen several taking the air on the Tower of La Vela; but learned on inquiring that he was a maniac, brother to the woman who had the keys of this portion of the palace.

The Toilet, also called the Mirador, occupies a small detached tower which overlooks the course of the Daro, which flows several hundred feet immediately below, pleasing the eye with the rich and varied cultivation which

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skirts its narrow valley; while the Nevada and part of the Vega add also their attractions to the scene. There is an interior apartment, surrounded by a low wainscot, covered with fretwork and inscriptions; above this rise light marble columns, having windows between them, three at each side of the tower; the intervening panels and the ceiling are covered with modern paintings and arabesques of beautiful execution. Without the interior piece is a gallery of similar construction, sustained upon columns of white marble, and perfectly open to admit the pure air of the mountain, and allow the gaze to roam abroad and riot on the beauties of the surrounding spectacle. This place, from the varied character of its decoration, has evidently been a favourite with the princesses of both Christian and Saracen dynasties. Nothing, however, now remains to prove the ingenuity of the Arabian beauties in the arts of personal decoration, but a marble slab, perforated with a number of small holes, which forms the corner stone in the pavement of the gallery. It has an aperture beneath it, where spices and sweet-scented plants were constantly burning and exhaling a cloud of perfumes, by the countless crannies of the marble. Here the beauteous queen of the sultan, for how could a sultan's queen be otherwise than beauteous, would take her station, after all the arts of embellishment were exhausted, and receive aroma into all her attire. Nor are the moderns insensible to the charms of the Mirador, if we may judge from the admiring exclamations that everywhere cover its walls, or from the names of individuals innumerable, that are everywhere profanely pencilled amid the roses and garlands of some able artist.

The Mosque was the last apartment of the Moorish palace which we visited. It seems to have been the most modern of the whole group, and to have caught some features of its architecture from the Christian chapels. Fountains stand at the entrance for the purification of the wor-

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shippers, and on both sides of the door are niches wrought into the wall, for receiving the slippers of the faithful. At the eastern extremity were doubtless painted the garlands towards which the believers turned their faces when engaged in their devotions, now hidden from view by the rude picture of a saint. Opposite this is a gallery, sustained by marble columns, which, like similar galleries in the chapels of Christian palaces, was the place whence the king offered his devotions, and which he could approach without interruption from the inferior worshippers. The walls are ornamented as in the other parts of the palace; but the ceiling, instead of the usual pyramidal and ascending form, is quite flat, and is lined with a curious mosaic fretwork of rich woods.

The mosque, once devoted to the worship of one God, is now degraded into a magazine for the arms of the invalids, while the vestibule and its precincts afford an insecure and comfortless habitation for the superannuated sergeant and his family. And yet, there is not an entire want of keeping and unison between these time-worn veterans and their abode in the Alhambra. They are seen moving amid fallen arches and tottering towers, with rusty muskets on their shoulders, and in military accoutrements as various as the corps in which they have served, and seemingly suffering from as many campaigns as their wearers; some have foraging-caps, others hats of straw or wool; some capotes, coats, or jackets; some have shoes or sandals, and not a few are barefooted; all, however, are equally fleshless and dejected, and seem even too poor to smoke paper cigars. And yet, these are the men who, under a Castaños or a Romana, aided in driving the invader from their native soil, who restored Ferdinand to his throne, and, by their stern and unrelenting resistance, taught Europe a lesson of independence. Though the treasury lack means to supply the narrow wants and scanty cravings of this small and daily

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diminishing band of miserable old men, yet funds are found in abundance to equip the glittering body-guard of the absolute king, and to keep up the splendid corps of twenty-five thousand, destined also, chiefly, to the guard of his royal person. Their better day, like that of the Alhambra, is gone by, and neglect and poverty are hastening the hour of their dissolution.

The Alhambra, having been frequently inhabited by the Spanish kings since the conquest, has undergone repairs at different periods, to fit it for their reception. It is now, however, fairly abandoned to its fate, and is fast yielding to the frailty of its original construction, and to the heedlessness of those who inhabit it; these open new communications, knock holes through the walls where windows are wanting, and make capriciously whatever additions are suggested by momentary convenience. One of the walls of the bathing-room has recently been demolished, in order to reach and remove the large brazen caldron in which water was heated for the baths, the despoiler being doubtless some ill-paid attendant, impelled by necessity or avarice. Ere many years shall have passed, the tourist will probably look in vain for any trace of this singular antiquity, spared by the barbarity of past ages but to fall a victim to the insatiate covetousness of our own. Thus the habitation which Eastern ingenuity sought to render worthy of a great prince, is now rapidly disappearing before the squalid inroads of poverty; the fortress too, long the stronghold of a powerful kingdom, is yielding to the attacks of time and desolation; its towers are beginning to crumble, and the bramble and the fig-tree alone keep sentry on its walls.

Having taken leave of the Moorish palace, we regained the Place of Cisterns, where that which by distinction is called the New Palace, was erected three centuries ago. Perhaps in all Europe there could not be found a spot more worthy to become the abode of a mighty king, standing, as

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it does, in the centre of the lofty esplanade of Alhambra, and completely overlooking the whole of that proud picture, of which description can give but a faint and unworthy idea. After the conquest of Granada, Ferdinand and Isabella lived occasionally in that Alhambra which was so peculiarly their own; and Charles V., charmed with the amenity of the situation, passed here much of the leisure left him from the prosecution of his ambitious schemes. Indeed, so powerfully was he attracted by the advantages of Granada, that he determined to make it the permanent residence of the court, which had hitherto alternated between Valladolid, Toledo, and Seville, and, in prosecution of this project, determined to erect a palace in the Alhambra, which should be worthy at once of the site and of himself. The moment for effecting such a purpose was propitious, for the reviving arts had nearly attained to the perfection of ancient times, and Charles V. counted among his subjects of Spain and Flanders some of the most distinguished sculptors and architects of the day. The site had another eminent advantage; for the vicinity of Granada is rich beyond measure in quarries of stone and marble. Loja furnishes a marble of white and red, richly variegated; the Sierra Elvira, a beautiful brown stone, of such hardness that even exposure to the weather does not deprive it of its polish; while the capacious side of the Nevada is one vast storehouse, in which the rarest marbles are garnered in inexhaustible abundance. Among the most curious is a kind so singularly veined and coloured, that, when sawed across the strata and polished, it offers to the imaginative eye fantastic resemblances to animate forms, and to cities, castles, and landscapes. The greatest treasure, however, which the Sierra Nevada possesses in this way, is the beautiful serpentine found at the sources of the Genil, and which is the same with the verd-antique so much sought after by the Romans.

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The building of the New Palace was commenced in 1536, after the plans of Alonzo Berruguete; and it is a singular coincidence, that the first funds appropriated by the emperor to the work, were taken from the eighty thousand ducats for which he sold to the Moriscos the privilege of continuing to use their native tongue. Its construction continued as rapidly as the nature of the work permitted, until the idea of removing the court to Granada was abandoned, in consequence of the earthquakes which annually occur in the Alpujarras, and which even extend themselves to the Vega, where Granada has received some injury, and Santa Fe been partially destroyed. When this change occurred in the royal intentions, the walls of the edifice were entirely finished, at an expense of near a million of ducats, and nothing remained but the roof and interior decoration to render it complete; yet the work was arrested, and an undertaking worthy of Charles V. has resulted only in a magnificent ruin.

The exterior of the palace offers a perfect square, each side of which is two hundred and twenty feet long by sixty-two high. The four façades, though differing in style of ornament, have the same general character, with two distinct stories, the lower of which consists of a bold and hardy mason-work of the kind, which the Spaniards call pillowed, and which is known among us as the rustic; while the upper is lighter and more graceful. They accord admirably, and might be together taken as forming a happy representation of associated strength and beauty. The whole seems faultless to the eye, perfectly simple, with no unnecessary windows, and no other architectural ornaments than immoveable pilasters, with their bases, capitals, and cornice. The bases of the pilasters are ornamented with bronze trophies cast from captured cannon; over the portals are statues of Victory reposing, or of Fame proclaiming the deeds of the emperor, while beside the entrance are

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bassreliefs representing his greatest victories, and the personal feats of arms of the great conqueror. The western façade is devoted to his military achievements, while the southern commemorates his naval expeditions and successes in Africa, executed most beautifully in the dark stone of the Sierra Elvira. Among the sculptured ornaments the imperial eagle most frequently occurs, reposing upon a globe, with the pillars beside it, and the motto of Plus Ultra, while below is the inscription, "Imperator. Caes. Kar. V."

The exterior of this noble palace, though simple, imposing, and beautiful, does, however, by no means prepare one for the admiration which the interior cannot fail to excite. The entrances, four in number, are grand, as becomes the approach to a royal abode, all leading into the large circular court which occupies the centre of the pile, and which is about four hundred feet in circumference, being bounded on all sides by the interior wall of the palace. Within this wall is a double gallery, corresponding to the two stories of the pile. The lower sustained towards the court upon thirty-two square and massive columns, each faced by a Doric pillar. From these columns to the inner wall is thrown one single uniform arch, which makes the entire circuit of the gallery, and which is at once the boldest and most beautiful effort of architecture that I have ever seen. It conveys in an eminent degree that effect of series and continuity which is so powerful an element of the sublime. Above the cornice which surmounts the thirty-two Doric columns, and forms the inner boundary of the arch, is a second row of columns of the Ionic order, surmounted in turn by a light cornice, which was to have sustained a second circular arch, like the one below. But it was in this stage of the work that the building was interrupted, and the columns, with their capitals and cornice, stand alone and self-sustained, alike defying the fury of the elements, and of those earthquakes which interfered with its comple-

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tion. There can be no sight more melancholy than to witness the unfinished and unappropriated condition of this noble pile, which may well take rank among the few perfect models that exist. It has been exposed for near three centuries, without a roof, to the slow, yet stealthy action of the elements; and, as if human neglect were not already a sufficient injustice, human mischief has been called in to aid the progress of destruction. During the War of Independence it was occupied as a magazine by the French; and these sturdy warriors, intolerant for any exploits but their own, and jealous of any other eagles than those which had so often marshalled them to victory, have greatly defaced the bassreliefs, broken Pescara's head for having taken Francis prisoner at Pavia, and knocked off the necks of the imperial eagles, as the Huns did before them in the amphitheatre of Nismes. Incomplete and ruinous as all this is, I have yet seen nothing in architecture to surpass it. The double row of columns, when beheld from the centre of the court, to the exclusion of all other objects except the narrowed circle of the overhanging sky, conveys the idea of grandeur blended with symmetry and beauty; but the novel and almost magic impression produced by walking round the lower gallery, and gazing aloft at the interminable arch, baffles conception, and bewilders the mind that attempts to analyze its impressions.

After all, it was more probably some court intrigue and the bribery of a rival city, than the earthquakes of the Alpujarras, which deprived Granada of its intended and well-deserved honour. Whatever the cause, the consequence itself is most deeply to be regretted. How splendid a city would not Granada have become under similar encouragement, when the miserable Madrid has been converted in a couple of centuries into so gorgeous and glittering a capital? She would soon have formed a focus of industry and intelligence that would have attracted crowds of the busy, the

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curious, and the idle, from every corner of the earth. Literature and the arts, which, amid the sand-heaps of the Manzanares, and under the bleak influence of the Guadarrama, have been fostered into sickly fertility, would here have been quickened into spontaneous luxuriance by the influence of a benignant and ever-beautiful nature; the Prado upon the banks of the Genil would have been the delight of Europe; the fifty millions of dollars that have been thrown away in water-works upon the ungrateful wild of La Granja, fed from the reservoirs of the Nevada, might have become the most magnificent in the world; and the gardens of Aranjuez, spread over the surface of the Vega, might well have realized the wildest inventions of the Arabian bards. The moral, the political effects of such a change, would have been of far higher importance. The Spanish princes, instead of living remote from the stimulating presence of commercial pursuits, and secluded for ever in a country of cheerless plains, to which trees and rivers are almost unknown, would then have been reared in this land of predilection. Like the Naseritan kings, they might have caught something from the perfection of surrounding nature; instead of bigots and besotted sons of sensuality, a Philip II., a Charles IV., or, to come nearer to our own times, a Ferdinand VII., they might have revived the reigns of Muhamad Alhamar and his successors; they might have become poets, mathematicians, and philosophers; they might have been good kings, and led the way for their people in the path of knowledge and of virtue. And now, when we consider the fallen Spaniards of the present day, and find so much worth still lingering among them, after three debasing centuries of priestcraft and despotism, what conjecture would be a rash one to hazard, as to what they might have become under other and happier auspices!

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CHAPTER V.

RAMBLES IN GRANADA.

Feast of Corpus Christi—Procession—Vivarambla—Concourse—Andalusian Dress—Granadian Women—A Majo—Bullfight—Its Apology—Evening Scene in Vivarambla—Hill of Martyrs—Mazmorras—Christian Captives—Dominican Convent—Jeromite Convent—Tomb of Gonzalo—Square of Elvira—Scene of Execution—Story of Freemasons—The Chartreuse—Discipline.

It was about noon when we once more reached the Zacatin on our return homeward, finding ourselves at once in the midst of a crowd of people, brought together from every part of Granada and the villages of the neighbourhood. A procession in honour of the Corpus Christi was to take place presently, and the Zacatin was already prepared for its passage, having awnings spread over the whole length of the street, so as to increase its habitual gloom. The entire fronts of all the houses, too, were concealed by tapestry and curtains of various colours, and the pavement was completely carpeted with fresh grass and flowers, which yielded fragrance at every tread. The crowded shops and balconies indicated the speedy arrival of the procession, and we took our station within one of the doors, where room was made for us in the spirit of kindness and accommodation. A strain of sad and plaintive music, the louder notes of which were alone first faintly heard, overpowering the hum of the crowd, announced that we were not to be kept long in expectation; and presently a company of lancers entered the Zacatin to open the way, their van being formed by six long-bearded veterans. The street only admitted three abreast, and the lances on either flank were at each instant catching in the tapestry, or endangering the fair faces that

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hung over the balconies. We noticed that while the soldiers, forgetting the devotional errand they were on, cast impassioned glances at the treasures of beauty with which the balconies were enamelled, their horses, as they marched onward with arched neck and pricked ears, seemed much more taken up with the grassy treasure under their feet, in search of which they made many ineffectual jerks of their bridles. Behind the lancers came the civil and military authorities of the kingdom, and then the different orders of monks, dressed in white, black, or gray; a goodly company of hearty and well-fed fellows. Next came the different parishes of the city and neighbourhood, and towards the close the dignitaries of the cathedral, with rich banners and gold and silver crosses, and the splendid and gorgeous custodia, or tabernacle, borne aloft by men concealed under its drapery, and seeming to move onward by invisible and miraculous agency; the venerable archbishop, shrouded, like the custodia, under a silk canopy, glittering with jewels and embroidery, and attended by his household chaplain and pages, formed its immediate escort. Within the custodia stood revealed, and performing perpetual revolutions, by the aid of inward mechanism, the sacred wafer; in which the crowd saw, not a mere emblem, but their veritable and present Saviour; and as it came near all knelt in the dust, sighing, smiting their breasts, and looking down as if overcome by a sense of utter unworthiness.

There was a by-scene going on in the midst of all this which took much from the solemnity of the spectacle. All those who moved in the procession, and who were not employed in holding up canopies and bearing crosses, were armed with huge waxen tapers, which they manœuvred much in the manner of walking-sticks. These were continually discharging the melted wax on every side, which overran the fingers of the bearer, unless arrested, as it usually was, on its way down, by groups of bareheaded and

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ragged youngsters, many of very gipsy-like complexion, who kept hovering along the flanks of the procession, and thrusting pieces of paper, which they carried for the purpose, against the sides of the tapers, thereby turning the wax aside into their hands. It was amusing to observe that while the good-natured curates, who were not denaturalized by interdiction from intercourse with the world, would tilt their tapers to increase the harvest of these little gleaners, the more sanctified monks, on the contrary, would more frequently thrust theirs stealthily aside, so as to burn their fingers. The secret of the solicitude of these hopeful youths, whom we had given credit for being in search of wherewithal to buy bread for their parents, was soon after revealed to us, as we came from witnessing the grand mass in the cathedral, which terminated the performance. They had wrought their gleanings into balls, with which they were dancing about and shouting outside the door, as they showed them to each other in emulation; while a few, having already converted theirs into coppers at a neighbouring shop, were grouped together on the steps, deciding who should own the whole at the low game of la taba; the same, if we may believe tradition, at which the Jews gambled for the vesture of the Saviour.

When grand mass had been performed with due pomp in the cathedral, the scene of attraction changed to the Vivarambla, in which a scaffolding of wood had been erected, having awnings and paper-hangings, so as to form a covered gallery within the circuit of the arcades. In the centre stood an altar, gaudily decorated with tinsel, pictures, and embroidery, and canopied above with a high dome like a pavilion. The paper-hangings of the gallery were profusely painted with scenes from Scripture, underwritten with abundance of bad poetry in praise of our Saviour, of the Virgin, and various saints, down to poor Saint Anthony, Ferdinand the Seventh, and the different officers of the

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Ayuntamiento who had superintended the decoration. The initials F. Y., for Fernando and Ysabel, were everywhere conspicuously displayed in honour of the conquerors of Granada, who, in execution of a vow, made during the siege, founded this festival in perpetuity; the city being each year taxed with its expenses.

The crowd had begun to pour in long before our arrival, and we found the Vivarambla thronged with grotesque groups, consisting of the inhabitants of the city, and strangers from every part of Andalusia. The occasion seemed to have brought together all the mountebanks, quacks, and troubadours in the kingdom; with blind men and beggars, rendered disgusting by every possible species of natural, accidental, or acquired deformity. Gipsies having castanets to sell, and rattling them loudly to show their excellence; and the venders of various knick-knacks, down to tickets in a gingerbread lottery, which was drawing on the spot, were shouting their commodities; while the beggars, in voices no less modest, promised payment, for the few cuartos they demanded, in all sorts of good things, both in this world and that which is to come. These innumerable and deafening noises, augmented by warlike blasts from four bands of musicians, stationed in orchestras at each side of the gallery, and all blended with the general hum, together with the equally discordant dress and appearance of so vast a multitude, combined to furnish forth an astounding confusion. The sensations which it occasioned, however, were as agreeable as they were strange and bewildering; not only was the occasion an admirable one to study the costumes and manners of the country, but also most favourable for enjoying the beauty of the Granadinas; for no pretty girl, within many miles of the Vivarambla, lost so auspicious an occasion of displaying her charms and graces in the presence of many admirers, and reaping such a rich and intoxicating harvest of eye-worship and

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adulation. Indeed, there was no end to the belles and gallants to be seen on every side, displaying their gracious, gliding forms, and bewitching features, or their manly proportions, around the promenade of Vivarambla.

Perhaps the scene would have been more brilliant had there been greater variety in the dress of the females. It was, indeed, singular to observe, that while the men were attired in almost every possible diversity of dress, the women might be said to be in uniform; the more so, that this is exactly the reverse of what takes place in our own country, where, while the male dress is uniform, except in materials and fashion, the female varies as infinitely as individual caprice. The black basquiña and mantilla, with white stockings, gloves, and handkerchief, together with the ever-moving fan, constituted the dress of almost all the fair walkers of the Vivarambla. On a gala occasion like this, however, it was lawful to cover the basquiña with gold bells, and also, for those who thought their complexions needed no foil, to substitute a white veil for the black mantilla. A few fair daughters of the Goth availed themselves of the privilege, and the contrast which their white head-dresses offered to the dark and nun-like costume of those around them, was as genial and pleasing as that between their own sunny complexions and the mellow and impassioned hue of the gazelle-eyed and languishing Moriscas. It did not, upon the whole, appear to us that the women whom this festive occasion had brought together were by any means so beautiful as those of Cadiz and Malaga. There is, however, in Granada a variety of complexion unknown in the other cities; and the lover of light hair and sky-blue eyes may there find abundance of fair mountaineers, who possess these excellences uncoupled with the insipidity of less sunny climes. There too are often seen the rare combination of a soft black or a hazel eye, together with yellow hair, than which, when there is superadded a reasonable

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share of beauty and expression, nothing can be more attractive.

If the women of Granada may yield the palm of beauty to others of their countrywomen, it may be said of the men, that they are the noblest looking fellows in the Peninsula; and this too, notwithstanding the fact, that the Spaniards are in an extreme degree a finely-formed and athletic race: we speak not of course of sickly artisans, degenerate and sensual nobles, or of stall-fed monks, but of the cultivators, herdsmen, and muleteers, who are the mass, and who are in themselves most worthy of consideration. The Granadian dress too, which is the common one of Andalusia, is admirably adapted to the display of a vigorous frame. Over features which, whether they be those of the Roman, the Arab, or the Moor, are always manly, the Granadino wears either a silken gorra, a woven and richly-tasselled bonnet, or more commonly a round low-crowned hat, the brim curving gracefully up on every side, and imparting a frank and fearless air to the physiognomy. His jacket is usually of brown or blue cloth, or of green velvet, thickly studded with gold basket-buttons, which serve only for ornament, there being silver clasps to confine the lapels. Breeches of buckskin or green or brown stocking-net, and shoes with long gaiters of white leather, complete his attire. It is easy to see that this costume is adapted to the saddle; for when dressed every peasant in Spain is supposed to be a literal cavalier, this being the title by which strangers of all classes accost each other. There was, however, among the majos of the Vivarambla, one who, by the neatness of his dress, rather than by a gaudy display of colours, eclipsed all his compeers. Though a tall young man, it was difficult to say whether his form had more of strength or elegance. His hat, instead of being decorated with beads and buckles, was simply crowned with a broad band of velvet, tied with a rose-knot, and was turned slightly to the right,

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so as to expose on one side a profusion of jetty curls, terminating below in a graceful and well-nurtured whisker. Over a cambric shirt, displaying abundance of minute embroidery, he wore a richly-worked waistcoat of black velvet, while his jacket and smallclothes of cloth were of the same modest colour. They were profusely covered at the lapels, the pocket-flaps, the sleeves, and down the outside of the leg, with hanging buttons of gold, that jingled as he went. Over the undied shoe he wore a gaitered leggin, fastened without by loops of leather, except about the calf, where it was left open to display a white and well-filled stocking; the top being tied with the silk strings which bound the smallclothes below the knee, and hung in tassels on the outside. The end of a worked cambric handkerchief floated from either pocket; and, instead of suspenders, his loins were girded with many turns of a yellow silk sash, while a smaller one of the same material passed round his neck, and was there secured by the gold finger-ring of some tender-hearted Galatea, who, haply, had also placed over his ear the red rose which reposed among his dark curls, and which the turn of his hat made room for. As I saw this gallant young fellow stepping off among the slender shop-keepers and idlers of Granada, with their tall hats, long coats, tight pantaloons, high-heeled boots, and other graceless devices which the residence of cities and artificial life have fallen upon for the disfigurement of the human form, I could not help observing that his costume was as compact and manly as theirs was inconvenient and ungraceful. He furnished, moreover, a new occasion for admiring the stately air and calm dignity of the Spanish peasant; for, of all the nobles, dignitaries, and soldiery there assembled, there was not one that equalled him in that easy carriage, which in more civilized countries is the peculiar attribute of the well-bred.

The bullfight was of course not forgotten in this day of

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festivity. Andalusia may be called the classic land of this stirring and martial amusement. It was here that the longest residence of the imaginative Saracens, and the promptings of a climate creative of ardent temperaments, not less than the inspiration and exaggerated enthusiasm caused by the contemplation of an ever-beautiful nature, stimulated to its highest and most brilliant pitch that chivalry of which the bull-feast is a remnant. The Saracens have passed away, but nature remains the same; and with their agriculture, their music, and their dances, the taste for the bull-feast still prevails among the possessors of the soil. The pastoral character of the country tends also to perpetuate it; for, to men accustomed to control the bull upon the mountains, meeting him in mortal strife within the arena is an easy transition. So strong, indeed, and so universal is this taste in Andalusia, that in the secluded villages, almost every one of which has its square, with its enclosure of dwellings built with arcades and balconies, which, on the feast of the patron saint, becomes an arena, it is a favourite Sunday sport, after the soul has been eased by mass and confession, to barricade the outlets of the principal street, and then turn a wild bull loose, when the young men encounter him with clubs, darts, and handkerchiefs, while the women, stationed in the security of the balconies, enjoy the sport, and animate their lovers to the contest.

On this occasion the bull-feast was of a more pretending character, and was, indeed, in all its glory. Eight fierce muertos from the mountain vegas had undergone the confinement and tortures of the toril. Their opponents, headed by the noted Sombrerero, until unnerved by his well-nigh fatal disaster at Seville, the chief matadore of Spain, were drawn up in the arena to meet, combat, and despatch them, or themselves to die in the encounter. The gaudy cloaks of the chulos and the dresses of the banderilleros were of the most elegant and tasty kind, covered every-

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where with buttons, and embroidered with gold and silver; indeed, many of the young men, instead of being mere hired bravoes, were evidently the sons of sturdy cultivators; youths from the same mountains that had reared their antagonists, and who had come down, with the beauties of their villages, to prove to them that they could be brave as well as gentle; that if they could figure well in the fandango, or touch a guitar, or modulate a manly voice in the impassioned ballads which have so much power to move the souls of these damsels, they were also not wanting in fitness for hardier exploits, and in that fierce courage of which the Andalusian woman can admire the exhibition in her lover, even while she trembles for his life.

Such an attraction was of course appreciated by the augmented population this day enclosed within the walls of Granada; and, ere the blast of trumpets and the tread of many hoofs without announced the arrival of the captain-general, with his escort of cavalry, to preside over and open the feast by throwing down the key of the toril, the ascending benches of this vast and noble amphitheatre groaned under the weight of ten thousand individuals, which it had been the means of assembling. The exhibition of rich uniforms, of city and country dandyism, and of brilliant and soul-controlling beauty; the thousand by-scenes of recognition, courtship, and flirtation, that were going on in the interludes; the sight of so many faces, lighted with expectation and pleasure; or, as the matadore prepared to do his office, and the moment of desperate danger occurred, the deathlike stillness that reigned around, and the expression of intense and absorbing anxiety that was seen in every countenance; all this, seen at a glance round the huge circle, whence all external and distracting objects were excluded, and where the audience was arrayed in the happiest manner for picturesque effect, furnished to me a spectacle not less interesting than the bulls did to the

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bulk of the audience. And yet I must acknowledge the attractions of the sport, and the deep, nervous, and soul-moving excitement which the furious efforts of the bull, the danger of the combatants and their horses, and the death and agonies of the victim, did not fail to awaken. The bull-feast might disgrace other countries ; but in Spain it is in harmony with national manners, with the strong passions of the people, with their fierce, though not hasty courage, and the need of powerful excitements to overcome the gravity of men not easily moved by merely intellectual impressions. In judging this entertainment, we should rather regard it with the eyes of Spaniards, than with that spirit of enlightened philosophy and chastened civilization which cannot fail to condemn it as barbarous.

And yet, if it were question of vindicating the bull-feast in Spain by the practices of more civilized countries, it would only be necessary to remember, that the language in which we write is daily used, by the aid of a brutal jargon, to describe a far more disgusting species of combat; that, instead of a band of warriors going gallantly forth, in antique dress and the guise of cavaliers, to encounter a terrible animal, often the enemy and destroyer of man, in that country from which we derive our origin, human beings daily meet, with naked bodies, and with no other weapons than the hands which nature has given them to toil for their existence, and, without revenge or excuse of anger, shockingly mutilate each other; sometimes even committing murders, which the laws look on with more leniency than when, instead of a horrible taste in the public, they result from excited passion or offended honour.

The feast of Corpus closed with an equally characteristic, yet more agreeable and soothing entertainment, and one which needs no justification. After the evening refreshment of chocolate, we returned once more to the Vivarambla. There the light of the newly-risen moon was blended

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with, and almost overpowered, by the glare of a brilliant illumination, flashing from thousands of lamps hung from the arcades of the square. Soft music proceeded in turn from each of the four orchestras; and, like the song of contending nightingales, borrowed new excellence from the spirit of emulation. Many kinds of games were going on, and brilliant or grotesque groups were partaking in sports adapted to every taste. A portion of the reserved gallery was set apart and kept free for the favourite amusement of the Granadians. Within it, people in various costumes, military, modern European, or Andalusian, were making a circuit, and treading the fragrant carpet of grass and flowers which strewed the pavement; while, in chairs without, were seated the beauty and fashion of Granada, dressed in the light attire which the blandness of the climate permitted them to wear, though exposed to the night air, with only the sky for canopy. These, arranged in little sets, partook of ices and sherbets prepared on the spot, or of the pure water of the Daro, which fell perpetually from the fountain beside them; enjoying a delightful intercourse, unchecked by formality, and only chastened by a pervading sense of decorum. Nor were we mere spectators of this delightful scene. Our amiable fellow-voyagers, from Velez, were there; and these, with their friends, and such other fair Granadians as we had become known to, enabled us to enjoy our full share of the entertainment. Midnight had already passed, ere the lateness of the hour, the growing coolness, and the gradual dispersion of the assembly, sent us to our home and rest; and there, at once overcome with fatigue and dizzy with delight, we were enabled to live over again in dreams the scenes and recollections of a day, in which pleasure had been a business, and sight-seeing had brought no satiety.

It were an endless task to tell of all the delightful rambles we made in and about Granada, where our only diffi-

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culty was to choose amid so many scenes, interesting from their own picturesque beauty, and from the historic and chivalrous recollections connected with them. When perplexed for a choice, however, our steps always led us instinctively up the mountain of Alhambra; there we contemplated anew the strange wonders of the Moorish palace, stood entranced within the stupendous fabric of the Cesar, or passed an hour with the veteran commander of the Invalids, who had made us free of the old tower of Justice, listening to the story of his adventures in the camp, in the field, or when a prisoner and, never failing to take a long draught of the water of the Daro, of which he kept an earthen jar hanging in the massive window beside him and, then, ere we took leave, a longer gaze from the terrace of the tower. We were thus employed on the afternoon succeeding the festival, and the Invalid was explaining to us the various objects that attracted our attention, when he began to talk of the ancient Convent of Martyrs, whose rusty turrets were seen struggling into view from out a grove of elms on the hill which lies south of the Alhambra, and is divided from it by a deep ravine, through which the winter torrents find their outlet. The convent was erected and endowed after the conquest, in honour of two Franciscan friars, who were allowed in Moorish days to administer to the spiritual wants of the Christian captives there confined, but who, having the zeal of God stronger within them than the love of life, had undertaken to make converts among the true believers. On being warned by the alfaquis to desist, and failing to do so, they were put to death; since when, they have been enrolled among the saints and worshipped as martyrs. What we saw and heard of the convent, and of the Mazmorras in which the Moors were wont to confine their captives, made us curious to see them, and we gladly accepted the offer of our worthy friend to conduct us to the spot.

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Leaving the Alhambra and crossing the ravine, we soon entered an avenue of trees leading to the gate of the convent. As we traced the central walk, the grass on either side was covered with picturesque groups of the poorer classes from the city, who were seated in circles, partaking of some simple refreshment under the trees. The most amusing, and apparently the best amused of these, consisted of a dozen young men and women, watched by two or three wary aunts or mothers, who sat apart as sentinels; a handsome and well-matched couple were dancing blithely in the midst, to the rattle of their own castanets, as they threw their arms into the air, giving new vivacity to themselves and delight to all who beheld them, and accompanied and encouraged by the monotonous, yet mellow and plaintive song of those who were seated around them. A little further on we encountered an old, though well-conditioned friar, going to his evening walk of a stone's throw from the door of his convent. We paused to ask for the Mazmorras, and he not only pointed to the spot, but turned back, hobbling on with us as fast as his legs and staff could bear him. I have almost ever found these friars anxious to serve strangers whom chance has thrown in their way, and very communicative. Some of them are actuated by a wish, doubtless, to talk of countries with which books have already given them an imperfect acquaintance, while others, having only read their missal, and the life and miracles of their patron saint, merely seek relief in such carnal society as chance may bring them from the burden of monastic existence.

Though the Mazmorras are nearly filled with rubbish, their form and mode of construction may still be distinguished. They are large conical caves, somewhat in the shape of beehives, except that, instead of being an erection above the earth, they are excavated into its bowels, the apex rising to the surface, where a round hole forms the en-

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trance. The soil a few feet below the surface consists of a species of soft rock, which hardens with exposure to the air, and thus renders the support of mason-work unnecessary. We were told that the Mazmorras were dug at various times by the Christians who were taken in war, and of whom there were always many in Granada, waiting for a successful inroad of their own countrymen, which might lead to an exchange, or the ransom of their relatives, if of noble and wealthy families, or, if poor, for the arrival of some benevolent monk of the order of Mercy; but oftener doomed to drag out the rest of their days in hopeless captivity. The prisoners, when not employed in building or repairing the fortifications of the city, or in paving and cleansing the streets and promenades, or in the gardens of Generalife or Alhambra, and always at the return of night, were let down into these caves, the abode of their own construction, and the ladder withdrawn by which they had descended. A light arch thrown over the aperture kept the rain out; for there was no door necessary to prevent the escape of the ill-fated inmates.

It has been suggested that these caves were rather dug to store up the surplus grain of an abundant crop, to be used in seasons of scarcity, than as places of confinement for captives; in favour of which opinion the fact is instanced, that the Granadian kings were used to make provision against the inconstancy of the seasons, as in the modern French Halls of Abundance. To effect their purpose they had only to imitate the custom of their native Arabia, where grain is preserved in caves like these, well lined with straw, to maintain an even temperature and keep off humidity. This custom prevails at the present day in Morocco, and the wheat taken out, after an interval of many years, is found without other injury than that of having lost its whiteness. These facts render it likely that the Mazmorras were either constructed for granaries or in imitation

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of them; but they do by no means invalidate the strong testimony of popular tradition, as to the uses to which they have been applied; since nothing could be more obvious than their adaptation to the purposes of confinement.

Having heard of a Moorish ruin, called the House of the King, to be seen in a convent of Dominicans, which stands in the outskirts of the city, at the foot of the Mountain of Martyrs, we determined to go to it. Having taken leave of our friend the Franciscan, we commenced descending through steep and narrow streets, that were noisy with the looms of the riband-makers, who inhabit this romantic quarter. The convent is one of the most magnificent in Granada, being of vast proportions, elaborately ornamented, and rich in the finest marbles I remember to have seen. This edifice has evidently been erected after the days of the revival, when architectural taste became once more depraved; for there is a profusion of minute decoration, bestowed without any reference to propriety of place, and Corinthian columns most laboriously cut into spiral curves, and having much the air of corkscrews. There is something as crooked and perverted in these architectural subtleties, as in that state of society which could tolerate the enormities of the Dominicans. When I looked round upon all this ill-assorted splendour, and remembered that the Dominicans of Spain had monopolized the offices of the inquisition, I was at no loss to conjecture whence they had extracted the sums necessary for such gorgeous constructions, and found a deeper cause than mere outraged taste for loathing and disgust.

This convent has a very large garden, now leased to a farmer, who raises vegetables for the city markets; for it seems that, though greatly dwindled in number, the monks of the community find themselves straitened for a subsistence, and forced to seek out new means of raising supplies. However much the good fathers may regret the

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olden time, and repine at the hardness of their fate, I doubt not they may live as happily upon the produce of their garden, as their predecessors did upon that of the rack and the fagot. It is in this garden that the House of the King stands, and in passing to it we traversed a closely-covered bower of laurels of a growth contemporary with the Moors. Next we came to the large reservoir which served for the ritual purification of the believers, now used as a fish-pond. Two apartments, in a good state of repair, are all that remain of the ancient palace, but we were shown the entrance of a subterranean passage which terminates within the walls of the Alhambra, the distance being nearly a mile, most of the way up the side of a mountain. It probably was constructed by some suspicious king, as an outlet of escape, if attacked suddenly in the Alhambra by rival pretenders; for, there being no legitimate and invariable law of succession provided by the Koran, dethronements and regicides were as frequent in Granada as they still are in Turkey or Morocco.

Of the various convents in and about Granada, by far the most interesting is that of the Carthusians, which stands on the declivity of a mountain towards the Sierra Alfacar. Happening to know a gentleman who had a brother in the convent of San Geronimo, who in turn was acquainted familiarly with one of the Carthusians, we hoped by this roundabout way to overcome the inhospitable interdiction which the Carthusians of Spain extend to the whole world without. On reaching the sacristy of San Geronimo, we found the worthy brother of our friend engaged in some assigned devotion, which he might have undertaken in expectation of our arrival, in order to give us a favourable impression of his sanctity. He was a hale, lusty man, with a comic expression of eye and mouth, struggling through an air of artificial solemnity. He and his brother were by nature as like as possible, and it really furnished a curious

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physiognomical study to trace the effect which the sympathies of social life, and unrestrained joy and gratification on the one hand, and praying, fasting, and mock humility on the other, had wrought upon their respective countenances. When we entered he did but interrupt his prayer for a moment to salute us, and say that he would finish in a twinkling; then turning his back upon us, he mumbled faster than lightning through the pages of his parchment-covered missal, walking the while up and down at the side of the room, and pausing at certain parts to look heavenward and cross himself, during which operation he invariably stood with one leg drawn up, with highly ludicrous effect. A still more rapid movement of the lips and a brightening eye presently announced that the penance was drawing to a close; then slap went the cover of the book; in another second the clasps were hooked, and this admirable auxiliar of the conscience was stowed in his ample sleeve, as he came towards us, with a joyful and smiling countenance, over which he drew his hand as he approached, and succeeded in smoothing it into an expression of becoming sanctimony.

The friar, having thus acquitted himself of his duty towards God, turned to remember his fellow-men, and conducted us forthwith to his own apartment. We found the cloisters very grand, enclosing two extensive courtyards, with arcades around them, with arches of vast span, sustained on columns elaborately ornamented in the Saracenic taste, as if made by the Moriscos who remained after the conquest. The domicil of our friend, to which it required no little courtesy to extend the technical appellation of a cell, overlooked an extensive garden, through which the fathers reserve the privilege of ranging, though leasing it, like the Dominicans, to a cultivator; it was levelled and irrigated, and the luxuriant growth of the trees and vegetables, for it was at the same time an orchard and kitchen-

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garden, made it a very agreeable object from the friar's apartment. This was spacious, well aired, and, as the opening of a private closet presently proved, abundantly stored with cakes, wine, chocolate, and all manner of good things. The Jeromites are none of your simple ascetics, but sturdy livers, who enjoy the creature comforts of this life like any other men.

This noble convent was built soon after the conquest, under the patronage of the Great Captain, Gonsalo de Cordova; doubtless in his day of gloom, when disgraced by Ferdinand, as a requital for the mighty name which he had gained for himself in Italy. In the centre of the vast chapel, which is in a noble and imposing style of architecture, worthy of the mausoleum of such a man, is an inscription upon a slab of the pavement, setting forth that his remains are there believed to repose. In latter times the chapel walls have been sorely rent by an earthquake, and man has aided nature in the work of demolition. The French, too, have been here: an extensive and valuable library, which once furnished the abundant leisure of the Jeromites with means of improvement and innocent distraction, has disappeared, and so have the many rich objects of the arts which once adorned the altars of the chapel. A regiment of artillery was quartered during the French occupation in the noble cloisters, and the prints of the horses' hoofs, and the tracks of the cannon-wheels, may still be traced over the grave of Gonsalo. The disgrace in which the Great Captain closed his career, and the later and more desperate fortunes of his country, thus brought together before the mind, furnished a new and touching instance of those vicissitudes which extend alike to individuals and to nations. The man who had led his countrymen into foreign lands to conquest and glory, and won for himself, from vanquished yet admiring Frenchmen, the surname of Great Captain, retires at the close of a brilliant career to the ex-

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tremity of his country, and builds a convent to receive his remains, in the heart of that same Granada which he had helped to win back to Christianity. Three centuries roll by, and the nation which was once mighty, vicious institutions have at length rendered miserable. Meantime, her enemy has shaken off its fetters, and escaped from the grievous and long-endured thraldom of king, clergy, and aristocracy, and, expanding with the noble impulse of recent regeneration, overruns all Europe, until her conquering eagles are seen to perch upon the towers of the Alhambra; and neither the sacredness of the sanctuary, nor dread of the departed hero, avails to save his tomb from the tread of invasion.

Full of these reflections we started on our excursion to the Chartreuse, crossing the Square of Elvira, within the famous gate of that name, in turning into which we found ourselves brought in sight of a most disgusting spectacle. There had been an execution at noon of two miscreants, whose story we had heard the day before from a beato, or devot, who solicited us for alms to buy masses for the souls of the condemned; an humiliating office, which he had either undertaken as an act of penance or by way of speculation. It was very shocking: two men, with a woman, were walking along the highway, where they were overtaken by a fisherman coming from the coast with an ass laden with fish. They asked alms of him, and he, generously giving them a few fish, passed on. When thus left alone they bethought themselves that, instead of the fish or two which they had received as a gift, they might have taken the whole without the burden of obligation. Their determination was soon taken; they followed their benefactor, and, overtaking him as the night was setting in, cruelly murdered him. The woman, who had instigated them to the deed, now suggested that they should prevent detection by mutilating the face of their victim, and they actu-

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ally cut away the whole features; when they had done which the body was thrown into a ravine by the roadside. Having passed the night in the bushes hard by, the next morning they drove the ass into the market-place of the nearest town, and commenced selling the fish. While they were thus engaged, a countryman who happened to pass that way recognised the beast, and asked for the owner. Their answers excited suspicion; they were sent to prison; the body was found, and the guilty woman, to complete their perdition, bore witness against them. They were tried in Granada, and adjudged to die; the sentence had been executed that morning; and the female, after being led upon an ass to the scene of execution, was reconducted to perpetual imprisonment.

In crossing the square our road led us immediately by the gallows; the crowd which must have witnessed the execution had disappeared entirely; and the children, frightened from the spot, had carried their joyous revels to some other scene; no animal, no man, not a sentinel to guard the victims, was anywhere to be seen; nothing interrupted the solitude of the place except the triumphal column that commemorated some exploit of the conquest, and the heavy upright posts and cross-bar whence depended the fatal cords by which the criminals were suspended; being fastened close together, two for each victim, the bodies touched and displaced each other at each instant, yielding as the breeze swept by. Their dress was the ordinary garb of the peasant, put on and buttoned as if to go forth to labour; the feet of one were but partly concealed by a sandal; the other had heavy shoes, the nails of which were still bright; their hands, bound tightly beside them, were horny and toil-worn; and their faces, though livid and blackened, wore no peculiar expression of malignity. This singular blending of associations of ordinary life with the repose and still silence of death, overcame the mind with gloom and confusion.

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This scene led to the mention of an execution which had taken place in the same spot a few months before, and of which the rumour had reached me in Madrid. It appears that, notwithstanding the severe interdictions which the church, in concurrence with government, has fulminated against assemblages of freemasons, some of the society continued until recently to hold a secret lodge in Granada. The masons being all known and watched by the police, their detection was not difficult, and they were one night surrounded in the house where they held their meeting, and five masons, with one young man who was about to be received, were made prisoners. They were tried without delay, and, with the exception of the youth, were all condemned to die like the vilest criminals. Among them were a colonel, a lieutenant-colonel, and a marquis; the rest were likewise noble, and though as such they were all rich in property or in influential connexions, no intercessions, however powerful, not even in one instance the tears and wailings of a mother, who pleaded with a mother's eloquence for the life of her son, could avert their fate. They were not even granted the less disgraceful death due to their profession; but were tied upon their horses, their hands bound behind them, and thus led forth to the common gallows, and there ridden to death by the common hangman, mounted on their shoulders, according to the disgusting and brutal custom of the land. The sympathy which the public might have felt for these unhappy men was much allayed by the masonic insignia, said to have been found upon them when detected, and which were hung to their necks as they passed to execution, consisting of paintings upon silk, in which the Saviour was represented with horns, tail, and other attributes of the devil. The good friar, who had witnessed the execution, spoke of these gratuitous enormities with becoming and catholic abhorrence. Though unable, of my own knowledge, to say

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whether these blasphemies were or were not consistent with masonry, I was rather disposed to fancy them some pious contrivance of the clergy, to bring disgrace and detestation upon an institution which has the character in Spain of being friendly to freedom in politics and religion.

We were yet musing on this tragic tale when we arrived at the gate of the Chartreuse, which was opened by a lay brother, a cunning, sharp-eyed man, who had little piety in his appearance, notwithstanding his long beard, and who might very well have been another Ambrosia de Lamela. Our prospects for seeing the convent were small, for we were told that the season was one of great solemnity, and that the new prior, who had lately been appointed from the Paular in the mountains of Guadarrama, had brought with him notions of discipline that partook of the rigour of that rugged and inhospitable situation. We were, however, allowed to pass on and signify our desire to the prior, through the medium of his familiar, and he had sufficient charity for the worldly curiosity that influenced us to consent that we should pass through the cloisters and the chapel. We found the cloisters even nobler than those of the Dominicans and Jeromites, and the chapel corresponding in splendour and magnificence to all that we had been led to anticipate. Indeed, whatever may be the austerity of the Carthusians, they spare nothing in the construction of their temples, and are no less prodigal and gorgeous in decorating them, than humble in providing for themselves; thus striving at once to exalt and magnify God by the splendour of his habitation, and by the studied humility of their own. There are here some paintings of merit, and some cabinets for the reception of the vestments used in the celebration of the mass, very curiously inlaid with tortoise-shell and pearl, both productions of monastic leisure. The richest ornament of the chapel consists, how-

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ever, in a profusion of beautiful marbles from the quarries of the Sierra Nevada.

Though the friar, our cicerone, had been told that it would not be possible to visit one of the brethren, who was an acquaintance and friend of his youth, yet he had informed himself of the number of his room, and, when he came to it, knocked without ceremony. The inmate, who had not, perhaps, been thus disturbed for years, opened the door, and seemed at first confused as well as delighted at the unexpected sight of faces other than those which time and exclusive intercourse had rendered so tediously familiar. Recovering himself, he asked us in, the native dignity of the Spaniard struggling through the embarrassment of the recluse. His habitation consisted of a chamber and sitting-room, destitute of no requisites for personal comfort. A door opposite the cloister opened upon a garden, the cultivation of which seemed to beguile his ennuis. There were but two or three gloomy books upon his table, the French having plundered the once extensive library of the convent; but he showed us some little works in straw of different colours, with which he trifled away the hours not assigned to devotion. They were well enough executed, to be sure; but what an occupation for a man who had a powerful frame for the labours of the field, and the fulfilment of the various duties of active life, and whose physiognomy likewise indicated sufficient intelligence for more intellectual pursuits! This man had not passed the boundaries of his convent since the overthrow of the constitution; and when we expressed our surprise at the fact, he told us that he had passed ten years within the walls of the Cartuxa at Xerez, when the invasion of the imperial French compelled him, with the other inmates, to flee to the mountains, and afterward to take refuge in his family, and that, if it had not been for this circumstance, he would doubtless have remained there for ever. Severe as this bondage may

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seem, the Carthusians of Granada are luxurious livers compared with those of the Grande Chartreuse, the mother establishment, founded by Saint Bruno, in the rugged recesses of the Jura, near Grenoble. There the Carthusian has a board for his bed and a log of wood for his pillow, while a stream of water passing through his cell furnishes his only beverage. The cause of this relaxation at Granada is, that this convent serves as an hospital, whither the brethren who have broken their healths in the other convents of Spain, and sung themselves down to a shadow, retire. These are not few in number; for the rigorous fasts they undergo, alternated by a very starveling diet, with scarcely any exercise but chanting mass, frequently to the excess of producing hemorrhage, are causes sufficiently fruitful of disease.

In examining the arrangement of our Carthusian friend's habitation, we noticed an ingenious contrivance for communicating with the cloisters, by means of a revolving wheel, let horizontally into a recess of the wall, which had a door on either side. When a brother chooses, in execution of some prescribed penance, to eat alone, this wheel serves to convey the food from the cloister within, unseen by the familiar. It is more common, however, for them to eat together in the refectory, where, as we passed through, we saw the table spread with as many scanty portions as there were individuals to partake. Their diet is restricted to vegetables, with the addition on great occasions of milk, eggs, and even terapins. When thus brought together, they look steadfastly at their plates, and use their teeth, but their tongues remain idle, while one of the number, placed in a pulpit, reads, in a straightforward tone, without inflections, from some pious volume. They have but one greeting, arranged poetically, to salute each other in passing in the cloisters; one exclaims, "A morir tenemos!" the other

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answers, "Ya lo sabemos!" and this constitutes the extent of their conversation.

To the devotee absorbed in the contemplation of the Deity, and susceptible of no earthly happiness but from the hopes of a heavenly hereafter; to the man who has been crushed by irretrievable misfortune, or carries within himself the damning stings of a remorse that admits of no earthly mitigation, such an existence may be as tolerable as any other; but to that wretch who finds himself immured by caprice, by momentary disappointment, by disgust at a worldly lot, which after-contemplation pictures to him as less unhappy, how dreadful a destiny! The same convent walls for ever bounding his liberty, the same monotonous cloisters, the same gloomy pictures, the forced contact of loathsome individuals, with daily food and occupations for ever unchanged; and then the comparison between the present and the past; the hopeless captivity with the unfettered freedom of former times; the solitude with social intercourse; the studied gloom of these artificial sights with the beautiful nature without; the care-worn and misanthropic faces, from which there is no escape, with the fair form of woman; the prostrations and monotonous chants of his companions with her dance and her song; these, with the promptings of those passions that find nourishment in the scantiest food, and grow by solitude and hopeless deprivation, all furnish means of torment than which it is not easy to conceive any thing more terrible.

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CHAPTER VI.

RAMBLES ABOUT GRANADA.

Spanish Gipsies—The Albaycin—A Gipsy's Cave—Valley of the Daro—The Sacred Mountain—Saintly Legend—Money-digging—Collegiate Church—A Rural Excursion—Tithes—Visnar—Cathedral of Granada—Reliquary—General Appearance of Granada—Promenades—The Theatre.

CERVANTES begins his beautiful novel of the Gitanilla, in which he illustrates the pranks of the gipsies, with the following not very flattering exordium: "It would seem that the Gitanos and Gitanas were solely born into this world to fill the station of thieves. They are brought up among thieves; they study the profession of thieves; and finally end by becoming thieves, the most current and thorough-paced on the face of the earth." The history of our species furnishes no study more singular than that of this unaccountable race, which, emigrating from the East, overran the whole of Europe, pushing their way onward, not by the force of the sword, but by begging and stealing; and while they conformed in some particulars of dress, manners, customs, and religion, to the countries in which they settled, in others retained everywhere a common character, common propensities, and common occupations.

The gipsies are seldom found in any part of Spain except Andalusia; which, in their soft and lisping Spanish, they call "La tierra de Dios! la tierra de Maria Santisima!" They either live in the ruinous purlieus of the great cities, or else wander from place to place, the women carrying their children naked, slung from their shoulders, or dangling with one arm around them upon their hips. In Andalusia, as everywhere, they gain their bread by tinker-

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ing, stealing, and fortune-telling, and preserve the common tradition of an Egyptian descent. It is in Granada, however, that they most abound. They have their habitations in the caves of the Albaycin, where they practise little arts in lock and spoon making and basket-work; their commodities having the common reputation of being worthless and catch-penny. To vend them, they take their stations in the Vivarambla, where they may always be seen seated at the shady side of the square, and never changing their places until dislodged by the sun. Their chief revenue, however, arises from shaving the favourite water-dogs, of which there is one in almost every Granadian family; and I have often been amused at seeing the four paws of one of these animals held by as many young gipsies, as he impatiently submitted to this process of decoration, while the old crone, their mother, divested him of his fleece. These people are almost universally tall and well made, their figures and carriage having, in a rare degree, the air of freedom and unconstraint. The women are very beautiful, their features, as well as those of the men, being very regular, with an Asiatic complexion and cast of countenance, long, straight, and very black hair, full dark eyes, and teeth of pearly whiteness. They are all fond of appearing in the worn-out finery of the Andalusian dandies, and have a taste for elegance, though it be only in rags. Their pranks are often exhibited on the Spanish stage, to the great delight of the audience, who receive their quaint practical jokes, and less innocent rogueries, with the greatest glee. Indeed, they have the character of being a light-hearted and happy race, and, notwithstanding their vicious propensities, are looked on with an extra share of that indulgence which is extended to vagrants of all classes in Spain.

It was in order to see something of the domestic economy of this strange people, of whom we daily met many in the streets of Granada, that we one day took a walk to the

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caves of the Albaycin, where they have their subterranean habitations. Crossing the ravine of the Daro, and passing through the more populous portion of the Albaycin, whose houses are often incorporated with the ruins of walls, marking the gradual expansion of Granada as it augmented its population in the days of the Saracens, we began at length ascending the more precipitous portion of the rival mountain, where it looks towards the valley of the Daro and the fortress of Alhambra. The Albaycin may be called the rival of the Alhambra, not only from its position immediately opposite, the two mountains being drawn up on either side of the Daro, and frowning upon each other, the Pillars of Hercules in miniature; but because in Moorish days it was crowned with a fortress of nearly equal strength, which was sometimes occupied by an enemy. When two kings reigned, not only in the same kingdom, but in the single city of Granada, it was the fortress of the Albaycin that formed the court and stronghold of Boabdil el Chico. Of this fortress scarcely a vestige now remains, and it doubtless dates its demolition from the period when, after the conquest, the Moriscos were compelled to take up their abode within the precincts of the Albaycin.

As we continued to ascend, the streets of the city passed gradually into zigzag pathways, winding their way up the acclivity, and the houses, rising above each other along the hillside, gave place to caves, excavated beneath the surface of the earth. The whole superior crest of the mountain was perforated like a honeycomb, and contained within its bowels a numerous population, of which, however, none of the ordinary indications could be discovered, excepting the wreaths of smoke which rose in every direction, curling along the prickly-pear bushes which covered the whole surface, and the fruit of which furnishes food to the poor inhabitants who live below. At one of the first caves we contrived to get an invitation to walk in, by asking a de-

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cent-looking old woman for some water. When within the door, we found ourselves in an obscure apartment of regular figure, and wanting in none of the comforts of life; a fireplace stood in front of the entrance, its chimney being cut through the rock. To the right was the door of the principal bedroom; it had a circular window perforated outwards, and was very clean and neat, and ornamented with crosses, artificial flowers, and rude paintings of the saints. There were other rooms penetrating farther into the recesses of the mountain, and which received no light from without. The rock here, like that of the adjoining mountain which contains the Mazmorras, is of a soft nature, but hardening by exposure to the air; it is only necessary to cut the roof in the figure of a vault, to make these caves perfectly secure. They are far more comfortable than the ordinary habitations of the poor, keep out bad weather effectually, and, being less subject to changes of temperature, are comparatively warm in winter and cool in summer.

Taking leave of the old señora and her cave, we proceeded eastward along the acclivity until we found ourselves among the more wretched of these subterranean dwellings, the fit abode of gipsies, vagrants, and robbers. Having singled out one which we took to belong to the first of these honourable classes, from a group of tawny and more than half-naked children, whom we found at their gambols before the door, we took the liberty of entering it, after the utterance of an "Ave Maria Purisima!" We found no one within but a young woman, seated on the stone floor, surrounded by blades of straw, which she was sleepily employed in weaving into braid for a hat, and a wild, ragged-looking dog, which, like those of our Indians, seemed to have adapted himself to the savage life of his masters, and gone back to his original and wolf-like condition. The dog is an accommodating animal; not only in manners, habits, and character, but even in appearance, he learns to assimilate himself

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to his owner. The rich man's dog acquires something of his master's consequence; the butcher's dog shares in the butcher's fierceness; the dog of a thief may easily be known by his skulking, hang-gallows air; and that of the poor beggar learns to look as humble and imploring as his companion. The theory may fail as often as any other theory, but, at all events, it applied to the treacherous cur which now growled at our intrusion, until it was sanctioned by his mistress, when, though he ceased his menacings, he took his station beside her, and still kept a watchful and lowering eye upon us. The young woman, too, seemed embarrassed by our presence, and when we would have had our fortunes told by her, she pleaded ignorance, bade us come when her mother should be there, and appeared willing to be rid of us. Ere we relieved her of our presence we had time to remark, that though neither very clean nor very tidy, she was yet pretty as Preciosa herself; her features were regular and expressive, with glowing eyes, a form cast in nature's fairest mould, and unperverted by artificial embarrassments. She had moreover a reserved look, which seemed to justify the idea that modesty could exist, as it is said to do, in so humble and unfettered a condition. Indeed, whatever may be the vices of the Spanish gipsies, Cervantes tells us that they respect this virtue both in their wives and damsels, forming none but permanent connexions, which, though not sanctioned by matrimony, are only broken by common consent. He says that, though connexions within prescribed limits are common among them, there is no infidelity, and gives them credit for observing in an eminent degree, towards each other, the laws and obligations of friendship. They do not take the trouble to pursue crimes committed among them before the tribunals of the country; but, like many others in Spain who are not gipsies, kill and execute justice on their own account.

We had now reached that part of the mountain which

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faces the Mirador and Tower of Comares. Descending thence along the ruined wall, flanked by an occasional tower, which here bounded the city in the days of the Saracens, we reached the borders of the Daro, and commenced ascending along the road which follows its course towards the Sacred Mountain. In other days the seclusion of this beautiful ravine was the delight of Granada, and was crowded with the country residences of the rich. Whether it be from the absence of wealth, the want of taste for the beauties of nature, or the insecurity of living isolated in this lawless land, few Spaniards possess any other than their city residence. In this respect their national character contrasts most unamiably with that of those whom they dislodged from the possession of Andalusia. The greatest of the Saracens sought no recreation so eagerly as the simple and humanizing one of groves and gardens ; they loved to sit under the shade of trees planted by themselves or by their fathers, and to breathe an air embalmed by flowers of their own cultivation. Thus seated, poetry was often the language of their conversation, and the charms of nature the fruitful and favourite theme of song. Spanish literature, on the contrary, testifies to the national indifference to rural attractions; the catalogue of her poets contains no prototype to the name of Thomson, and the silly and truly sheepish pastorals of Cervantes are the most eloquent proofs of the deficiency.

A delightful walk of two miles brought us to the summit of the Sacred Mountain, which we found crowned with buildings and towers belonging to the monastic chapel there established. The history of this place is a good specimen of saintly legend. There lived, as the story goes, in the days of our Saviour, an excellent man, Cecilius by name, who laboured under the affliction of being deaf and dumb. Though a native of Arabia, the fame of our Saviour's miracles did not fail to reach him, and he

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came to Jerusalem and was made whole. This wonderful cure doubtless converted him at once to the true faith; for we find him, not long after, coming to Spain as one of the apostles of Saint James. They must have landed near Granada, for we are told that the first mass ever said in heathen Spain was celebrated secretly in the caves of the Sacred Mountain. Every Spaniard knows that Santiago, after preaching the gospel here, returned to Jerusalem and suffered martyrdom. His apostles, however, being chiefly Spaniards, took the body of their master into a boat, and after a long row from the extremity of the Mediterranean to its mouth, and thence through the Atlantic to Gallicia, landed at Compostella, where it was buried, and remained unknown for many centuries, until the prayers of the clergy caused it to be most miraculously and opportunely discovered, at the time when the wars with the infidels were at their height, and a new impulse was needed to stimulate the fanaticism of the Christians. When the remains of Saint James were thus discovered, the place took the name of Santiago de Compostella, under which it became speedily, as it still remains, one of the most venerated shrines in Christendom.

Cecilius having, in conjunction with his companions, thus acquitted himself of this pious duty, must have returned from Compostella towards Granada; for he was burnt in these sacred caves, together with six of his companions, in the reign of Nero. Before his execution he had taken care to engrave the story of his persecutions upon plates of lead, in his own native Arabic—of which, miracles out of the question, his former deafness should have left him ignorant—indicating the place where he had buried the half of the sacred napkin which Dionysius, who preached the gospel in France, had given to him, and which was the same with which the blessed Virgin wiped her tears in the passion of our Saviour.

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In process of time the sacred caves became filled up and forgotten, and so continued until the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the rage for relics had not yet abated in Spain. If the reverence for old relics and the desire of new ones continued among the Spaniards, a respect for the precious metals was equally near their hearts. This respect, fostered by a belief that there was much hidden treasure buried in Andalusia, begot there a very extensive system of money-digging; for it was well known, that when the Moriscos were driven from Spain, and denied the privilege of carrying with them either money or jewels, they in many cases buried their treasure, either to balk the avarice of their persecutors, or in the vain hope that they or their children might return at some future day and recover what had been abandoned. For one money-burier there will always be fifty money-diggers, and trifling treasures, found from time to time, encouraged many to follow this unprofitable occupation. It so happened, that among these thriftless adventurers was one man who employed himself in examining all the old scraps of Arabic writing that fell in his way, with a view to find among them a receipt to grow rich, and who in the course of his researches came upon a worm-eaten parchment, which made mention of a treasure buried, as he interpreted it, upon the summit of what is now known as the Sacred Mountain. The poor man set to work to dig for it, and persevered until he had wellnigh dug himself out of house and home, being encouraged after each disappointment still to proceed, by nightly visions from Cecilius and other saintly martyrs. At length his diggings and visions, secret as he endeavoured to keep them, became known to the Archbishop of Granada. Seeing something miraculous in the circumstance, he sent workmen to prosecute the search, and was rewarded by finding a large and hollow stone, singularly sealed up. This was opened with great pomp and ceremony, and the

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leaden plates of Saint Cecilius were found within, together with a scroll from one of his disciples who had survived the persecution. By the aid of these documents they were able to recover the holy handkerchief, together with the ashes of the martyrs, to which they were moreover conducted by sweet-smelling odours. Thenceforward the caves were fitted up as a chapel, and held in the greatest sanctity; a sumptuous monastery was erected above, whose abbot wore the mitre and received episcopal honours, and afterward it was converted into a college for the education of youth.

We were readily permitted to pass through the whole establishment, and found the caves and their subterranean chapel richly decorated with all that gold could purchase, or the piety of the faithful bestow. Santiago was there mounted on his terrible white charger, and careering over the turbaned heads of those who had invaded his sepulchre; Saint Cecilius figured in many places, nor did Saint Denis fail to attend obsequiously with his head in both hands before him. We were shown some remains of the martyrs, but were not allowed to see any more of the sacred plates than the stone from which they had been taken, and the depository where they are now guarded, on the left side of the principal altar of the church, in a recess fastened by three locks, the keys of which are kept by as many different individuals, the abbot and the archbishop being two of them. Unlike relics in general, these plates of lead are not exposed to the gaze of the devout at any fixed epocha, such, for instance, as the feast of the patron saint; and the incredulous have seized upon the fact to circulate a report that the Arabic inscriptions, instead of being the work of one of our Lord's disciples, belong to a much later period, the days of the Saracens, for instance; and that, if their contents should be found to plead the cause of any religion, it would not be that of Christianity.

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In passing through the halls of the college we stumbled upon a young man from Gibraltar, whose parents had sent him hither to receive his education. They might as well have remanded him into the fifteenth century. It was he who showed us through the monastery, and he seemed half beside himself with delight to have an occasion of speaking his native English. He, as well as the other students, was dressed most grotesquely, in a loose and flowing garment of brown cloth, surmounted by a four-cornered scullcap of black silk, and I do not know when I have been more bewildered than in hearing the English language come purely and spontaneously out of the mouth of one so oddly travestied. The young men took us into their rooms, showed us their books, and gave us an account of their studies. It appeared that, besides Latin, they were taught mathematics, divinity, laws, and philosophy: the mathematics from Euclid, the divinity that of one of the friars, the laws Roman, adapted to the prevailing notions of implicit obedience, and the philosophy Aristotelian. A junto of these young and solemnly-attired recluses profited by the seclusion of their room to sound us on the subject of politics, inquiring what was passing in the world without, and what prospects there were of a change, professing themselves strong advocates of the constitution, and mentioning that several of the professors were of the same mind, and that one of them was even then a state-prisoner in Granada, on account of his opinions. This last fact, and the incongruity of such notions on the top of the Sacred Mountain, deprived us of all desire to debauch the affections of these young servants of Ferdinand; so we pleaded ignorance, and left them to seek an explanation of the present state of Spanish affairs in the reasoning of Aristotle.

There was yet an excursion made by us in the environs of Granada, which, as its scenes were strikingly characteristic of the grotesque and primitive manners of the people,

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may be worth relating. It was a party of pleasure to the summer-palace of the archbishop, in the mountain of Visnar, got up for us by the kindness of our friend the secretary. Refreshed with the customary chocolate, and mounted on horses, which, being hired ones, were not magnificent, we met by appointment in the courtyard of our cicerone. There had been no proviso for good weather, for in Andalusia this is always taken for granted. It was a Granadian morning, still, breathless, with a soft red haze half veiling the pure blue of the sky; and though the sun had not yet overcome the shadows of the Nevada, the coolness, kept off by exercise and the folds of the capa, was rather invigorating than unpleasant. As we sallied through the arched entrances and across the Square of Vivarambla, our group, though not strange there, was in itself most singular. The van was led by two veterans from the garrison of Alhambra, who attended with loaded muskets as our escort. Then came the cavaliers of the party, the secretary and his brother, the commandant of the Invalids, being on horseback like ourselves, surrounding the wife of the former, who was enclosed in the usual wooden frame, and safely propped and pillowed upon the back of an ass. A second ass, more active and vivacious, was loaded with the provisions for our dinner, and the secretary's son, a lad of fourteen, sat much at his ease on the top of the panniers. Even the little mongrel house-dog was not forgotten in this "dia de campo—day to the country;" he had jumped up on the straw mat beside his young master, and, as we ambled slowly through the streets, he would show his teeth, and curl his tail tightly, and scratch the straw disdainfully beneath him, barking fiercely the while at all other dogs that happened to come near him in his stronghold. Unluckily, in his eagerness he lost his balance once and fell off, and as a big dog jumped to revenge his insults, he rolled over yelping in the dust, with his hair on end, and his tail, the index of his feelings,

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now curled as extravagantly in the opposite direction, making altogether a great contrast to his former gallant bearing; a mishap attended with the advantage, that when he recovered his station again, this timely humiliation had the effect of making him modest.

Our road led us by the Carthusian convent and then struck at once into the mountains, the slopes of which were covered with olive-orchards and crops of wheat, now nearly ripe for the sickle, while the highway was thronged with continuous files of country people going to market, with loads of fruit and vegetables; some had nets of oranges thrown in equilibrium over the backs of asses. These looked too rich and tempting to be let pass without a contribution, especially when the lady reminded us of the Spanish proverb concerning the fit time to eat oranges, characterizing them as gold in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night. There were also many mules laden with bread, and we were told that most of what is consumed in Granada is made in the villages of the vicinity. This custom is peculiar to the kingdom of Granada, the reverse being the case in other parts of Spain, where the villages usually receive their supply of bread from the nearest town.

The conversation was lively as we went along. The wife of the secretary was a Catalonian; so we talked to her of her country, praising Barcelona for its beauty and gayety, which we might well do with a clear conscience. The smiling aspect of the country, and the promise which the crops gave of a golden and abundant harvest, furnished also an agreeable theme, especially to the secretary, for, poetry apart, the subject concerned him nearly; the tithes being, as he said, greatly reduced of late. The reader is doubtless aware, that in Spain the long-established usage of the land awards to the church one tenth part of the gross produce of agriculture; thus, a farmer who raises ten bushels of

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wheat, or rears ten lambs, must, ere he pay himself for the expense of production, offer one as a peace-offering to the Lord; and as there is a difficulty in the way of doing this directly, his constituted agent upon earth, the church, stands ready to be the recipient. This tithe is usually paid in kind to the agent appointed by the church; but when the produce does not admit of division, as in the case of a farmer whose cow has calved, or whose mare has borne a colt, the tenth is received in an equivalent of money. The tithe being collected by a person appointed in each place, all those who receive their salary from the church have an order upon him for so many bushels of wheat, according to their share. Thus, every one who is in any way connected with the hierarchy, is concerned in the abundance of the crops. It appears that the Spanish cultivators, though reared to the payment of tithes, do by no means admire this method of decimating the fruits of their toil; and it will be easily believed that there are a thousand ways of avoiding the entire payment of a tax, where so much depends upon the conscience of the individual. Indeed, the disme is now reduced to a twentieth. The government, after having in the past reign revoked the seigneurial rights which the church formerly possessed over towns and villages, has, in these latter days, when the throne and altar cling to each other for support, occasionally laid hands upon the disme itself. In all this we find active causes for the demolition of the Spanish hierarchy, and, as philanthropists, may hail them as harbingers of better days. The national decay has kept pace with the growth of this excrescence, just as the tree is seen to languish in the embraces of some noxious vine, or the human body to dwindle under the pressure of disease. May we not therefore hope that its removal will restore health and happiness to a nation, which yet retains in its ruins so many vestiges of past, with so many elements of future greatness.

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When we had finished discussing the crops and the tithes the conversation languished a while, until the old soldier came to our relief with some story of the War of Independence, and his unwilling residence in France. It seemed that his hardships had rather been imaginary than real; for his treatment had been any thing but harsh, and he detailed acts of individual kindness and charity which had occurred to him in the provinces, and which were alike honourable to the immediate actors and the nation to which they belonged. The Frenchwoman, belied in other countries, because unknown, was the fruitful theme of his praises. The stories of the commandant started the Invalids who were marching beside us, and one of them began telling, in a repining way, how well off he was when a prisoner. He was clothed by the French, and had ten sous a day for his maintenance, and those who pleased to work at the great tunnel, which they were then digging through a mountain for the passage of the canal of St. Quentin, received an additional franc. Yet with all this they were discontented, and longing for their homes; he did not tell us how little the fulfilment of his hopes had advanced his happiness, but his half-starved, haggard look, and squalid dress, spoke it more eloquently than words.

Thus beguiling the way, we arrived in due season at the village of Visnar, and with the aid of a key which the secretary had brought in his pocket, were soon comfortably established in the archiepiscopal palace. Nothing can be more delightful than its situation, for while the eastern terrace is overlooked by the snowy ridge of the Sierra Nevada, and by the Sierra de Visnar, which forms one of its principal projections, the western commands the whole expanse of the Vega, which, with its numberless towns, villages, and gardens, and all its cheering treasures of cultivation and fertility, lie spread out two thousand feet below in beautiful perspective. The palace consists of a quadrangular

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pile, surrounded by a piazza, with arches and columns, adjoining gardens formed into terraces, connected by flights of steps; they are everywhere adorned with statues, while the walls beneath the piazza are covered with rough paintings, illustrative of the pranks of Don Quixote. These, though they possessed no great merit as productions of the arts, when seen between columns that were covered with foliage, gave an animated air to the place; and the ceaseless murmur of fountains added the idea of coolness to its other attractions. The apartments, though not elegantly furnished, had every convenience that comfort could require; and contained besides a large collection of paintings, some of which were not wanting in merit; there were also many natural curiosities from South America, and antiquities illustrative of the arts and civilization of the aborigines. These were added by the last archbishop, who was an American, and had been bishop of Cusco.

After a second breakfast, more substantial than our early chocolate, the gentlemen of our party remounted and sallied forth on an excursion to a famous spring, lying farther up the mountain, being greatly diverted on the way by the lively sallies of the young son of our entertainer, who, having disburdened his ass of its panniers, was ready to race with any of us. This lad was the favourite page of the archbishop; and well he might be, for he was a fine, spirited little fellow, who, though educating for the church, had as yet lost none of his native sprightliness in the acquired sanctity of his future vocation. We found the spring in a lofty part of the mountain, starting suddenly from the ground, a river at the very outset; and the inspector of the city fountains was present, engaged in superintending a party ploughing up the bottom of the basin, and turning over the stones with pickaxes, in order to increase the volume of the spring by facilitating the escape of the water. There are near twenty other springs, which, with this and the Da-

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ro, are conducted to the fountains of Granada. This, however, is the most esteemed of all; it is said to create appetite, and has a reputation for other qualities that give it value among the doubly-blessed, and which, aided by the charms of the situation, often attract the Granadians hither in the spring of the year. They come in families and spend the whole day, spreading the provisions which they bring with them under the oak-trees which grow in the vicinity. There, after sleeping away the siesta, to the murmur of the fountain, they take out their castanets, and sing and dance until the cool air of the evening invites them to return homeward.

We had not proceeded far on the return before we were overtaken by a thunder-storm; for though, during the summer, rain be unknown in Granada and the Vega, this is by no means the case in the mountains of the neighbourhood. Fortunately, there chanced to be some natural caves by the roadside, similar to that of Gibraltar, and many others to be found in every part of Andalusia, one of which furnished us with shelter and amusement in exploring its recesses until the gust had blown by. At one o'clock we had regained our snug quarters in the palace, where we found the table spread in the great hall. Dinner was soon after served, and we sat down with keen appetites, thanks to the exercise and the inspirations of the water, doing as much justice to the excellence of the meal as it did to the housewifery of the secretary's wife, who had superintended the labours of two bouncing paisanas. After dinner each accommodated himself upon a sofa, or in one of the capacious and well-stuffed archiepiscopal fauteuils, for a short siesta. This over, we took a stroll around the garden, and then loitered with the lady through the streets of the village, visiting all the beauty and fashion of Visnar. These rural belles would lay aside their occupations and strive to amuse us, singing, playing, and waltzing with us until the growing shadows warned us to return. The sun still continued to

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send his rays obliquely into the recesses of the Vega, shedding a rich light over the mountain of Visnar, as we wound our way down its side; nor had the darkness gathered entirely until we once more reached the entrance to the Vivarambla, where we separated from our kind entertainers, charmed with our experience of a Granadian "day to the country."

Though we had already passed daily through the cathedral, we had not yet seen its rich treasure and reliquary, so we availed ourselves of the acquaintance of one of the canons to effect this object, and at the same time go systematically through the whole of this vast and noble edifice. The Cathedral of Granada consists of three distinct parts. The most ancient being of Gothic architecture, with somewhat of Saracenic taste in the finish and ornaments, probably from its having been constructed soon after the conquest. Here are deposited the remains of Ferdinand and Isabella, in a noble mausoleum, surmounted by full-length statues of the sovereigns, reclining in state. Philip and Joanna lie beside them. The short inscription, "To those who gave birth to the invincible Charles V.," contains all that can rescue them from insignificance. Another distinct portion of the cathedral is the Sagrario, of octangular figure, with a dome in the centre, sustained upon four immense columns or abutments, and forming, altogether, a noble specimen of architecture. But the church, though adjoining the other two buildings, is entirely distinct, being complete in itself, and having nothing common with them in point of design. It is of quadrangular form, about two hundred feet long by one hundred and fifty broad, with four rows of Corinthian columns, sustaining arches that reach the roof. The grand altar and choir occupy the centre, flanked by two powerful organs, the most richly gilded and ornamented of any that I have seen: their tones, too, do full justice to this showy exterior. The

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walls are adorned with many fine paintings from the pencils of Juan de Sevilla, Athanasia, and Españoleto; and there are at the sides several magnificent mausoleums erected over the remains of modern archbishops, and beautifully executed in the fine marbles of the Sierra Nevada. Of the many chapels of this cathedral there are none so celebrated as that which contains the statue of the Virgin, which Ferdinand and Isabella carried before them throughout the whole war of conquest, as a gage of victory. When this last stronghold of infidelity was compelled to yield, this ensign was deposited in the chief mosque, which stood upon this site, and was then purified and erected into a cathedral. This statue is celebrated throughout Christendom as Our Lady of Antigua, and has been honoured by giving its name to an island in the New World, discovered while the fame of its miracles was still fresh in the memory of the faithful. This noble pile was begun and finished in the sixteenth century, during the short and brilliant period of the revival, and before the return of false taste and minute refinement. As a specimen of classic architecture, it is the first cathedral in Spain.

In seeing the reliquary, we were even blessed by the exhibition of the sacred napkin, which is rarely taken from its depository, save in seasons of uncommon solemnity. The form of this precious relic is triangular; for Saint Denis cut it diagonally, keeping the one half, which, if not destroyed in the revolution, should still be seen at Notre Dame or St. Denis. Should there prove, on comparison, to be any difference in the form or texture of the two pieces, the supposition of an additional miracle will reconcile the discrepance. The relic is contained in a frame of massive gold, with glass on either side, to allow the gaze of the faithful when exposed, and has the appearance of a coarse linen cloth, perfectly entire, though a little soiled, as if with tears. This relic, which was found in the Sacred Caves, has been

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abundantly worshipped since its discovery, and is the cause why particular adoration is paid in Granada to our Lady of Tribulation. One of the principal altars of the cathedral is dedicated to her, being ornamented with a beautiful group, in which she is seen reclining over the martyred body of the Saviour; while over the portal of the parish church of Nuestra Señora de las Angustias is an alabaster statue of the Virgin, supporting her son in the same sorrowful moment. The execution of this group had drawn many an admiring glance from me before I learned its history, which is, that it was brought to the city by an outlandish traveller, who put up in one of the posadas. It was only when he had disappeared without paying his reckoning, and leaving the statue in his chamber, that he was known to be no other than the angel Gabriel, who had been the commissioned bearer of this heaven-wrought gift to the Granadians. There were, besides this inestimable relic of the napkin, many others of minor importance. While the priest who exhibited them seemed to believe thoroughly in their virtue, long habitude had so blunted his veneration that he would take them up and lay them down with the utmost indifference, at the same time that he was saying something extravagant in their favour: as, "This scull has performed such and such miracles; if there ever was a nail that smelt well, there it is!"—and as he handed it to us in its case of gold and crystal, it did indeed emit a delicious myrrh-like fragrance, though only the odour of sanctity.

Fallen and dwindled though Granada be, it doubtless makes a better external appearance now than at any former period. Its extent has not diminished with the unexampled decrease of its population; for the streets have grown wider in most parts, and the houses, though reduced in number, occupy more ground, and have most of them a large garden adjoining. Hence Granada, in addition to its other attractions as a residence, has the advantage of uni-

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ting what is most desirable in the city and country. Moreover, the public buildings of the present day far exceed those that existed in the days of the Saracens, who had little taste in architecture, and who forgot magnificence and grandeur of effect, in the search after minute and elaborate ornament. The noble churches and convents too, that now rise on every side, to explain the pervading poverty, and give an account of wasted wealth and ruined resources, could have had no counterparts in the simple and unadorned mosques, where was taught the deism of other times. There are some parts of the city, however, where the localities remain unchanged since the conquest, and where the streets are still so narrow that you may touch the opposite houses with your extended hands. This custom of building was brought from the warm climate of Arabia, and is also well adapted to that of Spain. The sun never penetrates these streets, leaving them in perpetual shade and coolness. In the days of chivalry it must have required some dexterity in the cavalier, to spur and reign his steed beneath the balcony of his mistress, as the Moriscan romances show us to have been the custom, without breaking his legs in the execution of these pranks of gallantry.

It is not always easy to distinguish the Moorish buildings from those that are modern, unless indeed they had been palaces of the great, or mosques, which are readily recognised by the stuccoed ornaments and Arabic inscriptions with which they are abundantly incrusted. The mere dwelling-houses of the ancient city are constructed now precisely as in the time of the Saracens, who introduced the style of building, which is still followed, as being well adapted to the climate. They are almost invariably built on a quadrangle, with a square court in the centre, and a garden in the rear, filled with all the beautiful productions of this happy soil, and quickened into exuberance by the use of irrigation. Towards the street they present an ungainly appearance,

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being of brick, plastered over, with a large coach door and a few grated balconies, and without any architectural adornment. Within, however, there is more show of elegance; for they have a double gallery, sustained by rows of white marble columns, with a fountain in the centre. In addition to the pipes which supply the fountain, the houses standing in the Vega have usually an open canal passing through the basement, to preserve cleanliness, and another, traversing the garden in like manner, to furnish the means of irrigation. This abundant use of water in Granada, which derives its origin from the residence of the Saracens, accounts for the vast number of streams conducted from all the mountains of the neighbourhood within the circuit of its walls. The springs most esteemed for their taste and salubrity are led in earthen pipes to every street in the city, while from the larger conduits branches turn off to either side, to be let at pleasure, for clarification, into the cistern of every house. So numerous, indeed, are the ramifications of these aqueducts, that they have been aptly compared to the meshes of a net, spread over the whole surface of the city. Go where you may in Granada, you see water falling from the jets of fountains, or hear it rushing subterraneously beneath your feet, perpetually cheering and refreshing with a coolness at once real and imaginary.

Enough has been said of this city to prove it a delightful residence. Indeed, many of the Andalusian nobility, descendants of the brilliant chivalry which followed Ferdinand and Isabella to the conquest, and whose means are not competent to an attendance upon the court, or who have taste enough to prefer the charms of Granada to the graceless and inhospitable regions of Madrid and the royal sitios, have fixed themselves in this favoured abode. Many, too, whose political offences have removed them from employment, are settled in this place, which hence offers a greater show of wealth, taste, and refinement, than may be

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found anywhere else in Spain, out of the capital. The transient visiter is soon made aware of this, if he do but join the entertainment which each evening occurs at the various public walks that encircle the city. That which leads through the thick elms and poplars beneath the battlements of the Alhambra, though most rich in picturesque attractions, is not much frequented, on account of the toil of ascending to it, unless, indeed, it be by those who seek solitude and abstraction, or care for no other company than that of the loved one hanging upon their arm, and the nightingale which carols to them from the neighbouring thicket. The bank of the Daro immediately beneath the Mirador furnishes also an agreeable and ever-shady promenade; but neither it, nor any other, is so much frequented as the brilliant Saloon along the shores of the Genil. The concourse there, upon a feast-day, is very numerous, and I have scarcely ever witnessed a gayer scene than is found there on such occasions, when the eye is delighted by the added attractions of trees, fountains, and statues, and of beauty arrayed in smiles and clad for the occasion in gay attire.

As a consequence of the refinement of the Granadians, their drama is upon a much better footing than almost any other in Spain. The theatre, which was completed and decorated during the military occupation of the French, by General Sebastiani and his officers, is spacious and elegant; and the company would still have been a good one, though it had not counted among its numbers La Torre, who is the first Spanish actor of the day, and who would do honour to the tragic talent of any country. The boleros of two, four, and six, are danced in perfection at Granada; but the entertainment most esteemed in this land of romance is the opera, of which there are representations twice a week, and which, in point of performers, is entirely national, though indebted for the music, except in some of the simple and exquisitely comic tonadillas of the country,

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entirely to the Italian and German masters, the company being in general contented with repeating the best productions of Rossini. The words of the operas are rendered into Spanish, which from the Italian is an easy and natural transition, by which the sound loses nothing; and an innovation is introduced of turning the recitative into dialogue, which gives great effect and spirit to the performance, and enables the audience to appreciate the merit of the fine portions which are retained. The great favourite in Spain, as all over the world, is the Barber of Seville, and there it gives the more pleasure, from being a true picture of familiar scenes. I was so fortunate as to be present at the performance of this charming opera on its first revival at Granada, after a long interval, and I partook largely of the general delight, at thus seeing Figaro no longer travestied in the harlequin garb of the Italian stage, but with his close and janty suit and silken gorra, a true Andalusian majo. There was another peculiar and pleasing custom of the inhabitants connected with this entertainment. Instead of retiring in the interludes of the performance to a close and hot saloon, they abandoned the theatre and wandered forth to the open terrace in front; walking up and down, as at the paseo, or seated at tables, taking the delicious ice-creams which the storehouses of the Nevada render a cheap luxury, and which are greatly relished in Granada.

Such is Granada at the present day; not indeed what she has been, and may be again, but still a place of uncommon attractions. Other cities may be more accessible, bordered by noble rivers and arms of the sea, opening easy and pleasant communications with the surrounding country, than Granada, imprisoned, like the Happy Valley, within her mountain barriers. But why should the Granadian wish to wander, when nature has here unfolded the whole volume of her charms, and lavished upon this single spot whatever can render life agreeable or happy.

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CHAPTER VII.

JOURNEY TO RONDA.

Adieux to Granada—Rendezvous of Travellers—Departure—Parting View—Harvest in the Vega—The Muleteers—Soto de Roma—Night Travelling—Loja—The Inn—Fellow-Travellers—Night Adventures—Archidona—Campillo—Scenes from my Window—Approach Ronda—Character of Country—Ronda—Inn of All-Souls.

I HAD now been nearly a fortnight in Granada, which was double the period I had intended to remain there. I would willingly have lingered a month or a year, or for ever, in that delightful place, had there been nothing but choice to influence my motions; but there were other considerations, and my departure for Ronda was determined upon. It was not so easy to fix upon a mode of getting there, since between Granada and Ronda, as between the former place and Malaga, there is no road, but merely a bridle-path, leading over mountains and valleys. My only choice was either to procure a horse and guide, or else take passage with the cosario, who travels once a week between Granada and Ronda. There was little security, and less sociability, in a journey through this lawless country with a single attendant. The only advantage to be gained was that of performing a distance of ninety-two miles in two days instead of four. Having come to see the country, I determined for once, at least, to avoid the traveller's curse of thinking myself in a hurry when the matter was not very urgent, and therefore decided to make the journey with the cosario.

The establishment of the Ronda cosario was by no means so well mounted as that of the one with whom I had travelled from Malaga. He had no horse to offer me,

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"but there," quoth he, "is a fine arrogant mule, with nothing but a pack-saddle to be sure, but then I will put a pair of panniers over it, with a bundle on each side to keep them steady, upon which the cavalier may rest his feet as comfortably as upon the most capacious stirrups. Or, if his grace pleases, he may take the little borrico yonder, which will carry him to Ronda as safely and more quietly than the proudest barb in all Andalusia." I did not like the old fellow's idea of ensconcing me in a pair of panniers upon the back of a loaded mule, so I decided for the ass, as being a quieter animal, and because I should be able to reach his back without the assistance of either rope or ladder, and might mount or dismount, as I became in turn tired of walking or riding, during the journey.

The day on which I was to leave Granada at length arrived, and having taken leave of my acquaintances, I toiled up to the Generalife, in a somewhat romantic mood, to cut a piece of the storied cypress-tree, and gather a few roses and leaves of laurel from the bowers of the garden; but especially to take a farewell view, and carry away a last impression of the splendid panorama. Descending to the Alhambra, I found the old Invalid at his post, in the Tower of the Tribunal. He gave me a piece of an inscription which had fallen from the crumbling wall of one of the rooms of the old palace, to carry with me into a distant land as a memento of the time-worn Alhambra, and of its Invalid commander. I accepted the gift as a characteristic one; and as we shook hands, it was, on my part, with the sincerest wish that the closing days of the veteran might be those of ease and of enjoyment. In returning home I stopped for half an hour to wander through the aisles of the cathedral, admire again the majesty of its architecture, and listen, for the last time, to the soft peals of its organs, which were adding their influence to the solemnities of the noonday devotion.

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This over, I busied myself in preparing for the journey, taking care to make room among my effects for the gift of the Invalid captain, and some old ballads and romances collected in the musty book-shops of Granada. When these brief arrangements were over I sat down with my German friend, for such he had indeed become, to eat my last dinner in his company. Our conversation flowed glibly enough until the hour of four, when the cosario sent to say that all was ready. So, putting on my Andalusian hat, and throwing my cloak over my shoulder, I left these comfortable quarters to live for a while upon the road, in the worshipful society of mules, muleteers, and asses. The German accompanied me to the inn from which we were to depart, and which stood in an obscure street beside the cathedral. We found the courtyard within filled with a throng of men, women, and beasts of burden; for, besides our own caravan, there were several others about to depart for different cities in the neighbourhood. The collection was a singular one; there were fat little women intrenched in pillows on overgrown mules, and with the usual profusion of baskets and bandboxes, suspended from the species of wooden castle which enclosed them. Others had come to see these travellers off, and almost deafened the by-standers with their "Adios, vaya usted con Dios—mucha felicidad!—Adieu! God be with you! much felicity!" and a variety of similar expressions, which they sent forth in volleys at the moment of departure, making it matter of emulation who should have the last word. This custom of seeing friends off, and meeting them on their arrival, is very general in Spain, and it is even common for those who expect friends to go forth to the nearest village to receive them. The various parties had at length filed off and left us in full possession of the courtyard, when our people commenced loading their beasts in good earnest. The mules were brought out one by one, with no other furniture than a pack-saddle and

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halter, and a large bale of merchandise was placed in balance on each side, and then fastened with a complication of lashings, which were drawn so tightly that the poor animal, thus compressed, would send forth a rumbling lamentation between a grunt and a sigh. Between the two bales many smaller articles were placed. When the mules were all loaded they were brought out, six in number, and tied in a string, the most distinguished being placed in the van, decorated with a plume and a bell, and honoured with the title of capitan. There were, beside my donkey, two others of the same family which bore burdens, but were not bound like the mules. They were treated as became animals of superior sense and discretion, and allowed to go at large in front of the array, where they served the same purpose as a corps of guides to an army. When all were in readiness, I did not immediately mount my charger, but allowed the beast to seek the company of his brethren, and taking the arm of my friend, we followed the caravan towards the outskirts of the city.

It was about five o'clock when we reached the gate of Elvira, fabled in the romances of the conquest. The sun was still powerful, but its heat was mitigated by the shade of the neighbouring orchards, which scattered the grateful perfume of their fruits or flowers upon the air, and still more, in imagination at least, by the noise of the water which rattled along the canals by the roadside, ready, at the command of the husbandman, to spread abroad its fertilizing influence. We continued to walk on until the orchards that surround the city gave place to wheat-fields, and the sun, which was sinking in the west, shone full upon us. My friend would have accompanied me still longer, but I insisted on his returning, and we parted with the heartiest good wishes, and with the hope that we might one day meet again. Like most of his countrymen, he added much learning to modest pretensions; spoke, besides his native

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German, the Dutch, English, French, Spanish, and Italian, with sufficient fluency, and several of them with the perfection of a native tongue; was a good musician, and in all respects an excellent companion. This being the case, I could not but regret the loss of his society, the more so that it left me solitary, with no companion but the ass upon which I had mounted while musing upon my bereavement.

My attention, however, was soon recalled to the singularity of my situation. I felt in vain for the tails of my coat, which had been replaced by a jacket at the moment of departure, took off my outlandish gacho hat, and examined its conformation, then turned the brim down to keep the sun out of my eyes. The ears of the patient animal I bestrode next attracted my notice, as they stood up in bold relief before me. Anxious to conciliate my new travelling-companion, I reached forward to draw his ears to me, and began to stroke them. Apparently, however, these caresses were not received in the same kindly spirit that dictated them; for the animal, throwing his ears back as if in angry mood, turned his head towards my leg and gave me a nip on the toe. In return for this unexpected salutation I bestowed neither kicks nor curses; I had been entirely in the wrong, and became sensible of my error as I now remembered, that in an ass the seat of honour is his ears. I might have kicked him behind for half an hour, and he would have borne it patiently, but to touch his ears was an offence of a different nature. As there would have been something derogatory in renewing my friendly advances upon the back of such a rebuff, I left the animal to pursue his course, and remembering that I was leaving Granada, in all probability, for ever, I placed both my legs on one side of the beast, that I might abstract my thoughts from the late contention by losing sight of its cause, and turned my eyes in the direction of the receding city.

The setting sun shone full upon the Sierra Nevada, and

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while it enkindled the snows that covered its summit into a flickering blaze, darted its searching rays into all the inequalities that vary the western declivity of the mountain, illuminated the ravine of the Daro, and brought out in vivid distinctness Visnar, Alfacar, and the Sacred Mountain. There were many mountain villages which I had not noticed in approaching Granada in the morning, while the sun was on the east of the mountain, which were now revealed; and the city itself, whose white buildings presented a reflecting surface, covering the hillside, seemed to have doubled its extent; even the dingy towers of the Alhambra brightened under the animating influence. Nor was the level scene around me, though of a more quiet cast, without its attractions. It was harvest-time in the Vega, and the tall blades of wheat were bending under the weight of the grain, and careening to the slightest influence of the breeze. In some fields the crop had already been removed; in others, Murcian reapers, clad in loose linen trousers, tied with a drawing-string, and, like the Highland kilt, scarce descending to the knee, were busy with sickles, cutting down the grain. I abandoned my donkey to follow the progress of the caravan alone, and turned aside to a spot where a group were busy thrashing the grain. Touching my hat, and saluting them after the fashion of the country, I paused a while to observe their labours. A circle, about fifty feet in diameter, had been cleared in the centre of the field, and trodden smooth by horses. Here the sheaves were unbound, and five or six horses, which had been unshod for the purpose, and tied together by the heads, were led over the grain; the inner one being fastened to a stake in the centre of the circle, of which they continued to make the circuit until the grain was separated, when it was afterward cleared from the chaff by throwing it from heap to heap, under the action of a breeze. The straw, after the grain is removed, is once more thrown into the

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circle, and the horses, being attached to a species of sled, which rests upon a great number of iron runners, are driven round as before, by a man who sits upon the sled, until the straw is cut into pieces. This cut straw is of universal use in Spain as fodder; and, with beans and barley, forms the chief nourishment of horses, mules, and asses. By passing in this way from field to field, and stopping to salute or interrogate the labourers, I was enabled to see the different stages of the whole process, and once more regained the train of the cosario, and my seat upon the donkey, as the shades of night were beginning to gather.

I now turned my attention to the muleteers, to see what promise they afforded of pleasant company during the journey. The cosario, or owner of the mules, had remained behind in Granada, and had delegated his command to the elder of the two men who assisted him. This was evidently an old roadster, for his hair was whitening under the influence of time, and, besides a broad scar upon his cheek, which he had gained in the War of Independence, his face was seamed with many a furrow. There was, however, much of good-natured expression in his features, and I felt at once at home in his company. Not so with his companion, who was somewhat younger, and far less prepossessing. He had a hard-featured and scowling face, and his careless attire seemed to indicate a reckless character. His hat, through old age and ill usage, had taken the shape of a sugar-loaf; his waistcoat was torn in the back by the end of the tough stick of grape-vine which he habitually carried, thrust under the sash of red woollen which girded his loins, and his leggins or leathern gaiters were worn out at the bottom, and left to turn about his legs at random. His shoes, too, were so broken as to admit the sand, which appeared, however, to give him no inconvenience. Indeed, his muscular and hardened frame seemed insensible to the ordinary causes of fatigue and uneasiness. He moved for-

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ward as if unconscious of exertion, while ever and anon he would draw his grape-vine mechanically from its resting-place, and belabour the rear of one of the donkeys that led our van with an energy that would cause the poor animal to move sidewise, in the vain hope of withdrawing the afflicted part out of reach of the discipline. Though the ass evidently ill relished the application, it seemed to do good to the fellow who administered it. It was like a fresh quid of tobacco to a well-drenched sailor on watch; for his air would become more satisfied and his step more elastic.

The conversation of these worthies was not very abundant; when they did talk, it was of the past events of their life, which were not wanting in incident; for, while the elder had been a guerrilla soldier against the invader, the other had followed with his mules in the train of the imperial army. They talked too of the load they were carrying, and still more of their mules, and of their good qualities, moral as well as physical. This one was respectful, the other arrogant, and a third possessed with the devil. To me they said little. The old man, indeed, would occasionally tighten the girth of my pack-saddle, and ask me if I rode comfortably, but neither of them questioned me about whence I had come or whither I was going, or what was my business, though the unusual sight of a stranger upon this unfrequented road must have excited their curiosity. These questions, which, however impertinent they might be, would be received with us as innocent, are such as in Spain would be neither asked nor answered among travellers.

At Santa Fe, which lies at a distance of eight miles from Granada, we paused a while to water the cattle. This place had its origin in the siege of Granada, having been built and fortified as the camp of the Christian army. The intermediate ground formed during the siege a common arena, where the contending hosts met, either by armies, in

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chosen parties, or in the fiercer strife of single combat. There is not perhaps a foot of the road between the two places which has not witnessed some deadly struggle of the opposing chivalry, and been died with the best blood of Castile or Granada.

We had yet twenty miles to travel before reaching Loja; but they were rendered less weary than they would otherwise have been by our being joined by two Granadians, mounted on asses, and going to that place. These men, while they added to our security, as we to theirs, brought an important accession of amusement; for, when unemployed in making or smoking their paper cigars, they chatted or sang during a good part of the night. At eight miles from Santa Fe we passed the Soto de Roma, whose thick forests were scarcely discoverable through the obscurity of the night. It was the country residence of the Moorish kings until the period of the conquest, when it became a part of the royal domain of Spain. Godoy, who laid his hand upon every thing that was worth having in the kingdom during his infamous reign, became possessed of this magnificent estate, which he retained until stripped of his ill-gotten plunder, except what he had placed beyond the reach of accident in a foreign land. The Soto de Roma then reverted to the crown, and at the close of the Peninsular War was given by Ferdinand to the Duke of Wellington, in acknowledgment of his services in the Spanish cause. The estate, which consists of an immense tract of fine old forest-trees, and a great extent of arable land, cultivated chiefly in wheat-fields, still contains a part of the Moorish palace, and is administered for the Duke of Wellington by a veteran Irish officer, of high rank in the Spanish service.

The early part of the night passed off pretty well, being enlivened by the conversation of the party, and the song, first of one and then of another, if indeed their monotonous catches might be so called. These stimulants, however,

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began to fail as the night advanced. The countrymen had both accommodated themselves upon the backs of their beasts, leaning their heads upon the animal's fore shoulder, with one leg drawn up a little upon its haunches, and the other stretched to its full length. In this posture they were sleeping with much apparent comfort. The elder of the muleteers had bestowed himself similarly on the hindmost mule, and leaning over upon the burden, was tasting the enjoyment of sleep; and, except the other muleteer, who continued to move forward with undiminished strength, I alone of the party continued awake. It was not, however, from not being as weary and as sleepy as the rest, for my back seemed ready to break with the unusual fatigue. I endeavoured, therefore, to follow the example of the countrymen, grasped the pack-saddle firmly, and throwing my legs into the proper positions, at last succeeded in dropping asleep.

In the middle of the night we halted a few moments in front of an inn, which stood isolated by the roadside. The muleteers knocked at a grated window, which was opened upon the inside, and then called for some brandy. A light was presently struck within, and a fat little man left his flock bed, which lay upon a mat on the tile floor, and walked out in his shoes and shirt to serve us. His wife had already risen to light the lamp; she was young, dark-eyed, a brunett, and handsome, and as lightly clad as her companion, who held the candle while she poured out the brandy. My companions insisted that I should take the first glass; they called it a "quita sueños," or sleep-dispeller, which is equal to the expression, but too familiar among us, of morning dram. The cold was beginning to pinch me, and besides, my companions were waiting for me before they would drink themselves; so I at once accepted the proffered glass. Nor did the "quita sueños" linger long in the hands of the muleteers; they soon summoned me to depart, and as I turned reluctantly from gazing through the

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grating of the window, I thought what a pleasant thing it were to be such a fat little man, with so well-made a wife, and sleep comfortably in a warm bed, instead of riding in the cold all night upon an ass over moor and mountain.

Our animals would evidently have preferred remaining at the venta; and an ass more resolute than his comrades, gathering courage from the support of the rest, like a ring-leader in a mutiny, positively refused to stir an inch further. Kicks and blows were in vain resorted to; nothing would induce the resolute animal to give up his point. Extraordinary cases call for extraordinary remedies, and the countryman, fearful of being left behind, determined, since the ass would not carry him, to carry the ass; so he put his right arm round the neck of the animal, and fairly dragged him away from the door of the venta. With asses as with men, the first step alone is difficult; for, when the animal had moved a little way by compulsion, he seemed to lose his resolution to remain still, and to be taken with the opposite desire of getting forward rapidly. He came on at a brisk trot, and it was with no small exertion of strength that his master, who had jumped upon his back, was able to stop him.

Soon after midnight we abandoned the course of the Genil, and with it the level of the Vega, to seek a shorter route on the left, approaching the stream again with the returning day. The Vega of Granada may be said to terminate at Loja; for there the Genil passes through a lofty barrier of mountains which seem cut for its passage. It does not, however, lose its fertility with its name; since the valley of the Genil is said to maintain its beauty undiminished, from its source at the foot of the Sierra Nevada to its termination at Palma, where it augments the waters of the Guadalquivir and renders them navigable.

The defile into which we had penetrated towards day now brought us in sight of our resting-place. It is called

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"Los infiernos de Loja," from the rugged character of the overhanging mountains. It might with more propriety be called Valparaiso, or Valley of Paradise; for, while the lesser elevations of the surrounding hills teem with vineyards and orchards, the low lands towards the river are equal to the fairest portions of the Vega, formed into terraces, and covered with a varied and luxuriant vegetation. Loja, like most of the cities founded by the Moors, is posted upon an eminence of difficult access, completely commanding the valley. It made a fine appearance as we approached it from the east, with the rising sun shining brightly upon its white dwellings, its churches, and its towers; and the view was the more cheering that it was to terminate a weary ride of thirteen hours. Loja must have been a place of vast importance in the conquest of Granada; the Christians made repeated attempts to get possession of it, but they all failed, through the intrepidity of the veteran governor, Alatar. In one attack, made by Ferdinand in person, the warlike king was repulsed from the walls, and even driven as a fugitive to the Lover's Rock, near Archidona. Indeed, it was not until Alatar had been slain in battle that Ferdinand could succeed in possessing himself of Loja. The only natural entry to the Vega being thus in his hands, the difficulty of the conquest was greatly diminished.

When we reached the posada at the entrance of Loja, I was as well pleased to slide down from my beast, as he doubtless was to be released from his burden. The mules, too, as they were brought into the general room which served at once as a vestibule, a kitchen, an eating-room, a storehouse for the merchandise, and a sleeping-place for the muleteers, and there disencumbered of the heavy load which they had supported so long, shook themselves with seeming satisfaction; and when led off to the stables which lay below, they moved with greater readiness than they had done since the commencement of our journey.

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On asking for a bed, the aged patrona soon prepared me one on the pavement of a small upper room, which overlooked the garden of a neighbouring convent. In an hour's time I was called to go down and partake of the meal which had in the meanwhile been prepared for us. I found a little table, of not more than half the usual elevation, spread at a short distance from the immense chimney, which occupied a large corner of the building. The muleteers were waiting for me without any show of impatience, for this would be unworthy of a Spaniard, and we soon seated ourselves upon chairs low enough to correspond with the table, from which we were kept at a good distance by the impossibility of bestowing our legs beneath it. These, however, were small inconveniences to hungry men. Our meal consisted, first, of a dish of eggs fried in oil, in which they swam about so briskly as to require some dexterity in catching them. We ate from one common dish; the muleteers, indeed, offered to supply me in a plate apart, but I had seen enough of the usage of the country to know that such a proceeding would be deemed unsocial, and regarded with jealousy. When we had finished eating the eggs, and the muleteers had consumed nearly the whole of the oil by soaking their bread in it, the empty dish was taken away, and another brought in its place. This second course was an humble preparation called gaspacho, which is universally used throughout Andalusia by the poorer classes at supper, and of which they are fond at all hours, particularly when heated and fatigued. It is a species of salad, made by filling a large dish with water, seasoned with oil, salt, and vinegar; some onions and a quantity of bread are then thrown in, and, after standing a few minutes, the dish is ready for use. Rude as the gaspacho is, it is very refreshing, and one soon becomes fond of it, especially if very hungry. Upon the whole, however, I should have made but a meager meal, had our table not been supplied

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with bread and wine of excellent quality, and plenty of delicious fresh figs. Indeed, I was much surprised that, after a long night of fasting and fatigue, these sturdy roadsters should have been contented with so scanty a repast; particularly the younger of the two, who had walked every step of the twenty-eight miles between Granada and Loja.

Our inn was a most singular building: the first story stood entirely upon massive pillars and arches, and it was the large space below, occupying the whole area, which formed the common room already mentioned. A winding passage in the rear descended to the stables, which were immediately under the inn, and had been arched into the soft rock that formed the soil. The strange construction of this subterranean stable, which was lighted by holes pierced through into the apartment overhead, and the winding gallery, which effected the descent without a stair, as in the famous Giralda at Seville and other Moorish cities, evidently bespoke the work of that people, who were famous for burrowing under ground, and have left similar excavations in every part of Andalusia. Though the heat of the day was oppressive, these stables were perfectly cool. I sought out my donkey among the crowd, and found that he was doing well. He had finished his pittance, and was stretched out, stiff and motionless, as if he were dead. Leaving him to his slumbers, I returned to the place above, where, during my absence, my two companions had spread the furniture of their mules upon the pavement near their packages, and were sleeping soundly with all their clothes on, their cloaks drawn over them, and their hats resting on their faces, to shield them from the flies and the light. When the heat of the day began to subside, I took a lad from the inn to accompany me, and went out to visit the ruins of an old Moorish castle, which stands in the highest part of the town, nearly a thousand feet above the narrow ravine of the Genil and the little bridge which has witness-

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ed many a scene of strife and bloodshed. Instead of the prancing war-horses, the turbaned or steel-clad cavaliers of other times, it was now occasionally crossed by a patient ass, coming with vegetables or going away with manure, or bestrode by a long-legged Spaniard, with now and then an old beggar or a waddling friar.

On returning to the posada I found that the hour of departure had arrived, and having exchanged with the old dame and her daughter the parting well-wishes and salutations in use among the Spaniards, and of which the women are especially observant, I set out on foot in pursuit of my companions, who had already left the door of the inn. I found them at the other extremity of the town, in front of a fountain, where they were watering the cattle, and filling the leathern bottle into which they had turned the wine that remained from our last repast. As I had taken the precaution of laying in a store of bread, olives, and raisins, I had the prospect of a pleasanter night than the last; the more so that our journey was to terminate at Archidona, and be of twelve miles instead of twenty-eight. The sun was just sinking behind the mountains of Ronda as we passed the outskirts of Loja, losing sight, at the same time, of the waters of the Genil, whose course we had followed generally since our departure from Granada. The mountainous region through which we passed was broken into ridges and ravines, overgrown with bushes and cork-trees, and intersected by rills and water-courses. The surface of the country teemed with aromatic plants, and the air came fraught with the most delicious perfumes; indeed, it seemed as if one were inhaling health at each respiration. This part of Andalusia is renowned for the excellence and variety of its medicinal plants, which are said to be better known to the descendants of the old possessors of the country, now beyond the water, than to the present inhabitants. A solitary Moor still comes over, now and then,

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to herbarize, penetrating for this purpose into the mountains that lie near Granada and Ronda. While at Granada I had seen several Moors in the Zacatin, as I passed daily through that street. They were doubtless descendants of Granadians, and had sought in some mercantile speculation or botanical expedition, an excuse to visit the land of their ancestors. The beautiful story of "The Last of the Abencerrages" is made to turn upon this pilgrimage in practice among the Moors.

We had been overtaken, at a short distance from Loja, by a large party going to Antiquera, four or five of the number being armed with carbines, which hung at their saddles behind them. One of the travellers thus equipped was a raw-boned friar of the order of Mercy, whose warlike demeanour contrasted as strongly with the habit which he wore, as with the meeker manners of the monks who accompanied him. One of these monks was evidently bound upon some mendicant expedition, from the huge crucifix and its corresponding money-box which he carried upon his mule before him. Our friar of Mercy was a sinewy, well-made man, as it was easy to see; for his long robes of white flannel were rolled up tightly round his body and thrust through his leathern girdle, leaving the woollen drawers that covered his legs and feet entirely exposed to view. The long unwieldy hat of the Spanish clergy he had hung to the pommel of his saddle, and replaced by the common one in use in Andalusia. His right heel was armed with a spur, and at the side of his saddle hung a long Moorish fowling-piece, which he would lay his hand upon when not employed in lifting his paper cigar from his mouth, and finger the lock, to see that it was in place and ready for service.

Though the elder of our guides expressed his horror at the unseemly appearance of this holy man, we nevertheless determined to profit by the convoy and company of the

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party; for the country which we were about to traverse was very dangerous, being uninhabited, and the road leading through mountain passes and among trees, so as to offer cover for banditti. But, as bad luck, or the negligence of the muleteers would have it, just as we were crossing a narrow ravine, at the bottom of which ran a small stream called Riofrio, one of the mules, in struggling under the heavy load which he bore, broke the rope that fastened it, and dropped the whole into the water. It were a vain thing to attempt to describe the perplexity and indignation of our guides. They gave vent to the first burst in imprecations, the younger fellow taking the lead, and cursing the offender, first simply, then his heart and his soul, until he came to the father and mother that brought him into the world. This done, he fell to belabouring the mule over the head with his grape-vine staff, until the poor animal floundered and kicked about to such a degree, that he was near overturning the loads of his brethren. Finding, after all this outpouring of wrath, that the fallen packages still continued soaking in the water, they bethought themselves of some other remedy. Detaching the unloaded mule from the train, they gave him to me to hold, and allowed the rest to stray along the bank of the stream, and crop the herbage. Having drawn the wet bales and bundles from the bottom of the stream, they attempted to replace them on the mule's back; but whether the animal was unwilling to resume his burden, or that the bastinado had only put the devil in him, he now flew round like one possessed, and was near throwing all of us down. In order to pacify him, they were compelled to blind him by putting a jacket over his head, which was effectually secured by drawing the sleeves over his ears. This produced the desired effect, and the men were thus enabled to replace the load, augmented in weight by soaking in the water, of which the poor animal evinced his mindfulness by a grunt,

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as he found himself staggering under the accumulated burden. The annoying inconveniences attending this mode of conveyance upon the backs of animals were thoroughly brought home to me on this occasion. With a road for wheels between Granada and Ronda, one cart with two mules, driven by one man, would have been able to transport more conveniently and securely the burden for which we now required five mules and three asses.

Meanwhile an hour had slipped by; we had altogether lost the sound of the bells of the other party, and were thus deprived of the security which we hoped to have found in the company of the warlike friar, and our slow pace gave us no reason to hope that we should overtake our lost companions. The country became more rugged as we advanced, and the road still more entangled, until it led us into a narrow defile of rocks, intermingled with cork-trees of a stinted growth. I was struck with the advantages which the place afforded for waylaying us, and began to muse on the consequences of such a misadventure. The thoughts of the muleteers were evidently wandering in a similar direction. They would now and then interrupt the sort of cut-throat song or whistle with which they sought to drive away reflection, and converse in short sentences and an under-tone. "Suppose the footpads come out?" said the elder. "Why," replied the other, "they'll take away my trousers, and it will end with blows like a sainete." I had seen many a Spanish farce, but never one that ended peaceably; so I did not at all relish the possibility of such a termination.

Just at the moment when we had gained the narrowest part of the defile, where the cattle could barely follow in each other's tracks, we were suddenly startled by a confusion in the rear of the train. Now for it, thought I; my anxiety was, however, soon relieved by hearing the imprecations of the muleteers, which were poured forth with

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greater fervour than ever. Nothing worse had happened, than that one of the mules had struck his package against a rock, and, being thus pushed out of his balance, had been thrown over on his side. Yet here was a new source of detention, and this, too, in a most cheerless situation. The mules were once more loosed from each other, and permitted to crop the moss which grew beside the path, while I threw myself under a cork-tree among the dead leaves, to rest my limbs and watch the proceedings of the guides. The fallen mule was unloaded and set upon his legs; the burden was then replaced with no little trouble, and, after much loss of time, we at last resumed our journey.

Having spent seven hours in performing a distance of twelve miles, we arrived in the solitary street of Archidona, while the clock of a convent was striking the hour of two. We found the posada at which we were to sojourn situated upon the principal square of the town, and, after a little knocking, the large folding-door was thrown open to receive us. The first apartment of this inn was much in the fashion of that at Loja; a sort of neutral ground, where men, and beasts, and burdens, met and mingled upon a footing of equality. It was now almost entirely filled with bales, and the muleteers were stretched out, each near his proper charge, upon the mats and blankets of his cattle. There was a moment's hesitation in finding a vacant place where the mules might be unloaded, but the innkeeper at length bethought himself of the fireplace in a remote corner, and marshalled the way towards it. It was curious to see how carefully the animals picked their way among the long legs of the outstretched muleteers, who scarcely opened their eyes or drew themselves up to give passage to the intruders. The daughter of the innkeeper was now called up to prepare a bed for me, and came forth in dishabille, and with eyes half open; I followed her to the apartment with my clothes-bag under my arm, apologizing all

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the way for the unseasonable interruption. This put her in a good humour, and when she went away she wished that I might sleep "much and speedily—Que duerme usted mucho y a priesa."

Archidona stands upon the western declivity of a rocky mountain, which terminates above in three rugged peaks, the highest of which is still crowned with an irregular fortification of the Moors. At the foot of this mountain is an alluvial tract, very productive in corn, wine, and oil, being fertilized by a small stream which furnishes the means of irrigation. The eye might occasionally catch sight of this finer feature of the landscape, as the sunbeams played upon its surface, or trace the windings of its course by the luxuriant growth of trees and laurel-roses by which it was skirted. Archidona is a singular place, and one may trace more marks of the Moorish domination here than in the neighbourhood of Granada. The streets are formed upon the surface of the rock; the houses are quite small, with windows that look like loopholes; and the features and complexion of the inhabitants are any thing but European. The town has a decayed look. Many houses are abandoned, some with the roofs fallen in, others with the walls down: melancholy indications all of a declining population.

We left Archidona in the afternoon, and journeyed westward through the fertile valley which unfolds itself at the base of the mountain, accompanied by a party of ten or twelve, some of whom were going with us to Campillo, others to a watering-place near Antiquera. The spring in question is called Fuente de la Piedra, from its being esteemed infallible in the cure of the stone; for which salutary effect it was celebrated in the time of the Romans, as is known from a votive inscription found upon the spot. Those who were going to the spring left us near Antiquera, and we continued our journey in company with three young men, who had been to Archidona to buy sheep, and goat-

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skins, and tripe, and were returning with their loaded asses to Campillo, where the skins were to be tanned to make leathern breeches, and the tripe to be worked into the leggins worn universally throughout the country. Though these young men, with their skins newly stripped from the original owners, were not in that respect the most acceptable society, yet they were very good fellows, and brought with them an accession of amusement and security for the night's journey. They laughed by turns, or chatted, or sung; then would grow serious, and commence reckoning up each his profits of the week; and then run over the village affairs, and retail the talk and scandal of Campillo.

Campillo, at which we arrived after midnight, is a place quite different from Archidona, being built on a plain, with regular and well-paved streets, houses in good repair and neatly whitewashed, each with its stone seat at the door, and grated cage, projecting from the window, and garnished with shrubs and flowers, the scene of many a tender parley and midnight interview. Every thing in Campillo, to the village church and village posada, bespoke a pervading spirit of order and cleanliness, and the little room into which I was installed partook largely of these qualities. It looked upon the principal square of the village, having in front the church, with its Gothic tower surmounted by the simple emblem of our faith, and embellished with the unwonted decoration of a clock, under whose promptings a hoarse old bell muttered forth the passing hours. On another side of the square was the house of the ayuntamiento, which contained the offices of the local authorities and of the police; while opposite was a guard-room, in which were a few half-fed soldiers, shabbily accoutred in dirty belts and rusty muskets. In the middle of the square was a plain granite fountain, surrounded by a kerb, which formed a basin for watering the cattle.

For want of better occupation, I passed a good part of the

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day in gazing out of my window upon the moving scene below. Sometimes a stable-boy would bring a train of jaded mules to the fountain, give them water, and wash their backs where they had been galled by the pack-saddle. Next would come a party of countrymen, leading a string of mules, heavily laden, each with his carbine slung securely beside him. These would pause a moment, refresh their cattle at the fountain, and then pass on and leave the arena again solitary, until some new Sancho came ambling across the square, sitting upon the end of a mouse-coloured ass, which he would guide at pleasure by means of a staff, touching the animal first on one side of the neck, then on the other. He too would pause at the fountain, renew his journey, and then have a contest with the animal about stopping at the open door of the posada, disappearing at length in a rage, and at a full gallop. While the middle of the square seemed given up to passing travellers, the sides were more exclusively occupied by the native worthies of Campillo. In the guard-house, the soldiers were all sleeping away the heat of the day upon wooden benches in the interior; while the one on post sat under the shade of the portico, with his musket leaning against the wall beside him, occupied in cutting up tobacco upon a board, to make paper cigars. Immediately under my window was a group of the village notables, seated upon the stone bench that ran along the whole front of the building, or gathered round the more important personages of the circle, to each of whom I amused myself in assigning a character, and guessing at the import of his discourse.

That well-fed royalist, with silver shoe and knee buckles, and the red cockade in his hat, is doubtless the Alcalde of Campillo. He is declaiming upon the late successes of the insurgent royalists in Portugal; and of those two who listen to him, and seem to catch the words that fall from his lips, the one is our own innkeeper, paying his court to the

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powers that be, and the other, with the thin legs and long nose, who is followed by a half-starved dog, equally miserable with his master, is certainly the village doctor, the Sangrado of Campillo. He is evidently looked on contemptuously by the rest of the assembly, who are aware of his ignorance, and know that he owes his situation, and the right to kill or cure the good people of Campillo, rather to two ounces of gold opportunely bestowed upon the alcalde, than to any acquaintance with the healing art. The thickset man in an oilcloth cocked hat, with scowling look and bushy whiskers, who is fingering the hilt of his sabre, is the commandant of the royalist volunteers. He has become terrible to the negroes, who will even tell you that he is no better than he should be, that he began the world upon the Robin Hood system, and passed thence to the command of a royalist guerrilla. But who is that tall, sharp-featured individual, walking across the Plaza, with the village curate on one side, and a capuchin on the other? That must be the intendant of police, who has just received intelligence of some pretended revolutionary plot, and who will soon go with a force in search of persons and papers.

When the heat of the day was over we set out on the last night's journey, entirely alone, our road lying through a country which bore testimony in an unusual degree to the depopulation of Andalusia, and which, from having once been a perfect garden, has wandered back to the dominion of sterility. Notwithstanding the solitary manner in which the journey was to be performed, the muleteers manifested none of that anxiety which they had shown on the former nights, for there was too little circulation in this part of the country to support a band of robbers. As we approached Ronda the face of the country became still more broken, and the mountains more lofty. There were a few scattering plantations of olive-trees at the bottom of the valleys, but the rest of the soil was abandoned to a wild

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growth of pasture, which either grew and rotted again uncropped, or furnished nourishment to a few flocks of sheep, of which we met several during the night, being first apprized of their proximity by the tinkling of bells, which broke most pleasantly upon the pervading solitude. As we passed among the bleating animals, the shepherds would give us the universal greeting, "God be with you!" As well as I could see, they were dressed in jackets and trousers of sheepskin, with the wool outwards, a broad-brimmed hat, and leathern gaiters, with a long blanket to roll themselves in. They had large dogs to assist them in the care of their flocks, and were not even without the pastoral appendage of a wooden crook, wherewith to restrain a rebellious subject. We always found them in motion; for, at this season of the year, they graze during the night, and seek the shade in the day, to repose until the heat be past. These shepherds dispense entirely with the encumbrance of a house, remaining in the open air the whole year round, and in winter merely building a circular wall, within which they cluster with their flocks, under partial protection from the wind.

As we ascended the mountains the cold became sensible, and in the morning gave me much inconvenience. In approaching Ronda, every mountain stream and every rock was connected with some disastrous story; for it was in this region that the French suffered most severely during the usurpation of Napoleon. Having at length passed the mountain, in ascending which we had occupied the greater part of the night, we came to an extensive table-land, bounded on every side by lofty hills, upon the southern extremity of which stood Ronda, at an elevation, as I learned, of three thousand feet above the sea. The sun was just dispelling the morning mists and tinging the mountains which we had been traversing as we entered the town, which presented an unusually neat and well-ordered ap-

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pearance, increasing the pleasure which I felt in having thus safely finished a journey, which, though full of amusing incident, had yet been fatiguing and irksome. The elder muleteer now left his companion to guide the caravan and lead it forward to its home, while he took charge of my clothes-bag, and conducted me to the Posada de las Animas.

Of all the saintly or secular posadas that I had yet seen, this of All-Souls was the most curious. From the singularity of its figure and disposition, I doubt not that it was of Moorish origin, the more so that the thickness of its walls argued great durability. It stood askew at the fork of three streets, and the front was pierced by a huge portal, surmounted by an antique balcony. Here was a shrine of the Virgin, with a picture neatly incased, and protected from the weather by a little penthouse, in the roof of which hung a lantern. My room chanced to look upon this balcony, and every evening I had the company of my good old hostess for a few moments, as, with careful hand, and after the utterance of an Ave, she would take down the lamp and trim it, and then, with her apron, rub from the picture the dust that had gathered during the day. There is much in these little cares, this tangibility of devotion, to speak to the minds and hearts of the ignorant and uncultivated, who are but little suited to comprehend a mere spiritual religion. As for my room, it consisted of two parts; the one a sitting apartment, with tile floor, solid walls of mason-work, and pyramidal roof. A single window opened upon the balcony of the Virgin, and gave a view of the ever-moving groups that passed through the adjoining streets. A flight of stone steps led upwards from this main room to a doorless portal, like those of the Alhambra, which opened into my little bedchamber. This also had a pointed roof, a little window, or rather air-port, about a foot square, through which, as I made my toilet, I some-

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times pushed my head, to reconnoitre the damsels of the neighbourhood returning from early mass. This diminutive chamber had no less than six sides, and as many angles, all combining in a single point at the apex, so that the whole crookedness of the posada seemed to be here brought home and concentrated. Notwithstanding the obliquity of ideas excited by such an unsymmetrical conformation, I soon became reconciled to the place; for the walls were neatly whitewashed, the tile floor kept bright, and in one corner was a clean bed, spread upon a mat of straw, where I hastened to bestow myself.

CHAPTER VIII.

RONDA.

Situation—The Tajo—Bridges—Banks of the Guadiaro—Alameda—Domestic Scene—Moorish Antiquities—The Alcazar—Subterranean Passage—Bottom of the Tajo—A Guerrilla Chieftain—His Story—The French Sergeant—History of Ronda—War of Independence—Mutual Atrocities—Present condition of Ronda—Smugglers—Ronda Fair.

Of all the strange localities that I have seen, Ronda has always struck me as one of the most peculiar; indeed, Switzerland, in all the wild magnificence of its scenery, has few sites more suited to baffle and astonish the beholder. In the midst of a vast basin, enclosed by an amphitheatre of noble mountains, rises a small platform of table-land, terminated by lofty precipices, and encircled by a fertile valley. On this platform stands the city of Ronda, having at a distance not a little the air of an uncouth feudal castle, lifting itself sternly amid the calm loveliness of nature. This isolated rock, which in some remote era was probably encircled by the waters of the Guadiaro, is now divided from east to west by a narrow gap of great depth,

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the present bed of the river, and known by the appropriate name of the Tajo, or Cut. Were the Guadiaro not there to attest the strong, though subtle agency of water, conjecture would have to seek a cause for this wonderful rent in some sudden convulsion of nature. Indeed, before reaching the town, the river glides through a sheltered valley, skirted by orchards and kitchen-gardens; but suddenly, as you follow the course of the stream, the quiet landscape disappears, and the vision is arrested by the craggy rock upon which Ronda stands pinnacled, while a deep narrow cavern, opening into its side, offers itself as the only possible outlet for the lost river. It has in fact cut boldly through this barrier; and, to add to the picturesque singularity of the scene, the opposing precipices are here connected by a bridge of a single arch. The appearance of the Tajo, as, indeed, the whole view from this bridge, is the most perplexing that can be conceived; for, while the bed of the stream descends towards a second bridge, the land itself, upon which the bridge stands, rises rapidly in the same direction. Hence, if you look into the abyss below, you see the Guadiaro urging its westward course, and creating a tumultuous uproar as it descends amid the fallen masses of rock, until it disappears mysteriously from view, amid the jutting precipices which enclose it; whereas, in raising the eye the next moment, you are perplexed to find the land ascending as boldly in the same direction, and a bridge, situated much lower down the stream than that upon which you stand, yet placed far above it, involving a seeming contradiction which completely bewilders the beholder, by producing the paradoxical effect of a river running up hill.

This second bridge, removed so much farther from the level of the stream, by the simultaneous descent of its bed and rising of the banks which enclose it, commands also a view, if less strange, yet vastly more imposing. In approaching this construction, not less singular and wonderful

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than the position which it occupies, you pass through a fine square, bounded by arcades; three sides communicate, by arches, with streets; the fourth opens upon the bridge, which, having been built at the same time with the square, is uniform in its construction and materials. Nothing which meets the eye in traversing the square prepares you for the passage of a stream; for the bridge seems to be the continuation of a street which opens beyond it, and the houses, which rise from the very brink of the opposing precipices, are about far enough apart to indicate an intervening street, running at right angles to that which is seen beyond. What then must be the astonishment of the unprepared beholder, when, on reaching the centre of the bridge, and casting his glance over its granite barrier, he discovers an immense abyss, yawning beneath his feet, at the bottom of which the white foam of a tumultuous torrent is dimly seen through the mists that overhang it? When the vision, dazzled by the bright sunshine, has sufficiently accommodated itself to the obscurity that reigns in the dark gulf below, the stream is seen falling beyond the bridge, in a rapid succession of cascades, until, in a distance of about six hundred feet, it has made a descent of equal depth, which, added to that from the bridge to the base of the stream immediately below it, makes a total depth of nearly a thousand feet, from the pathway on which the spectator stands to the lowest part of the ravine, which seems so nearly beneath him as to be within reach of a single fearful leap.

This noble bridge rests upon two square masses of mason-work, three hundred feet in elevation, which rise from the bed of the Guadiaro, and are incorporated with the precipices. They are connected at various elevations by three different arches, which add to their solidity, and on the upper one of these the passage of the stream is effected. Between the road over the bridge and the arch next below it is a square apartment, accessible by a subterranean stair,

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which the French used as a prison during the War of Independence, and a more secure one could not well be devised. The erection of this bridge was preceded and followed by fatal accidents. Formerly a wooden bridge, of a single arch, connected the opposite precipices. This, in the course of time, grew old and rickety, and about forty years ago, during the time of the fair, which is annually held at Ronda, the old bridge, being crowded by an unusual concourse of men and cattle, gave way suddenly, and precipitated all who were upon it to the bottom of the defile. The present noble construction rose in its stead, to be the pride of human hardihood and ingenuity. Several of the labourers employed in the construction of the bridge are said to have lost their lives by falling, and the architect himself, when he had nearly reached the close of his task, met with a similar fate. He was descending in a basket to examine some part of the structure, when the rope by which it was suspended broke, and he fell to the bottom.

The right bank of the Guadiaro continues to be perfectly perpendicular for some distance below the principal bridge, and while the bed of the river still descends, the land above remains perfectly level. On this elevated platform is the Alameda of Ronda, the principal walk of the town; planted with trees, under whose shade are stone benches, while numerous fountains throw up their crystal waters, and impart an agreeable coolness to the air. This promenade is enclosed by an iron railing, which is not a mere matter of ornament; for one side of the square runs along the brink of the precipice, which is so literally perpendicular that you may drop a line from the benches of the Alameda into the torrent, nearly a thousand feet below, whose tumult scarce breaks upon the ear. Beyond this point the land still continues level, but the depth of the precipice is gradually diminished by a sandy hill, which makes upward from the bed of the stream, and at length reaches the elevation of the plain. This hill

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has a southern exposure, and is covered with vineyards, which produce a delightful species of white wine, not unlike the Sauterne.

On the left side the Tajo disappears at the bridge and gives place to a bank, which, though very steep, and of dangerous access, yet offers ledges that have been levelled sufficiently to make room for a number of mills, which grind the flour of the neighbouring country, and furnish power for some rude manufactories of hemp and flax. To descend along this line of mills, which are in a manner incorporated with the precipice, in order to reach the foot of the bridge, and the still deeper recesses of the glen below, requires a sure foot and a steady eye; for the path leads through some places where one false step would be inevitably fatal. There is one place worse than the rest, where, on turning a sudden angle of the rock, the body is thrown out of the perpendicular, so that it is necessary to cling with the hands to the slight projections that offer themselves. As we passed along, with no little caution, my companion, a young gentleman of Ronda, told me the story of a miller who had attempted a few days before to go down the path with a sack of wheat on his shoulder. In turning the point, he was necessarily, for a moment, out of the perpendicular; the burden destroyed his balance, and missing his grasp of the rocks, he fell headlong down the precipice upon the wheel of a mill, and was torn to pieces.

The bank of the Guadiaro, independent of the wild and varied character of its scenery, possesses attractions of a more pleasing kind; for the dashing of the water along the aqueducts, with the spray thrown up by the wheels, has created a vegetation which spreads itself over the whole surface of the rock. In some places the millers, who live here with their families, have assisted the efforts of nature, and formed little hanging gardens, which add singularly to the beauties of the scene; beside one of the mills I saw an

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arbour, formed directly over the aqueduct, as it emerged from the wheels of the machine, covered with a luxuriant grape-vine, with its new-formed fruit hanging over the stream, and catching a fresh verdure from the spray.

But it is on descending to the level sheet of the Guadiaro, where the stream, as if weary from its former impatience, glides peacefully along, that the landscape warms into fertility and beauty. Here the whole width of the valley is one vast orchard, where the peach, almond, apricot, apple, fig, walnut, and pomegranate trees are seen putting forth their leaves and blossoms in unwonted luxuriance; while the immediate surface of the soil is overrun with a network of vines and melons. This gay garden extends uninterruptedly along the banks of the stream a distance of ten miles, within which is raised such a profusion of fruits, that, after satisfying the wants of the country, it supplies almost exclusively the markets of Cadiz, Algeziras, and Gibraltar.

The view from the bottom of this enchanting valley combines whatever is admirable in scenery: while all immediately around is bloom and beauty, you follow towards the west the rich undulations of the stream, and discover a part of the rugged ridge of the Sierra of Ronda, which terminates the horizon in that direction. On your right hand you glance at the vineyard which covers the sandy hill-side towards the Tajo, and sometimes, where the ascent is too steep, the vines are seen springing from stone terraces, which sustain the scanty soil, while immediately overhead the view is closed by the railing of the Alameda, relieved against the sky. It was late in the afternoon before we had commenced our excursion, and now the declining sun had already withdrawn his rays from the deep seclusion of the valley, and called forth the inhabitants of Ronda to enjoy their evening diversion. There were many ladies leaning over the railing, gazing with a sort of fascination at the

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distant scene below: and while their proportions were brought into relief, the last rays of the sun shone full upon their gay shawls and fluttering mantillas. Contrabandistas, too, dressed in their janty costume, mingled in the groups, while a solitary priest might occasionally be seen, with his loose robes inflated by the breeze, and immense hat projecting over the abyss. The hardy bridge still continued, however, to form the most extraordinary feature in the landscape. Far above all in giddy height, it defined itself against the heavens, broken perpetually in outline by the flitting forms of passing travellers. Its own abrupt elevation above the Tajo, so frightful to the spectator when beholding it from above, was now rendered inconsiderable by the comparison with the deeper abyss which opened below, while the foaming torrent which rushed through the bottom of the arch was also dwindled to a fleecy thread, growing, however, upon the vision, as each successive leap brought it nearer to the point from which the whole scene of magic was contemplated.

In the course of our ramble through the valley of the Guadiaro, our conversation had been directed to the subject of Spanish music, by the guitar and song of a rustic serenader, whom we found seated at the door of his cottage, doubtless rehearsing for his evening performance beneath the balcony of his mistress. I did not fail to express the admiration which I felt for the wild and plaintive love-songs of Andalusia, which are, at the same time, so touching and so peculiar. They consist, usually, of a simple connexion of wild and melodious strains, and doubtless had their origin in the primitive tastes and pastoral occupations of the Arabs. Spanish music has nothing in common with that of the rest of Europe; it is not so much a music for the stage or the drawing-room, as for the region of streams, and trees, and mountains; to picture the ardour of love among a passionate people, or beguile the tedium of a journey, and cheer the

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progress of a caravan. The admiration which I really felt for it, and could not avoid expressing, gratified the national pride of my companion, who, in order to strengthen so favourable an opinion, begged me to accompany him in a visit to some female friends, celebrated in Ronda for their skill as musicians. I very readily assented, and we commenced retracing our steps towards the overhanging city by the zigzag path along which the laden animals ascend along the face of the precipice, and which soon brought us to a ruinous gateway, from its horseshoe arches evidently of Moorish construction. This gateway, and the adjoining wall, which follows the verge of the precipice, formed part of the ancient defences of the city, which, during the French occupation in the War of Independence, were repaired and crenelled for the use of musketry. There were many bullet-marks on the face of the wall, to testify to the deadly strife which had so recently been carried on there; and my companion pointed to a solitary watch-tower, which had been a post of peculiar danger, and the scene of many a tragedy. The mountaineers of the neighbourhood would frequently crawl stealthily along the fissures which the precipice here presents, unnoticed by the sentinel, and, fixing him with a settled aim, shoot him down and then escape to the security of the ravine below.

Having gained, with some fatigue, the lofty level of the town, we traversed the bridge over the Tajo, and found ourselves in the modern street of San Carlos, which is one of the prettiest in Spain. At the extremity by which we entered it was the fine square which stands adjoining to the bridge, while the other was closed by the principal church of Ronda. As we advanced, the shady Alameda, and the vast amphitheatre for bullfights, opened on the left, while opposite was a uniform row of dwellings, with deep windows and balconies, almost universally adorned with rose-bushes, geraniums, and lavender. The canvass cur-

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tains, striped with gay colours, which, during the heat of the day, had been spread in front of the windows, to exclude the sun and light, were now drawn aside, and nearly every balcony thus disclosed to view had its fair occupant, imbowered amid shrubs and flowers. I noticed one embellished above the rest with this species of attraction, in which stood a dark-eyed girl, who, having just broken a rosebud from the bush which grew beside her, was intwining it in her hair; and it was with no trifling sentiment of delight, that I found my companion, after receiving a nod of recognition and of welcome, together with a captivating salutation of the hand from the fair occupant, directing his steps towards the door beneath her balcony.

Having passed the portico and its open gate, and knocked at the inner door, we were challenged by an aged voice, and after the customary parley, the door, jerked by a distant cord, flew open, and we found ourselves in the open patio. The square court was paved with pebbles of different colours, so arranged as to form a series of regular figures, while in the centre was a granite basin, supplied by water from a single tiny jet, and filled with glistening silver fishes. Beside this fountain sat an old lady, engaged in embroidery, whom we hastened to salute, and who, on being asked by my comrade if we should pass, made us happy in the command to go "en hora buena—in a happy hour!" Thus encouraged, we quickly traversed the staircase and tile-paved corridor, and found ourselves in the room which opened upon the favoured balcony. There was nothing very magnificent in its furniture, which consisted of a homely collection of rush-bottomed chairs, a small looking-glass, and a painted table, on which lay a work-basket and a few volumes of novels translated from the French. There were neither carpets, clock, vases, or other ornaments, except only a few engravings of paintings in the royal gallery, and the universal guitar, which hung suspended from the

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wall by a gay-coloured riband. But if artificial ornaments were wanting, there were others, better and truer, which announced nature's handiwork; for there in the balcony, surrounded by flowers, leaned the same fair form which I had gazed on the moment before with such real admiration. She received her kinsman, for such he was, affectionately, and me with the courtesy which the stranger always meets with from the women of Spain. In Andalusia the weather is always pleasant, and therefore its fluctuations furnish no subject of conversation. Destitute of this useful clew to discourse in other lands, this fair Rondeña asked me forthwith if I had been long in Ronda; if I liked the place, and if I was an Englishman. On being told that I was an American, she seemed to think it passing strange that I should have a foreign accent; but when I explained to her that I was not a Spanish, but an Anglo American, she remembered to have heard that there was a nation of English in America, and repeated the name of "Vasington" as something that came within the dreams of her philosophy. Having asked how far off my country was, and being told that it lay a thousand leagues from Ronda, and that the whole road, nearly, was through the water, both she and a sister who had made her appearance crossed themselves, and exclaimed together "Jesus! Maria!" And now my companion took advantage of a pause to beg the favour of a little music, which was at once granted with the best grace in the world. The guitar is but a poor instrument except as an accompaniment to the voice, but our pretty musician made the most of it, singing the simple songs of Andalusia with rare grace and expression. Among others, she happened to sing the cachucha, the music of which is also that of the most favourite of Spanish dances. Having expressed my admiration for the air and the dance, such as I had frequently seen it on the stage, she was pleased that a stranger's taste should agree with her own, and being willing to

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procure me an additional gratification, sent at once to the next house for a female friend to come and dance it with her. The castanets were taken down from the same peg on which the guitar had hung, the instrument was passed to the hands of the younger sister, and we had the cachucha in perfection.

When this source of amusement was exhausted, a walk was proposed; the ladies threw their mantillas over their heads and seized their fans, and were soon tripping along the Alameda, not, however, unattended by the ancient dame who had accosted us in entering. They walked at once to the precipice, and leaned over the railing, for this scene, though they had witnessed it daily during their lives, had lost none of its attractions by familiar contemplation. The moon was but a few days old, and its faint light but slightly penetrated the obscurity of the valley, deep in the recesses of which might here and there be discovered a twinkling light, glimmering faintly as if in the depths of the earth, while the stream was distinctly audible, as it tumbled in cascades over successive precipices, or dashed over the scattered blocks of granite, occasionally accompanied to the ear by the bray of an unpoetic ass, or the low of cattle, and now and then with a laugh, or a song, or the guitar of a serenader. Dwelling repeatedly on this scene, as we made the circuit of the Alameda, the time stole swiftly by, until midnight sounded from the tower of the neighbouring temple. We then accompanied our fair companions to their home; and when about to leave, their mother said to me, with solemn formality, "Cavalier! this house is very much yours;" an invitation which I acknowledged at the time, and daily took advantage of during my stay in Ronda.

On the following morning my rambles led me to a more ancient quarter of the city; there, in a spacious palace, I was shown the residence of Don Alonzo Orgado de Montezuma, a descendant of the unfortunate Emperor of Mexico. Pas-

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sing onward, I reached at length the southern extremity of the town, upon which stands the ruins of the Moorish Alcazar. It had continued in a sufficiently perfect condition down to the period of its evacuation by the Imperial French, who blew it up, destroying the greater part of the castle, with many neighbouring houses. Few apartments of the once stately Alcazar now remain to attest its former magnificence. I penetrated into one of very singular figure, being square, with an arched dome, forming nearly a half sphere. On each side of the main entrance was a small door, leading to an interior room; the wall was of immense thickness; no windows admitted light into this solitary apartment, and the little which entered at the door served only to indicate its general figure, and to reveal the tattered remnants of military attire and other rubbish which covered the pavement. As I was groping about, with more curiosity than prudence, to reach the dark part of the room, in order to examine that which lay between me and the light, I heard a slight rustling in one of the side chambers, and after looking earnestly into the doorway, discovered what appeared to be a man watching my motions. I paused a moment, and laid my hand upon a weapon which I carried about me, until, finding that no violence was offered to me, I departed, contented with what I had seen, and with no disposition to dispute with the first occupant for the possession of the place. This man may have been a beggar, or perhaps a robber, or more probably a smuggler, concealing some goods, which would not have been so secure in his own dwelling. In this quarter of the town is a miserable settlement of gipsies, and the streets are thronged with squalidly-dressed women and naked children, whose physiognomy is strongly indicative of Asiatic origin.

But the most interesting of the antiquities of Ronda is a subterranean work, situated on the left bank of the Guadiaro, and which leads from the level of the town down to

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the bottom of the Tajo. There are various opinions as to what could have occasioned the construction of this singular passage. Some think that it was made to bring water from the river, to supply the town in the event of the aqueduct being broken in time of siege; others, that it was a mazmorra, or prison, for Christian captives; or else a summer retreat of the petty king or alcaide of Ronda, whither he was wont to retire during the summer heats, or through which he might escape on a sudden emergency, if attacked in those revolts so frequent in every country governed by the institutions of Mahomet. This opinion is much strengthened by the jasper pavement and ruins of baths which have been found on the removal of the rubbish, and by a popular tradition, that there is a secret passage leading under ground from thence to the old Alcazar, similar to one which I had seen a few weeks before at Granada, extending from the Alhambra to the Casa del Rey, and through which more than one Naseritan king is said to have escaped from popular insurrection, or the fury of a rival.

With a curiosity not a little excited by what I had heard of this subterranean construction, I went one day to visit it. The entrance is in the garden of one of the principal dwelling-houses of Ronda, inhabited by a retired officer, of the name of Don Salvador Linares de Taboada, a descendant of one of those illustrious families of conquerors who, following in the train of Ferdinand and Isabella, received as a reward for their valour the mansions and broad domains of the Moors, whom they had vanquished. By this gentleman and his son I was received with genuine Spanish courtesy; the latter of whom not only gave me immediate permission to gratify my curiosity by the sight of the labyrinth, but procured a lantern, and offered himself to accompany me. Traversing the courtyard of the house, we reached a garden, adorned with a growth of trees, shrubbery, and flowers, which irrigation had rendered thrifty, despite the rocky na-

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ture of the soil. Towards the extremity of the garden, which is abruptly terminated by the deep precipice of the Tajo, undiscovered till you stand upon its very brink, rose a little mound, with a door at one side, overshadowed by a fruit-tree. Having opened this, we took leave of the cheerful surface of the earth, and began descending a subterranean passage, cut in an oblique direction through the solid rock, the roof being arched, while below was a series of steps. When it had led us a hundred and fifty feet below the surface, a glimmering of day showed that we were approaching the side of the ravine, and we presently found ourselves in a suite of apartments, partly hollowed into the bosom of the rock, partly formed by a very solid construction of brick, which rises from the bottom of the ravine, and is so incorporated with the perpendicular bank of the Tajo as to seem to form a portion of it. The rooms, though small, were numerous and complicated. They were all beautifully arched overhead, their ceilings resembling domes in miniature, and connected with each other by doors cut through the massive partitions. The floors were generally so strewed with rubbish as to remain unseen; but my companion mentioned, that in several places where they had been uncovered by money-diggers, they had been found to be paved with jasper.

Leaving the lantern at the entrance of these singular apartments, we passed through them, and descended the remaining stairway, by the aid of a glimmering of light, which struggled through embrasures on the side of the Tajo. At length we came to a small door, opening upon the bed of the Guadiaro. The rocks immediately at our feet were dry, from the lowness of the river, the greater portion of whose waters is diverted, at this season, for irrigation. Here we sat down, well pleased to rest after the fatigue of the descent, and breathe a little fresh air, in exchange for the dank atmosphere of the dungeon. Nothing could be more strange and bewildering than the view above and

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around us. The scenery of the Tajo was, indeed, of a character to which the eye did not easily familiarize itself. Around us were huge rocks, torn from the sides of the precipice, already worn smooth and deprived of their angles, and bidding fair, with the progress of centuries, to dwindle into as complete insignificance as the pebbles that clustered about them. The river roared at the bottom of the ravine, with a voice that gained strength from the confinement and isolation; while at a short distance on either side rose the parallel and perpendicular walls which the stream had hewn out for itself, towering upward and upward, until at length they blended themselves with the sky, offering on either hand a broken outline of towers, roofs, and chimneys, the busy haunts of men.

When the first surprise and the exclamations it produced were over, I began to inquire about the origin of the singular construction through which we had passed, and the uses to which it could possibly have been appropriated. It was then that I heard the different opinions and traditions already stated. With the young man, this was a favourite theme. He was in the frequent practice of visiting the cavern, and often came alone with a book to enjoy the coolness and seclusion of the Tajo. He dwelt long and learnedly upon the history of the place, and told me all that was known or conjectured in relation to it. Among other things he mentioned that about five years before, his father, in groping about the cavern, had discovered a decayed old box, which he found, on opening, to contain some jewels and Moorish coin of little value. The prize, however, had proved a dear one; for he had since employed labourers in excavating, but without further success. This little treasure had doubtless been thus concealed by some banished Morisco, when driven beyond the sea from his home and possessions, and denied the privilege of carrying away even the smallest trinket. The young man grew eloquent as he

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drew a picture of so hard a lot. He was the only Spaniard I had ever heard speak in pity of the sorrows of the Moriscos; and reason good there was for his sympathy, since the case had in some measure been made his own. He chanced to have some very dear relations, who had been obnoxious in the time of the constitution, and were now wandering in distant exile from their homes; his own brother being among the number of those hapless outcasts. Communication by letter with him was denied by the ingenious cruelty of the apostolics, and, for aught his friends knew, he might even then be languishing in want of the common necessaries of life, or driven to escape from starvation by some ignominious alternative.

We were yet talking over these misfortunes when we were suddenly startled by the arrival of a third person, who sprang from the bottom of the stairway to the rocks beside us. This was a robust old mountaineer, who farmed an estate of the family in one of the valleys of the Sierrania. He had come down, partly to see his young landlord on business, partly to look at a place with which he had once had a great deal to do, but which for years he had not seen. Salutations over, he began to tell us of a plan which the mountaineers had entertained in the War of Independence, to descend in the night along the bed of the stream, gain possession of the stairway, at that time in an abandoned state, and so, introducing themselves into the town, fall suddenly upon the French garrison and massacre every man. The townspeople were made privy to the scheme, and were to have joined in the assault; but in consequence of its becoming known, through them, to the enemy, it was defeated. The stout door which still secures the place was then put up, and a guard was ever after posted at the entrance of the cavern.

The conversation of the old man soon made known that he had taken a prominent part in the bloody and extermi-

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nating war which was waged between the French and Serranos, in the mountains of the neighbourhood. I afterward heard that he had been a distinguished partisan chief, and had at times commanded as many as a thousand of these wild warriors, brought together from the villages of his district. He took a seat beside us, and though he spoke without ostentation, he was easily led to talk of the scenes he had witnessed, and the dangers he had shared. Some of them, by their terrible interest, and the simplicity with which they were told, made a deep impression upon me. I thought I was witnessing them myself; and the feeling of horror excited by the atrocities to which the Spaniards were stimulated by the thirst for retaliation, and the settled spirit of revenge, will never fade from my mind. Some of them were too disgustingly atrocious and sanguinary to be here narrated; yet there was one, which, though terrible enough, may bear repetition.

"We were returning," said the old warrior, "from a successful attack upon a French foraging-party, which we had cut off close by the gates of the city, when we came suddenly upon a small patrolling guard of the enemy, under the command of a sergeant. So soon as we could prepare our arms we fell upon them, and, though they fought like lions, in a few minutes all but three were killed. These were at once overpowered by main force and brought to the ground, the sergeant himself being one of the survivers. This was the biggest man I ever saw; he was at least seven feet high, with immense frame and limbs, and was in all respects a giant, even to his long mustaches, which he might have curled over his ears. He was, moreover, sergeant-major of his regiment, a proof that he was first in courage as well as size, and had already made himself fatally known to us in former skirmishes. In those days the French called us brigands, and gave us no quarter when they caught us, which was seldom; nor did we spare them when they,

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as much oftener happened, fell into our hands. But we were struck with the looks and courage of the big sergeant, and though he had just killed two fine fellows for us with his own hand, we hated to destroy such a noble piece of manhood. After a short consultation, we agreed to make him an exception to our rule. So, killing and stripping the other prisoners, we tied his hands behind him, and, shouldering our own dead, set off for our villages in the mountains.

"We had gone a couple of leagues when we came to a very narrow pass, with rocks on either side. This pass had been a favourite stand of our guerrilleros, and had been fatal to many Frenchmen, among whom it was familiarly known as the Road of Bitterness. I don't know whether the sergeant was overcome with fatigue, or what it was that possessed him, but when he came to this place he suddenly halted, and swore that he would go no farther. We told him that we had spared his life in truth and honesty; that we meant no harm to him, but would treat him as a prisoner, and send him to the English at the Plaza. But all that we could say did not move his resolution; and his body was as immoveable as his will; for, placing his back against a rock, and his feet at the other side of the path, he braced himself so strongly that our attempts to drag him with us were as useless as if they had been made upon the hill itself. He was even unwilling to hear what we said to him. Putting his hands to his ears, he moved his head from side to side, and muttered in bad Castilian, 'No prisionero! no prisionero! morir!' There was no doing any thing else with him, since he would not go a prisoner to the English, for fear, perhaps, of the pontoons, so we could only grant the death he desired.

"There was a Moor with us, who had lived some time in Malaga, and then come to dwell among us in the mountains. The fellow, notwithstanding his bad lineage, was a good Christian, and very valiant. This Moor we set upon

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the Frenchman; and he, putting the muzzle of his musket close to the sergeant's ear, pulled the trigger. The Frenchman straightened himself, convulsively grating his teeth and lifting his body upwards, as if he would have pushed the rocks from their places. Then, relaxing suddenly, he fell like a rag to the bottom of the pass, and, if we had not caught him, would have rolled down the mountain. There was a hollow close by the side of the road, made by the rolling away of a large rock. We threw the dead giant into it, and covering him with stones, we stuck a wooden cross into the top of the heap, and left him there to rest, far from the land of his fathers."

The veteran guerrillero did not tire of telling these stories, nor we of hearing them; and in this way we passed an hour without suspecting it, in the most wild and out-of-the-way place in the world, at the foot of the subterranean stairway, and at the bottom of the Tajo. At length he suddenly bethought himself that he had little time to lose, if he were to settle all his business and return that night to the mountains. We all rose, and the old man, who felt himself stiffening with age, and no longer in a condition to act over again the scenes which had just passed in retrospection before him, as he stretched himself aloft and raised his hands above his head to shake off the uneasiness of a long sitting, exclaimed, half in pride, half regrettingly, "Ah! era entonces un buen pedacito de hombre!—Ah, me! I was then a good little piece of a man!"

As he stood before me, I gazed with pleasure upon his manly and noble form and compact attire. He had left his jacket and hat above, that they might not embarrass him, his head being bound, as usual among the mountaineers, with a red handkerchief. His embroidered shirt was simply buttoned at the neck, discovering below a projecting sunburnt chest, covered with a thick growth of hair. A long knife, with a sheath, was stuck through his red sash

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in front, while, as an offset, a grape-vine staff was similarly disposed of behind, and a short spur was screwed to the heel of his right shoe. As for the features of the veteran, they were prominent and manly, with shaggy and projecting eyebrows. His hair and beard were changing their colour, and his face was scarred with many a furrow, which time, and the enemies of his country, had combined to scatter there; but the disgusting traces of intemperance were nowhere to be seen. While we were sitting down, the squareness of his frame, and the admirable proportion of his limbs, had led me to underrate his height; but now, as I stood up beside him, I found that, like the big sergeant's, his was also colossal. As I made the comparison, it struck me that, notwithstanding the years that had passed over him, and his own disparaging reflection, he would still make a troublesome antagonist; and when I associated the scenes through which he had passed with his manly and fearless bearing, I could not help thinking that there was something in him of the old Spanish cavalier, nor drawing the conclusion, that if we were to seek in modern Spain for men capable of emulating the deeds of a Cid, a Guzman, a Ponce de Leon, or a Cortes, it should not be among the heirs of their estates and honours, the titular chivalry of the day; but rather among the yeomanry of these mountains, among the peasants and contrabandistas of the Serrania of Ronda.

Having heard that there were some remains of Roman architecture near the singular place of which I have just spoken, I passed thence in search of them to a neighbouring tanyard, to which my young subterranean cicerone had directed me. On knocking at the gate, and meeting with no other reply than the inhospitable barking of a very fierce dog, I repressed for the time my antiquarian spirit, which, to tell the truth, was not a very active one. As for the history of this place under the Romans, we merely know that

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those conquerors possessed a city of the same name in this neighbourhood. Yet it is believed that the site of the present Ronda was first selected by the Moors, to whom it offered so many attractions on the score of territorial riches and security. Indeed, before the invention of cannon, Ronda must have been impregnable, except by blockade; for the Moorish city stood entirely upon the inaccessible rock which lies south of the Tajo. It was then defended by the strong Alcazar at its southern extremity, and by an unbroken line of wall, with square towers at the angles of the rock, which ran entirely around it. Many remains of these fortifications still exist; but in an abandoned state, and overrun with a rank growth of weeds and fig-trees.

Ronda was doubtless a very flourishing city under the Moorish domination. It was always formidable to the Christians, as well from the mountain fastnesses by which it was surrounded, as from the warlike character of its inhabitants. For these reasons it continued to hold out for the kingdom of Granada, long after its direct communication with the capital had been cut off by the capture of the intervening cities. It was, however, at length besieged by Ferdinand and Isabella, in the year 1485, after a repeated devastation of the surrounding country, and the cutting down of those fair orchards, which then, as now, adorned the windings of the Guadiaro. It was plentifully provisioned, and garrisoned by an army of veteran soldiers, natives of that mountainous region, and, like those of the present day, among the bravest and most vigorous of men. But the Castilians brought to the struggle equal courage, superior numbers, and the flush of newly-achieved victories. Here, too, they first used an art of destruction till then unknown; hollow balls were discharged from their cannon, and made to fall into the city, bursting and scattering desolation on every side. Terror took possession of all; the women and children filled the air with their cries; and the prep-

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arations which the Christians were seen making for the assault, augmented the universal dismay. A capitulation was now agreed upon, and the inhabitants gladly consented to the surrender of their city. Some went to settle on lands which had been assigned to them out of the confiscated estates in Seville, the property of individuals who had fallen victims to the inquisition; others sought refuge in Africa; while a few remained to suffer new persecutions at home.

In those iron times, when the stern cavaliers were strangers to pity, and pious bishops, with the cross in one hand and the sword in the other, marched at the head of the array, there must, indeed, have been a dreadful havoc and cruelty; but they have been equalled, nay, outdone, by the atrocities which Ronda has witnessed in modern times. I allude to the War of Independence, when Napoleon was bending all his efforts to intrude Joseph upon the throne of Spain, and the invaded nation was struggling to shake off the yoke. In such a state of things Ronda was an important point, but especially from its being the capital of a mountainous region, of which the inhabitants have ever been celebrated for their brave and enterprising character. They are trained to the hardy life of the mountains, and accustomed early to the daring expeditions of the smuggler, and to the use of fire-arms, which they carry wherever they go, as a protection against the custom-house officers, and the robbers who infest the passes of the mountains.

This character of the mountaineers, combined with their detestation of a foreign interference in their affairs, asserted itself soon after the French invasion. Scarcely had the enemy got possession of Ronda, before the Serranos began their annoyance. No party could venture into the country in quest of provisions without being decimated. Every wood and every rock concealed an enemy, by whom some

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gallant young officer, the future hope of the army, or weather-beaten veteran, who had marched from one end of Europe to the other, and engraved his name on the Pyramids, would be shot down without an opportunity of resistance or a hope of revenge. The French tried to remedy this by harsh measures. They called the armed inhabitants brigands, and treated them, when they fell into their hands, as rebels against the constituted authorities, putting them all to the sword. The Spaniards were not backward in retaliating, and joined barbarity to bloodshed. It is even probable that they may have taken the lead in these scenes of horror; for they were not subject to military discipline, and yielded only a voluntary obedience to their chiefs; they were, moreover, the aggrieved, while the French stood in the odious and exasperating light of aggressors. Besides, a love for scenes of violence and bloodshed may be said to be inherent in the Spaniard. In infancy he is borne each Sunday to the bullfight in the maternal arms, and, when grown to manhood, is accustomed to resent an insult or decide a quarrel, not by blows of the fist, but by deadly thrusts of the murderous weapon which he carries everywhere with him. The character of the Frenchman is much milder; he is rather inclined to mirth and good-humour than to violence, and, though quite as brave as the Spaniard, his generous disposition is opposed to treacherous and wanton cruelty.

The war in these mountains, as almost everywhere in the Peninsula, was a war of detail, in which France lost her hundreds of thousands almost without a battle. So audacious did the mountaineers become from their success, that they would venture into the very town of Ronda, and choose their victims from the concealment of a window or a doorway. Even when King Joseph was at Ronda they dared to put this in practice, and thus killed several of his suite; so that he very soon left a place where he exposed his per-

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son without promoting the interests of his cause. The French general commanding here lost his life at scarcely a quarter of a mile from the town, while riding out to reconnoitre a party of mountaineers who had approached to entice the French out, purposing to lead them past an ambush which they had laid. He had halted upon the open plain, on the north of the Alameda, which is bounded by the brink of the Tajo, and there received a death-wound from a man concealed behind the precipice, who, the moment the fatal bullet was despatched, effected his escape through a vineyard to the stream below, and thence to the thousand concealments of the opposite bank; or perhaps returned to the town, to gaze unconcernedly upon the funeral entry of the Frenchman whom he had slaughtered.

The townspeople, too, though checked by the presence of the French, did not fail to show their detestation towards them; for the situation of a reckless soldier, quartered in the house and among the family of a citizen, is fruitful enough in causes of vexation. Besides, the women were not always as inimical to the Frenchmen as their lords would have had them. Here was a deeper and more deadly injury; the Spaniard is not a man to sit still under grievances; the murderous knife would be busy in the night, and many a Frenchman found a grave at the bottom of the Tajo. If a Frenchman were abusive to his landlord, "To the Tajo!" If he came home disturbing the house at midnight, and calling for more wine, as he reeled to and fro, with his sabre in his hand, it would be given to him to drink his fill; but in the night the knife would find its way to his heart, and before morning he would be safely disposed of at the bottom of the Tajo. The French, thus harassed, became outrageous, and the officers were not always at hand to check the fury of the soldiery. I was told, by a person who was worthy of all confidence, that he had seen two Spaniards thrown off alive from the

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Alameda into the fearful abyss. But the next morning the attention of the town and garrison was attracted to the esplanade north of the Alameda. The mountaineers had heard in the evening of the fate of their countrymen; they took their measures for revenge during the night, and the morning sun glared upon the agonized features of four Frenchmen, who were seen elevated in the air upon stakes, on which they had been empaled alive. In this case, as in all others where the Spaniards were signally aggrieved by any act of cruelty, the measure of retaliation always doubled the measure of aggression. In the more justifiable acts of warfare, the difference was still more in their favour; every Spaniard, when he saw a Frenchman, knew that he looked on an enemy; but the French had not this certainty to direct them. They went out in parties of infantry or cavalry, in pursuit of their enemies. The Spaniards would post themselves along the roadside, each under cover of a rock or a bush, in situations inaccessible to cavalry, and not favourable to the operations of regular troops of any kind. In this way the French would either entangle themselves in an unequal contest with a party who knew their own strength, while to their enemy it was unknown, or else run the gantlet and be decimated without an attempt at resistance. Thus there is no doubt that at least ten Frenchmen fell for every Spaniard; and it has been conjectured that no fewer than nine thousand of the former were shot down like dogs in the mountains of Ronda. It must therefore be admitted, that if the Spaniards were greatly injured, they were not less amply revenged; though that fell spirit of destruction descended, not upon the author of their misfortunes, but upon his immediate, yet, perhaps, innocent, and often unwilling instruments.

These facts, collected from conversations in Ronda, are corroborated by the interesting memoirs of Rocca, the bosom friend of Madame de Staël, which every one should

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read who would gain an idea of the horrors of the Spanish War of Independence. There is one story told in this little volume, which shows the bitterness of the Spaniards towards the invaders, not less than their humorous disposition. "Instead of a young ox, they once brought us among the contributions an ass cut up into quarters. The hussars thought the veal tasted flat, but never discovered the truth until long after, when, as they fired at us from behind the rocks and trees of the mountain gorges, they would taunt us by crying out, 'Who ate ass-flesh in Olbera?'"

Ronda in the present day is a very pretty, flourishing place, of twelve or fourteen thousand souls, and is almost the only town I have seen in Spain which shows indications of an increasing population. Its prosperous state is attributable to its being the great head-quarters of Andalusia for the introduction of foreign goods, upon which so high a duty is exacted at the custom-houses on entry that they may be viewed in the light of interdicted articles. This high duty, while it is certainly a tax upon the community of consumers at large, and upon the fair trader, offers a direct bounty to the smuggler. Where there is a bounty offered, even though connected with risk and a penalty, there will always be found people ready to grasp it. Nor is there any real and virtual crime in the traffic of the Spanish smuggler; his occupation, on the contrary, would seem to be meritorious, inasmuch as it benefits the country, and produces an approximation towards free trade. It is but evading an injurious and oppressive law, to which his assent has been neither asked nor granted, and of which the breach is as honourable as the observance.

As there are many contrabandistas in all this mountain region, there are of course many aduaneros, or custom-house officers; a kind of licensed privateers, that cruise against the smugglers under governmental colours, and who, when they fall in with a prize, send it in, or ransom it, as

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best suits their convenience. They lead an easy life enough, and are well mounted, armed, and clothed, at the expense of the king. They seldom venture where there is any risk of hard knocks, but pass their time in riding from village to village and smoking contraband cigars, which they buy with the money of his majesty. In this way there are thirty or forty thousand persons employed in Spain, to prevent the smuggling excited by heavy duties, and these are in fact the very persons who most encourage it. They are directly benefited by doing so, inasmuch as they receive fees from the smugglers, and indirectly, because it is to the existence of the system that they owe their employment. Thus, though there be only a narrow isthmus to guard at Gibraltar, yet much of the tobacco and other goods for this part of the country are actually introduced by land. I was told by a smuggler with whom I rode from Ronda to Gaucin, that the toll for admitting a horse loaded with goods is about ten dollars. In this way, after one set of walking aduaneros, paid by the king, have allowed the contraband articles to enter the kingdom, another set is paid by the same beneficent monarch for hunting them about the country on horseback. The vice of this system is familiar enough to the present government of Spain, but it is in a manner pledged against all innovation. If there is any one thing which especially proves the utter folly and incapacity of the late Cortes, it is, that while employed in breaking down the barrier of public faith, and making an enemy of the wealthiest and most intelligent class in the nation, by grasping at the lands of the church, as much perhaps for the gratification of private avarice as to increase the resources of the state, this intrusive government should have neglected the abolition of the restrictive system, a measure which would have furnished Spain with a surer source of national wealth, in an increased revenue and diminished expenditure.

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There is an annual fair held at Ronda, in the month of May, for the sale of cattle raised in the neighbourhood, and of contraband goods brought from Gibraltar. This is attended by people on business or pleasure from all parts of Andalusia, as well as by foreigners from Gibraltar, and officers from the British garrison. The town is, for a few days, the scene of business, bustle, and festivity. During this fair, the bullfights are seen in all their glory; for the arena of Ronda is the finest in Spain.

CHAPTER IX.

JOURNEY TO GIBRALTAR.

Preparations—Prefatory Ramble—Military Sepulchre—Juan Cañestro—The Caravan—Adieux—The Mountains—The Road of Bitterness—The Haunted Venta—Alpine Scenery—Serranos of Ronda—Gaucin—Morning Scene—Moorish Castle—View of the Mediterranean—Journey Renewed—Diego the Guide—Encounter with Smugglers—Solitary Ride—Gibraltar.

On returning home from my antiquarian ramble, I bethought myself that the next day was the one which had been appointed for the departure of the cosario. The idea of robbers, and empty pockets, and broken ribs, from which my attention had been abstracted during my short stay in Ronda, was now brought back to my recollection. In truth, on reaching the common court and kitchen of the posada, I found my worthy old landlady consoling a widow of her acquaintance, who had arrived before break of day from Ximena, having been attacked, about a league from Ronda, by the party of robbers among whom I was to run the gantlet, and who, as well as four or five fellow-travellers, had been plundered of every thing. They had even left her to freeze, without her shawl and mantilla, in a cold

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morning on the top of a mountain. "And such a road too," said she, "one moment in the heavens, with naught on every side save the sky; the next, along so steep a mountain that I had to hug my mule round the neck to avoid being thrown down the precipice, while overhead were immense crags, that seemed ready to let go their hold and crush me; then down among broken rocks and gloomy bushes, and through a roaring torrent that reached the belly of my rough-gaited mule, and seemed about to take his legs from under him and sweep us both away." This was not the worst, however. One of the men, who had only a few reals with him, was severely beaten and left literally "en cuerros—in his skin;" while another, who had concealed his money and was discovered in the act, was stabbed in several places, and reached Ronda in a woful condition. The matter was really serious; but our landlady held out a glimmer of consolation by telling me, that if there were any means of going safe, it was with the cosario Juan Cañestro, who had already passed several times without interference. She offered to send her grandson for him, as it was not well that I should be seen at his house engaging a passage; for there was no knowing what spies the bandits might have in Ronda. The cosario was soon in my room, and, over a cup of wine, we quickly agreed that he should take me either to Algeziras or Gibraltar for three dollars, and furnish me with a fine white mule, which was "muy valiente—a very valiant one."

The next day was employed in revisiting the striking scenes of Ronda; its Tajo and Alameda, the fertile valley of the Guadiaro and ruinous Alcazar. In the afternoon I bade good-by to the landlady and to the widow, who wished that I might arrive "sin novedad;" though she said it with an air of unbelief. When I came to the house of Juan Cañestro, the mules were still eating quietly in the stable, and no preparations had been made for our departure. So,

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leaving my effects to be packed by the muleteer, I strolled to an eminence north of the town, where the French had thrown up a battery when they were masters of Ronda. It is now abandoned; the breastwork has fallen down in some places and filled up the ditch, and a crop of wheat has been raised this year in the area; so that the spot is rapidly returning to the state of fertility from which the spirit of destruction had perverted it. I found an old man standing at the highest part of the mound, watching a herd of goats intermingled with a few sheep. Some were browsing along the level spots, some in the more elevated situations; others standing upon the perpendicular sides of the fortification, cropping the solitary plants or flowers that grew among the stones, and which they seemed to value in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining them; while the patriarch of the flock, with a bell round his neck, and a long beard descending from his chin, stood aside in a secluded part of the trench, in converse with the favourite of the hour. Having saluted the old goatherd, and engaged him in conversation, I gathered from him that the goats belonged to various inhabitants of the town, and he received so much a year for driving them every day to pasture, and bringing them back in the night, when they disperse, each for the house of its master. He had been always employed in this way, and, indeed, had never stirred from Ronda. In the centre of this fort, the French general killed near Ronda, as well as all the officers who fell during the occupation of the place, were buried; their common tomb being covered with an immense mass of stone and rubbish, to prevent the desecration of their remains. This, however, was but a feeble barrier against the fury of the mountaineers, who, on the very day of the departure of the enemy, while some continued to annoy their retreat, tore the dead bodies from their sanctuary, loaded them with indignities, and scattered them in fragments over the fields.

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On my return the mules were not yet ready; so I accepted the invitation of the cosario to walk in and be seated. There were, besides Juan Cañestro and his wife, several others in the family. His son was preparing the mules in the stable, and every now and then passed through the room where we were sitting, leading one of them into the street to receive its burden, while his wife was mending a shirt for him to put on clean at the moment of departure; for these muleteers carry no changes of linen. I could not help admiring the beauty of her auburn hair and blue eyes, which, though such are often met with in these mountains, are sufficiently rare in other parts of Spain, where they are greatly esteemed. Two flaxen-haired children were playing about at her feet with a wooden doll and a noisy trumpet, which the father had just brought from Gibraltar.

The mules were at length loaded and placed in a string before the door, where they stood groaning and twisting under the immense weight which they bore, and of which each endeavoured to disengage himself by rubbing against his neighbour. Their burdens consisted of large packages of ice, brought from the neighbouring Sierra de Nieve, and put up in straw and blankets; destined to supply the coffee-houses of Algeziras. These packages weighed two hundred and fifty pounds; and each mule carried two of them suspended in balance over his back. As for my mule, it was white, and a beast of some figure, as the cosario had promised. The old man now went in search of a large bell, made of sheet-copper, with a wooden clapper, and weighing at least a dozen pounds, which contributed to increase the burden of the foremost mule. It was not strapped round his neck, but hung by a hook to the cloth which covered one of the packages; and was shifted from side to side during the journey, as the balance of the load required.

When all this was done, the young man embraced his wife affectionately, and taking his children into his arms,

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he kissed them once and again, while his father contented himself with muttering "adios!" to his more ancient partner, as he took the halter of the foremost mule, and we all set off amid the greetings and well wishes of the women and children, as well as of all the neighbourhood, which had come out to witness our departure. The young woman, with her youngest child in her arms, followed us to the first corner, and there, sending forth her final "hasta la vista!—until we meet!" she stood watching our receding steps until we reached the bridge, and a turn in the street shut us from her view.

As we wound through Ronda in the direction of the ruined Alcazar, and thence took our course along the modern suburb which has grown up without the ancient precincts of the town, the solitary streets became peopled as we passed. The churchyard accents of our copper bell struck upon familiar ears; "Alli viene Juan Cañestro! alli viene tio Juan!" was frequently uttered in the streets; the old women would hobble to the doors of their houses, the young ones clustered in the balconies, and the children, rushing into the street or leaving the sports of the moment, would run after us to hand us a letter for Algeziras, or some intervening village. If good wishes could have ensured us a secure journey during the coming night, we should have had nothing to fear; every one we saw, whether beggar or well-attired contrabandista, was an acquaintance of Juan Cañestro, and every one commended us to the best of good keeping, in the ejaculation of "con Dios!"

As soon as we had passed the extreme limits of the town, and crossed a valley which may once have formed the bed of the Guadiaro, we began to ascend into the region of the mountains. Here we overtook a party who were going with loaded mules to Gibraltar, and two contrabandistas on a smuggling errand to the same place. They were waiting for us at a spring by the roadside, in order that our

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party might be as strong as possible on passing the stand of the robbers. After refreshing ourselves, we moved on, and ascending the summit of a hill, discovered a deep ravine below us, the little light that still remained enabling us to discern a mountain ridge rising on the opposite side. No inhabitant, no tree, no herbage was to be seen; and no friendly low of cattle broke upon the solitude of the scene and hour. Precipices overhung us, and rocks rose around us, while natural caverns, yawning in the sides of the mountain, supplied places of habitation, now untenanted. With difficulty we could trace, through the obscurity of the twilight, our road, descending at a fearful angle to the bottom of the ravine, and then rising not less steeply to the opposite summit. This place is of fatal celebrity in the history of the War of Independence, from the number of Frenchmen slain here. Every stone of the road has been sprinkled with the blood of a victim, and not a rock skirts its course but has offered concealment to the vindictive purpose of the Spaniard. From the danger attending the passage of this ravine, it became terrible to the French; they called it "le chemin de l'amertume," and the veterans who had not trembled when beset by thousands at Marengo, at Jena, or at the foot of the Pyramids, now quailed at their own shadows, as they hurried through this treacherous slaughter-house. This was the scene of the tragedy described to me by the veteran mountaineer at the bottom of the Tajo. It was here that the big sergeant had halted and asked of his captors the boon of death; and some one of the heaps of stone that strewed the wayside, doubtless marked the position of his grave. The Spaniards are rather proud than ashamed of their War of Independence, and of the murderous and unequal warfare by which a disbanded peasantry were able to free their soil from an overwhelming force of the best troops of Europe. They therefore pre-

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serve the name given to this place by their enemies, having converted it into " el camino de la amargura."

It was not without anxiety that we approached this place; for it was from the concealment of the walls of an abandoned inn, at the bottom of the ravine, that the robbers had sallied out to attack the widow and her party. Thence they might discover all who entered the pass, and be certain that no rescue could interpose between them and their prey. Escape, in such a situation, was impossible; for, as soon as we began the descent, the steepness of the declivity obliged us all to dismount, and rendered the progress of the loaded beasts extremely slow and laborious. One of the contrabandistas had a carbine, which he carried over his shoulder; but his companion, seeing the uselessness of one such weapon against eight armed men, bade him put it up; and he did so, well knowing the consequences of an attempt at resistance in such cases when it proves unsuccessful.

Conversation had ceased with our party at the commencement of the descent, and singing and whistling gradually died away as we drew near the bottom of the ravine. Nothing at length was heard to disturb the pervading stillness but the tread of our mules, as they picked their way carefully among the loose stones, kicking them sometimes down the declivity before them, and the mournful notes of our bell, which Juan Cañestro had just hung in a more favourable situation for sending forth its well-known sounds. At last we had attained the narrow space of level ground which formed the bottom of the ravine, and the whole party moved forward at a more rapid pace. We could now discover distinctly the ruined dwelling, which we had barely caught sight of from the summit of the ridge, and which, in approaching it, had been entirely withdrawn from our view by the gathering darkness. The roof had fallen in, but the walls, which were of hewn stone and very massive, remained everywhere entire. They were blackened at the

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doors and windows with smoke, for the place had in former times been a venta for the reception and refreshment of travellers. During the War of Independence it was found to yield shelter and concealment to the armed mountaineers. The inmates were therefore driven forth, and the habitation, which had alone redeemed the savage character of the ravine, was converted into a smoking ruin, as if to complete the picture of desolation. It now served a very different purpose from the hospitable one which had led to its erection. The band of footpads from whom we expected a visit usually posted themselves within its walls; and when a party, of whose inferior force or wealthy appearance they had satisfied themselves during the descent, had attained the front of the ruined dwelling, they would direct their carbines upon them from the doors and windows, compel them to halt, throw away their arms if they had any, and then place themselves on the ground, with their faces down, until their persons could be rifled. When we came opposite it we glanced anxiously into the windows, not knowing who might be hidden behind the walls; we could only see the rubbish of the fallen roof and the half-burnt rafters which encumbered the interior.

Here the ascent commenced. The contrabandistas mounted their horses, and I my mule, and we wound slowly up the hill-side. As we receded from the haunted house below, the whistling, the songs, and the conversation gradually revived; at every step up the mountain our hearts became lighter, and when we were fairly at the summit we were all as happy as kings. These men now assumed a vivacity which was evidently not habitual to them; before reaching the ravine, they had said not a word of robbers or danger, as if unwilling to increase their anxiety by mutual communication, or betray symptoms of fear, which the Spaniard, when he does feel it, loves to conceal under a cloak of impenetrable apathy. They told me that we had been

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in great danger; that there was no doubt the band were at their post; and that we probably owed our safety to the bell of tio Cañestro; for two of the robbers were young men from Ronda, and one of them was a blacksmith, who had been brought up near the house of the old man, and in youth had been the friend and playmate of his son. He had made acquaintance with the bullfighters at the late fair, had got into bad ways, gambled, and run in debt, and was now, at an early age, in full and hopeful career.

We now descended into a valley, in which the trees, streams, and verdure offered a welcome exchange for the unqualified sterility of the ravine. The country through which we passed in going to Gaucin is of the most picturesque character, much like the Swiss scenery in the Jura and in the lesser Alps. The loftier ridges of the mountains were rugged and steril, but their sides were covered with vegetation, and furnished food for many sheep and oxen. I here noticed the same delicious fragrance exhaling from the wild verdure of the mountains, so grateful to the traveller in the neighbourhood of Granada. Our road was often intersected by noisy little rills seeking the level of the valley, or water-courses that furnished motion to mills, or served the purpose of irrigation. During the night's journey we passed through many villages, some posted upon eminences, some upon the declivity of a mountain, others nestled quietly in the security of a valley. Their frequency formed the best evidence of the populousness of the country. This does not so much depend upon its natural resources, which are greatly surpassed by many tracts of Spain that are almost uninhabited, as upon the hardy and independent character of the people, and their mountainous and inaccessible abode, which has enabled them, like the Biscayans and the Navarrese, to save something from the wreck of Spanish liberty. The whole of this region bears the name of Serrania of Ronda, whence the inhabitants derive their appel-

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lation of Serranos. They lead either a pastoral or agricultural life, and many of them gain their bread by the hardy service of the smuggler. They are brave fellows, and, in mere physical conformation, are inferior to no people that I have seen. Their height is above the common standard of Europeans, with frames offering a happy combination of elegance, activity, and strength. This effect is well sustained by their costume, which is the genuine Andalusian, consisting of jacket, breeches, and leggins. They, however, have a still greater fondness for finery than their neighbours; they are usually seen with a gayer sash round the waist, and scarf about the neck, than is common elsewhere; and wear almost always a gaudy handkerchief on their heads, with the ends hanging down under the hat. Their horses, too, are caparisoned in a manner equally gay; the headstall of the halter, for they use no bridles, is usually covered with red fringe and tassels, with an ornament like a feather standing up between the ears, and the breechings of the packsaddle are adorned in a similar manner. It is a gallant sight to see a band of these contrabandistas, each mounted upon his bales, which are packed so as to form a platform on the back of the horse; some seated sidewise, some astride, all, however, at a gallop, with their carbines hung securely beside them, and the flowing manes and tails of their horses mingling with the tassels of their furniture. These Serranos, being more jealous than is usual, even among Spaniards, of foreign interference, were the most formidable opponents with whom the French had to contend in the Peninsula, and have since been powerfully instrumental in putting down the constitutional system. They cherish a strong attachment to their curates, to their religion, and to the ancient customs of their country.

We arrived before dawn at a poor inn at Gaucin, which was, however, filled to overflowing with guests. There

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was but one comfortless room on the ground floor unoccupied; or, at least, only occupied by an old sergeant, who was conducting a few troops to the garrison of Algeziras. He was called up, and invited by the matron who conducted the affairs of the inn to remove his bed into the open court, which, in this case, formed one room with the kitchen and stable. He said not a word; took up the gray capote, which served him the purpose of mattrass, sheet, and blanket, and the knapsack, which formed his pillow, and his bed was soon made upon the paving-stones which composed the floor of the kitchen. I felt sorry for the intrusion, and would have recalled him. "Quien paga, goza—he who pays, enjoys"—said the old woman. "There was room enough for both of us," said I. "Ya duerme," replied the landlady; and, in truth, when I went to call him he was already snoring.

My own slumbers, though invited by the luxurious combination of bed, and sheet, and pillow, were of more difficult attainment; I was not alone on my mattrass, its possession being disputed by countless herds of previous occupants, so that I hailed with joy the first rays of the sun as they peeped into my apartment, and was glad to throw up the window and inhale the fresh morning air. What a beautiful scene was before me! The newly-risen sun had scarcely shown itself above the pinnacle of the mountain, which rose high in the east, bathing the whole scene in brilliancy, and converting into crystal the dew-drops that clung to the foliage. On the north, and immediately in front of my window, was a lofty and broken ridge, whose cheerless aspect augmented, by the force of contrast, the attractions of the picture. Vegetation commenced some distance below its summit, and cultivation presently followed, converting the declivity into one extended vineyard. Immediately beneath my window was a deep vale, scooped by the course of the water into the side of the

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mountain. Here the peach and the fig tree grew beside the orange and the lemon, while the vine stretched itself from branch to branch. This verdant grove was alive with music; the nightingale lengthened out his notes in gratulation of the returning day, and the blackbird, with a chorus of inferior songsters, joined in the jubilee.

While amusing myself with this beautiful prospect, I was called to partake of the old fare: eggs fried in oil, bread and wine, fruit and gaspacho. This over, I left the inn and wandered forth into the streets of Gaucin, and coming to the southern extremity of the town, found two ruinous towers, standing conspicuously on a lofty hill which rises in a rugged and precipitous manner, and which are famous in the history of the wars of Ferdinand and Isabella, when Gaucin was taken by storm, and all its inhabitants put to the sword. Pursuing the winding road which led to the summit of the hill, I found that the small platform of level ground which crowned it was enclosed by a wall, now in ruins, within which were two towers of Moorish construction, but exhibiting, in the loopholes which had been perforated in the walls, an indication of modern warfare. Within the enclosure was a convent or hermitage, which had probably sprung up among these relics of the Moors, when the cross had triumphed by their expulsion. I clambered by the ruined stairway to the top of one of them, and there enjoyed a prospect of no ordinary beauty; on the north was the same rugged eminence which I had seen in the morning from the window, and over the whole vicinity of Gaucin was spread the same profusion of vineyards; while towards the Mediterranean the land declined in a successive range of mountains, each lower than the preceding, except at the southern extremity of Europe, where Gibraltar stood in bold relief, proudly overlooking the sea, by which it seemed to be surrounded. On the east of the Rock were a number of ships, dwindled into specks, yet

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plainly visible upon the surface of the sea, as they plied on opposite tacks, contending against breeze and current, and vainly endeavouring to attain the port. Beyond was the second pillar of Hercules, which, though of nobler dimensions than Gibraltar, lost a little of its pre-eminence from its connexion with the loftier range of African mountains which rose beyond the outline of the coast.

When the heat of the day was over, and the sun was declining in the west, Juan Cañestro summoned us to depart, and we left Gaucin in company with a caravan of thirty or forty mules and asses, going to Algeziras and Gibraltar. The cosario was going to the former place, and would rather have taken me with him than turn out of his way to leave me at Gibraltar. My determination to take the more direct course created some embarrassment in the old man's plans; from this he at length relieved himself by procuring a lad, about twelve years old, to accompany me as far as the Spanish lines, where he was to leave me and join the cosario at Algeziras. This sturdy urchin, young as he was, had already followed his father's mules during the last two years, walking after them a whole day's journey, unless when they went unloaded. As a proof of the hardy manner in which the Spanish youth are brought up, it may be sufficient to mention that he had walked the night before twenty-eight miles, and, had he not been taken away to accompany me, would have performed as many more that night. The early age at which the children of the labouring classes become useful in Spain, is indeed surprising; not only are they early initiated in the labours of the road and of the field, but likewise intrusted with going to market, making bargains, and conducting concerns that demand mental as well as physical energy. To these circumstances, which at the same time prevent education, are doubtless attributable that hardy conformation and patient endurance of fatigue, as well as that great shrewdness

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and practical sense, for which the country people in Spain are famous. These lads, thus early accustomed to share the labours of maturer years, are treated with a deference which in no other country is extended to children. They are admitted without jealousy to take part in the conversation of men, and imitate them in all things; in dress, manners, and the affectation of gravity. There is something ludicrous in the mimic bearing of these little men; but, when you come to deal with them, you find that they have more of the man about them than the mere exterior.

On leaving Gaucin we had commenced a rapid descent along the succession of mountains which decline towards the coast. These, as we advanced, dwindled into hills, the torrents accumulated and swelled into rivers, and the gorges, losing themselves in each other, opened into luxuriant vegas, rich with vegetation, and abounding with groves of lemon and orange; trees unknown in the colder region of the Serrania. At length, towards nightfall, we reached the point where the Algeziras and Gibraltar roads diverge, and Juan Cañestro, as he turned to the right with his portion of the caravan, commended me to the keeping of God and the youthful Diego, whose duty now commenced. As my white mule had shown himself a right valiant one, according to his master's assurance, I thought that there would be no hardship in making him carry double; so I brought the animal to a pause, and Diego, grasping the packsaddle and making use of my stiffened foot as a stirrup, mounted to his station upon the crupper. We now set forward gleefully; the mule had lost none of his alacrity; Diego, from a footman, had suddenly become a caballero; and I, in a social point of view, had been greatly a gainer. To while away the time, I plied him with questions about what he knew, and all that he had seen, and who was his sweetheart. He had much to say of robbers, smugglers, and custom-house officers; had been two winters at a

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school of "primeras letras," and could spell most words of a single syllable; as for his heart, it belonged, in undivided possession, to his next-door neighbour, the youthful Jesusita.

When our conversation began to flag, we grew impatient at the slow pace of the Gibraltar caravan, and determined to go forward at our own gait. So, loosing the halter and encouraging the mule, we hurried away, passing first the laden mules, then the vanguard of master muleteers who owned the beasts, and abandoned the drudgery to their inferior attendants, while they directed the route and rode at their ease on asses. Thus we darted on swiftly and merrily, until the gradually decreasing sound of the bells became no longer audible, and we found ourselves alone upon the heath. We were advancing in this solitary way, when we heard a sudden rustling in the grass and bushes beside the path, and, on looking up, saw ourselves surrounded by some twenty horsemen, one of whom, being a little in the van, greeted us with the familiar and unceremonious salutation of "Ola!" That these were robbers was a very natural reflection. This was, however, immediately removed. "Is there any thing in the way?" inquired the leader of the band. "Nothing," was the brief answer of Diego; and then they all brushed by us, muttering, "Vayan ustedes con Dios, hermanos!" As they passed us on either side, I could see that the horses were heavily laden, and that the riders sat upon the top of the burdens, each with his carbine dangling beside him or thrown across his lap, in greater readiness for service. It was clear that they were smugglers, and that the object of their inquiry was to ascertain if there were any custom-house officers in the way, with whom they might expect an encounter. They had probably been landed with their goods, towards nightfall, by some smuggling felucca, at a place where their horses were in waiting, and were now going to Ronda and the villages of the Serrania.

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This adventure supplied us with excitement and conversation for another hour, during which we travelled onward over the heath without meeting man, beast, or habitation; no light cheered the eye, and no tinkling bell broke upon the ear with its social salutation. As our road was but a narrow and half-beaten pathway, leading among the inequalities of the broken soil, and constantly diverging into branches, nothing was easier than for us to lose it. This, indeed, at length happened, and we presently found ourselves entangled in the bushes which rose around and obstructed our passage. It was with some difficulty that Diego recovered the track; and being alarmed at this, and by the danger of encountering robbers in so solitary a place, he advised that we should halt near the roadside and wait for the arrival of the caravan. We accordingly sought an adjacent hollow, where our white mule might be less exposed to observation, and lay down under a cork-tree, upon the bed of dry leaves which a succession of seasons had collected. The mule was not so well contented with the situation as ourselves; he pulled about at the end of his halter, and showed every symptom of impatience; snuffing up the air in every direction, turning up his nose for a minute together, and then uttering an abortive bray, which he would begin with much apparent earnestness and then break off abruptly. As this capricious animal was so little open to the voice of reason, Diego fastened his halter securely to the tree and left him to his illnature, and then took out a piece of brown bread and some crumbs of cheese from his pocket, offering me a share of his pittance. The mule, too, was attracted by our repast, and, after having turned up his nose at us a while, drew near to inspect us more narrowly. Diego gave him a morsel from time to time, and he seemed afterward better reconciled to his situation. In this way we passed an hour comfortably enough, until at length we caught the first sound of one of

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the bells of the caravan; then the lesser bells were heard joining the discordant but welcome chorus. As the party descended into the hollows over which they passed, the sounds would be lost entirely, and, on ascending an elevation, be brought to us more audibly, until, as they approached, the tinkling mingled with the trampling of hoofs and the songs of the muleteers. We were no longer alone upon the heath, and the reflection was cheering. We remained in our concealment until the caravan came up and passed us, and then, mounting our mule, hurried after them at a gallop.

About two hours after midnight we waded through a small river, crossed a hill that lay beyond it, and then came to the coast. There we found a party of custom-house officers, whose duty it was to search if we had precious metals with us; we gave them a few reals, to show that we were not entirely without them, and passed on. We were now following the beach of the Mediterranean, from which the sea had receded with the ebb tide, leaving the sand wet, so that it afforded a solid, unyielding footing; but the wind, blowing along this unsheltered beach very strong from the west, brought with it a sensation of cold and dampness. On arriving at the Spanish lines in front of the neutral ground, we found the barrier blocked up with a host of men and animals, waiting for the dawn. Here I dismounted, and shaking Diego's hand, left in it a reward for his brown bread, and for the amusement he had furnished during our wild journey. The boy returned his thanks and well-wishes; he then moved forward from his humble seat on the rump of the mule to the one which I had just occupied, drew up the halter with an air of augmented importance, and turned away the unwilling beast to recommence his journey.

Meanwhile the eastern sky had assumed a lighter tinge, and the nightingales, whose good taste should have excluded

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them from the sandy waste of the neutral ground, were celebrating the approach of day. Presently a bright flash drew my attention to the top of the Rock; it was followed by the report of a cannon. The first explosion was loud and sudden; the sound intermitted for a moment, then was heard rushing up the valley with a hissing noise, and expiring with a rumbling and distant murmur in the mountains. This was a signal for the opening of the gates; and, presenting my passport at the Spanish line, I was allowed to go forward. At the entrance of the garrison I anticipated an additional detention; for no person is allowed to visit Gibraltar without the permission of the town-major, whose office was not open at that early hour. Determining, however, to take my chance, I rolled my cloak around me, and looking as indifferent as possible, walked boldly past the first drawbridge. The officer perhaps did not observe that I was dusty with travelling; for he permitted me to pass unnoticed, like one of the townspeople. The big Irish sentinel, too, as he walked up and down, warmly covered in his gray capote, scarcely favoured me with a look; his attention being apparently taken up in watching for the arrival of his relief. The other entrances were easily passed, and I soon found myself in the principal street of Gibraltar, and at the end of my journey.

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CHAPTER X.

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—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 thirty-sixth and forty-fourth 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 bounded by France for an extent 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 at the map will show that they must have had some 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 this formation and 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

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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 it forms a vast bulwark of mountains, which lend each other support in withstanding the immense volume of waters with which the ocean endeavours 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 are the Asturian and Gallician range; the range of Guadarrama; that which Antillon has called the Iberican; the Sierra Morena; and the mountains of Granada and Ronda, which skirt the Mediterranean, and 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."

A more singular feature in the physiognomy of Spain is its distinctly marked division into two separate regions; one of which has been called the central region, the other the region of the coast. 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, and toiling up these inland eminences, I beheld, instead of the expected valley, a weary, arid plain, extending on a level with their summits as far as the eye could reach! In fact,

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I continued travelling over this vast plain for hundreds of leagues, until I reached the Sierra Morena, and thence descended suddenly by the Dispeñaperros into the more genial region 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, the 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 worm-eaten Toledo, and having received the increase of many tributary streams, at length opens into a wide estuary, reflecting the images of Lisbon and of Cintra. The Guadalquivir rises between the Morena and the Nevada, and being fed by tributaries from either mountain, 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 Pyrenees, 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. The "placid Guadiana" springs mysteriously into being among the classic marshes of Ruidosa, flows onward 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

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Spain, and their consequent descent. This great 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 valleys, 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 and unsheltered plains of the interior are swept by cold blasts in winter, and burnt up in summer by a powerful sun, which plays upon them unchecked either by clouds in the sky or trees upon their 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 fine, 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 hun-

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dred thousand Saracens were slain, nine whole months elapsed without any rain in the kingdom of Toledo. There is even a tradition of a drought, mentioned by Mariana, 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 to any in Europe.

The productions of Spain are rich, various, and, indeed, universal. 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 the 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, Aragon, 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

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Spain, that they will not pay the price of transportation, and are consequently consumed and known chiefly in the section which produces them. The other principal productions of Spain are oats, barley, maize, rice, oil, honey, and sugar; also hemp, flax, esparto or sedge, cork, cotton, silk, sumach, and barilla. The loftier mountains are covered with forests, which furnish charcoal, the chief fuel used in the country, and also abundance of ship-timber. These and the valleys 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; they are remarkable for their beauty, grace, and docility. They are, however, but little used for harness or labour of any kind; mules and asses being found to eat less, labour more, and endure the heats better. In addition to horned cattle and swine, of which latter 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 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 nightingale sings nowhere more sweetly than upon the mountains and in the valleys of Andalusia.

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Flowers and medicinal plants grow wild on all the mountains, and in the night season they load the air with delightful aromas. But it is in the abundance, variety, and delicious flavour of its fruits that Spain excels. In addition to all the different varieties common to the temperate climes, the fig, pomegranate, orange, lemon, citron, 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; Portugal to the corresponding parts of America; Andalusia to the opposite coasts of Africa; and Valencia, in point of soil, climate, and the genius of its inhabitants, to the 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 fish, 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 favoured 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 ardent temperament of the

* The matter contained in this chapter has been collected chiefly from Antillon, Laborde, Pliny, Mariana, Conde, and from personal observation.

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inhabitants of Languedoc and Provence, would seem, indeed, to favour 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 voyagers. 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 favourable 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. 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 Bœtica. Among other arts which the Spaniards learned from the Phœnicians was that of dying the Tyrian purple. The diestuff 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 transferred their allegiance to the Phœnicians of Carthage. The proximity of Spain to the new metropolis now gave a stimulus to every species of development. 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 Sagun-

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tum, which 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 downfall 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, as 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 quickly 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 entirely 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 at-

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tained the rare honour of furnishing Rome with several emperors. Spain, under the emperors, must have been rich and flourishing. She was considered the chief granary of the empire, and the nursery of its armies. The state of the arts and sciences in the province was analogous to that of the capital. Nay, Rome was indebted to Spain for various fine manufactures and many luxuries, a knowledge of which had been perpetuated in the province of Bœtica after the downfall of the Carthaginians. Bridges and aqueducts were constructed, and causeways opened to facilitate communication between the extremities of the province. The population of the country grew with the development 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, adorned by the tributary ornaments of painting and 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 to erect Spain into an independent state. And still later, when Pompey and Cesar contended for universal domination, the momentous struggle was more than once maintained in the battle-fields of the Peninsula. Yet, for the most part, Spain continued, during all the vicissitudes of the metropolis, to enjoy peace. In the fifth century, however, when the Roman empire, after twelve hundred years of greatness, ceased to exist,

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Spain became likewise a victim to the savage hordes which swarmed from the north and east of Europe. These, having overrun Italy and France, crossed the Pyrenees, and swept down upon this favoured land. Centuries of peace and prosperity had deprived the Spaniards of their warlike character, and thus rendered them an easy prey to the savage valour of the barbarians. Every thing 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 to take pleasure in destruction rather than enjoyment; towns were demolished, and plantations laid waste, until famine followed to such a degree that they were forced to feed upon the flesh of their slaughtered victims. A plague was the natural consequence of these evils, and Spain wellnigh became a desert. But the barbarians warred not only against the Romans, but also against 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 Bœtica into the blighted Vandalouisa, were either annihilated, forced to yield, or 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 counties, to reward the captains who had been raised to rank by their superior ferocity, while the meaner soldiers assumed the estates 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

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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, when so narrow a barrier 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 favour 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 the 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

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are the motives which, in 711, induced Musa, the lieutenant of the calif 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 Roman valour. These, astonished at the moderation of the new conquerors, who, instead of destroying every thing, as the Goths had done, sought rather to preserve all things inviolate, and 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 domination. The Goths and some of the clergy took refuge in the mountains of the north; hence it 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 modi-

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fied 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 Calif 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 his family, and now wandering a houseless exile among the savages of Africa. This exile was Abderahman. He was 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 best 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 calif. 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 development.

The Arabians had come from a hot and dry climate, and a land by nature arid, but which, by the aid of water, is

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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; where there were none, water 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-cane, mulberry, and the 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. The fact is well substantiated, 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 diligently cultivated; manufactures of silk, linen, and leather, were introduced, and paper was 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. Chymistry, 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, severed from their country and their ancient prejudices, and thrown into situations where all was novel and changing, were no longer satisfied to plod on in the beaten track; some endeavoured

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to improve upon what was already known; the more adventurous sallied forth into the unknown regions 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 beneficence of Alhakem, knew no equal in the West.

Music, too, was cultivated and taught as a science; but poetry was the favourite study of the Spanish Saracens. The fire which they had brought with them from the East burnt 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 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 Genil and the Guadalquivir, 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 relaxation of that military spirit and that religious enthusiasm which had won them possession of the Peninsula. 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 for ever have annihilated them, and while the war was carried into France, even to the banks of the Loire. Meantime the constitutions and characters of the Goths underwent a reform; they were hardened by

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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 warrior was promised, if killed in battle, 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 succour of greater value, if possible, than that of Santiago, was furnished by the Saracens themselves. While 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

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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 any thing 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 a time the ascendency of the Christians, yet these, little by little, at 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 rout than a conquest. Every spot became the site of a ranged battle, or of some rencounter of contending chivalry. Thus Spain, already rich in classic association, was farther 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 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 awakening science. We see on every side busy cities made suddenly desolate;

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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, 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 absolutely 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 cultivate, and

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enjoy in peace, the land long since conquered by his ancestors, and transmitted to him through twenty generations of his race. But the boon, though small, is denied to him. The Christian is now the assailant. The sword of fanaticism is wielded against the Moslem; the game of war is turned upon him and waged to the uttermost. He is stripped of province after province, and city after city; his sons are forced into slavery, his daughters given to dishonour, until, driven beyond 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 the population at the present day. The spirit of industry and the knowledge of the arts, acquired 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, while 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, while it furnished facilities for combining for their defence. Property thus found protection in the association of the industrious classes,

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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 sad reverses were 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 the bigoted and bloody Philip II. 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 hope 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 either ceased to be so, or 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 enjoyed 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 doubt-

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less 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, notwithstanding 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 succour in the very rigour of their necessities, and returned as corsairs, full of fury and revenge, to murder and despoil those whom they would willingly have enriched by their labour. Thus were enterprise and industry proscribed and driven from this devoted land, at a season, too, when every thing combined to check domestic development. Meantime, the wealth which had been wrested from these hapless outcasts was lavished with wanton profusion upon courtiers and favourites, until the use made of the money thus amassed revealed the foul motive of this 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. Honour and office became the portion of the highest bidder; 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 se-

* We read in a late French paper a letter from Madrid, from which the following is an extract, and which would go to prove that the system remains unchanged. "The king has ordered the discovery and punishment of those who deal in public employments, selling them to the highest bidder. It is thought that the high rank of the implicated will save them."

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curity, 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 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 being 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. 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 proportionally 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 farther reduced the number. The ruined and untenanted habitations which I have everywhere met with in Spain would indicate as much. If Por-

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tugal 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.

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 a 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 did 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 watch these, and often having an understanding with them. Having

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made these and other unprofitable deductions, there remained 964,571 day-labourers, 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. The accounts are, however, so contradictory in different works, that it is not easy to form a decided opinion. In the Diccionario Geografico of Dr. Miñano, the population of Spain is estimated to have been 13,732,172 in 1826. Of these 13,490,031 are given as lay inhabitants; 127,345 clergy; 100,732 soldiers; and 14,064 sailors.

Thus we see Spain awaking to civilization under the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, and reaching the pinnacle of prosperity under the Romans, when she is supposed to have sustained no fewer than forty millions of people. The dark days of the Gothic domination intervene, until 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 still possessing all the elements of prosperity, until at length, in the nineteenth century, the era of boundless 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

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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 empoverish 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 no difficulty in supplying 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, then not less than now, was split into separate states, governed by distinct laws; taxes were not less unequally imposed; property was not less unjustly divided; the roads and communications were much more defective. The checks to intelligence and civilization were equally great; the inquisition had already prepared its tortures and lighted 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.

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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 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. If there be 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 Cortez and Pizarro to conquer them! Behold her dwindled and empoverished, 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 Britons, 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

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several instances, in spite of maleadministration, 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, devouring every thing 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 labours; in those defective communications, which check production for the want of outlets, and give one province over to famine, while another is suffering from a surfeit;* and in the diminution of home consumers by the decline of industry.

Low as agriculture has fallen, manufactures, being of less instant necessity, are still lower. Except in a few expensive establishments which form appendages to the crown, and serve to check private industry, there are few fine commodities wrought in the Peninsula. Watches, jewellery, lace, and almost every thing 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

* The average price of wheat in Spain throughout 1828, was ninety cents in Salamanca, and two dollars and sixty-seven cents in Catalonia!

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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. 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 dependance.

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 unensurable 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 imposts levied at every step; the authorized and systematic vexations of mercenary custom-house creatures and police-men, all tend to check, and even arrest circulation within, while the South American corsairs, offering an outlet to the cupidity of foreign adventurers, 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

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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 actually 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 all other liberty, and ere the decline of industry and wealth had produced universal stagnation, is now extinct. A single living poet alone remains, or at least 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.

I do not feel qualified to speak of a 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 honourable to feel and unbecoming to express. Yet can I say

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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, Thomson, Cowper, Campbell, Scott, Swift, Sterne, Irving, and the thousand worthies who have so illustrated our own language.

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."

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-five colleges; its voluminous library; but its fame has fled for ever; and of its fifteen thousand students, which once flocked to gather wisdom in its halls, from England, France, and

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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 the student in those universities which have no medical library. The purchase of scientific books, which are very dear in Spain, is out of the question for the mass of students, who are never examined during the course, nor even at its termination; nor is any notice taken of their 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. After the expiration of this novitiate, 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, and so on. Reader! do you not see Gil Blas clinging to the skirts of Sangrado? His education is now finished, and, after a characteristic examination, the degree is given, and the doctor is complete. But he is not admitted to practice without 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

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of the examiner. Lastly, and here is the only stumbling-block, he is forced to pay nearly 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 honourable 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 well-timed 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, except in large cities, 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 a medico in Spain is a manner of fixture, this is merely imaginary; and the main dependance 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. While in Madrid, Don Valentin, my worthy host, who usually gave me his society every

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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 neighbouring 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 forwarded his pretensions, too; and, putting his cigarillo between his 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 were 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 sat with much majesty behind several ranges of manuscripts, listening to a group of peasants. When the room was vacant, and none remained but 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

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no doubt that the right to purge and bleed the good people of —— would be knocked down to the highest bidder.

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 also 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 Coruña. In other districts, and in smaller places, the administration of the laws and dispensation of justice belong to the governors, corregidores, and alcaldes. When any province becomes in an unusual degree the scene of robbery and murder, military tribunals are sometimes instituted to aid the feeble and inefficient action of the ordinary courts. The civil and criminal jurisprudence of Spain is 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 mercenary

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villany, with the power too 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 and her colonies; God be praised for it! According to Laborde, he exercises the functions of secretary, solicitor, notary, 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 attorneys. 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.

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The state of law and justice in Spain may account in some degree for the horrid state of crime there. Only a part of the crimes committed are ever brought under the cognizance of the courts; and yet, in 1826, there were 1233 men convicted of murder, 1773 of attempts to murder, and 1620 of robbery! In that year the diligence from Madrid to Barcelona was robbed no fewer than ten times. This is a picture of the effects of misgovernment and vicious institutions, too dreadful for contemplation.

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 custom-houses, and at those of the interior for entering cities; these are denominated Rentas Generales. Also the Estancos, 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 Frutos Civiles are six per cent. on the produce of all rented lands. The Medias Anatas are the first half year's rent of all entailed lands at each new succession. The Alcabala is a per centage formerly levied upon every sale of lands, estates, and furniture. In Aragon, 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. Generally this tax is now paid in the shape of octrois, or gate-duties, levied chiefly on corn, wine, oil, and the other necessaries of life. It is, of course, most onerous to the poor. In towns which are without either walls or barriers, the equivalente is levied, assessing, as its name indicates, an amount equal to the production of the octroi. Navarre, and the neighbouring free provinces of Biscay, Alava, and Guipuzcoa, are relieved from many of these vexations by peculiar privileges of great antiquity. It is not, however, the respect of government

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for ancient usages, unless when it be a question of legitimacy, which protects the Navarrese from injurious innovation, but rather their proximity to France, the indomitable spirit of the inhabitants, 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 tithe was originally levied with great severity; the bastinado or worse punishment being meted out to him who should withhold a tittle of the tenth which the church claims as the portion of the Lord. A single clause of the ancient law on this subject will show how little scrupulous the priests were as to the sources of their revenue. In conformity with its provisions, the tenth of their unrighteous gains was unsparingly exacted as an accepta-

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ble offering from all "malas mugeres." This tax, being paid somewhat reluctantly, is much diminished of late years. Still, it was estimated by a commission in 1820 to produce the church 16,300,000 dollars. And the estimate was supposed to be greatly below the truth, since treasury documents show it to have amounted in 1808 to 31,000,000. 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, are absorbed to a great extent by the hosts of officers employed in collecting them, and who are ever happy to wink at fraud when it may promote their individual interests. About twenty-six millions reach the treasury; and these, instead of being employed in objects of public utility, in endeavours to restore agriculture from its fallen condition, to awaken industry, or to open anew the channels of commerce, are squandered for the most part in the profusion and display of a court, whose splendour reaches an excess equalled only by the opposite extreme of national poverty. The sums due for loans are got rid of by dishonourable compromise; the debts of honour to those who have 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 cease to 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

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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. had been invariably paid. The determination of government to observe its faith in this solitary instance, seems, indeed, worthy of more favourable 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 from the necessity of appropriating the sinking fund to the payment of the French rents. Such is the haphazard 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 dishonour, 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 favour; the king alone still clings to his remnant of power. But he may yield; for those who ask favours of the poor with money in their hands 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 fifty-five 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,

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his capacity to endure fatigue, and patient subordination, combine in fitting him for 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 and three hundred smaller vessels, with twenty thousand mechanics in the dock-yards, sixty-four thousand seamen, and sixteen thousand marines. 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 dishonour.

The famous royalist volunteers amount to the number of three hundred 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 nearly 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 impels a majority of them, they have many of them, as individuals, rendered themselves obnox-

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ious to justice by the commission of many crimes, impunity for which, as well as for others yet uncommitted, they can secure only by the maintenance of their fidelity; as a body they have outraged the whole liberal party, and stirred up the deadly hate of individual families, by thousands of assassinations, perpetrated, it is said, at the instigation of the clergy. Their only hope of profit, therefore, their only chance for security, is 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 endeavour to form some further notion of the state of parties in Spain, and of 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 was 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 peculiarities are held throughout Spain, as a proof of gentle blood and Scandinavian origin. The invasion of the Saracens broke down these distinctions, and drove 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 belongs to the small provinces of Biscay and Asturias, where every third man is a noble,

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though often only a servant, a shoeblack, or a waterman: witness the Vizcayano, so testy on the score of nobility, who had wellnigh 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 partisans. 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 himself 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 themselves 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 Spanish nobility are still important, 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 splendours of the throne, of which they have become the mere satellites; while 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 motive-

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less 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 favoured the propagation of intelligence, and awakened the people to a sense of the value of liberty. This forms, however, the least pleasing portion of the Spanish nation. They have adopted much of the costume and manners of foreign countries, and many of their vices, while 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 honour, 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

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the latter, by their assistance, would doubtless have triumphed eventually, even though unaided 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 every thing at will, and gives impulse even to the machine of state. The earliest Spaniards are said to have worshipped 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 Aragonese 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 molested by the Arabs. The conquered country still preserved its clergy, and even its bishops; but, as the customs, manners, and language of

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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 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 death-bed 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 rescue 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 honours, and where religion re-

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poses 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 labour; 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 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 parishioners, and, as the females are most at home, especially with them. The confessional, too, reveals the secret workings of hearts made for love and full of amiability. Nay, perhaps the acknowledgment of sinful indulgence shows the weakness of the individual, while a detail of the alleviating preliminaries, not less than the close contact of the lovely penitent, creates a fever of the blood, and besets the confidant of these dangerous secrets with irresistible temptation.

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 employ-

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ed 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 for ever, after a short novitiate, 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 in confining the passions. Though there may be few cases of monastic dereliction 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, that the Saviour had appeared to him in the mass, and granted dispensation of their vows in his favour, 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 little 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, 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

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cent. on the whole population, and their corresponding wealth, give them great importance; for there are in Spain, besides servants, sextons, and singers, attached to the religious establishments, 60,000 seculars, 50,000 monks, and nearly 30,000 nuns. Indeed, while the nobility of Spain, who are three times as numerous, and whose possessions are infinitely more extensive, have no influence in the conduct of public affairs, the clergy, on the contrary, may be said to direct every thing 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 the 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. Poor and abandoned 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 afterward sell to those who, while they are

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unwilling to resort to the confessional, are yet afraid 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.

The strong control which the clergy exercise over all the concerns of state, may be attributed to the sovereign influence which they possess over the mind of the nation, and to the operation of an obvious principle, the foundation of liberty in countries where property is duly divided, that those who contribute to the treasury of a government will have an authority in its councils. 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, through newspapers, and the correspondence which they maintain with the whole world, possessed of intelligence before it is known to the visible government. The church in Spain forms, indeed, a species of freemasonry, acting in secret, and effecting the most important results, by that per-

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fect 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 extremely well informed of the condition of the world, and of the general policy of its different nations. We are not, therefore, when we see a decrée 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.

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 janty attire of the Andalusian, with the trunk-hose and leathern cuiras of the Leones, or the sheepskin garments of the Manchego. Yet, if their dress be different, their constitutions and characters are not less various. Those variations may partly be attributed to the opposite origin of those who have, at differ-

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ent 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 valleys, 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 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 physiognomy, in dress, in manners, and often in language ; in every thing, 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, Aragon, Biscay, and some parts of Andalusia, the inhabitants more frequently rise above the standard stature. They are generally famed for vigour and activity, and are almost always kept lean by their temperance, while their bodies are dried and hardened by the ardour of the sun. For the same reason, their complexions are generally tawny 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 countenance is grave and dignified habitually and on serious occasions ; in moments of festivity, lively, animated, and pleasing.

The distinguishing characteristics of the different prov-

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inces 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, shoeblacks, 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 for ever dealing in superlatives. He hates the ungrateful toil of cultivation, which goes rather to enrich others 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 Murcians are listless, lazy, and prone to suspicion. They make no advances in the arts that embellish life, and will not even pursue agriculture, except to the extent necessary 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

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I received on entering the kingdom, have no right to think it unmerited. We know that the bravoes 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 Aragonese, Navarrese, and Biscayans are famous for their industry, love of liberty, and spirit of independence. The Aragonese 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 Aragon, 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, and unaffectedly kind; they are also 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.

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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 awake 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 gayety 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 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. 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, is derived from the African origin of its population; much also from the dominion of the Saracens. Those of the French who 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. Neither is a disposition to have a high idea of himself and of his nation at all uncommon with the Spaniard. This, however, is no bad quality, 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 ardour 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 in Spain, if disposed to quarrel with

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this generous ebullition, may perhaps find some apology for the Spaniard in the quickened fervour 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 kerb-stone. But, above all, we should think of their wrongs; we should remember that they were struggling for liberty from a foreign yoke. The French themselves, who took an unwilling part in this unholy war, are foremost in praising the character of their enemies; and if there are many cases of cold-blooded 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 labour, 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, when coupled with complaisance.

Indolence is one of the greatest reproaches of the Spanish character. But this is no more true of the Catalan, the Biscayan, and the Gallego, than it is of the Briton or the Dutchman. It may be said to prevail only in the central provinces, where enterprise has no outlet, and where indus-

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try 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 labour 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 there be a necessity of enduring fatigue, journeying without rest, without food, and yet without a murmur, from morning till night, there is none to equal the Spaniard. This remarkable capacity of the Spaniards to endure fatigue, proceeds, doubtless, from the spare and sun-dried, 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, and water their common drink. The lightness and activity of their bodies were wonderful, and they were by nature capable of enduring hunger and fatigue." Plutarch, in his life of Sertorius, that great hero who gained such ascendency 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 wellnigh founded an independent empire, tells us, that

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"Metellus did not know which way to turn himself, having to do with a man of undaunted boldness, who was continually harassing 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 to 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 him, 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 treacherously broke her treaty, and furthermore 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 peace, which they had themselves more than once granted. They asked for an honourable 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

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mindful of their dignity. Notwithstanding his admiration, however, he replied that he would not enter into treaty, and that it only remained for them to yield. When this news was brought to the Numantines, they murdered the unsuccessful 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 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 survivers 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 valour. Behold Cortez destroying 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, or men and women vying to leave their bodies in the trenches of Zaragoza! 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 control of education being 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 favour-

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able 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 almost 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 favour of 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 such 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 endeavoured to seize 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

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the vices of the Spanish character, is there not much room for favourable opinion, and even for 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, while 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 rude and characteristic dialect.

When the northern barbarians overran the whole of Europe, and pushed their way beyond the barrier of the Pyrenees, the Peninsula became the residence of two distinct nations, speaking distinct languages. But the barbarians being far inferior in number to the conquered people, and of inferior civilization, naturally adopted a language which, while 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

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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 wellnigh 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. But the exiled Romance still preserved itself in the mountains of Asturias, together with the Christian faith, the bones of her saints, and that spirit 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 a number of new nouns, which may 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, deriving its foundation from the

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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 romanceros down to Cervantes and Calderon; and in later times by the labours of the learned society to whose care the national language is especially intrusted. 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 every thing is defined by invariable rules, which are in all things conformable to reason. The pronunciation of the Spanish is rendered very easy, in consequence of every word being spoken precisely as it is spelled. 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, 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; as th in Castile, where 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 those 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 perhaps 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,—

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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 while its graceful inflections 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 kindle it 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 woman 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. 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 humblest peasant, the meanest muleteer, has, in fact, a certain air of independence, a sense of inferiority to no man, which breaks down

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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 waives 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 Señora!" 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 every thing 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 is smooth and rich; the 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 ex-

* The Spanish women are more easy to characterize 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.

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travagance, 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 honeyed 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 honour 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 Davalos, Doña Maria de Pacheco, and the Maid of Zaragoza?

There is, however—let us show the whole truth—one female virtue, and that a very essential one, which, though it may belong to many in Spain, is yet not universal. 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 Doña Julia. I know not whence this decline of morals, if not from the poverty of the country; which, while it checks marriages and the creation of families, cannot check the passions enkindled by an ardent clime. It is to be feared that, though positive abandonment 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

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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 dueña ere she smiles upon the assiduities of her cortejo.

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 here would not be even adverted to, and equivoques uttered that are sometimes any thing 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 favours. 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 too is 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

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tongue; their lively conversation, full of tact and pointed with espièglerie; their sweet persuasion; their attention to the courtesies of life to whatever sooths 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 afflict 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 pre-eminence 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, while 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 an indistinct sense of their inalienable 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

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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 have lost much popularity since the last revolution; for the people do not find that their condition has been much improved by the downfall of the constitution. The disme, 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 Frenchmen 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, while we are become the scoff of the whole world? It is because they have no clergy, owning the best of the 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 labour 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 his children; 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

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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-humour, gentleness, and unaffected amiability, 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 ardour, 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 abusive 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 development 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 aggres-

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sion; and while 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, while her native riches and fertility make trade unnecessary to the greatness and prosperity of Spain, her situation enables her to pursue it with unequalled advantage. Surely, where God has been thus good, man will not always remain ungrateful.

In taking leave of Spain, let us 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.

Nearly eight years having elapsed since the original publication of this work, it may be proper to add to this General View of Spain a few remarks on her present altered condition. Ferdinand, whom I had left reigning, in semblance at least, a despot, while he repelled with energy all attempts to return to the constitutional system by internal insurrection, or partial invasions by bands of desperate exiles from without, had found it necessary to the maintenance of his power to concede something to that growth of liberal opinions to which I have heretofore alluded. Being disliked and distrusted by both the apostolicals and liberals, he found it very convenient to balance the contending factions by means of a mixed administration. The apostolicals had

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more than once attempted to place Don Carlos on the throne through the medium of insurrection; though not encouraged in this by Carlos, who had ever cherished an affectionate and loyal feeling towards his brother. As for the liberals, they had motive enough to hate Ferdinand in the repeated treacheries by which he had betrayed them. The mixed counsels which resulted from this double jealousy, the influence of enlightened France, the more intimate intercourse with foreigners, and the growing prosperity and civilization during an interval of profound peace, together with the renewed development of commerce by the voluntary suspension of hostilities between Spain and her former colonies, all tended to liberalize and enlighten the administration of government in Spain, even while the forms of despotism were still preserved. Her population was undoubtedly increasing during the closing years of Ferdinand's reign, and the government had lost something of its oppressive character.

Ferdinand had ever ardently desired an heir of his own body to whom to bequeath the Spanish monarchy. Several marriages had left this desire unfulfilled, though not weakened, when, in the decline of health and the premature decay of his faculties, he sought a queen among his prolific relations, the Neapolitan Bourbons. He was much encouraged to this silly and inexpedient match by his liberal advisers, who hoped thus to exclude Carlos, the darling of the clergy, and compel Ferdinand and his queen, with their descendants, if any there should be, to throw themselves into the hands of the liberal party, and thus open the door to dissensions which by some means they might be able to turn to their advantage. This last marriage with Maria Christina was, notwithstanding the failing and lethargic condition of Ferdinand, attended with a success which he had hoped in vain from his previous marriages. Before his death he found himself the father of two daughters, destined

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to be the innocent cause of civil war and years of bloodshed, assassination and truly Spanish horrors. By the salique-law, introduced into Spain with the Bourbon dynasty, these daughters were not competent to reign. As an only remedy it was determined to abolish the salique-law, for which, by the aid of some jugglery, a pretext was pretended to be discovered in the will of a former king, and to procure the sanction of the nation through their Cortes to the accession of Isabella II. For this purpose a solemn assembly of the various estates was subsequently held, and the solemnity of the jura, or oath, was attended by magnificent bullfights, in which the nobility entered the lists as of old, and by a return to the splendid pomp of the ancient monarchy.

Carlos being the idol of the clergy, of the lower classes under clerical influence, and of the vast party of oldfashioned and unenlightened Spaniards, which, from its numbers as well as for other reasons, may be called national, it became necessary for the decaying Ferdinand to seek support elsewhere for the long minority of his daughter. It only remained to invoke the aid of that liberal party through whose agency the late marriage had been effected. The more moderate liberals were therefore put in possession of power. Even after the marriage had been effected and an heir secured, the scheme of setting aside Carlos had nearly been crushed, in the summer of 1832, by the instrumentality of Ferdinand's confessor, who persuaded him, when apparently at the point of death, to repeal his will and re-establish the succession of Carlos. Even Christina acquiesced in the exclusion of her daughters. But the reported death of Ferdinand proved to be only a lethargy. He revived most inopportunely for the tranquillity of Spain. Luisa Carlotta, the elder sister of Christina, and wife of Ferdinand's second brother, Don Francisco, returned in haste to the capital from Andalusia, in

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which she had been travelling. She had been the chief contriver and promoter of the last marriage and the change of succession. With characteristic energy she obtained the restoration of the will, upbraided her sister for her weakness, and procured the banishment of Carlos.

At length, in the autumn of 1833, and shortly subsequent to the solemn celebration of the jura, Ferdinand died in earnest, and a shout of execration rose round his tomb; an enslaved nation's only revenge for long years of adulation. Had Carlos entered Spain at this period, though with only a handful of followers, there can be little doubt that the nation would have risen spontaneously to receive him as their king. The minority of liberals would have been put down ere they could have had time to compromise themselves. The general officers of highest rank and most distinguished character were ready to offer their services, and would doubtless have easily carried their troops with them. Since then they have been forced in the line of their duty, and while obeying the existing government, to act offensively against the, as yet, inconsiderable insurrection in the North, which represented at once the cause of Carlos and of the majority of Spaniards. A sentiment of fidelity has kept them true to the trust committed to them; they have been compromised with reference to Carlos, and, acting in a sanguinary struggle, their feelings have been enlisted against their own previous prepossessions.

The standard of revolt against Isabella and the liberal government was first raised in Navarre, whose free privileges and exemption from Spanish tyranny had, on various occasions, been threatened by preceding constitutional governments. Indeed, the favourite scheme of constitutional equalisation has always consisted in withdrawing real liberty from those provinces which possessed and valued it, instead of extending it to all, through the medium of relief from prohibitory imposts and odious taxation. Santos La-

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dron was the first leader of reputation and character who placed himself at the head of the Carlist insurrection. Overcome with a strange apathy, which, from its unaccountable effects on his conduct, has been ascribed to poison, he was soon taken, his followers dispersed, and he shot in Pamplona. A far greater leader soon rose in his place in Tomas Zumalacarregui, a colonel in the guards, who had been formed to guerrilla warfare under the eye of Mina, and who afterward became distinguished in the regular army as an exact soldier and consummate disciplinarian. He rallied the insurgents throughout Navarre and the Free Provinces, introduced a mixture of order and discipline into their predatory mode of warfare, and accustomed them to victory. This individual is much the greatest man that Spain has produced during this century of civil strife, so suited to unfold superior genius and power. Skilfully availing himself of the impracticable nature of the country, his knowledge of its mountain defiles, the popularity of the Carlist cause throughout it, his accurate information at all times of the enemy's movements and their ignorance of his, and whatever resources for successful warfare his genius could mould into energy and power, he was able to maintain himself during three years against overpowering masses, led by the ablest generals; to break down and destroy the armies that were sent against him, and ruin the reputations of the most distinguished leaders, until approaching the moment when he was about to march upon Madrid, accompanied by the king, whom he had introduced and successfully maintained in Spain, he received the death-wound which cut short his career after a long series of brilliant achievements.

The civil war has now lasted nearly three years. Each opening campaign finds the Christinos weaker and more distracted, and the Carlists more widely extended and powerful. The Queen's army has already been twice recruit-

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ed, and there can be little doubt that at least twenty thousand soldiers have fallen by the sword, without counting those who have deserted to the enemy or been dispersed. At first confined to a portion of Navarre, the Carlist cause is now triumphant throughout the whole of the Free Provinces. The whole mountainous region to the north of the Ebro, with the exception of a few citadels, yields obedience to Carlos. The insurrection maintains itself in a partial form in Gallicia, Asturias, Lower Aragon, the north of Valencia, and in La Mancha; in Old Castile the curate Merino has kept up his roving and predatory warfare since the death of Ferdinand, and the liberal government has not been able to extirpate his band, in a country comparatively open, and so near the seat of its power. Even Catalonia, hitherto deemed the focus of liberalism, is now overrun, and the last accounts show us the pseudo patriot Mina wellnigh shut up in Barcelona, in the midst of his fanatic and priest-murdering liberals. Ere long we shall hear of the mountaineers of Ronda having broken forth into revolt, and threatened with extermination the clubs and juntas of Seville and Cadiz. While we thus see a large portion of the Spanish territory partially overrun by insurrection, in situations so remote as to require the separate presence, in every direction, of detachments of the Spanish army, in Navarre and the Free Provinces we find a regular army of more than thirty thousand men, systematically organized in battalions, and equally adapted to act according to the principles of military tactics, and to prosecute the destructive system of guerrilla warfare. Perfectly acquainted with all the defiles of their mountain fastnesses, and unencumbered by the ponderous baggage of ordinary armies, they can escape when likely to be overpowered, beyond the possibility of pursuit, and rally and reappear in situations more favourable to their success. Every village becomes a magazine for the voluntary supply of provisions, and whatever may be

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necessary to recruit an army; an hospital for the wounded, and a concealment for those who escape. Never, perhaps, was a war carried on with so little loss to the country which at once supports it and is its scene. The peasant is both a soldier and a cultivator; when his services are needed in the camp he is there, and in those seasons when the labour of the youth, the aged, and the females of a family, no longer suffices for the cultivation of the field, he exchanges the musket for the hoe or the mattock, and is again a tiller of the soil. In this way the Basques and Navarrese have been able to resist an army which has only increased with the measure of resistance, and which has now reached an aggregate of sixty thousand soldiers, sustained by a chain of fortresses and protected by the natural line of the Ebro. In the midst of the neighbouring strife Carlos continues to hold his court in the mountain village of Oñate, with a security to which the liberal government is a stranger in the capital.

Here we have the spectacle of one government left in the complete possession of power, holding at the same time the capital, the offices of state, the public resources, and the army, and with the army all its leaders of tried experience and reputation for past achievements; and of another headed by a weak and impotent prince, and sustained only by the disjointed efforts of insurrection. Yet this last government, involving so many elements of weakness, is gradually extending itself and encroaching upon that which has all the ostensible elements of security and power. What is the inference to be drawn from this contrast? Why, simply that the liberal party in Spain is not ascendant, is not national. Spain could be, as we have seen, settled and quiet under a despotism. She cannot be so under a constitution in the hands of liberals; one could carry with it the adhesion of the mass, the other leads to nothing but anarchy. To conquer the Free Provinces is evidently impossi-

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ble. If the liberals can make head against the growing insurrection, and sustain themselves in the rest of Spain, it is as much as they can do. There remain, then, for Spain, but three alternatives; permanent peace with the triumph of Carlos, temporary peace with dismemberment, or a protracted civil war.

Believing, as we do, that the former of these alternatives is alone likely to occur, we wish success to the cause of Carlos, not because it is his cause, but because it is the cause of the Spanish people. In the interests of humanity we desire the triumph of the only party under which Spain may again become tranquil. Never have those much-abused words, liberty and civilization, been so often invoked in the cause of persecution and murder as in the Spain of our day. The liberals have far outstripped the fanatics who preceded them in the perpetration of injustice and inhumanity. They have been more fanatical than the fanatics themselves, and fanatical against religion: clemency is usually found to accompany power; but the Spanish liberals have all the ferocity of weakness and vacillation. The sacredness of life, liberty, and property is equally disregarded by them. If they let the tongues of the multitude wag more freely than before, still it is only after one fashion. It was the liberals of Spain who first began the slaughter of prisoners in cold blood, and in the name of civilization; it was they who first denied to the gentler sex its immunities. The recent judicial murder of Cabrerra's mother was perpetrated with the fullest deliberation. Decided upon by a tribunal of valiant soldados, it was referred to a renowned chieftain; that Mina, who so shortly before had eaten the dinners and re-echoed the emancipating hosannas of the English philanthropists. After mature deliberation, in a situation remote from the scene of excitement, this phenix of liberals and patriots signed the order for the execution of an aged woman. The necessary consequence

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of this atrocity was the murder, by the infuriated Cabrerra, of a half score of ladies, some young, some newly married, some the mothers of helpless children. No humane man, no true philanthropist, whose love of his fellows is not built upon systems and definable by words, can wish success to such a cause. Neither liberty nor order, neither virtue nor happiness, can result from such hellish triumphs. He stains the purity of his principles who would wish for the triumph of a system sustained by such fiendlike atrocities. And what will be the result of such a triumph? To introduce self-government among an ignorant and barbarous people; to place power in hands strangers to its uses and indifferent to its possession, to be transferred to a few mercenary demagogues, sedulous alone for the improvement of their own fortunes, with their heads full of impracticable theories dug from the chimeras of Rousseau, and their mouths overflowing with the ponderous sentences in which they give them utterance.

The only settled form of government which is practicable in Spain, or will be practicable for years to come, is a despotism under clerical influence. The English form of government, which it is desired to introduce there, is a government of the rich and privileged, exercised of course in the interests of those in possession of power. Hence it is that the rich and the privileged in Spain are in favour of its adoption, while the poorer mass, who would seem in this respect to have some perception of their interests, are generally opposed to it. Instead of the oppressive rents of England, and the more starving exactions of Ireland, which scarce relinquish to the cultivator, from the bountiful fruits of his toil in a teemingly productive country, the few potatoes necessary to sustain life, the landlord in Spain scarcely receives two per cent. of the produce of his estates. The larger portion, which goes to the church, finds its way back to the more indigent in the form of char-

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ity, as it did in England before most of the property of the regular clergy went to swell the bloated rentals of the aristocracy. While the daily toil of the Spanish peasant is as highly paid as that of the English, for a greatly inferior quantity of labour, demanding less physical exertion, and consequently less consumption of food, the price of food does not average more than half what rich and land-holding legislation has raised it to in England, and the rent of a dwelling is next to nothing. The wages of a common farm labourer are about thirty cents a day; and when boarded with his master, about sixteen cents. The rent of a fanega of land, on which a fanega, or ninety pounds of wheat may be sown, varies from three to five dollars. It is true that the rent, tithes, and other taxes take away about half the produce of the farmer, leaving him only the other half to support his family. Still is he far better off than in England, where taxation reaches him in such various and multiplied shapes, to say nothing of Ireland, where his reward is not even a sure guarantee from starvation. The rent of a village dwelling for a family of cultivators varies from seven to fourteen dollars. In the neighbourhood of Granada the poor find most excellent and comfortable residences in the caves of the Albaycin, at an annual rent of from two to four dollars. And in Old Castile, which is a very abundant wheat country, a labouring family of four persons may subsist with tolerable comfort on twenty cents a day. The tenant in Spain is not a tenant at the will of his landlord; he is not liable to be overbid at the end of each year by hungry competitors, each offering, under the impulse of starvation, a more extravagant price than it is possible to pay, in the hope of tempting the avarice of landlord or factor. While he pays his rent no power can move him; nor can he be turned forth upon the highway, followed by his famishing family, to die under a hedge with a potato-skin between his teeth. In Spain there are to a population of four-

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teen millions, one hundred thousand beggars; this is a great number, but hitherto they have found ample subsistence upon the patrimony of the church, which is also theirs, as it was in Ireland, ere the reformation transferred it to a hierarchy which has no flocks, and comparatively no followers. In Ireland there are, to a population of eight millions, more than two millions of beggars, ignorant where they are to seek, not their daily bread, but their occasional potato, and having no hope of relief but in that slow and lingering death that waits upon starvation. Would it not be in better taste, we will not ask whether it would be more humane, for England to give to famishing Ireland the potatoes that she craves as a respite from starvation, before tendering to Spain, at the point of the bayonet, the liberty which she neither asks for nor will receive?

If the revolution should be successful in Spain, which it cannot be, being contrary to the will of the majority, would the condition of the country be improved, would its resources be developed, and the amount of happiness to the mass be promoted? This is neither certain nor likely. Hitherto the liberals, in their various seasons of power, have done nothing towards promoting the public good. They have abolished no oppressive taxes, opened no roads nor canals, suppressed no bands of robbers, and given no guarantees for the protection of life and property. They are as utter strangers to a sense of probity as the serviles whom they have succeeded. Supposing that the object of government is the greatest happiness of the greatest number of the governed, is it desirable that Spain should settle quietly under the system of England? A system which sustains and promotes the most frightful disparities of fortune; which cherishes production, yet not for the benefit of the producer, but of his legislating taskmaster; which transfers the fruits of labour to the pockets of the capitalist; which adds to the bloated stores of him

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that has, and fixes the irrevocable subjection of him that has not; which physically deforms the poor by confinement to unwholesome toil upon insufficient aliment, and morally crushes and brutalizes them by the abject hopelessness of their condition, and the withering sense of an inferiority from which there is no escape. Of what use would an enormous production be to the mass of Spaniards, where that which should be produced should be taught by the systematic legislation of the rich to flow only into their own swollen reservoirs?

The masses are found in all countries to have some perception, however misty and indistinct, of their own best interests. Perhaps this may be the reason why the mass of Spaniards prefer their paternal government of king and clergy, with all its ignorance and listlessness, to the unintelligible schemes of the so-called liberals. That the majority of Spaniards are opposed to the change, there can be no doubt. If we were to divide all male Spaniards, amounting, according to Miñano, to nearly seven millions, into two classes, according to their callings, assigning to each its probable political character, we should arrive at the following results. Let us assign all nobles, servants, soldiers, civil officers, artisans, manufacturers, merchants, and city rabble to the liberals, and we shall have for result an aggregate of about two and a half millions. Let us place in the other class the clergy and all those who are in any way connected with the church and its patrimony, now about to be alienated from the poor to become the spoils of the rich, the students, beggars, smugglers, day-labourers, and that noble peasantry which is every way so superior to that which has been called with characteristic exaggeration "the finest pisantry in the world," and we shall have another aggregate of four millions and a half, devoted to the succession of Carlos. If it be considered that half of the Spanish nobility, which amount to half a million, belong to Biscay and

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Asturias, where they constitute one third of the population, the greater part of which is openly in favour of Don Carlos, and that the three hundred thousand servants are as likely to be for him as against him, the repartition which we have made of the various classes will certainly not be esteemed unfavourable to the liberal party. The labourers amount to a million, and the peasantry to as many more; these, while they are in numbers the preponderant class, are physically and morally the most respectable. When we say morally we do not mean the most intelligent, although their sententious humour and clear-witted ingenuity about their own affairs might at least be esteemed a fair off-set for the systems and chimeras of the liberals; but we refer more especially to their courage, their indomitable spirit, their perseverance, their truth and fidelity to their engagements, which have long been ascribed as national characteristics to the Spaniard, and which may justly be claimed as belonging to the peasantry.

As republicans, then, believing in the right of the majority to determine the form of government under which they are to live, our sympathies should be conceded to the Carlists; we should wish that the national party of four and a half millions may not, by the aid of foreign bayonets, be compelled to yield to the minority of two and a half millions. Spain can be settled under the government of Carlos; it cannot, without dismemberment, or even with dismemberment, be settled under any other. Under any form of government, public virtue is a plant not yet acclimated in Spain. Under the present form of government, there can be nothing but peculation, nothing but discord, nothing tending towards good beyond the advancement of impracticable ideas. Ere long the wasteful dominion of anarchy and civil war will lead all those who sigh for peace, in every country perhaps the most numerous class, to look to the only form of government which can exist in Spain, and

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force them to unite themselves to, and swell the numbers of, the national party, already so preponderant. The intervention of foreigners, and those foreigners either infidels or heretics in the eyes of Spaniards, will give point to the indignant declamations of the clergy. Those who march against their country, banded with foreigners, will be stigmatized as traitors and renegades. Perhaps the best thing that could be done for all parties, would be for the liberal government, while it is yet in possession of power, to accept the intervention of neutrals in bringing about the projected pacification by the marriage of the son of Carlos with Isabella. A capitulation might secure something, while all must ultimately be lost by conquest.

If Carlos triumphs by the sword, his reign will doubtless be ushered in with horrors; exile will separate numbers from their homes, and the scaffolds will reek with the blood of many victims. But what comparison is there between the hundred victims of triumphant absolutism and the thousands of either party that are annually cut off by civil war and military executions; the present universal license to the evil-minded, the triumphant robbery and assassination, the complete insecurity of life and property, the confiscations that follow the march of either party, the interruption of every productive pursuit; above all, the remorseless murder of females, perpetrated in the name of civilization.

After despotism should have wreaked its vengeance, it would doubtless rule with a view to a tranquillity only to be obtained by the least possible outrage of individual rights. It will evince none of the mad ferocity of weakness about to lose its hold of power; but, being strong, it may be generous. The clergy will have been much reduced in numbers by late events, which have not been of a character to encourage, among young persons, the choice of that career; and the sufferings of the church will rather tend to inculcate a wholesome dread of new horrors, than to excite re-

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venge. The convents will recruit with difficulty, and many of their possessions will doubtless be appropriated to the uses of an exhausted treasury, not however to pay back the money usuriously advanced by speculators to keep alive the civil war. Though armed foreign interference is odious, and will have rallied instead of overcoming the national party, yet the stealthier influence of opinion from without will be felt with salutary effect. English and French intelligence will invade Spain with better success than their armies. Despotism, if it will relax nothing of its power, will at least, as in Prussia, govern more wisely, and in the interests of the masses, for the sake of its own security. Thus, passing quietly on, Spain may attain good government with the growth of intelligence, and without a return to anarchy. In this way, though the revolution has been premature, it may not be wholly without beneficial results in return for so much misery.

We wish then in Spain for the triumph of the majority over a faction which has shown its incapacity to rule; we wish for the triumph of national independence over foreign interference. A government must receive its regeneration from within, and not from without. We would rather trust to peace and quiet prosperity as sources of civilization than civil war. Blessed with this first want of nations, her colonies recognised, her friendly and commercial relations with them restored, she might make a new and more auspicious start in the career of improvement. The constitution would have withdrawn the liberties of Navarre and Biscay; much might be gained by the despotic government which should produce a different kind of equalisation by extending them to the whole of Spain. The communications by means of roads and canals, which are so greatly needed in Spain, might be opened, and would lead the way to the most brilliant results by developing the resources of the country, smothered for want of outlets for

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its productions. Thus the unquiet spirit which, in the absence of other employment, would occupy itself with political speculations at variance with the wishes of the people, might be turned into the paths of enterprise and industry.

The beauty of a government is not wholly intrinsic. It consists in its adaptability to the peculiar condition, habits, and manners of the people who live under it. Our form of government is beautiful not merely in itself, but because it has its strong foundations in our national character, in the love of order and sense of probity bequeathed to us by our British ancestors, in the condition of property, in habits of self-government as old as the era of our origin as colonies, and in universal intelligence, fostering and fostered by the system under which we live. The same government, excellent and beautiful as it is admitted to be, without other modification than occurred in translating the document which imbodied its precepts from one language into another, has been adopted by Mexico and other Spanish American states, prematurely severed by revolution from their parent state. What have been the consequences? Have they been order, security of life and property, the supremacy of the law, the rapid development of the national resources? Not at all. They have been anarchy one day, followed by military despotism the next, and anarchy and military despotism again, until the world has ceased to be attentive to the oft-repeated intelligence of wars and revolutions. And so it would be with Spain with a form of government borrowed from England.

The revolution announced as probable, at the close of this view of Spain as originally printed, has broken forth; but it has broken forth prematurely. Intelligence is not sufficiently diffused; the liberal party is not ascendant, nor respectable in its composition. The peasantry, forming the largest and the worthiest class, are opposed to a change, which their ignorance would render disadvantageous to

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them, by placing them at the mercy of the interested delegates of power. This revolution, moreover, was not spontaneous; it did not originate with the people, but with a king seeking the only method, through the nobles and rabble of cities, of securing the succession of his daughter. Naturally enough it has not produced the salutary results which a revolution under more favourable circumstances, and at a later era, might have done. Peace, time, and freedom from foreign interference, are now the best aids for Spain to trust to, to work out her regeneration. We wish her, then, in conclusion, domestic peace, as the greatest of all blessings in itself, and the fruitful mother of so many others; we wish her, too, national independence, without which a nation can neither be dignified nor happy.

THE END.

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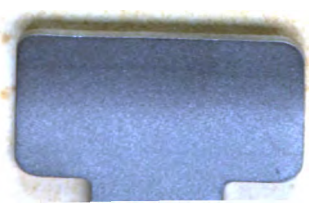

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