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BY

THE AUTHOR OF "A YEAR IN SPAIN."

"Salve! tierra de amor, mil veces salve!"

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

SUCCESSOR TO HENRY COLBURN.

1836.

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DEDICATORY LETTER.

TO LIEUT. GEORGE P. UPSHUR, U.S.N.

HAVING been mainly instrumental, my dear Upshur, in inducing you, some years ago, by what I had written, to make the tour of Spain, it has occurred to me that, after so indulgently receiving my previous work of travels in that country, you might not be unwilling to accept the dedication of these additional volumes on the same subject. Perhaps, as your memory is a good one, you may not have forgotten the delightful journey which we once made together, from Syracuse to Ætna and Catania; a journey rendered doubly pleasant by the agreeable formation of our party, and the delight which ever attends a temporary escape from the necessary, yet somewhat onerous thraldom of a well-regulated man-of-war. Pleasant, however, as was the journey, and not less pleasing as is its remembrance, it was the only occasion in our long association on which we were likely to disagree. While you were halting and dismounting by the

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roadside, at every stone, to study its mineralogy, or to discover in it a vestige of some ancient city of which you had read in Plutarch or in Strabo, I, knowing little of these things, would be impatient at the delay, although, at the next instant, I might, in turn, be seen lingering behind the caravan, to join in idle gossip with peasant or muleteer.

But if our discrepant tastes sometimes occasioned us, when travelling, to worry and jostle each other, I trust that, when we now meet in the new relation of reader and scribe, you will consent to bear with me while I recount my own story after my own fashion. With your enthusiasm for every thing Spanish, the result of much familiar observation, I trust that the following pages will be received by you with indulgent interest; especially as you must feel curious to learn my adventures in a country from which a royal order excluded me, and was, on one occasion, owing to our identity of rank in the same service, so near involving you in trouble and detention.*

In times past, a dedication, paid for by a great literary patron, furnished the author at once with the means of parading his own servility, and ascribing to his idol virtues which had no real existence. Sanctioned by the authority of illustrious names, it might be permitted, with a motive not more selfish

* See the order at the end of the volume.

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or mercenary than that of adding to an affection most dearly appreciated, to describe virtues which really exist. Seeking inspiration from truth only, I might here draw the portrait of such a combination as is not often seen blended in one character; I might describe a bravery, a benevolence, a patience, a secrecy (that truly Spanish virtue which so few appreciate and still fewer possess,) a probity, a love of justice, coupled with an honest indignation at whatever outrages it, an undoubting faith in the fidelity of friends, a devotion to others, and a forgetfulness of self, such as the world does not believe in, were I not deterred by the consideration that, when I should have completed my task, the eulogy, which would seem feeble to those who know the original, might be condemned as extravagant by those who do not.

The chief advantage of the slight reputation which has fallen to my share, has been its procuring me the favour and acquaintance of some distinguished individuals, whose names might furnish a decoration to my pages, which the world would, perhaps, more highly value; but I turn with far greater delight to the regard which, in the course of a long and most familiar association, was conceded to me from personal considerations alone; and I feel a pleasure which I cannot easily describe, in offering this slight, though heartfelt tribute, to the truest and most cherished of my professional friendships, of which I covet the continuance with

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a warmth that absence has not diminished; for if there be any circumstance which, more than another, sometimes emboldens me to indulge a feeling of self-complacency, it is when I remember that I have a right to subscribe myself, with the fullest assurance that the sentiment is reciprocal,

Your affectionately attached friend,

THE AUTHOR.

January 1, 1836.

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SPAIN REVISITED.

CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE FROM BAYONNE.

Bayonne—Difficulties of entering Spain—Advice of Smuggler—Fermin Sylveti, a Pyrenean Muleteer—Hotel of St. Stephen—Party at Dinner—Wet Morning—Fonda de Espana—Scene of Comfort in a Kitchen—Conversation of Muleteers—Journey commenced—Outskirts of Bayonne—Storm in the Lower Pyrenees—Arrival at Ustariz.

On the 10th January 1834, I arrived in Bayonne on my way to Madrid. A royal order of Ferdinand, directed to the agents of the government in every part of Spain, had been issued some two years before, describing me by name as the author of the "YEAR IN SPAIN," and stating that it was my intention to return to the country, in which case I should immediately be conducted to the nearest frontier and dismissed. The work itself was to be seized wherever it might be found. The reasons given for this exclusion were, that this

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ill-digested production contained injurious expressions concerning the king and royal family of Spain, and sacrilegious mockery of her institutions and laws.

Notwithstanding this order, I did not hesitate to undertake the journey, knowing that since that period the government had undergone an entire change, and passed completely into the hand of the opposite, or liberal party. Besides, some time had elapsed, and the government, assailed by insurrection and civil war, had sufficient occupation without taking an interest in the movements of an obscure individual.

This order, therefore, presented but an imaginary difficulty in the way of my penetrating to Madrid; there were others that were sufficiently real. Civil war was raging in the Basque Provinces and in Navarre; the diligences had for some time ceased to run, and the insurgents were particularly anxious to cut off all communication by which a knowledge of their movements might be conveyed to the government. It was, therefore, extremely difficult to get forward. The post-horses had everywhere been seized by the Carlists to mount their cavalry, and only a few mules remained at some of the post-houses between Bayonne and Vittoria. One of the first things I heard on alighting at the old inn of Saint Stephen was, that a French courier, who had arrived that day from Vittoria, had been attacked, though escorted by two hundred men of the Queen's troops.

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As the surest means of getting good advice concerning my future movements, I sought out the merchant to whom I was addressed by my banker in Bordeaux, who, being in constant communication with Spain, was resorted to by all the regular traders and smugglers of that nation coming to Bayonne. On entering the door I found a great number of Spaniards smoking paper cigars, and bargaining in a quiet way. The gentleman, after reading my letter, pointed out to me all the difficulties attending a journey into Spain at that moment, offering to present me to a merchant just arrived from Madrid, as the best means of enlightening me on the subject.

The individual in question was a tall, dignified looking man, dressed in the Andalusian costume for the road—a sheepskin jacket with silver clasps, gacho hat, tight breeches, buskins of leather, and silver spurs. He had just arrived in twelve days from Madrid on his own mule, having been stopped six times by the Carlists; but, after the exhibition of his passport, allowed to prosecute his journey. On being asked his opinion as to the best course for me to pursue, in a slow, dignified tone, and in very pure Castilian, he advised me, instead of attempting to penetrate by Vittoria, the road to which was covered with guerilla parties, to accompany muleteers to Pamplona and Zaragoza, at which last place I should find a diligence for Madrid. The merchant strongly concurred in recommending

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this course, as the only one by which I was at all likely to get forward without being waylaid and stripped.

It happened that there was a muleteer about to start on the same night for Pamplona, a man of tried confidence, who was constantly charged by the merchants of Bayonne with affairs of importance, the transmission of letters, and the receipt or payment of large sums of money. He happened just then to enter: a stout, weather-beaten man, in a coarse jacket, and trousers kept in place by a sash; a nightcap, surmounted by a large hat, protected his head, while the ample folds of the brown cloak enveloped and half concealed his person, On his right heel was a spur half a foot long, which was intended to reach the mule's flank when laden, and which attested his condition of muleteer. Sylveti was the man's name, with the baptismal addition of Fermin, from the patron saint of Pamplona.

He was told that he was to take me to Pamplona; that I should require a good mule for myself, and another for my baggage; that I could not start until the morning; and that he must take the same care of me as if I were the merchant himself. Being asked the price, he slowly removed his paper cigar, and uttered the characteristic expression of "*conforme*," accompanied with the question whether he should provide for all my wants on the journey; on receiving an affirmative answer, he fixed the price at ten dollars, which being agreed

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to, the conversation terminated with the emphatic exclamation of "*corriente!*" The matter being as completely settled as if a treaty had been signed by duly accredited plenipotentiaries on both sides, I took leave of the parties, expressing becomingly my gratitude to the merchant for his kindness, and returned to the hotel for dinner.

Though the hotel of Saint Stephen had very much the air of a Spanish posada, it greatly belied its looks, as it furnished both a good bed and a good dinner. I cannot say so much for the company assmebled round the table, which consisted of a marching officer and three or four loquacious and flippant commercial travellers. The conversation turned partly on the fare, which they pronounced good, partly on other matters. The officer had been in La Vendée, and characterized the inhabitants as a set of unreasonable bears, who required rough usage to keep them in order. He made other remarks productive of very little satisfaction to a sturdy ragamuffin, buttoned to the throat in a coarse frock, and without any outward or visible sign of a shirt, who proved to be a native of that country, and who, so far as the evidence of his appearance went, corroborated the officer's denunciation.

The officer, when he found he had given offence, apologized for the mistake he had made, and soon after introduced the subject of his own accomplishments. By his own account he sang enchantingly,

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and was very adroit at tricks of cards, two excellencies which furnished him with a passport to society. He was on a short furlough, and had employed a couple of days of it in a visit to Spain. He had been to Saint Sebastian, and entertained the company with an account of Spain, her political condition, and the influence of the monks. In the course of the dinner a dispute occurred between two travellers as to the relative advantages of a town and city life. The Briton boasted the charms of the country and the pleasures of the chase; the other vaunted the matchless attractions of a Parisian existence—the theatres, coffee-houses, and brilliant soirées of the capital. Leaving them to settle this and other arguments likely to arise as best they might, and the officer to exhibit, if he pleased, a specimen of his singing and jugglery, I retired at an early hour, in search of the repose which was to prepare me for the toils of the morrow.

At five in the morning I was awakened by the porter, who was to conduct me to Sylveti's inn. As we issued into the street we found ourselves in almost utter darkness: the expiring lamps were dimly glimmering, or had already shed their last faint rays; while the rain, which had already furnished the ill-paved streets with countless lakes and rivulets, still fell in a steady, deliberate drizzle, which gave no promise of its speedy termination. Every now and then we plunged into one of these streams, or stepped ankle-deep into a hollow

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of the worn-out pavement, or came under the waterfall of a projecting roof. The man who carried my luggage moreover missed the road, and, after wandering for half an hour, retraced his steps, knocking ineffectually at several doors, whence we were greeted with no very complimentary answers from the disturbed inmates. The gloom of the scene in these deserted streets, and the prospect which I had of setting out, already wet and cold, to climb the Pyrenees on a rainy day, and penetrate a country, insecure at all times, and now abandoned to the horrors of civil war, gave a tinge of gloom and disquietude to the feelings with which I was about to commence my journey.

Having struck at length on the right scent, we found ourselves at the door of the Fonda de España, which Sylveti himself hastened to open to us. It was a Spanish inn, in truth as well as in name; and, as I threaded the labyrinth of carts, galeras, packages, and mules, I could scarcely persuade myself that I had not already crossed the frontier. Having conducted me to the kitchen, where I found the huge fireplace occupying a whole side of the room, Sylveti returned to pack my baggage and make all ready. A heap of brushwood and fagots was blazing cheerfully in the crater, while the hissing of the rain-drops that found their way down the chimney, added a new attraction to the place, by keeping up the memory of the discomfort which reigned without.

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One side of the kitchen was occupied by a dresser with furnaces, over which a tall woman, a mountaineer, was toasting bread and mulling chocolate. She was slatternly in her appearance, having lank, black hair, hanging in disorder, and dragging after her a pair of slipshod shoes; being, moreover, free and bold of speech, with a sharp wit, unrestrained by any particular delicacy, and expressing itself by turns in French, Spanish, or Basque, with a piquancy which seemed to draw forth smiles of approbation from the party assembled about the fire, composed chiefly of Spanish muleteers.

The conversation among them, when not monopolized by the slattern aforesaid, turned upon the civil war which was devastating their country. They spoke of the difficulty a peaceable man experienced in following his occupations and passing from place to place without being compromised, and expressed a hope that the combatants would speedily fall to in earnest, cut each other's throats, and settle the matter once and for ever. One fellow, seated very comfortably in an arm-chair, gravely and sententiously gave it as his opinion, that the best thing a quiet and well-intentioned person could do, in these times, was to betake himself to a good inn, light his cigar, and be silent—*lo mejor es quedar en una buena posada, echar su cigarillo y callar;* and, as he ended the sentence, he took out his paper and tobacco, and proceeded to suit the action to the word.

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By the time I had swallowed my chocolate, Sylveti came to announce that he had completed his preparations. Taking leave, therefore, of the group about the fire, who wished me a pleasant journey, more as a matter of ceremony than with any expectation that it would be realized, I took my way to the stable-yard. Here stood, ready for me, a strong, stubborn little horse, with a high-pommelled saddle and a heavy bit: having adjusted the stirrups, I mounted at once. The gates of the town were not yet opened, and, seated in the saddle, I awaited the return of the person who was to advise us when we might set forward. My little horse was planted near the half-open door; behind stood Sylveti's mule, on which my luggage was laden, the whole being concealed and protected from the weather by a number of gayly-coloured mantas. The animal's neck and body were smoothly shaven of the hair, which, on a day such as this, would have furnished no unacceptable protection; and his head, adorned with a halter trimmed with red worsted tassels, was thrust forward with a knowing expression to catch sight of the weather without, and estimate the prospects of an agreeable journey.

Farther within stood a collection of unpainted carts and waggons, having roofs of reeds covered with canvass; on either side, against the wall, hung huge collars and other primitive harness, while still beyond were heard the jingling bells of the more fortunate mules, which, ignorant of the hour which

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might call them also forth, were busily chewing their barley. The pains-taking landlord, having in his left hand one of those primitive lamps of iron, in which the oil and wick are alike uncovered, such exactly as his prototype, the Manchego innkeeper, smashed against the head of Don Quixote, was receiving with the right the francs, pistareens, and quarters, which Sylveti doled out, with a due attention to the value of each. To complete the picture, the stable-man busied himself benevolently in enveloping my stirrups in straw, that I might feel the cold less sensibly. The opening of the gates was at length announced to us. The hostler led my bidet out into the street; Sylveti followed and took the lead, conducting me, through gate and over drawbridge, into the open country without the fortress of Bayonne.

The day had not yet dawned; it continued to rain, and there was not a soul upon the road besides ourselves. Soon after, there was a glimmering of light; and, as it increased, we began to meet a few solitary individuals making their way to market: an old woman with a basket of turnips on her head, milk-maids with jars of tin or earthenware, covered with leaves, and a few despondent-looking asses. The level and monotonous Landes had disappeared altogether, with their sands and pine-trees, and in their place lay, unfolded before us, a beautifully-variegated country; the green fields divided, as in England, by hawthorn hedges, and the whole

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broken delightfully into hill and dale, and swelling gradually upward until the view was terminated by the lofty ridges of the Pyrenees.

Our road almost immediately commenced ascending. The rain now ceased altogether; but it was only to prepare for a grand uproar and deluge. The thunder was heard muttering in the distant mountains; the sky became overcast and blackened; the day gradually receding as it had come, until dark night once more overshadowed the whole scene. At first a few large drops of rain began to fall with a pattering sound; presently it commenced pouring in torrents; then a breeze sprang up, and it soon blew violently; the rain now changed into hail, which struck us like a shower of bullets.

We had reached the summit of a pass, and, as there were neither trees nor houses near, we were the highest objects to attract the lightning. Sylveti was before me, seated sideways on his mule, his cloak hanging round him, covering himself and the baggage like a tent. When on the summit, there was a flash of lightning so vivid, and apparently so close, as for a moment to blind me; it traced itself distinctly against Sylveti's cloak and the mule, and appeared to have passed between us, being accompanied by a crash of thunder so loud and so terrible, that it seemed sufficient to send the crests of the mountains toppling into the abyss.

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My first thought was one of astonishment that neither Sylveti nor I was hurt, nor our beasts, though they refused to go on, for the hail was driving with fury in their faces, and my horse's mane was converted by it into a frozen mass. A few oaths, and a few applications of the long spur, set the mule in motion again, and my horse followed. I never witnessed a more dreadful uproar of the elements.

My cloak was covered with hailstones; it was exceedingly cold, and the sweeping of the blast rendered respiration difficult; I was drenched to the skin with the previous rain, benumbed and chilled to the very heart, and had never felt so thoroughly uncomfortable. In my despondence I looked with complacency to the remoter evils that were passed, and half wished myself back to the gloomy metropolis which I had so recently left, canopied again by its eternal mantle of fog and coal-smoke, and delivered up, body and soul, to the black melancholy that consumed me there. Even the risk of being drowned in a sea of mud, and shovelled into a scrapings' cart, crushed by a brewer's horse, or run down by a heavily-laden omnibus, seemed for the moment preferable to the less inglorious chances of being struck by lightning on the top of the Pyrenees.

As we descended this first mountain range, the thunder and lightning became more distant, but the rain still fell in torrents. Presently we came to

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a village which I was convinced must be our stopping-place, where we were to rejoin the caravan which had preceded us the night before, vainly fancying every house to be the inn, until we had left the last behind us. Another mile or two of suffering, despondence, and sullen silence, interrupted by no idle questions about the distance, brought us to Ustariz, a beautifully-situated village on the western side of a mountain, which sloped downwards towards the winding Nive. We trotted onwards, saluted by compassionate looks from the women, and sneering grins from sundry idle troopers posted in the doorways, until nearly the whole village was behind us, at almost the last house of which Sylveti's mule turned instinctively into an open doorway, which gave us admittance into the stable of the village inn.

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CHAPTER II.

SOJOURN IN USTARIZ.

Inn at Ustariz—Chimney Corner—Determination to halt—Strife beyond the Frontiers—Politics among Muleteers—Lodgings in Ustariz—Pyrenean Dinner—Evening Scene about the Kitchen Fire—Daybreak in the Mountains.

When I alighted at the inn of Ustariz I could scarcely stand; my feet and limbs were completely benumbed, and refused duty, and my cloak was thoroughly saturated with water, and held me like a prisoner within its chill embrace, until Sylveti relieved me of its weight. Released from this durance, I ascended a flight of stairs in search of the kitchen, which I entered with a rapture not easily to be conceived, taking my seat within its ample chimney. It had an immense fireplace, with an iron back, on which were grotesque figures of men and animals, whose expression changed as the blaze grew and waned; a huge chain, to which a kettle was suspended, might be traced up the chimney until lost in its gloom; below was a glorious heap of glowing embers, on which a pile of brushwood was immediately thrown to greet and welcome our arrival.

The group about the fire, which had so readily made room for me, consisted, besides sundry Spa-

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nish muleteers, of the master of the house, an old fellow with a single tooth, of which he seemed very proud; his wife, a decent, pains-taking old body; and one daughter, a tight-built, tidy lassie, who scolded both alternately, and seemed to have quite the upper hand in the establishment. She was tastefully dressed in a gay calico, wearing on her head a cross-barred handkerchief, whose folds were very coquettishly arranged; while her foot, which was a very neat one, was hidden in one corner of a wooden shoe, which kept clattering incessantly over the brick floor as she came and went from cupboard to dresser. The pleasure to be found in contemplating so agreeable an object as a tidy woman at her domestic cares was nothing, however, compared with that which I derived from drying and thawing my benumbed limbs, and the gradual expansion of body and soul which I experienced as the genial process went on; the two pleasures did not, however, in any way interfere with each other, so I contrived to enjoy them together.

The pleasing reverie into which I had fallen was, in a short time, interrupted by Sylveti's coming to ask me if we should continue our journey, which I answered by placing myself entirely under his orders to advance or to remain. He looked out of the window, through which the cold air and rain rushed, most eloquently arguing against the renewal of our journey; and, after a moment's pause,

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he decided that we should remain where we were until the next day; a decision which was pronounced to be full of wisdom by the innkeeper, by his wife, and the pretty daughter; even the maid of all work, who, being so near Spain, claimed the privilege of expressing her opinion on all occasions, applauded the discretion of Sylveti.

He now told me that he had just heard that a body of two hundred of the Queen's troops had thrown themselves into the frontier town of Urdax, to renew the collection of duties on all articles entering the country, and had put to flight or to death all the Carlist authorities who had been collecting the revenue. On the other hand, the people of the valley of Bastan, who are for Carlos to a man, had assembled a force of seven hundred men, and, surrounding the Queen's troops, held them in a state of siege, cutting off all their communications. This was not very encouraging intelligence for us, as Urdax was in the direct line of our route, and we should have to pass through both parties, at the risk of sharing in the blows distributed in a quarrel in which we were in no wise interested. It was on this account, and rather to gain time for consideration, than out of any dread for the weather, that Sylveti decided that we should not abandon our present comfortable quarters.

This intelligence from Urdax gave rise to a great deal of political discussion among the muleteers, who gave evidence of being outrageous Car-

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lists, except only the old and wary Sylveti, who assented however by nods to every thing that was said. They evinced great dissatisfaction with Carlos for not appearing; spoke scornfully of his cowardice in not coming forward to assert his rights and head his party, who were exposing themselves, and dying unavailingly in his quarrel. They seemed to have the idea that the Queen's ministers and officers were temporizing, and endeavouring to keep well with both parties in the event of a change.

There was great exasperation, to be sure, between the Carlists and Peseteros, or pistareen men, from the value of their daily pay, who, being from the same country, and mutually volunteers in favour of opposite opinions, carried on the war with a fanatic spirit, and put each other to death without mercy. But the regular army pursued the insurgents with little ardour; according to them, three Carlists, being driven into a house and besieged there by two hundred soldiers, managed, after killing a number, to hold out during a whole day, at the end of which time they effected their escape. A sententious young fellow, the same who had made the speech in the posada at Bayonne, and who had arrived after us, concluded the discussion by saying that "neither party likes dying—*nadie quiere morir.*"

As we were to pass the day at Ustariz, Sylveti set about making me comfortable. The state bed-

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room was presently warmed with a rousing fire, and my luggage deposited in it; it was a vast oblong room, with a neatly waxed oaken floor, and an air of great cleanliness; the corners being occupied by two very large beds canopied by heavy testers, while at one side was a huge clothes-press, and at the other a bureau, on which stood a couple of vases containing withered flowers; two gourds, resembling oranges, were symmetrically posted on either side, while between them stood an hourglass, intended as an emblem of our fleeting existence and a memento of the value of time, or perhaps to serve in measuring the duration of the occupants' devotions.

At the head of each bed was a little picture of the Virgin, framed into the headboard, while close at hand hung a little ebony crucifix, having a bronze figure of the Saviour affixed, and a conch-shell beneath containing holy water. There were, besides, a number of devotional pictures hung round —the worshipping of the wise men, the baptism in the Jordan, the crucifixion. Every thing, indeed, about the room indicated the religious character of the inhabitants of this mountain district, and a fixed purpose to set the devil at defiance.

Not the least attraction of this, my temporary home, was the balcony, which flanked the entire side of the room, overlooking the river; a glass door communicated with this balcony, and I visited it from time to time during the day, to study the

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workings of the storm and the chances of the weather, or to admire the beauty and magnificence of the scene. By the time I had reconnoitred every nook and corner of my castle, with the possession of which I was amazingly pleased, and provided for my greater comfort by a change of clothes, Sylveti came to announce dinner.

It was served in one corner of the kitchen, on a rough pine table, covered with a coarse but perfectly clean cloth. Sylveti had provided me with a napkin, and a silver spoon and fork, while himself, his brother, and three other muleteers journeying the same way, used the less luxurious material of boxwood. They placed the first dish before me, and waited until I was served. It was a soup of bread, oil, and water, seasoned with the powder of the red pepper of domestic growth; greens, beans, and stewed codfish followed; then came a fresh fish swimming in a perfect sea of oil; and, lastly, we had a tortilla or omelet, after which a desert succeeded, consisting of dried grapes, nuts, and figs, followed by very good coffee, and a glass of brandy. The wine served during the meal was sweet and weak, such as one might expect in so mountainous and rainy a district.

It was easy to see that this was a maigre day; it was indeed the season of jubilee, to be celebrated by fasting and prayer, and the landlord had an economical as well as religious motive in following the mandates of the Church. The Spaniards, who

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are under a peculiar ordinance, and who have only sixteen fish days throughout the year, complained very much of their dinner, and drew very disparaging comparisons between French cookery and their own. They were only ten miles from the frontier, yet they were speculating upon the different appearance the codfish would have assumed in a Spanish posada, with a plentiful garnish of garlic, peppers, and saffron. During the repast, the landlord, the landlady, and the daughter kept hovering about, joining appropriately in the conversation, or aiding the maid, who thus found time to bandy gallant words, and exchange a few amorous glances with the sturdy muleteers.

The political conversation was again renewed, and the sententious young muleteer managed, while he sustained his argument, to carry on by word of hand, wholly unobserved, as he thought, a little practical gallantry with the willing damsel behind him. Meanwhile a large sheep-dog sat imploringly at hand, watching the progress of each morsel from plate to mouth, and ready to receive any offering, however humble; while farther away skulked two stealthy cats, not less interesting observers of passing events, and which, though apparently absorbed in polishing the rejected plates, or licking the meat block, were at the same time on the look-out to profit by any intermission of watchfulness, to extend the sphere of their depredations.

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Soon after dinner the weather cleared off beautifully, and I enjoyed from my balcony one of the most beautiful views it was possible to behold. The house was built on the steep side of the western branch of the Nive; the whole space between it and the river being formed into terraces connected by steps, and cultivated as a kitchen-garden; and the stream skirted throughout its course by a number of noisy mills to which it gave motion. This branch was divided from the main body of the river by a low island, forming a beautiful meadow, with occasional clumps of trees; it was now afloat in many places from the heavy rains. The island was connected with the town by a narrow bridge of plank, on which a woman was just then passing with a basket on her head, to join a party engaged in spreading clothes to bleach. A few light canoes of beautiful construction were tied to trees along the shore.

Beyond the island flowed the main body of the Nive, swollen to a deep and rapid stream, the waters of which rushed in a broken and tumultuous current. Its eastern bank was formed by a gently-sloping hill, divided by hedges, and covered by a varied cultivation, upon the changing hues of which a declining sun shone full and brilliantly. To the right, the Nive wound upwards to its source, occasionally lost and seen again, until it diappeared in the gorges of the Pyrenees, which

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rose nobly, in round and graceful outlines, like the dark ridges of the Catskill.

Towards dusk the whole village was summoned by sound of bell to the evening prayers and sermon, which was preached in Basque. Supper succeeded in due time, differing in no respect from the dinner, and the events of the day closed by a general assemblage, about the kitchen fire, of all the landlord's family, the travellers, some few village oracles, and a party of troopers billeted in the house. There were, indeed, soldiers in every village on the frontier, the army of observation along it amounting to no fewer than a hundred thousand men; a company of lancers garrisoned this village, and, at different periods during the day, the trumpeter might be heard calling them, by each well-distinguished blast, to feed or dress their horses, to dinner, or to retire each to his abode. In the course of the evening I thought I could detect a budding affection between a neat-looking sergeant and the landlord's daughter, to end in matrimony or otherwise.

The next morning I was awakened at an early hour, and found the maid alone in waiting to dispense the chocolate, the rest of the family not having yet arisen, and the muleteers being below lading their mules. All the chairs were vacant except one, in which the cat luxuriously reposed, excited into pleasing dreams by the genial heat of

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the fire, dozing, purring, and unsheathing her claws as if seizing upon a mouse; the dog had taken his station much nearer the fire, so as to be almost in the ashes, where he lay grinning and showing his teeth convulsively. Having taken my chocolate, I returned to my room, and opened the balcony, to study the prospects that the weather afforded of an agreeable journey.

Though a grey streak in the east indicated the approach of day, it was still quite dark, and a few planets and stars of greater magnitude still shone brightly out in the clear blue sky. The outline of the opposite ridge towards the east might be distinctly traced, and the white streak in the valley below, which marked the windings of the Nive. Erelong the light began to diffuse itself in a purple tint, beautifully colouring two or three clouds which were travelling lazily over. The summit of the opposite ridge caught the next rays, its trees, brushwood, and all its minutest inflections being palpably seen, while all below yet remained in darkness. Imperceptibly, as the day grew and gathered strength, the tints of the sky and clouds became more and more gorgeous, and the light, dissipating the gloom of the valley, showed the varied hues of the cultivated fields, the dark fringe of the hedges that divided them, the course of the Nive with its mills, and the scattered dwellings of the inhabitants, from which the first wreaths of cheerful smoke were beginning to ascend in tiny

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threads of fleece, until one by one the beauties of this lovely vale were all revealed.

For awhile, as I gazed, the absence of all sounds, except the rushing torrent beneath, kept up the idea of utter solitude; the renewed clatter of a mill below was the first to renew the turmoil; presently after the hoarse bell of the village church began to toll with slow and measured stroke, breaking awfully upon the silence of the valley, and reverberating among the distant mountains. It called the faithful to matin mass, and announced that the inhabitants of this secluded vale were about to begin, with devotion, the labours of another day.

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CHAPTER III.

CROSSING THE PYRENEES.

Departure from Ustariz—Traits of Mulish Character—Attributes of Gallician Mules—Frontier—Perplexities on entering Spain—Carlists and Christinos—Carlist Band going to attack Urdax—A Carlist Commissary—Valley of the Bidassoa—Night in Elvetea.

THE sun had already risen when I found myself mounted on the back of the mule which was to bear me to Pamplona. The horse which had brought me from Bayonne to Ustariz had been sent back, for, beyond the frontier, he would instantly have been seized by the Carlists, and converted from his present peaceful occupations, so well suited to his temper, into the charger of a bearded and bristling trooper, with irregular hours, hard kicks in the flank from armed heels, and sad lack of barley.

Instead of the ordinary saddle and stirrups, I was accommodated with a broad pack, upon which I was free to sit as I pleased, and could turn about from time to time to bring a new set of muscles into action, or direct my eyes towards the quarter which offered the most attraction. Sylveti led the vanguard; my mule came next, its head being tied

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to the tail of the preceding one; and so with all the beasts of our caravan, consisting of eight. Two other muleteers, having each three or four mules, kept company with us, being anxious to avail themselves of the protection of Sylveti.

Our road was nothing more than a bridle, or, as the Spaniards call it, a horse-shoe path, winding among the cork-trees, which here abound, and taking the shortest way over mountain and valley: but, as there was an infinity of branches of the beaten track, the selection of the best and shortest was a matter of importance, which, however, was left almost entirely to the sagacity of the mules. My mule had been hitherto accustomed to lead, and, apparently, he did not like to be superseded, or did not always approve of the choice made by the beast which had usurped his place; for, after many dissatisfied shakes of the head, he at length fell back with all his weight, and with an energy capable of dragging his predecessor's tail out by the roots; the halter, however, broke, and the liberated animal, taking another track, placed himself triumphantly in his proper place at the head of the caravan.

Sylveti, instead of being vexed, and cursing and slandering the mule's mother, according to custom, admitted that she had done a good thing in bringing him into the world, and that the mule was most worthy to be the captain, and had claimed no more than was his due. He took occasion to pronounce

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a very eloquent eulogium upon the animal, Gallego by name, from the province which had the honour of his birth, and thus characterized him in summing up: "Some Gallicians are lazy, and will not go, or else they are impatient, and go too fast, or stop to browse by the way: not so this one; he is a good Gallician; he picks his way discreetly; will not stop even to crop the leaves that thrust themselves into his mouth; and ever keeps up his regular pace, not a fast one to be sure, but still steady and persevering, and suited to the caravan."

I had occasion to remark, in the course of the journey, that Sylveti was unusually forbearing and kind to his mules. He was very attentive to their food, either he or his brother sleeping every night beside them to see that they received their barley regularly, and that it was not afterwards withdrawn. Their furniture was strong, in good repair, and decked with even more than the usual share of bells and tassels; they never kicked, fell down purposely, or dropped their load from its being badly fastened, accidents all very common among vicious, ill-bred mules, and careless muleteers.

The country through which we passed, though at first beautiful and highly cultivated, became gradually less so as we penetrated farther into the region of the Pyrenees. The mountains were covered with trees of a stunted growth; and the soil and climate seemed alike unfriendly to vegetable and animal life. There were two or three villages

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and isolated farmhouses, and a few peasants of sufficiently miserable appearance were circulating between them, transporting brushwood or charcoal in small carts drawn by cows, which were in the shape of the ancient triumphal cars, and made entirely without iron, the wheels being of solid plank. After passing through this dreary country, we came to the pretty valley in which the frontier town of Anoa was situated, where we were to be examined by the custom-house officers, and exhibit our passports preparatory to leaving France. The officer gave me the consolatory information that they were fighting just across the border, and that it blew so hard in the pass of Orsundo that I should probably be dismounted by the force of the wind.

As it was not yet twelve, at which hour the passage opens at the frontier, we halted to dine. Our dinner, which was again maigre, much to the ire of Sylveti, who cursed the jubilee from the bottom of his heart and stomach also, was served by a little girl of fifteen, very pretty and very industrious, who moved about like lightning, frying omelets, turning out soup, or peas, or salt fish. She seemed already accustomed to the compliments which the muleteers paid her, and turned them off very gracefully. Having finished our repast we got in motion, taking leave of little Marie, who would have been Maria a mile further on, and who insisted upon carrying my cloak down, which she

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handed me when mounted to my station on the mule's back.

As we passed forward to the frontier we met many custom-house guards, armed with carbine and cartridge-box; and, when near the stream, we overtook a slatternly border-woman, either French or Spanish, as the occasion might require. She had a bottle and some coppers, and was going to Spain to buy some oil. The small river which here divides the two kingdoms is traversed by a wooden bridge; we, however, forded the stream, pausing in the centre to water the mules, which stood for a while with their fore feet in their own country and their hind in a foreign one. A party of French soldiers were stationed on the very verge of their own frontier, sent to take leave of us in the name of their country; but not a Spaniard was anywhere to be seen, either to oppose or welcome our arrival; an evidence of the civil war and anarchy which met us at the very threshold.

The first sign of inhabitants we found at a secluded building, which seemed to be occupied by charcoal-burners, and which, doubtless, served also as a concealment for smugglers when the government held sway here, and when concealment was needed. The people, who showed themselves at the door as we passed, were dressed like the inhabitants of Ustariz and Anoa. They wore jackets and trousers of dark cloth, either large woollen hats or low flat caps of cloth without front-piece, pre-

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cisely like the highland bonnet, their hair being entirely uncut, and hanging behind in a profusion of curls. The Spanish cloak is replaced in Navarre by the capusay, a garment of coarse black cloth, which has a hood, and is put on like a shirt. It differs only from the Moorish haik in being open at the sides, which, however, are confined at pleasure by a leathern belt. The sleeves are also partly open within, and the arms are either thrust through them or they hang freely.

Soon after entering Spain we left the beaten track, to avoid passing through the town of Urdax, into which, as we had already heard, the Queen's troops had thrown themselves to renew the reception of the duties. They consisted of two hundred carbiniers and pistareen men, who, descending by the valley of Roncesvalles, had surprised and taken possession of this frontier village. Now the Carlists, who had held the place for some time, had abolished all the existing duties and prohibitions, substituting the general charge of five per cent., and trade had in consequence been very brisk. The people of the valley of Bastan, to which this place belongs, were of course not at all pleased with this threatened interference with their trade, an act of presumption on the part of the Christinos; consequently they had assembled, as we had already heard, to the number of seven hundred, to besiege the intruders; but at the frontier we were told that, after skirmishing in the outskirts of the

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village the day before, they had returned to their homes.

Some of the muleteers seemed more apprehensive of falling in with the Christinos than with the Carlists; partly because they were rather of the latter opinion themselves, and partly because they had purchased their cargoes with reference to the new duties, and had, indeed, some articles that were contraband, which would not only be forfeited, but would subject every thing else that they carried, as well as their mules, to seizure, and themselves to the right of living at the public expense, for ten years or more, in the fortress of Ceuta, or digging, for an equal period, on the canal of Castile.

They were of course in mortal terror of falling into the hands of the carbiniers, and it was on this account that we took a sheep-path to the left, in order to avoid passing through Urdax. We had not proceeded far when we had the good fortune to fall in with a peasant in cap and capusay, and armed with a musket, whom Sylveti at once saluted as a well-known acquaintance. He was a guardian of the mountain, one of a class of men employed by the villages in Navarre to patrol the roads, accompany travellers, and protect them from robbers. He was immediately put in requisition to accompany us, and select the shortest and best path. The whole party moved on in a silence and anxiety not to be dispelled by the fumes of their

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pipes and paper cigars, which they kept constantly in action. Sylveti I overheard saying to himself, "Is it not, indeed, a hard case that a man cannot journey through his own country with tranquillity —*es mucho que no puede ir uno en su proprio regno con tranquilidad?*"

As we approached the crest of the mountain, we caught sight of Urdax, very prettily situated in the valley, through which we should have passed. The wind now became very furious; the mules advanced reluctantly, and it required frequent efforts of strength to retain one's seat as the blasts swept by. Presently, as we toiled on, we discovered beyond the valley a band of armed men defiling along the mountain opposite, in the direction of the village. A party of horsemen was in front, probably the chief with his staff; then came three or four hundred foot soldiers with muskets, and in the rear followed a long train of laden mules and asses, making the appearance of the whole group, as it wound along the mountain, highly picturesque. Sylveti immediately commenced congratulating himself on not having passed through the town, which would have brought us face to face upon this guerilla party. He had scarcely finished, however, when fifteen or twenty fellows suddenly appeared above the crest of the mountain in front of us, and, levelling their pieces, seemed about to fire.

They were not long, however, in discovering that they had nothing to fear from us, and, quickly

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changing their hostile attitude, they came towards us, saluting Sylveti and his brother, and the guardian, all of whom they knew. They said they had taken us for the Queen's cavalry, and seemed rather glad to find they were mistaken.

They were armed with English muskets and bayonets, the cartridge-box being belted round the body after the fashion of the country, and were all young, some mere boys of sixteen, who, being clad in the ordinary dress of the country, kept up the idea of their being members of society—brothers, sons, or husbands, just from the bosom of their families, instead of professional soldiers, estranged by long absence from their homes, not likely to be very useful or agreeable if they returned thither, or much mourned if they did not.

The idea that some of these youths would certainly fall by the hand of violence before the day was up, leaving a blank in many a domestic circle which nothing could fill, and of the misfortune that the struggle must inevitably bring upon the pretty village which nestled so peacefully in the vale below, gave rise to no very pleasant reflections in my mind, and no very charitable feelings towards the ministers of a merciful religion, who had mainly contributed to excite this civil war, with a view to prop their tottering estate. These young men seemed to have a peculiar animosity against the volunteers, who were their own countrymen; they boasted, in the most bloodthirsty manner, of what

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they would do to them: by their account the pistareen men were likely to fare no better than Roland and the twelve peers of France, who were all slain in the neighbouring valley of Roncesvalles, whence the Christinos had so unwittingly ventured.

The nearer we approached the pass of Orsundo, the harder it blew. I thought my eyes would be put out; and I readily credited the stories that Sylveti afterwards told me of travellers overtaken there by snow, losing their eyesight, wandering from the road, and perishing miserably from cold. As soon as the descent commenced, we alighted, the road being rough, and very precipitous. When part of the way down the mountain, we encountered a second party of Carlists, who were convoying a long train of mules, of which some were groaning under the weight of panniers, filled with meat, bread, roasted kids, and bacon, while others had huge wine-skins lashed upon their backs, goats arisen from the dead to a nobler and improved existence, into whose shell the soul of Bacchus had transfused itself; and thus the jolly god, metamorphosed into the form of a goat—no unfit emblem of monkish purity—assisted to fortify the stomachs and inflame the courage of the defenders of their favourite throne and altar.

These supplies were furnished by requisition upon the neighbouring towns, which contributed in kind, each man according to his means. The party was under the command of a scoundrel, who

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acted as commissary, a genuine specimen of a class of men in Spain that grow up about the government, and are debased by its vile system and humiliating functions. He was a small, puny creature, with a thin face, a sallow skin, and upturned nose, on either side of which twinkled a muddy little eye, the white and black being, by much smoking, so mixed up as to be no longer distinguishable from each other. He had on a cap with a long front-piece, which diminished, by the effect of contrast, his already mean features; a uniform coat, with a tarnished epaulet, hung loosely forward into notice, over which he wore a coarse jacket, leaving visible the tails of the coat, embroidered with the Bourbon lilies. As we approached, he marshalled his men, giving orders to prevent our mules coming in contact in the narrow pass, and being pushed into the precipice which yawned beside our path, speaking with great authority, and apparently delighted to have an office.

On descending into the next valley, we found the streams which had hitherto taken a northern direction to empty into the Adour, now flowing in the opposite one to swell the Bidassoa. The country seemed well watered, and we passed many trees of enormous growth and great age; almost the first we met was a huge chestnut, split into two parts, which grew opposite each other, having, in a fantastic and remarkable degree, the air and attitude of two stout wrestlers, about to grapple

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in deadly struggle, and seeming to be placed there as if to furnish the stranger a fit emblem of unhappy Spain, superannuated, rotten at the core, utterly ruined, yet divided against herself, and using her little remaining vitality to consummate its own annihilation.

The Bidassoa, which we presently crossed, was much swollen by the late rains. There was a great pleasure in reaching its valley after our ride over the mountain pass, it seemed so sheltered, snug, and warm; the country, too, was very beautiful, the low grounds profusely watered, and the mountains covered with a luxuriant growth of chestnut, oak, and beech trees, of noble size. On entering the town of Ariscum, I was struck with the great size and superior construction of the houses, compared with those occupied by the same classes in France. They were often built of hewn stone, combining neatness and durability, and had quite a Spanish air, having grated windows without glass, and verandas from which the women looked out, being attracted by the clatter of our mules in the silent and deserted street, the men from this and the neighbouring villages having all gone to the siege of Urdax. The women inquired if we knew any thing of the result of the expedition, and seemed in great anxiety.

Night was now approaching, and I was cold and tired. My listless condition on the back of the mule, without exertion of any sort, and yet

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without care, and the extreme slowness and hopelessness of our progress, quite wore my patience out. Every village we came to seemed, in turn, far enough to be ours, that is, the one where we were to pass the night, until I was at length overjoyed to participate in the pleasure with which my gallego pricked his ears, and announced by an abortive bray, responded along the whole line, that we approached our goal. Although we were in the street of Elvetea, it was impossible to distinguish the inn; it was only seven o'clock, yet there was not a soul to be seen, nor could the friendly glimmer of a light be distinguished in a single dwelling, the silence of death prevailing every where. The mules presently paused before what seemed a familiar resting-place; the folding-doors opened as if by magic, before we had time to knock, then closed again, and were securely barred when all had entered.

Half dead with fatigue, cold, and the exhausting effects of the high wind, I stumbled towards the kitchen. It was in genuine Spanish taste, with a huge patriarchal chimney, heaped with brushwood, round which was clustered a characteristic group, upon whose grotesque dress and strongly-marked countenances the red light from the chimney fell glaringly. There were three generations of women, grandmother, mother, and daughter, all busy in preparing our supper, for it seemed that we had been expected. The mother and grandmother

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were simply two old women, like any others, but the daughter was a tall, graceful girl, with good teeth, a rich, brown complexion, large, full-orbed, black eyes, placed very far apart, and a fine head of hair combed backwards, which would have reached the ground had it not been plaited. She was very attentive and active; but she did not scold her mother, like the girl at Ustariz. The rapidity with which she executed her duties was mingled with an occasional air of quiet repose, of sadness, or of abstraction; smiles and melancholy succeeded each other, in the expression of her countenance, like the passing alternations of sunshine and clouds.

Our supper to-night was not *maigre*. It commenced with a salad, then came lentils and greens, then boiled eggs, salt fish, mutton stewed with oil, saffron, and pimenta; lastly, roasted kid, followed by the usual finale of apples, nuts, and dry grapes. The conversation was chiefly political, and very characteristic. The company seemed to be all Carlists, and amused themselves with one of the muleteers, whom they made their butt, accusing him of being, like all his townsmen, a negro or liberal. They ridiculed each other's towns, relating a collection of stories as old as the hills about them, and repeating, as usual, disparaging proverbs and couplets. The entertainment concluded by producing the passports to sign. In isolated inns, the landlord is required to take note of his

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guests, and sign their passports, but in villages it must be done by the alcalde. By a singular incongruity, the government authorities require travellers to have their passports signed, even in those places where their authority is not recognized.

On this occasion, however, the alcalde was not at hand to attend to the duty, being actively employed in the Carlist army, at the head of one of the bands. This, however, occasioned no inconvenience. "How do you call him?" said Sylveti, seizing the pen, and writing, in a very crabbed hand, the customary superscription of the place, date, and contemplated departure. The rest followed his example; and the thing was done so much as a matter of course, as to show that these people have little idea of the value or possible consequences of forgery. Half the dishonesty, however, in the world, perhaps more than half, is produced by the unnecessary interference and action of vicious and oppressive governments. Now, too, Sylveti paid the duties for the Carlist custom-house, receiving a printed receipt.

My chamber was very large, having in one corner of it a clean and comfortable bed, in which, when Antonia had duly heated it with a warming-pan, I hastened to stretch myself. I did not, however, pass a good night, for the floor and partitions of the room were made of clumsy planks, very rudely put together; glimmerings of light were constantly seen piercing through from the stable

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or adjoining hall, shining like stars in the general gloom; for the same reason all the noises made in the house not only reached me, but actually seemed to be in the room. I several times awoke and answered aloud to voices that seemed to be addressing me. The mules just below me, too, kept up a constant munching and jingling of their bells, and often stopped to caper, making eccentric noises, as if communing with each other, and apparently executing clumsy practical jokes for their own amusement.

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CHAPTER IV.

PYRENEES AND PAMPLOŃA.

Matins in Elvetea—Elizondo—Vale of Bastan—Vengeance on a Mule—Pass of Velate—Story of Brigands—Descent from the Mountains—Lanz—Homestead of Sylveti—Domestic Scenes—Valley of the Arga—Billaba—Sight of Pamplona—Enter the Fortress.

THE tolling of the matin-bell, from the church-tower of Elvetea, awoke me the next morning at break of day; and, on repairing to the kitchen, I found Antonia in earnest conversation with a bearded Carlino, who was leaning on his musket, a naked bayonet being thrust through his belt for want of sheath. He seemed to have journeyed far, and passed a sleepless night, and was relating something in a very earnest tone, to which the girl listened with deep interest, her right hand being pressed to her brow thoughtfully. Perhaps it was her lover; perhaps it was only one who had lately seen him. Presently he disappeared; she sighed faintly, smoothed her brow as she withdrew her hand, and returned with recovered tranquillity to her accustomed occupations. What a blessing to woman are the daily duties and lesser cares of life! What a defence against temptation and evil thoughts! What an aid in resisting affliction!

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When the young woman had given me my chocolate, she opened a large chest containing silver spoons, napkins, and the household valuables; took off her shoes, and commenced cleaning them with a rag and a little oil from the lamp; drew on a pair of blue stockings with white clocks, such as are worn by the Manolas; added her mantilla, which fell gracefully over head and shoulder; seized her fan, and instinctively gave it a preliminary flourish; then, followed duenna-like by her grandmother, with stooping body, tottering gait, in one hand the staff, in the other the beads and rosary, she sailed gracefully away, with short, well-studied steps, and a compound harmonious movement of the whole body. As she was passing out of the door she turned her head, bringing one eye in sight, and beckoned me a last adieu with her fan. I could not help putting forth a wish that her lover might return from the wars, that he might never prove false, and that fortune might forego her rule in favour of one so amiable, and cease for once to be fickle.

As I descended to the stable, the men were engaged in lading a mule. His head was tied up high; the bales that were to go on either side were duly poised, to see that they would balance each other; and then, being slung over the back, were there stoutly lashed and tightened by means of a wooden heaver. How the poor mule groaned in spirit as this process of compression was applied to him, and how he vainly endeavoured, by distend-

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ing his belly, to deceive the muleteers, and persuade them that the hempen bandage was already tight! Erelong they were all laden, the string was formed and set in motion, while I walked in advance with the younger Sylveti.

The whole town was in the street, going to or coming from mass, and I noticed that the wooden shoe had disappeared already at this short distance from the frontier. Many of the poorer classes, though otherwise comfortably dressed, were without stockings; but there was nevertheless a general air of comfort and competency. As we drew nigh the village church, its approaches were all thronged; which, though an ordinary, was an interesting spectacle. Religion in Navarre is at once a universal want and a great spring of action; at the bidding of its ministers the Navarrese have three times flown to arms in the present century.

Beyond the church, the street was flanked on either side by arcades, which formed a species of market place and point of re-union, where the village gossip might be retailed under cover from the weather. Beside one of the pillars sat a young girl, with a basket before her, selling chestnuts. As I passed in front she eyed me attentively, and then said to a companion near her, "This must be a liberal—*ese sera un liberal.*" Dirty and wayworn as I looked to myself, I seemed elegant to her; and the round hat, the gloves, the blue cloak instead of a brown one, all conveyed the detested idea of a

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liberal. This bad pleasantry of the young woman was not at all to my fancy, as it might have raised a hue and cry after me, and sent me out of the village, hotly pursued by dogs and Carlists.

At a very short distance from Elvetea we came to the village of Elizondo, a very pretty place, delightfully situated in the valley of Bastan. The houses stand with the gables towards the street; the fronts are of hewn stone, with balconies and arched doorways, over which are not unfrequently armorial bearings, proclaiming the noble blood of the inmates—shields displaying warriors' casques, and misshapen images of bears and wolves. The house of the curate, which I recognised by seeing him in the balcony, was particularly spacious and massive: it stood on the square. Hard by was the house of the alcalde, who, though a nobleman and very rich, having much to lose, and being, moreover, advanced in life, was then making war at the head of a guerilla band.

This rich valley of Bastan produces abundance of wheat, maize, and hemp, and has extensive orchards of apple, chestnut, and other fruit trees. The greater part of it is, however, in pasture-land, the inhabitants leading a pastoral life, and subsisting upon the produce of their flocks, or by the wandering profession of the muleteer. The timber of the neighbouring mountains furnishes also a productive source of revenue.

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The Bastanese are a very temperate, frugal, and laborious race, quite simple and patriarchal in their customs and mode of life, enjoying great political privileges, for which they cherish an unshaken attachment, and living under a municipal form of government, which is essentially democratic. The dread of losing these privileges by the equalising schemes of the constitution, and not any love of despotism, aids the influence of the clergy in maintaining the insurrection. In Elizondo, as capital of the Bastan, the provisional junta of government exists, directed entirely by the clergy, which issues orders and receives reports in the name of Charles V. Many bloody battles have, since my visit, been fought in and about this pretty village, between Lorenzo and Zumalacaregui, and its inhabitants have, no doubt, tasted all the horrors of civil war.

Towards noon we halted in the elevated town of Almandoz, to dine. Here I saw the first pair of breeches I had observed in Spain: they were on the person of the innkeeper, who wore also blue stockings and a hide sandal, with a stout cord wound round his legs. He was a solemn-looking old gentleman, with a very grave expression of countenance; not the less so, perhaps, at that moment, because his only son was gone to the siege of Urdax. Our dinner was not good, and I was without appetite, so I left Sylveti to finish it alone, and joined the group about the fire in the kitchen,

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which had no chimney, the smoke escaping as best it might through a hole in the centre of the roof.

There were several of the town's people there, and the old landlord; there was also a young Carlino, with musket and bayonet, who was relating something in Basque which seemed greatly to interest the company. The story was suddenly interrupted by the village bell striking twelve, succeeded by a slow tolling. It was a signal for devotion. They all rose; the young man quickly recited a prayer, the rest responding as in the Litany, and all occasionally striking their breasts in concert. When the bell ceased, they crossed themselves, sat down, and the Carlino gravely continued his narration.

On renewing our journey the road continued to ascend towards the famous pass of Velate, and we soon found ourselves in utter solitude, Sylveti and I being entirely alone, his brother having gone on with the mules in advance of us. I now noticed that my umbrella, fastened to the load of his mule, was broken, and told him so: he said it was impossible; but got down, nevertheless, examined it, and saw that it was even so, and that the mule had been lying down. He looked perfectly blank, and said not a word for the space of a minute; at the expiration of which he seized a huge stone, and, discharging it full against the scull of the offending animal, he broke forth with the exclamation, "By the life of the devil—*por vida del demonio!*" ex-

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pressed with terrible energy. I never heard such a tempest of fearful curses, or saw such a shower of thick-falling stones, as were directed against the face and eyes of the poor animal, which his left hand tightly held and prevented from escaping.

It was quite appalling to see this desert mountain, this untenanted solitude, thus disturbed on so frivolous an occasion by the impotent wrath of man. Yet this exhibition was so thoroughly characteristic and Spanish, that, finding there was no use in interfering to save the beast, I was content to be a spectator of it. Even when Sylveti again mounted, he continued for several miles to lacerate the animal's mouth by jerking at the heavy bit, and to beat it unmercifully. Yet Sylveti was unusually calm and composed; he would not, however, have been a Spaniard, if not occasionally subject to ungovernable fits of passion. His vexation at this trifling occurrence shows, too, the sort of interest that a Spanish muleteer feels in the person and property of an individual committed to his care.

The mountains were lofty and bold, cut with deep chasms by the torrents; their sides were everywhere clothed with trees of enormous growth —chestnut or beech of great height, very straight, and covered with moss; habitations there were none, except the occasional hut of a shepherd or goatherd, having beside it an enclosure to protect the flock against the ravages of the wolves. I was pleased with a pastoral scene, such as I had read

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of in Florian or Cervantes, which we here saw, being a young shepherd and shepherdess seated together on a bank, and apparently quite as much taken up with each other as with watching their flocks, which were browsing near them, guarded and kept together by two wild, gaunt dogs.

As we approached the pass of Velate, the trees became more and more dwarfed, and at length disappeared altogether, until the rocky heads of the mountains reared themselves, bare and desolate. Hitherto it had been calm and mild, but now it became cold, and the wind blew furiously; to make matters worse, it commenced raining, followed by hail, forming, with the exception of the lightning, a repetition of the scene on the first day of our journey. From the top of the pass, a rough road, strewn with loose stones, over which we were obliged to descend on foot, conducted us, with many windings, to the bottom of a ravine, in which stood a solitary, half-ruined venta, where we paused to warm ourselves and take a little brandy.

After a long descent, the trees and vegetation re-appeared, and Sylveti, who had partially recovered his equanimity, showed me, in passing, a tree to which he had been tied many years before, on an occasion when he was robbed. He was journeying with a comrade towards Bayonne, when, from a thicket which he pointed out, two men, having their faces blackened, suddenly emerged, armed with

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muskets, which they aimed at them, uttering at the same time the accustomed salutation—"*La bolsa o la vida!*" Sylveti's companion, not understanding Spanish, was passing on, when he called to him in Basque to halt. They were made to alight, place themselves against separate trees, and were there bound with ropes brought for the purpose.

Notwithstanding the disguise, Sylveti recognised one of their faces as being that of an old acquaintance. He had his money in one end of the sash which girded his loins. As the man whom he did not know was removing it, he begged him to take the money but leave the sash, as it was necessary to him to keep his trowsers up. "Not so, my brother," said the robber; "I will take the sash and money also; I will not separate good companions." The other, who had known Sylveti, said, "Give him the sash." He still refused, when the man told his comrade he would blow his brains out if he did not comply. He then left the sash and half a dollar in it, according to his comrade's order, who, in going away, told them not to speak of what had happened, at the peril of their lives; adding, "And do not thou say that we are bad men, since we have left thee the sash and half a dollar in it, to buy thee a drop of comfort—*y no digais que somos malos hombres, pues te hemos dejado la faja y medio duro pava echar el trago.*"

Robbers always speak in the second person, using the "thou" as to inferiors. Notwithstanding

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the ominous warning with which they took leave, and their enforcing the duties of gratitude, Sylveti and his comrade gave the alarm as soon as they could extricate themselves and reach the nearest town. The guardians of the woods immediately mustered and went in pursuit; and one of the robbers being shot in the foot, was overtaken and put to death. The other two were taken alive soon after, and carried to Pamplona, then in possession of the French, where they were executed.

Towards the close of the day we had gained the valley of the river Arga, the basin of which was of trifling width, having a very small tract of alluvial land on either side, which was highly cultivated. The mountains which enclosed it were covered with trees; and the naked ridges of others more lofty occasionally pushed themselves into view beyond, while still further in the distance westward were seen the loftier peaks of Biscay and Espinosa, mantled with snow. The villages now became more frequent, and from time to time Sylveti left the caravan, as he had done the day before, to diverge on either side for the transaction of business, the delivery of letters, and the receipt or payment of money. In the village of Lanz, as we passed, all the young women seemed collected in one house, whence they were kind enough to cast glances of commiseration towards me, sitting huddled up as I was on the mule's back, enveloped in a wet cloak, and shivering with cold and discomfort.

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In the outskirts of Lanz we were joined by a guardian, who was to accompany us to the extent of his range. A young Carlist, who was returning to his home, also joined us; and these two furnished us with society and protection. The night had now set in; the sky became clear; the stars gradually shining out, to give promise of fine weather for the morrow. In the road before us a number of brilliant lights were seen moving along the valley, which proved to be pine torches, borne by people who were passing from village to village, and who were thus enabled to pick their way with dry feet. Pleased with the companionship of these torches, they waved and brandished them, or struck them against the rocks to renew the flame, singing plaintively, as they went, airs which had the same melancholy turn common throughout Spain; but at the same time had more music in them, and were less monotonous.

The village in which Sylveti lived, for we were to stop that night at his house, was very small, which he had probably chosen as his residence as furnishing a good point for contraband trade, since in other respects it must have been inconvenient, being at neither extremity of his habitual journeys; so that, of course, he could pass very little time at home. Leaving the direct road to Pamplona, we crossed the Arga by a steep antiquated bridge, and making a second turning aside, the mules halted before the portal of a large mas-

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sive building, which proved to be the stronghold and castle of Sylveti. The stout double door at once flew open at the sound of our bells, and a young shepherd, in the same dress as his flocks, namely, in a jacket and trowsers of sheepskin, held a lamp to receive us, while a huge Pyrenean sheep-dog, his companion, bounded forward to receive and caress the younger Sylveti, while the mules hastened to enter their place of shelter with a better will than they had evinced on any occasion since the commencement of the journey.

On looking round, I found myself on the ground-floor of a large building, the repository of an extensive farm, where every thing was nightly assembled, for the security which is to be found, in lawless countries, within stout walls. Here every thing had its allotted place; at one side was a pen for the flock of two hundred sheep, of which Sylveti was the proprietor; at another the stalls for the mules; here was the brushwood to burn during the winter, and there a large pile of leaves preserved for compost; while immediately beside where my mule halted stood three cows, their heads protruding over the manger to take note of our arrival; and which, in connexion with the figure of the skinclad shepherd, and patriarchal air of every thing else around me, most strongly brought to my mind some of Murillo's pictures of the Nativity. I might perhaps have fancied myself one of the wise men newly arrived, were it not for

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my double lack of wisdom and costly treasure. As for the representation of the Virgin, I found it upstairs in the person of Sylveti's wife, a very handsome woman, whom we found engaged in an occupation dear, doubtless, to Sylveti's paternal heart —namely, nursing her baby.

Sylveti had preceded us and changed his dress, and was now attired in a flannel jacket, black breeches and stockings, and had altogether the air of an hidalgo in dishabille. He came down to receive me, followed by all his little ones; lifted me, half dead with cold and inanition, from my mule, and conducted me to the apartments above. The stair opened on a large hall, which was of the whole extent of the house, and which, but for the roughness and inequalities of the plank floor, would have made an excellent ball-room. It was hung round with bunches of Indian corn, placed at equal intervals, with a view to display and ornament. At the side were the bedrooms, a workshop filled with every useful tool, and the kitchen, to which I was glad to be conducted, where there was a crackling fire to welcome us.

Sylveti's wife was seated beside it, with an infant in her arms, while her mother attended to the chymical process going on among the pots and frying-pans. The room, which was a very large one, was cut off, and the portion towards the chimney isolated, by means of a huge wooden bench or sofa, with a tall back reaching half way to the top

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of the room. A table was attached to it, which could be lifted or let down at pleasure. While s upper was preparing, the woman offered me chocolate. When served before the fire, our meal consisted of soup, sallad, eggs, stewed rabbit, pigeons from Sylveti's own dovecot, and the usual dessert. Every thing was very nicely served, but I had no appetite, and did much better justice to the bed of state which was prepared and warmed for me, and where I passed an undisturbed night.

On rising early in the morning I found the family assembled around the kitchen fire; the children had crawled forth at this unusual hour, with their clothes in their hands, and were begging to be dressed. Sylveti was performing that operation for one of them himself, the brother and the shepherd being left to get the mules ready. Hardly had he finished one, before another sued for the unusual honour of being dressed by his father. The clothes of the children were neat and comfortable, with warm stockings and shoes. Every thing, indeed, about the establishment indicated ease, comfort, and rude competency; and yet all this was the result of his own persevering industry, of the confidence inspired by his honesty and good character, and, perhaps, of the large gains attendant upon successful smuggling. One might be disposed to envy his condition, were his happiness less frequently interrupted, and procured by less privation. He does not sleep more than two nights

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each week in his own house, though he said he intended in future to let his brother go occasionally alone with the mules. When I asked how much he paid his brother for his services, he answered, "Nothing; he lives and fares as I do, and when he gets married I shall give him his dowry." Such disinterestedness and confidence are not always found even among brothers, and are an eloquent eulogy on the simple virtues of the mountaineers of Navarre.

When all was ready, the young shepherd took my mule by the head and led him rather reluctantly forth. We recrossed the bridge and gained the road to Pamplona, the sheep-dog trotting in advance, until he discovered that the young man had gone back, when he hastened to follow the example. Sylveti remained behind, prolonging his moments of domestic enjoyment, and lingering to the latest instant among his household gods. There were many people going likewise in the direction of Pamplona; those who were on foot carrying pine torches, such as I had seen the night before, to enable them to pick their way, and furnish them with amusement and company. Sometimes they grew dim, when they struck them against the rocks to splinter them, and fanned them in the air: occasionally they were lost sight of at the turning of the road, or the entrance of a village; but they always appeared again, dancing mysteriously before us, the figures of the individuals who bore

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them being strongly defined to the view. At length one light halted till we came up; it was held by a woman, who was looking for something she had lost; she was accompanied by another mounted on a mule laden with panniers filled with vegetables.

As we followed the valley of the Arga, the stream gradually grew and gathered consequence by the accession of many tributaries. At Billaba it encounters a natural dam, where it enlarges itself into a little lake, thence falling in a pretty cascade over a ledge of rocks. This is a very pretty town, with a more decidedly Spanish air than any we had yet seen. The inhabitants, many of whom we found idling their time in the square and at the corners, wore large flapped hats or cloth montero caps; they moreover smoked paper cigars instead of pipes, wore breeches instead of trousers, and the brown cloak instead of the black capusay.

We found, on leaving the single street of Billaba, that the valley had made a bend which brought us in full view of the town and fortress of Pamplona. It was situated in the centre of a basin called the Cuenca, or bowl, encircled on every side by lofty mountains, which rise in an amphitheatric form, the town, which is of small extent, being perched on a small elevated esplanade in the centre. It was everywhere surrounded by batteries with flanking towers, while the tall roof of a Gothic cathedral, rising grandly above and overlooking all other ob-

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jects, typified the undisputed sway of the religion, in whose honour it was raised, over the minds and actions of its votaries. The atmosphere was clear and calm, and every object which the eye embraced was nicely and palpably defined: the town, with its jagged outline of towers and roofs; the caravans of mules; the horsemen and humbler pedestrians that dotted the intermediate road; the distant mountains, too, every rock and fissure of which was distinctly revealed; while the irregular and broken outline was traced against the background of the blue and vaulted heavens, with a distinctness and nearness which brought them, in imagination, almost within reach of one's hand. The sun shone mildly forth; not a breath of air was stirring; the smoke of the economical inhabitants of Pamplona rose perpendicularly in tiny and starveling threads from every separate roof; while a few wandering, homeless clouds, caught by their own fleecy toils on the snow-covered summits of the more elevated mountains, lingered irresolutely, as if unwilling to disturb the universal repose. A quiet and poetic stillness, a delicious indolence, characteristic at once of the climate and of the inhabitants, hovered over and hallowed the scene, and announced that the sunny land of Spain lay extended before me.

Man and beast seemed sensible to the soothing influence of the scene and the weather: the mules and asses moved slowly and sluggishly onward; the muleteers, sitting sideways, seemed lost in the

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dreamy musings which tobacco generates, or trolled forth a melancholy ditty of unhappy love; the peasant, engaged in breaking up the soil with a pitchfork, stood with one foot resting on the implement, turning to take note of the passing traveller, and bid him go with God and in a happy hour. The influences of the weather, though unfavourable to labour, seemed not unfriendly to love.

A young girl, who had left Billaba on foot, kept on before us. Hers was the first mantilla I had seen since our arrival in Spain. She wore it not ungracefully, flourished her fan with an accustomed ease, and went forward with a winding and meandering movement, not wholly unlike the Andalusian meneo. I had become very impatient of the slow pace of the mules, which prevented me from overtaking the fair pedestrian, and seeing how far so agreeable a back view might harmonize with the front. I had kicked and coaxed to no purpose, when at length Cupid came to my aid, inducing the young lady to pause by the wayside to hold converse with a peasant who laboured in the neighbouring field. Many courteous salutations passed, and I was delighted at the grace with which she beckoned with her fan, held her head on one side, balanced her body with a swimming movement, pointed her tiny foot, and playing off a whole volley of love-dipped arrows. I had begun to fancy her an object replete with grace and attraction; but my imagination was not suffered long to in-

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dulge in its pleasing creations; for, when we came beside her, and she turned to look at us, I was shocked to discover a face not only seamed and scarred by the inexorable small-pox, but blessed with but a single eye.

Meanwhile we approached the bridge over the Arga, which stream half encircles the platform whereon Pamplona stands. We paused a moment on the bank to water the mules. The river was a good deal swollen, and that same day a young girl of fifteen who had imprudently undertaken to wade her horse across, had become agitated, lost her hold of the animal, was washed away, and drowned. Along the bank of the stream, which we followed to reach the approaches of the gate, were many noisy washerwomen on their knees in wooden boxes, their garments snugly gathered up, beating their clothes unmercifully, singing monotonously in long-drawn nasal tones, gossiping with each other, or flinging back the unmeasured jests or sturdy compliments of the soldiers and other idlers in threadbare cloaks that lounged lazily behind them.

These were the first of the Queen's troops we had seen since our entry into Spain; our muleteers, however, had prepared themselves for an accommodation to the opposite political opinion, and had ceased to be Carlists when we arrived in sight of the fortress of Pamplona. As we reached the first angle in ascending to the gate, a blind beggar put up, in good Spanish, a supplication for a blessed

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little alms, although it should only be a crumb of bread, promising that God should repay us, and the Holy Virgin of the pillar. "*Caballerito! una bendita limosnita, aunque sea un pedazito de pan! que dios se lo pagara y la Virgen Santissima del pilar.*" This prayer was doubtless put forth by some unhappy Arragonese, who had wandered away from the protection of his patron saint.

As we passed the keep, we were surrounded by the filthy officials of the Spanish custom-house and police; the men of threadbare cloak, oil-skin hat, paper cigar, and rusty sabre, with whom I was so familiar. I understood perfectly that the eloquence of a pistareen would not be thrown away upon such an audience; and having successfully applied it, was allowed to pass within, and immediately found myself in a genuine Spanish town, with its square, its colonnade, and frequent fountains.

The streets were of moderate width, with well-built and very high houses, having grated windows below, to check troublesome intrusion, and balconies above. The lower floors, converted into shops, exhibited a beggarly supply of the rude and primitive fabrics, which still remain where the Moors left them: the oddest locks and hinges; parchment-covered books of venerable antiquity; pot-bellied little watches, covered with brass and tortoise-shell, and imported in bygone centuries for the uses of the great: curious signs of wooden hats; painted coats of many colours; pugnacious

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troopers' boots, or bleeding legs and brazen basins, practically set forth the commodities or services that might be procured within; while the more pretending inscription of *Almacen de todos generos*, written out in school-boy characters, showed where might be procured a striped cotton, a silk dress, or a painted fan, with the loves of Atala, or the triumphs of Melek Adel,—the smuggled commodities which Spanish ingenuity has not yet learned to supply.

There was a square too, enclosed by arcades, under which circulated cloaked denizens, bearded and mustached soldiers, and women with fan and mantilla. Nor was there any lack of priests, in their long hats and formal black cloaks, any more than of the youthful pretenders to the same dignity; dirty students in cocked hats, threadbare draggled cloaks, and foxy stockings. Add in your imagination, good reader, a party of galley-slaves, engaged in cleaning the streets; some loaded with heavy chains, to testify the enormity of their crimes; some half naked; all filthy, and with long black beards, increasing the effect of their pale and emaciated countenances, who stopped occasionally to converse with the peasants, or uttered an obscene jest upon some passing female; fancy a party of soldiers entering by an arched passage through the buildings that enclose the square, and marching across with measured tread, accompanied by the monotonous tapping of a drum, and you

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will have an idea not only of the internal appearance of Pamplona, but of any other Spanish town whatsoever.

There was, however, one exhibition here which was wholly new to me. Beside each door, the appearance of which indicated the residence of a noble or substantial citizen, hung suspended a huge hog, newly killed. It was hooked, by the lower jaw, to an iron spike in the wall; its hind legs drawn up, as if about to jump, and its tail tightly twisted. Sylveti told me that these animals, thus quaintly exposed, had been killed in the morning, and placed there to dry, preparatory to the processes of salting, smoking, and sausage-making. But this might have been as well done in the court-yards as in the public streets: and I was convinced that the exhibition originated in ostentation. Every well-conditioned hog had its group of admiring amateurs, who were examining its fine points, and envying the happy possessor, who, from shop door or balcony, looked out with a feeling of self-complacent vanity.

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CHAPTER V.

PAMPLONA.

Jose Botero—His Inn—His Wine-skins—Walks in Pamplona—Conveyance for Zaragoza—Cathedral—Promenade of the Taconera—Walkers—Saarsfield—Navarre—Kitchen Scenes—Smoking Axioms—Art of supping without Money.

In the great street of Pamplona, in front of the hotel of the Count of Espileta, stands the well-known inn of Jose Botero; thus surnamed from his profession as a maker of botas, or skin bottles, and larger vessels for containing oil or wine. What his family name may be, or whether he ever had one, is of no importance to the reader. It is certain that the name of Botero is now the only one by which he is known; and that it is very convenient, inasmuch as it serves, as in the olden time in other countries when names were originated, not only to distinguish the individual, but to mark his profession. No grandiloquent sign set forth the good cheer that was to be found within; the whole art of pretension, quackery, handbills, and puffing, not to mention biped and walking signposts, being as yet unknown in Spain.

Jose Botero depended, for the patronage of his inn, wholly on the satisfaction he had been able to

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give to its habitual frequenters. They of course could find their way to it, and a stray passenger in Pamplona, unacquainted with the localities, was of too rare occurrence to make it worth while to hang forth from the balcony a bit of blue board with yellow letters, setting forth that "this is the inn of Saint Fermin," or "this is the inn of Joseph, the maker of leathern bottles."

His additional profession, however, was announced with sufficient eloquence by means of his wares, which were hung all over the doorway of his habitation. There were little borrachos, with wooden or horn drinking-cups, neat pocket editions, destined to be the source of much comfort and happiness to the future possessor; others of a larger size were calculated for travellers to hang to their saddle-bows, or suspend from the roof of a tilting cart or waggon; while others, intended for the preservation or transportation of the liquid, exhibited every variety of size, from the youthful kid to the bearded and full-grown billy. In general the hair was left within, and smeared with pitch; but many were in their natural state, the hair outside, and their legs protruding from the inflated bodies, for the convenience of handling, in lading or unlading a mule.

In the doorway of his house, surrounded by these spectral forms, sat Jose Botero, as the caravan of Sylveti slowly ascended the street, announced by a full chorus of all the canine inhabi-

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tants of the neighbourhood. He had the skin of a newly-flayed goat before him, which he was preparing for a similar tranformation, and which he hastened to throw by to resume his character as a dispenser of hospitality. Jose was a little man, with a sallow complexion, very black and wiry hair and beard, and small eyes that twinkled deep in their sockets, with a cunning, stealthy, and by no means amiable expression. He saluted Sylveti familiarly, and me with courtesy, directing me to the kitchen, where I was ceremoniously received by Mrs. Botero and the maid, a stout, buxom young woman of twenty, ruddy of complexion, and bursting with health. They conducted me to a spacious chamber, with an alcove adjoining, concealed by white clean curtains; the floor was covered with a straw mat, the walls whitewashed and hung with religious pictures, and the whole place had an air of great neatness and comfort.

Having procured the assistance of a barber, who came with water, basin, and implements, hidden away as usual under his cloak, to conceal the occupation, which, like every other by which a man can earn his living, unless it be a government employment, is a source of shame to a Spaniard, I descended again to the kitchen, to join my companions at dinner. In the course of the meal, Sylveti gave audience to a number of the notables and merchants of Pamplona, who came to hear the result of commissions with which they had in-

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trusted him, or to receive answers to letters they had sent; many damsels, too, of noble ladies, attended to receive little trifles of taste or fancy which were not to be found in Pamplona, for the selection of which they were fain to trust to the unpractised art of such a friend as Sylveti.

In the afternoon I found out a gentleman to whom I had a letter, and gladly accompanied him to take a view of the town. First of all, however, I took counsel for the prosecution of my journey on the morrow, applying for the purpose to the director of the diligence, who was most likely to be able to give advice on this subject. We found him seated at his desk, his nightcap on, his spectacles in their place, papers before him, and the tariffs of the prices of seats in the diligences of the Royal Company hung around, and forming the subject of his speculations. Before the civil war there were three lines of diligences from Pamplona to the several neighbouring cities of Zaragosa, Vittoria, and Tolosa. Now they were all interrupted, and the administrator said that he had just sent off two draughts of mules belonging to the company to Zaragoza. The poor man, who seemed to dread starvation, told me that the only chance of getting safely forward was to accompany a waggoner or carman known to the Carlists, such as were still allowed to pass. He said he had just received a letter from Zaragoza by one who had to set out on his return the following morning, and gave us his

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address. We thanked the poor man for his advice, and took leave.

The carman whom we sought was not at home, but his mother gave us all necessary information, made arrangements for my departure with her son, promising that I should arrive safely, under his guidance, at Zaragoza, fare well by the way, and have a bed of straw spread for me on top of the rather obdurate cargo of iron with which the cart was to be laden. This determined on, we strolled in the direction of the cathedral, a very imposing Gothic pile, approached on one side by beautiful cloisters, having windows of stonework towards the interior square, which are run up with the grace and lightness of iron. The façade of this cathedral is of recent construction; it is in a pure Grecian taste, and though it has no accordance with the rest of the pile, is certainly very beautiful. My companion pointed out to me the materials of a chapel which was about to be formed in one angle of the building, at an expense of sixty thousand dollars, telling me, at the same time, that the bishop of the diocese had a revenue of ten ounces a-day, nearly sixty thousand dollars a-year, and that the canons, twenty-five in number, received each an ounce. According to him, the cathedral was the proprietor of one-third of the whole kingdom of Navarre.

From the cathedral we strolled to the public walk of the Taconera. It is rather prettily situated

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on the ramparts, with a western prospect over the valley of the Arga, extending to the mountains that bound the view. There are rows of trees, and an attempt at gardening in the shape of grass. Very few persons had resorted to the public walk on this occasion: the agitated condition of the country, and the excitement of party spirit, with the danger of being compromised, no doubt led those who had something to lose to remain at home, and shun the intercourse of the world. There were a few clergymen, some women, and one or two officers who seemed to avoid the inhabitants, who are said to be generally in favour of Carlos. One point of the promenade overlooked the approaches to the gate of Vittoria, and here stood five Spaniards who had halted in their walk to witness the arrival of a cart drawn by a long train of mules, which was ascending the hill; all of them had their cloaks thrown over the left shoulder, half concealing the face; they were gazing in the same direction, and seemed beset by the same vacancy of ideas; an equal number of observant buzzards were perched in a row a little beyond, on the line of the battlements, and the two groups seemed symbolical of each other.

Meantime a single carriage, having three horses harnessed abreast, was driven up and down the walk by a demure coachman. Within reclined an attenuated old nobleman, who had the reputation of having enriched himself, when employed in a

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diplomatic station in Holland, by being interested in privateers fitted out to cruise against Spanish commerce. If this reputation were unjustly awarded to the old gentleman, it still shows what sort of suspicion a functionary is liable to in Spain; if the story were not true, it was not therefore improbable: for public virtue, patriotism, and probity in office, are qualities unknown there and unappreciated.

I learned from my companion, that General Saarsfield was the present viceroy of Navarre; he has the most distinguished reputation for high military genius of any general in the Spanish army. During the war of independence he made a conspicuous figure; but his talents are not suited, it is said, to the guerilla warfare; and the government, not being satisfied with his movements against the insurgents of the Basque provinces, have removed him to the viceroyalty of Navarre, where he has not acted with any energy, probably for the want of sufficient force. He was in bad health, and his fondness for the pleasures of the table was said to be, in some measure, the reason.

Pamplona, which now contains about fourteen thousand inhabitants, was the ancient capital of the kingdom of Navarre, which had a separate and independent existence for several centuries. In becoming merged, with the lapse of time, in the consolidated monarchy, it still retains something of its individuality;—is called a kingdom, governed

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by a viceroy appointed by the king, but in some measure controlled by a supreme council chosen from among the Navarrese; it occasionally holds its assembly of cortes to deliberate on matters of higher interest. Navarre, too, is not subject to the odious system of taxes which palsies industry and dries up the resources of other portions of Spain, but pays a certain subsidy to the king, which it raises by a just repartition among the towns and villages, and judiciously applies a portion of its revenues to the construction of roads, and rendering them safe for travellers, by means of guardians, supported at the public expense. Her people are, of course, ardently attached to these privileges. Hence their opposition to the constitution and its liberals, who, in their day of power, rather strove to bring about their system of equalisation by taking away liberty from those who possessed and valued it, than by conferring it on those who had it not.

On my return to the inn I found the innkeeper, his wife, and the lusty chambermaid, all belabouring with words an unhappy recusant peasant, who had been two days in the house, and had no ostensible means of paying his reckoning. Their suspicions were excited by the circumstance of his having neither mules, goods of any sort, changes of clothing, nor, as they were thence disposed to suspect, money either. His well-worn doublet, breeches, and montero cap, and his cowhide san-

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dals, bound with leather thongs, certainly conveyed no very re-assuring argument, in the absence of mules and burdens, the customary concomitants of every duly qualified traveller. It seems that he owed the portentous sum of seven reals, or thirty-five cents, for which he had already been twice dunned during the day, and had escaped from the tempest of importunities by saying that he was going forth to collect money. Allowing due time for the storm to blow by, he had skulked again into the kitchen, and stowed himself in the chimney corner, endeavouring to conciliate the landlady by petting her cat, or giving her notice of the overboiling of her pipkins. He seemed to be doing pretty well until the landlord himself made his appearance, just after I entered.

Jose Botero was one of those men who are disposed to push a retreating foe, and whose courage mounts in an inverse ratio as that of their adversary is declining. He at once opened upon him, asked him if he had collected the money, called upon him to pay up, ridiculed his destitute condition, telling him if his skin were taken away he would be naked—"*quitandole el pellejo se queda sin abrigo*;" and finally threatening to acquaint the police that he was a suspicious character, and have him stopped at the gates if he should attempt to escape. The intervals of Joseph's abuse were filled up by the landlady and the maid, who sung

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a sort of chorus to the same tune. As for the poor fellow, he defended himself with great meekness, calmness, and dignity, interspersing his conversation and helping out his argument with proverbs, which were as germane to the case, and as appropriate, as a sermon in the mouth of Satan; such as, "he who has money has no need of credit;" "the good paymaster does not fear to give pledges;"—"*quien tiene dinero no falta de credito;—al buen pagador no le duelen las prendas*" The old fellow, finding at length that it was impossible to make head against such fearful odds, thought it was best to go to sleep, or pretend to do so: and Joseph, after showing his courage by venting a few hearty curses upon him, lit his cigar and turned to talk of other matters.

"How is it, friend Sylveti," said he, "that you throw your smoke away? You should swallow it all, man; send the whole of it into your stomach, and thus receive the substance of the tobacco! One cigar does me more good in that way than a dozen in your unmeaning manner—just drawn in and puffed out again. In a man of your age, experience, and standing, such simplicity is altogether surprising." Sylveti responded, and a learned argument took place on the use and effects of tobacco, in which the relative qualities of Brazil, Cuba, and American tobacco, were duly characterized and compared; the advantages of pipes were

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also estimated: and the whole subject thoroughly and ably discussed by these two worthies, who declaimed, with a certain glow of enthusiasm, upon matters which they were certainly qualified to talk of, knowingly and learnedly.

Meantime the recusant peasant, having discovered that he was not likely to be remembered amid the fumes of the tobacco, and the reveries and speculations to which it gave rise, fancied that he might now re-appear upon the scene, and accordingly stretched forth a leg, yawned, rubbed his eyes, and affected to wake up. Presently he made bold to ask very modestly for a little supper. I was very much pleased to see that the landlady and the maid proceeded to supply him with food, replacing his dish, from time to time, on the bench beside him, and attending to all his wants in the most charitable manner, and without any renewal of the previous upbraiding. It was only another proof that female charity, though it may slumber a while, though it may yield to the luxury which scolding affords, can only for a moment be smothered, to glow again, and blaze out brightly; and I found myself unconsciously putting forth the wish, that if cruel fate should ever leave me alone and unfriended in the world, without money and without means, my pockets alike strangers to the occupancy of gold, silver, or ignoble brass—as destitute in all things as this unaccredited muleteer —some gentle being of the other sex might be at

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hand to rescue me from the brutality of my own; to receive my supplications; to cast upon me one compassionating glance of her tender and tearful eye; and, in the hour of my utmost need, to bless me with a supper.

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CHAPTER VI.

FROM PAMPLONA TO CAPARROSO.

The Carro and its Carretero—Venta del Piojo—Solitary Journey—Breaking up of a Fair—Encounter with Carlists—Evening in the Villages—The Chicken's Inn—Scene of former Murders—Tafalla—Peasants going a-field—Monotony of Spanish Scenery.

In the morning I attended mass in the cathedral; kneeled amid the familiar groups of darkly-dressed females strown upon the pavement; listened to the solemn chant of the officiating priest, or shrilly contrasted voices which responded from the choir; and snuffed again the Spanish odours of the scattered incense. Next I ate a hearty breakfast; and thus fortified in body and in soul, I was ready to attempt much greater adventures than a journey to Zaragoza. At nine a man came to take my baggage to the cart, to which I had added one of Joseph's borrachos, which he selected with due care, and filled with generous wine. My companion of the day before accompanied me to the carro, to deliver me up before he bade me farewell, and so did Sylveti. The vehicle was ready, and five valiant mules, bedecked with bells and gay ornaments of worsted, stood ready to heave it in motion. Yet the master had not appeared, nor been seen that

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morning. "Look for him," said his old father, "in the house of Pepa Maria, the widow of the hatmaker; or stop, as you go by, at Munoz, the muleteer's, who is gone to Vittoria. He is a sad boy, this Ramon, and I fear he will yet be hanged one day."

Finding that Ramon was likely to be hard to find, I determined to ramble along alone in advance; and passing through the gate, the high road to Zaragoza lay before me; smooth, well made with broken stones, and in beautiful condition. I saw a great many muleteers with merchandise, and one or two travellers. The wind was high, and swept with such fury from the mountains, that one of these travellers, who seemed to be an Aragonese, from the immense size of his hat, was obliged to double it up at the sides, in the form of a priest's, and bind it tightly round his chin with a handkerchief. Having eyed the passing groups until they ceased to interest me, and reached a point whence a turn in the road would render the gate by which I had left Pamplona no longer visible, I halted to await the arrival of my vehicle and new travelling companion.

At length the roof of the cart hove in sight above the outer wall, and it came slowly rumbling onward. As it drew nigh I caught the sound of my carman's whip, and the merry tones of his voice, as he was singing to beguile the way; occasionally interrupting himself to shout a curse or two at the

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mules, accompanied by still more emphatic testimonials of his displeasure. On coming up I found that he was not dressed in the fashion of his country, but in the smarter costume of Andalusia; tight green velvet jacket and breeches, adorned with more buttons than utility called for; leather leggings and gacho hat, well garnished with beads and riband. He had a yellow handkerchief round his neck, confined by a huge silver ring, set with bits of shining glass to represent diamonds. His figure was very neat, though small, and his features regular and handsome, though he evidently was not wearing his best looks; his eyes were inflamed and bloodshot, partly from passing a bad night, partly from an effort to restore himself by a morning dram; and he had altogether the air of a dissipated cat, which returns with a scratched face to doze by the fireside, after a night of rambling and caterwauling. It was quite plain that he was a man of good fortunes, and abundant knife-cuts on his face and hands attested that his loves had not always been peaceful. When he had stopped the cart, taken me in, and made the beginning of an acquaintance, he stretched himself flat upon his face and went to sleep.

About noon the mules stopped of their own accord before the Venta del Piojo—the Inn of the Louse. It was a dusty, mud-coloured building, situated in an uninhabited plain, and bore no evidence of being worthy of a better name. The

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barley-man, or hostler, came out and released the four leading mules to carry them to water, refreshing the macho in the shafts as he stood. I declined Ramon's invitation to go in and eat, begging him, however, to send me some bread. The mules, being now hitched again, set forward under the direction of the dispenser of barley, whom Ramon had asked to take his place for a few moments. After walking on upwards of two miles, looking back impatiently from time to time, and sending a hearty oath in search of him, he at length turned round, and went muttering homeward. I was thus left alone with the mules and cart, with whose progress I did not in any way interfere, leaving them to find their way onward as best they might.

To beguile the way, I made an incursion into a *pâté* of *foie de canard*, which I had brought from Angouleme, and which, accompanied by the bread which Ramon had sent me, and an occasional draught from the bota, made up as delightful a meal as I could desire; after which I stretched myself at full length and fell asleep. Awaking at the end of an hour or two, I found that the carman had not yet appeared. By this time we had approached the point where the Carlists were likely to interrupt us, and I had the prospect of being left alone to reason with them. The chief advantage in coming with this man was because he was known to the insurgents, and was supposed to be in their favour. My friend in Pamplona had told me that

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I could not go in better company, because Ramon was the worst fellow in Pamplona; meaning thereby that he was a thorough Carlist, he himself being of the opposite party. At length the fellow made his appearance, half drunk, and singing merrily, having remained to eat dinner, and fallen into conversation with the company.

By this time the day began to wane, and towards dark we met a large concourse of people returning from the fair of Tafalla. The women wore their hair long and plaited, their heads being covered with cotton handkerchiefs. Some of the party were mounted on asses, having their purchases under them, others trudged along on foot, the whole keeping together for society and security. Towards the close of the company, came half-a-dozen armed men, whom I at once knew to be Carlists. One of them, from his age, dress, and military bearing, was evidently a deserter from the army; but the others were mere boys in age and figure, the commander of the party especially, who could not have been more than sixteen. They immediately called upon us to halt, and Ramon jumped down and embraced the young sergeant, in whom he recognised an old acquaintance, a former locksmith of Pamplona, who in turn was highly delighted to see him, accosting him by the familiar nickname of Christo, by which I found he was known exclusively throughout the whole road to Zaragoza.

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Having finished his inquiries about friends in Pamplona, and other personal affairs, he turned to ask him what he had got there, pointing to me, as I lay at my ease looking at them. Ramon answered that I was a stranger who had been recommended, by a person of wealth and distinction, to his particular care, and that I was the bearer of a duly countersigned passport. He asked to look at it; glanced at the eagle, by means of which he was able to distinguish enough to hold the right side up in looking at it; blundered at my name; and, looking me in the face as he returned it, said, with an easy, graceful impudence, "It is easy to see that thou hast an evil name, since I do not understand it—*ya podemos decir que teneis mal nombre, pues no lo entiendo.*" Turning to Ramon, he commenced talking again of other affairs: asked him tauntingly, yet good-humouredly, why he did not join his old friends, the peseteros, since he had been in the militia in the time of the Constitution. He then asked, in a low and serious tone, whether I were a true man—"*es hombre de bien ese?*" Ramon pledged himself that I was of the orthodox opinion, and he told us to move on, saluting me with a religious expression in use in Spain, which he, defender of the faith and church as he was, made to allude sacrilegiously to the misnamed scape-grace with whom was travelling—"*con Christo vais, amigo!*"

At the close of day we reached a village on a hill, the inhabitants of which were returning from the

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fields with their implements of husbandry; and all the sheep, cows, asses, and every living thing belonging to the village, were equally repairing to the protection of their respective homes. They were driven in a body by the herdsmen, and, as they came to their houses, walked unceremoniously in, among the children and other bipeds, on their way to the interior court-yards. A little further on we met a muleteer who recognised Ramon, notwithstanding the darkness, and cried out to him, "*Donde vais, Christo, a estas horas*—where are you going at this late hour?" "*A la Venta del Pollo*—to the Chicken's Inn," was the reply; and soon after we were gathered under the ample roof and beside the crackling fire of the caravansary aforesaid, as snug as chickens clustered for the night under the warm wings of the brooding hen.

Many muleteers were collected there, besides the family, which consisted of the innkeeper and barley-man with their wives, and a coarse maid of all work. The style of conversation among these people was obscene, and of startling profanity; indeed, the place had a very bad reputation, and several murders had been perpetrated there in times past. A few years before, a man who was returning from the fair of Tafalla with the money which he had received for a cow, stopped at this inn with his daughter, and left her there, as she was too much fatigued to go on. Thinking there might be some risk in carrying so much money, he deposited it

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with his daughter, who was to follow in the morning. It happened that two noted robbers, who had lurked about the fair, had set their mark upon this old man, to take from him the price of what he had been selling; accordingly they watched his movements at the inn, and, following him when he departed, overtook him and demanded his money. He delivered what he had, amounting to a few reals and some pieces of copper, and begged them to spare his life. They were exceedingly enraged, demanded more, knowing that he had sold the cow, and, on his protesting that he had not another copper on him, stabbed him with their knives. They then searched the body; and finding that the old man had told the truth, discovered that he must have left the money with his daughter.

So far from being appalled or restrained by what they had done, they were only vexed at their failure, and determined still to succeed. It happened that the individuals who then kept the Inn of the Chicken were their accomplices, and had often been engaged with them in deeds of murder and robbery. They went to the inn, and found that the old man's daughter had gone to bed, her room being above the kitchen, a badly-jointed floor alone separating the two apartments. The conversation carried on below was distinctly audible. The young woman was fatigued and feverish; besides, she had not been used to sleep away from home. Presently she heard additional voices, being

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those of the robbers, recounting what they had already done to her father, and devising schemes to possess themselves of the money which must be on the person of the daughter. That there might be no danger of discovery, they proposed to murder her. The wife of the innkeeper suggested that, after murdering her, the body should be reduced to ashes in the oven, that there should be no clew to her fate.

All this the young woman heard, although they talked in a suppressed tone, her hearing being excited, by the terrors of her situation, to a nervous and preternatural sensibility. What was to be done? There was no time to lose; and she rose hastily, trod quietly across the floor, undid the window, and leaped to the ground. The height was considerable, and she found, on rising, that her ankle was badly sprained, and that she was quite lame; nevertheless she managed, by some means, to reach the nearest village of Mendivil. The authorities being appealed to, immediately repaired to the proposed scene of murder, and demanded admittance. The innkeeper and his wife and the two robbers were there, and a blazing fire was burning in the oven, which could have been kindled there with no legitimate motive at that unwonted hour. The dead body of the unfortunate father was found where the girl directed them to look for it, and the murderers received the fate which they so justly merited. The guilty inn-

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keeper, with his wife, were likewise punished, the one being sent to the galleys, the other imprisoned.

As for me, though I rested badly in the Chicken's Inn, it was not from any attempt on the part of the host or of the lodgers to subject me to the operation of the oven, but from the equally cruel, though more impotent attacks of sundry venomous little animals, which were the occasion of my being very glad to be called up in the morning to renew my journey. In little more than an hour the rising sun fell full upon the edifices of the pretty town of Tafalla, which lay before us. Crossing a stream by a stone bridge of solid and beautiful construction, we entered the public promenade, beautifully laid out with plantations of trees; stone benches were placed at convenient distances, and a little canal of limpid water ran beside it. A number of young women were washing clothes in it, while others, having bundles on their heads, came singing from the town to join the assemblage.

I found the inhabitants of Tafalla engaged, like those of Pamplona, the day before, in killing hogs. They had just cut the throat of one in front of the inn; and having taken good care to preserve the blood, were actually removing the hair by rolling the beast over and over in an immense bonfire, which had been kindled for the purpose in the middle of the street. The whole transaction seemed to occasion great excitement in the town. The

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boys were dancing and capering about in most un-Spanishlike forgetfulness of their dignity; numbers of amateurs crowded around to assist in the operation; while all the idle people, or *desocupados*, a class sufficiently numerous in every Spanish village to have a name, and many who, from the implements they bore, seemed to be on their way to the fields, gathered round, enveloped in their cloaks or blankets, to remark on the qualities of the animal, indulge in speculations upon black pudding, sausages, and souse, and enjoy an exhibition which well-fed burghers may not appreciate, but which was not wholly without interest for hungry people.

Ramon stopped, as usual, to take his *copita* of brandy with the landlord of the inn, and make his excuses for not having reached his ordinary resting-place the night before. The vehicle, meanwhile, rumbled onward, under the voluntary guidance of the capitana, the road being covered with groups of labourers, going forth to their olive-orchards and corn-fields. Most of these had asses, on which they rode, carrying their provisions in a pannier, and a well-filled borracho. The most common implement of husbandry was a hoe, the iron of which was very long, standing at a sharp angle with the handle, which, being placed over the ass's neck, hung there very conveniently.

I was very much amused with the efforts of two boys to mount an ass they were conducting. In vain

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did one attempt to mount while the other held the animal; it refused pertinaciously to descend into any hollow which would have rendered the jump more easy; it bounded away from every leap, or else, meeting it at the outset, rendered it abortive: equally without success did they attempt to lull the watchful animal into forgetfulness, and forego their efforts for a while, in the hope of taking it by surprise, or pouncing upon it from behind. They were themselves worried out, cheated of their expected ride, and forced to foot it. We were not more than a mile from Tafalla, when an immense black wolf came trotting across the fields, and traversed the road just before us; upon which a little dog that happened to be near set up a faint bark; the wolf, however, pursued his course through a corn-field, looking back, like a robber, to measure the strength of his pursuer.

A distance of only one league separates the two rival towns of Olite and Tafalla, the intermediate space being thoroughly cultivated, as was the whole of the surrounding country. The extreme fertility of their territory has given rise to the proverb which Ramon repeated to me, and which pronounces them to be the flower of Navarre—"*Olite y Tafalla, la flor de Navarra.*" A level and unvarying plain extended for many miles beyond Olite, enclosed on either side by distant and jagged mountains, rocky, and destitute of trees. For more than ten miles we continued to keep these two towns in sight.

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This is a striking peculiarity of Spanish scenery, which I had often had occasion to notice before in the great plateau which occupies the centre of the Peninsula. The eye plays over immense distances. You see in the remoteness of the horizon the square tower of a church, with a few houses grouped around, often of the same parched colour as the soil on which you stand. You are told that it is four leagues off, which means more than a dozen miles; for in the country, where one travels slowest, where the distances seem greatest from the uniformity of the way, and the extent and distinctness of vision, on account of the purity of the atmosphere, the unity of measurement being largest, the enumeration of one's progress is slowest and most hopeless. In a country like this one frequently sees, at rising, the village which is to terminate the journey of the day. There is something grand in these far-extended vistas, as in those which the ocean affords; but with the grandeur of the ocean there is also its monotony.

Notwithstanding the slowness of our progress on this day, I was very happy, for the weather was most balmy and delightful; indeed, there was not a breath of air stirring, nor a cloud anywhere to be seen. The sky offered an immense sea of transparent ether, through which the sun shone forth in power and brilliancy. I was cheered and gladdened by his rays; and I felt a sensible expansion of both body and soul, as I recognised the bright sky of

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Spain and of my own country with blended feelings of agreeable recollections of the one, and ardent attachment to the other. I walked for miles at the side of the mules, collecting pebbles as I went, and discharging them at the more indolent of them. Ramon, too, who was beginning to sober, added his quota of entertainment, being both loquacious and intelligent. Every object had some association—some story or motto. On the right of the road stood a singular heap of irregular stones, which, at a distance, had the air of a ruined castle; but being seen nearer, seemed to have originated in a slide from the neighbouring mountain. These rocks had long furnished a lurking-place for a band of robbers; and the two who had perpetrated the atrocity on the old man near the Venta del Pollo were of the number. The whole gang was broken up at about the same time, and the head of the chief exposed ignominiously at Tafalla, while his right hand, nailed to a staff, and planted on the summit of these stones, known by the name of the Terrijuelas, served at once to strike terror into the soul of the evil-minded, and inspire the traveller with confidence.

At noon we stopped to dine at an obscure and solitary inn, in which we found a shepherd who had come down from the mountains, to try a change of air, in breaking the paroxysms of ague, to which he had been for some months subject. He was a handsome, sentimental-looking young fellow, and more

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like a pastoral hero than any I had yet seen. The woman of the house was young and pretty, with a very neat foot; she was, however, slovenly and slatternly. She had a little son, four years of age, whom she was about to equip in a bull-fighter's dress. She charged Ramon to bring a set of buttons for her from Zaragoza, the shepherd having already promised to give her a lambskin to make the jacket.

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CHAPTER VII.

FROM CAPARROSO TO VALTIERRA.

Caparroso—A Guerilla Veteran—Conversation with Charioteer—Colloquial Tact of Spaniards—Politics of my Companions—Influence of Clergy—How exercised—Political uses of Confessional—Valtierra—Company at Inn—Conversation there—Supper—Revelry.

In the afternoon we came in sight of the large town of Caparroso. It was situated on the side of a barren, chalky hill, everywhere cut into ravines by the torrents. The valley below was, however, very fertile, and the gardens, vineyards, and olive-orchards, through which the town is approached, make a very pleasing contrast with the desolate air of the mountains. Before entering the town we crossed the Aragon, by a fine bridge. This stream is one of the chief confluents of the Ebro, and claims the greater honour of having given its name to the glorious kingdom of Aragon. We found this bridge provided with a temporary gate in the centre. There was also a barrier erected to defend its approaches, and loopholes for musketry. A body of carbiniers attached to the collection of the customs, and whose ordinary duties lay on the French frontier, now defended this bridge, and had completely the air of a besieged garrison.

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We made a short halt at the inn, in which a party of mounted carbiniers were billeted with their horses. They received Ramon with an embrace. He appeared, indeed, to be the friend of both parties; one of them, however, seemed to have some misgivings as to the orthodoxy of his opinions, and said to him good-naturedly, but as would elsewhere be esteemed most blasphemously—"*no sois el verdadero Christo, sois Christo falso, sois de los contrarios!*" They talked as contemptuously of the Carlists as the Carlists had talked of them, drawing a comparison from the relative value of the real of copper and of silver—"*aquellos son de vellon; nosotros somos de plata!*—those are mere copper; we are the genuine silver!"

As I followed the vehicle up the hill on foot, I attracted the attention of an officer, who was smoking in a window, who called to me to walk up stairs; and after communicating with his chief, conducted me into his presence. I found him seated at dinner, before a low table, no higher than his knees, and surrounded, as is usual with Spanish chieftains of whatever rank, with a court of obsequious satellites, administering the homage which the habits of this class require. He was an ill-looking fellow, with huge whiskers and mustaches, and only half a nose. He paused, in passing his fork from a dish of stewed rice and mutton, to ask what business had conducted me into such awful presence, and to call for my passport, which, having

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examined, he gave me leave to retire with a god-like nod.

On leaving Caparroso we were joined by a gigantic veteran, dressed in a blue jacket faced with red, and having his huge person oddly surmounted by a tall infantry cap, on the front of which was inscribed, in letters of brass—"charged with the security of the royal road." He was armed with a musket, fitted with a piston lock, and a Moorish-looking pistol suspended from his cartridge-belt. He had, besides, a bayonet thrust through the same belt; and from the bosom of his shirt protruded the handle of an enormous knife, which might serve a peaceful or deadly purpose, as occasion required. He had a fine, bold, frank face, and a fulness and freshness of outline which seemed to contradict the grizzled condition of his beard; and, notwithstanding the motley and trainband appearance of his dress, his air was decidedly military. He was, in fact, an old guerilla soldier of the war of independence; and had not only served under Mina, but been attached to his person.

In late years he had rendered himself famous in the country by turning out to pursue a band of robbers; and had been taken into the public service on the establishment of guardians in Navarre. On one occasion he came suddenly upon a robber, leaving him no opportunity of escape. Both had their muskets cocked and aimed; the old guerillo kept closing up. "*No te arrimes!*" said the

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robber. He still approached; the robber pulled trigger, and missed fire; when the old man discharged his piece with a settled aim, and shot him through the heart. This was the occasion of his being made corporal of the little band, consisting of four, who are stationed in this mountain: the promotion entitling him to seven reals a day, being one more than the rest of his comrades.

We had now a long hill to ascend; and the old man and Christo followed behind the cart, singing an odd sort of song, the words of which were not chosen with much delicacy, and set to a jingling measure. At the top of the hill they mounted into the vehicle, and commenced an attack upon the leathern bottle, qualified by some very nice white bread, which the veteran produced from his knapsack. They then lit their cigars and fell to talking on various matters, expressing their opinions quietly, soberly, and one at a time. I never was more struck with the universality of the conversational talent among the Spaniards. They never interrupt each other in the ill-bred manner common among people of some pretension elsewhere; nor do they change the subject suddenly and abruptly, without any other cause than may be found in the intellectual caprices of the parties. One subject passes with them naturally into another; and their remarks are characterized by reason and good sense, and their arguments often illustrated by

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stories at once apt and interesting, and enforced by sententious and unanswerable proverbs.

The two worthies were, it seemed, in favour of the Queen, although they had the reputation among their countrymen of being true men, or Carlists. The old man drew his predilections from his ancient chief, Mina; and the other from the circumstance of having been a voluntary trooper in the Constitutional army, and having lost some blood in the cause. Both of them, however, had exhausted their zeal as partisans, and did not dream of taking arms on either side. Ramon said that, for months after the Constitution was put down by the French invasion, he was afraid to return to Pamplona, lest he should be assassinated; the Serviles having free license to kill all of the opposite party, ycleped the Negroes. When he did return, he was obliged to skulk like a cat about the cave, garret, and dark corners of his father's house. "No more of this amateur warfare for me," said he; "let them fight it out among themselves!"

The veteran's ideas of politics, although he was, if any thing, in favour of the Queen, reduced themselves to obedience to the existing powers. He said that it did not belong to such as he to decide upon matters of such high importance. He had managed so to conduct himself and do his duty in all situations, and under every different system, as to escape punishment, or even censure; mentioning it as a curious circumstance in the life of a

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Spaniard, that he had never been in a prison, whether civil or military. He attributed the present insurrection in Navarre, in a great measure, to the influence of the clergy. In the war of independence, when he went to confession, his spiritual father used to say to him, "*Has muerto a muchos Franceses hijo?*—Hast thou killed many Frenchmen, child?" "*Muchos, padre!*—Many, father!" "*Pues mateis firme; porque asi ganarais el cielo!*—Kill on boldly, my son; for thus thou shalt be admitted into heaven!"

History has told us how well our old veteran and his countrymen obeyed the mandate. In the time of the Constitution, however, when the French were about to march to restore despotism in Spain, the clergy spoke in a different strain. "*Teneis rencor hijo?*—Dost thou hold any malice or hatred in thy heart, my child?"—"Yes, father! the French are coming among us, and I long to grapple with them again."—"*Pues sois en pecado mortal!*—Take heed, my child, thou art in deadly sin! We are all brethren of one family, and children in the Lord. Our neighbours are coming to sustain our blessed religion and the holy Church, which sacrilegious hands have attempted to cast down." Now, again, the doctrine was that Carlos was the true king, the friend of the Church, the anointed of the Lord. The Queen was a frail and sinful woman, who was bringing back the liberals to destroy religion, seize the goods of the Church, and murder its

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ministers. The French, who were threatening to come again to Spain on a very different errand, were children of the devil, and were to be treated accordingly.

Though the eloquence of the priest was lost on the individual in question, the same arguments fell differently on others. Hence the insurrectionary spirit which has everywhere manifested itself. He who will read and ponder on these words from the confessional, will learn much of the modes of thought and the motives of action among the Spaniards, and perhaps may see the expediency, instead of attempting to fashion and adapt a people to a government, to allow the government to remain, until times and circumstances change, in harmony with the wishes of the people. Tranquillity is the first want of nations; and it is only to be found where the government is in harmony with the wants, the condition, and the prejudices of the governed.

We had now got fairly beyond the customary haunts of the Carlist bands, and travelled with a lighter heart. Our day's journey was therefore prolonged, so that it was after dusk when we reached the village of Valtierra. No less than six carts and galeras, with each a fair proportion of travellers and a due share of muleteers, had already arrived, insomuch that we found a circle around the kitchen fire, which filled nearly the whole room; it was, however, still further enlarged, as

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we entered, to make place for us. There was a serjeant's wife with her baby, two others who seemed to be *mugeres de mala vida*, a serious-looking individual, who appeared much shocked at the levity of the company and the profanity of Ramon, and whom I thence conjectured to be an absconding clergyman, on his way to join the defenders of the throne and altar. There was a great variety of other characters, and three or four women belonging to the inn, including a very pretty girl, who was niece to the mistress of the house. They all received Christo with a tumult of acclamation, which showed how very prevailing a taste there is among women for reprobates.

The group of which we now became part, was very characteristic; upon no figure composing it, however, did the glare from the chimney fall with so remarkable an effect as upon the towering form of our veteran escort, and upon his motley yet formidable equipment. He took his seat beside two friars of the order of St. Dominick: one a young man of nineteen, having a great deal of levity in his manner; the other somewhat older, with an affected air of gravity, which he managed to get rid of, in the excitement of a game of cards, in the course of the evening. He was a coarse, gross, over-fed creature, with a mixture of hypocrisy and sensuality in his countenance. The younger one, it seems, had absconded from his convent in Pamplona; he had been captured in Zaragoza, and

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confined in a convent of his order, and was now returning with a brother, who had been sent for him, as a prisoner. Perhaps the young man had tired of masses and vigils, and found that he had mistaken his calling. It may be that the half-smothered passion of his boyish days had revived in his bosom, and he had gone to see again the girl whom his young heart had cherished. The two were travelling on one mule, as they said, riding each in turn, and I secretly hoped that the young monk might be enabled to ride away the next day from his custody.

The sergeant's wife was by far the most talkative personage of the party. She regaled the company with a history of her whole life; told how her husband had been in a regiment of the royal guards, where they fared well, gaining much money with little labour. He had given up his situation, and accepted his retreat, in order to procure an office about the post establishment in his native town; but, when he came to take possession, the chief demanded an ounce of gold from him, and, on his not being able to produce the sum, conferred the place upon another. She looked back with regret to the merry days in the guards, when life hung lightly on their hands, and they united the advantages, dear to every Spanish bosom, of having "*mucho dinero con poco trabajo*—much money for little work."

When the party was ushered into the supper-hall, the sergeant's wife remained economically behind,

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complaining of want of appetite, and asking for a little broth. This gave the suspicious females aforesaid an opportunity to pull her character to pieces during supper. It seems they had been her fellow-travellers in a galera; and they protested, with a well-bred air of superiority and a toss of the head, that she was the most tedious and disagreeable woman to travel with—"*la muger mas incomoda*"—that their experience had furnished. "*Jesus que muger!*" exclaimed one of them. The other, in attempting to tell how disagreeable she was, stopped short in her discourse, like an orator in the House of Commons unable to express by words the fulness of his thoughts, and at length said, "*Vamos!*" meaning thereby that every thing should be understood that the listener could fancy. Is there no English word of equal value, that could be used in the same way to terminate a discourse in the middle without leaving the sense incomplete.

The supper being over, Ramon got possession of a cracked guitar that hung against the wall, and commenced scratching away some jingling notes which he accompanied with words, rather passionate than sentimental. He succeeded not only, however, in making a patient listener of the landlady's niece aforesaid, but even persuaded her to stand opposite, as he sang, played, looked unutterable things, and danced, all at once. The young girl snapped her fingers in time to let off the exu-

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berance of her vivacity; one of the other women, producing a pair of castanets from her bag, commenced stepping out on her own account, and the ball was regularly opened. Ramon's song at first ran thus, in compliment, I suppose, to his partner, who was somewhat under-sized:

" Para que es buena la muger chiquitilla?
La muger chiquitilla es un regalo;
Mas vale lo poco y bueno
Que lo mucho y malo."

By-and-by he touched a more passionate strain, and seemed to explain himself:

" Aqui esta el palillo:
Y aqui esta puesto en su lugar;
Aqui esta para ti Pepa,
Y aqui esta para que tu lo sepa !"

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CHAPTER VIII.

VALTIERRA AND ARAGON.

The Ebro—Tudela—Environs—The Inn—New Comrade—His Story—Battle of Espileta—Political Economy in Navarre—Mallen in Aragon—New Kingdom and New Politics—Sheep and Shepherds—A Woman from the Mountains—Canal of Aragon.

THE next morning saw us in motion at the usual hour. We had taken up, as a passenger, a lad of twelve years, who was returning, from a visit to a near relation, to his father's house in Mallen. He was full of life and spirits, and ran beside the mules the greater part of the day, urging them to quicken their pace by voice and whip, in consequence of which we got on much more rapidly, our mules being habitually very slow, and Ramon too good-natured to quarrel with them; besides, as he stopped to drink and joke at every inn and brandy-shop, it was quite convenient to him that they should not be in a hurry.

Towards noon we entered the olive-orchards of Tudela; after traversing which we found ourselves on the banks of the Ebro, with a very old bridge conducting to Tudela. This place was the site of a battle of some note during the struggle with the French, and remnants of its extensive fortifications

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are still seen. Every thing bears the impress of remote antiquity; the bridge, the city walls, the towers of the churches, the gloomy olive-trees, and the worn-out looking, arid sand-hills, cut into deep ravines, which bound the prospect. There was one object, however, which, in a gayer season of the year, must have been more than beautiful; a little island in the middle of the stream, known by the pretty name of La Mejana, elaborately cultivated, and divided into small gardens and orchards, with arbours and summer-houses, the property of the rich families of Tudela, who repair thither in the fine season to eat, dance, sing, and enjoy the simple pleasures which belong to the manners of the country. A few canoes and larger boats of rude construction were fastened to the piers of the bridge, or moored along the shore; mules and horses were driven to the river to drink and bathe, and there were also the customary groups of chanting washerwomen.

The bridge of Tudela, like that of Caparroso, was carefully fortified: and we were again reconnoitred by filthy collectors of the customs and policemen. We made our usual halt at the principal inn, which bore additional evidence to the fact that almost every inn in Spain has a different sort of chimney. Here the fire-place was in the centre of the room, on a circular platform, elevated above the level of the rest of the floor, and overhung by a chimney, precisely of the form of an inverted

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funnel, and supported entirely from above; the frame being of wood, coated with plaster. The landlady was blustering and scolding, which I was somewhat resigned to, as every thing was exceedingly neat; and, from former experience, this led me to anticipate a good dinner—that is, according to the new standard which my stomach was beginning to establish for itself. Her daughter was pretty and attractive; she seemed to be in the process of education for a fine lady, and was likely to prove less thrifty than her mamma; however, she took a trifling share in the duties of the kitchen, pausing occasionally to contemplate her own face in a bit of broken mirror set in the window-shutter, or to coquet through the gratings with a passing muleteer.

Ramon had disappeared at the bridge, leaving the mules to find their way alone to the inn. After an hour or more he made his appearance, bringing with him a young man, who, he said, was his brother-in-law, and was to be our companion to Zaragoza. In the course of the journey the new-comer related his whole history to me. He was a tailor, and, several years before, had married Ramon's sister, receiving with her a dowry of thirty ounces of gold. He established a good shop, and soon advanced himself by contracting to clothe a regiment garrisoned in Pamplona. He was enabled to do this profitably at a low price, by smuggling the materials from France, whence he afterward brought

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other fancy articles; he then took a larger house, and added a haberdashery to his workshop. He was now making money fast, and promised soon to be a rich man. He had found it necessary, however, to join two of his most intimate friends with him in introducing his goods. He had embarked every thing he possessed in a large speculation, by which he expected to double his fortune at a single cast. His two friends having safely crossed the frontier with him, remained without the walls of Pamplona, and were to meet him at a given hour under the arches of the bridge. He was punctual to the engagement, but they were nowhere to be seen; and the night was passed by him in the most intense anxiety, but without any results. Taking it for granted that his friends had been frightened off by the carbiniers, he went home to seek rest from his fatigues and anxiety. But the next night found him again at his post, and, as before, an anxious and unsuccessful watcher. He now began to suspect treachery; and time proved that his best friends had betrayed and robbed him. He was a ruined man; and as the law could, in such a case, give him no remedy, he determined to give it to himself. The men, however, did not return. He searched the country, high and low; visited every neighbouring city, and haunted the shops, to discover if his goods were exposed to sale, determined to trace out and murder his false betrayers; but after wasting a month in this way, finding himself

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worse off than before, he sold every thing, paid his debts, and bade adieu to the scene of his misfortune. He was now settled in Tudela, ostensibly working at his trade, but really and principally engaged in introducing contraband goods into Aragon, the frontier of which was close at hand.

This man was a great schemer. He had discovered that the cutlers of Zaragoza were sorely perplexed for the want of a proper material to make handles for their knives; for it seems that the sheep of that neighbourhood have no horns, or very small ones, while at Pamplona they have them very large: but not being of any use, they are thrown away there; and it was left for him then, in this nineteenth century, to discover and open this new branch of trade. He had made a contract with a cutler to furnish him with a certain quantity of rams' horns, according to a specimen first exhibited. The horns had been collected, and were thrown into the cart at starting from Tudela; and proved to be very little softer than sundry bags of nails, which lay beyond the borders of the straw bed upon which I habitually reposed. He was secure of a considerable profit on the horns; but, not content with that, he had introduced into the centre of each bag a quantity of horn combs, such as are worn by women, and which, though of such universal use in Spain, are all manufactured in foreign countries. The fellow was of an enterprising spirit; he could live by his trade, he said,

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easily; but that did not satisfy him; he must do something more than live. This is so unusual a variety of the Spanish character, that I expect one of these days to find his name added to the list of farmers-general and newly-made marquises.

The conversation of this young man was very interesting. He had been present at the battle which took place at Espileta on the 29th of December, about a fortnight before, and described its stirring scenes with wonderful vividness. He had gone to the spot to offer his services to Zumalacaregui, to clothe the battalions of Navarre under his command, and happened to be still near when the battle commenced. The Queen's troops amounted to three thousand, and the Carlists to seven thousand; these had the advantage of a strong position on the side of a mountain, and a higher elevation to retreat to, and they therefore awaited the attack impatiently. Brandy had been plentifully distributed to them, and they rent the air with songs which the priests had prepared for them. They would have given up their position to assail the Queen's troops, had they not been restrained by their chief. The Queen's troops came boldly on, charging up hill, their way being obstructed by stones that were rolled down upon them. The contact was terrible; twice were the Queen's troops repulsed; but discipline at last prevailed; the insurgents were obliged to give way, covered, however, from pursuit, by the nature

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of the ground. The next morning he rode over the scene of battle; the bodies of the killed were all stripped. He was horror-stricken at the sight; and his mule, trembling, snorting, and starting away, compelled him to turn back.

This young man had two brothers in the Carlist army, both officers; also one brother-in-law, the brother of Ramon, a graceless rogue, known throughout the country by the nickname of Saint Joseph. It was easy to conceive that he should be also of that way of thinking, and of the party which may be called national in Navarre. He thought, indeed, that it would be better for Spain that Carlos should be king. Carlos was fond of the army, and would have a very large one; this army must of course be clothed, and hence abundant employment for the tailors, and plentiful circulation of money throughout the provinces. "What is the reason," said he, "that France is so rich and powerful? Because she has a large army to consume the produce of the country, and keep the people employed." Such was the political economy of the brother-in-law of Ramon the carman; and it is that of more than nine Spaniards in ten, who cannot lay claim to half so much quickness and ingenuity as the worthy tailor. It was very curious, too, to hear him discuss the relative claims of different countries to be esteemed civilized. He contended that England was the first country in the world. I ventured, for the sake of hearing what

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he had to say, to suggest a doubt whether France might not be placed before her. "Look at an English coat, or an English hat, or a knife, a scissors, or a razor," said he, "and tell me whether England be not the greatest nation?" He accounted very sensibly for the popularity of the insurrection in Navarre, and gave, among other reasons, the enhanced value of all the necessaries of life; bread, wine, oil, and others, which are the chief productions of the country.

Towards the close of day we approached the confines of Navarre and Aragon. The town of Mallen, with its gloomy, mud-coloured houses, and the ancient tower of its church, had gradually grown upon our view during the whole afternoon. It was the first town of the kingdom of Aragon; the frontier being marked by two stone barriers placed on either hand, immediately opposite which the road broke off suddenly, and from the smooth commodious causeway of Navarre we passed at once into sloughs and quagmires. It was with the greatest difficulty that the mules, which hitherto had drawn the cart with ease, could now drag it forward, although they had the immediate prospect of repose for the night, and the customary ration of barley. This difference is owing to the greater privileges of Navarre, which regulates its own roads, while the Aragonese pay the subsidy to the government, which, instead of watching over their interests, and providing for their greatest wants, lavishes their money on

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courtiers, or spends it in the support of soldiers for their subjugation.

The evening assemblage about the kitchen fire at the inn of Mallen, brought together the alcalde, the notary, and all the village dignitaries. In their political opinions, which were very free, there was a striking distinction from those entertained a mile off, on the other side of the frontier of Navarre, most of those present being partisans of Christina. The difference in the condition of the high road, and the duties levied in this very place on all articles entering for their consumption, might very well help them to such a conclusion, the name of Christina being a rallying word to the Constitutionals, who are inclined to equalize the condition of all the provinces.

In the morning the air was cool, and I set forward on foot. In passing through the market-place, I observed many peasants collected about the adjoining tower of the church: they had probably heard mass, and were now waiting patiently to see if any farmer should come to employ them. Their dress was entirely different from that which is worn in Navarre, all wearing jackets of velvet or fustian, breeches of the same, stockings without feet, and hempen sandals; some had enormous hats, but more had no other covering for the head than a cotton handkerchief. Most of them were enveloped in the manta or striped blanket, which is the substitute for the cloak among the poorer classes. I was sin-

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gularly struck with the sudden change of costume at the mere passing of the boundary between two provinces of the same kingdom, far greater than that which occurs at the frontier, and, at the same time, with the almost perfect identity between the dress and that which is worn in the remote territory of Valencia. The cause of this identity may be found in the circumstance of Valencia having been conquered and Christianized in bygone centuries by the kingdom of Aragon, and thus the costumes of Spain, in this and in other instances, may be used to illustrate her history.

Nothing can be more utterly gloomy than the country about Mallen. As there was no regularly constructed road, we rambled along, choosing our way among the variety of diverging paths which travellers had beaten before us, rising and descending over hills and into hollows of inconsiderable depths. In looking forward the face of the country seemed quite level, just as the sea does in the distance, however the waves may yawn around you. The soil was parched and sterile, and there were no plantations for miles. The only signs of life were exhibited by an occasional flock of sheep, of a brown colour, the original hue of the *paño pardo*, so universally worn by poor Spaniards. The contrast between it and the sombre hues of the soil, over which the sheep rambled, was so slight, that their motion alone rendered them perceptible at any distance. The shepherd himself is always clad, in

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Spain, in the same material as his flock. We passed one whose garments were of the same brown fleece as the sheep that clustered round him, with a familiarity unknown in countries where the pastor and his flock are not so thoroughly identified. A dusky ass stood hard by, with a pensive and resigned air; a pair of cotton saddle-bags were suspended over its back, and the rest of its body was concealed under the tattered remains of a brown cloak. The shepherd was leaning on his crook, with his hands clasped, the right leg thrown over the left; the expression of his face denoted contentment, peace of mind, and contemplation, while his attitude called to mind the classic forms of some ancient statue.

At noon we reached an obscure venta, hidden in a barranca or hollow so effectually, as not to be seen half a mile off, although the new tower of Zaragoza was already visible at the distance of more than twenty. These breaks occur constantly in the central portions of Spain, and form a very remarkable feature of the scenery. Here was a young woman from the neighbouring mountains in the capacity of maid, with a rich brown face, and coarse, shining black hair, and of such strength in the arms, that, although only of the interesting age of fourteen, she not only effectually resisted Ramon's efforts to seize a kiss from her, but finished by giving him a sound drubbing for his impertinence, together with sundry by no means gentle blows to others of the bystanders.

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As we continued our journey the scene changed magically, and we saw how the hand of industry could convert this sunburnt and apparently barren soil into a garden of fertility. We found ourselves on the banks of the canal of Aragon, surrounded by olivé-orchards, vineyards, and wheat-fields. The canal of Aragon was originally commenced by the Emperor Charles V., who completed it throughout a distance of thirty-five miles. After an interval of two centuries, the work was renewed, during the benign reign of king Charles III., under the direction of Pignatelli, an engineer of Aragon, and continued for sixty-three miles. The object of it is to overcome the difficulties of navigating the Ebro, whose course it follows, and to furnish the means of irrigation to an extent of country not susceptible of profitable cultivation without it. It begins near Tudela and extends beyond Zaragoza, beginning and ending in the Ebro, which is thus rendered navigable for vessels of one hundred tons burden, from Navarre to the Mediterranean. Its width is seventy feet on the surface of the water, with a depth of ten; and the construction throughout is said to bear that character of hardihood and excellence for which the fortifications and engineering works of Spain are so remarkable. The wealth of the country has been augmented immeasurably by the opening of this canal; more than a million of trees have been planted on its banks, and thousands of new plantations, fertilized by its irrigating

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streams, have sprung up to furnish nourishment and support to man, and the animals which alleviate his toils.

The kingdom of Aragon pays a tax on this canal of five thousand dollars, which is covered by the tolls of navigation alone. The rents received for irrigation are far more considerable, amounting to no less than seventy-five thousand dollars. The fields which enjoy it are taxed at the rate of one-fifth of their produce for corn, and a seventh of all other productions. A small portion of this sum is annually expended in cleansing the bed of the canal and keeping the works in repair: this is done every winter, the bed being empty as I passed it. At all other times there is a bateau running between the port near Tudela and Zaragoza, furnishing a favourite excursion for the inhabitants of the capital, and a very agreeable conveyance for travellers.

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CHAPTER IX.

ALAGON AND ZARAGOZA.

The Fish of Alagon—Alagon—Return of Flocks—A Merry-Andrew—The Theatre in Alagon—La Jota Aragonesa—Alarming Interruption—Military Lodgers and Involuntary Hospitality—Troopers at the Inn—Departure from Alagon—Zaragoza and the New Tower—Gate of the Ebro—Epistle of an Hostler.

In the evening we began to approach the town of Alagon. From this place is derived the familiar proverb—"dearer than the fish of Alagon—*mas caro que el pez de Alagon;*" used to imply that a man has paid dear for his whistle. In times past there was a certain captain-general of Aragon, who was a great gourmand, and, of course, very fond of salmon; of which delicious edible he was in the habit of receiving a weekly supply from the Bay of Biscay. Of course, the muleteer who brought it passed regularly through Alagon, on his way to the vice-regal palace in Zaragoza; and the worthy alcalde of the village, having nothing better to do, had often held converse with the passing muleteer, and made himself acquainted with his affairs. At length he took into his head that this said salmon, which was so nice a thing in the mouth of a captain-general, could not well

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prove unsavoury in that of an alcalde. So one day he stopped the returning muleteer, and told him that he must have some of his fish. In vain did the reluctant muleteer protest that his excellency would be in despair and that he would be ruined; he insisted upon taking some of the best fish, and promised to pay for them at the same rate as the viceroy should pay for the remainder. The disconsolate muleteer went his way, and arrived in due time in Zaragoza. Of course, his coming was attended with vast excitement. Cook, scullions, and major-domo, courtiers and parasites, placemen and pretenders to become so, were all in a terror of dismay when they heard of the disastrous deficiency. The matter was broken with caution to the insulted potentate, and the muleteer ushered into his presence. "How is it, my friend, that thou hast come so scantily provided?"—"May it please your excellency, the alcalde of Alagon has laid hands upon the best of the fish. He says that he has as nice a tooth as your excellency, and that he will pay for those which he has retained whatever your excellency shall pay for the remainder."—"Tell the major-domo to pay thee a pound of gold for each pound of salmon, and go in peace." The muleteer did as he was ordered, and received the money with the best grace he could, and of course lost no time in going in search of more fish. At Alagon he had an interview with the worthy alcalde, and asked if the fish were not indeed as

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suitable food for an alcalde as for a captain-general. The alcalde pronounced it a delicious morsel, and professed his intention to eat it often. He sent his willing hand in search of the pistareens that were to pay for it, and begged to know what his excellency had given. "A pound of gold for a pound of salmon!" was the answer, which broke like thunder on the alcalde's ear: he was a ruined man; he had eaten up his whole substance—house, lands, sheep, mules, and oxen, at a single meal. The word salmon was of course no very pleasant sound in his ears afterwards; neither is it in those of the natives of Alagon to this day; against whom the proverb is used as a reproach, and the words "*mas caro que el pez de Alagon*" are now uttered there by a stranger under terror of his life.

As Ramon completed the foregoing story, we entered the town through environs thickly planted with vineyards and olives. The sun had declined in splendour behind the heights of Moncayo, and the inhabitants of the town, both man and beast, were returning to seek the shelter and protection of their respective homes. This evening scene reminded me of the regular muster which takes place at the close of day in every well-regulated man-of-war, when the accustomed sound summons each man to his gun. Mules and horses arrived in dozens in one direction, breaking up at each corner into so many separate detachments; in another came the dusky asses, on many of

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which the village boys had mounted, and were striving to urge the meek little animals into a race; there the shepherd with his flocks slowly traversed the main street, giving time to his charge to escape from the press and dart each into his own doorway. I followed in their train, and took a real pleasure in watching all their movements; it enabled me too to get an idea of the wealth and consequence of each inhabitant, in a simple state of society, where the fortune of an individual, as in patriarchal times, is measured by the amount of his flocks. The flock of the shepherd was at length reduced to only three or four, one of which carried the bell, and a lank dog, which trotted in the rear. These, from their familiarity, were evidently his own property; they pressed close after him, rubbing against him affectionately. He stopped, at length, at a humble cottage, in a remote corner of the village; a tidy dame was at the door, awaiting the arrival of her partner; and three or four chubby children, attracted by the sound of the familiar bell, were running forward to receive the caresses of the father and his faithful companion.

When all had gathered themselves within, I returned to the square. It was filled with gossiping groups of women and peasants, returning, with their implements of husbandry, from the labours of the day; others drove asses laden with prunings from the vines and olive-trees, which were to give warmth and cheerfulness to the circles about their

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firesides. Presently the attention of all was attracted by the tapping of a drum, advancing towards the square. It was beaten by a tall, hungry, lantern-jawed looking man, in a threadbare surtout, who advanced with a long train of followers, which he had collected, including all the lads of the village. He paused in the square to announce himself as a great titerero and comedian from the capital, who had been attracted to those parts by the desire of amusing the illustrious inhabitants of Alagon, and that, in order to effect that object, he would presently proceed to exhibit his extraordinary powers to such curious and intelligent persons as should favour him with their company.

I determined to attend the exhibition, which seemed to attract vast attention in the village, and was likely to bring together all whose fortunes admitted of their expending the extraordinary sum of nearly two cents that was demanded for admittance. The place elevated to the temporary dignity of a theatre, was the large garret used as a granary, which belonged to the village council, whose hall was adjoining. At one extremity was a raised platform forming the stage, while the drop-scene consisted of sundry dirty blankets, suspended from a rope stretched from side to side. A table was placed in front of this, with an array of tin cups to be used in the display of jugglery; while the recess behind the scene served as a

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withdrawing-place for dressing and the concoction of the tricks. In front were the audience, clustered together and seated on the floor, excepting a few ladies, forming the aristocracy of the place, who were furnished with chairs at one side. A few older persons, who were too dignified to sit on the floor, stood erect without the circle. Among these I noticed one man in an immense flapped hat, and an ample cloak, which being thrown over his shoulder, effectually concealed the remainder of his face: he was a genuine Spaniard, such as I had got an idea of from picture-books in my boyish days.

The company, finding that the mountebank was likely to waste a long time in preparation and delays suited to convey a lofty idea of the importance of his exhibition, became at length impatient. They did not, however, display it by any ill-bred clamour, but availed themselves of the interval and the assemblage to extract amusement of another kind. They called upon a couple of the village guitarists, who were stationed near the stage as an orchestra, to strike up. "*La jota! la jota Aragonesa!*" was called on all sides. The willing peasants obeyed; the favourite air of Aragon was touched with no inconsiderable skill; a ring was suddenly formed; and three handsome young bloods of the village, casting aside their blankets, led forth as many favourite beauties, and the dance began. It was of the same general character with the bolero and

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graceful fandango, consisting of a series of easy and flowing movements, in which legs, arms, and body aptly and harmoniously partook. The circle formed around sang in accompaniment to the music, and marked the measure by clapping their hands. Among these I discovered Ramon, who had got news of this merrymaking, and lost no time in joining an assemblage in which he was calculated to shine.

When the titerero had exhausted his stock of tricks, which were of course execrably executed, he exhibited a species of comedy in two characters, one of which was sustained by his wife, rather a well-looking slattern, much younger than himself. The play exhibited the domestic broils of an unhappy cobbler, who has a handsome wife. There was a good deal of practical illustration in the Punch and Judy style, though the chances of the game were reversed, and the poor mountebank got several severe bangings in the course of the evening, which were doubtless the better done, inasmuch as they were only the public exhibition of a scene which had often been rehearsed in private.

In the midst of the play, which drew down immense aplause, there was a knocking at the door, which had been locked within by the mountebank, when he had collected all the coppers, a task which he was indisposed to intrust to others. Entrance was demanded for the alguazil; and it was immediately whispered that the *justicia* was coming to

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make a prisoner. An expression of anxiety was apparent on every countenance; for no man in Spain can tell certainly, from day to day, whether he is to pass the coming night in the common prison or in his own bed. The apprehensions on this account were however relieved, on discovering that the alguazil had come to announce to the alcalde that a detachment of cavalry had arrived in Alagon to pass the night, and required lodgings. The alcalde went off to attend to this vexatious duty, and the assembly soon after broke up, each family no doubt anticipating, on its way home, the pleasure of finding its habitation in the possession of a trooper. One party, walking before me, reached their door just as a dragoon, with horse-hair flowing from his casque, and a long sabre clattering after him, had disappeared within, leading after him a long-tailed war-horse.

On reaching the inn, I found the kitchen filled with dragoons; sabres were clattering and spurs jingling over the brick floor, as some came from the stable laden with their heavy saddles, holsters, and carbines; others demanded straw from the innkeeper and barleyman, who refused to furnish any without payment; while a few, who had been placed upon that duty, were attending to the interesting but somewhat troublesome duties of providing supper. In Arragon the inns are unprovided with provisions of any sort, though, a few miles off, in Navarre, every thing is furnished at a fixed and

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reasonable price. The answer to the inexperienced traveller, who, on his arrival at an inn in the former province, asks what he can have for dinner, is always, "whatever you bring with you—*lo que usted trae consigo.*" And this was the very unsatisfactory answer now delivered to these young Andalusians, who had started with little preparation and empty stomachs from their comfortable barracks in a convent of Zaragoza. Ramon had succeeded earlier in procuring for us the ingredients of a comfortable supper, but at that hour the provision-shops and market were closed. They wandered forth, however, and returned after a time laden with sundry scraps of dried fish, and their bonnets filled with eggs, potatoes, garlic, and peppers. The landlord was very surly in answering their demands for assistance; but after a while the landlady, whom they addressed by the title of *mi patrona*, as well as the maid, ceased to be obdurate to the gentle speech of these handsome intruders.

The fire was heaped with brushwood, and the young men were furnished with frying-pans, into which they hastened to throw all their commodities in one confused heap, reducing it by much stirring into a mixture, which, though it might not tempt the palate of a gourmand, seemed to be very acceptable to the hungry mouths of the troopers, especially as it was washed down by some excellent wine, of which they drank deep and long. Some

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of them, unaccustomed to such heady beverage, began to show its effects in their speech. They talked about the unexpectedness of their departure: one young Andalusian, with the soft lisp of his country, was regretting the masquerade-ball in the arena of bull-fights, where he was to have gone the next Sunday with a young woman whom he loved. He cursed the Carlists, whose growing numbers had brought them forth, and vowed vengeance against all curates and friars: "*La toledana a ellos*," said he, striking his sword with energy against the floor.

We got off the next morning at an early hour, leaving the stable-yard in a tumult of confusion with the troopers, who were saddling their horses in readiness to mount. That day's march would bring them to the enemy's territory; and the young Andalusian, who was to have capered on Sunday with his sweetheart in the Plaza de Toros, had a very tolerable chance of being picked off in the interval by some lurking sharpshooter, especially if he continued to express such opinions about the servants of the holy Church. Just without Alagon, Ramon pointed to the place where he had been robbed on the only occasion that such an accident had happened to him.

As this was to be our last day together, Ramon strove to make himself more than usually agreeable, relating many odd stories for my amusement, among the oddest of which was the following, which,

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though not characterized by any particular refinement, is curious as a picture of manners, and the strange blending of religion and sacrilege often found in the Spanish character.

"Once upon a time there was a miller of Sanguesa who had been a great rogue, as all millers are, and who had always a story about the stones grinding badly, as an excuse for stealing a good portion of the flour. This man fell sick, and being about to die, thought he would make a voyage to see the devil, so as to secure himself a place in advance; for, like all of his countrymen, he had a desire to have an office wherever he went. Arriving at the gate, he gave a loud knock. '*Quien?*' said the devil, reconnoitring him through the keyhole. '*Gente de paz!*' was the answer; the door flew open, and in he walked. 'Señor Demoño,' said he,' have you any little place for a faithful friend who has served you well in the world, doing all the harm he could to his neighbours?'—'Friend,' said the devil, 'what trade had you?'—'A miller, may it please your majesty.'—'And your father?'—'A miller also.' 'Were you ever married?'—'Alas was I, your excellency! to my sorrow be it said.'—'And who might your wife have been?'—'She was the daughter of a Ventero by baptism, but was said to have more resemblance to the Cebadero.'—'Come! come!' said the devil, 'that will do; no more questions or answers: you were a miller, and your father before you. Your wife was the daugh-

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ter of a Ventero, or Cebadero, or both, it matters little, as each is a greater rascal than the other. Come over whenever you like, you are my sergeant-major.' A poor tailor lived in Olite, who worked hard and prayed harder. Whenever he was not sitting cross-legged on his counter, he was upon his knees in the church; he was a member, moreover, of every holy brotherhood in the town. What with working, praying, fasting, and vigils, aided by a cross wife, the poor tailor soon pined way, and took himself out of a world that was not good enough for him. He went to heaven, knocked at the door, which flew open, and he found himself in the presence of San Pedro and San Ginoco, a merry saint, full of the devil, who is second keeper of the keys after Saint Peter. They called upon him, not liking his looks, and thinking him a bad recruit, to give an account of himself. He said he went every day to mass at daylight, and in the evening to vespers, on a feast day to grand mass and sermon, followed all the fasts of the Church, and eschewed all frivolous gaiety. 'That will do,' says San Ginoco, 'we want no such long-faced fellows as you here; take yourself into purgatory, where you will find faces as solemn as your own.' The door had just closed, when along comes a jolly carman of Pamplona, his hat on one side, and a cigarillo in his mouth on the other. He knocks, is admitted, and San Ginoco slapped him on the shoulder and asked for light; and being himself a

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merry saint, was pleased with his air. 'What sort of a time have you had in the other world, my son?'—'A right jolly one, old boy. I never went by a brandy-shop without stepping in; I have passed my time in drinking, singing, and dancing fandangoes, and deceived all the young maidens that I have met with. Through I have had to work hard, I have borne it cheerily, and managed to have a merry-making every night in the posada.' —'Come in, my son, you will just do; we are in want of a gracioso, and you shall have the appointment, worth two pistareens a day."

The new tower of Zaragoza, which we had seen nearly the whole of the previous day, continued to grow more distinct, casting into insignificance the inferior steeples of churches and convents which rose into view as we drew near. Our pace was slow, and the distinctness with which distant objects were seen through so clear an atmosphere, made it seem much more tedious; nevertheless, we at length reached the planted environs, which serve as a promenade to the inhabitants. Not being the usual hour for walking, the place was abandoned by all except a few recruits in process of training for soldiers, with some drummers and trumpeters, who were learning their profession, and regaling each other with what was any thing but a concord of sweet sounds, and a straggling student, walking up and down with a book in his hand, in the sunny exposure beside the city wall. The cart halted at an

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inn without the gate, which lies opposite the bridge, and which is called, I believe, the gate of the Ebro. There I took leave of Ramon, and with some regret too; for, though a sad scapegrace, he was after all a good-hearted and happy fellow, in whose company it was easier to laugh than to cry.

A sturdy porter offered his services to convey my baggage to the posada of the diligences, and the douceur of a single pistareen relieved me of all inconvenience at the gate, and of the necessity of breaking my locks, for my keys were missing. I afterwards found that Ramon had taken the trouble to send word by a brother-in-law, who set out on his return to Pamplona just after we arrived, to have my keys looked for at Alagon, and sent to me. They were not, however, to be found; a piece of information which was communicated to me through a letter sent the next day by a special messenger on foot, the distance to and fro being no less than twenty-eight miles. It was from the barleyman, or hostler, to Ramon, and, divested of the curious turn of phrase and remarkable orthography which characterized the original, ran as follows:—

"ALAGON, *this* 18*th of January of* 1834.

"Friend Ramon, this is to serve to tell thee that thy brother-in-law, Rafael, was here yesterday at the hour of four, and that he delivered thy message. We duly examined the place, but the keys are nowhere to be found; and there can be no doubt that

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they have been taken away by the soldiers to Pamplona. I have nothing more to say to thee, Ramon, but to bid thee command thy fast and faithful friend, who wishes that thou mayst flourish, and follow mules for many years. THE BARLEYMAN."

It may be worthy of remark, that soldiers are looked upon in Spain like men-of-war's men about our docks, as a set of outlaws, who are ready, without ceremony, to lay their hands on any thing that falls in their way, and to put it at the bottom of their knapsack, in the hope that it may be one day useful.

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CHAPTER X.

ZARAGOZA.

Siege of Zaragoza—Great Square—Poor Students—New Town—Post-House—Mesa Redonda—Church of the Pillar—High Mass—Hog Lottery—Torre Nueva—View from the Tower—Masquerade—The Maskers—Evening Offices of Devotion.

On entering the gate of the Ebro I found myself within the famous old city of Zaragoza; renowned in chronicles and ballads for the achievements of its sons; the capital, moreover, of that glorious kingdom of Aragon, so illustrious for its ancient laws and liberties, for its conquests, and extirpation of the Moors, and for the wisdom and prowess of its kings; but above all, glorious now and for ever, for her resistance to a treacherous and powerful foe; a resistance undertaken in a frantic spirit of patriotism, pausing for no reflection, and admitting of no reasoning, and which was continued in defiance of all the havoc occasioned in a place wholly indefensible according to the arts of war, until, wasted by assaults, by conflagrations, by famine, by pestilence, and every horror, Zaragoza at length yielded only in ceasing to exist.

A few steps from the gate brought me to the great square. It was crowded with a vast con-

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course of people, consisting at once of the busy and the idle of a population of near sixty thousand souls: the busy brought there for the transaction of their affairs; and the idle in search of occupation, or for the retail and exchange of gossip. The arcades and the interior of the square were every where filled with such as sold bread, meat, vegetables, and all the necessaries of life, together with such rude fabrics as come within the compass of Spanish ingenuity. Beggars proclaimed their poverty and misfortune, and announced the compensation which Jesus and Mary would give, in another world, to such charitable souls as bestowed alms on the wretched in this; and blind men chanted a rude ballad which recounted the sad fate of a young woman forced to marry a man whom she did not love; or offered for sale verses, such as were suited for a gallant to sing beneath the balcony of his mistress. Trains of heavily laden mules entered and disappeared again; and carts and waggons slowly lumbered along, creaking and groaning at every step. Here was every variety of dress peculiar to the different provinces of Spain. A few had wandered to this distant mart from the sunny land of Andalusia; but there were more from Catalonia, Valencia, and Biscay, Zaragoza being the great connecting thoroughfare between those industrious and commercial provinces. The scene was noisy, tumultuous, and full of vivacity and animation; and I felt that

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pleasure in contemplating it, which an arrival in a city of some importance never fails to afford, after the quiet and monotony of small villages.

Catching a distant view of the renowned Church of the Pillar on the left, and of the Aragonese Giralda, the new tower on the opposite hand, I came into a street which seemed to be consecrated to learning. On either hand were bookshops, filled with antique tomes, bound in parchment, with clasps of copper, and having a monkish and conventual smell; while, seated upon the pavement at the sunny side, were scores of cloaked students, conning ragged volumes, and passing an apparent interval in the academic hours in preparation for rehearsal, and in storing up a stock of heat to carry them safely through the frigid atmosphere of some Gothic hall, in which the light of science was wooed with a pious exclusion of the assistance of the sun. Other students were more agreeably employed in gambling in the dirt for a few coppers. One scoundrel, who had been looking over the game, and had probably lost, followed me, holding out the greasy tatters of a broken cocked hat, and supplicating a little alms to pursue his studies. He had on a cloak which hung in tatters, a pair of black worsted stockings, foxy and faded, and possibly a pair of trousers, while a stock, streaked with violet, showed that he was a candidate for the Church; a mass of uncombed and matted hair hung about his forehead; his

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teeth were stained, like his fingers, with the oil from the paper cigars; and his complexion and whole appearance indicated a wretch nourished from day to day on unwholesome food, irregularly and precariously procured. He followed me for some distance, whining forth his petition. At length I said to him somewhat gruffly—"*Perdon usted amigo! no hay nada!*"—and he happening to catch sight, at the same moment, of a half-smoked fragment of a cigar, stopped short, picked it up, and proceeded to prepare it for further fumigation.

Tracing our way through narrow, winding, and ill-paved alleys, we at length approached the southern portion of the city, and entered the spacious street called the Coso, which lies in the modern part of Zaragoza. It was on this side that the chief attack of the French was directed. They approached by a level plain, demolishing convents, churches, and dwellings; battering with their cannon, discharging bombs, and springing mines, until this whole district was reduced to a wide extended heap of ruins. A few walls of convents, half demolished, arches yawning, and threatening to crush at each instant whoever may venture below, and a superb façade, standing in lonely grandeur, which attests the magnificence of the temple of which it originally formed part, still remain to testify to the heroic obstinacy with which Zaragoza resisted. Some modern houses have arisen in this

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neighbourhood. They are of neat and tasteful construction, and form a singular contrast with the antiquated and crowded district through which I had just passed, not less than with the monastic ruins which frown upon and threaten to crush them, for their sacrilegious intrusion upon consecrated ground.

From the Coso a wide avenue extends to the gate of Madrid, which owes its opening and enlargement to the batteries of the French. Its origin is connected with a dreadful catastrophe, but its present uses are of the most peaceful kind. It is now a public walk, planted with trees, and enlivened by fountains; and the Zaragozana of our day now coquets and flourishes her fan, and plays off the whole battery of her charms, on the very spot where her father or her grandfather, or haply an ancestor of her own sex, poured forth their life's blood in defence of their country.

At the end of this promenade, and in front of the gate, stands the royal Parador of the diligences. A spacious stairway led from the courtyard to the apartments above, where I found a comfortable room, with an alcove and clean bed; while in the adjoining kitchen, to which I repaired to make sundry inquiries about the assistance of a barber and the hour of dinner, I found a Frenchman, in neat apron and nightcap, who proved to be the master of the house, presiding over an extensive and formidable kitchen battery, and preparing a

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variety of savoury and tempting dishes: a spectacle worthy the Virgin of the Pillar and the new Tower together, the old town and the new, the promenade, the ruined convents, and the whole bundle of associations, historical and poetic.

There was an ordinary, or *mesa redonda*, in this house, a thing not very common in Spain, and which furnishes a capital resource for the solitary traveller. Around it assembled, at the hour of two, a number of very intelligent people, chiefly Catalan merchants or officers of the army. They were all liberals, and were earnest on the subject of the late change in the ministry, by the substitution of Martinez de la Rosa for Zea Bermudez; and of the revolution which the disputed succession and the existing government, being driven by the abandonment of the church to seek support in the liberals, was rapidly bringing about in the condition of their country.

The administrator of the diligences being an inferior sort of Spanish placeman, was of course a great rogue. He pretended that he could not assure me a seat in the coach which was to arrive from Barcelona the following morning. The innkeeper, on the contrary, assured me that there was no doubt of my having a seat, and that the administrator was a thorough *tunante*, who, being badly paid by his employers, adopted that plan of extorting money from travellers. At any rate, the fellow succeeded in making me pass a bad night; for I

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was very anxious to get on. At eight, however, the diligence from Barcelona arrived; a larger one was, as usual, to be substituted for it on the road to Madrid, and it was discovered that the last place in the Rotunda was vacant for my use. I was too happy to have a seat at all, to commence so soon to repine about its convenience; and as the diligence was to leave the following morning at an early hour, thought only about making the most of the day of leisure which remained for me in Zaragoza.

Having, therefore, like that renowned champion, Dugald Dalgetty, taken care in the first place to provide a stock of resistance before sallying out to attempt adventures, I directed my steps towards the renowned Church of the Pillar. It is an immense pile, not of Gothic, though it would be hardly true to call it of Grecian construction. The length is very great, and the choir and several central chapels are enclosed by a double range of enormous pilasters, not less than twenty feet square. Among these, the chapel which contains the venerated image of our Lady of the Pillar is the most conspicuous. It was Sunday, and grand mass had just been chanted at her altar as I entered; yet those who had heard it remained kneeling in a circular group, their eyes turned in the direction of the altar, while others were seen in situations still more remote, looking past the intervening columns, and bending humbly at a distance.

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The shrine was brilliantly lighted; for, though the sun was shining brightly without, it was dark and gloomy here: gold, silver, and precious stones were displayed in profusion over the altar; and the sacred little image itself, having the head surrounded by a golden halo, and the body clothed in satin, was every where resplendent with diamonds. At the back of the altar a little door opened upon a portion of the sacred pillar of marble, on which the image of the Virgin is said to have been found standing. Here kneeled others of the devout who had already performed their devotions before the shrine, and who, after the recital of a prayer, and another interval of steady, fixed, and devout contemplation, rose, approached with solemnity, and having kissed the portion of the pillar exposed to their gaze, departed. I had never witnessed devotion more profound, more silent, and apparently more absorbing, than that which her votaries addressed on this occasion to the Virgin of the Pillar.

From the Church of the Pillar I directed my steps towards the Torre Nueva. On my way I overtook a blind man who was crying forth the announcement of the hog lottery, which was speedily to be drawn, and counselling all such as had an eye to the beauties of one of the finest animals to which Aragon had given birth, or a taste for the excellences of bacon and sausages, to hasten to secure the means of gratifying themselves at a cheap rate. The blind man was conducted by a

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harmless fool, who had been lent by the hospital for the occasion, the maniac expression of his looks and speech being greatly enhanced by the singular uniform of the house, a yellow blanket with a red border thrown over his shoulders in the manner of a shawl, and by the tattered cocked hat of a student, which he wore with an air of great satisfaction, and which had doubtless been furnished him by the administrator of the hog lottery, in order to give greater dignity to the ceremony. The two were followed by a number of hungry-looking citizens, who seemed bent on hazarding, in an effort to procure themselves a whole hog, the coppers which they were certain of being able to convert into a small piece of pork, and by a noisy and laughing crew of urchins, who seemed to think that the scene had something ridiculous in it.

After some time passed in procuring the key of the tower from the man who had charge of the clock, and who sent his son to accompany me, I was at length able to enter it. This tower is of immense height, and very singular construction; it has a slight inclination, very perceptible to the eye, and which had its origin rather, perhaps, in the unskilfulness of the times in which it was erected, than from design, or a subsequent yielding of the soil. The ascent is very gradual, and it is said that, like that of the Giralda, it may be made by a horse. In going up, I was exceedingly struck with the singularity of the construction. It is entirely

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of brick; and the winding arch seen above you as you ascend, as well as the arches of the windows, are not formed in the ordinary way, and by the assistance of a wooden frame, but by making the bricks, which lie horizontally throughout, project over each other until they meet and oppose each other at the top. The appearance of this arch is insecure; but time has sanctioned its strength, since it has endured so many centuries. Some difficulty occurs in accounting for the origin of such a huge pile, which does not stand near any church or convent, but quite isolated in the centre of a square. An old man, whom I asked about it, told me that it was put up to enable the labourers to know the time in the fields about Zaragoza; and, in fact, the sound of the huge bell that tolls the hours, may be heard at an immense distance, if any idea may be formed from the deafening effect which it produced upon my ears when near it.

The view from the top of this tower is at once commanding and beautiful. It was perfectly clear at the time; not a cloud or spot was anywhere to be seen in the sky, nor any object whatever, except only the sun, which shone forth with an ardour that, in the middle of January, was nearly as oppressive as his rays were dazzling. A flood of light bathed the whole scene in brilliancy, revealing, with singular distinctness, the remotest objects. The mountains of Navarre, which bounded the northern horizon, seemed indeed at hand; and it was only

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possible to estimate the distance which separated the eye from them, by contracting the sight to the nearer range which formed the barrier to the valley of the Ebro. They were of an arid, chalky hue, and torn by the wintry torrents into deeply-furrowed ravines. Directing one's gaze to the opposite side, you are astonished to find the mountains of Castile, which enclose the central plateau of Spain, rising higher and bolder than those which offer themselves to the eye in the direction of the Pyrenees, and the lofty Moncayo lifting his snowy head above every object in the landscape.

Leaving these mountain ranges, the eye reverts with pleasure to the more quiet beauties of the cultivated fields, the vineyards, olive-trees, and already verdant corn, the level expanse being every where intersected with roads, and checquered by the devious course of the Ebro, appearing and disappearing in a succession of glistening and mirror-like lakes. It is, perhaps, with still greater interest that you contract your gaze to the city below, and to the nearer, if less picturesque objects connected with the uses and existence of your fellow-man. You are astonished to find that half of the entire extent of the city is covered with churches and convents, and thence led to infer how pervading and how powerful religion must be among a people who abandon such a space to its uses. Conspicuous among these is the Church of the Pillar, with its four lofty towers, its six domes

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for the admission of light, all covered with variegated tiles of white, yellow, or green. The narrow streets were almost entirely hidden from view by the overhanging roofs of the houses, but the square below lay all revealed with its animated groups; there cloaked Aragonese conversed upon the affairs of the state, females walked across with studied and graceful steps, and dogs, beggars, and students lay basking in the sun; there was neither buying nor selling, and the scene was full of Sunday quiet and repose. In some of the houses, indeed, the courtyards of which were open to me, women were engaged in the friendly task of dressing each other's hair, or in preparing some article of dress or fancy for the evening promenade, or for the masked ball which was to take place, for the poor in the amphitheatre of bulls, and for the better orders on the stage of the theatre.

Our party at dinner was augmented by my future fellow-passengers, who had arrived in the morning from Barcelona, for whose accommodation the board was duly extended, and more variously and abundantly spread. Having seen the last of the sweets and cordials which crown a Spanish dinner, and lead so naturally to coffee and cigars, I took my way, by the promenade without the city walls, to the amphitheatre of bull-fights. The approach to it was marked by an immense concourse of people: many going to the ball, others collected there to enjoy the cheaper pleasure of seeing the maskers

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before they entered, celebrating in loud voice, and by general acclamation, the beauty and good taste of the dresses, or testifying with equal energy their disapprobation and dissent. A couple of young females were observed to come unattended by men, expecting, no doubt, to procure themselves that appendage, and pair off, when within. Their arrival created a great sensation; they were cheered and applauded, and asked for their partners. Nothing daunted, however, they turned their heads, and made reply that partners would not be wanting, and that they knew where to find them. A picket of cavalry patrolled the street leading to the amphitheatre, riding backwards and forwards, to keep the approach open and prevent disorder. The tickets were sold at the trifling price of ten cents, by bearded and cowled friars, I think of the order of St. John of God, who had charge of the hospital for the sick, to whose benefit the profits of the entertainment were to be appropriated. Having been for some time absent from Spain, I must confess that it seemed a little strange to me to see clergymen in their religious robes, selling masquerade tickets on a Sunday to clerical students and courtesans.

The rush at the entrance was immense. It was, however, worth while to trust one's self in the vortex to witness the scene within, for it was one of the most animated and striking I had ever seen. The amphitheatre was very large, capable of containing

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at least twelve thousand persons seated; yet it was entirely full, not only in the galleries and open benches, but also in the arena below. The better order of visiters, who had come merely to look on, were seated in the galleries, and were either masked or in their ordinary dress. The military on duty for the occasion occupied their usual elevated post, a sort of castellated situation, whence they might defend themselves if set upon by the mob, or fire upon the multitude in case of an affray, or any seditious acclamation in favour of the Pretender. In the centre of the arena, on a temporary platform, was posted the military band, which played the most delightful waltzes and country-dances with a peculiar grace; while all around the fantastic maskers capered and kicked up the dust in perfect harmony to the music, yet with a spirit and enthusiasm unknown elsewhere than among the excitable and extravagant Spaniards. The varieties of dress were infinite; for, independent of the costumes of Spain, from the Andalusian and Valencian to the Biscayan and Catalan, there was no lack of Greeks, Turks, and Moors, or those who fancied themselves such. Of no characters, however, were there such abundance as of the students of divinity, in their ordinary garb, with the simple addition of a defaced mask or domino. They were more than usually dusted and draggled, with their cloaks half torn off, exhibiting a deplorable absence of under garments; they seemed, indeed, to have very little regard for

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the little worldly property which they possessed, and entered with unusual energy into the favourite scholastic prank of banging each other with their cocked hats, or tearing them into fragments in a contest for possession. They evidently had as little respect for themselves as others had for them; many, indeed, making sport at once of their profession and their poverty. Some exhibited in their hats the greasy cards with which they gambled and cheated, or the wooden spoons with which they partook of the soup distributed at the doors of convents, while others displayed, in conjunction with these, the Latin motto—*omnia mea mecum porto*, or the more characteristic Spanish expression of simple *hambre*, or hunger.

I left the amphitheatre, blessing the climate which enabled the inhabitants to partake of such an amusement in the midst of winter, in the open air. The crowd was now pressing in the direction of a church where they were chanting vespers; and in which a fine organ and well-appointed choir were performing a solemn anthem; a faint light illumined a painted and bleeding image of the Saviour, which hung from the cross with a frightful reality. Hard by was a picture of Our Lady of Grief; her head cast down, and big tears coursing down her cheeks. The people, as they entered, crossed themselves, fell devoutly on their knees, and moved their lips as if in silent prayer. These were some of the same I had seen just before, dancing with such

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frantic gaiety in the arena; and I marvelled how they could so suddenly pass from the extreme of worldly hilarity to such a depth of devotion.

In the evening I went to the theatre, to see the Barber of Seville. The words were in Spanish instead of Italian, the acting and singing being both bad. However, the orchestra, though small, was good, as it usually is in Spain; and at the close of the opera we were compensated for the penance we had been doing, by the rattling of the castanets and the graceful movements of a couple of dancers, exhibiting the harmonious inflections of the Aragonese jota. No sooner was the entertainment over, and the audience dispersing, than the hungry scene-shifters were engaged in preparing the theatre for a masquerade-ball, which was to take place there, and which, being the first of the season, was expected to be well attended. I went home to supper and returned for a few moments, as the dancing was just beginning among what seemed a very brilliant collection of persons. Among the foremost figured the officers of a regiment of the guards in garrison at Zaragoza, in their full uniform, and wearing over their dress a broad black badge of mourning, for the death of the king. There were a great many pretty women; indeed, the women of Aragon, and particularly those of Zaragoza, are celebrated for their beauty, though, in connexion with this reputation, they have the additional one of being not less frail than fair.

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CHAPTER XI.

ZARAGOZA AND MADRID.

Leave Zaragoza—Mountain Ascent—Central Plateau of Spain—Halt to Breakfast—Fellow-Passengers—Ladies and Maids—Calatayud—Night—Table-Talk—Exile's Story—Political Discussion—Guadalaxara—Alacala—View of Madrid—The Exile's Recompense.

BETHINKING myself that we were to be awakened the next morning at the hour of two, I left the scene of gaiety in the Zaragoza theatre to repose a little in anticipation, or, in sea phrase, to bottle up a little sleep, my nautical experience having taught me that a morning watch was but a disagreeable and drowsy affair, when the hours of the first and mid had been spent on shore, in capering and carousing. In due time we were aroused from our unfinished sleep, furnished with chocolate, and then stowed away in the diligence, where I found myself fitted in, like a wedge, between two females, with my back against the door. We started from the courtyard of the inn with curses, whoops, and free exercise of their whips, on the part of the drivers, and were whirled out of the open gate at a full gallop.

Before taking leave of Zaragoza, it may be well to say that its inhabitants and the Aragonese ge-

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nerally bear a high character among the Spaniards. They are celebrated for their courage, their constancy, and their unshaken honesty: though, like the Catalans, they are said to be somewhat rude of speech and deficient in courtesy, yet they have a thousand good and solid qualities to recommend them to esteem. Their nobility claims to be the first in Spain; counting among its numbers some eight families, who call themselves *la nobleza de la naturaleza*, in contradistinction to a nobility of more recent creation, and because its origin is lost in the remoteness of unrecorded centuries.

We had not been long without the walls of Zaragoza before we began ascending the mountains which I had seen to the south, from the elevation of the Torre Nueva. The road by which we climbed gradually upward, seemed to have been recently made; it wound along the ridges and through the gaps, making the ascent everywhere easy and convenient; and was constructed throughout with a skill and hardihood which strongly reminded me of the beautiful road by which, years before, I had descended from La Mancha into Andalusia, along the steep side of the Sierra Morena. There was something too in the fertility of the soil to call to mind the approaches to the sunny Andalusia. The country was everywhere covered with an elaborate cultivation; and I thought I had never before seen, unless, perhaps, in the environs

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of Bourdeaux, such an interminable extent of vineyards.

When we at length reached the summit, after hours of toil, we did not again descend; but found an immense plain stretching interminably before us. We had reached, in fact, the level of New Castile, and that elevated plateau which forms the central region of Spain, and which, whether you approach by Valencia, Andalusia, or on the side of the Pyrenees, can only be reached by tedious ascents up mountains which have but one side, and which become insignificant and disappear the moment you have overcome them. Nothing can convey to the mind more completely the idea of solitude and desolation than this denuded and monotonous region. During miles the traveller looks in vain for villages, habitations, and the haunts of his fellow-man; for meadows, for browsing cattle, or for any object whatever to call up the idea of animation. Trees, the great ornament, the very plumage of nature, are nowhere to be seen; or, perhaps, after the expiration of hours, you catch sight of a single gloomy and misanthropic oak, which you pity for its loneliness.

Towards eleven we halted to eat a meal which the traveller might call his breakfast or dinner, according to his fancy, as it bore the double name of *almuerzo-comida*. It was a solid repast, suited to the wants of travellers, and furnishing them with an ample means so to distend the coats of the stomach

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as to keep them from chafing and making war upon each other, under the irritating influence of rapid motion.

And now, for the first time, I had an opportunity of seeing the entire assembly of my fellow-travellers. The conductor, a little Catalan, whose dress, consisting of red cap, calesero jacket, and sheep-skin trousers, was a sort of congress, in which all the costumes of Spain were represented; and the escopetero, or guard, a tall and elegant young Granadian, in the graceful dress of his country, who had doubtless preluded to his present profession as a smuggler and robber, hastened to undo the doors and set free the imprisoned inhabitants of the different apartments of our common vehicle. From the coupé descended three ladies, whom I afterward discovered to be, the one the wife of a general officer, the other two, an elderly lady and her niece, belonging to the family of a grandee of the first class, who were going to spend the winter in Madrid; they had come from Pamplona to Zaragoza in a waggon, and had been courteously treated by the Carlists, who had examined their passports and luggage at Tafalla.

In the interior were the director of the royal tobacco manufactories of Barcelona, or tobacconist-general, with an immensely fat wife and a number of children; another lady, and a very distinguished member of the Cortes, whose name had been included in the last amnesty, and who was returning

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to his native country and the endearments of family, wife, and children, after an absence of more than ten years. In the rotunde I had for my immediate companions, a celebrated architect and member of the Academy of Saint Ferdinand, who had been on a visit to France, a Biscayan merchant, and three *doncellas*, or damsels, to the ladies in the front apartment. One of them, my immediate companion, was exceedingly pretty, with the complexion of a mountaineer, and full of grace and nature. She had, too, one of the sweetest-toned and most thrilling voices in the world, in which she related, for our entertainment on the journey, a variety of tales of murder, violence, robbery, seduction, and unhappy love. I was exceedingly amused with her account of the attempts which had been made against her own virtue by a young blood, who had followed her from place to place, as she accompanied her mistress in her travels, hovering about the houses in which she lodged, pursuing her at the promenade, accosting her at mass, and pouring forth his eloquence in love letters. She had, however, triumphed over all his arts, and evidently felt a perfect confidence that the citadel of her chastity would never be yielded up, unless approached in form and summoned from the foot of the altar.

At breakfast the damsel was again beside me, her lady being immediately opposite. That ladies, belonging to the high aristocracy of Spain, of a nobility often so ancient that it is lost in the obscurity

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of remote ages, should be seated at the same board and served from the same dish with their own servants; and that the brother of a duke, for such was the individual now returning from his long exile, should, in dispensing a portion of the repast, attend, with equal courtesy, to the wants of the one and of the other, may astonish my republican readers at home, and shock their sentiments of exclusiveness. But, accustomed as I was to Spain, I saw nothing to wonder at, though a great deal to admire, in this exhibition of a simplicity, in no wise inconsistent with real dignity, among a people whose manners and social intercourse admit of more equality than any other. In some countries the existence of an aristocracy entails the curse of servility upon a whole nation. The inferior classes are for ever striving at a fruitless imitation of their betters; for where there is imitation there can be no reality. There each man respects himself as he approaches to the privileged class, despising and frowning upon those who are removed from it in the same proportion, and his peace of mind and happiness are sacrificed in daily efforts to ascend, and in the rebukes which grow out of them. There none but the great and their associates are well bred, simply because none but the great are natural. Not so in Spain, where each man is contented with his lot, and the peasant bears himself with as much ease and dignity as his lord.

Having allowed us ample time to our meal, the conductor came to say that whenever we wished we

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would set forward. There was no peremptory "*en voiture, messieurs!*" from a surly and impertinent fellow, who, after curtailing the passengers of the time necessary to swallow their food, will stop a dozen times by the way, to light his pipe or *boire la goutte*, and, when in motion, advance only at the pace of a tortoise. When we were ready, each sought his accustomed place; the conductor and the guard, who looked upon us as intrusted to their care, and who regularly came, at each stopping-place, to say to the damsels "*quiere usted mear?*" —assisted us to mount the steps, and then the doors being closed, the postillion mounted the leading mule, plied his spurs and whip, accompanied with the united shouts and blows of the running postillion, the conductor, and the denizens of the inn, and our eight mules whirled us off like a rocket.

Our road now led us, for some leagues, through a very dreary country. There had recently been no rain; and the sun, without clouds or any apparent atmosphere to mitigate his ardour, and powerfully reflected from the arid soil, produced a heat which, strange as it may seem, when the season is considered, was very uncomfortable. The finely-powdered dust, too, set in motion by a train of eight mules, rose round our diligence in a dense cloud, and drove into the rotunde until we were all wellnigh stifled. What would I not have given for a few drops of the rain with which I had left France

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and England, in a drenched and almost drowning condition ?

The monotony of our ride was somewhat varied in approaching Calatayud, which is situated in a narrow pass or ravine, dug deep below the surface of the plain, by the little river Jalon, a brawling stream, which, being drained above for irrigation, fertilizes its valley throughout its extent. The transition in passing suddenly into this ravine, from the uncultivated waste without to the laboured condition and high fertility of the gardens on either bank, from the dust and heat to the lively babbling of the river, and to the cool air which followed its downward course, from solitude and desolation to the centre of a considerable town, with its bustle and animation, was more than agreeable.

The town of Calatayud, however, would be considered pretty and interesting under any circumstances, and however approached. It is situated partly in the valley itself, partly on one of the hills which enclose it, with a number of antiquated towers, already in a different style from those of Zaragoza, rising from its churches and convents. A range of squalid habitations is seen towards the steep brink of the overhanging precipice, being excavated into the rock, their windows looking out upon the roofs of the houses in the bottom of the valley, with clothes hanging from them, and women gazing out at the passing diligence, while the smoke ascends from the hill above, which

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thence seems on fire. To complete the picture, above all, and crowning the highest crest, you discover the antique forms of a Moorish castle, in a nearly perfect state, and which you readily recognise by the unerring guide of its horseshoe arches. The genius of the departed Moslems seems hovering above and looking down with triumph on the degeneracy of their conquerors.

It was the feast of the kings; and the inhabitants of Calatayud were in their best clothes, and seemed to have taken holyday. They clustered about the inn to see the diligence, and gaze with curiosity on the dusty figures of the travellers, speculate on their dress, and, perchance, envy their restlessness and locomotive life, as much as I envied them their immoveableness. I pity the man who is doomed to lead a wandering life, yet dream only of happiness in a stationary one: "Verily, so much motion is so much unquietness, and so much rest is so much of heaven."

At the close of day we halted at an isolated inn, erected expressly to be the stopping-place of the diligence. It was spacious; the dormitories were comfortable matted; there was a blazing fire in a sitting-room, furnished with rush-bottomed chairs and sofas, and our supper-room was heated with braziers of burning embers placed beneath the table. The supper was abundant and neatly served, in a sort of mean style between the Spanish and Italian, for our host was of the latter country.

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It was one of the meals I have eaten in my life which I remember afterward; for our party was, on the whole, an agreeable one, and the conversation was sprightly, and sustained in that wellbred spirit by which it is characterized in Spain, even among the humblest classes; it turned chiefly on political subjects, all of the party being liberals, unless, perhaps, my little friend, the lady's maid, who said nothing to be sure, being in a minority, but who betrayed a certain disapprobation of countenance that showed that she shared the popular feeling of her native Navarre: yet her mistress was a liberal. How is it that the privileged classes, elsewhere opposed to change, are so generally favourable to revolution in Spain, while the peasants are all conservatives? It is because the laws in Spain are, in some measure, in favour of the poor; because the rich few have not there a patent of legislation for the poor many, nor the class of landlords for the tenants of their property, who are not tenants at the will of landlords, but at their own; because, in short, the despotism of one is not nearly so oppressive as the despotism of a thousand. There is nothing but democracy that can effectually protect the interests of the mass; and, next to a democracy, a despotism is more likely to look with a paternal and equal eye on all below it than a mixed and modified system, which, giving power to wealth, converts it into the tyrant of labour. To be one of the booted and spurred in a country of privileges

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and exceptions, is doubtless a pleasant thing, especially while as yet there is no danger of the people's wresting back, by sudden revolution, the power and equality which have been slowly and stealthily filched from them with the lapse of centuries; but to be aught else there is to be a beast of burden and a slave.

The burden of the conversation, during our meal, was sustained chiefly by our exile. He was a man of genius, whose speeches had been characterized by great eloquence in the Cortes, and who was also not without reputation as a poet. I dwelt with pleasure on his words, and, by the force of sympathy, participated in the delight with which he was returning to his native land. He found every thing improved by ten years of absence. We were travelling in a diligence better than any he had seen in France; and such an inn as that of which we were then enjoying the hospitality, and such a supper as we had just eaten, he had never before seen in his own country. The face of things seemed to him every where improved; and, indeed, he was prepared to look on every thing with a favouring eye, as he recounted the days of his exile. In England alone had he been hospitably received; in liberal France he found himself scarcely tolerated; watched, annoyed about his passport, and pestered by the police, he had been glad to escape; in the Austrian dominions his condition became worse: he had entered the pope's territories on the

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faith of a passport from a nuncio, and was rudely imprisoned, and conducted by soldiers to the frontier—nothing but the memory of his wife here saved him from the crime of suicide; in Sicily he was still persecuted; and it was only in Malta that he again found protection and friendship under the British flag. The memory of these wrongs and this kindness seemed to dwell in his bosom with Spanish constancy. His wife had joined him in Malta, and they had passed several years together there, until two years before, when she had returned to watch the progress of events and sue for his pardon, and was now waiting his return, in company with a mother, from whom he had been so much longer separated.

The conversation, in which I had joined, led me naturally enough, and without any impertinence, to express the very great dread I had lest the present government should not be able to sustain itself, and lest, by pushing matters prematurely, the counter-revolution should drive Spain back to a worse condition than she had been in for the last few years. I argued that the people generally in Spain were under the influence of the clergy, and that they were taught by them to cling to their ancient institutions, and hold all innovation in horror; and that no government could sustain itself in Spain or any where, which was not in harmony with the wants and wishes of the majority. This brought down the ire of the whole party, who

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attacked me tooth and nail for advocating a despotic government in other countries, while I was myself the citizen of a republic. It was in vain that I told them I was devoted to the institutions of my own country, because they were the only ones suited to it, not less than because I esteemed them abstractly the best, for the same reasons that I had serious misgivings, founded on the complete failure of the late Constitutional government, as to the workings of a liberal system in Spain. I professed my belief that if a country had a defective government, it was because it preferred it, and was not yet fitted to live peaceably under a better one, insisting that peace was the first want of nations as of individuals, and the greatest essential of happiness; that no country could be happy without it; and that liberty had never been known to advance itself in civil war, but rather in times of profound peace and national prosperity. How great, indeed, should be the future and prospective good to arise from the new form of government, to compensate for the immense amount of misery which the disputed succession and the civil war were at that moment entailing upon the country!

No one would agree with me in opinion, and, indeed, it would have been hardly fair to look for assent to such a proposition from an individual, who, from honest motives, had taken the lead in the previous revolution, and who owed the removal of the interdict, under which he had so long languished

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in banishment, to a return of his party to power. The freedom with which we were now discussing the matter was, at all events, an argument in favour of the new system; and, when I afterward saw the individual in question in the bosom of his family, I could not but deprecate a catastrophe which would again reduce him to the condition of a houseless wanderer. He seemed, however, in a subsequent conversation, to dream of the possibility of such a result, as he already spoke of the new place of his exile, and his determination to go to the United States, when the day of the second emigration should arrive.

The next day we prosecuted our journey without interest and without accident, until towards the close of it, when we descried the towers of Guadalaxara before us, marking the limit of our drive. The road continued good to the very gate; beyond it we plunged at once into a succession of ruts, hollows, and sloughs, through which our mules were scarcely able to drag the diligence, threatening to dislocate not only it, but every joint of the ill-starred passengers. Indeed, we were more jostled and fatigued during this toil of a quarter of an hour through the streets of Guadalaxara than by the whole previous journey. There was, moreover, a combination of ill odours of every possible degree of kind and intensity, that were trod into new activity by our squadron of mules. The condition of this road, forming, as it does, part of the royal

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highway from Madrid to Zaragoza, is a proof at once of Spanish nastiness and Spanish independence, showing how the alcalde of a provincial town can resist the royal will and the public convenience. There formerly existed a manufactory of cloth in Guadalaxara, established by the creative benevolence of Charles III., in an ancient palace which existed here. It was in a very flourishing condition for many years; but of late it has declined, and the maladministration which has extended to every thing connected with the government in Spain, has at length caused it to disappear entirely.

It was with a sentiment of no ordinary pleasure that I met, at the posada of Guadalaxara, a person whom I had seen on my previous visit to Spain. As yet I had not crossed any of the various tracks of my former journey, or met with a single person who was then known to me, or any object whatever to awaken the train of my recollections. This person was the wife of the conductor Lorenzo, whom I had accompanied from Valencia to Madrid, and who was then keeping the inn at the town of Quintanar, one of the sleeping-places of the diligence. They had lately removed to Guadalaxara, because the route through Quintanar was soon to be abandoned for the more direct one about to be opened from Madrid to Valencia. She was still hale, stout, and comely to look at, after the lapse of more than seven years. When I saw

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how lightly Time had laid his finger on her, I half fancied myself back to the happy and careless age of three-and-twenty, when, if not as lusty as a young eagle, I had yet a sufficient stock of life, and animation, and promptness to be pleased. I shook her heartily by the hand, asked after her husband, whom she told me we must have passed on the road the day before, and made myself acquainted with the intermediate changes and chances of her domestic affairs.

The inn at Guadalaxara bore evidence to the same neat housewifery which had characterised that of Quintanar. There was the same cheerful fire, the table spread with spotless linen and a formidable array of covers for our supper, and we were ushered at once into the common chamber, where a series of iron bedsteads were arranged at regular distances on either hand, and furnished with scrupulous neatness and attention to mere bodily comfort, although with a total disregard of the decencies of a separate dormitory. Here a youthful barber attended to prepare us for entering the metropolis on the morrow. He was gaily dressed in the Andalusian style, performed his offices with singular grace and dexterity, entertained us with the latest gossip of his town, and furnished no bad representative of the far-famed Figaro.

Meantime, a number of persons came to pay their court to our fellow-traveller, the returning

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exile. It seems that his family possessed a palace and garden in the outskirts of the town, and the intendant, the farmer, and other officers, having heard of his arrival, now came to pay their respects and offer their services. I was pleased with the exhibition of interest and attachment on the part of the dependents, and with the kindness with which they were received. As one recollection and association recalled another, question after question was asked, as to the fate of individuals, as to the condition of the grounds, or of particular trees and arbours, which were endeared by the memory of youthful and happy hours spent beneath their shade. During this whole journey I enjoyed, indeed, no trifling pleasure from the intercourse of this intelligent gentleman, and from the peculiar excitement of feeling with which he was passing from one joy to another, to the climax of perfect happiness that awaited him the next day, in rushing into the presence of his family.

The next morning saw us in motion at an early hour. Having passed without entering the once renowned Alcala, we began to see, on all sides, symptoms of our approach to the Spanish metropolis. Carts and waggons, caravans of mules, and files of humbler asses, came pouring, by various roads, into the great vomitory by which we were entering, laden with the various commodities, the luxuries as well as the necessaries of life, brought from foreign countries or from remote provinces,

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to sustain the unnatural existence of a capital which is so remote from all its resources, and which produces scarcely any thing that it consumes. The farther we advanced, the greater became the concourse of men and animals. And now, too, we began to see horsemen jauntily dressed in slouched hat, embroided jacket, and worked spatterdashes, reining fiery Andalusian coursers, each having the Moorish carbine hung at hand beside him. Perhaps these were farmers of the better order; but they had not the air of men accustomed to labour; they were rather, perhaps, Andalusian horse-dealers, or may be, robbers, of those who so greatly abound about the capital, who, for the moment, had laid aside their professional character.

At the inn of the Holy Ghost was drawn up a highly-gilded carriage, hung very low, and drawn by five gaily-decorated mules, while two Andalusians sat on the large wooden platform, planted, without the intervention of springs, upon the fore wheels, which served for a coach-box. As we came up, a gentleman thrust his head forth, to call upon us to halt, and to ask for a person whom he expected. It was an illustrious duke, the brother of our exile. They were soon locked in each other's arms; then they mounted together into the coach, and followed at full speed, talking with great earnestness and excitement. The duke, who was smoking, and who probably felt less, offered his brother a cigar, which being accepted, they puffed and talked away

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with rival earnestness. Presently came riding along, on a beautiful Arab, with Moorish harness, a cousin of the gentleman, another duke, not less celebrated for his descent from the man who fixed the epoch which shall for ever divide ancient from modern times, than for his own skill as a horseman and a matadore. Here was another joyful recognition, done, however, on horseback, and without stopping; hands were shaken, and cigars lit, while the horseman scampered along as secure and fearless as a Zegri.

And now, thrusting my head impatiently from the window of the rotunde, as we reached the summit of a gentle eminence, I beheld Madrid close at hand. It lay surrounded by a level and seemingly interminable expanse of green wheat-fields; and its steeples, domes, and towers were standing perfectly well defined against the bold background of the lofty and towering Guadarama. The day was beautifully bright; no cloud diminished the ardour or tempered the rays of the dazzling sun, which shone full and brilliantly upon the white buildings of the metropolis, or were thrown back, as from polished silver, by the snows that covered the whole extent of the mountains.

We were now approaching the city, and the feelings of the exile, and of those whom he was about to meet, were approaching a climax of intense and painful interest. The noble horseman, now giving the spurs and rein to his impatient

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animal, disappeared like lightning in advance. He had probably gone to announce that there was no disappointment, that he was indeed coming, and that the lost was found. Presently I caught sight of him beside the door of a carriage; a liveried servant was letting down the steps, and a lady, somewhat advanced in age, descended in hurry and agitation, followed by the light and graceful figure of a female in the bloom of life. The exile was soon upon his feet; the pair flew into each other's arms, inspired by the magnetic and constraining influence of mutual love. Soon the parent claimed an embrace, on her part at least, as fervent; then the wife again, and the two were bound together by the parental arms. I could look no longer; the scene was becoming painful, even for the uninterested witness like myself. I felt, too, that there was sacrilege even in mingling one's sympathy with feelings such as these. What years of sorrow are not repaid by the rapture of a moment like this! What a concentration of tender, generous, and noble sentiments—of unalloyed happiness and virtuous aspirations! Oh, that a man could have power to arrest his ever-fluctuating existence at such a point, never awakening to a weariness and disappointment, the fault of which is almost ever in himself, but living on always thus pure and intensely happy, nothing desiring, nothing doubting of his own happiness or of the affection of others.

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CHAPTER XII.

MADRID.

Enter the City—Gate of the Sun—New Encounter with Old Friends — Don Diego — Dona Florencia — Don Valentine— Prado — Theatre — La Mogigata — Bolero — The Enraged Chestnut Women—Spanish Actors in Tragedy and Farce— Masquerade—Its Scenes—Escape.

It is singular with how little ceremony one is ushered into the great cities of Spain. Without any prelude, without a single note of preparation, without any succession of farm-houses, villas of wealthy citizens, country palaces of the nobility, or environs of any sort, I now found myself, at the passing of a gate, in the midst of all the glories of the Spanish metropolis. Yet the effect which its magnificence occasions is, perhaps, on this account the more remarkable. The gate of Alcala is, in all respects, worthy to give entrance to the fairest quarter of the capital, being one of those faultless productions whose graceful and perfect forms the eye dwells on with a pleasure unqualified by the recognition of any defect. From the summit of the eminence which it crowns, you look down upon churches, convents, and palaces of the great; the street of Alcala is thence traced to its termination

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in the Gate of the Sun, and the Prado, so full of attraction, is spread out at your feet.

Having halted within the gate to attend to the requisite formalities prescribed by the police, and discharged a number of our passengers into private carriages of friends who had come forth to welcome them, we got in motion again, and were whirled rapidly down the hill, leaving the garden of the Retiro on our left hand, and on our right the barracks of the Cuirassiers. At the intersection of the Prado we were again arrested by a fat woman in an ancient chariot, drawn by sleek mules. She was the wife of the architect, and claimed and entered upon possession of him, smothering him with embraces as soon as he had reached her side. The delay furnished us for a moment with the more romantic spectacle of the various alleys of the Prado, seen from this its focus, as it is terminated on the one hand by the gate of Atocha, on the other by that of Recoletos. The noble trees were now bare of leaves, but the eye took in agreeable objects on every side: the gates, the playing fountains, the imposing pile of the museum, which I was at length to see in all its glory, and the scattered groups of walkers already assembling, or basking, as they reclined upon the benches, in the full blaze of an unclouded sun. Towards the Recoletos a regiment of cavalry, shining in the full panoply of casques and cuirasses, was performing its evolutions.

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The street of Alcala, which we now ascended, was enclosed on either side by public buildings of imposing form, or else the fronts of the houses were tastefully painted and shaded to represent pilasters, friezes, and architraves, and the various ornaments of architecture; at its termination we found ourselves in the Gate of the Sun. How many ideas and impressions may be received in a place like this at a single glance! A man might write for a week, and after all convey to the reader but a skeleton of all that he saw and thought. The scene around me was a familiar one, it seemed in all things unchanged by an absence of so many years. Here was the same collection of idle loungers, enveloped in their cloaks, which I had been wont to see; the same fierce *militaires* curling their mustaches at each passing dame; the same venders of all imaginable wares—watermen, orange-sellers, egg and chestnut women—each with the characteristic cry of "Water! who drinks it?"—"Oranges at a penny!"—"Chestnuts! hot and fat!"—rung out in prolonged and nasal tones. The Church of Good Success was in the old place, and its clock, the great regulator of the neighbourhood, was just tolling the greatest number of hours it was capable of. Below stood the fountain, surrounded by its circle of sturdy Asturians, employed in filling their kegs or copper vessels for their customers, or engaged in discussing a frugal meal. The great compeers of these, the Gallician porters,

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having ropes over their shoulders to indicate their profession as bearers of burdens, were planted against the walls of the houses in the street of Alcala, enjoying the full power of the sun, occupying the whole of the narrow sidewalk, and driving the limping dandies in tight boots on the rough inequalities of the pavement. The eight streets which here meet were pouring forth their customary throngs—gay or antiquated equipages, trains of mules, well-mounted horsemen, columns of marching soldiers, with their measured tread and tapping drum. Here, too, was still the penthouse covering the memorialista, as he sold the tickets of the hog lottery, while beside him, spread out in all the luxury of sunny indolence, lay apparently the very same hog, huge, black, and glossy, which I had left there. Accustomed as I was, at each return home after my professional cruises, to find the face of things changed, and my native city grown beyond my recollection, all was here so similar and so familiar, that I was for a moment confounded, and half disposed to fancy that my absence was imaginary.

In the courtyard of the diligence-company every thing was unpacked and examined as carefully, by the custom-officers, as if we were just entering the frontier. There is, indeed, as regular an establishment here as at Seville or at Cadiz; and the building where all vehicles, except the diligences, which enjoy by royal favour a peculiar privilege,

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are unladen, is several times as spacious and far more beautiful than the custom-house of New-York, which possesses alone a foreign trade greater than that of this whole kingdom together. The investigation, however, like every thing else, had its end, and I was allowed to depart with my luggage.

Returning to the Gate of the Sun, I commenced ascending the street of Montera, as fast as the throng of idlers, looking at French prints in the shop-windows, talking politics, or bargaining with old women, would let me. There was no paper tied to the railings of my old balcony, to tell me it was to let: so I did not like to lose any time in getting to an hotel, for the purpose of changing my dress. The Fonda de San Luis had been recommended to me. In the entrance from the street I found a French dandy selling fans and other frippery, in a shop of very limited extent, built up at one side. Above I was shown into a very little room, in the centre of the house, far from street or corridor, aad receiving a doubtful illumination from a small skylight. I was soon in readiness to go forth, and was not long in despatching the business which first claimed my attention. In company with an exceedingly intelligent young countryman and an old shipmate, who had straggled to this out-of-the-way cruising-ground, and to such a distance from salt water, and the sight of whose face brought back a whole host of ward-room as-

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sociations and frolics ashore, when our good ship had been snugly moored in Mahon, Naples, or Syracuse, I now rambled forth to go the round of my old haunts.

My first and not the least agreeable rencontre was with my old and worthy master, the *lindo* Don Diego. He was delighted to see me, surrounded me with both his arms, and pressed me to his bosom, first on one side, then on the other. I found him little changed; his hair, indeed, which had been jet black seven years before, was now slightly grizzled at the sides; but he was still round, plump, and sallow, with a complexion that told of original Moorish blood, of exposure to a hot sun, as well as of oil, saffron, and paper cigars. His apparel was neither better nor worse than when I had last seen him. I was afterwards told, however, that he had risen considerably in the world a year or two since, having been extensively employed as a copyist, so as to have constantly four or five persons under his orders, whose labours he superintended, paying them at an inferior rate, and living by the sweat of their quills, while he played the fine gentleman, having dollars and ounces in his astonished pockets instead of the more familiar coin of cuartos and pesetas. His head was very naturally turned; he became a great dandy in his dress, and a great frequenter of billiard and *monte* tables, when his money was often transferred to the pockets of others, who gained it

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as idly as himself. Thus he went on, neglecting his business, and finally quarrelling with his employer, being rendered independent by the great power of enduring hunger and want, common to all Spaniards, and by the reflection, peculiar to himself, that he had his three daily pistareens to fall back upon, the retiring pension of two thirds of his original salary, as a clerk in the office of state, which he became entitled to on his ejectment.

Accompanied by the augmented number of my friends, I now directed my steps down the street of Montera, to the house of my old landlord Don Valentine Todohueso. The passage-way below, instead of being occupied as a reading-room, was now in possession of an old woman, who, under the pretext of selling papers of toothpicks, was carrying on a far more lucrative traffic. Reading-rooms, which, of course, had no existence in days when the Madrid Gazette, published under the direction of the clergy, was the only periodical known in Spain, have now been everywhere established for the diffusion of the ideas contained in the various publications springing into existence, in which political subjects and plans of innovation are daily discussed by blundering and unskilful writers, who, of course, cannot know much of a subject with which are they now first permitted to meddle.

Ringing at the door, I was examined, as was wont, through the little trap, by the faithful Bridget.

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She then cautiously admitted me. I had the satisfaction of being immediately recognised, and received in a way to reconcile me to the caution with which I was let in. Florencia was within, and was delighted to see me. She, too, was very little changed; her figure was still as light and graceful as ever, and her face and features altogether the same. The very slight change which her appearance had undergone was not indeed so strange, when I came afterwards, one evening, to calculate the term of my absence, and perhaps rather imprudently, though very naturally, to introduce the subject of ages. While I myself had added, at the lowest calculation, seven years to my life in the interval, she had only increased hers by four; being still at the becoming and graceful age of two-and-twenty. Some people who had seen her, and passed with disappointment from the portrait to the original, had accused me of partiality in the drawing, although I had nowhere said that she was beautiful. I thought now to scrutinize her face, and see in what I had been guilty of exaggeration. At this later period, if she were not handsome, neither was she by any means ugly; she was good-looking, and the effect of her appearance and of her manner, as she gave utterance to amiable sentiments and ideas, at once simple and characterized by good sense, through the medium of the soft Castilian which she so gracefully uttered, was such as to render her decidedly attractive.

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Her features were of the sort which owe every thing to an amiable expression; a kind heart shining magically in the countenance, and conveying to the beholder the reflection of something yet more beautiful within.

Don Valentine, who had been collecting news in the Gate of the Sun, now so much more abundant than in former times, soon after returned. He was wholly unchanged; the same tall, gaunt, bony, skin-dried, colourless individual, I had ever known him. Even death itself, which could not render him more hideous, would have had no power to change him. The same brown capa, too, covered his ungracious form; when he unrolled it, however, instead of the little coat whose tails economy had reduced to the shortest dimensions that decency admitted, a black frock of more fashionable appearance was discovered. When I complimented him on his dandyism, he told me, as I was glad to hear, that though the lottery still frowned upon him, his affairs were in a better condition, and that his family was much more comfortable. He was still as inveterate a hunter as ever, and as thorough a patriot; as an evidence of which he showed me a belt, with a box containing twelve cartridges, which he had prepared for the day on which the curates and friars were to receive the reward of their iniquities. He had already been twice in the street with his gun hidden under his cloak, but the time for retribution had not yet arrived.

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I did not forget to inquire after my old friend, the dog Pito, the worthy representative of the British statesman. Returning one hot day, with his tongue rather too far out, along the street of Alcala, he had been cruelly put to death under a false accusation of insanity. As for Jessamine, the favourite cat of Florencia, he had exhibited a new instance of feline ingratitude; and, after years of kindness and friendship, apparently as sincere on his part as it really was on that of his mistress, he one night made a caterwauling excursion on the top of the house, from which he never returned, finding more comfortable quarters elsewhere. Having thus made myself current of all the domestic affairs, taken a satisfactory glance at all the various objects, chairs, tables, and pictures, connected with my former residence, and enjoyed, in no measured degree, the pleasure of finding myself remembered and valued at such a distance of time, and after so many and such various wanderings, I took a kind leave of all, with the promise of being a frequent visitor; for, to my own regret, as much as theirs, my old apartment was now occupied.

It was the hour of the daily promenade as we left the house of Don Valentine, and my friends proposed that we should join it; I of course asked nothing better, and we forthwith descended by the street of Alcala. Accustomed as I was to the attractions of that familiar and beautiful feature in Spanish manners in either continent, and wherever

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Spaniards are found, I mean the daily *paseo*, and having, moreover, carried away with me a very distinct recollection of what I had so often beheld upon the Prado of Madrid, I was still struck with th beauty and the brilliancy of the scene. In the part of the Prado called the Saloon, the bulk of the company was assembled, walking up and down, acquaintances accosting each other, passing from group to group to inquire after the health of ladies, and offer those compliments that form the subject of an ordinary visit. The dresses of the men were varied, in form and colour, according to the caprice of each, consisting of gay uniforms, frock coats, or ample cloaks lined with red velvet, while those of the women were more uniform; a few wearing French bonnets, in which they seemed as little at home as foreigners in the mantilla, but the greater number adhering to the national costume, so admirably adapted to exhibit favourably the beauty and elegance of their forms, as they glided onwards with an easy and bewitching grace, and an alluring harmony of movement, of which nothing that can be seen out of Spain can possibly convey an idea.

While the walkers were thus joyously employed, carriages of every description, distinguished either by the modern elegance of their forms, or for their quaint and venerable antiquity, passed with slow and measured regularity in opposite currents on either side of the space appropriated to them, the

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ladies within beckoning gracefully with their fans, accompanied by a winning smile, to their friends in the opposite line of carriages, or mixed in the gayer assembly of pedestrians. In the space between the double row of coaches, kept vacant by a picket of glittering cuirassiers posted as a guard of honour at either end, the young nobles exhibited their horsemanship on beautiful barbs, with mains neatly plaited on either side with gay ribands, and their tails flowing nearly to the ground. The brilliancy of the spectacle was greatly increased, soon after our arrival, by the accession of one of the royal infantes and his wife, in a rich barouche, drawn by six beautiful bays, driven by elegantly-dressed jockeys, who drove repeatedly up and down the space reserved for horsemen in the centre, receiving and returning the salutations of the company.

The weather was singularly beautiful, and the sky unclouded and transparent, increasing the effect of a spectacle in itself full of joy and animation. Indeed, the perpetual movement, the rapid exchange of courtesies and quickly-uttered compliments among the passing groups, the smiles of approbation or of budding tenderness, and the warmer glances of love, render this scene one of the most brilliant that can be witnessed. It is a gay feast, from which there is no exclusion—a magnificent entertainment, at which nature furnishes the gladdening influence of an unobstructed sun,

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and kindly deigns to assist; and where every one however humble, may go without waiting for an invitation.

It was easy, thus employed, to loiter away the time until it became necessary to prepare for dinner. After a very satisfactory meal in most agreeable company, it was agreed that we should pass the interval until midnight, the hour for the commencement of a masquerade-ball, for which we had tickets, at one of the theatres; so away we went to the Cruz. The play was the Mogigata of Moratin, a bad travestie of the Tartuffe, in which a female hypocrite, pretending to a great deal of devotion, and sighing after the retirement of a monastic life, is all the while plotting the means of getting herself a husband, and securing wherewithal to make both herself and him comfortable. Instead of the husband confiding in the purity of the man of God, there is a father who will believe nothing to the disadvantage of his saint-like daughter. The plot was wanting in ingenuity, and the scenes were any thing but dramatic; yet the piece was enthusiastically received, because it furnished the people of Madrid with a privilege which was wholly new to them, that of ridiculing the impure motives with which people devote themselves to religious life in Spain, and the absurb folly of becoming a nun.

It is impossible to describe with what a feeling of relief and unmixed pleasure, after listening to a

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long, stupid old tragedy, of the cloak and sword, or a play translated from the French, and absurdly travestied in the acting, one hears the first rattle of the castanet behind the scenes, as the majo and the maja, impatient to begin their delightful task, announce to you their readiness to come forth. A smile of joyful anticipation spreads at once from pit to gallery, and the old worthies with cocked hats, laced cuffs, and gold-headed canes, who come habitually to the theatre with no other object than to doze away their time and escape from their existence, sit up straight in their lunetas, rub their eyes, and now first seem to be thoroughly awake. The Spanish dances are certainly most admirable, yet I never liked them so little as on this visit to Madrid. I found the style wholly changed; the delightful national airs, so full of feeling and poetry, replaced by foreign ones, which had no adaptation for them, or else the music of the bolero and the cachucha were so perverted as to be no longer recognisable. When the dancing commenced there was something of the original Spanish grace which in past times had appeared to me so different from any thing I had before seen, and so irresistibly captivating. But, instead of the display of easy elegance in which the dances of the country formerly consisted, they were now endeavouring to ingraft on them pirouettes, pigeon-wings, and feats of agility, wholly unsuited to the easy style and voluptuous languor which are their peculiar cha-

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racteristic. I noticed, indeed, after a short residence in Madrid, that the people were rapidly undergoing the process of being Frenchified. The printshops, in which French fashions are exhibited, attract admiring crowds; a few women have already ventured to the audacious extreme of adopting the bonnet on the Prado instead of the mantilla, and this without being hissed: and some of the other sex have even reached the absurdity of substituting a stiff ungainly surtout for the toga-like and convenient *capa*.

After the dance we had a delightful farce, called "The enraged Chestnut-women." Two rival sellers of chestnuts are discovered roasting their wares at the opposite corners of a street, and deafening all who pass by their shrill cries of "*calientes y gordas*." They quarrel about a lover, whom they equally claim; are accused, by an old fellow who lives near, of being common scolds; the alguazils are introduced to protect the peace; and, after various adventures, in which watermen, porters, and other characters, such as are daily seen in the streets of Madrid, are introduced, the play, which does not last more than an hour, finishes with a ball in the house of the widowed wife of a carpenter, who is recently dead, leaving his relict wherewithal to amuse herself. Here the parties dance boleros to music furnished by two or three guitar-players, who sing seguedillas, and are the same people who are employed in the real frolics of the *manolas*.

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The whole scene was just such, indeed, as one might see any day among the lower classes of Madrid, and was not so much a copy of manners as the very reality.

It is a very obvious remark one is led to make in Spain, that the style of acting in serious pieces and in genteel comedy is detestable. This is owing to the exclusion of actors from all decent society there, and the utter absence of all opportunity of copying from real life in its more polished forms, and not to any real want of histrionic talent. The objection does not hold when they come to exhibit the familiar scenes of low life. In the *sainetes* they do nothing more than act over again before the public what they are daily and habitually doing in the ordinary course of their existence: repeating, for the public amusement, the practical jokes in use among them, and seasoning their conversation with the pithy proverbs and quaint jests which the popular language so abundantly furnishes. The truth and liveliness of the picture never fail so delight the audience, and often convulse them with laughter.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock we proceeded to the new building of Santa Catalina, where the ball was to take place. These balls were got up by subscription, and pretended to some little exclusiveness; but any person could get a ticket who could pay the price of two dollars, which was sufficient, in a country where people are so

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generally poor, to secure a sufficiently select assembly. There was one rather neat room, having the interior area enclosed by columns, appropriated to dancing. The band was stationed at one end, and the figure of the presiding goddess designated, by a scroll which she held forth, whether it was a quadrille, a waltz, a gallop, or a mazourka, which was next to exercise the saltatory energies of her votaries. A more spacious saloon adjoining was reserved for promenading, and for the restoration of those who had fatigued themselves in the press of the dancing apartment. Farther on was a miserable shed, temporarily erected as a restaurant. When we first entered the rooms, we found very few people assembled; but after midnight the fashionables began to make their appearance, and very soon after the two rooms had nearly as many inmates as they could contain. The company was composed of all the rank and fashion of the capital: it is not necessary to complete the cant phrase in use elsewhere, by adding the word wealth, for in Madrid there is no class of rich independent of the aristocracy, although there may be a few wealthy individuals connected with the farming of the revenues.

As the place became filled, the scene presented a very brilliant appearance. There were all the varieties of dresses that are to be seen on such an occasion; but by far the greater number of masks were clad in the costumes of the Peninsula. The

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men were, in many instances, dressed as Andalusian majos, and the women as Valencianas, or Asturian nurses. The music was very beautiful, although not Spanish; the people of Madrid, in their love for change, having given up their own slow and harmonious waltzes, and their still more delightful country-dances. Still the younger part of the assembly danced with true Spanish enthusiasm, reenforced by the idea that they were bringing up the arrears of what they had lost during the long reign of despotism. The movements of the women were so very graceful, their figures so neat and well formed, and their feet so small and pretty, that it was quite delightful to look at them. There were, however, many exceptions to the beauty of the women among the older ones, who were very generally fat, an excess of which they endeavoured to diminish the effect by appearing as Asturian nurses, in which character redundancy might seem appropriate. There were perhaps as many arrobas of female weight as of male. There seemed to have been an infusion of the substance of the one sex into the other; for while the women were in many instances immensely stout, the men were often, on the contrary, thin, diminutive, and smoke-dried. This was particularly noticeable in many members of the higher nobility, among whom a systematic series of intermarriages has been attended by a physical depreciation, which in many instances is

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in the inverse ratio of the accumulation of their titles and estates.

"*Me conoces?*" in a shrill, disguised voice, was the commonest expression that reached my ears. There was, of course, a vast deal of teasing, puzzling, and not a little intrigue, if one might judge at all from the earnest conversation of occasional pairs, separated from the rest of the company, in a remote corner, and apparently unconscious of all that was passing around them, and secure of the secret of each other's dress being known only to themselves. After an hour or two, most of the company began to remove their masks, the example being set by those who could best afford it, namely, who were youngest and most beautiful. A variety of explanations then took place among such as had been deceived, and the hilarity of the party was not a little increased. Many, however, still retained their masks, not having yet played out their game; or, perhaps, having made a conquest by the aid of a good shape and a neat ankle, and enjoyed the long-unaccustomed sound of passionate protestations, they were unwilling, for reasons best known to themselves, to break the spell which they had evoked.

And now, weary with dancing, promenading, and flirtation, the assembly, divided into little groups, began to take the road to the supper-room, to repair their exhausted energies by timely refec-

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tion. This was a temporary shed of great extent, but put up in a very slovenly manner. The cold air entered freely on all sides, making a dangerous transition from the heat and violent exercise of the ball-room. The floor was covered with a straw mat, tracked with mud, and plentifully strewn with orange-skins, nicely-picked bones, and fragments of cigars. Clouds of smoke sent up by the amateurs of tobacco mingled with the gas from the lamps, and, having no outlet, both hung, in a sort of murky London atmosphere, over the scene. A long row of little tables on either side was surrounded by hungry groups, who were partaking, with evident gusto, of such greasy stews and overkept meats as a Madrid refectory—the place where, in the whole world, the gastronomy is the most infamous—affords. Corks were now drawn with clanging report, and the wine circulated freely; and, as the blood began to flow freer, the prevailing sentiment asserted itself, and the tender appellations of *amiga* and *querida* were borne to other ears than those for which only they were intended.

I fancied that this was to crown the entertainment, but was soon undeceived by seeing the dancers go to work again with redoubled energy. The fact is, they were to dance until dawn, and, as it was to usher in a feast-day, go to the early mass, so as to be under no obligations of early rising, but thus go to rest without the dread of interruption, and with a soul duly provided with

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its proper allowance of spiritual comfort. When I heard this, and remembered the very fatal ravages of pulmonary disease in Madrid at this season, in connexion with the universal chill that reigns within a Spanish church, I could not help fearing that, between their religion and their amusements, some few of the people thus thoughtlessly capering would be likely to dance out of the world as rapidly as I had seen them racing in the gallopade. As for myself, I was long since heartily tired, having slept badly during the last two or three weeks, and was wearing so long and so melancholy a face, that it quite frightened me as I caught sight of it in passing a mirror. It seemed to produce a corresponding effect on the gay maskers whom I accosted. At length one, who seemed to be also the rejected of her sex, consented to be my partner, and afterwards clung so tightly to my arm, that I found it equally difficult to get rid of her decently.

Having at length succeeded in persuading an obliging friend to ask her to dance, I made my escape, rolled myself in my cloak, and went forth into the open street, in which, beyond the long row of carriages, with their dozing coachmen, that were clustered about the door, not a soul was to be seen. The air was still and pleasantly cool, and the sky clear and unspotted, except by a few stars of greater magnitude, and by the full moon shining out with almost noonday splendour. The

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transition from the hot impure air to the freshness without, from the murky illumination of the lamps to the pensive light of the moon, from the thick press of such a crowd to the solitude of the deserted streets, from the restraints of observation to a recovered sense of liberty, and, finally, from the general uproar caused by the unmeaning clatter of so many tongues to the quiet eloquence of one's own thoughts, was indeed delightful.

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CHAPTER XIII.

MADRID.

Spanish Soldiery—Morning Parade—View from the Palace—Gate of Toledo—A Review—Observatory—View—Royal Museum—Velasquez and Murillo—Prado—Don Diego—Search for Lodgings—Don Diego at Dinner—Florencia—Thoughts on Emigration.

I WAS breakfasting the morning after my arrival in the coffee-room of my inn, when the sound of martial music attracted me to the balcony; a detachment of the grenadiers of the Royal Guard was passing below, preceded by their sappers, drums, music, and all the pomp of the regiment, on their way to relieve guard at the royal palace. This, in former times, had been my favourite spectacle; so I hastened into the street, got beside the band, and joined the escort of honour, consisting of idlers and beggars in cloaks, that was keeping it company. There is something eminently martial and inspiring in the spectacle of a Spanish regiment thoroughly equipped, as are those of the Royal Guard. An English regiment is better drilled, more nicely brushed, and moves with more perfect regularity; but then one misses that proud bearing and native military enthusiasm with which the Spaniard is impelled. There is all the difference that one would

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discover between a vehicle carried forward with the precision and regularity of a steam-engine, and another receiving its impulse from the spontaneous and ardent movements of spirited horses. The French soldiers, though more like the Spaniards, are still very different. They have the same air of natural ardour, but seem more light, excitable, and frivolous, while the enthusiasm of the Spaniards is of a more serious and graver species; and the military music of the different nations exhibits the same distinctions as their appearance. The English is cold, and without feeling or poetry; the French is lively and inspiring; while the Spanish is of a more serious description, and more suited to work upon the feelings, and beget a deep feeling of enthusiasm. I would not pretend to instance these facts as furnishing any measure of the military prowess of these different countries, which depends on other causes than the natural adaptation of their population for a warlike life; but I am sure that no one can look upon the Spanish soldier without being convinced, as the past history of the country will easily prove, that he is eminently fitted for war.

In the Plaza Mayor the grenadiers encountered detachments from the provincials of the Royal Guard, from the cavalry of the Carbiniers, and from the horse artillery, each with its fine band of music. Here the colonel of the grenadiers headed his corps, and took command of the whole; the music

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sounded, and they commenced entering the archway which gives admission to the great quadrangle in front of the palace, where the detachments which were to go off duty were drawn up to receive them: the cavalry on one side, the infantry on the other, and the artillery in the centre. As the relieving guard approached, the drums beat and the trumpets sounded, until at length the different detachments were drawn up beside those which they were to relieve. At the stroke of the palace clock the senior colonel took command of the entire little army. The non-commissioned officers detached themselves to relieve the guards; and small bodies of foot-soldiers, or of horsemen, traversed the quadrangle from post to post, the horses moving with the same practised exactness as the men; they were reined back into the niches on either side of the palace gate, where they became as motionless as the statues of the old Spanish kings, that frowned in stone around them. Meantime the music sent forth the most enchanting strains; the inferior officers might be seen making their reports to their seniors, who then rode into the centre to report in turn to the commander. The proud movements of the noble war-horses, with flowing manes and wholly unmutilated, seeming to partake of the rider's self-satisfaction as they pranced up to the commander, the flags waving, the swords gracefully brandished in the military salute, and the dazzling brilliancy which a bright Castilian sun shed upon

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this scene, which a vast crowd contemplated, and which the queen herself looked down upon, rendered it altogether most magnificent. When the relieved guard had marched off with their sappers and music, and those who remained had stacked their arms and betaken themselves to their guard-house, I turned in search of other objects of interest.

The palace of Madrid stands on the extremity of a very high bank, overlooking the Manzanares, and the terrace of the esplanade in front of it commands a beautiful view of the course of the stream, of the gardens that skirt its course, of the bridges that traverse it, of the walk of the Florida, and, immediately opposite, of a country palace of the kings. The immediate banks were whitened by the linen spread there to dry, while hundreds of laundresses were engaged in washing in the stream. There were the usual quantities of soldiers collected, to gossip with them; though this privilege was taken from them a very few days after, in consequence of a quarrel which occurred at this place between some young soldiers belonging to the regiment of the princess, and others of another corps, who had come to the stream with the common and very natural object of amusing themselves with the washer-women; but who, changing the pacific character of the rendezvous, and passing some unpalatable words, came at length to blows, and ended by drawing their swords and wounding, more or less badly,

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sixteen of their number, before they were separated.

Desiring to view this scene nearer, I descended the street of Segovia, and went out of the city by the gate of that name. One or two churchmen walking along the walls, and a few lazy people sunning themselves on the ground, alone relieved the solitude of my walk, as I directed my steps towards the gate of Toledo. When I approached it, however, the scene became very different; this being one of the most important outlets of Madrid. There was an immense collection of people about it, preparing to enter with laden mules and asses; and a number of swineherds, clad in skins, here held a fair, selling their greasy and grunting crew upon the footing of a bonded article, which had as yet paid the king no duty. Many miserable people came forth to parade their rags and misery, or stretch themselves in the sun beside the walls, casting longing glances at these huge walking elements of bacon and sausages. As I came up, three well-mounted whiskerandos rode out and took the road to Toledo; their horses' tails were neatly queued up, and they had altogether a very jaunty, dare-devil air. Perhaps they were robbers, going to resume their muskets in the nearest village, and put themselves at once on the war establishment.

The gate of Toledo is of modern construction, and is a very noble object. It has a single central arch for carriages and horsemen, and a square gate

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on either side for the currents of foot-passengers, and is tastefully adorned with columns and pilasters, and surmounted with a sculptured group representing Spain receiving the tribute of the provinces. An inscription states how, on the restoration of Ferdinand the Desired, the Council of Madrid raised and dedicated to him this monument of fidelity, of triumph, and gratulation. During the late constitution, in throwing the arch, some pieces of the coin of the time were placed in it, bearing the usual inscription, "Ferdinand, by the Grace of God and the Constitution, King of Spain." It was a question, on the downfall of the system so called, whether the arch should be demolished; but an expedient was devised, to remove and replace the infamous mementoes in an easier way. Part of the keystone has been carefully cut out, the money exchanged, and another piece of stone nicely introduced. What a strange infatuation as to the duration of absolutism in Spain; and what a poor effort to commend itself to the good-will of future ages!

The street of Toledo, into which I now entered, is one of the most animated and noisy in Madrid. It was thronged with country people, entering or departing; while on either side, the whole way to the Place of Barley, the buildings were either devoted to the reception of travellers, under the invocation of Saint Isidro the Labourer, or some other favourite, or else to their accommodation, in the

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shape of shops for the sale of gay dresses, in the Andalusian or *manolo* fashion; hats studded with beads, bread, oranges, and all sorts of harness, and whatever relates to the caparisoning of mules or horses, the goods being hung at the door, and serving for their own announcement, without the aid of a sign; while among the groups of country people, collected in the portals of the posadas, young fellows having bundles of stout rods, called *varas*, so necessary for the comfortable management of Spanish mules, offered them to such travellers as were about to set out, at the modest price of a couple of quarters.

By the time I had passed the Place of Barley, the Church of San Isidro, and the Great Square, which led me at its outlet into the Calle Mayor, I found myself in contact with an entire regiment of cuirassiers, who, it seemed on inquiry, were going to a grand review of the Royal Guard, at the Gate of Atocha. I most unhesitatingly placed myself under their convoy. One of the great advantages of Madrid is, that, while it possesses all the attractions of a splendid court, it is not of the disproportioned size of those overgrown commercial capitals where each quarter is a Babel in itself, and where, to pass from one point to another, is like undertaking a journey. In Madrid all places are at hand; and from the Gate of the Sun, a walk of ten minutes will carry you at once to any point within the walls.

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On reaching the Gate of Atocha, the day was so brilliant, that I was tempted to enjoy the spectacle from the commanding elevation of the neighbouring observatory, in the Garden of the Retiro. This is one of those unfinished specimens of the spirit of improvement so abundant about Madrid, where, especially during the reign of Ferdinand, so many things were begun, and so few completed.

On the immediate summit is a very pretty circular dome, standing on light columns; under the shade of this graceful toy one may, with perfect comfort, enjoy the finest view of Madrid that can be commanded from any point. The pure atmosphere of Castile had never been purer than on this occasion; the remotest objects seemed almost within reach of one's hand; on every route by which the metropolis is approached, men and animals were discerned with a minute distinctness which, to one lately transferred from the gloomy atmosphere of a higher latitude and inferior elevation above the sea, was most strange and perplexing. The Sierra of Guadarama, blended as it was with the domes and towers of so many temples, seemed, like them, but a step off; and its deep covering of snows descending far down the side, while it wounded the eye by the power with which it reflected the rays of the sun, yet conveyed the idea of a coolness which, though in the depth of winter, was by no means unpleasant. The fields about Madrid, as far as the eye could scan them, were of one uniform green,

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from the wheat with which they were planted. No dividing hedges, no trees, no villas, were anywhere within the reach of the eye, to relieve it from the effect of the monotony. In an occasional *barranco*, or sudden hollow in the plain, the dark tower of a church might be seen peering forth, to indicate the existence of a solitary *pueblo*, peopled by devout Christians, and with the faint traces of the roads, and the people who travelled on them, furnished the only object capable of fixing the attention. It was therefore with no little pleasure that the weary eye reverted to the gay scene in the Prado below, where the fine effect of the Royal Guards received an additional varnish from the bright sun which played upon casques and cuirasses.

It was the feast of San Blas, of course an idle day throughout Madrid, and, in addition to the attraction of a review, the unemployed Christians of this Catholic city had a more powerful inducement to draw them to the Gate of Atocha. Near the court of that name is a small hermitage or chapel, where sundry relics of the saint are preserved, and where regularly, once a year, on this particular day, the inhabitants of Madrid go to pray, to purchase charms that have been blessed by the contact of a relic, and enjoy the pleasure to be derived from meeting with so large a concourse of well-dressed persons. Having passed through the little chapel, which is richly ornamented, crossed myself with the holy water, and witnessed the ceremonies that

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were going on, I directed my steps along the Prado until I came to the Royal Museum of paintings.

On my previous journey to Spain, this establishment was in much confusion. The pictures which have been collected by the late king's order from all the royal palaces, were not yet brought together and arranged, and the place offered altogether but a dawning of the brilliant display which it was one day to furnish to the lovers of this delightful art. Now, however, I was to see it in all its glory.

I had carried away from Spain the most delightful impressions of Velasquez and Murillo. The first was associated in my mind with the idea of strength, grandeur, and reality, in whatever relates to his art; the other, with all that is true, natural, lovely, and captivating. The divine Morales, too, and Juan de Juanes, the Spanish Raphael, and the gloomy and often terrible Ribera, had not failed powerfully to affect my imagination, and impress themselves on my memory through their works. The effect of the visit which I now made to the Royal Museum, and which I repeated almost daily during the month that I remained in Madrid, only tended to justify and increase the enthusiasm which I already felt in favour of Spanish painting.

The Royal Museum at Madrid is admirably arranged for the exhibition of the pictures and the accommodation of the public. Comfortable seats are placed before all the fine paintings, and order and silence are maintained, that the impressions of

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the beholder may not be disturbed by the impertinence or frivolity of others. The light perhaps might have been more favourably introduced from above; still the best paintings are seen to great advantage. The building is divided into different rooms, according to the schools. The two rooms in the north wing are devoted to the Spanish school; the central portion of the museum, which forms indeed the main body of the building, contains the Italian paintings, which form the largest portion of the collection; and the two rooms in the south wing are devoted to the Dutch, German, and French schools. In this splendid collection are fine specimens of the works of Raphael, Titian, Rubens, Caravaggio, Leonardo da Vinci, Giordana, Guido, Andres del Sarto, Crespi, Mengs, Paul Veronese, and Poussin. The means therefore of making a comparison are at hand. For myself, with no right to form and assert an opinion but what is derived from a great fondness for paintings, from having seen many, and from the susceptibility of deriving the most exquisite pleasure from the sight, I must confess that, after having gone slowly through the two rooms devoted to the Spanish school, traversed the great hall, and examined the apartments at its extremity, I retraced my steps with impatience to my first haunts, and turned with unabated pleasure from the famous Pasmo de Sicilia of Raphael, from the Charles V. of Titian, the Holy Mother sustaining the body of the Saviour of Daniel Crespi, and

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the Monna Lisa of Leonardo da Vinci, to study and dwell upon the works of Murillo and Velasquez.

Velasquez possessed genius and imagination of the first order, guided by discriminating judgment and the purest taste. His works are said by painters and the critics of the art, to bear evidence that he had exhausted and made himself master of every subject connected with his profession. The purity of his conceptions, the truth of his design, and its faithfulness to nature, and, above all, the identity of his colouring with what is found in life, render it almost a difficulty to distinguish the representation from the reality. Indeed, his portraits of the royal personages of his time are often so completely alive, that one half fancies he sees the individuals themselves, and not a mere representation. One of the most striking pictures of Velasquez is a bacchanalian group of revellers, who are not mere oil and colours, but talking, laughing, and drunken individuals. Another painting, which is looked on by artists as even more remarkable, represents a domestic scene in the royal family. It is singular for the introduction of the light from behind in the centre of the picture, with an extraordinary and magical effect. This piece, the wonder of all artists, was called by Giordano, the painter of the frescoes of the Escurial and of the old Carthusian convent at Naples, the theology of painting.

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Though, in contemplating and comparing the works of the two, Velasquez ever seemed to me the greater genius, yet I took more pleasure in the more amiable productions of Murillo. No painter indeed seems to have been so susceptible to female beauty and loveliness, or so capable of transferring his conceptions to canvass. His children, too, have all the delightful simplicity of their age; there is, indeed, something so ingenious yet so pleasing in his conceptions, such a graceful simplicity in his forms, such sweetness of expression and such life, such a perfect nature, in short, so beautifully chosen and so faithfully shown forth, that it is impossible to fail admiring the productions of this delightful artist, or to resist feeling a love for his works and for himself.

The most wonderful perhaps of his productions is a painting in the collection of the street of Alcala, which represents an angel appearing to a Roman cavalier in a vision, commanding him to build a church in honour of the Virgin. I was more pleased, however, with the picture of the Sacred Family, which is with so much good taste placed in the most conspicuous station in the Museum, and at the head of the catalogue. There are no haloes or supernatural signs to indicate the godlike character of the child or the glory of the mother, such as one has never seen, to destroy the impression of reality. It is a delightful little family scene. The Virgin is seated beside her spinning-reel, Jo-

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seph is opposite, and tenderly presses the child, who has a bird in his hand, held up beyond the reach of a little dog, who is looking wistfully at it, with one foot raised, and apparently barking. There is such an air of repose in the whole scene, and it gives such a lively idea of domestic happiness, that one might fancy the painter had intended it as the eulogy of wedded life. Joseph is looking at the child with an affectionate and protecting air, while the Virgin, foregoing her labour, and having all the mother in her looks, is eyeing him with tender interest and admiration.

Having taken a turn or two in the Saloon, which was unusually full and brilliant, I was about to leave the Prado, when I came upon my old messmate, who was taking a Spanish lesson in the open air, with my whilom master Don Diego. They had made a long walk already, the effects of which were very visible on Don Diego, who still preserved his mode of walking with the toes turned out, and who now seemed on the point of expiring with fatigue and lameness. Notwithstanding the sad plight he was in, I had the cruelty to propose that he should accompany me in search of lodgings, for I was very uncomfortable in the fonda, philosophizing all the while as we went, when I compared his misery with my indifference, on the little sympathy man has for his fellow in such lesser evils of life as tight boots and lame feet, and others that are voluntarily incurred by the sufferer. As we

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went, Don Diego related various facts of his history since we parted. One of the most serious evils that had befallen him, was the religious and saint-like turn that his wife had taken of late years, which, harmonizing indifferently with his own ungodly disposition and life, led to much jarring and domestic disgust.

Don Diego remembered the widow of a general who had rooms in the street of Hortaleza, and we went to look at them. They were neat and well furnished, and the mistress, whom Don Diego addressed in the usual style as *Mi Generala*, was an uncommonly noble and interesting-looking person, of five-and-thirty, extremely well preserved. She objected, however, to the shortness of my contemplated stay, as it might interfere with her getting an agreeable lodger for the whole season, and added, very significantly, that three weeks would be enough for no purpose—"*no serviria para nada.*" We looked at another house in the street of Montera, on whose balconies we discovered the usual sign of a piece of blank white paper, tied to the gratings. The apartment was well enough, and the landlady had a very pretty daughter, whose black eyes were skilfully exhibited among the advantages of the place, through a half-open door. It was, however, too far from the Gate of the Sun, and the exposure was bad, it being on the wrong side of the street for a winter lodging; and though I fully appreciated the advantage of being agree-

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ably surrounded, and having the pleasing forms of beauty flitting before my eyes, and conveying acceptable impressions to my mind, yet I had lived too long in Madrid, and was too well acquainted with the difficulty of procuring artificial heat in the ill-constructed and comfortless houses, to give up the advantage of basking and thawing each morning in the rays of the sun, for the lustre of a pair of Spanish eyes, however black and shining.

It was now five o'clock, and we were all feeling very hollow after our walk, a sentiment under which our stomachs were becoming impatient, except, perhaps, that of Don Diego, which, being a Spanish one, was better accustomed to bear the burden of emptiness, and be put off with a cigar, intended to cheat it into the idea that dinner was over. So we crossed the street to my fonda, and ate as good a dinner as the place afforded, which was not a very good one. Don Diego, however, seemed to think it excellent, and ate with sturdy, deliberate perseverance, characteristic of the poor gentlemen and humble *pretendientes* among his countrymen, who, when the occasion offers, take care to show that they are as capable of the extremes of repletion as of abstinence.

Having the early part of the evening to get rid of, I went alone to see my old landlord and his amiable daughter. I found Florencia seated in the middle of the room, her right foot resting on the brasier, to enable her to sustain the guitar, whose

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chords she was running over, and striking in plaintive and mournful accordance. Opposite sat Don Valentine, the new Bulletin of Commerce on his lap, he having just abandoned it to busy himself with the little book which may be found in the pocket of every Spaniard, and which is filled with blank leaves of very thin paper, of the size suited to envelop a cigarillo, one of which leaves he was just in the act of tearing out, as he looked knowingly out of his one eye to the opening door when I entered. More at one side, and modestly apart, sat the humble Bridget, the wife of Don Valentine, with a basket containing the family stockings, which she was mending, with the aid of a pair of iron spectacles. From the air of superiority with which she was always treated by Don Valentine, not however accompanied with unkindness, and in which she quietly acquiesced, I was disposed to think that there had been something in their union which rendered it a mesalliance: perhaps she could not boast the nobility of blood which he laid claim to. However, their mode of life was too humble, and their social position too isolated, to make it a matter of much consequence, or capable of entailing on them the imbittering effects and the misery which are the fruits of connubial inequalities, be the station high or low. On the frame of the brasier, beside the feet of Doña Florencia, sat a dozing and purring cat, which I might almost have fancied the ghost of the departed Jessamine. The whole scene,

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indeed, was so familiar, that when I took possession of a vacant chair, and became one of the groupe, the years that I had been absent were effaced from my memory. The Bulletin of Commerce, however, reminding me that Ferdinand was dead, and despotism had let go her hold, would have served to remind me of the change, and of my absence, had not Florencia, when asked to sing, welcomed me back in the following words, which I had the vanity to take to myself, although I never sang to her:

" Mi bien adorado tu eres mi consuelo
Pues de ti apartada, no encuentro sosiego.
Cuando tu me cantas encantada quedo;
Y es tanta mi dicha que hablarte no puedo.

" Al oir tu voz dentro de mi pecho
Siento tal placer que hablarte no puedo;
Al tocar tu mano temblando me quedo
Y mi gozo entonces explicar no puedo."

In the course of the evening, Florencia renewed a subject which we had discussed a year before by letter. She had conceived a project of going to America, where she had been told by some busybody, going about the world to sow discontent, that she would not only be completely free—for she was a great liberal—but be able to support her parents by teaching the young ladies there how to lisp Spanish and sing seguidillas. I had strongly counselled her against such a course, and now repeated the same advice. " For heaven's sake," said I, " do not harbour any such intention. You have

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bread to eat and clothes to put on, and no real want ungratified ; you are living quietly and happily, and you are living in your own country. Even supposing that you should be able to surround yourself with greater comforts in a foreign land, which is not certain, you would, at all events, be among a people strangers to your usages and your language. You would be obliged to exchange the mantilla for an uncouth bonnet, and instead of the sonorous accents of your own Castilian, would hear sounds like the hissing of many snakes. Instead of the noble and richly-ornamented temples, in which your religion appears under such an imposing form, you would have to hear mass surrounded by uncouth Irish. The graceful relaxation of the paseo would not succeed; there would be no Florida or Prado, and no bullfight to go to, and the rest of the Sunday would be passed in silence and seclusion. Instead of the life of quiet repose and dreamy forgetfulness in which you here live, in common with all around you, you would find yourself in the midst of a vast and universal movement, in which you would have no participation and no sympathy. In short, the whole course and habits of your life would be at once upset. As for liberty, what use would it be to you? Be assured that happiness may be found even under a government as bad as yours has been in the years that are past. After all, they have only hung up those who have attempted to introduce reforms

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which the country was not prepared for, and who placed themselves in opposition to the will of the people. You have lived twenty-two years here, by your own account: try if you cannot live other twenty-two years. And then to die far from one's home!" My last argument seemed to have touched a tender chord in unison with some idea that had previously occurred to her. She did not answer it; but, striking her guitar, presently warbled forth, in a modest contralto voice, more remarkable for sweetness than power, the following touching assent to all that I had been saying:—

"Si muero en tierras agenas
Lejos de donde naci,
Quien habra dolor de mi?
Si muero en ese destierro,
A que no fui condenado,
No merece tan gran y erro
Ser planido ni llorado;
Pues si yo lo he procurado
Y toda la culpa fui,
Quien habra dolor de mi?"

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CHAPTER XIV.

LODGINGS IN MADRID.

Apartments—Entrance—Dona Lucretia—Anti-matrimonial Arguments—Dona Lucretia's Mode of Life—Teatro Casero—Fellow Lodger—Scenes from my Balcony—Occupation—Society.

I WAS far too uncomfortable in my wretched inn to think of remaining there during the whole time I proposed to stay in Madrid. Florencia, who promised to find me a place, if possible, in her own neighbourhood, said that there was no want of hired apartments about the Gate of the Sun; but there was some difficulty in finding such as were in all respects unexceptionable, since many establishments of this sort were kept by persons of somewhat equivocal character, who enticed young men into their houses with a view of fascinating and leading them astray. Nevertheless, at the end of a day or two, passed in diligent search, she sent me word to take possession of an apartment which she had retained for me in the street of Carmel, and which, though the entrance was in a different street, had its front just where I wanted it, on the street of Montera, and the balcony next to her own.

Immediately within the doorway, giving admission to a passage in itself sufficiently narrow, was

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a modest little moveable shop, which came and went, I knew not whither, morning and night, and which disappeared altogether on feast and bullfight days. It was kept by a thin, monastic-looking individual, who sold waxen tapers, arms, legs, eyes, ears, and babies, all religious objects connected with funeral ceremonies, or charms to offer at the shrine of some celebrated saint, for a happy delivery, or for the recovery of an afflicted member of the easily disordered soul-case, in which our nobler part is shut up.

Having traversed this first passage opening on the street, I found myself on a crooked serpentine stairway, which turned to the right and to the left without reason or ceremony, and in almost utter darkness. Doors were scattered about on either hand, and I rang at half a dozen, saluted by the barking of dogs, the growling of Spaniards interrupted in the enjoyment of the siesta and torpid state which follow the repletion of a greasy dinner, or by the sharp and angry tones of scolding females, ere I at length found myself at the right one. Nor did I ever get used to the eccentricities of this most involved entrance. Coming home, night after night, at the dead hour of two or three, having patrolled the streets with a drawn dagger under my cloak, to defend myself against the robberies that were of constant occurrence, I used to get into the outer door by the aid of the double key which I carried, and reaching the end of the passage, I would com-

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mence ascending without any geometrical principle to guide me. When I should have turned to the left I would turn to the right, dislocating my foot against a wall, or else keep straight on until violently arrested, and in serious danger of damaging or distorting my nose. Sometimes I stepped up when I should have stepped down, and shook my whole frame to its centre. And thus I have more than once passed half an hour, moving about like a troubled spirit, from the ground floor to the garret, fitting my key into strange doors, to the terror of the inmates, who, dreaming of robbery and murder, would begin to rattle sabres or bawl for assistance.

But to return to my new landlady. I must confess that I was not particularly disposed to be pleased either with her or her habitation, when I at length rang at the right door, and she admitted me. On entering the apartment designed for me, however, I found that it was far better than its approaches had foretold, being matted and furnished with more than usual neatness. The alcove, concealed by nice white curtains, contained a bed of inviting cleanliness, and the brazier and other articles of furniture, susceptible of receiving a polish, shone with the lustre of consummate housewifery.

When I got before the broad light of the balcony, which enjoyed the sunny exposure so essential, where artificial heat of a wholesome kind is not to be procured, I had an opportunity of examining the person

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of my patrona; and I saw at a glance that Florencia had taken effectual means to protect me against every temptation of the devil. Doña Lucretia, whose present, rather than whose past history, doubtless rendered her name an appropriate one, was a hale, happy old lady, of five-and-fifty or more, still struggling to keep young. She was plump and well conditioned, with, however, a neat little foot, which she had somehow managed to keep within the dimensions of a small shoe, though her good keeping hastened to show itself above, in a fat and unconstrained ankle. Her eye, too, had some remains of lustre, and the long habit of leering and casting love-glances, had left about it a certain lurking expression of roguery.

She was a native of Zamora, and had never married; not, by her account, for want of offers, for she had received many; but having seen that her father and mother had lived unhappily together, and her earliest recollections being of domestic disturbances, when the time arrived to think of this matter, and occasion called upon her to determine, for she told me, and I believed her, that she had been very handsome, she asked herself the question, "Shall I make the misery of my parents my own? or shall I not rather live singly blessed, taking only of matrimony the pleasures, without the encumbrance?" She determined on philosophic principles for a life of liberty, since, though she admitted that men were a very good and useful race of animals, she

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said she never yet had seen one whom she was willing to erect into a permanent lord and master.

Her present pastimes were suited to her age; a little gossip each morning with a toothless old dame who came to tell the parish news, of births, deaths, marriages, and murders, occupied the hour succeeding the domestic duties of the day, and went on without interruption, as the pipkin simmered with the daily puchero; on a feast-day, fan in hand, and mantilla duly adjusted, she would go in state to mass, taking the key of the door, and followed by the stout maid of all works, in the character of a dueña; at the bull-fight she never failed to attend, for she was a zealous *aficionada*; and almost nightly she went off to a *teatro casero*, a re-union for private theatricals, held in the inelegant barrier of Lavapies. The man who brushed my clothes and cleaned my boots, and between whom and the old lady there was a friendship of many years standing, was one of the principal actors. I went for curiosity to see one performance, and was astonished, not only at the very tolerable style of the acting, but also at the singularity of the whole circumstance, of people in an humble sphere of life, instead of spending the little superfluity of their earnings in getting drunk, or congregating together in places from which the other sex was excluded, thus combining to fit up, and paint with the greatest taste, a little theatre, where they not only played farces and danced the bolero, but even commenced

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regularly, as at the great theatres, by going through a solemn didactic piece. On this occasion they played the Telos de Menesses, an old Spanish tragedy of the cloak and sword, filled with the most exaggerated and nobly extravagant sentiments.

There was one lodger in the house besides myself, who occupied the room adjoining mine, and was a retired colonel in the army. As his was the only bed I discovered in rambling through the house, I was led to the conclusion that it carried double. He had been in the house no less than twenty-five years, and had grown old with the patrona, liking her, as she doubtless did him, from inveterate habit of association; their affection being of the sort which two broken-winded horses bear to each other, after drawing together for years with only a pole between them. The two furnished an example of the curious friendships one often sees on the Continent, between people who have allowed the spring and harvest-time of their existence to pass away, without surrounding themselves with those domestic endearments for the solace of the evening of life which marriage alone affords, and who lean upon each other rather from a horror of solitude, than out of love for each other.

Thus agreeably situated at home, I passed my mornings in witnessing the daily parade, when the guard was relieved in the palace, or in basking in the sunshine at my balcony, as I chatted with my old friend of the house adjoining, or looked down,

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with an interest that never flagged, on the stirring scenes of the Gate of the Sun. In the morning, peeple from the country thronged in with supplies for the markets, laden on mules or asses; and a long file of rude carts, made entirely of wood, without tires to the wheels, or iron of any sort, might be seen laden with charcoal, slowly drawn by starved cows or oxen, attempting the ascent of the street of Montera. As they advanced, the friction of the wheels sent forth a sort of bagpipe melody; sometimes the animals, not being shod, were unable to advance with their rudely constructed vehicles, and the poor boors from the country would be in sad distress. If fortunate, they would manage, by the aid of blows and curses, to get their poor beasts in motion again; or else they would stop altogether and be unable to go on, the mortification of the peasants being of course immeasurably increased, by the sneers of the idle dandies who looked on, and, who, instead of being prompted by benevolence to aid them, would ejaculate contemptuously upon Spanish barbarism, as exemplified in the rudeness of these wretched vehicles. My balcony enabled me, in fact, to witness all that was going on, and, as it were, to read the history of Madrid from day to day. When the market-people, and the venders of bread, meat, and vegetables had finished the business of the morning, the loungers and military dandies took possession of the Gate of the Sun. After a time, the

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Prado and the dinner hour would leave it once more empty; and in the evening it would again fill. At dark I would be called forth by the bell and the chant of the rosary, swelling and subsiding again into dead silence, to be renewed once more by the whole procession at the sounding of a bassoon; and at eight o'clock in the night, the regimental drums beating the retreat as they passed below, completed the series of exhibitions, and, while they summoned the military to their barracks, announced the completion of the day.

My whole time glided away, indeed, most agreeably in Madrid; indeed, to one peculiarly sensible to skyey influences, the transition from an atmosphere of rain, fog, and coal-smoke, to the unclouded brilliancy of a Spanish heaven, was alone inspiring. The surrounding objects, too, were all of a pleasing character. Through the kindness of the amiable and excellent lady of our minister, I obtained an introduction to the diplomatic circles, some members of which I had known on my previous visit to Spain, and I had always a home in the hospitable mansion of our own embassy. Although these circumstances had a great deal to do with the enjoyments of my residence in Madrid, occupied a portion of my time, and furnished me with a renewed opportunity of observing the higher branches of the Spanish aristocracy, who possess, in an eminent degree, the grace and dignity which characterize the manners of the whole nation, yet it forms no

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part of my purpose to describe any thing that I may have seen under these circumstances. It is a very common and very true remark, that well-bred people are everywhere the same. A description of them can of course have little of that dramatic interest which has its origin in picturesque and peculiar manners, or in the eccentricity and absurdities which are banished from polite circles. Besides, the writer of travels who feels like a gentleman, and this should be, though it is not, every such writer, must ever feel unwilling to describe people whom he could have had no opportunity of observing, but for acts of hospitality exercised towards himself. In my previous work on Spain, I only mentioned or alluded to those of the people I had seen, who might possibly be vain of the honour of appearing in print, or to whom it might be productive of benefit. I was happy, indeed, to find that I had been able to procure Don Valentine and his daughter a notoriety among American and English tourists, which brought them many lodgers, and for Don Diego abundance of pupils and good harvest of pesetas.

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CHAPTER XV.

POLITICAL ANECDOTES.

Ferdinand—Censorship of Morals—Teresa the Favourite—Zea Bermudez—The Succession—Council of Regency—Hypocrisy of Ferdinand—Fernandez del Pino—Cordova—Marquis of Amarillas—Duke of Alagon — Queen Regent — Carlotta — The Conservatory—Christina.

In the course of my intercourse with persons in some way connected with the affairs of the court, and especially with a very intelligent young countryman attached to our embassy, and familiar with all that had transpired during the last three or four eventful years, which have brought about such a complete revolution in the political condition of Spain, I became acquainted with many facts relating to Ferdinand, the late king, which place his character in an entirely different light from that in which I had before been accustomed to regard it. I had described him in my previous work as a stupid, slothful, and ignorant, but rather good-natured individual. But I now found that he had much natural cleverness, had read extensively, and was well acquainted with the laws of his country and with history generally. He had managed, too, with admirable tact, so to balance the opposing parties of the liberals and the absolutists, or rather

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the advocates of the church, as to keep every thing quiet, and maintain all the real power in his own hands. He did not labour, indeed, at all, for the prosperity and advancement of the happiness of Spain, but only for the stability and secure possession of his own despotic and undisputed sway. It must be owned, however, that by his last marriage, and his anxiety to leave the throne to an heir of his own body, he bequeathed to Spain a legacy of strife and contention, which the advantage gained by a premature transfer of the government from the hands of the church party to those of the liberals, may scarcely be able to compensate.

From having lived a very licentious life in his youth, Ferdinand became in late years exceedingly severe towards such as followed his early, rather than his later example. He exercised a rigorous censorship over the morals of the court, receiving and listening to complaints from husbands against their wives, and wives against their husbands and their husbands' paramours, sending the offenders, for one or more years, to the retirement of some obscure pueblo, or to read the lives of the saints, or sing penitential psalms, in the cloisters of a convent. These edicts of banishment were often revoked, on a display of penitence by the offending party, at the desire of a wife anxious to be restored to the arms of her repentant spouse, or upon the mutual stipulation of the parties to live well together, and lead in future an exemplary life, and

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set an example of dovelike attachment. There is much in all this to remind one of the singular state of society which existed in France, in the two or three reigns which preceded the revolution, when *lettres de cachet* were the order of the day, and the intrigues of peace-making dowagers would send a libertine to the Bastile until he was ready to bind himself in future to attend properly to all his domestic duties: in short, "*à bien vivre avec son épouse.*" In Spain, indeed, one might look in vain for the high refinement which then existed in the sister kingdom; for the wit, sprightliness, grace, and good taste, which gilded the immorality of her nobility, and for that polished form of existence which the country villas and chateaux exhibited, as we read of them in the light and sprightly memoirs of the time.

Every one has heard something of the curious career of Teresa, a French milliner, who, from exercising her art in the decoration of the young Queen's person, came at length to obtain such an influence over her mind as to make use of her interest with the King, not only to grant offices and confer promotion on such as previously took care to pay her, but even to influence the affairs of state. Teresa, in turn, had her favourite, who was, naturally enough, of the other sex, being an able-bodied officer of the royal body-guard. The King, in one of his joking moods, in humorous imitation of Hamlet, induced one of the players

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who was to act before the court in the private theatre of the Conservatory of Music, to introduce into his part a sly phrase, the purport of which was, that if any one wanted an office he must apply to Teresa. The power of this omnipotent *modista* was at length demolished, by the sturdy and obstinate efforts of Zea Bermudez, who insisted upon her banishment. The order was secretly issued, a carriage and post-mules prepared, and the favourite, roused from her bed in the dead of night, was hurried, half dressed, into the vehicle, and shot off, like a rocket, to the frontier. The exchange was the more unacceptable, that she had not been roused from a comfortless and solitary pillow; indeed, the scene which her chamber disclosed, when thus suddenly thrown open to inspection, was quite worthy to form an episode in the adventures of that quondam chronicler Gil Blas of Santillana.

Zea Bermudez, the Prime Minister, who was able thus to triumph over an intriguing female, who held, at the same time, the reins of fashion and of state, and who decided at once the colour of a riband and the fate of a public functionary, is a man of no common character and ability. Having raised himself, by his own commanding talents, from the pursuits of trade, so little esteemed in Spain, to the highest station, he was conspicuous alike for his capacity for business, and for great firmness of purpose and obstinate decision. He

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had also the much rarer quality, in a Spanish statesman, of integrity. Fully acquainted with the evils that oppressed his country, he had the sincerest desire to remove them, and introduce such salutary reform as the condition of Spain would sanction; he did not, however, think that she was fit for self-government, through the medium of popular representation, and was consequently no favourite with the liberals, by whom alone the young Queen could be supported in her rights, while with the church party he was even more detested, as they were all in favour of the succession of Carlos, who had been banished through his instrumentality. It is said, indeed, that nothing but the energy with which Zea held the reins of government, and developed and directed its power at the moment of Ferdinand's death, secured the succession of his daughter, confirmed the doubtful loyalty of the army and the captains-general of the provinces, and prevented an universal declaration in favour of Don Carlos.

There can be no hardihood in asserting, that had this prince possessed the prompt courage necessary to present himself to his partisans and to claim his rights, not only at this crisis, but for months afterwards, the mass of the nation would have declared in his favour, and he would have ascended his throne with less bloodshed than has since ensued. Perhaps his triumph by the aid of the church, and in opposition to the liberals, might

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have led to the perpetration of many atrocities in Spain; the scaffolds, of course, would have been busy everywhere to celebrate and secure the victory; and very likely the Inquisition might again have been established, as a sort of secret police, on the same footing as before the revolution of the Island of Leon. It is well, perhaps, then, that Carlos should not thus have ascended the throne, but it may well be questioned whether it would not have been better for the happiness of Spain, had Ferdinand not contracted his last marriage, and, by changing the law of succession, in rather a juggling and suspicious way, entailed upon his country a civil war, whose horrors have already more than redeemed the doubtful advantage of giving precedence to opinions which are not the prevailing ones in Spain, and introducing into it institutions which are not in harmony with the wants, the wishes, and the prejudices of the majority. Had Carlos succeeded naturally, and with out opposition, to the crown, the country would at least have escaped from a disputed succession and from civil war. He is said, moreover, to be an amiable, honest, and conscientious man; and the extreme mildness of his character, rendered so evident by late events, would have perhaps furnished a security against any ultra attempts at persecution, which might excite to revolt, or his putting down liberal opinions by cruelty and oppression. As to the abstract question of the rights of the individual,

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it is of no consequence to me or to my countrymen, who have little faith in the divine right of kings, and no respect whatever for the inviolability of their property in the soil and its inhabitants.

But to return to Ferdinand: it must be owned that, having determined to leave the succession to his daughter, and a legacy of contention to the liberals and apostolicals, whom he equally disliked, he made a very judicious selection of the Council of Regency, when, reflecting that the latter would be in favour of Carlos, and that his daughter would have to depend for support on the opposite party, he chose her advisers almost entirely from among them. Several individuals named in his will were in banishment, and one of them, Garelli, opposite to whose name he is said to have made a note—"*El mejor ministro que he tenido*—the best minister I ever had"—had been persecuted by him for his liberal opinions, and was actually in such a state of obscurity at the time when the King's death called him to so elevated a station, that he was obliged to keep a school for his support.

It is a well known fact, that the system of peculation exercised now, as in the days of Gil Blas, by public functionaries in Spain, extends not only from the minister with fifty titles to the lowest aduanero, but has even, in Ferdinand's case at least, been shared in by the King himself; for in all the sales of monopolies and in farming out the revenues, he was wont, before consenting to a bargain and affixing his

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royal name, to ask and hear satisfactorily answered the sordid question—*que servicio para mi?* and a minister somewhat honester than the rest is known to have lost his office for resisting, on one occasion, so base a requisition. But perhaps the most striking characteristic of Ferdinand was his proneness to treachery and hypocrisy. An anecdote, strongly illustrative of this, is related of him in his conduct to Fernandez del Pino, a very able and intelligent statesman, who was Minister of Grace and Justice during the administration of Zea, and who was dismissed on account of being of too liberal politics for the prime minister. During a council, or some court assembly, one morning, in the palace, the King had been particularly civil to Fernandez del Pino, and when he was about to leave, addressed him very kindly, and ended by saying, as he patted him on the back, "Oh! that I had a thousand friends like you, del Pino!—*Ojala que tuviera mil hombres como tu, Fernandez!*" The delighted minister, overwhelmed with the royal kindness, and swelling with exultation, bowed himself out; but the moment his back was turned, the facetious monarch, leering, winking, and looking round to his courtiers, made the contemptuous exclamation, "*toma!*" accompanied by a vulgar and obscene motion of the arm, only in use among the lowest Spaniards. That night Fernandez del Pino had an interview with the King, parted kindly, very likely, with the present of a cigar from the royal

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mouth, and leaving his office at eleven o'clock, at half-past one the same night he received his dismissal, and an order to go instantly into banishment.

During the time of the Constitution, Ferdinand, while he pretended to acquiesce in it, was yet intriguing, and using every effort to overturn it. By the aid of a very brave young officer in the cavalry of the guard, by the name of Cordova, he projected a rising among the troops, to put down the Constitution. On the day appointed, Cordova rode into the palace-yard, at the head of some soldiers of his own corps, whom he had gained over, shouting, "*Viva el rey absoluto!*" Instead of being joined by the rest of the guards, they were attacked and borne down by superior forces, and, notwithstanding the courage with which they fought, were ridden over and cut to pieces. Meantime, Ferdinand, who witnessed the transaction from his palace window, seeing that the attempt was to have an unsuccessful result, and dreading lest his complicity should be suspected, bawled out at the top of his voice, "*A ellos!*—At them; cut them to pieces! Do not spare one of the rascals!" One can scarce conceive any thing in Eastern treachery more consummate and more refined; the massacre of the Mamelukes is not worthy to be named with it, for the Mamelukes were the enemies of their executioner; perhaps it may be regarded as even more infamous than that delusive treachery which tempted his own quondam page and favourite

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Torrijos to land on the coast of Andalusia, and when the news came that he and his followers were snugly caught in the net which a well-chosen agent had spread for them, suggested the characteristic despatch—"Let them be shot. I, the King—*Que los fusilan. Yo el Rey.*" As for Cordova, he escaped the massacre of the palace-yard, where he fought with the greatest bravery, and after languishing in prison until the overthrow of the constitution by the French, he was borne at once to a high military station, being promoted, at a single step, from captain or lieutenant to mariscal de campo. At the death of the King he represented him as Minister to Portugal, and has since taken service under the Queen's government, and distinguished himself against the Carlists in Navarre.

Having related so many anecdotes calculated to place the character of Ferdinand in an odious light, it will be no more than fair to give him an opportunity, like a prisoner upon trial, to speak last in his own defence, by mentioning an instance in which he behaved with great magnanimity. It seems, that on some remote occasion, he did or said something in the presence of his courtiers, which gave offence to the Marquis of Amarillas, a distinguished nobleman and military officer. Amarillas, in the indignation of the moment, could not help exclaiming to one who stood near him, "*Que bruto es ese hombre!*"—what a beast that man is!"

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Ferdinand overheard the imprudent exclamation, but took no notice of it at the moment, though he remembered it ever after. Indeed, it is not likely that kings hear themselves thus frankly spoken of so often, that it should make no impression on them. He did not, however, visit the offence either with open punishment or secret persecution, but simply left the offender unemployed; and the fact of his having overheard this remark remained unknown, until, when pressed by some minister to employ so distinguished an officer, and make use of his talents, he consented, but at the same time stated his reason for not employing him at Madrid, or in any situation near his person, while giving him a command in one of the provinces, I think that of captain-general of the kingdom of Seville. While he was unwilling to sacrifice his own insulted feelings as a king and as a man, still he would not, on that account, deprive the state of the advantage to be derived from the service of Amarillas; and, in making his will, he also appointed him to the high station of member of the Council of Regency.

Two persons alone are said to have evinced any sorrow at the event of Ferdinand's death; one of them being Don Francisco, the king's younger brother, to whom, as well as to Don Carlos, he was most sincerely attached; the other was the old Duke of Alagon, who had, I believe, been the tutor of Ferdinand in his boyhood; and, at all events,

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was his inseparable companion during his confinement in Valencay, and ever afterwards. His friendship had been of that entire and unqualified description, which does not stop to ask questions of its own dignity, but only desires to know in what way it may be useful. The grief of this man for the loss of his master, is such, perhaps, as only one who has grown grey in the sunshine of royal favour, and in a life of adulation and pandering to the tastes of others, can appreciate. The venerable courtier is said to have remained utterly comfortless after the death of Ferdinand, and was frequently found in secret shedding tears at his bereavement. Later accounts, however, give us the hope that he is in a fair way to recover his equanimity, since he is said to maintain his favour with the widowed Queen, and to be striving to merit her regard, by rendering himself useful to her, after the same fashion in which he had served her husband.

As for the Queen Regent herself, it is not very reasonable that she should feel much regret at the loss of a husband who was actually in a state of decomposition before his death. She is said, however, to have acquitted herself most creditably of all her duties towards him, down to the latest moment, attending personally to all his wants, notwithstanding the disgusting object which he had become, and continuing to share his bed, and to watch over his pillow, with a tenderness and a so-

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licitude which belong exclusively to the female character, and of which she has shown that she had a woman's share.

Since the death of Ferdinand, Christina is said to have evinced, in several instances, much energy and courage. On the occasion of the sedition which occurred in Madrid, when the royalist volunteers were disarmed, she was desirous to mount her horse and ride to the scene of danger, but of course this wish was resisted. Her riding, be it said in passing, is quite the admiration of Madrid, where females are not often seen on horseback. In energy, however, she is far exceeded by her elder sister, Luisa Carlotta, the wise of Don Francisco, since to her is she in no small degree indebted for the succession of her daughter, and for the position which she now occupies as Queen Regent. When the King became sick at La Granga, in August of 1832, he was prevailed upon to repeal his will, and leave the crown to Carlos. Soon after he fell into a trance, and was supposed to be dead, during which every thing was arranged by the ministers to proclaim Don Carlos, and Christina herself acquiesced in the act which was to deprive her daughter of a crown, and herself of the enjoyment of supreme power during a long minority. In the mean time the King came to life again, to the astonishment of everybody, and the disappointment of many. Luisa Carlotta, too, who had been travelling with her husband in

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Andalusia, now returned. She began by boxing Calomarde's ears very literally, for not acquainting her with the passing events; changed all the arrangements, procured the restoration of the original will, banished all those who had taken part in the scheme, and been too hasty in offering their allegiance to the new king, and violently upbraided her sister for a weakness which rendered her unworthy to reign. The stage itself never witnessed, indeed, a more complete shifting of scenes, and sudden reversal of an expected and probable catastrophe.

As no courts were to be held during my stay in Madrid, on account of the mourning for the King, I had to be satisfied with such an opportunity of seeing the Queen as could otherwise be found. There is in Madrid a conservatory of music, established by Christina herself, and under her especial patronage, into which are admitted all young persons of both sexes who are noticed in any part of Spain to possess musical talent, and who here have the benefit of a thorough musical education. Their general education is also attended to, and such as show an aptness for the stage, have an opportunity of improving it. Once a week, during the winter, an entertainment was given here by the Queen, at which the nobility, and those connected with the court, were admitted; and by the kindness of the lady of our minister, I was able to witness one of these exhibitions.

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The little theatre where they took place was fitted up with great neatness, simplicity, and good taste; the curtain, which was very beautiful, represented a scene on the Tagus, at Aranjuez. The members of the school, whom I had often seen walking on the Prado, in procession, were arranged in front; the young men rather absurdly dressed, in elegantly embroidered coats, cocked hats, and swords, and the girls in shawls and bonnets; the hats and bonnets were, however, now equally laid aside, and the pupils of both sexes wore the Queen's favourite colour, known in Spain as the Christina blue. At the appointed hour, the clatter of many hoofs in the street, and, soon after, the clang of sabres and halberds falling on the marble pavement of the stairway and galleries, and shouts of "Long live Christina!" mingling with the stern orders of the military officers, announced the arrival of the queen. All rose to receive her, and she presently entered, accompanied by Don Francisco and Don Sebastian, with her two sisters, their wives. As she advanced up the passage to her seat, she was received with enthusiastic vivas and waving of fans, which she returned with a rare grace, and a captivating smile of recognition directed to those whom she distinguished. Her height is good, and she is extremely well formed, though inclining to become large. She was dressed with great simplicity and good taste, in black, with jet ornaments, and a panache in her hair, which

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was dressed *à la Chinoise.* Though her nose was somewhat larger than is necessary, and, withal, slightly *rétroussée,* yet the style of her face was decidedly good, and the effect of the whole, enhanced by a sweet air of amiability and goodness of heart, was quite captivating. She did not take her seat on the species of throne, surmounted by a canopy, which was placed at one side, but on the front rank of benches, which happened to be only two immediately in advance of that on which I was sitting. The three princesses were attended by their chamberlains, among whom I noticed particularly one, on whose arm hung the queenis pelisse of velvet and costly furs, and who was a very noble-looking man, with a classical cast of countenance, and a pale complexion, contrasting strongly with his black and nicely-defined mustache, and a full dark eye, which, while it reposed languidly within its lid, seemed capable of lighting up and kindling with excitement and fire. His plain dress of black, with no other ornament than the gold key which designated his office, corresponded with the simplicity and striking character of his whole person. On inquiry, I was told that his name was Muñoz, whom it was impossible not to look on as a most happy fellow, to hold an office of the kind about the person of so charming a lady. When the curtain rose, there was a variety of music, singing, and a play, in which the pupils acted, with the aid of the tragedian La Torre, from the theatre of the

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Principe. Though the acting was the best I had seen in Madrid, I was not sufficiently interested in it, not to find a much greater pleasure in looking at the queen. Her head was finely shaped with a couple of little ears fitting nicely and tightly on either side; the first pair, indeed, that ever struck me as having any beauty; then her neck was so swan-like and faultless, and it so gradually and naturally spread out, and expanded into such a noble foundation, increasing at each instant in beauty and charms, until it disappeared vexatiously beneath the dress which concealed it; but, above all, when she turned her head, as she did from time to time, to notice and salute the ladies about her, her countenance so lit up with smiles, and became radiant with sweetness and amiability, that I could not keep from feeling towards her a degree of reverence and enthusiastic admiration, which was less a homage to her grandeur and proud condition as a queen, than to her exceeding loveliness as a woman.

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CHAPTER XVI.

BULLS.

First Horror of the Uninitiated—Programma—A Fight—The Amphitheatre—Opening the Feast—Procession of Fighters—The Hangman—The Alguazils—Winter Sport Bad—A Fierce Bull—Sevilla the Picador—The Encounter—A Disgraced Matadore—Pedro Sanchez—Close.

THOUGH the theatre was not sufficiently good to attract me often during my stay of a month in Madrid, yet I lost no occasion of attending the national sport of the bull-fight. There were, I think, three courses extraordinary, as they are called, during the carnival, being conceded expressly, by the grace of the Queen, for the benefit of the Hospital of San Carlos. It is a remarkable fact, that strangers, who are ever shocked and disgusted at the first bull-fight they witness—and I remember once seeing a fighting friend, who burnt powder with unbounded gusto, made sick at the stomach by it—gradually learn to look at others with less abhorrence, until they come at length to feel a decided interest in this bloody and dangerous sport: and while they satisfy their consciences with the reflection that it would still go on without their attendance; that human beings would still continue

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to put their lives in jeopardy; that the horses would still be gored and torn to pieces, and the bulls tortured and put to death, whatever might be their bravery and resistance, determine most innocently to have the full benefit of the exciting spectacle.

It is impossible for it, indeed, to go on without your knowledge, for the immense handbill which announces it, and which, by covering more space than those of all the theatres and masquerades put together, shows its superior importance, stares you in the face at every corner, while the crowd of persons who gather round to read the programma of the bulls, the picadors, and the swordsmen, who are to figure on the occasion, and anticipate the pleasure which is in store for them, awaken within you a feeling of sympathetic interest and expectation. For the benefit of such inferior tatterdemalions as cannot procure the trifling sum which is necessary for admission, it is moreover announced, that the bulls will be in the accustomed spot on the preceding vespers, to be driven thence to the stalls of the arena, where thousands of the lowest orders go to witness the gratuitous exhibition of the *encierro*, to speculate on the qualities of the animals, the prospects of bloody sport, and, by their whoops, fluttering of cloaks, throwing of stones, and the free use of their cudgels, to furnish the frantic beasts with a foretaste of the tortures that await them.

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Should the conspicuous handbill have escaped your attention, it will not fail to be awakened by other circumstances. When the day arrives, the shops, being closed at the hour of dinner and siesta, are no more re-opened, for shopkeeper and artisan, citizen and soldier, blending their sympathies, and moved by one common impulse, are seen pouring from all the remote quarters of the capital to the common thoroughfare of the Gate of the Sun. Thence they direct their steps towards the Prado, and the wide street of Alcala scarce suffices to give passage to the swollen current, which extends, one vast river of human heads, to where the view at length terminates, at the outlet of the Gate of Alcala. There is nothing left for a quiet person, disposed to go with the crowd, and do like his neighbours, when once caught in the vortex, but to abandon himself to the onward movement and float forward.

Such were the ideas that occurred to me on the first day of the fight, as I took my way down the street of Alcala, at the appointed hour. It was not, however, by accident, or at all reluctantly, that I went. My two American friends were with me, and we had taken care to secure ourselves comfortable seats in the *sombra*, or at the shady side, to avoid the sun, which, in the middle of winter, was still sufficiently powerful to be annoying. As we went on, the crowd thickened from the evenues of the Prado, whence those who had com-

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pleted the daily promenade repaired to the more stirring entertainment without the gates. Here, too, we were joined by many coaches, antiquated or gay, and drawn by mules or horses; the calesines, from which peered out the happy and expecting faces of pretty Manolas, hurried by at a rapid rate; the lively Andalusian drivers running by the side of the horse, and holding to his head-stall. One or two majos, mounted on fine Xerezano, or Cordovese horses, with their sweethearts, instead of remaining neglected and unnoticed, on a pillion behind, more gallantly accommodated in front and on the lap, tightly embraced the buxom mistresses of their affections with one arm, while with the other they reined their steeds, by the aid of a powerful bit, into an easy amble. We had just reached the amphitheatre when the Infantes drove up in their state carriages, drawn by beautiful horses, guided by gaily-dressed jockeys. A picket of the cuirassiers of the guard, stationed there to keep the peace, received them with military honours, and soon after, alighting and delivering their horses over to the less fortunate few who were appointed to take care of them, hastened within to enjoy gratuitously, from doorways and corridors, the sports of the occasion.

The scene within was not the less grand and striking to me from its past familiarity. More than ten thousand people were arranged in regular gradation round the circle, forming an interminable

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series, around which the eye ranged in vain search of any break or limit on which to repose itself, within the vortex of human heads. The whole assemblage was actuated by a common sentiment of loyalty towards the princes who had just entered, which evinced itself in waving of hats and handkerchiefs, familiar beckoning with the fan, on the part of the females, and loudly resounding acclamations and vivas; the general joy at their arrival being no doubt greatly enhanced by the impatience which all felt to hail the opening of the entertainment.

When the Infante Don Francisco had seated himself, the Corregidor of Madrid, who presided over the sports as the representative of the young Queen, made signal for the entry of the alguazils. They immediately rode into the arena, in the rich black Spanish dress of former times, with short cloak, plumed hat, and their wands of office in their hands. Their beautiful barbed horses were housed in the Moorish style, and reined back upon their haunches by the heavy bits, which threw spirit and grace into all their movements. Having saluted the princes and the corregidor, and cleared the lists, they proceeded, by two opposite gates, to introduce the mounted picadors on one side, and the matadores, heading their respective bands of light-footed and gaily-dressed chulos, at the other. Each man, as he passed the threshold of that arena from which he might be dragged away

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a corpse, was seen to cross himself, according to devout usage. I had never seen such a fine exhibition of bull-fighters as now moved in procession, to make their obeisance before the royal box. The dresses were all new, and of the richest and most tastefully contrasted colours, black and white, green and gold, blue and silver, each chulo, moreover, bearing over his arm a light cloak of taffeta, purple, scarlet, or azure, calculated, by its gaudy hue, to attract the attention of the enraged and irritated animals, whose tortures we were all so impatient to witness. The horses, too, were much better looking than I had been in the habit of seeing on such occasions, an improvement which, my young countryman informed me, had been brought about by the criticisms of the press, which had now recovered a certain liberty of animadversion.

And now the *verdugo*, or common hangman, was introduced, amid the groans, shrill whistling, and execrations of the populace. He came to receive the key of the toril, which, as he knelt before the royal box, was thrown to him by the corregidor. Having received it, he departed, to give egress to the bulls, saluted by a renewed exhibition of the ill-will and detestation of the canalla, who thus sought to take satisfaction in advance for the insult he was likely to offer one day to many of them, when he should adjust the iron collar of the garrote to their necks, or take a ride upon their shoulders

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in the Place of Barley. As the bull furiously entered, the alguazils hastened to escape, putting their horses to full speed. In going out, they also received a share of the same epithets which had been so freely bestowed upon their brother worthy, the hangman, whose office begins with the culprit at the point where theirs terminates. The alguazils are, moreover, employed to levy fines, and distrain upon the poor, and, as they are great miscreants, who use the arm of justice about as conscientiously as the myrmidons of a Turkish pacha, they are looked on in any thing but an amiable light by the mob, who avail themselves of their moment of liberty, as they sit in judgment on the benches of the amphitheatre, to vent their hatred, against the baser instruments of a despotism which sits in unheeded supremacy above them.

Having in my former work endeavoured to describe a bull-fight which I saw in Spain, under much more interesting circumstances than the present, I will not trouble either the reader or myself with any detailed account of this. The fact is, the bulls were not good, as all the ladies present admitted; that is, they were not all fierce, nor disposed to pursue and kill the men and horses that assailed them. In summer, the health and vigour which they acquire on the sides of the Sierra Morena, or in the rich pastures of the Guadiana, the heat of the season inflaming the blood, and the maddening irritation which they feel at being sepa-

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rated from the sleek and comely companions of their woodland wanderings, to be driven over dusty roads, without food or water, to the dark seclusion and cruel tortures of the toril, all tend to develop the fiercer qualities of a brave and generous animal, and render him as cruel as man, his persecutor. In winter, however, he has less bodily vigour and irritability of blood, and all the tortures which are practised upon him, by slitting his ears, and driving in his neck the barb which bears the device indicative of the race from which he is sprung, do not suffice to render him fierce and impetuous. He is, on this account, the more difficult to attack. The chulos, in affixing the banderillas, instead of availing themselves of a bold onset, when the bull closes his eyes, and rushes in a straight line upon them, are obliged to run past him, at the risk of being transfixed by an irregular motion of the horns. During the fight, the *banderillas a fuego*, which contained fire-works, were applied, on the call of the audience, to almost every bull. They went off with a report like that of a scattering volley of musketry, and produced a momentary fury, which, in most instances, sufficed to excite the attack which the office of the matadore required.

Only one bull displayed straight forward courage and fury, overturning in succession both picadors, breaking in the resistance of their lances, and lifting horse and rider completely from the ground. The arena was thus entirely cleared, and three

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measured strokes upon the benches, made simultaneously by the whole audience, with staves, and stamping of the feet, were kept up as applause to the bull, until another picador had ridden into the arena. On raising the fallen horses, it was discovered that one of the picadors was lifeless; but this excited no very great astonishment, and only a temporary display of sympathy. He was dragged out of the arena, and another, who had been watching outside of the barrier, in the hope of seeing one of his companions killed or disabled, and his services required, by which he would gain an ounce, instead of five dollars, for simply holding himself in readiness, hastened to mount and ride into the arena. The other picador, by name Sevilla, being also extricated, and his horse dragged by the bridle and lifted on his legs again, was now able to remount; it being found that by stuffing tow into the deep gore in the horse's side, so as to prevent the effusion of blood, he would be able to hold out a little longer, and, perhaps, save the hospital the expense of another horse, by receiving two death wounds instead of one, and being thus doubly killed in the cause of humanity.

Urging his horse along, by dint of spur, and by beating him with his heavy lance, to the great applause of the audience, Sevilla, who was the darling of the amphitheatre, and who deserved to be so, for never was there a better picador, got himself in front of his comrade, and commenced at-

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tracting the attention of the bull, by shaking his bridle at him, calling him vile names, and laughing him to scorn. Some of the audience applauded his bravery, but the more knowing ones reproved him for attacking out of his turn. "*A fuera Sevilla! a ti no te toca! lo denasiado bueno es malo!*" cried one of the critics. His lance, however, was poised, and the bull, depressing his horns, commenced the onset. No picador ever turned a bull with greater dexterity than Sevilla. He would have succeeded, too, on this occasion, but his already wounded horse, though blinded, having an idea of the danger, just then turned to escape, with what little strength remained to him; the lance shivered, and the bull, breaking in, continued his onset. Sevilla had now the presence of mind to throw down his hat to take off the attention of the infuriated animal; but he kept on, caught the horse on both horns, and throwing his head frantically back, brought him over at his feet. Sevilla, half hidden under the animal, lay struggling beneath his nose. At that moment a chulo darted by: throwing his purple cloak into the face of the conqueror, he turned away in pursuit of the new enemy, who thus dared to brave him, and the life of Sevilla was respited. The poor horse, with his hind leg broken, was unable again to rise. He lay calmly, with his head erect, looking round, and with a dumb expression of anguish, which but imperfectly expressed the torture he was suffering, as his life's blood

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ebbed away, and the indignation he was entitled to feel, if such a thing were permitted to a horse, at the long continued ingratitude, concluding in so cruel a death, by which man had requited his devotion to his service. The first use which Sevilla made of his legs, on regaining them, was to bestow as hearty a kick as the encumbrance of his armour would allow, upon the uplifted head of the poor animal. This proof of his unshaken courage and presence of mind, as well as of his brutality, was received with immense applause.

It was the easiest thing in the world to kill such a bull as this, for he was a decided *claro*. The matadore, having presented himself before the Infante, brought one knee to the ground, demanding permission to kill that bull in his honour, and, finally, having thrown his cocked hat away, walked boldly to where the animal was dashing wildly about in the hands of the tantalizing chulos. His first rush at the *moleta*, or blood-red banner, was harmless to himself and to the matadore; at the second, the sword was poised, with its point directed behind the shoulder, and, in an instant, all but the handle was hidden in his body. One fearful groan followed, and announced that the seat of life had been invaded; he snorted blood, pawed the ground with a remnant of fury, and made one more rush at the jeering matadore; then the blood began to run more freely from his mouth; he moaned piteously, and, standing less firmly on his legs, began to falter

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and stagger. "*Estais borracho acaso?*" said one of the rabble, and soon after his head wavered; he looked as if the amphitheatre were swimming around him, and began to move rapidly backwards, to keep himself on his legs, but presently they refused to sustain him, and he came heavily to the ground. And now the amphitheatre resounded with shouts and the beating of the benches, in honour of the victor. Wiping his sword on the moleta, he took his way to the royal box, kneeled again, and received a nod of approbation. The clamorous mob, not content with such testimonials of favour as words conveyed, now threw their hats at his feet. He picked up each, and made an obeisance, as he threw it back to its owner.

The other bulls were cowardly and shy, and, therefore, difficult to kill. One of them, indeed, a silly thing, not only leaped the barrier, and came down among the orange and water men, but actually attempted, afterwards, to jump over Sevilla's horse, alighting on his neck, at which Sevilla laughed as heartily as any of the spectators. It happened that one of the matadores was a great bungler, so that half a dozen blows were struck, without killing the very shy bull which he had to deal with. The audience, upon this, became most clamorous. One tells him to make haste, that it is growing late, that the diversion is delayed; another, emboldened by the importance of having paid ten cents at the door, that he is robbing him of his

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money; while an old woman, sitting near me, assured him in a loud shrill tone, that he was as fit to fight bulls as she was, and that he had better, a great deal, go to the tavern of Tio Pelao, and call for a bottle, which he might possibly have the courage to empty. Meantime, the words *ladron*, *grandisimo tunate*, *bribon*, and *cobarde*, resounded in a discordant chorus on all sides, as the mob, taking advantage of their security and numbers, insulted the man who was at the very moment exposing his life for their amusement. At length their impatience became ungovernable; and, although the poor fellow presently succeeded in killing the bull, they ordered him out of the arena, with cries of "*afuera! afuera! hombre de poca verguenza! à la carcel!*" ordering him, as a man wholly without shame, to be sent to prison, where, indeed, unsuccessful bullfighters are often confined for weeks, by the general verdict of the whole amphitheatre, formed into a self-constituted jury.

The remaining bulls were killed by Pedro Sanchez, a matadore little known to fame, but who, nevertheless, aspired to the highest honours of the arena, in the absence of the great Montez, the Talma of the profession. This Sanchez, indeed, made up in fearless courage and utter contempt of death, what he might want in skill. If the bull would not attack him, he attacked the bull, advancing upon him, and lounging like a fencer, attempting to strike the spine, or else to bury the

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sword in the back, which is, beyond measure, difficult, where the impetus of the bull's career in rushing forward is wanting. Some of the audience applauded his courage, others reproached his temerity. The sequel showed that the disapproving critics were right. In one of these unaccustomed thrusts, not sanctioned by any rule to be found in the treatises on the science of tauromachy, Sanchez received a blow on the arm from the bull's horn, as he tossed his head about. His sword was thrown to a distance, and he fell helpless at the feet of the animal, which might have finished him by a single toss of the head. The excitement throughout the amphitheatre was excessive. "*Que barbaridad!*" exclaimed a woman near me, clasping her hands; an expression which might either apply to the singularity of the attack, the temerity of the matadore, or the danger of his situation, it being employed on every possible occasion; at the rapture occasioned by the sudden sight of a beautiful horse, or of a lovely woman.

The sympathy of the audience was, however, soon relieved; for, seeing that this bull would not meet his adversary in fair and open fight, he was now doomed to die feloniously, by a dishonourable weapon. Two measured claps of the hand were heard in different parts of the amphitheatre, until at length the whole audience joined simultaneously in the din, and it became tremendous. This was the signal for the *media luna*, a sharp instrument,

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in the shape of a half moon, which is affixed at the middle to the end of a long pole, having the hollow part outwards. An inferior bullfighter, a common butcher, indeed, the same whose office it is to despatch the bull after he is down, by a dagger-blow behind the horns, now entered the arena with this dreadful weapon. Getting behind the bull, he stole stealthily upon him, unperceived, and, poising and directing his weapon above the joint of one of his hind legs, severed the hamstring at a blow. I never saw any thing more piteous than the appearance of the poor brute, when he found the support of his limb thus removed; struggling to keep up on the other three, and even to escape, he shook the mutilated member convulsively, and moaned and bellowed in tones which would have conveyed the idea of agony to any ear, however unaccustomed to the expressive groans of tortured animals. Seizing the bull by the tail, the vulgar murderer now brought him to the ground, and drove his dagger deep into the spine. One convulsive shudder passed over his frame, and he became motionless. The mules were called in, and he disappeared, amid clouds of dust, and the opprobrious exclamations of the multitude.

On leaving the amphitheatre, we were again struck with the singular spectacle presented in the street of Alcala, by the departing audience, who, looked down upon at a slight angle, concealed every portion of the street, and left nothing but hu-

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man heads anywhere visible. As we walked on, we were overtaken by the picadors, riding home to spend the evening in the carousal of the tavern. Sevilla had managed, with his usual address, so to protect his horse, as to be able to ride him out of the amphitheatre, by the aid of a little tow stuffed in his wounds, like shot-plugs in a sinking vessel, at the end of an engagement; the beast thus brought away alive becoming his own, by the rules of the arena. To our no small astonishment, too, old Bernardo Botella, the picador whom we had supposed beyond the reach of either leech or shriving chaplain, to administer the extreme unction, and bid him God-speed on his journey to heaven, now came riding along, though pale, dusty, and down in the mouth. He was, doubtless, purposing to take a hint from his own name, and seek comfort and solace for his bruised body in something else besides that balsam of Fierabras, which Don Quixote used as a remedy for every disorder. I could not help thinking, as I recollected the way in which he fell under the horse, and the lifeless condition in which he was dragged away, that a cat is not the only animal which has nine lives, and that a bullfighter is scarce less well provided.

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE CARNIVAL.

Masquerades—La Vida Tunantesca—Poverty and Extravagance—Casa de Abrantes—Ecarté—Love—Dancing and Flirtation—Sleep—Morning—The Fainting Madrilena—The Street—Lent—Cheap Pleasure—Royal and Republican Canal-Diggers—Feast on the Manzanares—Burial of the Sardinia.

During the carnival, there were a few balls in private houses, which were very much like the same thing anywhere else. The masquerade-balls in public succeeded each other rapidly, and were held at various prices, to suit the convenience of the emptiest purse; in large rooms, decorated with an attempt at elegance, at the different theatres, or coffee-houses; and in humbler places in the poor and remote barriers. Towards the close of the carnival, masquerading became the occupation of the whole capital, and the streets were thronged from twilight to sunrise, with guitar-strumming, singing, and masquerading groups, who were not unfrequently set upon by robbers in the midst of their merriment, and stripped of their party-coloured and gay plumage, which furnished valuable plunder to the freebooters, at a time when such articles were at a premium. Many a Greek and Roman soldier thus tamely allowed himself to be despoiled

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of his armour, and unbelieving Moors were glad to cross themselves, and beg for mercy in the name of the Virgin.

Perhaps the most amusing group which I saw during the carnival was formed by a party of poor students, who had strayed from Valladolid or Salamanca, to pass the season of festivity more joyously in the capital, but who, being poor in pocket, were forced to resort to mendicity as a means of enriching themselves, and procuring funds for the purchase of tickets to the masquerade, where they always appeared in their own costume, in itself a sufficiently grotesque one. They gave, however, something besides thanks for the coppers that were doled to them, being all of them good musicians, or the possessors of sonorous voices; and thus, while some played on flutes, others touched their guitars, and sang in sweet accompaniment of each other, pausing under a balcony, where they were fortunate enough to attract the attention of its female occupant, and introducing ingeniously into their song some impromptu, in praise of the beauty of the inmate, which, if it had the effect of suffusing her cheeks with blushes, also brought down the return of some slight contribution.

I chanced to see these youths, several of whom were handsome, though all were ragged, one day from the balcony of an artist of distinction, with whom I had made acquaintance; at the adjoining window were a couple of handsome women, whose

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praises they were singing; one of the party was holding his tattered hat to receive the recompensing coppers, while, at the other side of the street, a youth, with a singularly beautiful countenance, was kneeling, with quite as much of the devotion of love as of the humility of a mercenary suppliant, in the path of a graceful and gliding Andalusian, well known to every frequenter of the Prado, who was just sallying forth in search of adventures, like a privateer beginning its cruise. The whole group appeared most picturesque to both of us; and the painter, who was not too familiar with the sight to be unfitted to appreciate its picturesque peculiarity, made, in a few minutes, a masterly sketch of it, which he was kind enough to give to me, and an engraving from which forms the vignette to this volume.

During the carnival, it gave rise to many singular reflections in my mind, to contrast the display of luxury which Madrid then presented, with the general poverty of the provinces, and with the idle, unemployed character of its own population. In no place, perhaps, is the taste for show and outward display kept up so entirely at the expense of domestic comfort. Many poor nobles, with the most insignificant income, the mere tithe of what industry might procure them, if their pride permitted them to exercise it, ride about in antique carriages, drawn by starved mules, rode by an equally starved postillion, who, at home, if their

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wretched habitation is worthy of the name, suffer the greatest inconveniences from day to day. Many families, too, of poor placemen, expecting *pretendientes*, and half-pay officers, remain starving from cold, and the want of a sufficient and wholesome diet, throughout the year, to appear well-dressed at the paseo, and trick out in the gay garb of an Asturiana, the nurse, who at home is the maid of all works, while the child which she carries is doomed to be dwarfed, to the end of its days, for the want of a healthy nourishment. When I saw, indeed, such crowds of gay and well-dressed people thronging to the masquerades, I could not but feel melancholy at the misery which many of them were preparing for themselves, and at the reflection, that they were too often swallowing, in a single gilded mouthful, the food which should have sustained them for many days.

Nevertheless, the ball which concluded the carnival was such a brilliant one, that it would have required much self-denial in any one who could get a ticket, to remain away. That night, there were no less than twenty public masquerades in Madrid; but that of the Casa de Abrantes brought together no less than fourteen hundred persons, including, in the number, all the rank of the capital. A private ball had been given the same night, and the nobility availed themselves of the excuse, to repair, towards one o'clock, to the public one, without masks, and glittering with diamonds. The

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scene, altogether, was brilliant in the extreme, and I think I never, on any other occasion in Spain, saw so many beautiful women. The dresses, too, representing the various picturesque costumes of the Peninsula, were extremely beautiful, and the dancers moved to a charming music, with a seductive grace which was wholly Spanish. The house where this ball was given was the magnificent hotel of some rich nobleman, the grandee, I believe, whose name it bore. The whole suite of rooms was thrown open and brilliantly lighted, so that there was abundant space, even for so vast a crowd as was there assembled. The furniture all remained, and ottomans, fauteuils, pictures, and glasses, were scattered about, to accommodate the person and please the eye. In one room gambling was extensively carried on, by the aid of monte and ecarté. I happened to approach the ecarté table, where one person, who had won for himself and his backers a large sum of money, had still possession of his seat, having passed no fewer than twelve times. I remained to look on, and he actually continued to win six times longer. "*Diez y ocho veces! Que barbaridad!*"—said a lean-looking Spaniard, who had been losing his money. In the tocador, or toilet-room, there was a pairing off by common consent. The conversation between the parties was often most earnest. One couple had their faces turned towards each other, their masks half averted, and their hands clasped together, as if in record of

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a promise. Beside the seat of the lady was a little boy, dressed as a majo, and a girl of eight, attired as a female warrior. Perhaps they were her children; they were both asleep on the carpet. In the corner sat a Roman soldier in a deep sleep. He remained in that situation many hours. Having never yet been able to remain to the end of one of these balls, and being determined to do so on this occasion, I took courage at the example of the Roman soldier, and, throwing myself back in a musing attitude in a fauteuil, so as to appear lost in contemplation, soon went to sleep. It was an abortive slumber, however, interrupted by the noise of the distant music, the chattering of so many voices of people uttering compliments, or engaged in flirtation. Besides, the supper-room was not far off, and the exhausted dancers were recruiting their powers, with an earnestness very much enhanced by the idea that Lent had already commenced, and they must say farewell to flesh for a season.

Towards seven in the morning, the throng had scarcely diminished in any perceptible degree. The dancing went on with unabated animation, and the figure which designated the character, still announced the same succession of waltz, gallop, quadrille, and mazourka. In vain did I look for the signal for that *griega*, which I had been told completed all these entertainments, and which, from its long duration, sufficed to weary the most inve-

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terate votaries. Though the light of day was breaking in by a thousand cracks or crevices, and mingling oddly with the blaze of the chandeliers, the sport still went on. Giving up my project, and half doubting whether the entertainment were to have any end, I turned now to escape. The shutters had been opened in the supper-room, and it was broad day there, although the lights still continued to burn. The servants were feasting on broken fragments of the repast, while a soldier on duty at the entrance had made favour, and was permitted to partake. In passing to the stairway, I found a crowd collected about a beautiful young girl, who had fainted. This is a most extraordinary circumstance in Spain, where the art of swooning appropriately is not understood. No one knew what would be good for her; some proposed water, and some wine; a foreigner suggested the idea that fresh air might help her, but this was rejected as dangerous by those who clustered round. When, at length, she recovered, her companions did not think of removing her, as they had sundry engagements, and the *funcion* was not yet over.

In the streets the sun was up and shining brightly. Peasants from the country were wending their way, with laden beasts, to the market-place, and their fresh, honest, unsophisticated air, furnished a keen and cutting reproof to the jaded masquerader, who stole home like a culprit who had been spending the night in evil deeds, to hide himself from the

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light of that sun whose diurnal visit and departure had been all-wisely regulated, to mark the alternation of labour and repose.

Although the carnival had already terminated, according to the rules of the church, the people of Madrid still trespassed on the sacred season of Lent, observing the first day of it, according to immemorial usage, as a festival. It is the custom in Madrid for all the lower classes to repair, on the first day of Lent, to the banks of the Manzanares, to feast, dance, and make merry in the open air; and for the higher classes to ride to the same spot in their carriages, for the purpose of looking on. I bent my steps in that direction, towards three o'clock, and found the whole road, from the Gate of Atocha to the canal, filled with idle people. For the want of some better amusement, a party of soldiers and other tatterdemalions were whiling away the time in an effort to throw stones into the hollow of an aged tree. The success or failure of an attempt furnished to these easily-diverted individuals the means of excitement.

We are told that the project of the Canal of Manzanares was conceived, by some brilliant and precocious Spaniard, as early as the close of the seventeenth century. It has been gradually brought to its present state of perfection by the efforts of different monarchs, and is now navigable for a distance of two leagues. Ferdinand the Desired—*Que esta en Gloria*—who is now in heaven, that is,

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if we may believe his wife and others, who say so whenever they speak of him—undertook the bold design of adding to it what is called the Embarcadero, and, accordingly, in a space of time very little greater than the State of New York required to join Lake Erie to the Atlantic, actually completed a beautiful and spacious landing place, convenient lodges for the boatmen who have the care of the royal barge, and the very necessary Catholic and Christian appendage of a parochial chapel, for the benefit of the sailors' souls.

I was quite amazed at the gay spectacle which the banks of the Manzanares, and of the canal, which runs parallel to it, presented. Groups of people were everywhere scattered about, formed into little family circles, collected about their provisions, which had been removed from the baskets and spread upon the turf. Although, when I had seen the crowd toiling along the road to the river, under the weight of their dinner, the very natural idea occurred to me, how much easier mechanically speaking, it would have been for them to have carried it in the natural bread-basket with which each was provided; yet, when I now saw these picturesque little family groups scattered about on the grass, partaking in the open air of their simple luxuries, and, as they sat in a circle, passing the waning wine-skin from mouth to mouth, I felt less disposed to wonder at their departure

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from strict utility and philosophical reasonableness. In some of the parties, too, there was an occasional youth, who seemed, from the interchange of punctilious courtesy which was going on, to be an invited guest. He was, doubtless, a lover of the damsel seated beside him, who, not being permitted, under ordinary circumstances, to enter the house, or get any farther than the grating of the balcony, seemed now fully to appreciate the extent of his bliss. As the feast went on and was concluded, the fragments, not having been extraordinarily augmented, were easily disposed of in the baskets, and songs, the tinkling of the guitar, and the light fandango, animated the banks of the Manzanares. Meanwhile, the sellers of oranges, chestnuts, and the crystal beverage which nature provides, kept up the customary din, while the gay uniforms of the military, who, in despotic countries, mingle in all the sports of the poor, added greatly, as they moved among the trees, to the picturesque gaiety of the scene.

Having an engagement, I could not remain to witness a very curious ceremony peculiar to this sport in Madrid. This was the ceremonious burial of a little fish called a Sardinia. It is performed with much pomp, by vagabonds curiously tricked out for the occasion, who imitate the ceremonial of the church, chant a nasal parody on the mass, and evincing, in the strongest manner, their distate for

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the piscatory nourishment which is assigned to the season, thus grossly caricature a religion in whose dogmas they yet devoutly believe, and to whose sway they yield unmeasured submission.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

PRISON OF THE COURT.

Lent—Devotion—A Modern Miracle—Prison of the Court—Inmates—Don Luis de Lemos—Don Andres de Guevara—A Murderer—Imprisoned Family—A Contented Mother—Distracted Mother—Common Prison—Manolas—A Female Combat—The Dungeons.

I CANNOT honestly say that I was sorry when the carnival, with its gaieties, was over. On the contrary, I was rejoiced to escape from the whole system of crowded balls, confined theatres, where the air was heated and rendered impure by the lamps, or sent back upon me from the smokey lungs of so many votaries of tobacco; where the light was offensive to the eye, and the views of life exhibited upon the stage, except in the sainete, were meretricious and unnatural; from late hours, from dissipation, in short, in all its forms, and once more to fall quietly back into the sober and even tenour of existence, and revel in the supreme good of possessing my soul in quietness.

I must say, that to me masses furnished a very agreeable substitute for masquerades. The deeply resounding peals of the organ, the soft and sober tones of bassoons and viols, the solemn harmony of human voices proceeding from the unseen re-

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cesses of the choir, were to me an acceptable exchange for the flippant sprightliness of the gallop and the mazourka; nor was there any thing lost in passing from the gaudy mirrors, which reflected the already offensive glare of so many lamps, to the sober twilight, which revealed and mellowed a Crucifixion of Españoleto, or an Assumption of Murillo. Often, as I leaned against a stone column sustaining the lofty dome of some noble temple, my soul dissolved by feelings of tenderness, and a mysterious and unexplained sentiment of religion stirring within me, I could not help thinking how far more attractive were the females who strewed the pavement around me, as they sat in no cushioned pews, but in all the humility which our religion enjoins, dressed in the sober black of their mantilla and basquinia, their pale countenances, and full languid eyes, so entirely in harmony with the scene, than when tricked out so shortly before, in meretricious and party-coloured tinsel, and abandoned to a hectic gaiety. It is certainly much easier to fall in love in church than in a ball-room, and to enjoy the pleasure which tenderness excites, when no disturbing circumstance occurs to distort with care or vexation the countenance of her you gaze upon, where it is not necessary to say something when you have nothing to say, and goodbreeding demands no laborious effort to be agreeable.

But all this has nothing to do with my purpose, which was to say, that when the carnival was over

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in Madrid, and the sardinia buried, the good people of that metropolis turned, with no less energy, to the exercise of the religious observances which their faith enjoins, than they had hitherto exhibited in the pursuit of pleasure. Psalms, prayers, and alms-giving, confession and communion, became the business of the day; the offices of the Rosary, the Passion, and the Crown of Thorns, were all observed, the stations duly followed, and the privileged altars visited, the flesh resisted, and the devil wrestled with. No art, in fact, by which heaven might be conciliated, and the indulgences promised by the church gained, was neglected by the late votaries of pleasure, to provide spiritual comfort for their souls, and redeem the sins which they had either meditated or committed.

In no preceding Lent had the Spanish church ever been more in earnest than in this. The carnival had been a harvest-time for the liberal government of the day, which attracted to itself the affections of the light-heeled and laughter-loving portion of the community, by tolerating amusements unknown in the days of depotism. The Lent was, in turn, the hay-making season for the priests and friars, who, notwithstanding that they were expressly and publicly cautioned by the government against making the pulpit and the confessional the means of exciting to discontent, yet managed, by inunendo from the one, and of course directly through the other, to augment the strong

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feeling which already existed, among a majority of the people, in favour of their darling Don Carlos. No doubt many a miracle, too, was got up for the occasion. To give an idea how these things are done in Spain, it may be sufficient to mention one which was enacted in the Escurial, soon after the death of the King. Under the foundation of that magnificent pile is the Pantheon, where the Spanish kings are consigned to their last earthly habitation. Soon after the death of Ferdinand, a voice was heard echoing from the recesses of that hall of darkness and of death, calling mournfully—"Carlos! Carlos! come to the succour of my people!" Any one acquainted with the common people in Spain, may readily conceive how troublesome this voice might have become to the existing government, had it continued to keep up the cry of "Carlos! Carlos!" The privileges of the convent, and the inviolabity of its sanctuary, were suddenly invaded; a search was made in the haunted chamber of departed grandeur, and, instead of proceeding from the mouldering body of the King, which had prematurely fallen to pieces on the eve of its interment, the sound was found to issue from within the capacious ribs of a monk of St. Jerome.

I often went to the evening service and sermon in the Church of the Happy Event, in the Gate of the Sun, and I noticed that there was always something said to quicken the slumbering loyalty of the initiated, and that passages of Scripture were often

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introduced, as if casually, containing the word king, covertly designed to bring to their mind the idea of him who was in Portugal. At the conclusion of one sermon, the priest significantly said, " My brethren, let us pray for God's aid, through the intercession of the blessed Virgin, in the present necessities of the Church and State ;" which might be interpreted, and was so understood by everybody, Let us beseech Him to confound the liberals, and send Carlos to reign over us.

As, however, these church ceremonies, though very interesting to me, and very edifying, did not fill up the whole of my leisure, I willingly acceded to the suggestion of a colonel of artillery, whose acquaintance I had formed, to visit, in his company, the different prisons and benevolent establishments of the capital. On his application, the Minister of Fomento very liberally furnished us with an order for our admittance into every public establishment in Madrid. The principal prison, called the Carcel de Corte, first attracted our attention. We were received at the door by the Alcayde Interino, who, on the simple exhibition of the large seal of office attached to the envelope of the order, immediately admitted us, as our visit had been announced to him by a separate communication.

We found the building to consist of an extensive quadrangle, surrounding a courtyard. Corridors corresponding to the different stories effected the

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communications between the different parts of the building, which was divided, for the most part, into habitations more or less large, where such as had the means of paying a rent to the jailor, of from a quarter to half a dollar or more daily, were lodged, according to their commodiousness. Some prisoners who did not pay were also confined here, but very closely crowded; the mass, however, of poor criminals, were confined together in large subterranean dungeons, beneath the foundations of the building, the entrances being from the courtyard below.

We began with the prisons above, and the Alcayde, preceded by a turnkey, opened, one by one, each apartment for our inspection. As each door was thrown open, the unhappy inmates, not knowing what new circumstance of joy or sorrow awaited them, would rouse themselves from the beds upon which they were stretched, either from the want of space to move about, for frequently a dozen persons were confined together in an apartment not more than as many feet square, or from an effort to escape from the wearisome misery of their situation, in the forgetfulness of sleep. Our visit occasioned much interest among them. They all showed a disposition to expose their cases to us, and prove the perfect innocence to which each laid claim. Even when told that we were vested with no powers to inquire into or alleviate their condition, but that our visit was made for the simple

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gratification of our own curiosity, they did not take offence at the impertinent heartlessness of finding distraction in the contemplation of their misery, but seemed to derive a real pleasure from seeing the faces of others than their keepers, and coming so near to liberty, as to find themselves face to face with those who enjoyed it. The increase of happiness which we derived from comparing our own condition with theirs, was, of course, attended in their case with the inverse feeling of increased despondency. This, however, did not, perhaps, become uppermost in their thoughts until after we had left, for they seemed in almost every case delighted to see us.

It were a vain task to attempt narrating all the sad stories of individual wrongs and calamities which were related to us by the unhappy sufferers, or to describe all the scenes of sorrow which the opening of almost every door disclosed. Some of the facts, however, may be curious to my countrymen, in showing them the state of society in Spain, the rights enjoyed by individuals, and the mode in which justice is exercised; and useful to them in aiding them to appreciate, by comparison, the inestimable blessings of those institutions which the virtue of their forefathers has bequeathed to them.

Among the first persons whom we noticed, was a very large, noble-looking individual, by the name of Don Luis de Lemos, who had previously been

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Corregidor of Madrid. His figure was very commanding, though attenuated by long confinement; and his face, although rendered pale and colourless by the same cause, and wrinkled by the endurance of grief and indignation, still preserved traces of intelligence and spirituality. This person, when his prison door was opened, came out into the corridor, and continued with us until we left that part of the prison. He said he had been imprisoned more than a year before, on the accusation of a single *delator*, *ladron*, *traidor*, *villano;* and his countenance, as he repeated these expressive epithets, assumed an air of sternness and ferocity. He was accused of complicity in the conspiracy to put Carlos on the throne, and no doubt with truth, for his eye was restless and unquiet, and his air that of an intriguer and conspirator. At all events, the charge was proved upon his trial, and he was sentenced to a banishment of twenty-five years, in the Island of Teneriffe. He could not tell when the sentence would be carried into effect, but said, with caustic and bitter humour, that it would probably not take place until a fleet of ten sail of the line could be collected to convoy him. He alluded to the matter of opinion which divided Spain, and had brought his present misfortune upon him, by saying, that there had once been a war in Sweden which lasted twenty-five years, between those who wore hats, and those who preferred covering their heads with caps. As we were leaving

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his part of the prison, he begged me to take nothing away from Spain with me, but a plan of that prison with which their holy Catholic religion had provided them—"*Que nuestra religion Catolica nos disponga.*"

On opening the door of one of the smallest apartments, a single individual was discovered in the obscurity of the corner, seated on a filthy bed laid on the brick floor. He had a cloth cap on his head, and his face was half concealed by his hand, as he leaned upon it in an attitude of brooding melancholy. On discovering that we were not his customary visitors, and that my companion was an officer of rank, he rose at once, letting his cloak fall behind him. We now saw, by the soiled and tattered uniform which he wore, that he was an officer in the army, of the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He had been confined a year; his face was sallow and care-worn, his eyes sunken, and his beard and hair neglected. He was a nobleman, evidently accustomed to luxury, and wholly unused to shift for himself. He was diminutive in size, with small and delicate hands and feet, and exactly of the same style with the individuals of that class whom we had seen in their habitual post of idleness, as we traversed the Gate of the Sun. Yet what a contrast between their haughty bearing and his humility. The jailor told us, after we had left him, that he was in prison for being an outrageous royalist, and devoted to the succession of Carlos.

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His own story, however, was very different. We saw him a few minutes afterwards, as we were leaving the prison, and he put into the hands of my companion a letter, which he begged him, in a whisper, to read when he should be without the prison. It stated, that he had been imprisoned a year before, as a decided defender of Doña Isabel, and of her august mother, Christina, at the time when Zea triumphed over the ultra liberals, and procured the banishment of the Dukes of San Lorenzo and San Carlos. He said that he was now detained entirely through a mistake; that his calls for liberation or for trial were unheeded; that he was without pay or succour of any sort; and that he must soon perish. He stated that he had not been able to tell us this by words, because the other prisoners present were all Carlists, and his opposite opinions had already been the cause of his suffering abuse and cruel persecution at their hands. His letter was unfinished when we happened to pass, the sentence with which it terminated being incomplete; it bore, however, the aristocratic name, familiar in the annals and chronicles of Spain's better days, of Andres Rafaele Ladron de Guevara.

Among the undistinguished crowd of humbler unfortunates, the cases of a few fixed themselves deeply in my memory. One young man, of rather prepossessing appearance, said that he was there for being poor, meaning, that the slight offence

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which he had committed would not have brought him there, had he possessed the means of bribing the alguazils—"*con muchos, talegos ya no estaria preso!*" Another young man was imprisoned that his evidence might be taken as a witness in the case of a *riña*, or duel with knives, of which he had been a spectator. One lad of ten was confined, because some money had been stolen from his master, and he was suspected of being the thief; and another of fourteen had accidentally killed another boy in the street, by throwing a stone; he was a handsome and amiable-looking lad, but his features were beginning to harden. In the same room with these boys were five ruffianly-looking fellows, accused of highway robbery and murder.

In approaching a particular room, we were told that it contained a murderer of very aggravated stamp. Julian Ramos was the man's name. He was an unusually quiet and placid-looking person, in whose face Lavater himself would have found no ferocious expression. We asked him why he had been imprisoned; he answered, that he had been to Portugal, to see how affairs went there, and had been taken up as a Carlist. But, said my companion, using the familiar and characteristic expression of the country—"*usted habra hecho alguna muerte?*" He smiled good-humouredly, and shrugged assent. Baffled by his expression, I could not help saying to him—"But what could induce you to take away the life of a fellow-being?"

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His answer was—"*Una riña sobre una muger*—a quarrel about some woman."—"And who was the unhappy individual?"—"*Un tal Sebastian Rojas*—a certain Sebastian Roxas." As he answered our inquiries, he was preparing a cigar, and went through the whole process with the greatest exactness and calmness, looking now at us, now at his work, while, throughout the narration, a placid and self-satisfied smile, which yet had in it nothing of vanity, affectation, or bravado, and which was quite involuntary, played about his countenance. This circumstance, and others that came to my knowledge in Spain, have left me in no little doubt, whether the thing they call remorse, the worm which is said never to die, but gnaw on for ever, has any real existence in the construction of the human character, a sort of law of talion, which nature has instituted within us for her own protection. May it not be a quality which civilization, and the cultivating and unfolding of our sympathies develop; or, if it be natural to us, may it not be extinguished in a vicious state of society, where the bad administration of bad laws tends to encourage vice, and render depravity triumphant? In Spain, the only effect upon the murderer, of killing one man, is to make him desirous of killing another.

In the same prison with this individual was a delicate lad of fourteen, who was accused of being engaged in the conspiracy to murder the young Queen and her mother. He had been found, the

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day before, engaged in copying some seditious paper in the palace, where his father was employed as a clerk in one of the offices. The poor boy seemed quite unconscious of any wrong, and quite satisfied with one night deprived of his liberty, and passed on the naked pavement in such company. In another room we saw the father of this lad, a respectable-looking man, in the uniform of his station. He complained bitterly of the hardship of being compromised by the vicious conduct of his son, whose offence should not have been made to bring ruin on his parents. When, soon after, I saw the mother, her language was very different. She said that her son had forgotten his duty, and been led astray by designing men; but he was a good and honest lad. She inquired after him with the tenderest interest, and wanted to know how he was situated, and the character of his companions. I did not tell her that he was in the same prison with Julian Ramos, and Solorzano, surnamed the Bird-catcher, whom I soon after saw led from that same prison, to be strangled in the Square of Cebada. The day before had seen father, mother, and child, assembled round their humble board, in the sanctuary of their home. The morrow was to dawn upon them through the grated windows of a prison, where the wonted companionship of each other would be exchanged for that of thieves and murderers. Such are the vicissitudes which despotism, whether it boldly avows itself, or claims the name

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of liberalism, reserves for the victims of its oppression.

The spectacle presented in those apartments reserved for women was most heart-rending. Instead of the fortitude bestowed on man, to enable him to bear up under misfortune, and resist the evils of life, woman is created with mildness, gentleness, and a disposition to lean for support on man, her protector. In the place of the compressed lip, the contracted brow, the clinched hand, the stern silence, and whatever evinces the effort to conceal misfortune, and resist the outward expression of grief, here was nothing but sighs, unrestrained tears, and all that indicates a relaxed condition of the nerves, a prostration of mind and body beneath the pressure of overpowering calamity.

Each one hastened to tell her story and call for our sympathy. Here, too, notwithstanding what may be said about the sex's duplicity, there was less effort to conceal the crime which each had committed. One old woman told us, that she had stolen some charcoal to cook her food, being in a state of starvation and without money. Another was in prison because her husband had killed her own mother. Her countenance was mild, gentle, and expressive of melancholy and saint-like resignation. Had I been sitting in judgment upon her, I would have acquitted her for that look. I told her I was sure she could have had no com-

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plicity in such a deed. She looked at me with an expression of gratitude, which could not have been greater had I presented her with her pardon. One young woman wept bitterly, telling us, between her sobs, that she had absented herself from the house of her mother, who had caused her to be imprisoned. She was a repentant Magdalen, the abandoned victim of some heartless seducer. Another was actually detained there, to give her evidence in a robbery which had been committed on herself—"*Me robaron y despues me trajeron a qui.*" Strange as it may seem, there were two miserable old women prisoners for political offences; one accused of crying, "*Viva Carlos Quinto!*" the other, of attempting to seduce two young officers of the royal body-guard to join the standard of the curate Merino. In this prison was one character which was quite anomalous; a young woman of twenty, large, fine-looking, with a good figure, who, with her husband, had been imprisoned for political offences. She was in perfect health, seemed to have been but a short time an inmate of the prison, and her dress was scrupulously neat, while, far from sharing the despondency of her companions, she seemed full of good-humour, and a smile of cheerfulness and contentment played about her mouth, and glowed brightly in her full black eye. I could not account for this discrepance, unless, indeed, the fond pressure with which she embraced the child which she was then nursing,

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might have explained the mystery. The maternal feeling, perhaps, absorbed all others. Far different was the manner of another, the wife of a dyer, who, having gone one day to Caramancheles, in her absence her husband fell into a vat, and was taken out dead; upon which she was apprehended on suspicion, and thrown into prison. She was now in an advanced state of pregnancy, and said she had five children, whom she had not been allowed to see. As we turned to go away, she rushed franticly after us, caught my companion by the arm, and exclaimed, with all the mother in her accents—"Oh, bring me to the sight of my children!—*Qui me pongan en communicacion con mis niños!*"

In one room was an entire family, of all of whom, except one middle-aged man, who was looking out of the window, we were told the imprisonment was voluntary. A little girl of ten years was playing with a doll in the corner, and endeavouring to make it sit up; while the mother was sewing, apparently the picture of contentment; her husband and her child were near her, and she was satisfied. It was with no trifling revulsion of feeling that we passed from this scene of suffering virtue to a vast hall, in which was assembled a disorderly collection, whose profession it was easy to conjecture. They were charged with being scandalous, riotous, with having fought with knives, or having stabbed their lovers. Their beds, or straw mats, were

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ranged along the walls of the apartment. Many of them were engaged in eating their dinner in parties or messes, from little earthen pipkins, which they at once left as we entered, to ask us if we were the commission. Presently they all began to talk together, in those coarse, croaking voices, which one hears among the Manolas; then they asked for alms, in the name of the most pure Virgin, and, as we went away without giving them any, saluted us with curses and abusive epithets, commending us to the care of the evil one.

Perhaps there are no women in the world possessing characters more strongly marked with reckless crime, than those of the lower class in Madrid, known by the name of Manolas. Unheeded by the police, and abandoned to the bloody law of their own vindictive passions, the barriers in which they live are the nightly scenes of violence and murder, and the only intimation which justice has of their crimes, is when the dead bodies of the murdered of either sex, instead of being concealed, are thrust out into the street, and being taken up in the morning by the patrol, are exposed, covered with wounds and blood, in the Place of the Holy Cross, until claimed for burial by their relations. On the feast-days, the taverns of these suburban barriers become the scene of carousal. Many of these Manolas, supported by lovers who are attached to them, themselves often support in turn other lovers to whom they are attached, and these, again, may

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still have their distinct prepossessions. Hence the abundant source of jealousy, quarrels, duels with knives, or stealthy assassination. As many of these women habitually carry open knives thrust through their garters, the means of dealing a death blow is ever at hand.

I shall never forget a scene of this description, of which I was about this time a spectator, in the street of Alcala, in company with the English minister and the secretary of our own legation. A very pretty Manola was sitting at the sunny side of the street, on a manta, her little well-shod foot and swelling ankle projecting from beneath a somewhat scanty petticoat, with oranges piled beside her, to sell to the passing pedestrians, whom she intercepted on their road to the Prado. She was chanting to herself, in the best humour in the world, some passionate couplets, to a monotonous love-lorn melody, occasionally pausing to retort some amorous expression, or utter some pert and pithy proverb to a passing acquaintance. Presently came by another Manola, equally scantily gowned, and with a foot not less tidy, gliding gracefully along, with her mantilla hanging half from her shoulders, her arms a-kimbo, and her eye glancing insidiously on either side. When she came to the orange-seller, she uttered a passing taunt, that indicated some low-lived triumph in an affair of love. The demon of jealousy seemed in an instant to awake in the breast of the insulted woman. She sprang to her

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feet, rushed upon her insulter, tore her mantilla from her neck at the first grasp, and seized her by the hair with one hand, while the other, being clinched, struck repeatedly at her face and bosom. The other was not idle; handfuls of hair were scattered, and blood streamed from their scarred faces, marked with the prints of their nails, until the orange-woman, growing frantic at the sight of blood, stretched down to her garter in search of a weapon more suited to her rage.

At this moment, the chivalry of my countryman, who was a Carolinian cavalier, interposed most opportunely, and prevented more deadly consequences, while the other belligerent was dragged away by no easy effort, and with no slight accompanying trophy of hair, in the opposite direction. Being the attacked party, and apparently the most placable, she was now abandoned; but the very first use she made of her liberty, was to rob a tottering old placeman, in a cocked hat, of the walking cane with which he stayed his steps in his customary walk to the Prado, and, ere she could be again arrested, she dealt her antagonist, who was still tight bound in the embrace of my chivalrous countryman, some blows over the head, which made the welkin ring again, and called vividly to my mind the discipline which I had often seen dispensed by Punch to Judy. Never did combatants part with deadlier fury, or fiercer menaces of future revenge. That one of them paid with her life's blood this unliqui-

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dated account of vengeance, is more than possible, though I never saw or heard of either after.

The apartments which we had hitherto visited, were, however, palaces of comfort, compared to the common prison in the dungeons below. In the courtyard adjoining these dungeons was a vast assemblage of poor and undistinguished criminals, emaciated from starvation, and many in a half-naked condition. In the centre of the court was a pile of dirty straw, tattered garments, well-polished bones, and cabbage-leaves, apparently collected to be burnt. Some of the prisoners seemed to be engaged in gambling stealthily in a corner; some were employed more praiseworthily, in ridding each other of vermin; while others were collected round a more learned member of the fraternity, listening to something he was reading. As we descended among them, the Alcayde called out, in a voice of authority—"Each one to his dungeon!—*Cada uno a su calabozo!*"—and they instantly escaped to the obscurity of their subterranean abodes.

In each dungeon one man was selected to command, with the title of *calabozero;* in one of them this station was held by a drum-major of the Royalist volunteers, a stout, ferocious-looking fellow, whose blackened eye indicated that his authority had not been recognised without dispute. The chief, in each case, was the greatest villain in the dungeon, being selected from his commanding

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character and fearless courage. Thus, the captain of one *calaboza* which we entered was a little man, named Chirasca, who boasted the committal of uncounted murders. He was small, with pale complexion, light hair, and whitish eyes. He held the candle as we entered his dominions, and the expression of his countenance, when thus illumined, was at once murderous and tranquil. Never, perhaps, did light fall upon a collection of human faces, more variously marked with every demoniac expression of which crime is susceptible. They were pale and ghastly, for the most part, and many were awfully disfigured, and gashed with recent wounds. Some had their arms bound behind, to prevent them offering violence to the rest. Two, who had recently been fighting with knives, were ordered out, to be placed in separate cells. Yet all here were not, perhaps, equally criminal. Some there were whose offences were merely political, and whose opinions, a few months before, were of the same colour with those which regulated the state, were in possession of power, and in fashion at the court. There were, moreover, many lads of a tender age here. One who, save the scanty covering of the tatters of a manta, was absolutely naked, seemed about to yield to starvation, disease, and vermin, and implored us, with tears, to have him removed to the hospital. We interceded with the Alcayde to do so, and were glad to hear him give the necessary order ere we came away.

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CHAPTER XIX.

PRISON OF THE SALADERO.

Visit of Inspectors—Crowded Cells—Extortion of Jailers—Professions of Innocence—A Frenchman—A Soldier—A Priest—The would-be Ravaillac—Pedro Hebrero—Sacrilegious Murder—Courtyard—Common Prisoners—Their Condition—Development of Crime.

THE second prison of Madrid is the Saladero, which stands near the Gate of Santa Barbara. On going to visit it, the day after we had seen the Prison of the Court, we found the Alcayde in a black court-dress of the last century, with cocked hat and steel-hilted sword, prepared to receive the visiting commission, consisting of two counsellors of Castile, who, as such, were dignitaries of great importance, whose business it was to visit these prisons at stated periods, for the purpose of examining into the condition of the prisoners, and taking note of their complaints. We had an opportunity of seeing how far this benevolent provision of royal mercy was carried into effect, and drawing analogies from this to other things, in which the paternal intentions of kings may equally be frustrated, by the unfaithfulness of courtiers. These noblemen simply went into the Alcayde's apartment, examined his report, made a few

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notes, and re-entered their antique coach, driving off as wise as they came, preceded by the attendant alguazils on horseback, bearing their wands of office.

As we entered the prison, a number of rural guards were admitted, having in custody five robbers, whom they had apprehended in a neighbouring village. One of these was a gipsey, readily recognised as such, by the delicate symmetry of his features, his bronzed complexion, between that of an Indian and a mulatto, and his lank black hair, of horse-tail coarseness. Before we commenced our examination, the colonel, my companion, made a minute of the daily ration allowed to the prisoners, consisting of a pound of bread, eight ounces of garbanzos, or marrowfat peas, and one ounce of oil, which are made into soup, seasoned with garlic, saffron, and red peppers, which are supplied in the kitchen.

Although there was a number of vacant rooms in this prison, those who were separated from the common herd, in consequence of having money, were packed so close, that in many cases there were ten people in a room ten feet square. The Alcayde and his myrmidons, indeed, are almost entirely supported by their exactions from such prisoners as have means of their own, or compassionate friends without.

Among the privileged criminals, one man was pointed out as having been long employed in the

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King's stables, and who, falling into a quarrel with a companion, killed him, in a momentary fit of rage, with a knife with which he happened to be making a cigar. Here was also a Frenchman from Bayonne, a comb-maker by trade, who, by his own account, had an apprentice who had seduced his wife; she had fled, alleging that he was about to kill her, which, being backed by the evidence of the apprentice, and of a doctor who lived in the same house, procured his imprisonment. Another Frenchman, in the same predicament, said that he had chanced to be a clerk in a shop in which some smuggled goods were found; his principal had fled from justice, and he had been imprisoned two years before, for not informing against his master. As we went from room to room, listening to all these stories of asserted innocence, the keeper, in turning from each door, took pains to remove the impression which each had made, explaining the difficulty that there was in procuring a conviction; since in Madrid, the rogues were so skilled in crime, that they were always able to take precautions beforehand, to prove that they had not committed it—"*Estan si adelantados en el robo a qui, que siempre hacen sus precauciones para probar que no lo han hecho.*"

Among the most remarkable cases of crime which this prison exhibited, was that of a soldier, who, on his march with his regiment to the scene of civil war in Biscay, had killed his patrona, in

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whose house he was billeted only a few days before we saw him, by knocking her brains out with the butt of his musket, as he was going away in the morning, in order to possess himself of a bag containing twenty dollars, which, by some means, he had discovered her to possess. So far from attempting a lie, he stated the whole matter to us with perfect frankness, and as if it were an indifferent circumstance. The colonel asked him how he could bring himself to commit so horrid a crime; at first, he answered, though without embarrassment, that he did not know; but, after a moment's reflection, he added—"It was an evil thought that came over me—*un mal pensamiento*." He had evidently committed the crime without forethought, on the spur of the moment; and, although the facts were vivid in his mind, he seemed scarce to realize the atrocity of which he had been guilty.

The most singular group of the prison, however, was one of three clerical personages, confined in a room by themselves. One of them was a friar, who had robbed his abbot somewhere in the country, and had come up to the capital to spend his money: casting aside the ungainly habit of his order, he had decked himself in the gay garments of a Manolo, and was passing his time most joyously, though not very conformably to monastic usage, when he had been apprehended as a suspicious person, in consequence of having no passport. Here, too, was the idiotic student, who, impelled,

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doubtless, by similar clerical influence, had attempted to repeat that part which, in another age and country, a Ravaillac had so fatally enacted. He sat shivering in a far corner of the room, his limbs drawn up and half covered with straw, reminding me most familiarly of a scene in Lear, and the expressive ejaculation—"Tom's a-cold!"

But the third person of the group was he who most attracted my attention, and whose story—partly related by himself as a suspicion, partly confirmed afterward as being true—I shall not speedily forget. His name was Pedro Hebrero, not long before a monk in the convent of San Basilio, in the street of Disengano, the abbot of which was found one morning cruelly murdered in his cell, by the hand of this Hebrero and four others, who were arrested on suspicion of having been either party or privy to the foul deed. It seems that the venerable abbot, being a most devout and conscientious man, was much scandalized by the conduct of some of his young monks, who were in the habit of playing at cards, getting drunk, and introducing girls into the convent at night. After reproving them repeatedly in vain, he threatened, if there was any repetition of the offence, to inflict upon them penance, and seclusion in their cells. Irritated with this interference with established usage, and attempt to subject them to harsher discipline than prevailed in other convents of their order, the young monks determined to put him to death. They carried their

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murderous project immediately into execution, and accordingly, one morning, the venerable recluse was found dead in his bed, covered with blood, and pierced with many deadly wounds. Five of the monks, who were known to have incurred the ecclesiastical displeasure of their too conscientious superior, and against whom there was strong concurring evidence, were forthwith arrested. They remained so nearly three years; at the end of which, two of them, whose participation in the crime was less evident, were condemned to seclusion in a convent of their order in Majorca, and the perusal of certain pious books. The other three were sentenced to the secular punishment—most disproportioned to the atrocity of their offence, which their ecclesiastical condition only rendered more heinous—of being sent to the galleys for a term of years. Father Hebrero, who had the air of being capable of having committed the crime unaided, was assigned to the worst of the Spanish Presidios, the Peñon of Gomera, in Africa. His tonsure, and whatever indicated his priestly condition, had been abandoned, and he wore his hair, which was black and bristly, in more than usual profusion, seeming particularly satisfied with a huge pair of whiskers, which it was apparently his chief pleasure to cultivate. He had on a very good suit of blue clothes, with an ample cloak, and seemed to have more means than any prisoner I had yet seen, which made it probable that, after the commission of the most ruthless

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atrocity that it was possible to conceive, he would still, by bribing his keepers, escape justice entirely.

Blessed with the honoured companionship of Father Hebrero, who, in consideration of his double distinction, as a priest and a criminal of a higher order, seemed to have the privilege of the whole prison, we took our way to the common court-yard appropriated to vulgar offenders. The scene which it presented was similar to that of the Prison of the Court. Squalidity, starvation, nakedness, rags, straw, wretches engaged in vain efforts to beguile their ennui, or seeking to recover the vital heat, which the cold of the past night had well nigh extinguished, as they lay lifeless in the sun, their faces buried in their emaciated hands, which were forbidden the privilege of that wholesome toil which might have diminished the burden of their present existence to the state, and rendered their own condition more tolerable, constituted the chief features of the scene.

I do not now remember whether it was in this or the other prison, that the residence of the Verdugo, or public executioner, was pointed out to me. The office of hangman is so infamous in Spain, that a hue and cry, similar to that raised by the appearance of a mad dog, is ever sure to await his appearance or recognition in the public streets. Here he is always lodged in the security of the prison, or

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in the citadel, if there be one. Thus, in Gibraltar, where the population is still Spanish, to a considerable extent, the usage has been maintained of quartering the hangman in the old Moorish Alcazar.

This courtyard was filled, like the other, with persons charged or convicted—if, indeed, there be any difference between the two conditions in Spain —with every variety of crime. About one-half of them were robbers; and out of fifty, for there were about this number, fourteen had committed murders. This is a crime exciting less disgust and more sympathy in Spain, than any other. Those who had "made deaths," stood out, when told to do so, with an air destitute of shame, and rather denoting satisfaction. With these were mingled political offenders, who, in the eye of an American, accustomed to look upon difference of opinion as innocent, and no fit subject for persecution, were no offenders at all; and one tall Andalusian, whose dress, figure, and attitude proclaimed him, ere he avowed it, to be a smuggler, from the Sierrania of Ronda, and towards whom I instantly felt a friendly yearning, told me, when I asked why he was there, that it was "for twenty pounds of tobacco—*para veinte libras de tobacco!*" Having expressed sententiously his wish, that he had some of it then to console him, I gave him the means of gratifying his wants; and there were ten chances to one, that

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the tobacco which the keepers would furnish to him, would also be smuggled. Such is the justice which Spain, liberal or despotic, metes out to her children.

This prison was far better constructed than the other. The dungeons leading from the courtyard were neatly arched, spacious, and secure. The sleeping-places, which were of brick, being built with an inclination, so that, whether there were any means of raising the head or not, it would still be higher than the body. They are supposed to be allowed mantas, or blankets, but few had any. They live and sleep together, as we have before seen, without any classification of crime; and classification of age is equally neglected; the minor is thrust in with the full grown; those who have taken the first step in crime, with the thoroughly experienced; the smuggler, or perhaps the political offender, of otherwise virtuous character, with the robber and the assassin. Here are no pastimes, no occupations, no fire to qualify the chill air of this subterranean abode; no ray of the sun to dispel its gloom, or banish its cheerlessness; no bedclothes, and often no covering of any sort. What torture can equal slow sufferings such as these?—what feelings must here be nurtured by the victim, towards his persecuting fellow-men?—what demoniac purposes of vengeance against that society which has closed its bosom to him?—Ask the record of Spanish crime, and it will tell you of

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the ingenious atrocities committed by graduates from these guilty universities, whose diplomas might well constitute an *ad eundum* to the pavé of London itself.

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CHAPTER XX.

CRIME AND RETRIBUTION.

La Galera—Female Convicts—The Schoolmistress—Leocadia Lindez—Maria Guadeno—The Rectora—Her System—Her Regrets—La Inclusa—Exposure—Immorality of Foundling Hospitals—El Rastro—The Madrid Morgue—An Execution—Brotherhood of Peace and Charity—Procession—The Felon—The Confessor—The Garrote—Catastrophe—The Requiem.

It has been well said, that women are both better and worse than we are, and a familiarity with Spanish females will not tend to invalidate the truth of this proposition. Of strong passions, and unaccustomed to salutary control, in a country where the law has little power to reward good or punish evil, their actions are prompted by impulse alone; sometimes elevating them to deeds of unequalled devotion, sometimes sinking them to the lowest depths of crime. The annals of Spain, in all ages, illustrate, by the most brilliant examples, the heroism and virtue of her women; and the reader who will now accompany us in our visit to the Galera, will find abundant evidence of their capacity for the most atrocious crime.

This is a prison for the reception of female convicts alone, and for women condemned to seclusion by their husbands or fathers, with a view to

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their punishment or reformation. The alcalde of the barrier, whom we met in the Saladero, accompanied us to the place, recommending us to the attention of the Alcayde, or governor. At the door was a guard, from the corps of Invalids, and over the portal we read the motto of this seclusion, conceived in that spirit of noble sententiousness to which the Spanish language and the national turn of mind so naturally lend themselves—"*Odia el delito y compadece el delencuente*," which, rendered literally, proclaims that the system of the place is conceived in the spirit of hatred of crime, and compassion for the criminal. This we found, on inspection, to be true, and we could not help wondering, that a treatment of criminals so philosophic and so benevolent, should exist in the same city with the infamous receptacles of crime we had just visited, and which seemed to offer a fit realization of hell upon earth.

The alcayde of the place was a Catalan: his wife, who was an Estremenia, or native of Estremadura, held the situation of Rectora, and had charge of the occupations and internal police of the recluses. Every thing in this place was consummately neat and orderly. The washing-room, which adjoined the court, the dormitories, the chapel, all conveyed the idea of taste, comfort, and propriety. We found the recluses in the work-room, arranged in order, and engaged in cutting out and making up clothing for soldiers. They

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seemed glad to see us, and were very civil. For the most part, they were rather old than young, and their countenances were generally marked with a bad expression, though not singularly so, when one remembered that they formed the very choice of the vicious, in a country so full of crime as Spain, and that one-fifth of the whole number had actually taken the lives of their husbands. One, however, who was engaged in embroidering a mantilla, an occupation which showed that she was not from the lowest class, was young, and of very interesting appearance. We were told afterward that she had been taken up for issuing counterfeit money, and, perhaps, was only the instrument of the guilt of a vicious father or brother. The Rectora was very careful not to tell us of these offences in the presence of the recluses, it being her system to make them lose sight of their crimes, and never to allow them to accuse or taunt each other.

One woman of middle age, and moderately well-looking, whom we found knitting, asked the colonel if he had brought her indulto, or pardon. He inquired of her the nature of her offence, and her answer was "nothing," though she presently added, "one little that I did, and another little that I was accused of doing, make two littles, and for these am I here—*Un poco que he hecho, y otro que me han puesto, hacen dos pocos, y por estos estoy a qui!*" The Alcayde improved upon this tale of innocence, by adding, that her offence was having gone twice

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to mass in one day. He afterward told us, that she was a woman of notorious character, and, moreover, an abetter of robbers and assassins. Her character had, indeed, been so vicious, that before her imprisonment, she was publicly paraded through Madrid, where she was perfectly well known, being seated on the back of an ass, with a bunch of false keys hung round her neck like a rosary, pausing, from time to time, in a public square, or at a corner, to be scourged on the bare skin with rods.

After we had gone through the various rooms, and expressed to the Rectora our admiration of her consummate management, she invited us to her parlour to repose, and gave us some account of the various criminals who had been or were still under her charge. Among the more noted who were still there was Josefa Ramos, a schoolmistress from one of the neighbouring pueblos. Her brother had been serenading his mistress at an unseasonable hour, in the opinion of the Alcalde, who, wishing to keep the streets quiet in the night, or, as the Rectora sententiously added—"*queriendo comer*"—being anxious to extort money, without which it is not worth while to be Alcalde in Spain, any more than Cadi among the Turks, summoned the musical delinquent to appear. He kept out of the way, and his sister, with whom he lived, was summoned as his sponsor. She appeared accordingly, and, after much interrogation, was mulcted in a sum which it was neither convenient nor agreeable for

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her to pay. Her temper, which doubtless had not been much softened in her profession of *maestra de niñas*, was roused at such outrageous injustice, and after words of recrimination on either side, she seized the cadi's penknife, and struck him on the back of the neck, just where the mercy-stroke is given by bull-fighters, as he leaned over to take down some fresh accusation.

Here was also a woman who had killed her husband, with the aid of her lover, and then carried him to an olive-orchard, and left him, to convey the idea that he had been detected in stealing olives, and killed by the owner. Another similar circumstance, yet more infamous, was related of one Leocadia Lindez, a woman of respectable parentage, in Fuentes de Leganes, who, having killed her husband, with the aid of her paramour, placed his body in a sack with stones, and loaded it on the back of her accomplice, to carry in the night to a neighbouring stream. As they went along, under pretence of sustaining the burden, she contrived to take a few stitches with packthread, through the bag and the back of his jacket. On reaching the top of the bridge, she told him to throw it over; and aiding the impulse as he obeyed, she sent both into the stream together. A shepherd who chanced to be near with his flock, had a glimpse of the scene; the river was searched, the bodies found, and the murderer identified. After a short confinement here, she was liberated through

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the agency of a rich uncle, and, being not less licentious than beautiful, she continued to lead a dissolute life in the capital, until her attractions were gone, when she became a beggar, in which character the Alcayde had recently seen her in the Gate of the Sun.

Another notorious personage, still in the Galera, was a bishop's niece—which sometimes means his daughter, though not often, for the bishops in Spain are usually exemplary in their lives—who had also murdered her husband. But of all the atrocious women that I had seen or heard of, either here or elsewhere, the most vicious, as well as the most valiant, was Maria Guadeño. This woman, who lived in a neighbouring pueblo, had one day a quarrel with five men, who were assembled in a tavern, and who attempted to seize and beat her, for some abuse she had vented on them. Having rushed out of the house to escape, they pursued her, when she caught hold of a grating of the window with her left hand, to prevent herself from being dragged away, while, wielding a knife with the right, she presently dealt a mortal blow in the stomach to one of the assailants, and badly wounded another, when a stroke on the arm with a bludgeon brought the knife to the ground, and it was taken from her. In this situation, her rage ministered a singular weapon in the comb which she wore in her head, with which she struck the man who stooped to secure the knife, and tore away his

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left eye. She then made her escape, and was soon after found at home, by the justicia, very quietly seated beside her mother, breakfasting on fried liver.

The Rectora, in explaining the nature of her system and mode of discipline, of which she was justly proud, described how she had overcome the obstinate stupidity of a Valenciana, who had fallen lately into her hands, and who was as hopelessly ignorant and incorrigible, as if she had been bred among the wild beasts in the mountains. She seated her next herself in the working-room, and gave her a task. She did not get on well, and was sulky, and she gave her a blow with the *vara*, or yard-stick, which was her constant companion. The blows were repeated as often as the offences, until at length she became both clever and good-natured, and after a time so fond of her mistress, that she would follow her like a dog, and take her part in every dispute occurring among the recluses during her absence.

Notwithstanding, however, the commanding character of the Rectora, and the excellence of the discipline, in a society containing every element of disorder and crime, and which, previous to her assumption of office, was the scene of perpetual strife and murders, perpetrated by means of scissors, or whatever weapon chance might minister, still she seemed to be in some measure awed by the fiercer spirit of Maria Guadeño. She said that she was a complete hell of passion when excited; and when

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we expressed a wish to see her by herself, after we had made the circuit of the rooms, she seemed unwilling to excite her displeasure by singling her out. At last she suggested that we should ask for her, under pretence of delivering a message from a younger sister of hers, who was at that time a prisoner in the Saladero. We did so, and she presently appeared—a woman of middle age, apparently of low condition, and accustomed to toil; she was not well-looking, yet there was nothing particularly ferocious in her countenance; for we had not remarked her when seated among the rest. She asked for her sister with great and unaffected kindness, and begged that we would interest ourselves to have her sent to the Inclusa, for she was only fifteen years old, and it was a pity that she should be exposed, at her age, to the hardships and contamination of a common dungeon. After she had gone away, the Rectora told us that Maria's one-eyed victim had made her a visit not long ago, and was not particularly well received by her, for she had always said that it was the evidence of the tuerto, or one-eyed, that procured her conviction. "If God spares me"—she is wont to say, with great but terrible calmness—"to fulfil my ten years, the first thing I shall do will be to kill the tuerto." She has yet four years to remain, and the best use the tuerto can make of them is to change his name, get a glass eye, and transport himself to some other country.

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The system of the establishment under the direction of this firm and ingenious woman, embraces the minutest attention to cleanliness, order, a judicious distribution of time, and exact attention to religious observances. The day begins, as in a well-regulated man-of-war, with the employments connected with cleanliness and preparation; then follows breakfast, after that mass; then the season of the more important labours, until dinner, which is accompanied by three pater-nosters; work again ensues, until the rosary, succeeding the evening meal, ushers in the allotted season of repose. The spirit of order, of occupation, of well-divided time, assigning to each portion of the day its corresponding employment, all tend to tranquillize and give a healthy tone to the mind, substituting a calm contentment for wasteful and corroding care, and laying the surest foundation for reformation and future usefulness in the world, in the formation of those habits which are themselves the means of honourable subsistence. Though the Rectora dwelt with complacency on the good effects of her system, and on the contrast presented by the present condition of the galera and that in which she found it, yet she seemed heart-sick at the recollection of the time she had passed there, and shuddered at the thought that her labours might be interminable. The tears stood in her eyes as she spoke to me of her unhappy lot; her thoughts glowed at the idea of an escape from an imprisonment as irksome to

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her as to the compulsory recluses, and her words partook of their eloquence. "I will go to the Queen"—said she—"I will ask to be relieved from these vile cares, and, as an only reward for so many years of faithfulness, to receive some modest pension, which will enable me to await in peacefulness the close of my days, separated from this base association with the worst of criminals, and far from these gloomy walls, within whose polluted precincts I have been doomed to pass the flower of my life, the best of my existence as a woman!—*la flor de mi vida, lo mejor de mi ser como muger!*" I was affected and struck by the eloquence of this woman, though not surprised, knowing, as I did, that elevated sentiments are not here the exclusive attribute of lofty station, and how naturally the noble language of the land lends itself to their utterance.

Having visited the prisons of the capital, we passed to the inspection of the more prominent of its benevolent institutions, of which there are many. We were struck with the vastness of the hospitals, especially that of San Carlos, where some thousands of sick are perpetually received and succoured. The Foundling Hospital, known by the name of the Inclusa, was however, that which most attracted our attention. The Minister's circular opened this, like the rest, to our inspection, and I was armed with an additional passport to the courtesy and good offices of the Sisters of Charity having

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charge of the establishment, in a letter from the distinguished lady who patronises and superintends it, and whose name, associated with whatever efforts of benevolence are directed to the relief of female distress in Madrid, calls to mind the ingenious nobleman who produced, in Lazarillo de Tormes, the first novel of a class from which the reading world has since received so much delight, and who was alike illustrious for his success in war, in letters, and diplomacy. The reader will not fail to remember the name of Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza.

The Sisters received us very kindly at the gate, and conducted us to the office, submitting to our inspection the records of the infants received into the institution, with a description of their condition of health, and the mode in which they were clad, and all the circumstances attending their history, which was usually a brief one. Out of every six children, on an average, there would be only one whose story would not wind up with the simple and sententious word *muerto*, written opposite in the last column. Infanticide, in every instance, would seem to have been charity, compared to such prolongation of misery, ending so uniformly in death.

We were first conducted to the depository in which the infants are placed in the night by their mothers or others. A bell beside it being rung, communicates the information to one of the sisters sleeping within, who hastens to turn the box and

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receive the infant. Ordinarily they are accompanied with a statement of the age, whether baptized, and the name, which facts are all entered into the register, in which a number is assigned to each infant, corresponding to that which is stamped on a piece of lead, fastened to a string about its neck Sometimes the infant is well clad, and furnished with changes of apparel; but oftener they are left in a condition better suited to what one might expect, from those who would be likely to abandon their children, and, not unfrequently, a simple rag of cotton constitutes their only attire. Frequently in hurrying away to escape detection, a mother, abandoning her child, will neglect to pull the bell to notify the sister in attendance, and the infant may remain thus until morning, or until another is placed beside it. In winter, they are thus often found frozen, and, even when only chilled, are sure to perish.

In approaching the wards in which the infants were kept, we were early notified of their presence, by the painful chorus of their cries. We found them arranged in rows of cradles, and dressed with perfect neatness. For the most part, these were wretched, feeble creatures, characterized by every variety of malformation, having its origin in the vices, the diseases, or attempts of the mother to conceal pregnancy. Here the sins of the parent were too evidently entailed upon the child. Vice never seemed to me so loathsome before, as when

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thus contemplated, in the curses entailed on the offspring of its votaries. We were told that here was only a portion of the infants received into the establishment, many of them being given out to be nursed, by poor people in the city, or neighbouring villages, who receive three dollars a month for their services. This not unfrequently gives occasion to fraud; mothers first depositing, and then getting possession again of their own children, and being paid for the fulfilment of their maternal obligations. Still there were some hundreds remaining; no inconsiderable portion of which were crying plaintively together, in obedience to that instinct of nature which teaches them, ere speech is imparted, to signify their wants in a way which, though it may constitute an eloquent and intelligible appeal to a mother, is most irritating and vexatious to all others. Some fifty or sixty nurses nourish and attend on these, and substitute imperfectly for money the priceless cares of maternal affection. I think I never saw a more painful sight, than was presented by the air of indifference with which these nurses passed from cradle to cradle, seeking to pacify the unhappy little suppliants.

In passing to the rooms in which the older children were employed in school, or in various occupations—knitting, sewing, straw-weaving, or embroidery, under the direction of the sisters, we were greatly struck with the healthy and robust appearance of the children; though, when we came to re-

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flect that only those of the most vigorous conformation can possibly live through hardships and privations, under which so large a majority die, it seemed obvious that the survivors should be as we found them. At the sight of these neat, industrious, and interesting-looking children, I was not a little disposed to change my mind as to the inexpediency of any effort to rescue them, which the sight of the calendar had suggested to me. While we were among these, a little girl of five years was brought in on a visit, by the person who had been hired to take care of her in her infancy, and who had conceived a warm attachment for her. She was very neatly dressed, and it seemed that she had been taught various accomplishments, for she could both sing and dance, and was made to exhibit some specimens of her art for our amusement. I was pleased to see such early development of the genuine Spanish grace in her movements in the fandango. The inmates of the house, who knew none of these things, and who were deprived, moreover, of those opportunities of seeing the world without, of which those who are carefully secluded from it are most apt to form a magnificent idea, were disposed to envy her superiority, and were doubtless the less ready to pity her, when, in the midst of her exhibitions, she backed against the brazier, and fell with her hand into the hot ashes.

I was affected by a very melancholy feeling in visiting this establishment, and I could not avoid

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thinking, as I took leave of it, that though undoubtedly conceived in the spirit of benevolence, its effect is any thing but charitable or humane. It consigns to mercenary care a tender plant, to whose rearing nothing can suffice save that abounding affection existing in a woman's heart for her own offspring, at a season when life is held by the slightest and most precarious tenure, which each rude breath may dissolve: it tends to promote laxity of morals, by providing a relief from the consequences of it, and to render innocent an abandonment, for which provision is thus publicly made. There can, indeed, be intrinsically no greater crime against nature and society, than in renouncing the duties which are self-imposed in becoming a parent. Such a crime, enormous in itself, becomes immeasurably more so in a man like Rousseau, who could philosophize, and speculate, and refine so delicately on questions of this nature. The existence of a foundling hospital could not deceive such a mind as his, as to the innocence of making use of it; an act by which he has fixed a stigma on his character, which will remain there for ever, and all the eloquence and refinement of sentiment that ever flowed from his pen, could never efface his base and cowardly shrinking from the obligations of paternity; his crime being all the greater, that it was committed in spite of the protestations of the wretched woman, thus frustrated in her maternal yearnings, and robbed of rights so painfully purchased.

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In retracing our steps to the Gate of the Sun, we passed through a small square, situated in the barrier of Lavapies, the most wretched quarter of the town, and which is known by the familiar name of the Rastro. This is a sort of exchange and place of rendezvous for the lowest and most vicious of the inhabitants of Madrid. Here the robbers of the neighbourhood expose for sale the horses of which they have forcibly become possessed, and here, too, most of the goods stolen throughout the town, are converted into money. It happened to be a market or exchange day here, and the scene was a lively and characteristic one. The interior of the square was filled with irregular clusters of rude sheds, or cumbersome umbrellas, with stout wooden frames surmounting a post planted in the ground, and covered with canvass, while against the wall which enclosed it, were ranges of chests —they could not be called houses—in which the humble merchants who dealt here, slept and secured their goods by night. The articles exposed for sale under these sheds and awnings were of a miserable description, suited to the means and taste of the population; they consisted of broken chairs, three-legged bedsteads, earthen crockery, old locks, and rusty scraps of iron. Here a woman kept her shop on a manta, without protection of any sort from the sun, her stock consisting of odd-looking razors and murderous knives, having a spring at the back to keep them open, in the event of a sud-

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den quarrel and duel; there another, seated also on the ground, alternated the cares of watching over various earthen pots, in which she was preparing stews to stay the stomachs of the hungry, with those of arranging the blowzy hair of one or two reluctant children. The conversation of the company here assembled was quite suited to the place, being plentifully interspersed with imprecations and obscene words; while, to attest the disorder of which the Rastro was not unfrequently the scene, at the upper side of the square, which stood upon the slope of a hill, a picket guard might be seen, having its lodgment in a rude and ruinous hovel, with a sentinel walking his post beside a stack of muskets, and overlooking the whole square, while his comrades were planted on the ground at the sunny side of the guard-house, grouped in a circle, and, apparently, from their excited movements, engaged in a game of cards. This precaution was particularly necessary at this moment; for the wretched inhabitants of the barrier, being all royalists, were irritable, and prone to revolt. They occasionally amused themselves on feast-days, by beating all the well-dressed people who passed that way, under the impression, that being better clad than themselves, they must be of a different way of thinking in politics; while their nightly amusement during the carnival, was to stop the maskers in the street, and strip them of their tinsel finery, an amusement not wholly vain

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and unprofitable, at a season when masks were at a premium. Scarcely a week after my visit to this place, it was the scene of a regular insurrection, and a number of the populace were shot or bayoneted, within the boundaries of the Rastro.

In passing through the square in front of the Prison of the Court, I was attracted by a collection of people surrounding some object, which I truly conjectured to be a dead body, this place answering the same purpose as the Morgue at Paris, where bodies found in the river or elsewhere are exposed, for the purpose of being reclaimed for burial by their relatives. There were here, indeed, two dead persons, and both of them women. One was quite old, and death seemed not to have stolen prematurely or unnaturally on his prey. Her end, however, had evidently been miserable, solitary, and unconsoled. She had been dead some time, and decomposition would long since have ensued in any other climate than this; apparently, she had been discovered in some stable, or on some dung-heap, for her hair and clothes were covered with straw and litter. The other person was of a very different appearance. She had been cut off in the flower of her youth, and in the full bloom of health, by a violent death, of which her dress bore the traces. She was gaily attired in the Manola fashion; her features were regular, and her figure, though laid upon a board, and stiffened in death, was still evidently beautiful. Her shoes were gone, but her

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stockings evinced the characteristic attention of her countrywomen to this part of their dress; they covered very beautiful feet, the left being stained with blood, which seemed, ere she had fallen, to have run down from a knife wound in her left side above the girdle, whence it had also flowed plentifully over her person. Her features, though regular, were distorted by a blended expression of agony and rage, and her left hand convulsively grasped her hair, in which it was entangled. No friendly hand had been nigh to close the eyes of these unfortunate beings, which glared forth with glassy and fixed gaze. I was bewildered by the singular expression of their countenances, for death had never presented itself to me before in this aspect of terror. On the breast of each was a tin plate, intended to receive the alms of those who passed, for the purpose of procuring burial, in the event of the bodies not being reclaimed, and to assist, at any rate, in this pious office; we contributed our mite, and passed on, making such remarks as occurred to us, on the lawless condition of the country.

Perhaps I may close appropriately this narration of crime, by a word or two in illustration of its occasional consequences, and by showing how, even in Spain, it is sometimes overtaken by a just retribution. I had gone one morning, in the early days of Lent, to my balcony, to breathe the fresh air, enjoy the genial heat of the sun, and divert myself

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with the ever-gay spectacle in the Puerta del Sol, when my attention was excited by the tinkling bell of a member of the Paz y Caridad, who, in a solemn voice, was inviting all charitable souls to join in interposing, with such humble alms as they were pleased to contribute, to smooth the parting hour, and redeem from purgatory, by means of masses, the soul of the unhappy brother, whose life was that day to be required of him. He had before him a square box, having a hole to receive the alms of the charitable, surmounted by a figure of the crucified Saviour, calculated at once to awaken a devotional feeling in the bosom of the Christian, and to call to mind the recollection, that He, like the unhappy criminal who was that day to expiate his offences, had died—though innocently, and for our propitiation—the death of a felon.

There was, then, to be an execution. It was sure to be a spectacle full of horror and painful excitement, yet I determined to witness it. I felt sad and melancholy, and yet, by a strange perversion, I was willing to feel more so. With the customary chocolate, Doña Lucretia, my landlady, brought me the Diario. I turned at once to see what was said about the execution. Among the orders of the day was the following:—"Having to suffer this day, at eleven in the morning, in the square of Cebada, the pain of death on the vile garrotte, to which he was sentenced by the military

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commission of this province, Juan Lopez Solorzano, alias the Bird-catcher, a native of Las Altas Torres, in La Mancha, thirty-eight years of age, a bachelor, late a grenadier of the disbanded royalist volunteers of this capital, accused of having been one of the first aggressors in the rebellion of October last, on the occasion of disarming that corps: to aid in the execution, a detachment of the provincial regiment of Granada, and another of the cuirassiers of the Royal Guard, will repair to the place of execution at half-past ten, while, at the same hour, another detachment of the aforesaid regiment of Granada, and of the light-horse of Madrid, will report to the Corregidor at the prison, in readiness to guard the prisoner to the scaffold, leaving a corporal's guard to protect the body after justice is consummated, until the Paz y Caridad shall come to withdraw it."

Such was the succinct and sententious information given me by the Diario. I learned, in addition, from Doña Lucretia, that the Pajarero, or Bird-catcher, was so called, because he had for some years lived by selling doves and singing-birds in the Square of the Holy Cross. He had been a turbulent, quarrelsome fellow, had killed a number of persons at various times, for all which misdeeds he had found protection in being a royalist volunteer, and a regular attendant at mass and the confessional. In the late disbanding of the royalist volunteers, those janizaries of the Spanish hierar-

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chy, he had taken an active part in the revolt, killing, with his own hand, one of the partisans of the Queen, in the Square of the Angel. During fifty-three days, he had been concealed by persons friendly to the old order of things, but had at last been sold by some mercenary Judas, and betrayed into the hands of justice. It chanced that I had attended the court-martial on the day of his trial, and I was not a little struck with the peculiar vein of eloquence in which the fiscal devoted him to damnation, ere yet he had been produced before the court. "Soon will this vile assassin present himself before you. The tribunal will then see his detestable soul painted in his countenance, and will need no other evidence to discover the atrocious image of a regicide." Such, alike under despotism and in the hands of liberals, is the vindictive character of Spanish retribution. Perhaps, however, it may be just to add, that of seventy-three royalists condemned to death for a revolt, with the alleged intention of murdering the Queen, the Bird-catcher was alone selected as the most infamous for execution. The rest were taken from prison in the dead of the succeeding night, and, being manacled, were marched off under a strong escort for Ceuta. One of them, in an access of despair, dashed his brains out against the postern of the prison. The scene in the neighbourhood was represented to me as having been most deplorable on the following morning. The news of the departure of these prisoners had

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spread to the obscure barriers of the capital, and their families had gathered round in an agony of bereavement. Mothers, wives, and lovers, tore their hair and rent the air with shrieks and exclamations of woe; while the children, thus suddenly left fatherless, looked on with a dumb amazement —an indistinct sense of some great calamity— scarcely less painful and heart-rending. There were fifty wives who found themselves thus suddenly reduced to hopeless widowhood, while more than twice that number of children looked around, and saw that they were fatherless.

Divesting the mind of all fanaticism, whether in favour of liberty or despotism, the offences of these men will not seem so equal to their fate, as to close the heart against every sentiment of pity. They were victims of their fidelity to an order of things, which, but a few months before, received the adhesion of the king, the court, the army,—was acquiesced in by the whole nation, and still had the sympathy of a vast majority of the Spanish people. Oh, Americans! while you pity the land in which liberty is unknown and unappreciated, learn to value the blessings which you enjoy, and cultivate an ever-increasing admiration and love for that birthright of freedom which has been bequeathed to you.

I took my way through the Gate of the Sun, to the noble front of the Prison of the Court, in which the Pajarero was pointed out to me, when I visited

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it, as the greatest curiosity of the place. My readers may not be aware, that, among the common people of Spain, villainous distinction of any sort, as that of a footpad or murderer, always entitles the possessor to a species of war-name; thus, El Gato, or Cat, was the formidable and dreaded appellation of a Valencian robber, who flourished a few years since, enacting a fearful tragedy in my presence, and who was noted for the tiger-like and ferocious certainty with which he was wont to pounce upon his prey. El Cacaruco was the droll cognomen of a scarcely less distinguished worthy, by whom I had once been most courteously plundered in the plains of La Mancha; while the famous Jose Maria was graced with the more complimentary title—a tribute at once to his power and his magnanimity—of el Señor del Campo.

The Pajerero was a name of inferior note. When his crimes were recounted to me, I felt little inclination to pity him. Whatever sympathy I had at my command, had already been bestowed upon the more pitiable objects which met my sight in that mansion of despair. There seemed, moreover, a sort of poetical justice in the shutting up of an individual, who, while he had been a monster to his fellow-men, had passed his life in making war against those winged inhabitants of the air—those happy pensioners of nature—whose capacities barely fit them to enjoy liberty, and to languish and pine away when deprived of it. He was, besides, a most

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ill-favoured and ferocious-looking man, and the fiscal would, doubtless, have been borne out by Lavater, in his assertion, that it was easy to see "his detestable soul painted in his countenance."

The prison was already surrounded by a dense crowd. The escort, which was to conduct the prisoner to the place of execution, was at its post, and squadrons of cavalry patrolled the streets leading to it, keeping the way open, and beating back the crowd with their sabres, and trampling upon them with the armed hoofs of their horses, much in the same manner as if the government had still been that of the Absolute King, and the felon a false-hearted liberal. It was expected, and currently reported, that there was to be a popular tumult among the serviles, and an attempt by the disbanded volunteers, to rescue their heroic comrade. The government, unwilling to betray any weakness, did not, however, increase the detachment of troops on immediate duty beyond what was usual, yet preparations were secretly made, to pour forth an overwhelming military force. The troops at the garrison were ready to march at a moment's warning, and individual cavaliers of the body-guard, in their gay uniforms and antique casques, were seen at each instant, spurring away on their fleet barbs, of the caste of Aranjuez, to carry to the palace the anxiously expected intimation, that all was still well.

I did not look with any particular complacency

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upon these military youths, notwithstanding their gay uniforms and handsome persons. To be sure, I had once claimed as an intimate and valued friend, a noble young Andalusian—noble, not less in the real, than in the accepted sense—who belonged to this corps. In general, however, they are held in little estimation, and never in less than at that moment; for, but a few days before, one of them was detected, by the waiter of a restaurant, in the act of concealing two silver forks in the capacious receptacle of his trooper's boots, which, however constructed with other motives, were not ill adapted to the purpose of quiet and unobserved abstraction. After all, there was nothing so strange in this, when one looked at the short distance from the top of the yawning boot to the tempting cover, a few inches distant on the edge of the table, reflecting, at the same time, that the youth had to support all the dignity of a nobility, unsullied on four sides by any mingling of base blood, upon the paltry stipend of twenty dollars a month. "*Viven los chocolateros!*" cried the crowd, as they spurred along, that being the vulgar cognomen applied to them, because chocolate is the only refréshment served to them from the royal kitchen when on duty at the palace.

At length the prisoner was brought forth. He was dressed in a penitential robe of yellow; on his head was a cap of the same colour, faced by a white cross. His face was pale, less apparently

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from fear than long confinement, for his frame was not convulsed, and his hands trembled not, as he held before him a paper, from which he chanted a prayer, uttered with an earnestness proportioned to the little time that remained to him to make his peace with heaven, and the conviction that he was about to enter on an eternity of bliss or misery, the common belief of a land in which, though there may be much crime, there is as yet but little infidelity. A dark beard, which was of many days' growth, augmented the ghastliness of his expression.

At his side was a friar of the order of Mercy, in a white habit, and a shaven crown, who held before the unhappy man a crucifix, bearing an image of the Saviour, through whose intercession he might yet, by repentance, be saved. With one arm the holy man embraced the prisoner, whispering in his ear words of consolation and comfort, and accompanying him as he faltered in his prayers. He was seated on a white ass, his legs bound below; and the patient unconsciousness of the docile animal of the errand on which it was going, contrasted singularly with the interest and irresistible sympathy which all there felt in the fate of a fellow-man about to enter on the unknown regions of eternity.

The brotherhood of Peace and Charity, each member bearing a torch, gathered closely around the victim, whom, from a sentiment of humanity, and in fulfilment of their solemn vow, they had

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comforted with their society, and aided with their prayers; for his sake they had become mendicants through the public streets, collecting sufficient alms from the charitable to supply with comfort and decency the last wants of nature; and, when justice should have wreaked its necessary vengeance on his body, they were to withdraw it from its place of ignominious exposure, consign it with careful decency to the tomb, and offer prayers and masses for the soul which had taken its flight.

So soon as all had reached the street, the soldiers gathered round, their serried bayonets seeming to shut out all hope of rescue, and the muffled drum beating a monotonous and mournful measure, the procession set forward to the scene of death. The singular combination of this group—the criminal, the ass, the cowled friar in his white robe, the torch-bearing brothers of the Paz y Caridad, the stern and mustached warriors who guarded the law's victim, offered to the eye a singular spectacle, while the chanting of the criminal, and of the compassionating spirits who joined in his prayers, mingling strangely with the hoarse drum and the measured tramp of the soldiers, bringing nearer, at every footfall, the moment of the catastrophe—all tended to impress the beholder with a gloomy and terrible interest.

It was expected, that if there were any riot or attempt at rescue, it would take place in the street of Toledo, before the portal of the Jesuits' Church

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of San Isidro. Not many weeks later, indeed, an insurrection did occur there. The population of the adjoining quarter broke forth into mutiny and rebellion, liberals and royalists joined in deadly conflict, churchemen and friars were immolated in the streets, and the pavement was strewed with corpses, and crimsoned with Spanish blood, shed by the hands of Spaniards. But the spirit of rebellion, so lately repressed, was not yet ripe for a new explosion. San Isidro was passed without commotion of any sort, and the procession at length reached the Plaza. The ordinary avocations, of which it is the daily scene, had ceased. It was filled with a crowd of curious spectators. Cloaked men, and women in mantillas, as if arrayed for mass, occupied the whole square, while the sheds and the gratings of the surrounding windows were covered with clambering and ambitious urchins, each anxious to contemplate, from the highest elevation, the scene which so great a crowd had collected to behold. The balconies were filled with well-dressed people, and, from not a few, beauty—hardened to painful spectacles by the tortures of the arena—was seen to gaze with curious earnestness.

At one of the balconies I noticed the towering and military figure of the brave colonel of the Madrid light horse, to whom I had the honour of being known. I entered the house, and, presenting myself at the door of the no less doughty countryman

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of the doughty Dugald Dalgetty, was received most cordially, and welcomed to a station in his balcony. I was at once absobed by the painful interest which attracted my attention to the person of the culprit. The colonel, on the contrary, was filled with delight at the spirited manner in which his horsemen kept the way open; beating back the more pressing intruders by frequent and forceful blows with the flat of their long Toledo sabres, and reining their steeds most unceremoniously backward upon them. The colonel was a fierce liberal. He was delighted with the way in which his brave fellows routed the rabble mob, and, being armed from cap to rowel, would doubtless have been delighted to have an opportunity, as indeed, he soon afterwards had, of heading his squadron, who were drawn up in readiness in the neighbouring barrack, and riding down all opposition.

The instrument of execution was different from what I had been accustomed to see in Spain. It was the *garrote*, which the liberals, actuated by the spirit of improvement, exercising itself first, as in revolutinary France, in a more ingenious method of putting people to death, had substituted for the gallows. The form of it was very simple. A single upright post was planted in the ground, having attached to it an iron collar, large enough to receive the neck of the culprit, but capable of being suddenly tightened to much smaller dimen-

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sions, by means of a screw, which played against the back of the post, and had a very open spiral thread. A short elbow projected at right angles from the upright post, for the criminal to sit on, the screw being attached to the post at a distance above, suited to the height of his body.

When the procession had arrived at the foot of the gallows, the bird-catcher was unbound and removed from the ass, and seated upon the projecting elbow of the *garrote*, which looked towards the east. His legs were again securely bound to the post on which he was seated, and his arms and body to the upright timber at his back. Here he made his last confession at the foot of the scaffold. The friar chanted the prayers which the church has set apart for the closing scene of life's latest hour. The criminal repeated his responses fervently and audibly. He was now convinced that there was to be no reprieve and no rescue. Each moment was more precious to the salvation of his soul than worlds of treasure. He remembered that the penitent thief had been forgiven at his latest hour—Why might he not hope, being also penitent, to claim that precious promise—"To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise?"

The friar whispered words of consolation. He pronounced the promise of absolution, and covering the unhappy man with the folds of his ample robe, thereby signified that he was a pardoned, because a repentant sinner, and, as such, admitted into the

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bosom of the church. The scene at this moment was one of awful interest. The eyes of that vast crowd, filling the square, and clustering on gratings, balconies, and house-tops, were fixed, with intensely excited gaze, on the one object of attention. The battalion of infantry formed an impenetrable phalanx around the scaffold. Behind it, mounted on powerful coal-black horses, a squadron of cuirassiers, with drawn sabres, and clad in panoply of steel, were drawn up, ready for instant action, yet as motionless as death. The glorious sun of a Castilian heaven, shining through an atmosphere yet more brilliant and unclouded than our own, was sent back in bright reflection from cuirasses, emblazoned with its own gorgeous image, glancing from antique casques, and flickering round the points of sabres and bayonets.

Still, for a moment, the man of God covered, with his garb of sanctity, the figure of the criminal. And now it is withdrawn, and the executioner, with dexterous art, quickly and stealthily adjusts the iron collar to the neck of his victim. A hand is on either end of the powerful lever which works the tightening screw. Life has reached its extremest limit. Time is dropping his last sand; ere yet it is quite fallen, one prayer of supplication is uttered for mercy in that eternity which begins. Quick as lightning the motion is given to the fatal lever; a momentary convulsion agitates his frame, and horribly distorts his countenance, and the sinner is

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with his God. The bell of the neighbouring church tolls a mournful requiem from the top of its tower; lips are seen to move in muttered prayer to speed the parting soul, and ten thousand breasts are signed together with the cross of reconciliation. A fleet horseman darts away at a gallop to announce to the alarmed inmates of the palace that justice has not been robbed of its victim, and that its consummation is complete.

Thus ignominiously died Solorzano, surnamed El Pajarero. His sins to his fellow men upon earth were expiated; let us hope that he may find mercy in heaven. Peace to his soul!

The execution was over, the verdugo had withdrawn, and the crowd was preparing to disperse, when a blind woman, leaning on her staff, seized upon the interval of silence and solemnity that yet prevailed in the neighbourhood of the scaffold, to offer to put into words the feeling of devotion that influenced the crowd, and the desire of those who composed it, to offer up prayers for the soul's rest of the departed sinner. "Devots and devotees!"—said she, in a loud clear voice—"who will command me to repeat a solemn orison for the soul of our brother, the defunct criminal?" Another blind woman who had approached, with the same motive of saying prayers and getting paid for them, now made some disparaging remark, upon which the other broke out into abuse, and brandished her staff

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in a way to show, that though she wanted to pray, she was also ready to fight. These were both members of the fraternity of the blind, a recognised *gremio*, or company, having a royal charter, which secures to them the monopoly of crying the journals, lottery-tickets, or articles of lost property, and other similar functions. Before giving the prayer of the victorious blind woman, I may as well say something of her life, which, I had subsequent reason to see, was less holy than her language. Being anxious to procure a copy of the very peculiar formula which she used on this occasion, I arranged, with my companion, in witnessing this spectacle (a most intelligent young gentleman, connected with the British mission), the means of seeing her again; and, accordingly, having found her way to his better known residence, she was thence directed to mine; and, one wet morning, being one of only two rainy days that occurred during my visit to Spain, though made at the most inclement season of the year, she picked her way up the tortuous stairway leading to my apartment, and came upon me at breakfast. Having furnished her with some food, Doña Lucretia fell to questioning her about her history and mode of life, and, among other questions, asked her if she were married, there being that in her appearance which made the question an obvious one. She said no; she had been some months engaged to a blind tu-

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nante of her acquaintance, who, after making her a present, for which she was likely to remember him, had gone off a few mornings before, and married another woman of their fraternity. The account she gave of the way in which she lost her sight, will convey an idea of hopeless, and almost incredible barbarity. She had in her early youth, an affection of the eyes, which her father undertook to cure by thrusting red pepper into them, an application which was reasonably enough followed by the total loss of vision.

But to return to her doings on this present occasion; having silenced her rival, and received a copper, to encourage her to commence, she now began a prayer, poetically arranged, which she delivered in a measured cadence, well emphasized, and distinctly pronounced, pausing frequently to cross herself. And first, she began by calling on all the bystanders to join in the effort to extract the unhappy soul of the deceased from purgatory, which she described as a place of terror, having, among other horrible attributes, lakes of molten glass, and pits of snow, into which the probationers were alternately plunged, according to their guilt, that others, in like circumstances, might render them the same aid. To this end, she said that alms, masses, and processions were of avail, which they were bound to contribute to; for all Christians are known by their works, some having devotion to say prayers, others to carry torches at a funeral. And now she began to

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pray very fervently, invoking all the saints, ascribing to each peculiar attributes, until, as she went on, those who at first seemed disposed to scoff, were converted into attentive listeners, and when she stopped, there poured in from all sides a plentiful tribute of coppers.

Thus encouraged, when she had taken breath, she began a second poem, describing the origin of crime in the bad passions of our nature, as well as its consequences: she carried us to the interior of the prison, picturing the guilty criminal, crouching, covered with chains, in the corner of his cell; then produced in court, confronted with his accusers, and condemned to die like a felon. The chaplain is now introduced, and urges him to confess, with the promise of absolution, if he be penitent; the confession is narrated in general terms, showing a picture of crime and murder but too common in the land, and, finally, the holy man takes his leave, counselling the criminal to die a Christian, if he wish to live one hereafter. Now follows a description of the terrible ceremony of placing him in the chapel, hung with black, and surrounded with every circumstance suited to strike terror, and stir up repentance in his soul.

" Ya le ha llegado la hora
De meterle en la Capilla
Que confusion ! y que espanto
Que dolor ! y que fatiga !"

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The visits and sad parting of friends prelude to the procession, as this does to the execution, and the soul's passage to the presence of its Judge. "The criminal is dead, and even for such as he God has pity, since Jesus Christ also died on the scaffold for the just and for the unjust; yet, though God be willing to pardon him, some there are who may say that the sinner is unworthy. Scoff not, vain man; take heed to your words; for who can say that he is safe? and least of all shall he be pardoned who is unwilling to pardon others. Fathers, teach well your children, and teach not only by words, but by example also, lest, through thy fault, they be brought to like shame and condemnation. Beloved Redeemer! benign Jesus! who died on the accursed tree, have mercy on his soul! Mary! Mother of God! chosen rose among women! intercede and save him! Michael and Gabriel, grant him repose, and Raphael, joy in thy glorious custody! Philip and Bartholomew, and St. Matthew the Apostle, pray to Jesus to save him! Thomas and Clement, withdraw him from perdition, and intercede to stay his torments! St. Stephen and St. Francis, St. Martin and the three glorious Kings, and ye, Martha and Magdalen, seek the propitiation of his sins, and of those who command me to pray for him. Souls of the executed, that have been pardoned and received into heaven, seek that this, thy brother's, may meet with like acceptation! O soul! be thou received

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of God, the Father Eternal, pardoned through the intercession of his Divine Son, and crowned with glory by the Holy Ghost! Amen! and Amen!"

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ROYAL ORDER,

Excluding the Author from Spain.

El Exmo. Señor Gobernador del Real y Supremo Consejo de Castilla en 3 del actual dice al Exmo Señor Presidente Capitan General de esta real Audiencia lo que copio.

Exmo Señor. Con fecha de ayer me dice el Señor Secretario del Despacho de Gracia y Justicia lo siguiente. Exmo Señor. El Señor Secretario de Estado y del Despacho me dice de orden de su Magestad con fecha 26 del mes anterior lo que sigue. Exmo Señor. Se ha imprimido en los Estados Unidos una obra en Ingles titulada *A Year in Spain* (o sea un año en España) por un joven Anglo Americano Teniente de la marina de aquella Republica llamado Ridell. Esta indigesta produccion esta llena de falsedades y de groceras calumnias contra el Rey N. S. y su

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augusta familia, y en consecuencia es la Soberana Voluntad de S. M. que no solo se impida la introduccion de este Libro en el Reino, sino que se niegue la entrada en el á su autor si volviera á presentarse, como se propone segun parece verificario con el objeto de denigrar á nuestros Soberanos y hacer necia mofa de nuestras instituciones y costumbres. De real orden lo traslado a V. E. para que disponga lo conveniente á fin de que se empida, la introduccion y circulacion en el Reino de la obra que se cita ye se ejecute ademas lo que ha tenido á bien determinar por el Ministerio de Estado, respecto á que se niegue la entrada en la Peninsula al autor de la indicada produccion. Al trasladar a V. E. esta Soberana resolucion para su mas ecsacto y punctual cumplimiento no puedo menos de encargarle que en union con ese Tribunal tome las mas activas y eficaces disposiciones á fin de que se realicen los deseos de su Magestad dandome cuenta de las providencias que para su execucion se acordasen y de cuanto resulte en el asunto.

Y leida en el acuerdo ordinario del dia 16 del actual se mando obedecer, gauardar y cumplir y que se comunique á V. S. para los fines que en la preinserta orden se espresan y en union del Exmo Señor Presidente es para el Tribunal del acreditado celo y amor de V. S. al Rey N. S. que tomara cuantas medidas esten á su alcance y que nada le quedara que hacer en un punto

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an interesante y recomendado y que en el caso de conseguir la aprehension de alguno o algunos ejemplares los remitira sin dilacion al Real acuerdo por conducto del Señor Regente para las providencias oportunas en conformidad á lo prevenido en dicha orden y del recibo me dara aviso.

Dios guarde á V. S. muchos años.

Por el Secretario

DON BARTOLOME SOCIAS Y GOMILA.

GABRIEL CABANELLAS, *Substituto.*

Palma, 20 Agosto, de 1832.

Señor Gobernador Militar y Politico de Menorca.

END OF VOL. I.

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