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government had in view. In furtherance of a new attempt on this formidable city, said to be contemplated, a strong garrison has been established at Guelma, where the plan of another and more fortunate expedition may possibly be matured.

THE END.

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The snow still fell in thick flakes: the place must either be captured by storm, or retreat become inevitable. The first gate was already carried; but that of El Cantara resisted every effort. The Turks and Arabs, undismayed and in great force, attacked the invaders in fierce sorties; yet the soldiers, although nearly palsied with cold, firmly resisted these desperate attempts to break their ranks. Surrounded by darkness,—enveloped on all sides in snow,—the storm in horrible concert with the sounds of disastrous war rolling through the hills, the anxious commander at length directed a retreat. Ere daylight the movement was commenced; but the whole of the disposable garrison poured forth in eager pursuit. It was now for French spirit and heroism to display itself, in a struggle for life as well as glory, and nobly did it meet the appeal of honour and country. In the midst of cold, privation, and innumerable difficulties, this desperate service continued for days together; till, passing the gorge of Ray El Akba, the heroic survivors of the fatal expedition encamped at the foot of the hill on the right bank of the Seibouse.

At Guelma they left their sick; at Bona, during fifteen days, they suffered severely from fevers, and the hospitals were crowded. What is most honourable, however, under circumstances so trying, they abandoned none of their sick or wounded, and brought off a great part of their ammunition and baggage. Still, these reverses do not appear to have damped the ardour of the soldier, nor checked the object which the

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numbers perished in one night; but the heroes of a hundred campaigns held on; they forded rivers, bore hunger and thirst, and never faltered till they found themselves in position under the walls of Constantina. Wonderfully defended by nature, this majestic fortress seemed vulnerable but at one point. A ravine sixty yards deep presented, as scarp and counterscarp, a perpendicular rock, alike unassailable by open escalade or by the secret mine. The plateau of Mansoura was gained, and the hillocks of Koudiah Ati were directed to be carried, being the only point open to attack. But it was found impossible to bring up the artillery: it was already buried in the miry platform of Mansoura. At this critical moment, the conflict commenced; the red flag of the Arab was displayed from the principal battery; their guns began to play,—the gateways, of massy strength,—the bridge—the surrounding houses and gardens, thronged by their troops, were equally prompt to follow the example. Besides the inhabitants, fifteen hundred Turks and Kabyles had been brought into the place, who, advancing boldly from the town, disputed every inch of the approach; but the French drove them back, till they took up a position under the very guns of the Arabs. The weather, however, continued to increase in severity,—the guns were no longer serviceable,—insubordination followed the intense sufferings of the army,—and the maddened troops, throwing off all discipline and control, plundered the provisions, staved the casks of wine and brandy, and thus painfully augmented the general confusion and calamity.

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If Achmet Bey had been less rapacious, the commerce between Constantina and Tunis, recently revived, would have become more important.

In the present day, the French government, having determined on obtaining redress for injuries inflicted on its trade, and at the same time to repress piracy and slavery, despatched a formidable expedition to the African shores. Algiers and the surrounding districts were speedily subjugated, and the Court of Versailles no longer concealed its ulterior design of retaining these conquests, with a view to the adoption of a permanent system of colonization. Bona, too, and other important posts had early submitted to French valour, and Constantina next engaged the attention of the invading chiefs. A powerful force was destined to this new conquest, and 7000 veteran troops, under Marshal Clausel, quitted Bona on the 12th of November, 1836. But no sooner had their march commenced, than the elements displayed unwonted severity, exhibiting in this torrid clime all the chilly features of the wintry north. The rain fell, and the streams were swollen into torrents before they reached Guelma. On the 17th they crossed the Seibouse, passed over hills and through formidable defiles, till they came to the great Col de Ray El Akba, two days' march from Constantina. While encamped in these mountain summits, a terrific snow-storm set in, suddenly realizing all the rigours of a Russian winter. The oldest soldiers seemed appalled at the prospect before them. Constantina lay within their view, yet despair sat on the hardiest features. The cold soon became intense, and

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till the year 900. It then passed under the dominion of the Zerytes, who reigned at Taburt and at Asch'yr over the territory of the eastern division, which afterwards became the regency of Algiers. After a lapse of six hundred years of variable fortune under the Almoravides and the Almohades, the city fell under the leaden sceptre of the Osmanlis in 1550. The cultivation of the soil—the most productive in Africa, an industrious population, commerce with Central Africa, and an advantageous position between the desert and the best portion of the date country, the most fertile part of the kingdom of Tunis,—that of Sousah, and chiefly subject to the dominion of the divan of Algiers, have given to Constantina a considerable degree of importance under the predatory rule of the Turk. Its commercial connexions were principally with Tunis, and were so injurious to the Algerines, that war was declared by them with Tunis in 1782 and 1783. Some inconsiderable hostilities were followed by the plague in 1784. Between both these terrific scourges, a great portion of the population of these dominions was swept away. Previous to 1780 the inhabitants of this spacious city amounted to nearly fifty thousand souls; but has subsequently declined to little more than half that number. A monthly caravan used formerly to set out for Tunis —a wealthy cargo, estimated at not less than one hundred thousand Spanish piastres, or six million six hundred thousand francs yearly. It also carried on trade with Bona, the bays of Quol and Stora, and with the Royal African Company of Marseilles.

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key-stones likewise of the arches are charged with *Caducei*, and other figures. Below the gallery, between the two principal arches, we see in bold relief the figure of a lady treading upon two elephants, with a large escalop shell for her canopy. The elephants, facing each other, twist their trunks together; and the lady, who appears dressed in her own hair, with a close-bodied garment like a lady's riding-habit of our times, raises up her petticoat with her right hand, and looks scornfully upon the city. Among the ruins to the south-west of the bridge, is the greatest part of a triumphal arch, called *Cassir Goulah*, or, as it is interpreted, the "castle of the giant," composed of three arches, of which that in the centre, as usual, is the most spacious. All the mouldings and friezings are curiously embellished with the figures of flowers, battle-axes, and other ornaments. The Corinthian pilasters, erected on each side of the grand arch, are panelled, like the gates of the city, in a style peculiar to Cirtha. Beyond the precincts of the city, under the great precipice, numerous sepulchral inscriptions are to be seen.

In the fearful day of the Vandals, Constantina suffered from the devastations of that ferocious power; though it preserved, till the yet more sweeping conquest of the Arab, those municipal rights and laws conferred by the Carthaginian trader and the Roman colonizer. The city was slow to receive the Mohammedan doctrines, which it only adopted with Numidia and the rest of Africa in 710. It once formed part of the kingdom of Africa, under the dynasty of the Fatimites,

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walls, flanked at intervals with strong towers. The enclosure is still in good preservation; in Pliny's time, the city stood on a kind of lofty promontory, inaccessible on every side, except towards the south-east. The town inclined a little to the south, and was terminated to the north by a precipice of 600 feet in depth. The view is here magnificent, stretching far over a series of valleys,—at one period covered with country-seats, palaces, and Roman villas, of which numerous vestiges are yet to be seen. Again, to the east it is commanded by lofty mountains, connected by a chain of almost inaccessible rocks.

Besides the general traces of a diversity of ruins scattered all over, we have still remaining, near the centre of the city, those capacious cisterns which received the waters brought thither from Physgeah by an immense aqueduct, great part of which, showing it to have been very sumptuous, still remains. The cisterns, which are about twenty in number, make an area of fifty yards square. One of the gates is of a beautiful reddish stone, not inferior to well-polished marble, and the pillars are neatly moulded in panels. An altar of pure white marble forms part of a neighbouring wall, and the side of it in view presents us with a well-shaped *simpulum* in bold relief. The gate towards the south-east is erected on a similar plan, only much smaller, and lies open to a bridge that was built over this part of the valley. This was indeed a master-piece of its kind; the gallery and the columns of the arches being adorned with cornices and festoons, ox-heads and garlands. The

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its vast population and its unequalled embellishments to the splendid reign of Massanissa. We are assured by Strabo, that it first subdued the Massœglians, who cultivated the fruitful plain of Hamsah. Scipio Emilianus extended the ancient kingdom of Massanissa and of Mecipsa by the addition of the valley of Bagrado, when it took the name of Numidia. It was desolated by the wars of Marius and of Scylla, the oppressions of the old Roman proconsuls, and by repeated civil strife. Hemissal, vanquished by Cæsar at Thepsa with Cato and Labienus, lost a part of his kingdom; but he re-established his fortunes by the trade he carried on with the interior of Africa.

Towards the year 45 of the Christian era, Numidia became a Roman province. It was governed by proconsuls, and after the time of Dioclesian by presidents, under the orders, it is stated, of the vicar at Carthage, subsequently by the prefect of the Italian Pretorium, and was placed in the military division of a count residing at Bona, who had between 5000 and 6000 troops, quartered in a great number of fortresses and castles under his command. Numidia embraced the Christian faith; but it was torn by persecutions, by dissensions and heresies between the Donatists and the Arians. The houses and furniture of the Catholics became the prey of the former, who also burnt Cirtha. Between the years 340 and 350, the town was re-built by the Emperor Constant, son of Constantina, from whom it acquired its modern name.

The position of Constantina is very formidable; the Romans fortified it with an enclosure of lofty

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Drawn by David Roberts from a sketch by Col. Harding of the Royal Engineers.

Engraved by J. Fisher.

CONSTANTINA.



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Wan-nougah in being more direct. Three or four leagues southward is Messulah, the frontier town of this province to the west. Like other villages here it is dirty, having its houses built either with reeds daubed over with mud, or else with tiles baked in the sun. At this, as well as at other places upon the skirts of the Sahara, the air is too cold for the production of dates; the gardens that surround it are only furnished with peach, apricot, and such fruit trees as are common to the more northern parts of Barbary. Messulah denotes a situation like this, which borders upon a running water.

We meet with nothing further remarkable till we come to Seteef, the ancient Sitipha, the metropolis of this part of Mauritania, recorded in history to have made a stout resistance to the incursions of the Saracens. This city, which I conjecture might have been a league in circuit, was built upon a rising ground facing the south; but the Arabs have treated it so severely, that there is scarcely a single fragment left of the ancient walls, pillars, and cisterns of the Romans. The few remaining structures are obviously the work of the later inhabitants: the fountains which yet continue to flow near the centre of the city are equally delightful and convenient, and without doubt gave occasion formerly for many ingenious and useful contrivances in the distribution of the water.

The town of Constantina is almost three times as large as Algiers, and is surrounded with strong walls more than thirty-five feet high. Founded during the early achievements of the Carthaginians, it owed

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being able to dispute the passage with a whole army. A rivulet of salt-water, which attends us all along this valley, might first point out the way, that art and necessity would afterwards improve.

The Lomellines, a noble Genoese family, have been in possession of the little island that lies before Ta-barka, at the mouth of the Zainé, ever since the time of the famous Andrea Doria, to whom the people of Tunis gave it, with the solemn consent of the Grand Signor, in ransom for one of their princes whom Andrea had taken captive. This place is defended by a small castle, well armed and in good order, and protected the coral fishery which was carried on in these seas. But in the year 1740, that monster of all rulers, Ali Pasha, the reigning king of Tunis, took it by treachery from the Genoese; and in violation of all justice and the rights of nations, put some of them to the sword, and the rest, to the number of three or four hundred, he consigned to hopeless captivity.

Two leagues to the south-east of the Beeban is the Accaba, or "ascent," another dangerous pass, the very reverse of the Beeban. Here, as in the famous Mount Cenis, the road lies upon the narrow ridge of a high mountain, with deep valleys and precipices on each side, where the least deviation from the beaten path exposes the traveller to the inevitable risk of life. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the common road from Algiers to Constantina lies over this savage ridge and through the Beeban, being preferred to another a little on the right as being wider, and to

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they terminate, upon the Sahara, in a long range of mountains—the Buzara, as we take it to be, of the antients. The district of Zaab lies directly under these mountains; and beyond, at a distance in the Sahara, is Wadreag, another collection of villages. This part of the province, including the parallel of Zaab, answers to the Mauritania Sitifensis, or the first Mauritania as it was called in the middle age.

The country between the meridians of the rivers Zhoore and Seibouse is of no great extent, spreading itself about six leagues within the continent. From the Seibouse to the Zainé, except in the neighbourhood of Ta-barka, the country, though sometimes interrupted by hills and forest, is mostly upon a level. Similar inequalities are met with below Tuckush, as far as Constantina, where we sometimes see a small species of red deer, rarely if ever met with in other places. Beyond this parallel is a range of mountains—the Thambes of Ptolemy, extending as far as Ta-barka. A few leagues to the south-east of Mount Jurjura, we pass through a narrow winding valley, continued for above half a mile under two opposite ranges of exceedingly high hills and precipices. At every turning, the rocky stratum that originally went across it, thereby separating one part of this valley from another, is hewn down like so many door-cases, each six or seven feet wide, which led the Arabs to call them the Beeban, or "gates;" whilst the Turks, alluding to their strength, call them Dammer Cappy, "the gates of iron." Few persons pass through them without horror, a handfull of men

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become covered with these conical heaps. The principal source is very remarkable. The water comes out of a high rock, and deposits over its surface layers of matter of a snowy whiteness. When the sun shines on this magnificent cascade, it produces all the prismatic colours of the rainbow. The thermometer, when immersed in the water, rises to 36 degrees Reaumur, or 113 degrees Fahrenheit; and this great heat, added to its strong impregnation of sulphur, renders the water exceedingly efficacious in cutaneous and rheumatic complaints. The Arabs attribute supernatural powers to these springs, as appears from their name, *Hammām 'Shoutin*, signifying "the cursed baths." The Romans had erected here a magnificent building, and the remains of columns, arches, &c. attest the care and the taste with which they endeavoured to avail themselves of the natural advantages of the place.

Of the most remarkable inland places and inhabitants of the eastern province of Constantina, together with the correspondent parts of the Sahara, we are enabled to give the following summary. The entire tract, which lies between the meridians of the rivers Booberak and Zhoore, from the sea-coast to the parallels of Seteef and Constantina, is for the most part one continued chain of lofty mountains. Few of the inhabitants, owing to the rugged unproductive nature of the country, pay any tribute to the Algerines. Near the parallels of Seteef and Constantina, it is diversified with a beautiful interchange of hills and plains, which afterwards grow less fit for tillage, till

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between the rivers Boo-jeemah and Seibouse; which near the bank is plain and level, but soon rises to a moderate elevation. They are about half a league in circuit, consisting as usual of large broken walls and cisterns, some of which were shown by the Moors, who are said to have an interest in keeping up such a profitable tradition for the convent of St. Austin. The city was called Hippo Regius, not only in contradistinction to the Hippo Zarytus, but from being one of the royal cities of the Numidian kings. Silius Italicus acquaints us, that it was formerly one of their favourite seats; and if a city strong and warlike, as well situated for trade and commerce as for hunting and diversion, that enjoyed a healthful air, and commanded at one view the sea, a spacious harbour, a diversity of mountains loaded with trees, and plains cut through with rivers, could enjoy the affections of the Numidian kings, Bona—the ancient Hippo, had all this to recommend it.

About half a league up the Seibouse, from a small plain entirely covered with white cones, looking like an Arab encampment, rise several hot springs, with fumes of vapour issuing from some of them, and resembling smoke. The water, which emits a strong sulphurous smell, boils up from the soil, and deposits round the orifice of its escape the saline and earthy particles held by it in solution, until by the accumulation of circular layers a cone is formed over the hole, and the passage of the water becomes obstructed. The spring then pierces for itself an exit in some neighbouring spot, and thus the plain has

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at no distant period a place of considerable trade, especially in corn, wool, hides, and flax; and would doubtless become one of the most flourishing cities in Barbary, with the restoration of an active government, encouragement, and peace. Bona is probably a corruption of Hippo, or Hippona; though we are not to look for that ancient city here, where the name is preserved, but among a heap of ruins a mile farther to the south. Leo informs us that Blaid El Aneb was built out of these ruins of Hippona; and if we except one or two of the streets that are made with causeways in the Roman manner, the rest might have been the later work of the Mohammedans. Bona, therefore, may be supposed rather the Aphrodisium of Ptolemy, which he places fifteen degrees to the north of Hippo. Between Blaid El Aneb and the ancient Hippo, lies a low marshy plain, apparently recovered from the sea, and which might formerly have been the haven of the latter place. The river Boo-jeemah, which has a bridge of Roman workmanship, runs along the western side of the marsh, as the Seibouse, a much larger river, does to the eastward, having their influx together into the sea. Both are likewise subject to inundations, and the deposition of roots and trunks of trees left by the stream, might have first occasioned this addition to the land. The low situation of the adjacent country, and these inundations, sufficiently justify the etymology left by Bochart from the Arabic word for *marsh*.

The ruins of the ancient and once majestic city of Hippo, are spread over the neck of land that lies

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The Mansourah, another large river, separates the districts of the Beni Isah and the Beni Maad. The nickname of *Sheddy*, that is "the monkey," was given more than two centuries ago to the sheïkh of the Beni Isah, and occasioned a fierce and irreconcilable animosity, which long continued to spread among their followers. It is from this river that the greater part of the oaken plank and timber made use of in the docks of Algiers is shipped off for the capital.

Jijel, the Igilgili of the early ages, lies a little beyond the cape, forming the eastern boundary of the Gulf of Boujeiah. Only a few miserable houses, and a small fort where the Turks have a garrison, now remain of a place once so important. The Wed El Kibeer,—the great river of the antients, falls into the sea ten leagues to the east of Jijel. The two principal clans of the Sebba Rous drink of these waters; not dwelling, like other Kabyles, in little mud-walled hovels, but in caves, which they have either scooped out of the rocks, or found ready made to their hands. When any vessel happened to be driven by distress of weather near the coast, the Kabyles immediately started out of their holes, and hurrying down the cliffs in multitudes with fierce gesticulations, uttered the most horrible prayers and wishes that God would deliver the wreck into their hands.

Bona, known to the Moors by the name of Blaid El Aneb, or the town of Jujebs, from the quantity of fruit gathered in the neighbourhood, besides its capacious harbour, had formerly a convenient little port under the very walls of it to the southward. It was

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berak, which is made up of a number of branches, like the Shelliff and Masaffran, and it is of nearly the same size. Dellys, or Teddeles, mentioned by Leo Africanus, is next met with about a league's distance, built out of the ruins of an ancient city, and thought to be the Rusucurium of Pliny. The next remarkable spot is the Mettse-coub, a hollow rock, the Τρητον of Ptolemy; and the Spanish priests at Algiers repeat yet a tradition, that one Raymond Lully, in his mission to Africa, was wont to retire frequently to this perforated cave to indulge his meditations.

The port of Boujeiah, called by Strabo *Sarda*, much larger than that of Warran or Arzew, is at a short distance. The ancient aqueduct, the wall, and the basons have disappeared, and the tomb of the saint, Seedy Busgree, is the only thing for which it is now remarkable. Boujeiah, too, is built on the ruins of a large city like Dellys, and is three times the circumference. A castle crowns the summit of the hill, and two others overlook the port, where the walls still bear marks of the cannon fired against them by Sir Edward Spragg, in the famous expedition of 1671. The fact of its being the only city in this part of Barbary noticed by Abulfeda, has given rise to the supposition that Algiers was either not built, or of little consideration at that period. A little to the eastward of Boujeiah, a large river, the Nasava of Ptolemy, with its several branches, waters the whole country, if we except Hamza and Seteef, which is rocky and mountainous. The inundation of its wintry torrents is often a serious calamity to the inhabitants.

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were sounded in our ears on every side, like the dirge of our predestined doom. Yet the foot-prints of preceding travellers marked the sands before us; we thought of Bruce and his visit to Constantina, of Dr. Shaw, and so many adventurous spirits who had preceded us; and there was one consideration that did not allow us to hesitate for a moment. That one consideration was enough to have braced stronger nerves than ours to encounter the boldest Bedouin that ever crossed the desert, and broke bread and sipped his coffee with the traveller, namely,—the fate of the *Landscape Annual*, should we refuse to fraternize with the sons of the wilderness, or take up our evening quarters with mummies and crocodiles. Prudential motives then, added to the wholesome cautions we received, failed to arrest our steps; for, like every traveller ancient or modern, we sighed to explore the sea-coast of the Mauritania Cæsariensis and Numidia, called the Eastern Province, or the Province of Constantina.

Situated between the meridians of the rivers Booberak and Zainé, the province of Constantina is upwards of two hundred and thirty miles in length, and more than a hundred in breadth. Such were its resources, that at one period the viceroy was accustomed to pay annually into the treasury of Algiers, not less than from eighty to one hundred thousand dollars. The sea-coast from the Booberak to Boujeiah, and from thence almost entirely to Bona, is rocky and mountainous, and appears to merit well the title of El Adwah, or "the lofty," as it has been termed by Abulfeda. Here is the mouth of the Boo-

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CHAPTER X.

CONSTANTINA.

Attractive Subject—Dismal Forebodings—Situation of the Province—Peculiarities—Sea Coast—Tomb of a Saint—Anecdote of a Monkey—Kabyles—Bona—Its great Antiquity—Remarkable Springs—Inland Places—Inhabitants—Eastern Province—Zainé—Ta-barka—The Lomelline Family—Seteef—Its early Foundation—Constantina—Its Origin and Vicissitudes—Ruins—Architecture—Commerce—Expedition of Marshal Clausel—Sufferings of the Army—French Valour and Fortitude.

Of a subject so highly curious and interesting in all its features as that represented in the accompanying plate, we could not but consider a succinct sketch might prove acceptable to our readers. The no less singular construction of a city so memorable, and once so splendid and important, forms of itself an attractive object; and at this moment, when the experiment is being tried of establishing an European colony in the home of the restless Bedouin, it supplies more than ever an interesting field of inquiry and discussion to military men, to the political economist, and to the statesman.

But the Algerine war, the terrible Bedouins, and their now redoubled animosity against all Europeans,

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domes, deep niches, elaborate tracery, and magnificent gates of bronze, combine to delight and dazzle the eye. There are, besides this, several other sacred edifices, but as their architecture presents very few points of difference, it is unnecessary to describe them. The same remark will apply to the city. It is merely Rabatt, or Salè, or Tangiers, on a larger scale; and very little larger, for its population does not now exceed thirty-five thousand souls, though the population of Cairo might be accommodated within its walls, which are seven or eight miles in circumference.

Here we conclude our remarks on Morocco, compelled by our limits to be brief, though it will be found, it is hoped, that the principal features of the country have all been brought out in the course of our narrative. The few remaining pages will be devoted to the interesting city of Constantina, a subject which at the present moment boasts so many points of attraction.

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As our stay at Morocco was considerable, it were needless to specify the movements of each day. The sultan was absent on the sea-shore, which deprived us of the pleasure of an interview, and of the sight of the royal palace; but Yakoob, who had more than once accompanied Europeans on their presentation, assured me that the exterior was the better part of the edifice. If so, we lost very little; for, compared with a fine mosque, it was but an inferior object. In fact, at Morocco the mosques, as is very proper, are the noblest structures of the city; that is, the principal ones, for they are very numerous. I was particularly struck by that of El Kutubin, situated in an open space, and surmounted by a lofty square minaret, greatly resembling that of Rabatt. In each face of this tower there are three or four tiers of windows; but the perverseness of the architect's taste induced him to give several windows to each tier, save the lower one in the principal face, where there are two only. A small square tower, terminating in an elegant cupola, springs from the top of the minaret, adorned with half-open work, small indented windows, and an elegant frame enclosing the whole face of the turret. From the summit hung a thick heavy flag, which, being mosaicked tartan-fashion, looked exceedingly like a gridiron swinging in the wind. This unsightly object the artist has omitted, and thereby improved the appearance of the whole. Several date, palm, and a profusion of other stem trees surround the mosque, and improve the appearance of its imposing architecture, in which a roof of small

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All this while, however, our dinner at Yakoob's is getting cold. We must move on, but need not omit to remark, *en passant*, on such things as present themselves to our notice by the way. The streets of Marraksh are exactly like so many rivers. They preserve no certain rule in the matter of breadth, but are here contracted into the narrowest alleys, there expanded to the spaciousness almost of squares, turning, winding, dipping, climbing, just as they please; for the architect let the ground have its own way. Out of these the ingress to private houses is so narrow that a horse can scarcely pass, which is contrived for the purpose of enabling the grandees the more easily to defend themselves in times of insurrection or rebellion, which, in despotisms, are an enjoyment of frequent occurrence. Every house is, moreover, a little fort in other respects. It presents a lofty wall towards the streets, generally without windows, and sometimes built with stone, though more frequently with a composition of lime, sand, and earth, which is poured into an opening of the required thickness, formed by two parallel screens of plank; and this in Moorish is called *tabbi*.

On reaching home, for Yakoob's house was really such, we found a number of his countrymen assembled to wait our return and talk of Europe, where, as they learned, the condition of their *people* is every day more and more ameliorated. I found them, upon the whole, a lively, agreeable, and intelligent set of men, and in conversation with them spent the remainder of the day.

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sible relief experienced in descending from those airy heights up to which our imagination sometimes lifts us, to those dear streets where men sell good tobacco, and coffee, and sherbet, and pipes, and fresh cakes, and all those other ingredients of gourmandise, which Charles Lamb would have most relished in Morocco. So at least it appeared to me. I admired, almost loved, the fine fat old fellows who sat cross-legged on raised and carpeted platforms at the front of their shops, smoking tranquilly, returning every man's *salâm* with a smile and answering with marked politeness the question of every one who did them the honour to ask the price of their goods, whether he seemed inclined to buy or not. I like the look of an oriental shop: it is a picture of modesty, and would astonish those accustomed to the flaring, gaudy, anxious look of a Regent-street chapman's, whose pains to display his goods bespeak a salutary dread of the bankruptcy court. In the former there is the least possible display. He has no windows in the first place, and uses the transparent atmosphere instead of plate glass. His shop is a nook, or cell, ten feet deep in the wall, raised about three feet above the level of the pavement, nicely carpeted, and furnished with shelves from floor to ceiling. Upon these, neatly folded up, supposing him a linen-draper, his goods are piled; and the buyer who has patience *à l'épreuve*, may see them all, one after another, if he have a whole day at his disposal, without annoying the good man, who, nevertheless, will pause now and then to sip a cup of tea, or smoke his pipe.

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Heaven, and inspire even the dull and earthly with that poetical feeling which melts and ripens into religion. But here the classic halo that encircled and rendered doubly bright their luminous peaks, for on these the starry Atlas was domiciliated by the Hellenic mythology, amounted to something more thrilling and religious still. The lower and nearer ranges which interpose between the eye and the foot of the snowy chain, like the rocky curtain of the Savoyard Alps, when one views Mont Blanc from the Pays de Vaud, only rendered the spectral snowy cones rising behind them more startling. They seemed like clouds, and were not. And then at their foot, how smooth, how fertile, how richly wooded and thickly peopled was the plain! I cannot express what I felt, and much fear that the brown study into which the whole scene plunged me, made my honest conductor suspect I had caught the ague; for, in the midst of a reverie, delicious as ever Jean Jacques wandered in, or like Bienne's isle, he asked me if I felt cold. It brought me from the clouds at once. Upon having my attention directed to it, I found that the Jew was right. I really was cold, said so, and put myself immediately in motion to dispel it.

The day having crept away during our pilgrimage in search of more novel scenery, and our appetites admonishing us it was near dinner-time, we returned straight towards the city, which appeared doubly dirty, and mean and unelevated after the objects we had just been contemplating. But man is soon reconciled to what belongs to man; and, after all, there is a sen-

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the lemon, the jujube, and the fig tree; and the fragrance breathing from their mingled effluvia filled the atmosphere with overpowering sweetness.

Viewed from hence, Marraksh appears a truly magnificent city, enclosed by lofty walls of great extent, flanked with towers square and massive, and pierced by numerous gates of imposing architecture. The grandeur and capaciousness of the buildings are exaggerated to the imagination by the interposing masses of foliage, which contrasting strikingly with their colour and partly concealing their dimensions, distract the mind pleasingly by suggesting ideas of indefinite beauty and extent. But much of the effect produced by this extraordinary place is borrowed from the sublimity of the site, which, in some respects, can scarcely be surpassed. It has all that artists understand by *breadth* in painting. It seems to grow up out of the plain, to form an integral part of it, and to partake of its immensity, which the eye loses sight of on the limits of the horizon to the east and to the west. But the grandeur is not in this. Many capital cities, Madrid and Rome for example, occupy the centre of vast plains, but are not on that account sublime. What here strikes the eye and fascinates it, is the vast mountain ridges on the north and south, towering bold, broken into innumerable peaks, covered with an eternal weight of virgin snow, propping the superincumbent clouds.

Every where stupendous mountains produce a powerful effect upon the mind. They almost appear to be purposely piled up to direct the thoughts toward

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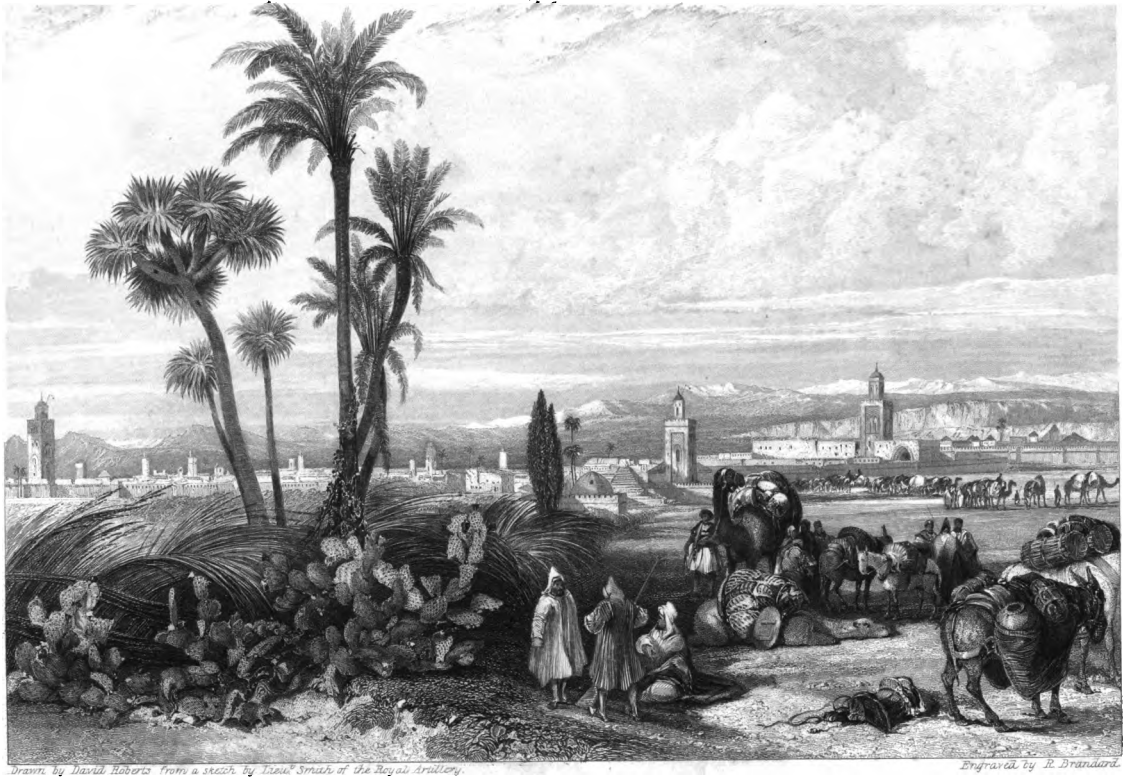

Drawn by David Roberts from a sketch by Lieut.ᵉ Smith of the Royal Artillery.

Engraved by R. Brandard.

MOROCCO.

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[illegible] through the city. By the advice [illegible] our provincial costume, [illegible] completely like the natives of [illegible] which [illegible] he foresaw, effectually [illegible] and, as he himself became [illegible] without difficulty or loss of time, to visit whatever the place contained really worthy of observation.

Our first desire was to reach some point from whence a general view of the whole city might be obtained; and to gratify this wish, our host took us on mules to a small eminence west of the walls, where we might truly be said to have enjoyed one of the loveliest prospects in the world. The streets, or rather narrow alleys, of the Jews town, through which it was first necessary to thread our way, and the ruinous quarter of the city which next succeeded, impressed our minds with ideas of extreme wretchedness; but no sooner had we escaped from the habitations of man, than [illegible] assumed a different aspect. The city of [illegible] centre of a vast plain, fertile beyond [illegible] and beautifully at intervals with [illegible] and clumps of palm trees, which here attain an immense height. Even within the walls these groves and gardens are continued, and the mosques, and towers, and shell-formed domes of the public buildings are picturesque, intermingled with the gracefully feathering heads of the date-palm, the richest and greatest ornament of the east. Here and there were extensive plantations of pomegranate trees now covered with blossom. And the orange was there

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to desire to ramble through the city. By the advice of our host we laid aside our provincial costume, and habited ourselves completely like the natives of respectable rank, which, as he foresaw, effectually protected us from insult; and, as he himself became our guide, we were enabled without difficulty or loss of time, to visit whatever the place contained really worthy of observation.

Our first desire was to reach some point from whence a general view of the whole city might be obtained; and to gratify this wish, our host took us on mules to a small eminence west of the walls, where we might truly be said to have enjoyed one of the loveliest prospects in the world. The streets, or rather narrow alleys, of the Jew's town, through which it was first necessary to thread our way, and the ruinous quarter of the city which next succeeded, impressed our minds with ideas of extreme wretchedness; but no sooner had we escaped from the habitations of man, than every thing assumed a different aspect. The city of Marraksh stands in the centre of a vast plain, fertile beyond description, dotted beautifully at intervals with olive groves and clumps of palm trees, which here attain an immense height. Even within the walls these groves and gardens are continued, and the mosques, and towers, and shell-formed domes of the public buildings are picturesque, intermingled with the gracefully feathering heads of the date-palm, the richest and greatest ornament of the east. Here and there were extensive plantations of pomegranate trees, now covered with blossom. And the orange was there,

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house, by quitting our *gîte*, and pushing on with all speed towards the capital. It is unnecessary to describe the proceedings of the three days we consumed in performing those eighty miles, as the only events by which they were diversified were eating, drinking coffee, smoking, swearing at our muleteers, and sleeping at night. We expected, indeed, some amusement and a touch or two of the picturesque among the fastnesses of the Gebel Hhader, or "green mountain;" but our guides assured us we should greatly shorten the road by making a long circuit to the east, and argued the point so vehemently, that we lost all faith in geometry, which teaches that the shortest line which can be drawn between two places is a right line. However, there was some reason in what they urged; for, by taking the track over the mountain, four days instead of three would have been consumed. The shores of the lake a little to the north-east of Raf Allah, present many picturesque points of view; but, to confess the truth, we began to sigh for repose, and gladly shut our eyes upon very delightful prospects, in order that we might the sooner enjoy it.

On our arrival at *Marraksh*, or Morocco as we term it, our interpreter made inquiries for a certain Jew of his acquaintance, who had long been settled there; and discovering him without difficulty, we were all hospitably received by this man, who, in spite of the despotism of the sultan, had contrived to amass considerable property. He lodged and entertained us handsomely; and it was not until two days had elapsed, that we felt our spirits sufficiently revived

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Morocco. Having been completely dismantled of all their packages, harness, &c., they were driven in a flock to the water's edge, where their persecutors, placing themselves in a semicircle behind, succeeded by blasphemous vociferations of all kinds in compelling them to take to the water; after which, they were easily brought to land on the opposite shore.

To console our interpreter for his disappointment on the north bank, a Jew was found in Bulahuan who undertook to entertain us for the night. He appeared somewhat amazed, however, at the acres of pilau we mowed down and transferred to our stomachs; and was evidently relieved when we desisted from our labours, and inquired the road to bed. Possibly he may have thought he was entertaining so many ogres, who would eat him up, together with his wife and children, before they left.

Bulahuan, about which we contrived to make some few inquiries between our attacks on the pilau, derives its name from the three Arabic words *Abu-el-anan*, or "the father of good ferries," was formerly a place of some consequence, inhabited by persons of much distinction and hospitality. It is now, properly speaking, a village containing about three hundred houses and the old castle, which, though it looks very grand, would crumble to dust before a well-directed fire of a few hours.

Next morning, soon after daybreak, we relieved our Hebrew landlord from whatever apprehensions he might have entertained as to the character and propensities of the hungry guests he had got into his

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pearance, silvering the broad stream, and showing off to the best advantage both the castle and the rugged precipice on which it stands, we would listen to none of his interested arguments, but urged on the jolly *yahoodis* to make ready their raft, and accomplish at once what would have seriously broken into the next day.

The raft here used is formed of eight or ten sheep-skins inflated with air, and fastened together with small cords; upon which a layer of canes or poles is placed, and bound fast to the skins. There were numbers of these singular ferry-boats lying on the beach, and the Jews, who habitually navigated them, soon put themselves in readiness to act their parts; that is, they stripped stark naked, and leaping into the water as soon as the rafts were loaded, one behind to push, another before, who pulled with one hand and swam with the other, we put off, while our attendants were preparing to follow with the beasts and baggage, At first there was an obstinate contest between the Jews and the current, in which the latter promised for sometime to be victor, carrying us down vigorously towards the Atlantic. But this was all pretence. The swimmers understood their "customer." By adroitly humouring him at first, they broke his force amain; and with a few dexterous plunges, appeared to fling the raft beyond the current's sweep into smooth water; after which it was easy work to reach the land.

The sumpter-animals, &c., were induced to follow, at a great expense of oaths in all the languages of

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When morning returned, and we were sipping our coffee, interrupted by puffs from the everlasting pipe, the desert, fragrant with pure air and lighted up by a brilliant sun, seemed absolutely beautiful. The fact is, our fatigue had been put to flight by rest, and along with it the dreariness of the prospect. We set out, therefore, in exceedingly good humour with every thing; and it was only towards the afternoon, when our limbs grew somewhat stiff and our appetites keen, that our eyes became sensible of the monotony of the scene. Before sunset a good spot for an encampment was discovered, and we were about to pitch our tents, when some one perceived the smoke of a douar at a short distance a-head; upon which we proceeded thither, and found a hearty welcome from a fine old sheïkh of the Hawarah.

On the evening of the third day from our leaving Mensooréa, we discovered about sunset on the edge of the horizon, the lofty battlements of the castle of Bulahuan, on the banks of the Ummer-rhabiah. To reach this point, where we designed to pass the night, it was necessary to push forward with considerable vigour; and in spite of our utmost efforts, it was quite dark ere we arrived at Tabularrant, a small hamlet inhabited by raftsmen, on the northern bank of the stream. Our Israelitish interpreter soon discovered that these honest fellows were *quasi tutti Ebrei*, as he expressed it; that is, "nearly all Jews;" and would fain have persuaded us not to attempt the river in the dark. But when the moon made its ap-

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But we had grown incredulous, turned deaf ear to our counsellors, and resolved *to trust the Bedouin.*

Accordingly, at the break of day on the following morning, we struck off to the left, quitting, with some regret, the road to Azamore and the sight of the ocean, which had daily refreshed us since we quitted Tangiers. The country on which we now entered, presented the aspect of a wild uncultivated heath, level almost as the sea, and thickly inhabited by warlike Bedouins. We were desirous of making as straight as possible for the castle of Bulahuan, though the more frequented track lay a little to the north-east, by Kaisar and Meskra Khuluf.

In the course of the morning we traversed several small streams, among which were the Guir, the Ensif, the Millah, and the Arsa, with others of which we could not learn the appellations. The name of the province whose vast plains now lay before us, is Temsua; and the tribes who wander over it are the Beni Malek, the Azuagu, the Shiavia, the Uled Yacoob, and the Hawarah. Their territories, however, though suitable in many respects to their manner of life, are not very likely to be coveted by others, for a more dismal and dreary waste the eye can scarcely light on. Still, small patches of verdure occur from time to time in the neighbourhood of wells and fountains; and in the midst of one of these oäses, where there was a more than ordinary abundance of stunted acacias, we pitched our tents for the night.

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road from Rabatt to Mensooréa; but, as we started early, had good mules and willing attendants, the walls of our resting-place were visible before sunset. The aspect of the country is here extremely pleasing. Large copses of a plant, or rather bush, greatly resembling broom, scattered tamarisks and acacias about the streams, warmed and coloured by the mild rich rays of the setting sun, with here and there a tall palm waving in solitary grandeur, gave the landscape a peculiar character, not wholly destitute of the picturesque, or rather, perhaps, of the poetical.

The walls of Mensooréa are lofty, and the tall taper minaret of a mosque, the ruins of a castle, with the grotesque towers that flank the walls, give it from a distance an imposing appearance. We had scarcely entered the gates, before we discovered that the Jews were here every thing but masters. Nearly the whole population is Hebrew, and the few Moors who reside along with them are compelled to be tolerant in their own defence. This, therefore, is the paradise of the Jews in Morocco; and we found them very well worthy of the liberty they enjoy, for they are thriving, comfortable, and hospitable to strangers.

It was our intention here to quit the coast, and proceed by what is called the *desert route* to the capital. Numberless stories were related to us of the cruel Arabs, through whose territories we were to travel. In the narratives of many honest people, they appeared to be

> "Anthropophagi and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders."

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the Ulled and Hawarah tribes, dotted the plain as far as the eye could reach. These are the men whom silly travellers, deluded by their sillier guides, represent as a ferocious and cruel race; but were there a syllable of truth in what they state, they would never have lived to relate it. What hinders the Bedouins, if they desire the traveller's blood, from taking it at any hour they please? Not the fear of any thing the sultan can do to them: they scorn his pretended supremacy, and he would not dare to set a hostile foot in their camp. No: the Arab every where, under favourable circumstances, is brave, humane, and hospitable; though by stupid writers, who cannot draw the distinction between the honest men and knaves of a nation, the whole Bedouin population is libelled for the delinquencies of some solitary thief, or band of robbers.

At all events, *I* never suffered molestation from an Arab, and I have placed my life in their hands confidingly under every circumstance that could have tempted them, had they been so inclined, to take it. In the course of the morning, we crossed several small streams, now easily forded, but in the rainy season swelled into vast torrents, which deluge the plains and cut off for weeks all communication between the towns lying to the north and south of them. Among these the principal were the Serradi, the Bustake, and the Mansur, which former travellers have metamorphosed into I know not what barbarous names.

It is usual to consume a day and a half on the

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that ever swam in the Atlantic followed. To this succeeded that most delicate oriental dish, lamb *à la crème*, cooked in the most artistical manner, and served up with numerous elegant *hors-d'œuvres*, such as the south only can produce. Bunches of early grapes were served with the meat, a practice noticed by other travellers, and well worthy of imitation.

When we had remained as long as our sense of propriety would permit, we took our leave of the patriarchal governor, with a promise to pass two or three days with him on our return from the capital, when he assured us we should be lodged and entertained in his own palace. This we afterwards did, and instead of finding his hospitality or the charms of his character diminish, it appeared to us that had we continued seven years at Rabatt, each succeeding day would only have knit our affections more firmly to that old man. Alas! he was no specimen of what Moors in general are. Indeed few, in any country, are the men who could bear a comparison with Sidi Suleiman, the noble and munificent governor of Rabatt; but, if physiognomy be at all to be relied on, his sons will tread worthily in the footsteps of their sire.

Next morning, at an early hour, we resumed our journey, with mules heavily laden with good things presented us by Sidi Suleiman. Our road lay along the sea-coast, over a plain partly covered with stunted shrubs, pomegranate trees, and large beds of water-melons, the largest and finest we had any where beheld. Numbers of Arab encampments, belonging to

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he *was* beloved, and that so entirely, that he never had in his life needed a guard for his person. He could have slept with his doors open. Every man loved him, every man prayed earnestly that his days might be long in the land, and there were many, I believe, who would even have sacrificed their own lives to preserve his.

In the palace of such a man, it was not to be expected that much ceremony would be found. He spoke to me of my country. He said he had heard much of the honour, and good faith, and indomitable valour of the English, and believed all he had heard. He therefore took a pleasure in showing, by every means in his power, how much he esteemed them. He said we had done wrong in bringing him a present from so far. "It is *I*," said he, "who should make presents to the stranger. He should not buy from us our kindnesses. It is misfortune enough to be far from home, among people of different manners and different religion, where we have no relations, no friends, none to protect us but God. Yet, what do I say?" cried the old man checking himself. "He is great and merciful, and his power is over all!"

While we were conversing, tea was brought in on a highly wrought silver tray, with silver tea-pot and a fine service of Worcester china. A handsome young black from Sijelmessa did the honours of the tea-table, and acquitted himself handsomely for a bachelor's treat. Almond-cakes and sweetmeats of various kinds were handed round with the tea; and it was no sooner removed, than some of the finest fish

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some time and immediately set out, being unwilling that he should wait on our account a moment longer than was absolutely necessary. His palace was a large edifice, built in a massive style of architecture, with spacious chambers and curious windows, but exhibiting no tokens of extraordinary wealth. Every thing was neat, indeed, or I should rather say elegant, and bespoke the taste and philosophical moderation of the possessor. After being conducted through several corridors and carpeted halls, we entered the audience chamber, a magnificent saloon, at the extremity of which we saw the governor seated on a fine divan, with one of his sons on either hand. The young men advanced several paces to meet us, and the father himself rose at our approach, and with a benignity and kindness springing evidently from the soul, shook us by the hand, and then placed us close by his side where his sons had been sitting. I now in a moment discovered the cause of all the hospitality we had received. Goodness was natural to the man, it was impressed on every lineament of his countenance, it seemed to fall on all around him like dew; a smile sat on his countenance, the sweetest of all smiles,—that which springs from a conscience undefiled. He was of a venerable patriarchal age, full threescore years and ten; and his long white beard, beautifully curled, yet leaving the form of the fine round chin distinctly marked, fell waving on his breast. Never have I beheld a being so admirably calculated to inspire love. And, in the midst of the wildest despotism, executing the commands of a harsh master,

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Here and there, however, were fountains, patches of greensward, and copses of flowering shrubs, which exhaled a delicious odour. The sultan has a small palace in this secluded spot, like the hunting-lodges of the Mogul emperors, and at the extremity of a sweet glade edged with pomegranate, is a beautiful little kiosk with pointed roof and broad eaves, like a Swiss cottage. It is paved in Mosaic with small tiles, has a fountain in the centre, and the walls and roof are covered with painted arabesques. A portion of the front is handsomely glazed to allow the sultan to view the persons who approach, when he chooses to give audience in this exquisite retreat.

Other gardens we also saw, but none deserving of particular mention, and returned well fatigued to a magnificent repast, which the noble governor, who seemed by magic to divine our movements, sent to our lodgings immediately after our arrival. We did not again go forth that evening, but continued at home, preparing for the audience of the following day. We rose early, and I confess that on no occasion since my arrival in Morocco, did I feel so exceedingly anxious to make a favourable impression on any of its public functionaries. He had displayed towards us a princely hospitality, and I wished him to be convinced that our gratitude was warm in proportion.

About seven o'clock, for the old man was as unusual in his hours as he was munificent in his character, an officer arrived, informing us that his excellency awaited our visit. We had been ready for

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wide with perfume the most delicious. Even the hills in all the neighbourhood are covered with odoriferous shrubs, the myrtle and arbutus among others, and with wild flowers of the richest fragrance, which feed innumerable swarms of bees that flit from garden to garden, and fill the palm groves with their murmurs. Our guide pointed out to us in the distance,—but too much so for my eyes,—the ancient castle of Shallah, which contains, he said, the tombs of the royal family of the Beni Merini, and is therefore regarded as an inviolable sanctuary. Neither Christians nor Jews, as I found upon inquiry, are permitted to enter this holy edifice, though my cicerone seemed confident that the governor would, in our case, depart from the established practice. But we were unwilling to presume so far upon his goodness. Antiquarians, as usual, are divided respecting the origin of this castle; some supposing it to be a Roman work, while others, more bold and poetical, throw back its erection to the period of the Carthaginians, the citadel of whose metropolis in these regions they imagine it to have been.

Having satisfied our curiosity, or at least somewhat abated it, as far as related to the city, we next undertook a visit to the sultan's gardens, which I omit, however, to describe at length, since they very much resembled those of Tetuan. Shade being highly valued in these warm latitudes, their gardens resemble so many small woods, which, in the present instance, consisted chiefly of olive and pomegranate trees, which diffuse an agreeable coolness through the air.

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to understand that we were at liberty to see any part of the city we thought proper, and that an officer should attend us.

We were, of course, too happy to view the city under auspices so favourable not at once to accept of the obliging offer, and set out immediately on the expedition. The guide first took us along the ramparts, which we thought the most agreeable promenade in the world, more particularly the walls on the summit almost of the hill, from which we could look down over the whole city, sloping beneath our feet to the margin of the Atlantic. Much pains have been taken with the fortifications of the place, the ditches being broad and deep, the walls strong, lofty, and flanked with towers. One of these is called *Smâ*, or *Burje el Hassan;* but whether the lofty square tower above described, or another lower one standing on the extremity of a rocky promontory a little to the west of it, I could not clearly ascertain. As the population amounts to seven or eight and twenty thousand, it will easily be supposed that the mosques are numerous; nevertheless, their minarets are neither so lofty nor so finely constructed as some I had seen in other towns, though, relieved against the deep blue of the ocean, they had a fine effect upon the eye, surrounded as they are in many cases by clusters of tall date trees.

But the greatest glory of Rabatt lies without the walls. I mean its gardens, spacious and well cultivated, filled with fruit trees, which being now for the most part in blossom, impregnated the air far and

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fine fish, fresh and pickled, kabobs beautifully grilled, and fruit of every kind furnished by the climate and season.

A sufficient time having been allowed us to eat and digest our dinner, a fresh troop arrived, bearing tea, coffee, eggs, milk, and whatever else the most fastidious gourmand could desire for his evening meal; and all in such profusion, that had our number been trebled, there would still have been enough and to spare. They then left us to our repose, and I confess my mind was not wholly without suspicion that we owed all this hospitality to some mistake, which would soon be discovered, and probably subject us to some affront. It appeared impossible that so much consideration should be shown to two or three humble travellers, without titles, without rank, without claim of any kind to more than mere civility. However, as there was no help, I determined to make the most of things as they were, and rolling myself up in shawls and carpets, slept like a sultan.

On the following day, a repetition of the hospitality of the preceding put us in mighty good humour with ourselves. The governor sent, moreover, to inform us, that whenever it might be convenient, it would afford him much satisfaction to receive us at his palace; but that we need be in no hurry, as every day was alike to him, and he trusted our affairs were not such as to require a speedy departure. In return for all this politeness, we begged his excellency's permission to pay our respects to him on the morrow, and it was so arranged; meanwhile, he requested us

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But we had grown incredulous, turned deaf ear to our counsellors, and resolved *to trust the Bedouin.*

Accordingly, at the break of day on the following morning, we struck off to the left, quitting, with some regret, the road to Azamore and the sight of the ocean, which had daily refreshed us since we quitted Tangiers. The country on which we now entered, presented the aspect of a wild uncultivated heath, level almost as the sea, and thickly inhabited by warlike Bedouins. We were desirous of making as straight as possible for the castle of Bulahuan, though the more frequented track lay a little to the north-east, by Kaisar and Meskra Khuluf.

In the course of the morning we traversed several small streams, among which were the Guir, the Ensif, the Millah, and the Arsa, with others of which we could not learn the appellations. The name of the province whose vast plains now lay before us, is Temsua; and the tribes who wander over it are the Beni Malek, the Azuagu, the Shiavia, the Uled Yacoob, and the Hawarah. Their territories, however, though suitable in many respects to their manner of life, are not very likely to be coveted by others, for a more dismal and dreary waste the eye can scarcely light on. Still, small patches of verdure occur from time to time in the neighbourhood of wells and fountains; and in the midst of one of these oäses, where there was a more than ordinary abundance of stunted acacias, we pitched our tents for the night.

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road from Rabatt to Mensooréa; but, as we started early, had good mules and willing attendants, the walls of our resting-place were visible before sunset. The aspect of the country is here extremely pleasing. Large copses of a plant, or rather bush, greatly resembling broom, scattered tamarisks and acacias about the streams, warmed and coloured by the mild rich rays of the setting sun, with here and there a tall palm waving in solitary grandeur, gave the landscape a peculiar character, not wholly destitute of the picturesque, or rather, perhaps, of the poetical.

The walls of Mensooréa are lofty, and the tall taper minaret of a mosque, the ruins of a castle, with the grotesque towers that flank the walls, give it from a distance an imposing appearance. We had scarcely entered the gates, before we discovered that the Jews were here every thing but masters. Nearly the whole population is Hebrew, and the few Moors who reside along with them are compelled to be tolerant in their own defence. This, therefore, is the paradise of the Jews in Morocco; and we found them very well worthy of the liberty they enjoy, for they are thriving, comfortable, and hospitable to strangers.

It was our intention here to quit the coast, and proceed by what is called the *desert route* to the capital. Numberless stories were related to us of the cruel Arabs, through whose territories we were to travel. In the narratives of many honest people, they appeared to be

> "Anthropophagi and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders."

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the Ulled and Hawarah tribes, dotted the plain as far as the eye could reach. These are the men whom silly travellers, deluded by their sillier guides, represent as a ferocious and cruel race; but were there a syllable of truth in what they state, they would never have lived to relate it. What hinders the Bedouins, if they desire the traveller's blood, from taking it at any hour they please? Not the fear of any thing the sultan can do to them: they scorn his pretended supremacy, and he would not dare to set a hostile foot in their camp. No: the Arab every where, under favourable circumstances, is brave, humane, and hospitable; though by stupid writers, who cannot draw the distinction between the honest men and knaves of a nation, the whole Bedouin population is libelled for the delinquencies of some solitary thief, or band of robbers.

At all events, *I* never suffered molestation from an Arab, and I have placed my life in their hands confidingly under every circumstance that could have tempted them, had they been so inclined, to take it. In the course of the morning, we crossed several small streams, now easily forded, but in the rainy season swelled into vast torrents, which deluge the plains and cut off for weeks all communication between the towns lying to the north and south of them. Among these the principal were the Serradi, the Bustake, and the Mansur, which former travellers have metamorphosed into I know not what barbarous names.

It is usual to consume a day and a half on the

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that ever swam in the Atlantic followed. To this succeeded that most delicate oriental dish, lamb *à la crème*, cooked in the most artistical manner, and served up with numerous elegant *hors-d'œuvres*, such as the south only can produce. Bunches of early grapes were served with the meat, a practice noticed by other travellers, and well worthy of imitation.

When we had remained as long as our sense of propriety would permit, we took our leave of the patriarchal governor, with a promise to pass two or three days with him on our return from the capital, when he assured us we should be lodged and entertained in his own palace. This we afterwards did, and instead of finding his hospitality or the charms of his character diminish, it appeared to us that had we continued seven years at Rabatt, each succeeding day would only have knit our affections more firmly to that old man. Alas! he was no specimen of what Moors in general are. Indeed few, in any country, are the men who could bear a comparison with Sidi Suleiman, the noble and munificent governor of Rabatt; but, if physiognomy be at all to be relied on, his sons will tread worthily in the footsteps of their sire.

Next morning, at an early hour, we resumed our journey, with mules heavily laden with good things presented us by Sidi Suleiman. Our road lay along the sea-coast, over a plain partly covered with stunted shrubs, pomegranate trees, and large beds of watermelons, the largest and finest we had any where beheld. Numbers of Arab encampments, belonging to

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he *was* beloved, and that so entirely, that he never had in his life needed a guard for his person. He could have slept with his doors open. Every man loved him, every man prayed earnestly that his days might be long in the land, and there were many, I believe, who would even have sacrificed their own lives to preserve his.

In the palace of such a man, it was not to be expected that much ceremony would be found. He spoke to me of my country. He said he had heard much of the honour, and good faith, and indomitable valour of the English, and believed all he had heard. He therefore took a pleasure in showing, by every means in his power, how much he esteemed them. He said we had done wrong in bringing him a present from so far. "It is *I*," said he, "who should make presents to the stranger. He should not buy from us our kindnesses. It is misfortune enough to be far from home, among people of different manners and different religion, where we have no relations, no friends, none to protect us but God. Yet, what do I say?" cried the old man checking himself. "He is great and merciful, and his power is over all!"

While we were conversing, tea was brought in on a highly wrought silver tray, with silver tea-pot and a fine service of Worcester china. A handsome young black from Sijelmessa did the honours of the tea-table, and acquitted himself handsomely for a bachelor's treat. Almond-cakes and sweetmeats of various kinds were handed round with the tea; and it was no sooner removed, than some of the finest fish

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some time and immediately set out, being unwilling that he should wait on our account a moment longer than was absolutely necessary. His palace was a large edifice, built in a massive style of architecture, with spacious chambers and curious windows, but exhibiting no tokens of extraordinary wealth. Every thing was neat, indeed, or I should rather say elegant, and bespoke the taste and philosophical moderation of the possessor. After being conducted through several corridors and carpeted halls, we entered the audience chamber, a magnificent saloon, at the extremity of which we saw the governor seated on a fine divan, with one of his sons on either hand. The young men advanced several paces to meet us, and the father himself rose at our approach, and with a benignity and kindness springing evidently from the soul, shook us by the hand, and then placed us close by his side where his sons had been sitting. I now in a moment discovered the cause of all the hospitality we had received. Goodness was natural to the man, it was impressed on every lineament of his countenance, it seemed to fall on all around him like dew; a smile sat on his countenance, the sweetest of all smiles,—that which springs from a conscience undefiled. He was of a venerable patriarchal age, full threescore years and ten; and his long white beard, beautifully curled, yet leaving the form of the fine round chin distinctly marked, fell waving on his breast. Never have I beheld a being so admirably calculated to inspire love. And, in the midst of the wildest despotism, executing the commands of a harsh master,

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Here and there, however, were fountains, patches of greensward, and copses of flowering shrubs, which exhaled a delicious odour. The sultan has a small palace in this secluded spot, like the hunting-lodges of the Mogul emperors, and at the extremity of a sweet glade edged with pomegranate, is a beautiful little kiosk with pointed roof and broad eaves, like a Swiss cottage. It is paved in Mosaic with small tiles, has a fountain in the centre, and the walls and roof are covered with painted arabesques. A portion of the front is handsomely glazed to allow the sultan to view the persons who approach, when he chooses to give audience in this exquisite retreat.

Other gardens we also saw, but none deserving of particular mention, and returned well fatigued to a magnificent repast, which the noble governor, who seemed by magic to divine our movements, sent to our lodgings immediately after our arrival. We did not again go forth that evening, but continued at home, preparing for the audience of the following day. We rose early, and I confess that on no occasion since my arrival in Morocco, did I feel so exceedingly anxious to make a favourable impression on any of its public functionaries. He had displayed towards us a princely hospitality, and I wished him to be convinced that our gratitude was warm in proportion.

About seven o'clock, for the old man was as unusual in his hours as he was munificent in his character, an officer arrived, informing us that his excellency awaited our visit. We had been ready for

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wide with perfume the most delicious. Even the hills in all the neighbourhood are covered with odoriferous shrubs, the myrtle and arbutus among others, and with wild flowers of the richest fragrance, which feed innumerable swarms of bees that flit from garden to garden, and fill the palm groves with their murmurs. Our guide pointed out to us in the distance,—but too much so for my eyes,—the ancient castle of Shallah, which contains, he said, the tombs of the royal family of the Beni Merini, and is therefore regarded as an inviolable sanctuary. Neither Christians nor Jews, as I found upon inquiry, are permitted to enter this holy edifice, though my cicerone seemed confident that the governor would, in our case, depart from the established practice. But we were unwilling to presume so far upon his goodness. Antiquarians, as usual, are divided respecting the origin of this castle; some supposing it to be a Roman work, while others, more bold and poetical, throw back its erection to the period of the Carthaginians, the citadel of whose metropolis in these regions they imagine it to have been.

Having satisfied our curiosity, or at least somewhat abated it, as far as related to the city, we next undertook a visit to the sultan's gardens, which I omit, however, to describe at length, since they very much resembled those of Tetuan. Shade being highly valued in these warm latitudes, their gardens resemble so many small woods, which, in the present instance, consisted chiefly of olive and pomegranate trees, which diffuse an agreeable coolness through the air.

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to understand that we were at liberty to see any part of the city we thought proper, and that an officer should attend us.

We were, of course, too happy to view the city under auspices so favourable not at once to accept of the obliging offer, and set out immediately on the expedition. The guide first took us along the ramparts, which we thought the most agreeable promenade in the world, more particularly the walls on the summit almost of the hill, from which we could look down over the whole city, sloping beneath our feet to the margin of the Atlantic. Much pains have been taken with the fortifications of the place, the ditches being broad and deep, the walls strong, lofty, and flanked with towers. One of these is called *Smà*, or *Burje el Hassan;* but whether the lofty square tower above described, or another lower one standing on the extremity of a rocky promontory a little to the west of it, I could not clearly ascertain. As the population amounts to seven or eight and twenty thousand, it will easily be supposed that the mosques are numerous; nevertheless, their minarets are neither so lofty nor so finely constructed as some I had seen in other towns, though, relieved against the deep blue of the ocean, they had a fine effect upon the eye, surrounded as they are in many cases by clusters of tall date trees.

But the greatest glory of Rabatt lies without the walls. I mean its gardens, spacious and well cultivated, filled with fruit trees, which being now for the most part in blossom, impregnated the air far and

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fine fish, fresh and pickled, kabobs beautifully grilled, and fruit of every kind furnished by the climate and season.

A sufficient time having been allowed us to eat and digest our dinner, a fresh troop arrived, bearing tea, coffee, eggs, milk, and whatever else the most fastidious gourmand could desire for his evening meal; and all in such profusion, that had our number been trebled, there would still have been enough and to spare. They then left us to our repose, and I confess my mind was not wholly without suspicion that we owed all this hospitality to some mistake, which would soon be discovered, and probably subject us to some affront. It appeared impossible that so much consideration should be shown to two or three humble travellers, without titles, without rank, without claim of any kind to more than mere civility. However, as there was no help, I determined to make the most of things as they were, and rolling myself up in shawls and carpets, slept like a sultan.

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cook to work, and strolled about our new premises, to examine into what kind of quarters we had got. The house consisted of several suites of rooms, extending, as usual, round a square plot of ground, planted with odoriferous shrubs, and cooled by a fountain which sent up showers of spray, communicating a delicious coolness to the air. Fine mats and carpets of the richest colours covered the floors, and the recesses and ceiling were adorned with a profusion of gilding and painted scrolls.

While we were feasting our eyes on these things, a loud knocking was heard at the door, and on its being opened, our friendly Moor entered at the head of a cortège of black slaves, each bearing a covered dish upon his head. The governor, we were informed, had sent us a dinner, and requested we would believe ourselves welcome. Upon this a number of trays were placed in the dining-hall on the floor, the dishes were set beside them, and each slave falling back as he deposited his burden, the whole soon formed into a file and disappeared through the street door, with their gallant commander at their heels, almost before we could say how greatly we felt obliged for such princely hospitality. I wish I knew the names of half the dishes, of which we were not slow in making the acquaintance. Hunger might have something to do with the matter, but I certainly never tasted any thing in the shape of food that appeared so delicious. The most prominent article was, of course, kouskasou. This we tasted first, having grown already fond of it; but we quickly passed to a dish of lamb *à la crème*,

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posed of fragments of Spanish, one for a moment imagines oneself in Don Quixote's own land again.

Whatever might be their esoteric doctrines on the point, I observed that these honest Musulmans had no objection on earth to come into the closest possible contact with a Christian, if it was supposed that in the operation any thing like coin would pass from his pouch to theirs. They bawled, they scrambled, they fought for the honour, or else the gain, of ferrying us over from Salè to Rabatt; and the lucky fellow who at length succeeded, pushed off from the shore with an air of triumph which immediately ripened into a song. Besides being musically inclined, the rogue was skilful at the management of the oar, and rowed us across in a style that would have done no discredit to a Greek of the Archipelago.

Having all along intended to make some short stay at Rabatt, we had procured letters to the governor, which having been forwarded, an officer was despatched to meet us, and become our guide to the lodging his magnificence had appointed for our use. This man, a tall fine Moor of commanding appearance, gave us a much more cordial welcome than we had any reason to expect, and then led the way through wondering crowds, who flocked to behold the governor's European guests,—for our costume could not disguise the truth,—to a very handsome house, which he informed us was entirely at our disposal so long as we might choose to stay. We expressed our thanks in a becoming manner, and he left us to provide, as we imagined, for ourselves. Accordingly, we set our

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admire it. Never was building more judiciously situated. It springs up immediately within the ramparts, just where the city walls sweep along the crags, and is flanked by the double-pointed roof of a lofty edifice, which serves, however, but to show to greater advantage its majestic height. The whole surface of this extraordinary structure, which is justly esteemed one of the finest specimens in the world of Moorish architecture, is formed of sand-stone exquisitely carved. At the height of about sixty feet from the ground, on that face of the tower which looks towards the river, is a range of three tall windows placed close side by side. Fifty feet higher is another range. With the exception of these, nothing is seen to interrupt the bold massy form and rigid outline from the base to the summit, where a range of peculiarly formed battlements extend on all sides. A lesser tower of similar form springs out of its centre, terminates in similar battlements, and supports a tall flag-staff, from which on high days and holidays streamers, I imagine, wave and flutter in the breeze. Directing your eye from the towers, and ramparts, and palm trees of Rabatt to the surface of the river, your fancy is immediately brought back from any antiquarian flights into which the architectural view may have betrayed it, to the every-day busy scene of common life. Numbers of small boats are constantly passing to and fro, conveying passengers from Salè to Rabatt, and from Rabatt to Salè; and as these watermen have contrived, like the ass-boys of Alexandria, to pick up a sort of *lingua Franca*, here, however, almost entirely com-

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river has an extraordinary effect. It occupies the western and northern slopes of a pointed hill, crowned with picturesque buildings of considerable size, handsomely constructed with sand-stone of an Indian red colour, forming an agreeable variety and contrast to the everlasting flat-roofed, whitewashed edifices one beholds in the generality of Moorish towns. The lofty walls of these structures, whose dusky sombre aspect harmonizes well with their original design, comprehend the castle and the public prison, erected when the independent pirates of the place needed a strong place of confinement for their Christian prisoners.

The river, having made a considerable bend from the east, between banks whose steepness must greatly augment the rapidity of the current in the rainy season, is now driven with great force against the hill on which Rabatt stands, so that much of it has been undermined and an overhanging cliff of great elevation formed, in the shelter of which is a small harbour for vessels of moderate tonnage. There is something particularly striking in the sidelong view of the town looking down the river. Moorish architecture is proverbially picturesque under all circumstances, and when united, as it is here, with groupes of trees, men in flowing costumes seated or moving stately along, cliffs, water, and the glare of a brilliant sunshine, nothing assuredly is wanting to complete the landscape.

Right on the summit of a cliff, a little to the left of the ferry, rises a square tower, so remarkable that every traveller who visits the place must behold and

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Viaron. Directly opposite, on the left or south bank, is Rabatt, scarcely less famous as a piratical station, though not immortalized by Defoe. During the palmy days of these vagabond states, they were literally independent; but when at length subdued by Sultan Sidi Mohammed, who coveted perhaps a little of their plunder, they lost the taste for piracy, finding they could no longer rob for themselves. By degrees, therefore, they ceased to fit out ships, their "rovers" roved no longer, and nature itself aided the formation of peaceful habits, by barring up the entrance of their river with sand, so that large vessels can no longer enter it. At high tide there is now no more than twelve feet of water on the bar, and at the ebb not more than six. In the road, however, there is still good anchorage, in from sixteen to forty fathoms deep, on a bottom of black sand.

The character of the Salè rovers it would be difficult to paint in colours too sombre. They were a fearless, ferocious, and merciless nest of savages, very much like the bucaniers; respected no flag, spared no nation; but attacking whatever ships they met upon the high seas, they either slaughtered the crews at the moment, or led them hither into endless captivity. They look very soft and silky now, but the native fanaticism of their character breaks out in the prohibition to all Christians to reside within their walls. Neither do they suffer the Jews. The whole population is Moorish and Arab, and does not at present exceed twenty-three thousand souls.

The view of Rabatt on the opposite bank of the

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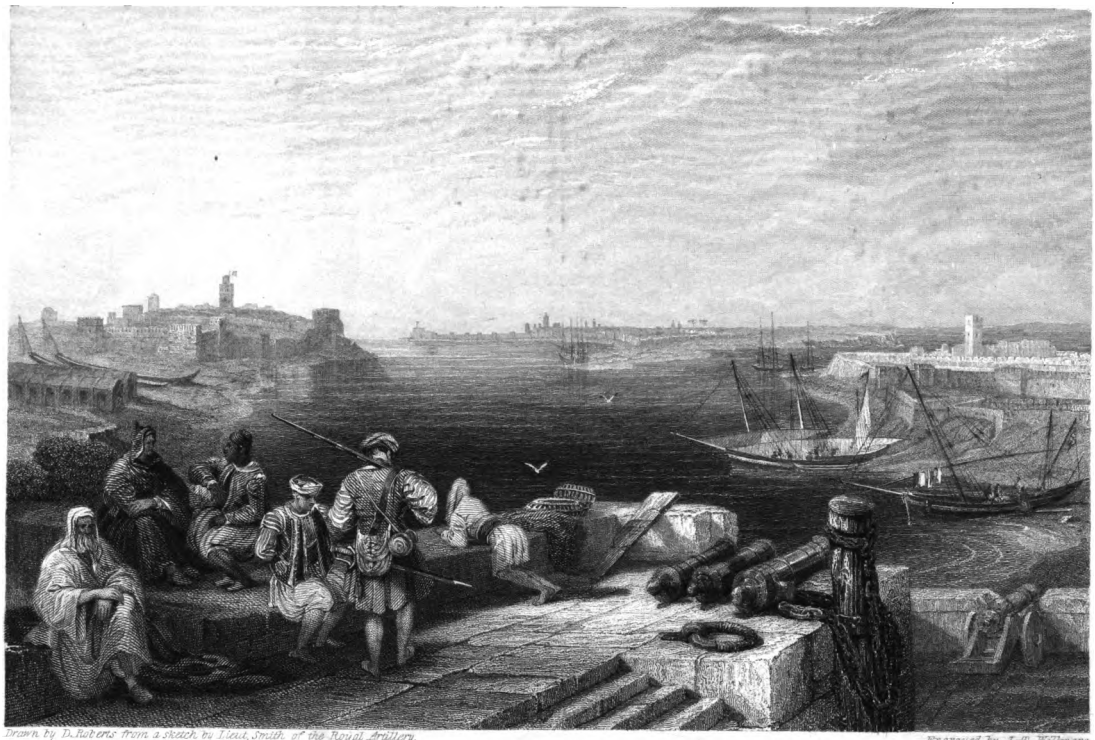

Drawn by D. Roberts from a sketch by Lieut. Smith of the Royal Artillery. Engraved by J. T. Willmore.

RABAT AND SALLEE.

London Published Dec 28 1837 by Robert Jennings & Co 62 Cheapside

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This was the ancient road observed all the way to Salee, on the sides of which are numerous fragments of [illegible] reservoirs beautifully constructed. Another remarkable object is the tower of an aqueduct, [illegible] cultivated in Morocco. [illegible] nuence nearly a mile to the east [illegible] low at first, but increasing in height as the [illegible] is built on sinks, it soon attains an elevation [illegible] The arches, which are of Moorish construction [illegible] on exceedingly striking and airy appearance, we [illegible] not that many of them have been built up, possibly from an idea of strengthening the work.

The road by which we enter Salee lies along a stone quarry about [illegible] feet in depth, the sides of which are perpendicular and scarped like those of a fortress. This past [illegible], we moved along between large gardens, [illegible] fruit trees and kept in the neatest order, [illegible] walls, now much dilapidated [illegible] nests, or troops of the birds [illegible] frequented, congregate there [illegible] common barn-door fowl.

The town of Sale, known under the name of *Sala* to the Romans, receives from the Moors the addition of *Burghaia*, or "the woody," on account of the thickets of flowering shrubs by which it is surrounded, and is a large, populous, commercial, and well-fortified place, formerly renowned as a seat of pirates. It stands in the province of Beni Hassan, on the right bank of the Bu-regreb, close to its confluence with the small river



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This was the character it preserved all the way to Salè, in the environs of which are numerous fragments of walls, and many spacious reservoirs beautifully constructed with red sand-stone. Another remarkable object is beheld as we approach the town: an aqueduct, erected when the arts were still cultivated in Morocco. It commences on an eminence nearly a mile to the east of the town; low at first, but increasing in height as the ground it is built on sinks, it soon attains an elevation of fifty feet. The arches, which are of Moorish construction, would have an exceedingly striking and airy appearance, were it not that many of them have been built up, possibly from an idea of strengthening the work.

The road by which we enter Salè lies along a stone quarry about fifty feet in depth, the sides of which are perpendicular and smoothed like those of a cistern. This passed, we moved along between large gardens, filled with fruit trees and kept in the neatest order, until we reached the walls, now much dilapidated and covered with storks' nests, or troops of the birds themselves, which, being unmolested, congregate there in great numbers, tamer than barn-door fowl.

The town of Salè, known under the name of *Sala* to the Romans, receives from the Moors the addition of *Burghaba*, or "the woody," on account of the thickets of flowering shrubs by which it is surrounded, and is a large, populous, commercial, and well-fortified place, formerly renowned as a seat of pirates. It stands in the province of Beni Hassan, on the right bank of the Buregreb, close to its confluence with the small river

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the left of the road, have formed a considerable lake, which is here known by the cacophonous name of *Batt.* In character and appearance it somewhat resembles Lake Menzaleh in Lower Egypt, except that its banks, instead of tufted reeds, are clothed in part with wood. During the rains it overflows its banks, and communicates with the Sebù; but at other times trusts entirely to evaporation for the consumption of its superfluous waters. This excess of humidity, not too favourable, perhaps, to animal life, is certainly highly advantageous to vegetation. Groves of exceeding beauty, picturesque sheets of water, meadows covered with wild flowers, streams of limpid purity, vast flights of aquatic birds, tents, flocks, herds, and herdsmen, crowd upon the eye, and involuntarily give rise in the mind to feelings of satisfaction and pleasure.

About breakfast-time we arrived in a low valley with a small lake at the bottom of it. There was a scarcity of wood, but a small clump of palm trees waved their long pendulous branches on the banks of the lake, inviting us to drink our coffee and smoke our pipes in their agreeable shade. It was a challenge we did not fail to accept. A halt was made, a very excellent breakfast prepared, and, stretched at ease upon the grass, we afterwards puffed in the face of the breeze clouds of fragrant smoke, which perfumed the whole atmosphere.

On quitting this agreeable spot and traversing the valley, which occupied little more than half an hour, we entered upon a flat sandy country, but well irrigated, and abounding with gourds and water-melons.

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falls here into the Atlantic. An angler would find abundant occupation on the banks of the Sebù, for it abounds with magnificent trout, which would probably, however, be somewhat more numerous, had not nature provided against a surplus population, by stationing the pike in the same stream. Upon this latter class of water-drinkers our Jew, or some of his acquaintance, appeared to have made war: a fine trophy of his victories was served up to us for supper, and we that night avenged, no doubt, the wrongs of some hundred trout.

It now became of consequence to rise betimes in the morning, and travel some distance before breakfast, that we might be enabled to halt during the heat of the day. We accordingly, after a very good night's rest, partly owing, perhaps, to the conscientious execution we had done upon the pike, started early from Mamora, and pushed on through a very fine country towards Salè, immortalized by Robinson Crusoe. Our older travellers content themselves with remarking that the country is delightful, but without stating in what that delightfulness consists. I will be more explicit. On this part of the coast, as more towards the north, a number of streams, furious torrents in the winter, precipitate themselves from the mountains at some distance from the shore, and then, on their way to the sea, overflow, fertilize, and sometimes keep immerged, large tracts of ground. Such are the Feliflè, the Bu Regreb, and the Bu Nasr. Other torrents, smaller and nameless, discharging thier waters into a deep hollow at some distance to

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influx of the sea. Instead of being injurious, therefore, they are converted into a benefit, since they are so many natural salt-pits, where salt is produced spontaneously for the use of the natives. From the peculiar nature of the coast and the direction of the winds, which generally blow from the west, all the embouchures of the rivers are obstructed by bars, and have a tendency to become innavigable. In this way it is foreseen that, at no distant period, commerce must cease along this coast, unless artificial means can be devised for counteracting the progress of bar-formations, which have already closed against the mariner the mouths of several streams.

The country presented the same aspect throughout nearly the whole of the day. We saw very little new to remark. Encampment after encampment was passed, and more than one small group of saints, journeying northward, gave us the salutation of peace. Several little sepulchral sanctuaries presented themselves also on the way-side, particularly on the banks of the lakes in the immediate vicinity of Mamora. As there were no cliffs here to work them out in, they were raised with handsome hewn stone, covered above in the true Saracenic style with a cupola, and white-washed, until they almost appeared like piles of snow among the distant foliage.

We reached Mamora early in the evening, and were this time hospitably entertained, not by a Moor, but by a Jew. The town is pleasantly situated on an eminence, at the mouth of the river Saboï, or Sebù, which, after a course of upwards of two hundred miles,

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wayfarer with shelter, it is considered incumbent on the tribe to supply him likewise with a good supper, which is done at the expense of the whole community. Here every morning, before daybreak, all the children of the camp assemble for an hour before a large wood fire, which is kindled in front, and are taught their prayers, with the arts of reading and writing. The prayers themselves are written on small boards, and hung up in the tent. Sometimes the learning to read those prayers constitutes the whole of their mechanical tuition, but by far the smallest part of their real useful education; for a man may be rendered learned in his duties, learned in his religion, learned in the arts of politics and war, without an acquaintance with a single character of the alphabet. There were great men and great communities before letters were invented.

But if we get entangled in discussions of this kind, we shall never arrive at Morocco. It behoves us, therefore, to quit our hospitable Arabs and push forward. On the following morning, just as the shepherds were turning out their flocks, we took our leave of these honest fellows, and proceeded on our journey some time before the sun had risen above the horizon. The country before us, far as the eye could reach, was low, and level almost as the sea. All the streams, and they are numerous, that traverse this plain, are furious torrents in the winter, overflow their banks, diffuse their waters far and near, and create numerous lakes, stagnant in summer, and only prevented from becoming pestilential by the

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for the information their condition requires they possess; while the Moor has wants he knows not how to satisfy, duties to perform in society which he scarcely understands, business to transact which transcends his knowledge and his power. Superficial observers, however, coming from countries where every miserable homunculus considers himself entitled to look down upon the Arab, are apt to affect a tone of commiseration in speaking of his condition, as if of necessity he must be more wretched than they. But with all his disadvantages, the Arab may be, and often is, a good son, a good father, a kind husband, a friend faithful *à l'outrance;* though possibly he may be unable to harangue eloquently on moral virtues, or pour learned phrases over the breach of them. One good quality, at all events, they have: they are frank and generous, and share what they possess with the stranger, whatever be his complexion or his creed, with a lavish welcome and a warm earnestness, which must leave behind them deep traces of gratitude on the mind.

Living generally at a distance from cities and mosques, but strongly impressed with the sanctity of religious duties, they usually set up in every encampment a spacious tent, as a place of worship for the whole tribe. It is placed in the centre of the camp for the convenience of the people generally; and as among them hospitality appears to form a part of their religion, this tent at the same time serves for the nightly abode of any traveller who happens to pass that way. Not content, however, with providing the

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perhaps, tend in some degree to reconcile the accounts of these gentlemen, and establish the plain truth. Like oriental women in general, they fade rapidly and are soon old; but in their early youth, during the budding time and bloom of maidenhood, they possess an extraordinary degree of beauty, the more lovely in that it is usually accompanied by that ingenuous innocence which seldom outlives that period of life, but constitutes, while it lasts, woman's greatest ornament. Their figures are small, light, and of exquisite proportions; the hand and foot almost diminutive. The countenance is oval, the mouth small and chiselled like marble, the chin round and full; and if there be traces of the barbarian in the nose and somewhat too prominent cheeks, the slight defect is made up for by the eyes, which are large, dark, and full of impassioned meaning. What, of course, they want is the elevation which consciousness of intelligence bestows; but it is not a little curious to remark how the native delicacy of woman supplies the place of education, and impresses on the features an air which commands corresponding feelings in all who approach them.

In the warm seasons of the year, the camp is pitched with all the tents opening towards the north. The contrary arrangement takes place in winter; so that they enjoy both periods, and avoid their greatest inconveniences. In factitious civilization they are behind the Moors. They have fewer luxuries, a more limited range of ideas, which exposes them to the charge of greater ignorance. But, with reference to the life they lead, they are much better instructed,

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delicious dates, for all which he would accept nothing in return but a bead necklace for his favourite daughter.

The Bedouins have the good taste and the good sense to pitch their tents at as great a distance as possible from the cities; and, like the Roman Catholic monks, generally, when any choice is left them, select for their temporary residence the richest and most picturesque spots in the country. The douar we were now at, evidently belonged to a powerful tribe. It could, probably, have sent three hundred horse into the field. The tents, constructed some with palmeta branches, some with camel's hair, were large and roomy, and extended, like the scattered suburbs of a city, along the banks of the lake. They are generally of a brown or black colour, and low, that they may be less exposed to the winds.

We were greatly amused by the lively scene the camp presented when the men brought home their cattle in the evening, and secured them for the night. Their wives and daughters went forth to meet them, as though they had been returning from a journey, and were active in aiding them in putting up the flocks and herds. This done, each family retired into its own tent, where a good supper and kindly looks evidently awaited the rude shepherd of the desert.

Of the Bedouin women very contradictory notions prevail; some travellers extolling them for their beauty, while others, more under the influence probably of narrow theories, disparage their charms with ludicrous earnestness. What I am about to say may,

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wholly to that lofty aspiration after the sublime, which led the architect to base his corbel-turrets at the extreme elevation, where they project from the angles of the towers upon air, as it were, and to fling out an overhanging battlement over the abyss of atmosphere which surrounds the toppling keep.

Not long after passing this striking ruin, the aspect of the landscape began to improve. By degrees fine grassy flats succeeded to those of barren sand, groves of various trees dotted the plain, and our track leading us between them, it was not long before we imagined ourselves transported into an English park, green, fertile, richly and tastefully wooded, and overhung by a sky more pure and brilliant than ever England saw. One beautiful scene now succeeded another in rapid succession. The plains we traversed, without the aid of the husbandman, were rich in verdure; and from time to time, as we advanced, the eye caught glimpses of lakes extending several miles in length, while their shores were dotted with diminutive encampments of Bedouins, and their surface covered with water-fowl.

Towards the close of the day we pitched our tent in the middle of a douar, experience already having taught me that the stories circulated to the discredit of the Bedouins are in reality a disgrace to their inventors only. We were immediately visited by the sheïkh, a venerable old man, with long white beard and handsome countenance; who, having inquired into our wants, retired and sent us a handsome present, consisting of fowls, eggs, milk, butter, and

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Our Jewish interpreter, who had lost his spirits for some days, began here to revive a little, and rode sometimes alongside of us, sometimes in advance, singing as merrily as an Arab. He particularly rejoiced whenever the accidents of the way brought us in contact with a Bedouin encampment, where the hospitality of the wanderers made his face shine, and that, too, without the drawback of hearing himself called *kelb*, or *yahoodi*. We, however, passed but one solitary douar during the whole of the morning, which we found near a well in the bottom of a deep valley. After this, the country assumed an appearance which reminded me of the descriptions of the Arabian desert in eastern travellers: nothing was visible, far as the eye could reach, but low sand-hills covered with a singular weed, lofty and umbelliferous, with a stem like a fennel-stalk, or coarse reed. In the course of the afternoon it sunk into a low sandy flat, extending to the margin of the Atlantic, and intersected in its whole extent by vast lagoons, fed chiefly by the ocean.

Standing in the midst of this saline flat, like that wild legend-haunted tower which the traveller beholds frowning solitarily on the Maremma, we saw the ruins of a castle erected ages ago by Dar Koresi, a noble Moor, whom the sultan murdered for his riches. Though dilapidated and decayed, storm-rent and covered with lichens, there was a majesty about those old remains which modern buildings, though equally massive and spacious, do not possess. I scarcely knew how to account for this. It was not their age,—many older ruins have it not; perhaps it belongs

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CHAPTER IX.

LARAISH TO MOROCCO.

Continue our Journey—Appearance of the Plain—Tower of Dar Koresi—Sublimity—Park Scenery—Encamp among the Bedouins—Arab Taste—Beauty of the Arab Women—Tents in Summer and Winter—Bedouin Character—Religion—Education—Natural Salt-pits—Town of Mamora—Lagoons—Superb Scenery—Lake in a Valley—Approach to Salé—Pirates of Rabatt and Salé—Munificence of the Governor—Delicious Dwelling—Feasting *à l'outrance*—View of the City—Gardens of Rabatt—Visit the Governor—Magnificent Reception — A Word for the Bedouins—Mensoorêa—Paradise of the Jews—Traverse the Desert—Castle of Bulahuan—Morocco—Splendid Site — Grandeur of the Scenery — Principal Mosque.

HAVING been refreshed by our day's stay at Laraish, we next morning resumed our journey. The road at first lay through woods of cork and ilex, frequented by vast flights of doves and wild pigeons; and then traversed a country covered, like several parts of the Morea, with wild pear trees. Later in the year the country, no doubt, presents an arid and uninviting aspect, the grass being dried up, and the foliage of the trees withered or covered with dust. But that was by no means the case now. Every thing, on the contrary, was verdant and lovely, and the air that breathed around us balmy and invigorating as that of an island in the ocean.

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sand male Mohammedans, in addition to the Jews and all the women and children; which, at the most moderate computation, would give a total of twelve thousand persons for the town, or upwards of thirty individuals to a house! A third of the number, or about four thousand souls, is the most we can allow for the population of a place which does not contain four hundred houses, and those small, inconvenient, and ill calculated to afford comfortable accommodation for ten persons, the utmost any one who has seen them will believe they could upon an average contain.

We visited the gardens in the afternoon, and found them vastly agreeable, as the weather was now getting very warm. They stretch almost entirely round the town on the land side, higher up the slope of the hill; and, in some of their features, put me in mind of those round Genoa, or the Palermo paradises described in *Margaret Ravenscroft.* The Moors have peculiar, but not bad notions of gardening. To them the trimness and neatness affected by an European horticulturist, would appear tame and insipid. They love the riotous profusion of nature, and their gardens, wild, and luxuriant, and disorderly, instead of neat flower-beds, box-edged borders, and smoothly gravelled walks, are filled with unpruned trees, bearing an abundance of oranges, pomegranates, and figs. On this point I half incline towards the Moor. No garden I have seen in Europe ever afforded me so much pleasure as those shady orange groves, tall as forest trees, covered with golden fruit, courting the breeze, and detaining it in their umbrageous walks.

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which has furnished some travellers with matter of wonder, since, in their opinion, women are tacitly excluded from paradise by the Mohammedan law. But their notion is unfounded and their wonder absurd; for it is neither expressed nor implied in the Koran that women are to be excluded from paradise, which they may possibly deserve to enjoy much better than their lords.

One considerable inconvenience connected with this place is, that there is no water within the walls. There is, however, a spring at no great distance on the sea-shore, and another about two miles off; and the water of them, though a little hard, is not unwholesome. Accordingly, I could not perceive that any of the diseases of the place, which indeed are not numerous, should be attributed to the nature of the water, notwithstanding that it flows westward, which, in the opinion of Hippocrates, no wholesome springs do.

The general aspect of the place is extremely picturesque. The pleasant windings of the stream, the clusters of palms and various other trees, among which is that particular kind of oak that bears the edible acorn, scattered irregularly around, the gentle swellings of the ground, the several groupes of white buildings disposed along the ascent of the hill, the tall slender minarets of the mosques, and the lofty broken line of the Allasaba,—all these features combined, constitute a landscape worthy of being represented by a Claude.

On the subject of the population of Laraish, I would say two words: De Capel Brooke was informed, and seems to have believed, that there were three thou-

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It was too late to sally forth that evening to see the town. We retired to bed early, therefore, and rose with the dawn on the following morning, that we might behold it to the best advantage. Our worthy host, Ismael, acted as our *cicerone*, and it was amusing to hear with what enthusiasm he descanted on the beauties of whatever we saw. There was an excuse for him; it was his native place. Independently of this, however, Laraish is rather a pretty town, of about three or four hundred houses, with several mosques, paved streets, and a very handsome bazaar, surrounded with a piazza or colonnade of hewn stone. Its defences are rather formidable, consisting on the land side of a wall and ditch, and of two half bastions towards the port, which are provided with cannon and mortars. Near the castle is the tomb of Lela Minana, a female saint. Like those of the holy men I have already mentioned, it is held in extreme veneration,

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Moors abhor innovation, and would prefer suffering considerable inconvenience from things as they are to any attempt at novelty, though it should bring some advantages along with it.

From several large rents in the wall visible on entering the town, some travellers have inferred that the place has experienced some violent earthquake shocks, and it may be so; but as the rents are old, they may have been caused by artillery in the wars which have desolated this fine country. However this may be, among the first objects that strike one as he gazes on the fortifications from the farther bank of the stream, is a large detached mass of building near a square castle, and which, from the style of the ruins, once probably formed a part of the defences of the place. The traveller's fancy about the earthquake, which acts a prominent part in many people's imagination, is amusing. The reason of the old castle's being deserted and the present one built, is evident: the former rose before the invention of cannon, and was abandoned with the going out of date of the ancient system of warfare; the present one has been built on high ground, which commands the former, in order to meet the exigencies of the new.

On entering the gates, we observed on the left several pyramids of cannon ball, placed there for the purpose of impressing on the minds of strangers an idea of the formidable strength of the town. But they had evidently been always very harmless, and whatever other effect they might have, had been altogether unable to frighten away dilapidation and

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beheld, at the extremity of a valley, the town of Laraish, whose white minarets and towers, to borrow the expression of a former traveller, appeared to be mingling with the foam of the ocean.

The approach to this town from the north is particularly striking. Our road lies over a rapid descent, the grassy slopes of the hills covered with luxuriant vegetation, and small woods of cork and oak trees giving grandeur and character to the prospect. A sensible change in the atmosphere was immediately experienced. The breeze coming in from the Atlantic was cool and balmy, and seemed to have called forth a thousand flowers of the richest colours and fragrance on all sides. Terminating the view like a screen of architecture, stretching across the valley with its towers and mosques, lay the town, relieved against the deep blue of the ocean, now calm and unruffled, basking in the light of an evening sun.

We soon arrived on the banks of the river Lukkos, over which we were to be ferried into the town. The process was somewhat tedious, and appeared still more so to a parcel of hungry people eager for their dinners. In fact, an hour, and it took no less, to pass a stream not more than two hundred and fifty yards in width, must be admitted to be somewhat too much; but the delay, though not easily borne, is easily accounted for, since it was necessary to unload the baggage, and coax, drive, and beat the mules into the boat, which then moved slowly to the opposite bank. The ferry-boat is a sharp-bottomed launch, with very high gunwales, a most inconvenient construction; but the

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tiful as when it *was* mine. The reader, if he has ever lost any thing he loved, will forgive me. I proceed with the tombs of the saints. They are objects I could never pass without emotion; nor do I believe that the rogues who often obtain respect by aping the character, would ever have succeeded were not the majority good men, who deserved all the veneration ever paid them or their memory.

Nor is the saint alone honoured by the reverence in which his name is held. No small portion of it is reflected back upon the people themselves, who cannot be wholly lost to high and generous sentiments so long as they shall look with devout eyes upon the spots hallowed by the ashes of the pious. These tombs, which are at the same time sanctuaries, since none who take refuge in them can be molested, are generally, like the chapels of pagan antiquity, surrounded by groves of olive or other trees, which it would be esteemed a kind of sacrilege to cut down, and occupy the choicest sites any where to be found in the country.

We traversed for some hours in the earlier part of the day a plain covered with myrtle bushes, among which many flocks of sheep and goats, and several camels were seen grazing; after which our track led over high hills, divided from each other by valleys thickly wooded, fertile, and rendered doubly picturesque by the striking features of a Moorish village, of which glimpses were now and then caught between the trees. Such were the main features of the landscape, till towards the close of the afternoon we

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seemed to feel the necessity of meeting some representative of the past world, some worshipper of Astarte with crescent horns, or partisan of Baal, or Isiac devotee, or Dionysian enthusiast, to give the scene its true moral keeping; and I walked up to El Ooted, and put my finger on the mystic stone and my foot upon the tumulus, as if to evoke a spirit from the interior. But nothing came. The voice of the breeze moaned gently in the palm branches, the moon rose above the mountains and touched the symbolical cone with pearly light, but my own life was the only life there; and after strolling about for some time in moody reverie, like that which the poets say they feel in the rural solitudes of May-fair, I returned to the tent and slept like a hippopotamus for the remainder of the night.

Next day, the sepulchral tone of my thoughts continuing, I more than once quitted my companions for the purpose of visiting the tombs of holy men, discoverable at a short distance in the face of the mountain. There may doubtless be something very sublime in the philosophy of those travellers who regard objects of this kind with contempt, and would fain have nothing to do with a tomb till they are carried into it. My wisdom is of a more humble character. I love to look upon the grave in all its forms, strive to reconcile myself to it, and it to me. It holds what I best loved on earth, and I would take my hat off to it, and kneel before it, and perform a sort of worship there, could I but for one hour obtain permission to behold what it contains of mine, beau-

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have prevailed in the ancient Keltic and Phœnician races. This, however, is not the place to indulge in researches respecting the creeds of antiquity, into which the sight of El Ooted almost trepanned me. The Arabs, who are no antiquaries, have a notion which has been fatal to many a monument of art, that wherever any fragments like these of the old world are found, there are always treasures near. They accordingly sometimes destroy, in the search after gold, antiquities which no gold could replace; and I have no doubt, that the sad havoc which has been made among the remains in this valley, is a direct consequence of that belief, which is not so utterly absurd as most persons suppose, since great riches have sometimes been discovered among the ruins of temples and tombs.

We pitched our tent in the valley, at a short distance from the stone; and when pipes and coffee, with other more substantial "aids to reflection," had dissipated somewhat the fatigues of the way, I strolled forth alone, sometime after what in Scotland is called the "gloamin," ghost-hunting among the ruins. I have naturally a great respect for ghosts, which may perhaps be the reason why they have never troubled me, and was not altogether without an inkling that I might meet with a sample of that shadowy race among these memorials of long past ages. The moon, though up, had not yet thrust her disk above the Atlas chain; but her spectral light was in the air, and the stars were large, liquid, and brilliant, scattered like beacon fires along the coasts and headlands of the sky. One

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are by no means rigid utilitarians. Corn, cattle, and sheep are good things in the estimation of a Moggrebyn; but they are not every thing. His wife must have her beads, her rude necklaces, her rings, her *henna* for staining the soles of her feet, the palms of her hands, and the tips of her delicate fingers; and he himself must have his cinnamon, his nutmegs, his cloves, &c., for seasoning his pilaus. And then, the little Hassan or Mohammed, or Ayesha or Fatima, has also to be consulted. Arab children are children still, and whatever we may think to the contrary, must have their gingerbread, lozenges, dolls, &c., exactly like the youthful citizens of more civilized communities.

Leaving the market, and continuing our route, we arrived a little before sunset at the mouth of a valley, in which a stone monument of singular form and great antiquity is found. It has obtained among the natives the name of *El Ooted*, and stands at the foot of a large natural mound, whose outline is diversified by a few date palms. Nature has almost fashioned it like an obelisk, broad at the base, tapering gently to a point, and rising to the height of fifteen or sixteen feet. Several other stones similar in form anciently rose about it; but one only, much inferior in dimensions, is left standing, time or violence having long overthrown and mutilated the rest. They appear to have once extended in a circle about the mound, which, could we suppose it artificial, might be called a tumulus; and were probably connected with that peculiar modification of paganism which seems to

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We soon arrived on the banks of the river Lukkos, over which we were to be ferried into the town. The process was somewhat tedious, and appeared still more so to a parcel of hungry people eager for their dinners. In fact, an hour, and it took no less, to pass a stream not more than two hundred and fifty yards in width, must be admitted to be somewhat too much; but the delay, though not easily borne, is easily accounted for, since it was necessary to unload the baggage, and coax, drive, and beat the mules into the boat, which then moved slowly to the opposite bank. The ferry-boat is a sharp-bottomed launch, with very high gunwales, a most inconvenient construction; but the

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tiful as when it *was* mine. The reader, if he has ever lost any thing he loved, will forgive me. I proceed with the tombs of the saints. They are objects I could never pass without emotion; nor do I believe that the rogues who often obtain respect by aping the character, would ever have succeeded were not the majority good men, who deserved all the veneration ever paid them or their memory.

Nor is the saint alone honoured by the reverence in which his name is held. No small portion of it is reflected back upon the people themselves, who cannot be wholly lost to high and generous sentiments so long as they shall look with devout eyes upon the spots hallowed by the ashes of the pious. These tombs, which are at the same time sanctuaries, since none who take refuge in them can be molested, are generally, like the chapels of pagan antiquity, surrounded by groves of olive or other trees, which it would be esteemed a kind of sacrilege to cut down, and occupy the choicest sites any where to be found in the country.

We traversed for some hours in the earlier part of the day a plain covered with myrtle bushes, among which many flocks of sheep and goats, and several camels were seen grazing; after which our track led over high hills, divided from each other by valleys thickly wooded, fertile, and rendered doubly picturesque by the striking features of a Moorish village, of which glimpses were now and then caught between the trees. Such were the main features of the landscape, till towards the close of the afternoon we

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seemed to feel the necessity of meeting some representative of the past world, some worshipper of Astarte with crescent horns, or partisan of Baal, or Isiac devotee, or Dionysian enthusiast, to give the scene its true moral keeping; and I walked up to El Ooted, and put my finger on the mystic stone and my foot upon the tumulus, as if to evoke a spirit from the interior. But nothing came. The voice of the breeze moaned gently in the palm branches, the moon rose above the mountains and touched the symbolical cone with pearly light, but my own life was the only life there; and after strolling about for some time in moody reverie, like that which the poets say they feel in the rural solitudes of May-fair, I returned to the tent and slept like a hippopotamus for the remainder of the night.

Next day, the sepulchral tone of my thoughts continuing, I more than once quitted my companions for the purpose of visiting the tombs of holy men, discoverable at a short distance in the face of the mountain. There may doubtless be something very sublime in the philosophy of those travellers who regard objects of this kind with contempt, and would fain have nothing to do with a tomb till they are carried into it. My wisdom is of a more humble character. I love to look upon the grave in all its forms, strive to reconcile myself to it, and it to me. It holds what I best loved on earth, and I would take my hat off to it, and kneel before it, and perform a sort of worship there, could I but for one hour obtain permission to behold what it contains of mine, beau-

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have prevailed in the ancient Keltic and Phœnician races. This, however, is not the place to indulge in researches respecting the creeds of antiquity, into which the sight of El Ooted almost trepanned me. The Arabs, who are no antiquaries, have a notion which has been fatal to many a monument of art, that wherever any fragments like these of the old world are found, there are always treasures near. They accordingly sometimes destroy, in the search after gold, antiquities which no gold could replace; and I have no doubt, that the sad havoc which has been made among the remains in this valley, is a direct consequence of that belief, which is not so utterly absurd as most persons suppose, since great riches have sometimes been discovered among the ruins of temples and tombs.

We pitched our tent in the valley, at a short distance from the stone; and when pipes and coffee, with other more substantial "aids to reflection," had dissipated somewhat the fatigues of the way, I strolled forth alone, sometime after what in Scotland is called the "gloamin," ghost-hunting among the ruins. I have naturally a great respect for ghosts, which may perhaps be the reason why they have never troubled me, and was not altogether without an inkling that I might meet with a sample of that shadowy race among these memorials of long past ages. The moon, though up, had not yet thrust her disk above the Atlas chain; but her spectral light was in the air, and the stars were large, liquid, and brilliant, scattered like beacon fires along the coasts and headlands of the sky. One

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are by no means rigid utilitarians. Corn, cattle, and sheep are good things in the estimation of a Moggrebyn; but they are not every thing. His wife must have her beads, her rude necklaces, her rings, her *henna* for staining the soles of her feet, the palms of her hands, and the tips of her delicate fingers; and he himself must have his cinnamon, his nutmegs, his cloves, &c., for seasoning his pilaus. And then, the little Hassan or Mohammed, or Ayesha or Fatima, has also to be consulted. Arab children are children still, and whatever we may think to the contrary, must have their gingerbread, lozenges, dolls, &c., exactly like the youthful citizens of more civilized communities.

Leaving the market, and continuing our route, we arrived a little before sunset at the mouth of a valley, in which a stone monument of singular form and great antiquity is found. It has obtained among the natives the name of *El Ooted*, and stands at the foot of a large natural mound, whose outline is diversified by a few date palms. Nature has almost fashioned it like an obelisk, broad at the base, tapering gently to a point, and rising to the height of fifteen or sixteen feet. Several other stones similar in form anciently rose about it; but one only, much inferior in dimensions, is left standing, time or violence having long overthrown and mutilated the rest. They appear to have once extended in a circle about the mound, which, could we suppose it artificial, might be called a tumulus; and were probably connected with that peculiar modification of paganism which seems to

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great confidence to forage in the open country, which shows that the Arabs do not disturb it. Luckily, there is no member of the Zoological Society in the vicinity.

After proceeding for some time in company with a group of peasantry bound for the market; we reached the scene of action itself, which presented perhaps the most singular *coup d'œil* I had any where enjoyed in Morocco. It had all the wildness of aspect that belongs naturally to an assemblage of Arabs,—clusters of swarthy visages, flashing eyes, brawny bare arms, daggers, matchlocks, spears, and flowing burnooses. But the worst part of an Arab, even of a Moggrebyn, is his outside. His mind is generally the abode of humanity, hospitality, and generous sentiments, which it is easy to perceive every where, even in the place where he buys and sells. There is noise, indeed, not a little, tough bargaining and endless altercation. You imagine every minute they are coming to blows; and that if it does not end in their eating one another, there will be murder at least. But no; the business by degrees is brought to a successful termination, the transfer of property is effected, both seller and buyer have exerted their lungs, have performed their duty, and feel comfortable; and the transaction concludes with mutual laughter, shaking of the hand, and exclamations of *Wallah! taïb! taïb ketēr!* that is, "Excellent, by heavens! most excellent!"

But we must not imagine that these simple people, because they are ignorant, err against the Horatian rule, and separate the *dulce* from the *utile*. No; they

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by Nomadic tribes, who, in some parts however, exhibit a disposition to become stationary, having exchanged the tent, the dwelling and symbol of independence, for the hut,—in all eastern countries, perhaps throughout the world, the first step towards servitude. These huts are clustered, moreover, into villages or rather hamlets, which, like those we had seen on the road to Tetuan, are encircled by gardens, and defended by thick hedges of cactus.

In the course of the morning we observed numerous groupes of Moors and Arabs, some mounted on camels, some on horses, and others, humbler in their tastes, on foot, following at the heels of asses laden with corn or dates. They were all moving in one direction, and upon inquiry we found that the common point of destination was a market-place at no great distance; on which all the inhabitants of this district meet once a week, for the barter or sale of their several commodities. Among them we observed several women, young, pretty, with children in their arms; and I noticed that when the family happened to possess but one beast between them, the husband and wife rode by turns, the one who was mounted always carrying the child.

The camel-track we were now following led through thick copses of palmeta, or dwarf-palm; among the roots of which the pretty striated Barbary mouse takes up its abode. This harmless little creature, peculiar to this part of the world, is marked on a small scale like the zebra, with dark and pale stripes. It is less shy than would be supposed, quitting its home with

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contributed to increase the native picturesqueness of the scene. We were soon snugly ensconced in our tent and plunged in sleep, which came to prepare us for the fatigues of the morrow.

Our muleteers were stirring with the dawn, so that had we desired it, there was no lagging in late slumbers. Coffee was prepared before the sun was up, under the shade of a fine old oak; and every thing being ready for starting, we had crossed the river and prepared some way before the day, properly speaking, commenced. The plain in this part of our journey was covered with immense flocks of lapwings and golden plovers, which being seldom molested, were exceedingly tame, and allowed us to pass through them almost like so many flocks of geese.

Soon after traversing the river, the country again swells into hills somewhat picturesque in aspect, but entirely uncultivated. Small thickets of odoriferous shrubs, now in blossom, and innumerable wild flowers, among which I remarked the narcissus, diffused their sweetness through the atmosphere. The wild hyacinth, too, appeared thick among the grass, which gave shelter to many coveys of partridges, snipes, and wild ducks, at least in the immediate neighbourhood of the streams. The richness of the vegetation on these slopes and valleys contrasted curiously with the appearance of the loftier hills on our left, whose summits were of a bright red colour. Behind them in the distance rose the towering ridge of Atlas, white, sparkling, and semi-transparent, like a pile of clouds. The whole of this elevated district is inhabited

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I was wonderfully touched by the old man's earnest manner, as he uttered this pious hope. By degrees we glided into other topics, and I found him high-minded, intelligent, perfectly free from bigotry, willing, consequently, to believe that the good of all creeds may find acceptance with God, of whose greatness and majesty he spoke with a deep and holy reverence, which I could wish to see prevail universally among mankind. The time, meanwhile, flew by. I had been under the influence of a sort of spell, and could have exclaimed with the first woman,—

> "With thee conversing, I forget all time,
> All seasons, and their change."

But not so with the Jew, Gabriel, who began to feel sleepy, and admonished us that the night was fast passing away. In consequence we took our leave, not without regret, of the fine old dervish, who blessed us as we left his cell, but declined the small offering we desired to make upon the shrine of his departed friend. He had already, he assured us, amassed more than sufficient to supply all his wants, which were few and simple, and had made a vow not to accept any thing from any man, thenceforward to the end of his career.

The night was beautiful. A brilliant moonlight rested on land and sea, almost rivalling in brightness the pale sunshine of the North. Our large white tent glittered in the pearly rays, and our mules, picketed around on the rich grass, were feeding tranquilly; while the sound of sea-birds screaming in the distance

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in his *khirkeh* beside the small lamp whose light had led us thither, and bending in rapt contemplation over the pages of the Koran. Methinks I see him yet. Never did a more striking image of devotion meet my eye. He seemed to be a man about sixty, his beard, long and white, partly rested on the sacred volume; his left hand supported his head, his eyes were fixed upon the book, but his spirit had evidently strayed to far-off scenes,—perhaps beyond the precincts of this world. It was some moments before we could make up our minds to disturb him. When we did so, however, he arose, and to our *Salām aleykum!* "Peace be with you," he returned, with infinite sweetness of manner, the *Aleykum salām!* "And with you be peace!"

No doubt his keen eye discovered at a glance that we were not of the number of the Faithful; yet he bade us enter, *yahoodi* and all. At his invitation we seated ourselves beside him on the mat, and entered into conversation. It soon appeared that he was not of that country, in which however he had long been resident, but had first seen the light in Affghanistan, from whence he had travelled through the most remarkable countries of the East. He spoke with peculiar emphasis of Meshed, of which the saint whose memory he cherished had been a native. They had wandered together, he said, over half the world; prayed together,—begged together,—together had oft been miserable, and together happy; and he did not doubt that God would yet once more bring them together in paradise, no more to be separated for ever.

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much the whip-hand of us, that we relinquished all idea of making our way across that evening. It became necessary, therefore, to look out for a spot where we could encamp and pass the night; and as we were in some perplexity, the Jew Gabriel, who had a keen eye for comfort, discovered a romantic hill overhanging the banks of the river, about a mile further up the country. Towards this we proceeded, and found on arriving, that it was thickly clothed with oak and olives, and abounded in pigeons.

Here most travellers who pass this way find a tribe or two of Arabs encamped, and are frequently molested by them. But we were more fortunate. The place was perfectly still, and we had already pitched our tent, and sat down at the door of it to converse with Gabriel about his expedition to Liverpool, before we became aware there was any one in our neighbourhood. As the darkness closed in, we observed the glimmer of a lamp between the trees, which exciting our curiosity, we walked to the spot, and found it to proceed from the tomb of a Mohammedan recluse, in which his successor resided, to study his virtues, and keep the memorial of them in repair. This man did not belong to that race of sturdy vagabonds who roam over the empire of Morocco, levying contributions on the credulity of the people, whom they insult by the licentiousness of their lives. He rather belonged to that respectable class of dervishes, sometimes met with in Egypt and Persia, who retire from the world in order that, in their way, they may prepare themselves for a better. He was sitting wrapped

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set out from Tangiers, habited in the costume of the country, and mounted on mules. As on all occasions of this kind I have made a point of starting early, we had performed a considerable portion of our day's journey before the heat came on, and about eleven o'clock sat down to rest under a magnificent evergreen oak, near an Arab encampment. At two we resumed our journey, the sea breeze blowing fresh, and rendering the atmosphere cool and elastic. In about half an hour we traversed the bed of a torrent, still containing a considerable stream of water, and evidently filled in winter to the brim. The view in all directions was mountainous, arid, and barren, with few traces any where to be seen of inhabitants.

Pursuing our journey along the sea coast, we soon entered on a tract of marshy land, sprinkled with a salt efflorescence, and enlivened here and there with patches of pretty wild flowers. To this succeeded a country swelling into hills, and clothed with small forests, cork-trees, and evergreen oaks, which recalled to mind the solitudes of the Sierra Morena. In this part of our course we passed through several hamlets, miserable enough to look at, consisting entirely of huts rudely constructed with stones, mud, and canes, covered with thatch, and surrounded by thick and high hedges.

In the course of the afternoon, we arrived on the banks of a river, flowing through a spacious plain, little elevated above the level of the sea. The tide was coming in as we reached the stream, which, I believe, is the Marha, and had already gained so

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of him might be to interpret between the governor and some rich Englishman at the castle, a Jew pedlar, who understood all the languages of Europe, stepped forward, and declared himself properly qualified. Upon this, the poor Israelite was seized and hurried away to the castle, where he learned to his utter dismay that he would be required to accompany us to Morocco.

As it was apprehended in the Jewish quarter that the governor might have been seized with a fit of anthropophagism, and intended to make kabobs of their countryman, the most terrific outcries were raised by the women, who thronged to the consulate in great numbers, claiming intercession for the life of their compatriot; who, it was insisted, ought to be regarded as an Englishman, since he had spent a whole fortnight at Liverpool, and spoke the language like one who had passed his whole life upon 'Change. The good-natured official, though he could not forbear laughing at their reasons for reckoning *Moshes* among Englishmen, was touched by their lamentations; and assured the man's wife, who happened to be there among the rest, that the worst that could befal her husband was to make about twenty dollars more than he would be likely to earn in any other way. However, he promised to interfere, and was about to put on his hat, when their note changed suddenly. The mention of twenty dollars *extra*, had thrown a new light upon the subject; and thanking him for his kindness, they withdrew, each wishing in her heart that her own lord and master had been the victim.

This important affair being settled, we next morning

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CHAPTER VIII.

TANGIERS TO LARAISH.

Interpreter-catching—A Liverpool Jew—Depart from Tangiers —Appearance of the Country—The River Marha—Visit a Saint's Cell—Our Encampment—A Beautiful Night—Lovely Scenery — Humours of a Moorish Fair—Keltic Remains— A Druid's Circle — Ghost-hunting — Tombs of Holy Men— Myrtle Plains — First View of Laraish — Moorish Ferry— Hospitable Landlord — Stroll over the Town — Population— Gardens.

BEFORE our departure for the capital, we were exceedingly desirous of engaging an interpreter well acquainted with English and Arabic. Mr. Trenery, Mr. Bell, and several other friends, exerted themselves, however, in vain to discover one; and, at length, it was suggested that the shortest way would be to make application to the governor. Our request was seconded by a handsome present; moved by which, the old gentleman hit upon an expedient often put in practice as a last resource, and sometimes productive of tragical results. He commanded four soldiers to station themselves at the door of the Jewish synagogues at the hour of prayer, and make inquiries among the polyglot Hebrews for a person of the requisite description. Supposing the service demanded

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years ago, the French consul was shot on his own terrace at Tangiers during one of these festivals: and I observed that not a single Jew approached within musket-shot of the scene of their revelry, which was kept up for eight days.

One part of the ceremony which particularly struck me, was the cortège bearing the presents of the governor to the inhabitants of a neighbouring town, sent in return for those they had made his son. The whole economy of the thing reminded me most forcibly of the gift-bearing procession from the house of Aladdin to the emperor's palace, in the "Thousand and One Nights," where each slave bore a portion of the costly offering on his head. What the pasha's slaves carried on this occasion, we could not learn; but the whole was so contrived as to create the idea of much grandeur and munificence.

On the following Sunday we quitted Tetuan to return to Tangiers. As our road on the way back was precisely the same by which we arrived, it is unnecessary to enlarge on what we saw. I may remark, however, that at no great distance from the former place, we came up to a party of soldiers guarding two dead bodies, shot on the preceding night. Upon inquiry, we found that two Arab tribes had been skirmishing on the spot, and these were the trophies they left behind them. It took us thirteen hours to accomplish the journey, which is exactly forty miles; so that our horses, though apparently spirited, were none of the swiftest.

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Their principal amusement, like that of the Greeks on Easter Sunday, consisted in firing muskets, but in a style altogether peculiar to themselves. The whole multitude divided itself into numerous groupes, each furnished with a band of music, which striking suddenly up, set the whole party dancing furiously, as if they had been so many puppets put in motion by wires. Each person seemed to take the lead in his turn; and during their wild evolutions, or rather antics, springing from the earth and at the same time whirling round, they all fired their pieces together. While engaged in these ludicrous rites, jumping, shouting, firing, laughing, beating up the dust, and perspiring like pick-pockets on the treadmill, they had the appearance of so many wild Indians, enjoying themselves after a successful scalping expedition.

This magnificent display of barbaric festivities took place in the grand square, fronting the governor's palace. We viewed it, along with Mr. Butler, from a house conveniently situated in the Jewish quarter. To have approached any nearer would have been imprudent; for, besides that Mohammedans always fire with ball on such occasions, a practice which sometimes occasions very awkward accidents, it is probable that a Christian, who should have ventured among them, would have been honoured with a direct application of the pistol. Nevertheless, I was assured, upon good authority, that they hold heretics in so much contempt, that they would scarcely waste powder and ball upon them. But this appears to be a somewhat fallacious source of confidence; for not many

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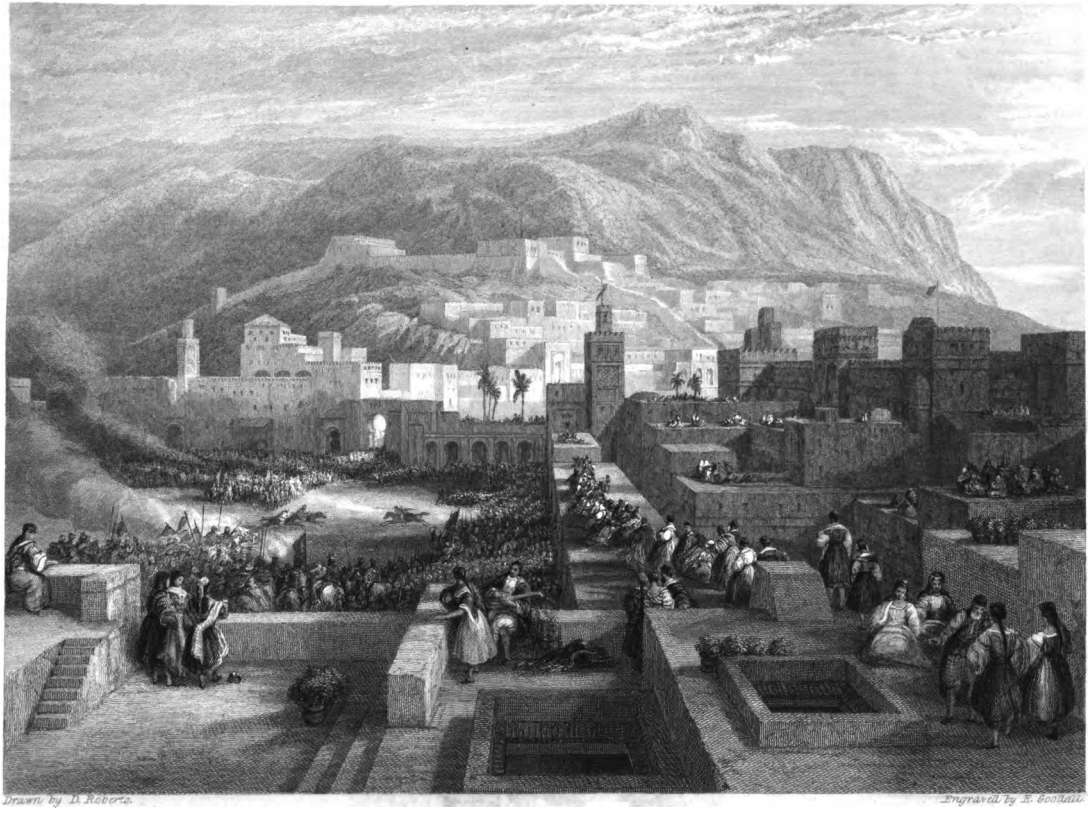

Drawn by D. Roberts. Engraved by E. Goodall.

THE GATE OF THE NEW TOWN.

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centre of the hall was piled, like a fruit-stall in the bazaar, with all the good things of this world. Numerous visitors were constantly arriving or departing, each a perfect picture, with their extraordinary costume and more extraordinary visages. They all partook of what was laid on the table; and I particularly observed that "mine host" presented each with a bit of lettuce dipped in honey. A sip of wine or brandy, the best that Languedoc could produce, concluded the flying repast, which appeared to give a fresh curl to their beards.

On the good old rule,—"the better the day the better the deed," the Mohammedans generally choose Friday for a circumcision feast, or a wedding. Our friend, the pasha, acted upon this notion in solemnizing the marriage of his son, which took place on the day succeeding the termination of the Jewish Passover. It was a very extraordinary sight, to us at least, to whom it was new; and even the inhabitants appeared to enjoy the thing much more intensely than an European rabble enjoy a dramatic spectacle. Deputations came pouring in with presents from all the neighbouring towns; and though these "free-will offerings," like some made nearer home, were scarcely free, since they were expected by one who had power to extort them, still the donors put a cheerful face upon the matter, and showed their white teeth as they entered the place like so many ogres. The presents consisted chiefly of cattle; and it was said the pasha gained so much by the speculation, that it was feared he would be getting his son a new wife every month.

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ther's *naïveté*. Judith, the sister of our host, of whom he had already made more sketches than one, was probably in herself little inferior to the superstitious belles of the evening before; but appeared less striking from the plainness of her costume, and the calm severity of her manner. She offered, in fact, a complete contrast to these ladies, whose round, full, yet finely modelled forms suggested the idea of a Phryne, or a Laïs, though I by no means intend to say that the moral answered to the physical characteristics.

But our in-door studies could not detain us from mingling with the gay crowds without. I have said it was the last day of the Passover, and the Jewish quarter was consequently filled with bustle and activity. The poor *yahoodis* appeared to forget they were strangers in a strange land. They could scarcely have been more joyous of old in Jerusalem, when mirth, and laughter, and rejoicing, not always free from the excesses of wine, or that other vice said to be its twin-sister, pealed round Mount Zion, and bade the heart overflow with gratitude for their ancient deliverance.

On these occasions the respectable Moors, who by no means share the stupid prejudices of the rabble against the Jews, are in the habit of making presents to the persons of that nation with whom they are acquainted, in return for those received from them on their own national festival. "Mine host's" house presented a scene of much gaiety. The lamp suspended from the roof was filled to overflowing with gold and silver coins; and the great table placed in the

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mentioned my companion's profession, and said how anxious he was to make a few drawings of costume, the lady of the house professed the greatest readiness to oblige him, and observed, in the true oriental style, that her whole family were at his service. She certainly did not expect, however, to be taken at her word. For, when the artist had run home for his sketch-book, and returned, overjoyed at the too fortunate opportunity, their whole manner underwent a complete change. Some one among the female gossips, a red-nosed Jael, whom Judith Cohen pointed out to me, had started certain conscientious scruples, but whether connected with the day or the deed I could never learn; so that when they were shown his former sketches, instead of exhibiting a readiness to figure among the fair forms therein registered, they effected their escape, and left us to the care of the elderly ladies. My companion was chagrined; but he misunderstood their motive, for the whole was traceable to a curious superstition prevalent in many parts of the East, that a woman is in the power of a man who possesses her portrait. I regretted their departure, and we soon after took our leave, looking cold upon the old dame, whose whole family had been so completely at our disposal not two hours before.

On the following day, the last of the Passover, to make up in some measure for the disappointments of the preceding, my friend made a sketch of Mrs. Cohen, a sweet brunette, with ruddy pouting lips, and eyes full of archness and mischief. She was a young mother, and her little one had inherited all his mo-

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fined, and filthy as it is, we could stroll, as often as the desire seized us, to the end of our street, without hearing the melodious sounds of *kelb* and *yahoodi*, (dog and Jew,) rung into our ears. Besides, we found our host extremely obliging and intelligent. He had visited the principal towns in the empire, and advised us seriously to avoid both Fez and Mequinez, and take the road along the sea coast, as far at least as Mensooréa; and we allowed ourselves to be guided by him, apprehending worse treatment in those seats of bigotry than Christians usually meet with even at Damascus.

The next time we went abroad, it was judged prudent to be attended by a Moor, whom we hired at a piastre per day. This enabled us, though still accompanied by Mr. Cohen, to move about unmolested, even though my companion was seen taking sketches of the town and public buildings. Our principal amusement, however, consisted in visiting our Hebrew friends; which we were enabled to do through the politeness of Mr. Butler. On the last day but one of the Passover, we were introduced at the house of a Jewish merchant, hospitable in his manners, exceedingly wealthy, and possessing several daughters transcendently beautiful. Indeed, I never met in my life with so many lovely women as among the Jews of Tetuan; but these young maidens excelled all their fair sisterhood, and I much doubt whether they could have been matched in the whole empire.

But if they were handsome, their capriciousness at least equalled their beauty. At first, when Mr. Butler

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guished from other persons by the profound veneration with which they are every where received. This saint was followed in his excursions by several of his sons, who were to be all brought up to the profession, which is in fact hereditary, as if established by the laws of *caste*. These jovial young men, who lived well and looked well, were studying the artsof holiness,—a sweet voice, an even temper, a commanding air and manner, and every other qualification requisite for success. The father travelled in a litter suspended between two mules. In that he lay, stretched like an emperor at his ease; while the incipient holy men rode beside him on superb horses, full of fire and vigour, and beautiful as barbs of the desert. Notwithstanding, however, the luxurious style in which he traversed his dominions,—for he may be really considered a prince,—this same saint, I was assured, is a good horseman, and a better shot. In addition to all this, I learned at the capital that he was likewise a good politician; and in certain differences which arose some years ago between him and the sultan, respecting a mosque which the latter had converted into a stable, the saint proved an overmatch for the sovereign, who, to appease him, presented his holiness with a thousand pieces of money.

But the saints have carried us somewhat too far from Tetuan, where, notwithstanding the warning about terraces I had received at Tangiers, we every day enjoyed the fresh air, and a pleasant prospect over the town. Under all circumstances, it was fortunate we resided in the Jewish quarter; for narrow, con-

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become extinct. In this respect their conduct is not to be mistaken. They have extensive harems, as many sometimes as twenty or thirty women, chiefly negresses,—restricted indeed only by the caprice or limited means of the individual possessors.

A Mohammedan of considerable wealth once made a magnificent present to a celebrated saint, for the purpose of observing how he would employ it. The holy man, to evince his gratitude, and be by no means behind with him in munificence, presented him in return with a lion's skin, on which he had been in the habit of saying his prayers for thirteen years. To this useful article he added a quantity of sweetmeats, and a capacious bottle of lemon syrup, with which he was accustomed to sweeten his tea. With respect to the money he had received, instead of laying it out in articles of luxury, either for himself or his wives, which any less holy person might have done, he devoted the whole to the purchase of muskets and other arms for the followers who enabled him to lay the public under contribution.

I afterwards met with one of these remarkable individuals at Laraish. He was about fifty years old, of a full and ruddy countenance, with a beard white as snow; short in stature, but robust and well formed. His dress, which he never varied winter or summer, consisted of a small white woollen caftan, a scanty turban, and a haÿk, which covered his head and hung down behind and on the sides like a small cloak. Contented with the possession of solid power, these men scorn its usual insignia, and are only distin-

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As the saintly ragamuffins, who constituted the ring-leaders in the attacks made upon me in the street, act an important part in the empire of Morocco, I shall bestow a short notice on them. Several members of this worshipful tribe are real idiots; and some, observing the privileges which madmen in those countries enjoy, affect imbecility. But it must not be concluded that all the *marabouts*, or saints, of Barbary are rogues of this description. Many are respectable men, both in rank and character, and are consulted with the utmost reverence by the pashas and governors of provinces. To keep themselves in good odour at court, they preach submission to the sultan, and inculcate the practice of virtue; though it is whispered that, in the unrestrained intercourse they hold with persons of all classes, they do not always rigidly observe their own precepts.

When they sally forth from their sanctuaries for the collection of presents and alms, they are followed by crowds of poor people, who chaunt the praises of Allah and all holy men; and, in addition to these ragged personages, who share along with them the spoils of the industrious, bands of armed men also attend them, who, like the monastic soldiers of Northern India, are equally expert at fighting and prayer. In one respect these devout Moslems differ materially from the monks of Catholic countries; they make no pretensions to a life of abstinence and purity. On the contrary, they appear rather to have chosen the Brahmins for their model, and seem to look upon it as their first duty to see that the holy race is not suffered to

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Their principal amusement, like that of the Greeks on Easter Sunday, consisted in firing muskets, but in a style altogether peculiar to themselves. The whole multitude divided itself into numerous groupes, each furnished with a band of music, which striking suddenly up, set the whole party dancing furiously, as if they had been so many puppets put in motion by wires. Each person seemed to take the lead in his turn; and during their wild evolutions, or rather antics, springing from the earth and at the same time whirling round, they all fired their pieces together. While engaged in these ludicrous rites, jumping, shouting, firing, laughing, beating up the dust, and perspiring like pick-pockets on the treadmill, they had the appearance of so many wild Indians, enjoying themselves after a successful scalping expedition.

This magnificent display of barbaric festivities took place in the grand square, fronting the governor's palace. We viewed it, along with Mr. Butler, from a house conveniently situated in the Jewish quarter. To have approached any nearer would have been imprudent; for, besides that Mohammedans always fire with ball on such occasions, a practice which sometimes occasions very awkward accidents, it is probable that a Christian, who should have ventured among them, would have been honoured with a direct application of the pistol. Nevertheless, I was assured, upon good authority, that they hold heretics in so much contempt, that they would scarcely waste powder and ball upon them. But this appears to be a somewhat fallacious source of confidence; for not many

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Drawn by D. Roberts.

Engraved by E. Goodall.

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centre of the hall was piled, like a fruit-stall in the bazaar, with all the good things of this world. Numerous visitors were constantly arriving or departing, each a perfect picture, with their extraordinary costume and more extraordinary visages. They all partook of what was laid on the table; and I particularly observed that "mine host" presented each with a bit of lettuce dipped in honey. A sip of wine or brandy, the best that Languedoc could produce, concluded the flying repast, which appeared to give a fresh curl to their beards.

On the good old rule,—"the better the day the better the deed," the Mohammedans generally choose Friday for a circumcision feast, or a wedding. Our friend, the pasha, acted upon this notion in solemnizing the marriage of his son, which took place on the day succeeding the termination of the Jewish Passover. It was a very extraordinary sight, to us at least, to whom it was new; and even the inhabitants appeared to enjoy the thing much more intensely than an European rabble enjoy a dramatic spectacle. Deputations came pouring in with presents from all the neighbouring towns; and though these "free-will offerings," like some made nearer home, were scarcely free, since they were expected by one who had power to extort them, still the donors put a cheerful face upon the matter, and showed their white teeth as they entered the place like so many ogres. The presents consisted chiefly of cattle; and it was said the pasha gained so much by the speculation, that it was feared he would be getting his son a new wife every month.

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states. During the troubles which ensued upon the death of Muley Ishmael, the savage tribes inhabiting the mountains descended into the level country, and in the ravages they perpetrated reduced the palace of Ahmed Pasha to a heap of ruins, long since overgrown with trees and shrubs, but presenting a fine object to the lover of the picturesque.

On the following day, the three military gentlemen from Gibraltar set out for Tangiers; and I walked over the Moorish town with the Jew Cohen. The rabble, on this occasion, took it into their heads to be exceedingly rude, and, like my companion, I was insulted at every step. For our greater security, however, I followed the Jew's advice to make Shylock's motto mine,—"sufferance is the badge of our tribe;" though there was some difficulty in adhering to it, being fiercely attacked by several vagabonds, here denominated *saints*, one of whom, and a woman too, threw a large stone at me, which, had it not fortunately missed my pericranium, might have put a sudden stop to my peregrinations. Another flourished a stick over my head; and a boy, in the height of his Moslem zeal, absolutely spat upon me, and called me "dog!" I stood in need of all Cohen's prudence and my own, patiently to endure this; but I did preserve my temper, and only looked down with ineffable scorn on the little savage. However, to escape a repetition of this display of Moorish hospitality, I remained at home during the remainder of the day, putting my rage on paper, and observing my companion colour some drawings he had made at Tangiers.

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that soft green light which penetrates through young vegetation.

A second gateway admitted us into a sort of kiosk, arched above, and open in front to the air. Before it extended a spacious basin of clear pure water, filled to the brim, and trembling, cool, and glittering like molten diamonds in the sun. It is the creation of an imprisoned rill, conducted thither by an artificial channel from the mountains, and, after irrigating the gardens in its course, made to diffuse its crystal lymph for the admiration of the Sultan of Morocco's harem, when the prince visits Tetuan. Beyond the basin, extending far as the eye can reach, are delightful orange groves, covered with fruit more glowing and beautiful than gold. Oranges were here, indeed, so plentiful and so little valued, that they were allowed to fall by cart-loads in the walks, or upon the grass, and decay where they fell. We ate as many as we could, and never tasted finer. Mr. Butler, the consul, informed me that the best picked oranges might be purchased here at two dollars per thousand, and I suppose are, as immense quantities are annually exported to Gibraltar. They also make a very good preserve from the blossoms.

These gardens owe their existence to the munificence and splendour of a former pasha, who erected here a summer palace, with a banqueting-room fifty feet in height, with arched galleries above, surmounted by a dome; the whole surrounded by fountains and sheets of water, shaded by orange and citron trees. But there is no stability or security in these despotic

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I afterwards met with one of these remarkable individuals at Laraish. He was about fifty years old, of a full and ruddy countenance, with a beard white as snow; short in stature, but robust and well formed. His dress, which he never varied winter or summer, consisted of a small white woollen caftan, a scanty turban, and a haÿk, which covered his head and hung down behind and on the sides like a small cloak. Contented with the possession of solid power, these men scorn its usual insignia, and are only distin-

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As the saintly ragamuffins, who constituted the ring-leaders in the attacks made upon me in the street, act an important part in the empire of Morocco, I shall bestow a short notice on them. Several members of this worshipful tribe are real idiots; and some, observing the privileges which madmen in those countries enjoy, affect imbecility. But it must not be concluded that all the *marabouts*, or saints, of Barbary are rogues of this description. Many are respectable men, both in rank and character, and are consulted with the utmost reverence by the pashas and governors of provinces. To keep themselves in good odour at court, they preach submission to the sultan, and inculcate the practice of virtue; though it is whispered that, in the unrestrained intercourse they hold with persons of all classes, they do not always rigidly observe their own precepts.

When they sally forth from their sanctuaries for the collection of presents and alms, they are followed by crowds of poor people, who chaunt the praises of Allah and all holy men; and, in addition to these ragged personages, who share along with them the spoils of the industrious, bands of armed men also attend them, who, like the monastic soldiers of Northern India, are equally expert at fighting and prayer. In one respect these devout Moslems differ materially from the monks of Catholic countries; they make no pretensions to a life of abstinence and purity. On the contrary, they appear rather to have chosen the Brahmins for their model, and seem to look upon it as their first duty to see that the holy race is not suffered to

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states. During the troubles which ensued upon the death of Muley Ishmael, the savage tribes inhabiting the mountains descended into the level country, and in the ravages they perpetrated reduced the palace of Ahmed Pasha to a heap of ruins, long since overgrown with trees and shrubs, but presenting a fine object to the lover of the picturesque.

On the following day, the three military gentlemen from Gibraltar set out for Tangiers; and I walked over the Moorish town with the Jew Cohen. The rabble, on this occasion, took it into their heads to be exceedingly rude, and, like my companion, I was insulted at every step. For our greater security, however, I followed the Jew's advice to make Shylock's motto mine,—"sufferance is the badge of our tribe;" though there was some difficulty in adhering to it, being fiercely attacked by several vagabonds, here denominated *saints*, one of whom, and a woman too, threw a large stone at me, which, had it not fortunately missed my pericranium, might have put a sudden stop to my peregrinations. Another flourished a stick over my head; and a boy, in the height of his Moslem zeal, absolutely spat upon me, and called me "dog!" I stood in need of all Cohen's prudence and my own, patiently to endure this; but I did preserve my temper, and only looked down with ineffable scorn on the little savage. However, to escape a repetition of this display of Moorish hospitality, I remained at home during the remainder of the day, putting my rage on paper, and observing my companion colour some drawings he had made at Tangiers.

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that soft green light which penetrates through young vegetation.

A second gateway admitted us into a sort of kiosk, arched above, and open in front to the air. Before it extended a spacious basin of clear pure water, filled to the brim, and trembling, cool, and glittering like molten diamonds in the sun. It is the creation of an imprisoned rill, conducted thither by an artificial channel from the mountains, and, after irrigating the gardens in its course, made to diffuse its crystal lymph for the admiration of the Sultan of Morocco's harem, when the prince visits Tetuan. Beyond the basin, extending far as the eye can reach, are delightful orange groves, covered with fruit more glowing and beautiful than gold. Oranges were here, indeed, so plentiful and so little valued, that they were allowed to fall by cart-loads in the walks, or upon the grass, and decay where they fell. We ate as many as we could, and never tasted finer. Mr. Butler, the consul, informed me that the best picked oranges might be purchased here at two dollars per thousand, and I suppose are, as immense quantities are annually exported to Gibraltar. They also make a very good preserve from the blossoms.

These gardens owe their existence to the munificence and splendour of a former pasha, who erected here a summer palace, with a banqueting-room fifty feet in height, with arched galleries above, surmounted by a dome; the whole surrounded by fountains and sheets of water, shaded by orange and citron trees. But there is no stability or security in these despotic

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peep at those beautiful recesses, within the shades of which the black-eyed Moorish beauties pass the summer heats. We were greatly more fortunate. In fact, I believe there were many Moors in Tetuan who, to oblige the English consul, would have allowed us the *entrée*, even while the beauties themselves were there. But this we did not, of course, even hint at, satisfied with beholding the nests while the birds were elsewhere.

In these lovely spots it is nature, however, that does all. There is little art, little taste displayed, and, I may add, very little neatness. Yet they are beautiful, because the soil is so fertile and the sun so warm, that vegetation shoots up without effort into a thousand graceful forms, while every breeze shakes perfume from the clustering boughs and flowers,—the jasmine, the orange, the rose, the violet bed matted beside the rills, and filling the atmosphere with something like a gust of sweetness.

But we must beware how we exhaust our admiration on the gardens of mere gentlemen, while those of the sultan are yet to come. This would be a piece of barbarism purely western, unknown in the sunny clime where we were now straying, and out of keeping with every thing around. To avoid it, we hurried towards the torrent, beyond which the sultan's gardens lie. On arriving at the gates, we found that the aversion of Moslems to beholding an Israelite on horseback had become extinct here also; for without dismounting, we continued to advance up a beautiful *berceau*, or covered walk canopied with vines, and admitting only

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[illegible] to the difference to the short [illegible] since his visit; nor could we [illegible] thought persons of greater [illegible] knight-errant of modern days. [illegible] for the superior respect [illegible] the son of Mr. Hassan?" [illegible] the presence of our military, [illegible], of our medical friends; and if [illegible] had not felt his Excellency's pulse, Mr. Cohen might have been compelled to trudge in the mud, if he could have [illegible] there would have been extremely [illegible] as it may [illegible] and not to make a mountain of a [illegible]-hill, on issuing from the town we directed our course down a sloping descent towards the beautiful [illegible] in which the gardens of Tetuan are situated. Except that no broad and placid Nile flowed along their enclosures, they may possibly resemble those paradises of Rosetta, described by Mr. [illegible] in his Egyptian travels. A succession of [illegible] and gardens extend almost [illegible] enclosed by hedges of [illegible] Tangiers, but infinitely [illegible] and luxuriance. Tall canes, [illegible] in lines on the inside of the fence; and as they wave and tremble to the breeze, have almost the appearance of so many young poplars on the banks of the Po. These hedges are so thick as to be wholly impenetrable to the eye, and justify the complaint of an ingenuous traveller, who, not having obtained admittance, does not pretend to have done so, but observes, that it was difficult to get even a

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I can scarcely attribute the difference to the short time that had elapsed since his visit; nor could we flatter ourselves with being thought persons of greater consequence than that knight-errant of modern days. How then shall we account for the superior respect paid to Mr. Cohen over "the son of Mr. Hassan?" We probably owed it to the presence of our military, and still more, perhaps, of our medical friends; and if Dr. Bell had not felt his highness's pulse, Mr. Cohen might have been condemned to trudge in the mud, if he could have found any, which would have been extremely difficult. Be this as it may, and not to make a mountain of a mole-hill, on issuing from the town we directed our course down a sloping descent towards the beautiful valley in which the gardens of Tetuan are situated. Except that no broad and placid Nile flowed along their enclosures, they may possibly resemble those paradises of Rosetta, described by Mr. St. John in his Egyptian travels. A succession of spacious and highly cultivated gardens extend almost the whole length of the valley, enclosed by hedges of cactus and aloe, like those of Tangiers, but infinitely superior in cultivation and luxuriance. Tall canes, tufted above, run in lines on the inside of the fence; and as they wave and tremble to the breeze, have almost the appearance of so many young poplars on the banks of the Po. These hedges are so thick as to be wholly impenetrable to the eye, and justify the complaint of an ingenuous traveller, who, not having obtained admittance, does not pretend to have done so; but observes, that it was difficult to get even a

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we desired to eat. At length, however, we desisted, fearing lest Mohammed should mistake us for ghouls, who might devour him next.

Our interview happily over, and a second breakfast demolished, we hired horses and rode forth to visit the gardens of several of the principal citizens, most of whom were known to Mr. Butler, and appeared highly to respect him. It is well known, that in most Mohammedan countries it would, some years ago, have been highly imprudent, and might even have proved fatal, for a Christian, and still more a Jew, to have ventured to mount his unbelieving body on a horse, an animal reserved, in their opinion, for the Faithful alone. But things are altered now; for, not only did we beard the old Moslem custom in our own proper persons, but also in that of our Jew interpreter, who bestrode his charger with an air that would not have looked amiss in Judas Maccabæus himself.

I mention this particularly, because De Capel Brooke and his interpreter experienced, but a short time previous, very different treatment. "I was accompanied," he says, "by the son of Mr. Hassan; and as, being a Jew, he was not allowed to ride through the town, I proceeded on foot with him through the streets, which were exceedingly dirty. As we passed the numerous mosques, it was quite painful to see him obliged to take off his slippers, and proceed barefooted for a considerable distance through the long-accumulated filth, now in a half-liquid state from the rain."

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weighing at least twenty stone, so that walking must be an awful undertaking to him; and as to riding, I know no beast short of an elephant that should be condemned to carry him. In his case, the compliment paid by a Brahmin to Darekhmend Khan would not be out of place:—"As often as you put your foot in the stirrup," said the flattering Hindoo, "the earth trembles."—"Which is the reason," replied the philosophical khan good-humouredly, "that I so seldom go out on horseback."

Taking the hint from a recent traveller, we had not come empty-handed, but had brought an offering for his highness which we understood would be pleasing to him: a quantity of tea and sugar, which, on presenting it, we affirmed to be of the very best quality. Tea-drinkers are always easily pleased. He accepted the gift with evident satisfaction, and we were somewhat apprehensive he might choose to show his munificence, as orientals sometimes do, by bestowing on us an antediluvian horse a-piece; which, if it survived so long, we should in decency be compelled to maintain during our stay. He contented himself, however, with ordering us something to eat, more germane to the matter and in reality of greater consequence, as the keen wholesome air of his palace had given us an appetite. Among a variety of light articles, nice enough but sorry "belly-timber," if one may borrow a homely phrase from Hudibras, were a variety of *almond-cakes*, which literally demolished the position of the Highlander that eating takes away the appetite, for the more we ate the more

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descended to make use of ours, who was no other than Mr. Cohen, the honest Jew, in whose house we resided. In the true oriental manner, he expressed himself most happy to see us in Tetuan, as he had always held the English nation in higher esteem than any other. He begged us to understand that we might confidently reckon on his protection; and added, that the town and every thing it contained were at our service. This he did not of course expect us to understand literally; but, in the South, it is considered polite and well bred not to adhere too rigidly to facts, and every man of rank, at least, is always ready to say a few things that are *not*, to oblige you.

In return for so much civility, our companion, Dr. Bell, professed his readiness to prescribe for his highness, if he felt disposed to take physic, or be bled; and we were at first considerably alarmed lest he should take it into his head to swallow a dose of ipecacuanha, but he relieved us by simply desiring to have his pulse felt. The doctor, with a face which none but Esculapians can put on, informed him that he was in good health; at which he appeared somewhat disappointed, having evidently expected to be found guilty of two or three mortal disorders, and began to complain of frequent pains in the abdomen, which were most acute, I imagine, immediately after a full dinner. Still the unrelenting son of Galen could not be prevailed upon to pronounce him ill, but said that exercise was what he wanted; walking in the morning, and riding in the afternoon.

Mohammed Ashash is a man of enormous bulk,

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where we found a number of the pasha's guards, in milk-white haÿks and turbans, and armed with swords and poniards. These were drawn up in two files, extending from the entrance of the hall to its extremity, which opened into a second court; where, according to custom, a number of his highness's horses, gaily caparisoned, were held each by a groom richly dressed. Among these barbs were two or three which appeared to be pure *nejdis*, broad-chested, powerful in limb, and full of that fire which distinguishes the true Arab horse.

Traversing this court we entered a garden, and proceeded along a trellis-walk, which I perceive, from the descriptions of former travellers, is the way all strangers are introduced. A line of troops was drawn up on either side, and through this living avenue we advanced up to a lofty alcove, where we found his highness seated in an antique chair of very curious workmanship. He was elegantly, though not sumptuously attired. Like every other Moor, he rejoiced in an enormous pair of breeches of white cloth, a small scarlet striped jacket fitting close to the shape, and a turban of snowy muslin, with plume and jewelled ornaments, surmounted by the red Tunisian tarboosh and blue silk tassel. The haÿk was replaced by a milk-white burnoose, fastened with silk at the throat, and thrown open to display the gorgeous sash and jewelled khandjar, or poniard, which hung from the right shoulder, suspended by a silken cord.

He received us very graciously, and having no interpreter of his own that understood English, con-

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manded for allowing us to enter without the usual precautions. Our arrival, however, though apparently unnoticed at the gate, had already been noised about the city; and we had scarcely left the governor before we met a messenger from Mr. Butler, the consul, sent to inform us that several officers from Gibraltar were in the town. These were Captain Meek, of the 94th; Major Norcliff, 18th Dragoons; and Dr. Bell, of the medical staff. They had brought me a letter from Mr. Cooper, containing news of Sophy Griffiths and all our other friends at Gibraltar.

The worthy governor, Mohammed Ashash, who probably stood in need of some little excitement, was not slow in appointing a day for our public audience. He, in fact, caused it to be notified to us the same evening, that he should expect us next day, which was giving us somewhat short notice for preparing ourselves to appear in full divan before so august a personage in the midst of his court. It happened, however, that the above three gentlemen were to be presented at the same time, and he was probably not sorry to kill two birds with one stone. We were, of course, to be introduced by Mr. Butler, British consul, and rose early to trim our mustachios, &c., for the occasion.

I imagine the splendid military uniform of our companions inspired the Moors with no mean notion of our rank and consequence; for, on approaching the palace, we were received with peculiar marks of respect and courtesy. Crossing a court of spacious dimensions, we were conducted into a lofty hall,

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On being ushered into his presence, we had doffed our hats and replaced them. He immediately began putting questions to us in the Moorish language, which unluckily we understood nothing of, except that it was clear he desired to know what countrymen we were. To this, the only thing we comprehended, I replied that we were English, at which he looked pleased, and repeated after me several times, "Ingleesh! Ingleesh!"

Meanwhile, our guide had gone to the house of Mr. Cohen, the Jew, with whom we were to reside during our stay, and informed him of our arrival, and whither we were gone. In the midst of our perplexities this honest Israelite was brought in, and relieved us from our embarrassment by becoming our interpreter. It now appeared that the person whom we had taken for captain of the guard, was no other than Ashash, Pasha of Tangiers, the man of most power and authority in the north of Morocco. Our intercommunication being now unrestrained, he demanded whether we had come to reside at Tetuan, or were merely passing through it on our way to some other place. We replied that we were travellers, who had been led thither by the desire to behold a city of which so much was said in the world, and likewise to pay our respects to so distinguished a pasha. At this he smiled very graciously, and presently after we were dismissed, with the information that in a few days his highness would send for us again.

We afterwards learned from Cohen, that the soldier on guard at the city gates had been severely repri-

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at the approach of the traveller. But Tetuan is luckily not gifted with the faculty of flying very fast, or of vanishing when one comes up to it; and accordingly, about six o'clock, just three hours and a half from the time it came first in sight, we entered this truly Moorish city, with its double walls and superb gateways. Having passed the first gate, we skirted along the second wall for a considerable way before we reached the second, where we expected to be detained until word should be conveyed to the governor of the arrival of two Christian travellers.

No one opposed our ingress, however; and as it was not for us to affect scruples which the authorities seemed not to entertain, we boldly followed at the tail of our gallant escort and good-natured guide, and had actually reached the market-place before any notice seemed to be taken of us. But here we were commanded to dismount, and after waiting a short time, during which it was easy to see by the looks of all around that something was wrong, an officer arrived, who desired us to follow him. We of course yielded due obedience, not having it in our power to do otherwise; and after trotting some distance at his heels, were led by a sort of stable-yard into the presence of a stout jolly-looking Moor, who was sitting cross-legged upon the ground, with another elderly person of the same nation at a short distance from him. It was easy to perceive, from the reverential manner in which the guards saluted him, that he was a person of some consequence; the captain, perhaps, of the guards.

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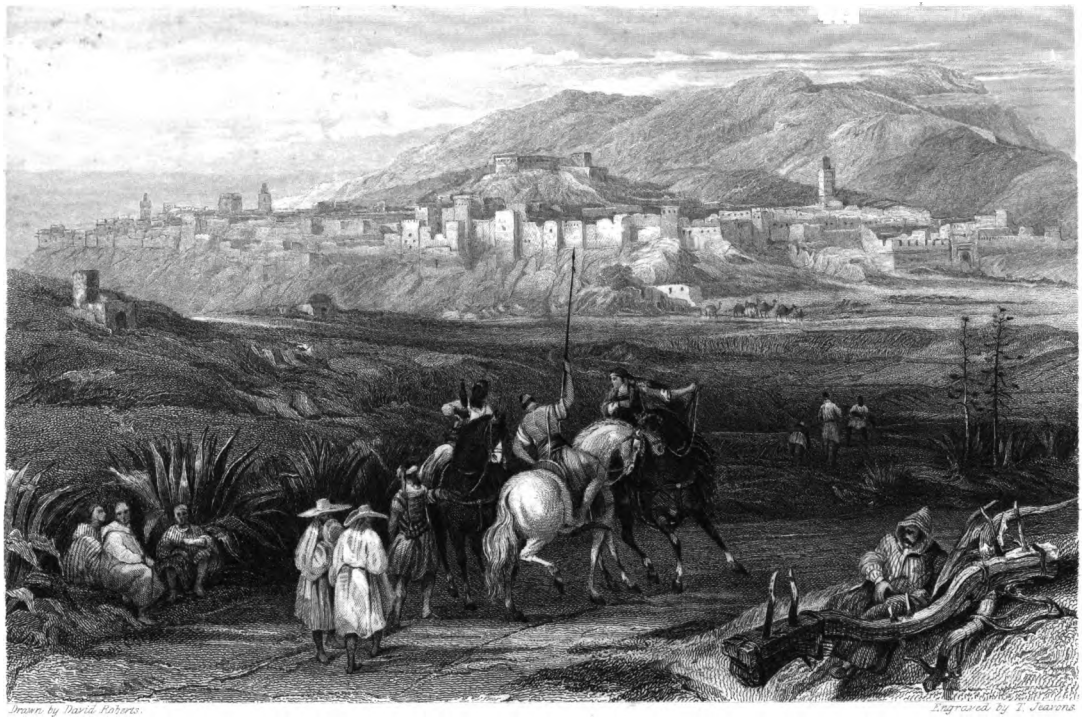

Drawn by David Roberts. Engraved by T. Jeavons

TETUAN.

From the South.

London, Published Oct.r 29. 1837 by Hurst, Robinson, & Co. 62, Cheapside.

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I had seen the proudest scenes which those provinces have to boast of; I had wandered by Cintra also, and lay at the Tagus' mouth; I had enjoyed the mingled softness and sublimity of the Lago di Garda, and Como, and Lago Maggiore in Northern Italy, and thought them all less impressive, less fraught with those qualities that stir the soul to its inmost depths, than the wild, cloud-capped, torrent-rent cones of Atlas, elevated, cold, and glittering with snow amid all the glow and fervour of an African sun.

About half-past two o'clock in the afternoon, we caught the first view of Tetuan, still several miles distant, its dazzling cluster of white buildings contrasting most strikingly with the deep blue of the Mediterranean in the back ground. In fact, it appeared like a snowy streak almost on the verge of the horizon. Our direction now was about due east. The road in this part of the journey is bordered with low trees and shrubs, covered in many places up to the top by the tendrils of the wild vine; and here and there, stretching back from the road, are patches of green sward, on one of which we observed a group of Arabs surrounded by their camels. Like their kindred tribes in all parts of the world, they were tattooed upon the chin with lines from the Koran, impressed on the skin in blue characters.

Our guide had informed us when the city first hove in sight, as our nautical travellers would say, that it would be yet some time before we reached it. In fact, he grew quite poetical upon the subject, and compared it to a *mirage*, which flies along the desert

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attendants, who, however cruel to each other, are generally humane towards the inferior animals. The features of the country varied considerably within very few miles, for soon after quitting the sweet valley above described, we entered upon a mountainous track, rugged and barren, but covered here and there with the palmeta, or stunted palm, somewhat resembling the small doum tree, or rather bush, found on the hills about Agrigentum. The Moors make almost as many uses of the palmeta as the Egyptian Fellahs do of the date palm: they twist the fibres of the root into cordage, which possesses the united qualities of strength and fineness; several of these cords united form a cable, and baskets of extremely neat workmanship, resembling the Nubian baskets made at Elephantina, are manufactured from the fine pliable branches. The inside of the root is eaten, and its flavour is by no means unpleasant.

On issuing from a defile at no great distance from Tetuan, we caught a fine view of the Atlas mountains, which constitute the grand boundary of the desert towards the north. Clouds rested in dense masses upon its loftier peaks, one of which, visible from Tangiers, was capped with snow; and the fantastic forms exhibited by its giant crags, the lower ranges of which were all clad with sunshine, reminded me strongly of the Bernese Alps. It has been thought by certain travellers, that the scenery of Morocco is inferior in grandeur to that of Spain—the mountains of Andalusia and the warm wild chain of Granada. Much, in cases of this kind, depends on association.

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the bottom. In these countries, wherever there is water there is beauty. And this mountain-torrent, which in summer is quite dry, now rolled down no contemptible stream towards the sea. It appeared, however, in no hurry to reach its journey's end, but turned now in this direction and now in that, watering and fertilizing the whole bed of the valley. In consequence of these meanders, the road crosses it several times, which, in the depth of winter, renders the journey from Tangiers to Tetuan very difficult, and sometimes not quite free from danger. The view of this valley, when it first burst upon the eye, resembled a glimpse into fairy-land. The showers which had recently fallen had imparted a delightful freshness to the earth; young clover and other grasses were rapidly springing up, and numerous wild flowers, among others the white Narcissus, diffused a delicious fragrance through the atmosphere, like what the traveller through Roumelia enjoys in the early spring. Here and there the steep banks of the stream, whose course we were now pursuing, were completely concealed by luxuriant thickets of oleander, whose deep green foliage and blossoms of bright pink offered the most beautiful contrast to the eye.

In this part of our journey we saw several coveys of red-legged partridges, and turtle-doves abounded in the small groves which now dotted the landscape; but though our double-barrelled guns hung primed and loaded at our backs, we did not think proper to molest them, a circumstance which appeared to raise us somewhat in the estimation of our Moorish

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without cement, with a narrow opening for a door, and a roof of reeds supported on slender rafters. Here, as in most other parts of the south and east, one is generally annoyed by troops of half-starved, half-wild dogs, that rush furiously forth against one, and are with difficulty repelled.

Though the distance from Tangiers to Tetuan is not great, the country intervening is extremely varied. At about an hour and a half from our halting-place, we entered a rugged mountain valley, hemmed in on both sides by rocks, with a village of most primitive aspect nestling among the crags about the middle of it. Continuing our journey, we shortly afterwards came up to a *douar*, or Arab encampment, the abode of that free and hardy race who have diffused their manners and their opinions so widely through Northern and Central Africa. There were probably about fifty tents, arranged in a semicircle, with the horns pointing towards the east. On this side all these dusky dwellings were open, a part of the canvas, or rather camel-hair cloth, being raised by cords and thrown back upon the roof, while at the back it descended to the ground. Here the women, who took no pains to conceal themselves, were busily engaged, with Homeric simplicity, in their household affairs; while the children, congregated in small groupes, were playing on what one may call the village-green.

Soon after passing the encampment, from which the men appeared to be all absent with their flocks and herds, the ravine we were descending opened into a deep valley, with the bed of a considerable stream at

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that morning's repast its superior relish; but whatever was the cause, it seemed to me that I had never sipped coffee so delicious, or eaten bread so sweet. In addition to these, we had eggs boiled hard, ham and beef sandwiches, which the Moors, without however knowing what they were, devoured without scruple, together with a couple of bottles of Malaga Xeres. To all these dainties succeeded the pipe, and while the smoke from our Christian lips curled upwards among the overhanging ilexes, we reclined on the grass, huddled together like so many fakirs. The morning was delightful, the sky pure and cloudless, no oppressive heat, our bodies in high health, our minds at ease: altogether I never enjoyed any thing so much at home or abroad.

Having finished our pipes, we remounted, and pushed on leisurely, admiring as we went along the novel features of the landscape, richly clothed with vegetation, and infinitely varied. In the course of the morning we passed several Moorish hamlets, perched, like those of the Kabyles on the Greater Syrtes, described also in the *Tales of the Ramad'han*, on lofty eminences, where they have been erected for security in troubled times, and during the floods of winter. Most of these hamlets are encircled by gardens with hedges of cactus and aloe, as in Malta and Sicily, sometimes so high as altogether to conceal the habitations within. The houses, or more correctly speaking, huts, lie irregularly scattered over the summit of the eminence, and are of the rudest and most simple construction, consisting of a low wall of stones

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myself in at night, or when the north wind blew cold from the sea, a coffee-pot, a pipe, and a bag of good tobacco, I could have jogged on agreeably to Timbuctoo, provided no one molested me on the way. My companion's humour jumped well enough with my own, and accordingly, without any very extraordinary preliminaries, we arranged all things tight on our mules, and on Saturday, April 6th, set out for Tetuan precisely at six o'clock in the morning.

There were four of us in all; for, in addition to our escort, mounted on a splendid grey barb, it was found necessary to take along with us a guide, who bestrode our sumpter-mule along with our provisions. For an hour or two after leaving the town, the track we pursued, (it would be wrong to call it a road,) ascended gradually, traversing a fertile country, pleasantly diversified with hill and dale. Much of the land in this part of Morocco is devoted to pasturage, and feeds immense droves of cattle that roam about almost in a wild state.

About half-past nine o'clock, our appetite having been considerably sharpened by the morning air which blew delightfully from the sea, we dismounted beside a fountain that welled forth from a cleft in the rock, and was shaded by a covert of ilex, projecting like a verdant penthouse from the overhanging cliff. Our provisions were spread on the grass, and the Moorish soldier, with more good-nature than I had given him credit for, bestirred himself lustily in getting ready our coffee. It may possibly have been hunger, and partly, perhaps, the novelty of the scene, which gave

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CHAPTER VII.

TANGIERS TO TETUAN.

Set out for Tetuan—Rural Breakfast—Scenery—Beautiful Valley—The Palmeta—Distant View of Mount Atlas—Arrival at Tetuan—A Mysterious Interview—Presentation to the Governor—Gardens of Tetuan—Saints of Barbary—Anecdotes—Beautiful Jewesses—the Passover—Marriage of the Pasha's Son—Return to Tangiers.

HAVING exhausted the neighbourhood of Tangiers, we were desirous, before setting out for the interior, of making an excursion to Tetuan. A Moorish soldier was accordingly hired for four dollars to escort us thither, and our kind friend, Mr. Trenery, loaded a mule with good things to be consumed on the way. Sir Arthur de Capel Brooke, and many other travellers, dwelt at considerable length on the preparations one must make before he can perform any thing like a journey in Morocco. But on this point I differ with them. To be sure I had no desire to move about *en grand Seigneur*, or to make any display for the purpose of astonishing the natives. Content with seeing what was to be seen, I cared little for show, luxury, or even what is called comfort; and thus was wonderfully independent of external circumstances. With a good mule or donkey to ride on, a burnoose to wrap

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On the following day we paid a second visit to old Tangiers, about two miles distant from the modern town. Little now remains of it but the ruins of an ancient fort, supposed by many to be of Roman construction, but in my opinion of much more modern date. Here, it is said, there was a dock built for the reception of the Roman galleys; but whatever evidence antiquarians may discover in support of this opinion, it is very certain that appearances are against them. A small portion of the old fortress has recently been fitted up in the Moorish style as a battery; that is, two guns, rusty antiques without carriages, have been mounted on the *terre-pleine*, which, if they shall ever be fired, they will probably shatter to pieces.

At a short distance to the south are a number of salt-pits, where the process of crystallization is conducted in the following manner:—A number of shallow reservoirs having been excavated, the sea is let into them at high tides, and the water thus separated from the ocean is left to be evaporated by the action of the sun, which is here sufficiently powerful in summer to separate the aqueous particles from the salts held in solution in the sea. Perched against the ruined wall above mentioned are a number of miserable low hovels, where the salt is deposited when prepared.

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It was now a complete solitude, and the numbers of fruit and forest trees which rose luxuriantly around, intermingling their foliage and contrasting their forms, suggested a train of poetical and romantic ideas. The view it commands is magnificent. The whole sweep of the Straits is unfolded beneath the eye, with the blue depths of the Atlantic stretching away interminably on one hand, the Mediterranean on the other, and the broad bold mountains of Spain terminating the horizon towards the north. Close to the house, now fast falling to decay, is a spring of clear pure water, which irrigates and clothes with verdure very extensive gardens, where every fruit known to this part of the world attains the utmost perfection. The neighbouring hills, where there must also be many springs, are thickly clothed with gum-cistus, a beautiful shrub of spontaneous growth, found also in great plenty on the mountains of Spain. The ilex, the arbutus, and the algaroba or locust tree, closely matted together, form impenetrable thickets, the retreat of numerous wild boars, traces of which were every where visible. We admired particularly several specimens of the algaroba, a beautiful evergreen, which, though commonly considered a mere shrub, here attains the height of a forest tree. It produces a pod resembling an enormous kidney-bean, which is eaten by the Moors, and by no means unpleasant, though it is usually given as food to cattle. In the grounds immediately about the house were many orange trees covered with golden fruit, which very much contributed to enhance the beauty of the place.

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seemed so beautiful as the first. But, as the roofs of the houses were all extremely alike, it was some time before I could recognise the one which belonged to Señor Barros, which at length, however, I did. On recounting my adventure, I received the information given above respecting the pistol-balls, which may probably have been somewhat exaggerated, with the very kind intention of preserving me from running into danger.

Immediately after breakfast, we rode with Mr. Trenery to Mount Washington, a seat of the late Mr. Simpson, American consul. The soil in the immediate neighbourhood of Tangiers, as is generally the case on the sea-shore, is formed of white sand continually deepening, in which the inhabitants bury their dead, sometimes without any very lasting memorial to mark the spot; though when wealthy, they, like all other Mohammedans, are desirous of testifying their respect for the departed by the erection of handsome and durable tombs to their memory.

Traversing this narrow sandy belt, we entered upon a rich dark-coloured soil, covered with an abundant crop of Indian corn, interspersed with gardens filled with fruit trees. The general character of the scenery, notwithstanding the usual absence of wood, is extremely picturesque, gentle hills alternating with valleys, which wind and fluctuate around their bases, and morning and evening chequer the landscape with deep shadows. In about an hour we arrived at the place of our destination, which, in a country mostly bare and untimbered, presents the aspect of a little paradise.

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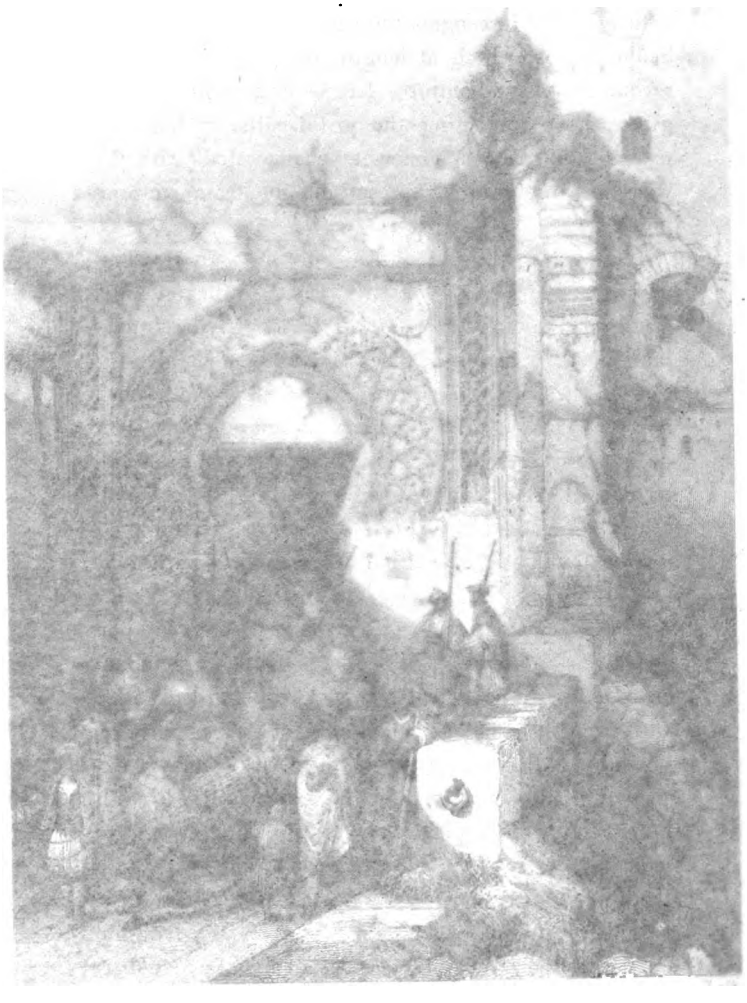

London Published Oct 28 1837 by Robert Jennings & Co 62 Cheapside.

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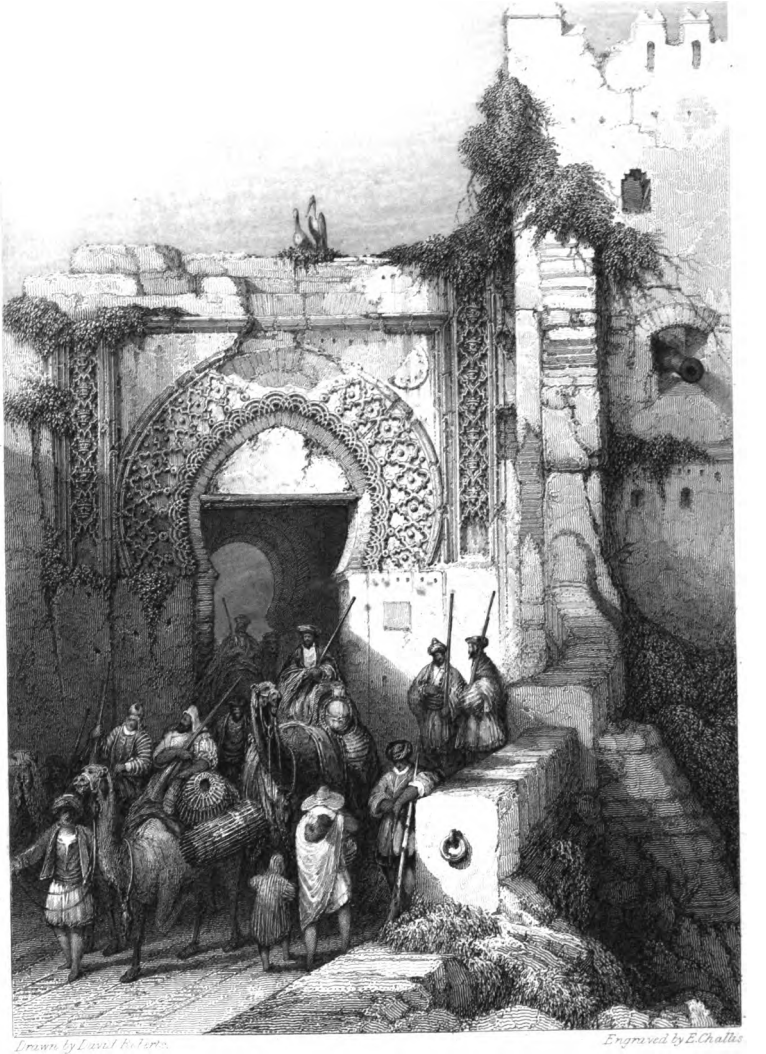

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licious perfume of a southern spring, excited the most pleasurable sensations; to enjoy which I strolled on from roof to roof, until I had advanced pretty far into forbidden ground. A half-suppressed laugh recalled me to myself. Looking down into the central court from which it had proceeded, I beheld a group of women clustered round a fountain, and close beside them a corpulent old gentleman, who appeared to be asleep. What could have brought them thither so early it were difficult to say. The heat of the nights was not yet sufficient to render sleeping in the open air at all pleasant. Yet there they were, and as they made no attempt to don their veils, I enjoyed ample leisure for contemplating their beauty at my ease. They were about seven in all, dressed as if for some grand display, and several of them might be considered exceedingly pretty, with fair bosoms, well-turned arms, and lips and eyes such as are nowhere seen but in the East. The hajjî's wives were nothing in comparison with them; though something, perhaps, may be allowed for my seeing the former by permission, the latter by stealth. However, as they laughed loud, and began to address themselves to me with a degree of fearlessness perfectly astonishing among inmates of a harem, I feared they would at length awaken their Argus, whose resentment it might have been imprudent to provoke, and retreated towards my lodgings. Having been put upon this track, I was very careful not to pass a single house without taking a peep into the court; but, though I saw several other ladies in those agreeable prisons, none

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seen on the roof of his own house; from whence, unless he shuts his eyes, he must command a view of some neighbour's harem, and may possibly enter into conversation with his women, as there is a free communication from one roof to another throughout the town, unless where interrupted by intersecting streets. Sometimes the too curious stranger is admonished by the report of a pistol and the whizzing of a ball, that he is transgressing the laws of etiquette; and report adds that perseverance may cost a man his life. Luckily, however, I did not learn this alarming circumstance until I had enjoyed all the advantages to be derived from a stroll in those elevated regions. One morning, a few days after our arrival, the weather being perfectly delicious, I was on the alert before Señor Barros, my landlord, had commenced coffee-grinding, an operation which he daily, I verily believe, performed before his prayers. Not precisely knowing what to do with myself, I ascended to the terraced roof, innocent of all designs against our neighbours' harems, and meaning nothing more than to lounge there for half an hour, until the coffee should be ready and the pipes lighted.

The day had not long dawned, but as the dawn is somewhat shorter than with us, the harbingers of sunrise soon appeared in the east. Streaks of orange and crimson shooting upwards from the verge of the horizon, followed almost immediately by a semicircular halo of violet-coloured light, decked the sky with splendours unknown in our northern latitudes. A soft breeze, cool, refreshing, and laden with the de-

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which, were the picture to be taken in evidence, she would gain the advantage of being thought more handsome than nature ever made her; for the prize of beauty indisputably belongs to the Hebrew.

On Sunday, the 31st of March, we walked with Mr. Deputy-consul Bell to old Tangiers, where are found the remains of a bridge, supposed to be Roman; and on our return paid a visit to a Moorish gentleman, to whom we had been introduced by Mr. Trenery. The Moors appear disposed to view every European as a *hakim*, and if one consents to prescribe for them in all their ailments, real or imaginary, it is very certain they will swallow his physic, and admit him freely into the penetralia of their habitations. At least we found this to be the case with our friend Hajjî Hassan Entifa, who, having consulted us himself, led the way *sans façons* into his harem, where we felt the pulses and heard the catalogue of symptoms of three young women, who appeared to be afflicted with no other disease than idleness, and a little consequent indigestion. One of them might be pronounced pretty; she was paler and fairer than any of the Jewesses we had seen, and exhibited in her countenance something of the Arab hauteur and fire, which gave her an air of nobleness never discernible in the female descendants of Abraham.

But our friend the hajjî must be regarded as an exception to the general rule, at least if the accounts be correct which we every day receive from the European residents. According to them the Moors are so fiercely jealous, that it is quite unsafe for a man to be

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for such they literally were, undergoing the operation of being conjured into a book. I was particularly entertained with a black slave of Mr. Trenery's, who consented to sit for the artist. The poor fellow evidently thought he was about to be consigned to the devil at least, and made a multitude of wry faces, as the painter's searching eye perused him, from his wool to the heavy cockroach-crushers which encased his feet. He appeared to feel each stroke of the pencil going to his heart, and expected every moment that his "too, too solid flesh would melt, thaw, and dissolve itself into a dew." He looked, therefore, as grave all the while as a Quaker; but when the sketch was finished, coloured, and shown him, his eye suddenly kindled, a broad grin distended his thick lips, and he considered it, doubtless, the most magnificent piece of art that ever man produced. After this, he would have sat or stood for a month, if it had been necessary. He seemed as if he could never be tired with viewing his own dusky reflection; and I question much whether any London dandy ever received half so much satisfaction from contemplating his own simpering visage on the walls of the Royal Academy, as this honest nigger experienced.

We were extremely desirous of obtaining a portrait of some Moorish lady; but though, as will presently appear, we succeeded in obtaining a glimpse of more than one, there was no possibility of sketching them. The best succedaneum was to get a Jewess, which was not difficult, to habit herself in the Moorish costume, and sit as the representative of a Moslem woman; by

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military point of view, its merits on the score of the picturesque are not a jot the less on that account. The panorama one thence beholds is in fact superb. For the eye, plunging down the Straits, commands at a glance one long sweep of the Spanish coast, with Tarifa and Gibraltar, and the antijacent point of Cape Malabatta. Immediately beneath us is the undulating line of the African shore, with its bright shining margin of white sand, and numerous boats and small craft scudding along the blue waves, their sails bellying to the breeze, and glittering in the clear sunlight. Here and there upon the flat roofs of the houses are storks, with their long necks and melancholy figures; and in the streets, some of which are broad and airy, groupes of stately Moslems march slowly along.

The bay of Tangiers, which now lay expanded beneath our eye, is upon the whole extremely safe, though liable to be vexed by storms from the north and east, which, however, are not of frequent occurrence. It is, in fact, far superior to that of Gibraltar, where not a year passes without some serious accident. The bottom is in many places formed of coral, which sometimes damages the cables; but there are excellent moorings, where vessels often remain whole months without the slightest inconvenience.

My pleasant companion wanted not for subjects at Tangiers. Every day brought along with it some novelty, either in landscape or figures; and when the latter were in the process of transformation, it was highly amusing to be near and observe the patients,

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Traces every where appear of magnificence and splendour, and that peculiar taste for bold and picturesque architecture which appears to have been characteristic of the Moors. We observed four shafts of white marble columns, evidently of Roman workmanship, lying in the court of the castle. Their pedestals were at some distance, and two of the capitals, which are of the Composite order, have been built up in an old doorway. Some few other remains of antiquity exist in the town. At the entrance to the fortifications from the beach, for example, are several granite columns, considerably larger than the marble ones of the citadel; and no doubt, if one had leisure for conducting extensive researches, other mementoes of past ages might be discovered.

To return, however, to the means of defence: there are said, but we did not count them, to be sixty brass guns on the citadel and ramparts, from eight to twenty-four pounders, with about one hundred and fifty iron guns of the same calibre, and eleven or twelve mortars which throw shells from thirty-six to two hundred pounds weight. But they are for the most part dismounted; and those which still rejoice in all their original appointments, are evidently more formidable to the eye than manageable, the carriages being old and clumsy, and their heavy wooden wheels better calculated for any thing than running. In fact, it is the opinion of good judges, that the town could not stand a single hour against the fire of a regular attack.

But if the place has little to recommend it in a

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striking feature in the landscape. There is not sufficient wood in the immediate environs of the town; but several gardens contain trees, and the verdure of these contrasts very beautifully with the brilliant white of the houses.

To return to the castle: our way into the interior of this building, which has never been delineated by any other European, was opened by gold, which, if possible, is still more powerful in Mohammedan countries than in our own. Our movements, however, were watched, and the officer on guard, who had not shared in the bribery, reported the case to the governor. Formerly this might have been followed by unpleasant consequences; but, fortunately for us, the governor was a man of sense and moderation, who probably also lay under some obligations to the party that accompanied us: at any rate, he offered us no molestation.

This fortress, which appears to have been once a place of considerable strength, is now in a very dilapidated state; and the Moors who, like the Turks, have very little inclination to indulge in repairs, have at length become conscious that some innovation is necessary, for they have actually commenced patching up the fortifications in several places. But they began the work of renovation too late. The greater part is already in ruins, and the "ends of wall" with which they seem inclined to eke out the remains of former days will, in all probability, only hasten the progress of decay. Their additions, however, cannot efface all marks of former grandeur.

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certainly have lacerated, had not a portion of the weight been sustained by the fillet to which they were attached. Her pretty small ankles and delicate wrists were laden with heavy rings of silver, and her bosom, which was exposed as much as it would be in full dress in England, appeared to be supported by a broad band above the sash, set in front with jewels. An ample white veil, something after the Genoese fashion, was thrown carelessly over the head.

On the following morning, which was Friday, the sabbath of the Mohammedans, we strolled about, sketching the several buildings, gates, &c. that are found at Tangiers. Among these, the most remarkable are the entrance to the town from the land side, the entrance to the castle, the treasury in the interior of the castle, and the town from the sea-shore. To some this last view has appeared monotonous, and they may be right; but it produced a different effect on me. In fact, either from the novelty, or from the beautiful sky and warm sun which formed the accessories of the picture, or from some other cause beyond my scrutiny, the prospect of Tangiers from the beach appeared perfectly magnificent, both to me and my companion. The houses, with their flat roofs and dazzling white walls, rise in tiers one behind another on the slope of a hill, which sweeps round the shore like the semicircle of an amphitheatre. Towering far above the private buildings we behold the square minaret, with its stone-wrought galleries, of the great mosque; and crowning the heights towards the north is the castle, which, though dilapidated, forms a

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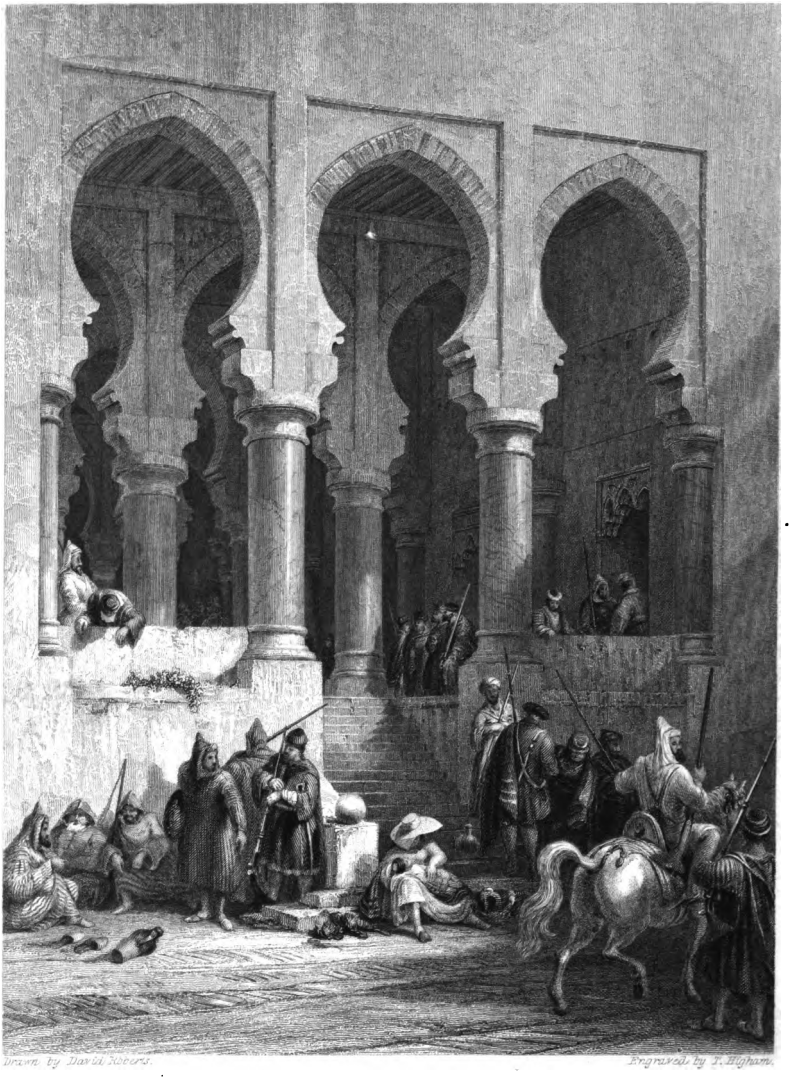

Drawn by David Roberts. Engraved by T. Higham.

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London, Published on Oct 1st 1835, by Robert Jennings & Co 62 Cheapside.

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elbows of the ladies, who sat there cross-legged, like so many queens, in their gorgeous attire and sparkling ornaments.

These Jewesses we found, contrary to our expectation, both lively and well instructed. They understood the Spanish language *à merveille*, as most of their countrywomen do; and could converse on quite as many topics as European women of the same grade. The bride, though a very great beauty, had somewhat too much of *embonpoint*, at least for European taste; but throughout the East this is regarded as an improvement on loveliness, which is valued as much by quantity as quality. Persons who have formed their notions of Moors from Shakspeare's Othello, as exhibited on the stage, would have been surprised at the fair complexions and rosy cheeks of these maidens, Moorish in temperament and constitution, though not in blood. Their large black eyes, veiled by long silken lashes and surrounded by a dark circlet of paint, rolled languidly, expressing the truly oriental character of their owners.

All the women present were richly habited, but the bride of course surpassed the rest. She appeared to be literally one blaze of splendour. Her dress was composed of the richest gold brocade, with a broad sash of red and gold bound round the waist. A splendid fillet of pearls and precious stones encircled the forehead; and from it depended an Indian silk handkerchief, which fell over the back of the head and rested on the shoulders. Enormous gold ear-rings set with jewels adorned her ears, which they would

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a Jewish house, where he was to make a sketch of a pretty little Israelite in her bride's dress. The people of this nation contrive, at Tangiers as elsewhere, to keep on tolerably good terms with fortune, and display considerable wealth in the interior of their dwellings. One remarkable feature in the appearance of these domiciles is their exemplary cleanliness. Like the Welsh cottages one sometimes sees in the midst of verdant foliage on the mountains, the walls of these houses are kept constantly white-washed, and have consequently a dazzling brightness injurious to the sight. The floors are generally paved with small coloured tiles, as in the older houses of France and Holland; which renders them at once cool and gay, and facilitates the keeping of them clean.

Here, as elsewhere in the East, the houses are built round a small court yard, into which all the windows open. There are seldom more stories than one, but the rooms though narrow are spacious and lofty, and fitted up in a style admirably suited to the climate. The lady we visited on the present occasion lived in a style there deemed magnificent. The mats of coloured rushes which partly covered the floors, were of peculiar fineness; and the centre of the apartments exhibited very beautiful carpets, of exquisitely soft texture and brilliant colours. Their beds were ranged on wooden frames at the extremity of the chamber; in fact, they were precisely the divans described by travellers in the farther East. A row of large soft cushions leaning against the wall, and piles of smaller ones placed here and there, supported the backs and

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In the midst of my peregrinations an accident, which appears to happen every where, sent me in double quick time to my lodgings; I mean, a smart shower of rain. But this did not prevent my again sallying forth in the afternoon to witness the ceremonies attendant on the funeral of a Jewish rabbi, who I was told had been chief of all the rabbis of Morocco. The scene was magnificent, considered as a piece of stage effect; and in this light it must be viewed, for whether the deceased has been bad or good, beloved or hated, no difference in the East is made at his funeral. Certain marks of sorrow are acquired by fashion, every where omnipotent; and any of these it would be indecent to omit. But, as this Jew had been a distinguished man during his mortal career, more than ordinary respect was shown him at his exit from it; and though I had seen grief portrayed on the stage, where things are seldom under par, as well as on the great stage of life, I certainly never saw any thing like this. His daughters, and very beautiful women they were, beat their breasts, tore their hair, and shrieked in a manner truly frantic. But, extraordinary as their wild gestures and tragical shouts appeared to me, I observed that upon the bystanders they produced no effect, whether they knew that all, like Beelzebub's speeches, was "false and hollow," or that familiarity had rendered them callous. The corpse was borne to the grave without a coffin, and with the ceremonies usual among the Jews of other countries.

That same evening, as we meant to make the most of our opportunities, I accompanied my companion to

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of the picturesque; and was almost inclined to stop every old Jew or Moor whom we met on our way to the market, and request him to allow his portly figure and very striking costume to be transferred to a picture. I was little less excited; and while he occupied himself in making sketches of the town, the castle, and whatever else most struck his fancy, I strolled alone to the bazaar and central market-place, where I beheld many spectacles worthy of being commemorated by a Smollett or a Fielding. A small caravan had just arrived, it was said from Sijelmessa, and the slaves, who formed the principal merchandise, were taking their station in a circle, left clear on purpose in the centre of the other goods. Most of them were women, or rather girls; for the *jellabies*, generally experienced villains in their way, are careful not to import any females above a certain age, seeing they would scarcely sell for more than their original price and keep during the journey would amount to. As might be expected, there was nothing like beauty among these ebony specimens of humanity—I mean in the countenance, for as to form, few women, perhaps, could surpass the negresses here exposed for sale. Their hands were small, as if they had never been designed for labour, their limbs tapering and finely turned, and the *torso*, if we may so apply the word, seemed chiselled in the softest and finest style. There was nothing like grief in any of them. They appeared to view the thing as a matter of course, and only looked anxious to be purchased and transferred to an owner with a good larder.

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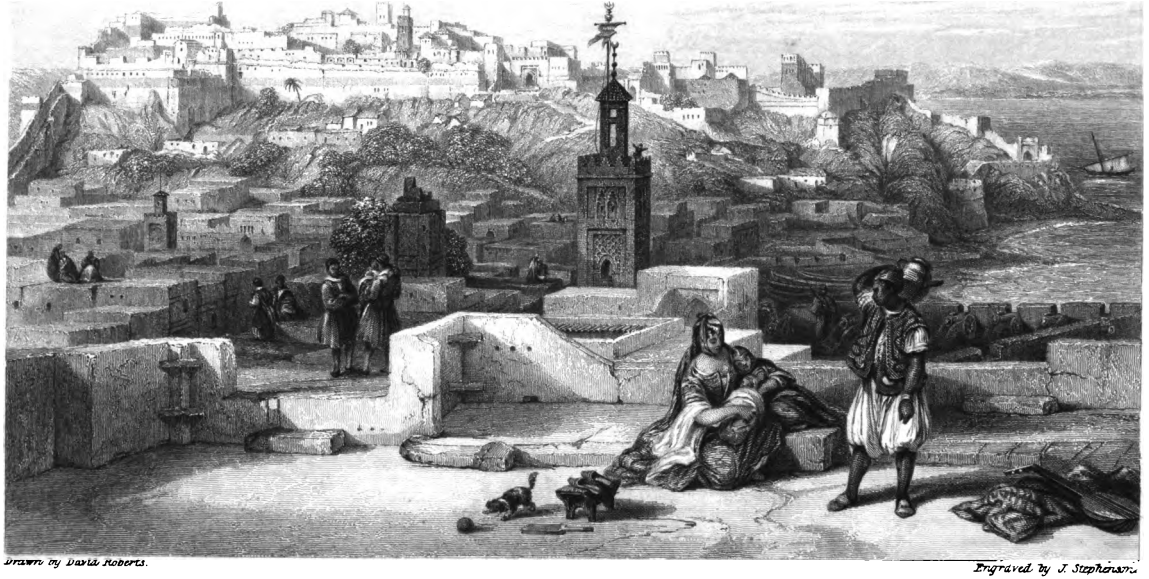

Drawn by David Roberts. Engraved by J. Stephenson.

CITADEL OF TANGIER.

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thing of cookery, and was provided with materials for preparing a good pilau, lamb *à la crème*, and a nice dish, peculiar to the Levant, consisting of minced meat, flour, honey, and several other articles baked in a cabbage-leaf. Wine, too, such as folks drink in Xeres and Malaga, flowed plentifully round the board; and coffee and cigars, for our host sported no pipes, followed on the heels of the repast.

While we were dipping our mustachios in the Malaga, a smart little fellow, with breeches a mile wide, in breed something between a Moor and a Jew, was despatched to notify our arrival to Mr. Trenery, the contractor for furnishing cattle to the fortress of Gibraltar. Happening to be at home, he came immediately to our lodgings, and showed us every kindness and attention. Upon learning the extent of our projected tour, he informed us that in about a month he should himself be setting out for the interior, as far at least as Fez; and promised that, if we would spend the interval in the neighbourhood, every thing on his part should be done to render our stay agreeable. To this obliging arrangement we felt no disposition to object; not merely because it would secure us the company of a lively fellow-traveller well acquainted with the country, but from a wish to enjoy as long as possible the society of a gentleman so pleasing in manners and so friendly in disposition.

Next morning, feeling quite refreshed, we sallied forth to examine the appearance of the town. My companion, whose pencil had been sufficiently active in Spain, here discovered at every step fresh elements

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so. About half-past two in the afternoon, barely four hours from the time of our quitting the shores of Europe, we anchored off Tangiers, in Africa, close under the American frigate *Brandywine*, a magnificent vessel, worthy of the land to which it belonged.

It soon became evident that we had got into a world altogether new to us. The very character of the shore was different from any thing we had hitherto beheld, though it would have been difficult, perhaps, to define precisely in what that difference consisted. There was something, no doubt, in the peculiar vegetation of the climate. Palm trees, with their long pendulous branches, rose here and there upon the beach, in some places clumped into small groves, in others scattered singly; and acacias, and other trees indigenous to Africa, clothed several points of the coast with a beautiful green.

But the most remarkable portion of the scene, after all, were the figures; and those were truly original, and pressed upon the eye the moment we landed. Bedouins from the desert with their camels, Negro slaves, Jews, Moors, Arabs, in every imaginable variety of costume and colour, and grouped in the most fantastic manner. In spite, however, of the novelty and interest of every thing around, we could not long disguise from ourselves the fact, that the sea air and a somewhat protracted fast had given us a prodigiously strong appetite; for which reason we made, as fast as our guide would lead us, to the lodging-house to which we had been recommended. This was kept by a Spaniard, a man who understood some-

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But it were useless to chronicle our contrivances to dissipate the tedium of Gibraltar life. On the 27th the wind shifted round to the east, and Mr. Cooper called on us early in the morning to hasten our preparations, as the ship in which we had taken our passage was to sail at ten o'clock A. M. We were accordingly on board by the hour appointed, and in a few minutes afterwards got under weigh with a delightful breeze, and made across the Gut towards Tangiers. Most persons, we imagine, whatever may be their temper or their temperament, have some remains of their youthful reading lurking in their memories through life. We were neither of us wholly emancipated from those associations, and while gazing with romantic interest on the peaks of Atlas, around which so many singular fables clustered in the era of pagan antiquity, felt all the poetical fervour of other days kindling in the imagination. Among the craggy precipices now glowing before us in glory and brightness, a great astronomer, by those who explain historically the fables of the mythology, is thought to have established himself in remote ages, tempted thither, no less by the solitude than by the elevation of the mountain, to study the heavens and reveal their secrets to earth; whence the poets represented him supporting on his vast shoulders the weight of the skies!

But, as we dashed across at a fine rate, there was no great leisure for losing oneself in past times; and, to say the truth, the present possessed so much interest for us, that we had no great inclination to do

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become so weather-beaten, and our costume so travel-stained, that, for some days at least, our appearance in the midst of our gay countrymen was much more that of foreign bandits than of English gentlemen. But forty dollars soon put all this to rights, and enabled us to walk the ramparts with an air of dandyism not inferior to that of the first martinet in the garrison.

Still, as our imaginations were full of Africa, all our civilized enjoyments soon palled upon the appetite. To kill time, we accompanied a party, consisting of Colonel Smith, Colonel Rogers, Mr. Edridge, and several other officers, on a visit to a spacious cavern, scooped by the hand of nature in the rock. But art and contrivance were called in to heighten our enjoyment; for persons had been sent on by our companions to illuminate the cave at several points with blue lights, which shedding their strange splendour over the rocks, and shining like a series of halos in the perspective, reminded us of the Kabyles' retreat in the *Tales of the Ramad'han.*

On the following morning, March 24th, we imagined ourselves in the fens of Lincolnshire. The rain poured down in torrents, and the atmosphere was so thick and heavy, that a lynx could not have seen an inch before his nose. We therefore remained within doors, flirting with Miss Griffiths and the other beauties of the hotel, all English, rosy, fresh, fair, with those rich blue eyes characteristic of the north, and ringlets of light brown or auburn. The newspapers, too, assisted us in getting through the day.

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CHAPTER VI.

GIBRALTAR TO TANGIERS.

Gibraltar—Singular Cavern—Rainy Day—Set sail for Africa—Legend of Mount Atlas—Tangiers—Moorish Cookery—Mr. Trenery—Slave Bazaar—Jewish Funeral—Houses of Tangiers—Beautiful Women—View of the City—Castle Guns—Magnificent Prospect—Interior of a Harem—Adventure on the House-top—Mount Washington.

HAVING remained at Gibraltar much longer than we intended or desired, we at length began to get out of humour, both with the place and with the people generally, though we could not be insensible to the untiring politeness of our military friends. However, neither their kindness nor Griffiths's rump-steaks and porter, though certainly of the best, could allay our restless desire to be again in motion. It was to no purpose that our host descanted on the fine contrast presented by things in this town, with the miserable Spanish places through which we had passed. The very comfort and splendour we saw were among the sources of our ennui. We fancied ourselves at home; for every thing at Gibraltar is English, save the sunshine, the warmth, and the blue depths of the sky. Besides, our countenances had

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interior of that noble structure, of which the accompanying plate represents some of the most striking features. Richly and elaborately decorated, the effect on the eye is at once dazzling and imposing; such is the gorgeous magnificence and profusion of golden ornaments with which the great altar, and the whole interior, is decked out.* From Seville we proceeded as rapidly as we could to our old sea-fortress, to be in time for the sailing of a felucca returning to Tangiers; but as it turned out, we had better have taken the thing more leisurely, as will appear in the following chapter, when we enter, like old Louis Philip, on our African campaign.

* Mr. Swinburne justly observes, that the Spaniards are exceedingly fond of the tawdry; and that in whatever else they excel, they are famous gilders and polishers—a taste in unison with their love of empty parade.

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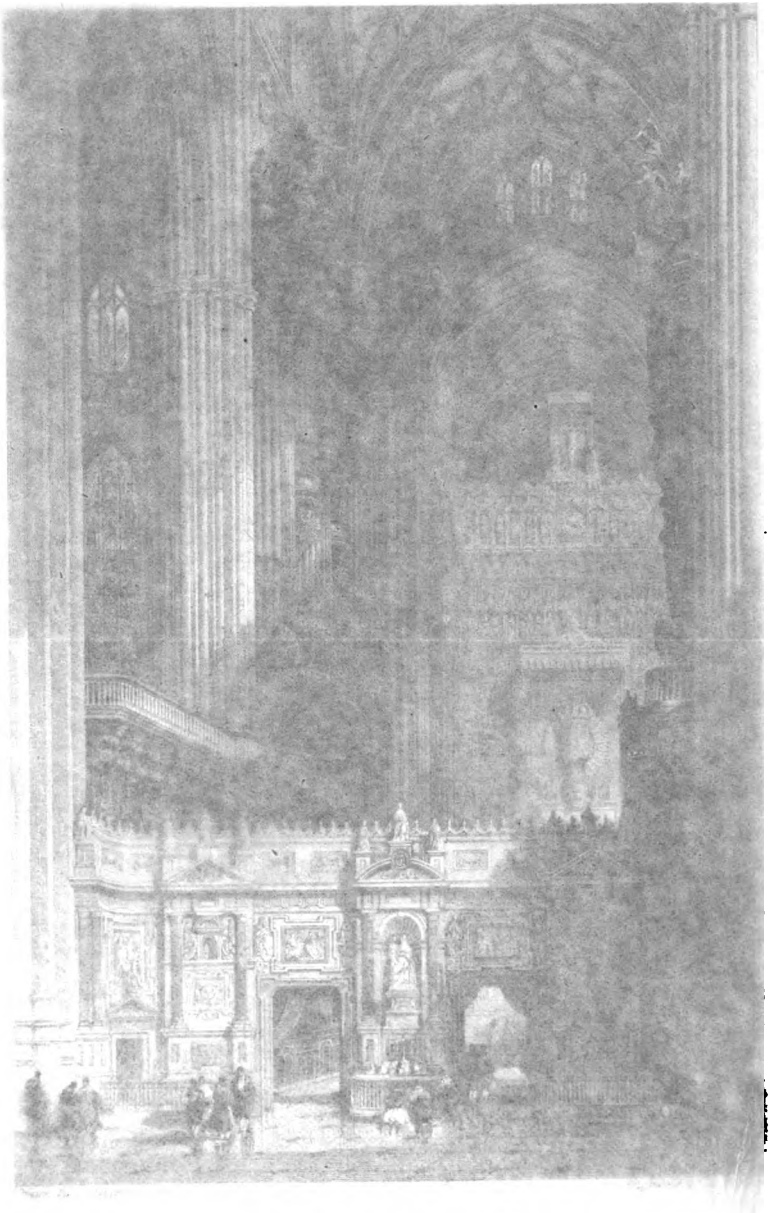

SEVILLE CATHEDRAL.

London, Published Oct. 28. 1837, by Robert Jennings & Co. 62, Cheapside.

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interior of that noble structure, of which the accompanying plate represents some of the most striking features. Richly and elaborately decorated, the effect on the eye is at once dazzling and imposing; such is the gorgeous magnificence and profusion of golden ornaments with which the great altar, and the whole interior, is decked out.* From Seville we proceeded as rapidly as we could to our old sea-fortress, to be in time for the sailing of a felucca returning to Tangiers; but as it turned out, we had better have taken the thing more easily, as will appear in the following chapter, which is like old Louis Philip, on our African [illegible]

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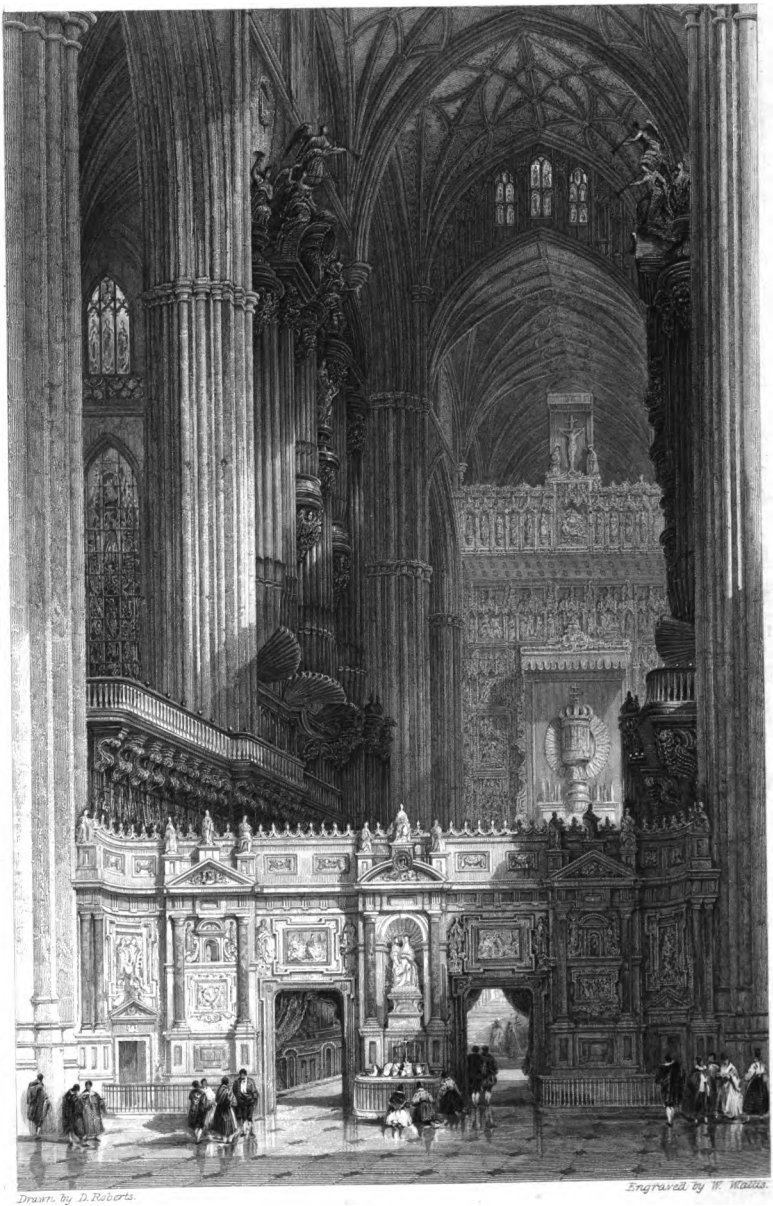

Drawn by D. Roberts. Engraved by W. Wallis.

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tenderness of her lover; how much is given by her parents and friends, whose generosity is kept alive by the knowledge that it will be thus exhibited to the public. Balls, and bull-fights, and rich equipages complete the charm, if the wedding happen on some great saint's day. The Valencians, we need not add, are fond of processions of all kinds. Not a town in all Christendom has so many; some of them are odd things, and not the least remarkable is the following. Every procession of importance is preceded by eight huge giants of prodigious height, enough to astonish Dominie Sampson himself. Four of them represent the four quarters of the world, and the other four their husbands. Borne on high, their pasteboard heads well-frizzed and dressed in the fashion, their huge wooden bodies wrapped in coats or robes altered according to the prevailing *ton*, men covered with drapery setting them to dance, jump, twist, and make bows to the people, altogether throws the beholders into a species of ecstasy, and more attention is paid to the strange antics of the giants, than to the whole of the religious ceremonies that follow them.

It was now time to think of resuming our route, which lay by the ancient cities of Jaen and Cordova to Seville, on our way to Gibraltar, there to embark for the African coast. We have, in former volumes, led our readers through the chief cities of the south, in particular Seville; of whose splendid cathedral and other edifices we have also given a pretty ample description, to which it may be sufficient to refer the reader. Little more need be added respecting the

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corated and brilliantly lighted, receive the ladies; and when all seated, the servitors appear with cups and baskets, presenting chocolate, biscuits, sweetmeats, ices, &c. After the collation comes the ball, refreshments still being the grand order of the day. The chivalrous brotherhood do the honours with antique grace and infinite politeness, worthy the days of the troubadours and the courts of love;—in short, as an old traveller pithily observes, uniting French civility with Spanish gallantry.

It is saying much of the private parties given by the Valencian nobility, that they yield no way in pleasantness or magnificence to the entertainments of the Maestranza. Not a few strangers who were present seemed astonished to behold them in a provincial town, and to see the richness of costume,—the ladies in particular, being arrayed with a splendour, elegance, and taste which would do honour to the most brilliant of European courts. Next to these festivals, marriages are attended with enormous expense. There are few young women of fortune; but Spanish vanity supplies the want, and makes at least an extraordinary display. Previous to the ceremony, the dress and jewels of the bride are publicly displayed; and a stranger might almost mistake the room for a milliner's and jeweller's, just gone into partnership together. As the company pour in and out, some kind gossip takes on her to enumerate the different articles; she explains the whole paraphernalia,—the different shops that supplied the precious ware; she shows what portion comes with the bride,—what she owes to the

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A grand march strikes up, and at a flourish of trumpets and beat of drums, with all other warlike sounds to boot, the elder brother and grand master of the feast appears. The chivalry, however, draws up some two hundred paces from the ground. The fiscal and judges of the field, preceded by their officers, come forth on horseback; the gate opens, they enter, go round the enclosure, reconnoitre, then go out, and return to inform the grand body that every thing is as it ought to be for their reception. The Maestranza, advancing, forms in column to the sound of martial airs; marching up the centre, the horsemen again divide, and file off on both sides. They meet at the bottom, form once more in column, and advance up to the portrait, the two judges of the lists taking their station at an angle. Now commence the evolutions so well rehearsed in the great riding-school. At full speed they mix together, separate, form into square, break into divisions. Sometimes they sweep round the enclosure, at others cross it; then re-form into solid masses and circles. Every movement is executed with precision. Forming into line, they next run at the ring, and at the heads, which they beat down; armed with bucklers, they attack, repel, hurl their lances, and throw balls of a spongy earth. The times of ancient tournay, perfectly represented, are brought to mind,—fidelity to the laws of honour and of beauty, the old martial delight in consecrating to them all man's skill and valour.

The tournament over, the assembly repairs to the house of the elder brother. Saloons, handsomely de-

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Every year are held three feasts upon some royal birthday. The expense falls very properly on the elder brother, who invites his younger nobility, officers of the army, and strangers of distinction, who may happen to be in the way. The festival is given in some large open space, where galleries, nobly decorated, are prepared for the ladies. The enclosure is a long rectangular area, fenced in, and far on all sides are displayed rich paintings, and armorial bearings, trophies, and spoils of war. A spacious door opens in the centre; opposite to which appears the portrait of the prince, whose birthday is celebrated, under a canopy of crimson velvet decorated with gold.

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An amusing contrast is presented to us by Laborde, at the period when he took his survey to further the ambitious views of Napoleon. Always glad to conciliate, he could not hear the Valencians run down by travellers, and especially by their neighbours, without breaking a lance in their defence; and accordingly we

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duces a singular effect; and we might well ask, with one of the Spanish kings, "Where is the river that belongs to the bridge?" From long drought, and the very copious bleedings it has undergone to irrigate the fields, there appeared hardly water enough, it was observed, to wash a pocket handkerchief, while during the rainy seasons the floods are sometimes tremendous. And this was the famous Guadaviar, or more properly speaking the Guadalaviar, and the same impression is produced by most of the once proud rivers of Spain, according to the season in which you see them, but generally, like Shakspeare's Justice, looking as if they had shrunk into their seventh and last stage.

In the suburbs we visited the old mansion of the captain-general, an unwieldly gothic palace at the entrance of the Alameda, a noble promenade, with long double avenues of poplars, palm, and cypress, and the favourite resort of the nobility and their friends, or upon public festivals, when they take the air. About a mile lower down, we came to the Grao, or port of Valencia, which surprised us almost as much as the river, for it is rather a fine open roadstead than a regular harbour, though much has recently been done to form one, the great mole having been long since destroyed by casual floods and storms.* From hence to

* The coast of Valencia has long been the terror of mariners. It is without a single safe harbour; from the Alfaquez at the mouth of the Ebro to Carthagena, there are no roads but those of Alicant and Santa Pola where the anchorage is at all good, or which is adapted to afford refuge to vessels in case of necessity, by no means of unfrequent occurrence.

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in the destiny of their country, in its commerce, trade, and landed property, with the loss of their richest colonies, have operated favourably in reclaiming them from old vices and errors. Low obscure amours, vain parade, and emulation in outvying each other in servants, mules, and equipages, have ceased to be esteemed the one grand object of life. While a new class of citizens are springing up, the men of family, the old hidalgos, or sons of somebody as they are termed, are no more seen without a shirt, in hired *capas*, sending out for a pint of wine whenever their confidential servant was fortunate enough to levy the purchase-money upon the charitable community. Those truly ludicrous personages drawn in the old Spanish novel have almost wholly disappeared,—those who afforded such fine scope for the satirical powers of the writer in describing the singular kind of war they carried on against the community, especially hosts and hostesses, to the very knife—as far as a dinner was concerned, and who possessed only a single suit of clothes, serving to accommodate three, who took it in turn to levy alms.

Before leaving Valencia, we went, accompanied by the governor, round the fine broad road which runs parallel with the walls, and inspected the few remaining towers and the two suburbs, which are pretty considerable, and in a respectable state of defence. We then crossed several of those large clumsy bridges, a work, as it turns out, of complete supererogation, from the fact of the waters having been almost entirely diverted from their ancient bed. This pro-

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hardy and courageous compared with what they were, they have gone far to wipe off the stigma of incapacity and effeminacy fixed upon them by their more sturdy or more fortunate neighbours. During the war of independence, they frequently repulsed the French, in great force, from before their walls; which, upon examination, we found neither so lofty nor studded with forts and towers as we had been led to expect. A foe, such as the French, might have leapt over them, like Remus over his brother's, had not the inhabitants shown some sparks of their old Moorish fire. Napoleon taught them some bitter lessons in the noble science of defence, and they have not forgotten them. Instead of the eternal *redecillas* or nets, the huge hats and dismal black cloaks, they are assuming the uniform, and with it the dignity and airs of national guards; the *rappel* is heard in place of the old monkish chaunt, and for the long funereal processions of the saints you see the animated march, the review, and an evident change in manners and character, approaching nearer to English habits and feelings, and to the civilizing principle evidently at work in most European states.

There is also more society kept up, more bustle in the streets than formerly; while the mildness and salubrity of the climate, as well as motives of economy, induce many families of influence to make Valencia their residence during great part of the year. The more opulent characters no longer lavish the income they possess without doing good to others, or credit to themselves. War and change, especially a change

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English gentlemen upon our travels.' This answer produced a wonderful effect. 'Oh, oh! you come from a better country. Can I be of any service to you? Bring these gentlemen chairs. Do you choose to take any refreshment?' pulling off his hat with great reverence, and making us a profound bow. We told him the only thing we stood in need of was protection against the people of the custom-houses; who, though they do not meddle with your baggage, pester you at every gate for something to drink, or buy tobacco with. This obsequious wretch, the usual compound of avarice and hardness of heart, refused to administer justice, unless reminded of it by the sight of money; he listened to no applications if at all unwell, and allowed an unfortunate tradesman, who had been unfairly accused of smuggling, to lie in prison. An inferior magistrate interested himself in the poor man's case, obtained full evidence of his innocence, and went to the intendant to get an order signed for his release. No bribe appeared, and the great man refused. He flew into a violent passion, and was dismissing his officer, when in came another with an information against a person concerned in some illicit transaction. Instantly the venal old villain seized his pen and signed the warrant, while still persisting not to release an injured man."

Instances of the kind, however, are becoming far more rare than they were. There is an evident improvement in the municipal regulations of all the leading commercial towns in Spain. The Valencians are assuming more business-like and active habits;

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by woful experience. Vegetables, with the finest outward show imaginable, taste of nothing but water. This washy quality seems also to infect the bodies and minds of the Valencians; they are largely built and personable men, but flabby and inanimate. We have seen no women out at work in the fields, but this may proceed from their constant employment within doors, as much as from any remnants of the Moorish jealousy; to this day the farmers will not allow their wives to sit at table, but make them stand at their elbow and wait upon them. The Castilians and Catalonians hold the Valencians in sovereign contempt, and stigmatize them with many opprobrious epithets, dictated, as we must in charity suppose, by the rancour of national antipathy."

We thought both these pictures of the people overwrought; the one as much too sombre as the other was too bright, and perhaps the blending of both might bring us nearer to the truth. We were in better humour than our countryman, who met an ungracious reception from one of the authorities, an old peevish intendant, a grievance of which we had not to complain. His interview, too, was far more amusing than ours. He describes the old usurer, whose figure resembled that of the bandy-legged apothecary in Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode*, as he took the letter, flung it on the table, without saying a word, or even offering them a seat. "Having waited some time," he continues, "we began to look at each other and laugh. Upon this the intendant looked up, and asked me if we were not Catalonians? 'No,' replied I, 'we are

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qualities of the modern Valencian; the activity, the vigour of health, and warm southern glow of life, are sometimes accompanied with idle vanity, duplicity, irritable and revengeful feelings, and ignorant credulity on the part of the people. It is curious to observe the different impressions made by the same objects upon different minds. "If you wish," says a German traveller, "to see the best tempered, the most amiable, and the gayest people in Spain, go to Valencia. You will find none of the coldness of the phlegmatic Castilian, the deceit of the Andalusian; none of the cunning of the Biscayan, the rudeness of the Gallician, or the stiffness of the Catalan." Mr. Swinburne gives a picture by no means so flattering, either as regards the people or the productions of the soil; but we found it, if not more true to the life, yet far more amusing. We did not, however, like him, leave the city of Valencia heartily tired of our quarters. He found the climate, indeed, mild and pleasant, but something faintish and enervating in the air. Every thing he ate was insipid and void of substance; the greens, wine, and meat, seemed the artificial forced production of continual waterings and hot-beds. It put him in mind of the *Isle Frivole* of the Abbé Coyer, where things were so feeble and soft, that they were little better than the shadows of what they are in other countries. "Here," he says "a man may labour for an hour at a piece of mutton, and when he has tired his jaws, find he has been only chewing the idea of a dinner. The meat as soon as cut yields abundance of gravy, and may be said to bleed a second time to death; nothing remains but a mere withered *caput mortuum*, as our servants know

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once so thickly studded. The dwellings in the new quarters are both neat and commodious, the streets wider and nobler, kept perfectly clean, and displaying handsome edifices, some of them composed of the finest marbles. We were most struck with the streets of San Vincente and de los Caballeros; the squares of San Domingo, del Carmen, and de las Barcas; among the public buildings were the patriarch's college, the cathedral, its square, and the gate of the Apostles, the church of the Templars, the consulate, and the academy of San Carlos.

We perceived little of that peculiar and inexpressible charm, the gaiety, activity, and opulence among all classes, so much extolled by preceding travellers.* On the contrary, we met with not a few beggars, loungers, and more artisans and mechanics in want of employment; and, delightful as the climate of Valencia is, we did not always observe serene, smiling countenances, none but industrious and happy mortals. With regard to the women it was different; the beauty of complexion, the light hair, and good-natured *embonpoint*, so much resembling daughters of the north, seemed no way impaired by external causes; while their grace and inspiring vivacity, displaying the land of their birth, made their society still more agreeable. We wish we could speak in the same terms of the men; as far as our experience went, it by no means convinced us of the justness of the encomiums bestowed by previous tourists. The climate seemed to have had no favourable influence on the moral

* Among others, the German, C. A. Fischer; apparently a great panegyrist of every thing Spanish.

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Drawn by D. Roberts, from a sketch by Lieut. Kitbridge, of the Royal Artillery. Engraved by J. H. Kernot

TOWER OF SANTA CATALINA.

Valencia.

London. Published Oct.r 28. 1837 by Robert Jennings & Co.r 62. Cheapside

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[illegible] It is [illegible] the same construc-
[illegible] other [illegible]s of the town, and
[illegible] same, also as that designed
[illegible] forts and strong [illegible]
[illegible] passage of the Moors is
[illegible] in the form of the gallery
[illegible] centre of the curtain. The view
[illegible] was taken by the artist, it may be noted,
[illegible] may frequently [illegible] architectural effect.

[illegible] outskirts, the town
[illegible] even now the inhabitants—[illegible] up the army of Don Carlos—exceed one hundred and ten thousand. The interior, if we except the modern structures, has much the appearance of a Moorish city; narrow, crooked streets, low houses [illegible] depth, like those of the Levant, with a [illegible] court, and fine terraces; in short, [illegible] are everywhere reminded of the [illegible] masters of Valencia. The architectural [illegible] in the plates, are often [illegible] especially admirable [illegible] occasion of public festivals.

[illegible] mention the view from the tower of [illegible] Catalina, in itself forming a remarkable specimen of elaborate and ornamental architecture, which, [illegible] over a wide space, opened glimpses of those fine street-perspectives never lost on the eye of the true artist. With regard to historical or other details, we [illegible] nothing more remarkable than might apply to the [illegible] other towers with which the churches and walls of this fair and antique city were

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derably in point of height. It is of the same construction so often observable in other gates of the towns and monasteries; evidently the same, also, as that designed by Vitruvius for celebrated forts and strong-holds. The most recent trace of the passage of the Moors is to be seen in the ornaments, in the form of the gallery or tribune, in the centre of the curtain. The view of it as it was taken by the artist, it may be added, is extremely favourable to its architectural effect.

Independent of the spacious outskirts, the town embraces half a league; and even now the inhabitants — enough to eat up the army of Don Carlos — exceed one hundred and ten thousand. The interior, if we except the modern structures, has much the appearance of a Moorish city; narrow, crooked streets, low houses of great depth, like those of the Jews, with a gateway, spacious court, and fine terraces; in short, you are every where reminded of the old masters of Valencia. The architectural and street views, as will be seen in the plates, are often picturesque and impressive, especially at midnight when lighted up, and on occasion of public festivals. Among these we may mention the view from the tower of Santa Catalina, in itself offering a remarkable specimen of elaborate and ornamental architecture, which, extending over a wide space, opened glimpses of those fine street-perspectives never lost on the eye of the true artist. With regard to historical or other details, we learnt nothing more remarkable than might apply to the hundred other towers with which the squares and walls of this fair and antique city were

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number of its collections, the character of the edifices, and the taste for sculpture, no less than the spontaneous effusions of the *improvisatore*, show that the Valencians retain something of the spirit and the ingenuity of the departed Moors. The style of building is, for the most part, superior; the gothic, so remarkable in most of the northern cities, does not extend hither; and the cathedral, though not to be compared with that of Seville, strikes the beholder by its vast proportions, the variety of its construction, and the bold imposing aspect of the interior. The theatre presents a wretched contrast, being diminutive and ill arranged; but the general hospital, the exchange, the university, the academy of arts, the seminary for noble youths, and the two public libraries, have a handsome appearance.

Of a circular form, and surrounded by walls and towers, the city has a bold and warlike air. The four gates, del Mar, de S. Vincente, de Quarte, and de Serranos, and its division into four quarters, add to the effect. Coming from Catalonia, we saw it to greater advantage along the suburbs of Murviedro, the bridge and the gate of Serranos, (literally of the mountaineers,) on the north-east side of the town. This handsome gate was erected towards the close of the fourteenth century, after the conquest of the kingdom of Valencia by James, surnamed the Conqueror; it is built on a plan greatly resembling that of the gate of los Botes, the work of the Romans. Like that, it is flanked by two large towers, octagonal, and inserted in the ramparts, which they exceed consi-

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number of its collections, the character of the [illegible] and the taste for sculpture, no less than the spontaneous effusions of the *improvisadore*, show that the Valencians retain something of the spirit and the ingenuity of the departed Moors. The style of building is, for the most part, [illegible], so remarkable in most of the [illegible], does not extend hither; and the [illegible] is not to be compared with that of [illegible] holder by its vast proportions, the variety [illegible] and the bold imposing aspect of [illegible]. The theatre presents a wretched [illegible] and ill arranged; but the [illegible] change, the university, the [illegible] nary for noble youths, and the [illegible] have a handsome appearance.

Of a circular form, and surrounded [illegible] and towers, the city has a bold and warlike [illegible] gates, del Mar, de S. Vincente, de [illegible] de Serranos, and its division into four quarters, add to the effect. Coming from Catalonia, we saw it to greater advantage along the suburbs of Murviedro, the bridge and the gate of Serranos, (literally of the mountaineers,) on the north-east side [illegible]. This handsome gate was erected towards [illegible] the fourteenth century, after the conquest of [illegible] of Valencia by James, surnamed the [illegible] it is built on a plan greatly resembling [illegible] gate of los Botes, the work of [illegible] it is flanked by two large towers [illegible] inserted in the ramparts, which [illegible] construc-

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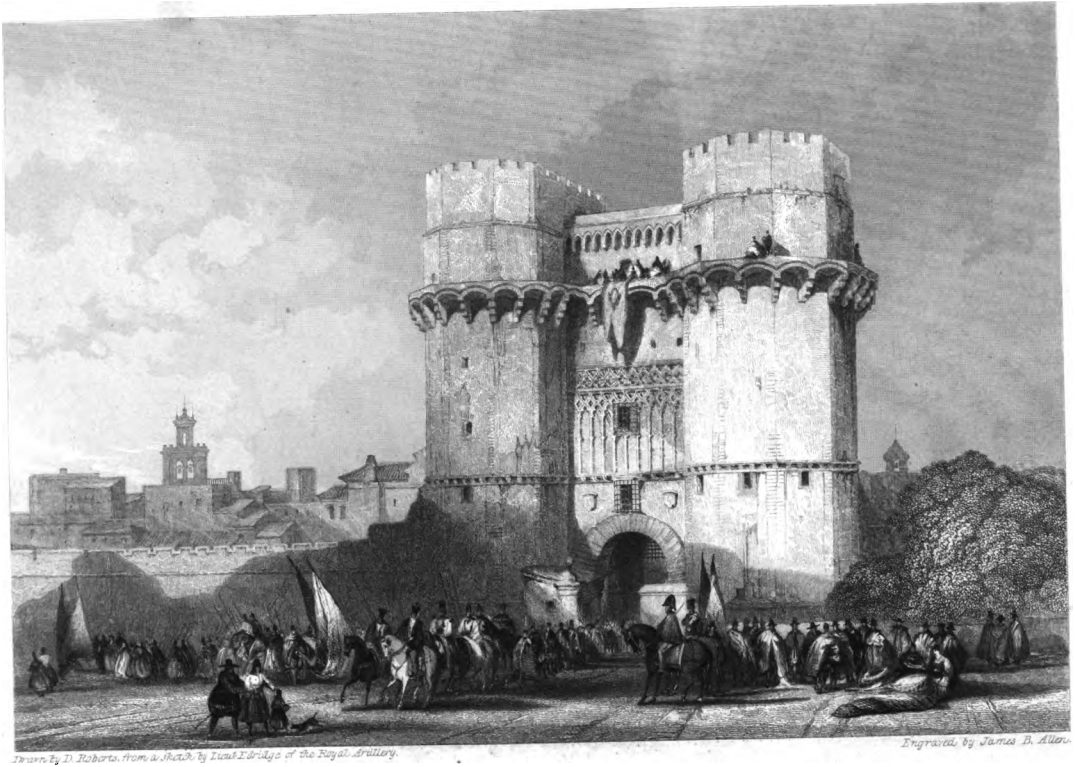

Drawn by D. Roberts, from a Sketch by Lieut. Bridges of the Royal Artillery.

Engraved by James B. Allen.

GATE OF THE SERRANO'S.

Valencia

London. Published by Fisher, Son & Co. 67, Cheapside

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period is touching in the extreme; the mournful procession of women and children, nearly fifty thousand, through the south gate of the city, amidst the revilings of the conquerors, drew tears from the hardiest of their brave defenders. The priests and soldiers of the Christians took possession of the deserted streets and mosques; a solemn *Te Deum* was sung, and a Catholic archbishop installed in the grand temple of the Moslem. The rich territory was parcelled out among the prelates, the nobles, and the military; and from the neighbouring towns and sea-ports, even as far as Barcelona, people were generally invited to fill up the immense void created by the expulsion of the industrious Moors. Valencia long felt the effects of this impolitic and inhuman system; the division of property acted as an additional check; and when at length commerce and prosperity raised it to its present importance, came the war of independence, followed by those political struggles which rendered Spain the arena of contending nations.

Still, in point of wealth and population, this fine city may dispute the palm with the capital. Its climate, like that of Greece, is favourable to the genius of its inhabitants; from the days of their romantic Cid, and the learned accomplished Moors, a respect for letters and love of poetry have prevailed; many rare and splendid works have appeared, and Valencia has done more for history and the fine arts than any other single city in Spain. In the few brief intervals of peace and mild government, the study of painting, architecture, and sculpture resumed its sway, and the

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tem of irrigation, and the culture of silk with which its prosperity was so closely connected, both came from the East. Literature, art, and science flourished coeval with Moorish industry. As a seat of learning, and of the useful and noble arts in the best days of Mohammedan Spain, Valencia ranked second only to the once royal Cordova. In the eleventh century it was wrested from the Moors by Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, surnamed the Cid, who stepping in between two belligerents, secured to himself the prize. He maintained his conquest to the close of his life, when an African prince laying siege to the city with an overwhelming force, the Christians were reduced to abandon the place, taking with them the body of their deceased lord. It was borne on a litter, attended by the entire garrison marching in funereal procession, before which the astonished Moors, not aware of the Cid's death, opening a passage, fled. In the old romance he is represented as mounted on his famous war-horse Babieca, his dreaded sword, Colada, still grasped in his right hand, and his terrible black beard streaming down his glittering armour.

During the thirteenth century, Valencia again fell to the Christians. King James of Aragon, crossing the Guadalaviar, entrenched himself between the walls of the city and the sea. He was joined by a body of French, led by the Bishop of Narbonne, and after a protracted siege the Moors, reduced by famine, were compelled to give up, for the last time, the fair inheritance they had won. The description of the departure of the unhappy people by the writers of that

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Drawn by David Roberts from a Sketch by Lieut.t Eardley of the Royal Artillery. Engraved by J. Carter.

PLAZA - CATHEDRAL.

Valencia.

London Published Oct.r 28. 1837 by Robert Jennings & C.o 62. Cheapside

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of [illegible] the virtues and exploits of [illegible] conqueror and ruler,—

[illegible] miles along the eastern [illegible] Valencia, Aragon, Cuenca, and [illegible] the Mediterranean, this little [illegible] a million of inhabitants, contains [illegible] wealth and resources possessed by few [illegible] ces. To specify its abundance of almost spontaneous products, the inexhaustible fertility of its soil, the innumerable kind and repetition of crops during a single season, would require more space than we can afford, and prove little entertaining, perhaps, to the reader. Genial showers are not unfrequent in the hot season; skies of the deepest purest bright translucent through the soft mild [illegible] salubrious air, sometimes even bracing, render the whole year as pleasant as one continual spring. Poets, travellers, and historians, have alike lavished their [illegible] upon this beautiful province; the Paradise of [illegible] beautiful gardens in the whole [illegible] heart of the wondrous profusion of [illegible] on the south bank of its river, is the queenly city,—the favourite of the Roman, the Goth, and the Saracen, to the last of whom it owed its chief increase and magnificence. The grand sys-

* We observed numbers of lounge[illegible], [illegible]ad-singers, and mendicants among a group of mendicants in the Plaza Cardinal after service, as we were admiring that fine entrance to the edifice called the Gate of the Apostles. The view here given of the square, the picturesque costumes and the rich elaborate architecture is a lively representation of the scene at the period we saw it.

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London Published Oct.ber 28 1857, by Robert Jennings & Co 62 Cheapside

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of an old ballad, recording the virtues and exploits of Valencia's boast,* its Christian conqueror and ruler,—the Cid.

Extending two hundred miles along the eastern coasts, bounded by Catalonia, Aragon, Cuenca, and Murcia, and bathed by the Mediterranean, this little kingdom, with a million of inhabitants, contains within itself wealth and resources possessed by few larger states. To specify its abundance of almost spontaneous products, the inexhaustible fertility of its soils, the innumerable kind and repetition of crops during a single season, would require more space than we can afford, and prove little entertaining, perhaps, to the reader. Genial showers are not unfrequent in the hot season; skies of the deepest purple, a bright translucent atmosphere, a soft mild clime, a pure salubrious air, sometimes even bracing, render the whole year as pleasant as one continual spring. Poets, travellers, and historians, have alike lavished their eulogies upon this fruitful province: the Cardinal de Retz calls it the most beautiful garden in the whole world. Rising in the midst of the wondrous profusion of nature's charms, on the south bank of its river, is the queenly city,—the favourite of the Roman, the Goth, and the Saracen, to the last of whom it owed its chief increase and magnificence. The grand sys-

* We observed numbers of loungers, ballad-singers, and more than one group of mendicants in the Plaza Catedral after service, as we were admiring that fine entrance to the edifice called the Gate of the Apostles. The view here given of the square, the peculiar architecture, and the rich elaborate ornaments, is a lively representation of the scene at the period we saw it.

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valley stretched far to the north; the boundless and mighty sea glowing in the richest sun-set, spreading to the eastward, fixed the enraptured gaze; and turning to the south, we beheld the bright expansive plain of Valencia lost in the distance. From the sea to the hills, it extends four leagues in breadth, five times that distance in length, till it gradually disappears in a ridge of swelling mountains. Nearer, the yellow tinge of the mulberry, the paler hue of the olive, contrasted in the same fields with the bright green corn and the darker locust tree; hamlets, convents, and towers were scattered wide over this vast expanse; the innumerable gay spires and steeples of Valencia itself, all glowing in the rich deep light of a departing sun, formed a landscape which no imagination of poet or painter could go beyond.

And almost to the confines of the capital it continued one luxuriant garden, more than half nature's spontaneous work, so thickly strewed with fruit trees as almost to preclude the view. Villages and monasteries, and throngs of people increasing as you approach, with the grounds broken into smaller compartments, announce your immediate entrance into this once-powerful and far-trading city—Valencia the Proud and the Fair. To fructify its glorious Vega, it has almost exhausted the waters of its Guadalaviar. Though its stream is little more than a vast ravine, the numerous bridges attest its former strength and impetuosity. Here and there, as we crossed, appeared some rude shrine dedicated to the patron saint; and along the streets we occasionally heard some scrap

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sound of the guitar as an accompaniment—now high now low, but so coarse and monotonous, that it has been well compared to the beating of a frying-pan to call down a hive of bees.

Before entering Murviedro, we had a noble view of the valley of Almenara, spreading like an immense bay, surrounded by towering mountains. The spires of numerous pretty towns are seen rising from the bosom of a forest of variegated lights and shades; while a long range of towers upon the hill of the ancient Saguntum, jutting towards the sea, crowns the chain of mountains that runs parallel with the coast, and divides this splendid vale from that of Valencia. At the sight of the ground where stood that famed City of the Brave, how many associations rose to mind,—Hannibal its destroyer, the terrible conflicts with the Roman, the Goth, the Moor,—all attested by the various splendid ruins that lay around, from the Roman fortress to the Gothic and Saracenic castle; vast theatres, baths, and temples, the fragments of which alone sufficed to raise the modern Murviedro. The solitude of these majestic ruins, once echoing the applauses of Roman conquerors, was disturbed but by the idle song of some strolling mendicant, or the few rope-makers, whose straw sheds are patched up against the stage, seen spinning out their work over the proscenium, indifferent to every thing beyond the passing hour. No words can give an idea of the prospect that burst on our view upon reaching the summit of the mountain. Beyond the ancient fortifications and ruins by which we were surrounded, the magnificent

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night breezes, when we walked forth and from the neighbouring eminences contemplated at leisure the noble prospects opening upon the Mediterranean, made it a luxury inexpressible. From Villa Real and the banks of the green Mejares to the gates of Valencia, we contrived, by moving along early and late, and taking our siesta the whole of the mid-day, to preserve this luxury unalloyed. We thus saw to greater advantage those innumerable creeks and bays, bold promontories with their slender towers, green wooded vales overhung with wild majestic crags and rocks, the bright flashing river, and the calm blue sea in the distance, throwing an air of quiet grandeur or deep repose over the scene. It was at such hours the treacherous corsair, doubly armed for attack or flight, used to make his descent upon the towns and hamlets of these delightful coasts, seizing all that was valuable in the ports or houses, carrying away whole families, and especially the most beautiful, to replenish the harems of the East.

In our progress we had to pass numbers of ravines, or old beds of rivers and torrents, which lay between Barcelona, Nules, and our destination. We crossed also the Llobregat, Gaya, Francolis, Ebro, Cenia, and Mejares, scarcely one of them dried up during the hottest summers, besides the various little canals brought from the hills to supply the adjacent lands with that grand requisite of a hot climate, water. At night, wherever we sojourned, we were generally serenaded by groupes of ballad-singers, whose ditties were, with few exceptions, of the most doleful, sung to the eternal

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tended to Castillon de la Llana; and corn, vegetables, animals, even the more portly form of the men, gave evidence of the prolific qualities of the soil.* And notwithstanding the unpolite motto, we thought the same exuberance extended to the women, especially where we dined in Castillon de la Llana, whose rotundity of person was only to be equalled by their extreme plainness, thrown into stronger relief by the hair being frizzled upon the forehead, and twisted on the top round a dirty brass bodkin. It is an observation of a philosophic writer, "Tell me the latitude of a country, and I will give you the character of its inhabitants;" and though a bold assertion, he was not so far from the mark with respect to the Valencians.

The influence of climate strikes you in every thing, moral, physical, or intellectual; the Valencian enjoys the advantages conferred on the inhabitants, both of the north and the south, yet wretched government renders them worse than nugatory. The moment we entered the province, we felt the marked change in the air,—the days fervid, the nights soft and temperate, like the pleasantest of our summer evenings. The sweetness and freshness of the early morning and

* Hence no doubt the origin of the Spanish proverb, *Llueva ó no llueva, trigo en Orihuela;* Rain or no rain, plenty of wheat in Orihuela. There is another, not quite so complimentary to the country or the people, and very little applicable in what regards the ladies, whose *embonpoint* gives you little idea of *nothing*.

> "En Valencia, la carne es hierba, la hierba acqua,
> Los hombres mugeres, e las mugeres nada."

Valencian flesh-meat is like grass, the grass water, the men women, and the women nothing.

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and a vast tract of heath leading to the sea-shore. The morning was delicious; the sun rose like a tower of fire out of the sea; the air was filled with perfumes from the aloe and a thousand fragrant herbs, as the first rays drank the fresh dews from the leaf. As we nearer approached the coast, plantations of olive, mulberry, fig, and locust trees, not half cultivated, and a scanty peasantry in their Valencian dress,—large slouched hat, cropped hair without a net, short brown jerkin, white trousers, stockings gartered below the knee, and packthread sandals; all, indeed, that met the eye announced the comparative destitution that ever follows in the train of war and misgovernment. The rich red soil, covered with vineyards, produced in the single district of Benicarlo ten thousand pipes of strong wine; which, annually shipped for Bordeaux and other places, was mixed with second-rate claret. It was often also smuggled for high country wines, particularly of Benicarlo and Penescola, a town and fort situated on a rock in the sea, where the famous antipope Peter de Luna took refuge; but this source of revenue has considerably fallen off, and the proprietors residing in the neighbouring mountains are almost as poor as the people around them.

From Benicarlo we for some time skirted the shore, or surmounted wild rocky hills. The vale of Margal, a noble plain abounding with trees, villages, and towns, surprised us by its commanding beauty,—the sea opening in a picturesque bay, and the hills stretching far away in a vast amphitheatre. Fertile grounds, irrigated and covered with old olive and locust trees, ex-

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have bricks placed horizontally throughout, till they meet again opposite each other at the top. The whole has an appearance of insecurity, but the idea of danger is banished by the fact of its having endured the assaults of time for hundreds of years. Standing alone, isolated from other edifices in the centre of a square, the origin of this strange building has been variously accounted for. Popular belief ascribes it to the useful purpose of directing the labours of the surrounding territory by the tolling of the immense bell, which may be heard far and wide, enabling the farmers and peasants to know the appointed hours for toil and relaxation.

But it was time to think of Valencia. Proceeding along the banks of the Ebro, we crossed the little river Segre at Mequienza, eager to catch one glance at cities so renowned in older days as the free Barcelona, Murviedro, Tarragona, Tortosa, and all that is beautiful or magnificent around the delightful coasts of the Mediterranean. Though breathing war, full of turmoil and torn with dissension, we could not behold without admiration the lavish gifts that nature had bestowed upon the fine districts through which we passed; nor without sorrow the evil uses to which man's bad passions had applied them. Teeming with resources, with noble sea-ports, with a bold industrious population, what might not these outports of Spain's inherent wealth and abundance achieve under happier circumstances! The contrast was melancholy, and more so as we entered the small province, or kingdom as it was once denominated, of Valencia, over the little brook of the Cenia,

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deep azure of the skies reflected through the brilliant atmosphere a flood of glory, a strength of glowing light which rested on the remotest objects, presenting the wide and varied champagne with a distinctness we had never before observed. On every side, far and near, and beyond the valley of the Ebro to the mountains of Navarre,—the hills of Castile magnificently soaring above the vast central plateau, and yet higher, surmounting all, the proud Moncayo, stretching his snowy peaks into the radiant heavens,—the whole scene appeared bathed in streams of varied light, the richness and contrast of which almost overpowered the sight. With all the grander features of the view were mingled the softer charms of the landscape,—the nearer valley and the Vega, the quiet hamlets, the bright-waving fields teeming with corn, and vine, and olive, and the winding river, flashing at distant intervals and giving relief to the sombre hues of the city with its heavy towers and vast edifices, immediately around and below us.

While ascending, we were not at all sensible of the inclination of this singular structure, which is so apparent to the eye. Whether the defect be owing to the want of skill in the execution of the design, or to the yielding of the foundation or of the soil, seems to remain matter of doubt. There is equal singularity in its construction; and in our progress up, we were reminded of the slow ascent we made in the great circles of the Giralda. The winding arch seen above, with the different arches of the windows, instead of being formed as in the usual way, of a wooden frame,

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and workmen engaged in forming a new lodgment. Foremost in these fatal encounters were seen women and priests; and it is the opinion of a military writer, that openly to contend with such enthusiasm was hopeless. The besiegers then confined their operations to the surer process of the sap and mine; by this they penetrated into the great street of the Coso, and there the conflict was renewed with fiercer energy than before. Each house became a citadel separately attacked, mines were sprung, and courage vainly coped with the skill of antagonists so experienced in all the arts of destruction. Still the Aragonese did not yield; headed by their priests, the people disputed every house and street. Driven from one point, they obstinately defended the next, until some sudden rush of returning enthusiasm recovered the ground they had lost. Pestilence, too, lent its fearful aid to the foe; the dauntless Palafox himself fell sick, and the ranks of the defenders were thinned by an enemy more dreaded than the sword. Wearied at length by efforts thus ceaseless yet unsuccessful, and respecting the firm front still presented to the besiegers, the French general offered terms of capitulation so honourable, that the bravest and most devoted no longer refused to rescue their unhappy city from utter destruction. At the close of this terrific siege of fifty-two days, no less than 54,000 individuals were found to have sealed their devotion to their country with their lives.

Before leaving Saragossa, we visited the leaning tower already mentioned, from the summit of which we beheld a dazzling and magnificent prospect. The

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Such, in the language of the noble poet, were the exploits of the Maid of Saragossa. The richest poetical imagination could scarcely paint in too glowing colours female heroism like hers, a heroism, too, crowned with success. Nor could her country better promote the great cause of national independence than by lavishing honours upon its fairest champion, and directing the admiration of the people to so bright an example of the resistless spirit liberty can inspire. When Lord Byron was at Seville, he observes, that she walked daily on the Prado, decorated with medals and orders, by command of the Junta. If the second defence of Saragossa was less successful, it was not less desperate and heroic, being prolonged under every disadvantage more than two months. It was commenced by an attempt to form a lodgment in the suburbs on the left of the Ebro, from which, after a contest of many hours and a dreadful carnage of the Spaniards, the French were ultimately repulsed. On the 10th of January, a furious bombardment opened on the devoted city; thousands of shells set fire to the public magazines and the houses, and in twenty-four hours Saragossa was in a blaze. But the fire subdued, a vigorous sortie told the enemy how little its power of destruction was regarded. Twenty-five pieces of heavy ordnance were brought against the newly raised works; a breach was opened, and after a desperate assault the French gained the summit: but the citizens kept up an unceasing fire, and sallying forth every moment, fought hand to hand with the troops

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the lion heart into a mere girl, appealed to Heaven, and scared back the bold invader.

Never, in truth, did the annals of martyrdom exhibit a grander picture of self-devotion, a more daring contempt for every thing but liberty and country, than the defence of Saragossa,—not alone in one, but every terrific siege during the war. Again and again had the bravest of Napoleon's veterans retraced their steps over its burning ruins, foiled, dismayed, awe-struck, as if blasted by the lightnings of that outraged liberty which they could not subdue.

" And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
Appall'd, an owlet's larum chill'd with dread,
Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,
The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,
Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,
Heard her light, lively tones in lady's bower,
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
Scarce would you deem that Saragossa's tower,
Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chase.

Her lover sinks,—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
Her chief is slain,—she fills his fatal post;
Her fellows flee,—she checks their base career;
The foe retires,—she heads the sallying host:
Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?
Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?
What maid retrieve when man's flush'd hope is lost?
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a batter'd wall?"

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wards, seeking the remnants of nature's feast,—and you have a picture of one of the once innumerable competitors in the attractive race of the Holy Church.

Having found what I sought in an antique ecclesiastical history of the churches of Seville, I bent my steps towards the more modern streets, where our hotel was situated. It was here the French, in the famous siege, directed one of their fiercest attacks. Their fire being along a level, swept convents, churches, houses, and barricades all before it; reducing them to one indiscriminate heap of ruins. Some solitary wall or yawning arch,—part of a splendid façade, broken and apart, the wreck of noble temples and monuments, attest the desperate valour, alike of the besiegers and yet more heroic defenders. Still amidst these monastic ruins, the proudest monument of their heroism, modern mansions have begun to spring up; nor is it at all regarded either as dangerous or encroaching upon a consecrated soil. Proceeding up the wide avenue from the Coso towards the gate of Madrid, we observed the openings worked by the batteries of the French. Now, where the fury of the battle raged, closing with that fearful catastrophe, the pursuits of peace had already given it another aspect. Pleasant walks, trees, and fountains resumed their sway; and the maidens of Saragossa, far from emulating the example of their heroic Agostina, are content to play off the battery of their charms upon their luckless lovers, instead of the fierce-advancing Gaul. At this spot, the best blood of Saragossa—of sons and fathers led by a sense of undying patriotism which infused

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and a theatre was re-established ere the close of the same century.

Having occasion to consult some of the old chroniclers of the church, whose works often abound with views as well as descriptions of those sacred edifices, the ruined splendour of which will soon be all that remains, I took my way from the tower of the Giralda to a neighbouring street, which seemed dedicated to clerical antiquities of the kind. On both sides were ranged these mementoes in the form of vast thick calf-skin—more rarely vellum—tomes, with their old copper or silver clasps, and the usual dusty conventual smell. Here and there knots of dark-cloaked scholars, poring over the well-thumbed lesson, or consulting some famed ecclesiastic five centuries old, prepared for a fresh rehearsal; and beguiling their academic leisure, idly puffed the smoke of their cigar, or tried their respective fortune for a few pieces in the street. Among them were not a few ragged, greasy candidates for the church, speculating rather upon alms than upon fortune, often not ashamed to hold out their remnant of a huge cocked hat, politely addressing the stranger for a little assistance to finish their course of philosophy and divinity at college. A tattered mantle, thick black stockings and trousers, the heritage of the Jews, with that peculiar stock streaked with violet, formed part of the equipment of a true son of the church. Add those brighter natural ornaments,—huge folds of lank matted hair, unprofaned by the comb; teeth beautifully stained, as were the hands, with oil, garlic, and tobacco; an eye ever bent down-

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diers arrayed for the defence of their freedom and their homes, was gratifying to behold. They wore an expression of calm determination, which augured well for their cause. They returned to their peaceful duties,—artisans, merchants, dealers, and people of every grade, with the same quiet demeanour, resuming the round hat and dark mantle without changing a muscle, as if all were in a state of perfect peace. If vain of any thing, the Saragossian loves to display his waistcoat, and to adjust his mantle so nicely, that while it exhibits one shoulder, it shall pass under the arm on the same side. The fine silk or cloth, according to the season, the huge frill, the compact yet easy fit, at first surprise the eye, for the same expressive cut is rarely met with in the great towns of Spain.

The women, except of the highest rank, dress with even greater simplicity; and we saw few specimens of that studied or elegant attire you may observe in most towns, even of a secondary class. It is the result of a just taste, not of economy or indifference; for now the clergy no longer absorb the entire wealth of the community, or interfere with the public amusements. They have again their plays and festivals; but towards the middle of the last century, the theatre having been burnt down with some loss of life, the good archbishop denounced plays altogether, asserting that it was no accident, but a peculiar mark of divine vengeance. The inhabitants, instigated by his zeal, made a vow at the foot of their altars to abandon the play for ever; yet no sooner was the archbishop gone, than the native predilection for the stage quickly revived,

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extending its sphere of usefulness even to the colonies. One of its members founded a new school of drawing at his own expense. The new *Misericordia* did equal honour to the intelligence and patriotism of its founders. The destitute of both sexes found at once subsistence and employment. A great variety of trades and occupations, connected with corresponding establishments of an independent kind, an admirable provision, conferred benefit instead of a burden upon the community. In short, Saragossa was gradually rousing her energies from the lethargy of ages, when the fatal scourge of war, with all its revolutionary train, once more arrested the progress of intellect and civil improvement.

Nor is Saragossa less distinguished for the celebrated men who have advanced its reputation in the eyes of the country, than for its patriots of modern days. They are too numerous, however, to recount; for instance, Antonio Augustino, the historian, was called by the learned De Thou the luminary of Spain; and the names of Santa Maria, Blancas, Zurita, and his continuator Argensola, sufficiently attest, without those of its orators, poets, theologians, civilians, and men of science, that Aragon and its capital can boast of genius worthy of their free spirit and heroic deeds. We were struck also with the simplicity and frankness of manners, the plain diet, the absence of all affectation and luxury, with the independent look and bearing of the people among the individuals we met in the different parties or promenades. The enthusiasm shown by all ranks when they beheld the citizen-sol-

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CHAPTER V.

SARAGOSSA AND SEVILLE TO GIBRALTAR.

Public Edifices of Saragossa—Institutions—Manners—Costume —Women — Plays — Old Book-shops — Celebrated Siege — Maid of Saragossa—Byron—Visit to the Tower—Description —Approach to Valencia—Noble View—Sketch of Valencia— —Architecture—Literature—Women—Customs and Manners Travellers' Opinions—Anecdote — Saints — Festivals — City Police—Singular Order—Weddings—Leave Valencia—Seville and Gibraltar.

THE artist and amateur might spend days and weeks, no less profitably than with delight, in exploring the treasures of the religious edifices, the colleges, and old convents of Saragossa. We regret we have scarcely space to glance at these, and some excellent institutions which it is hoped will rise into greater importance at no distant day. Peace and education only are required fully to develope their uses, and bring them to maturity. An academy of fine arts, a university, a patriotic society, an excellent institution called the new *Casa della Misericordia*, with numerous manufactories, were commenced under favourable auspices, and for some period carried on with great spirit. The patriotic society deserves especial mention: it encouraged every branch of industry, and established schools for mathematics and commerce,

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simple and noble; the interior spacious, but too short for its width, which injures the majesty of the edifice. The nave and four aisles, separated by large pillars which support the vaulted roofs, contain also the choir, almost in the centre of the church. Its enclosures are upwards of twelve feet high; marble columns adorn the intervals, between which are placed alternately small chapels, statues, and bas-reliefs. Among these is a splendid tomb, containing the ashes of one of the first inquisitors; near which, appropriately suspended to the columns, are six Moors. Detached chapels run the whole length of the two outermost aisles, all spacious, and most elaborately and quaintly decorated in the old style.

But it is during the solemn service that the grandeur of the interior most impresses the eye and the mind, when the beauty of the paintings, the splendour of sculptured marbles, the rich altars, and broad spreading roofs, are blended in one effect with the imposing rites of Catholic worship, the deep-resounding music, the solemn chaunt, and the fervent enthusiasm which pervades the audience on the raising of the Host.

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people, and the scene of their festivals; and though modern improvements have deprived it of much of its former honours, especially the celebration of its martyrs' festivals, it is still *one* of the most public resorts in Saragossa. Though antique-looking, we found the houses generally built with great regularity. Their exterior decorations give them at a distance an imposing appearance, which, however, is not borne out upon a nearer inspection. We particularly remarked this on reaching the convent of nuns on the left bank of the Ebro; yet when seen from the bridge, which we cross in coming from Barcelona, it has a beautiful appearance, presenting a long colonnade, separated by recesses like openings of porticoes, while the angular and regular form of the building serves to complete the illusion.

Besides its neighbouring convents, Saragossa is richly provided with churches and colleges. The metropolitan, called La Seu, is situated in a small square, which also contains the archiepiscopal palace. Its front is noble, and without ornaments; but the modern portal is decorated with Corinthian columns and three statues, representing our Saviour, St. Peter, and St. Paul, the work of Emanuel Gira. On one side rises the lofty tower, erected in 1683 from a design by Contini. It serves for a belfry, has four stories, and a great number of statues by Arali, chiefly allegorical. Time and Vigilance, in the second story, support the dial of the clock, and figures of the cardinal virtues decorate the summit; the whole at a little distance has a beautiful effect. The architecture is

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us as being commanding, and its approach and aspect almost magnificent. The vast open plain, stretching on all sides, smiled rich and fertile, as if the voice of war would never scare its children from their peaceful pursuits; the noble stream of the Ebro,—the source of former, and we trust of future wealth,—flowing between the city and the suburbs, bathed the walls; while its tributary rivers, the Galego and the Huerva, at a little distance, help to enrich the country to the east and west, where they severally pursue their track. Here, too, the grand new canal of Aragon runs through the land; well-cultivated fields embellish the environs of the river, affording various and picturesque sites, adorned with spacious and fruitful gardens; a teeming soil, rapid vegetation, with a clear sky, a moderate and rather bracing air and climate, complete the charm and beauty of this queen of all provincial cities. We counted no less than twelve gates, and two bridges over the Ebro; the latter of which, erected in 1437, has been aptly called by the inhabitants *a great landlord*, from the circumstance of its absorbing the revenues of a number of villages for its support. Though the greater part of the streets are narrow and irregular, paved with rough pebbles, there are not a few which are both wide and extensive: among these the Calle Santa, or Holy Street, so called from the martyrdom of the early victims of the faith, ranks the foremost. It is now known by the name of the Calle del Coso, and runs through the southern and more modern portion of the city, adorned with numerous handsome edifices. It was long the favourite promenade of the

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of a kingdom, and that kingdom itself became a province of the Spanish monarchy. This, as is well known, was effected by the union of Ferdinand, surnamed the Catholic, with the celebrated Isabella, heiress of the kingdoms of Leon and Castile.

In point of situation, Saragossa is believed to have inclined formerly, like its celebrated leaning tower,* a little more to the eastward,—it is said as far as where the wooden bridge is now seen. It was so extensive as to fill the whole space between the wall of Augustus, the street of the Coso, and the part occupied by the convent of St. Sepulchre, the church of Our good Lady of the Pillar, and farther on. The four gates of the ancient wall stand opposite one another, and are now known as the gates of Valencia, del Puente, Toledo, and Cineja, of which the last name has afforded antiquarian scholars great latitude for derivation; some asserting that it took its appellation from Cinegius, the Roman prætor; while others maintain that it sprung from the word *Cineriarea*, from the enormous quantity of ashes of consumed martyrs, barbarously burnt here by order of Dacien.

The site of Saragossa, even what it now is, struck

* This tower, of which a view is here given, is singularly enough characterized as the new tower, although erected as far back as the year 1503 or 4. It is built entirely of bricks, and stands in the centre of the square of San Felippo, in solitary grandeur, insulated and lofty. It is ascended by stairs extending to 284 steps; it has evidently lost its perpendicular altitude, leaning, as the reader may see, in a surprising manner; perhaps as much, says M. de la Borde, as the famous tower of the cathedral of Pisa, though not so generally celebrated.

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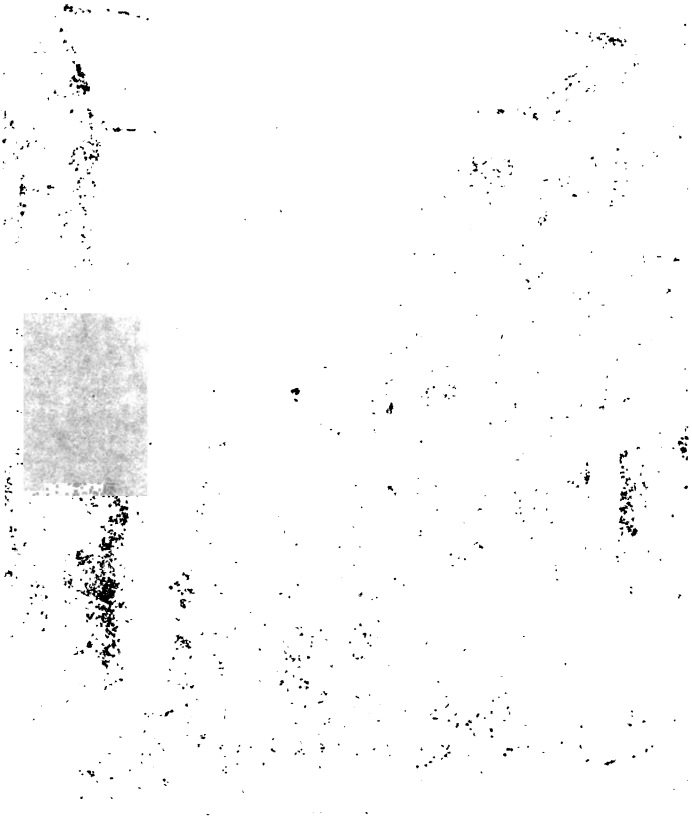

LEANING TOWER OF SARAGOSSA.

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Drawn by David Roberts. from a Sketch by Lieut. Partridge of the Royal Artillery. Engraved by H. Adlard.

LEANING TOWER OF ZARAGOSSA.

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who are stated by French historians, with amusing self-complacency, to have voluntarily broken up the siege, induced only by religious considerations. The Moors next, led by their great chief Musa, made themselves masters of Saragossa, driving out the Goths in the year 712, in the name of their grand Caliph of Damascus. In a short time, Hamer, the governor, conspired to render himself independent; but he repented his temerity, being attacked and routed by the able Zuzif, then the governor-general of Spain. Again the Aragonese sought to throw off the yoke, easy as it sat under the dominion of the great Abderahmans, who had established the seat of their empire at Cordova. In the year 825, they displayed surprising vigour and resolution in asserting their independence; but, unsupported by the general voice, they were unhappily compelled to implore the clemency of the Moorish monarch.

Early in the eleventh century, Saragossa rose into the capital of a small empire, and evinced boldness and decision at a time when the several governors in different parts of Spain had usurped supreme authority. It was then the governor of Saragossa assumed the crown, which he transmitted to his posterity, who retained it till the days of Alphonso I. After eight months' siege, that able prince wrested the capital of Aragon from the royal Moor on the 18th of December, 1118; and thenceforward it was selected, as the strong hold of his dominions, for his own residence and that of his numerous successors. It was not until the sixteenth century that Saragossa ceased to be the capital

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with two. The dean and all the canons assured me that the whole city had seen him, and that if I waited two days longer, I might converse with more than twenty thousand country people who had seen him as well as those in the city. He had recovered his leg, they said, by rubbing himself with the oil of these lamps. Once a-year this miracle is celebrated by an immense concourse; and it is true that, at a day's journey from Saragossa, I found the high road covered with people of all descriptions, running to this pious festival."

This was all very well in its day, affording a rich harvest while it lasted both to the clergy and the monarch; but happily for Aragon and regenerated Spain, that day is passed, and may in future be referred to the dark ages and the reign of the inquisition. Even in those worst of times, Saragossa stood forth the champion of liberty; she still chafed and champed the bit, while she submitted for a time to priestly bondage. We regret we can scarcely cast a glance at the history of her vicissitudes, her rise, and decline; for no single city has conferred more honour upon the country which gave it birth. Of ancient date, its foundation was attributed, we believe erroneously, to the Phœnician colonists, who are said to have given it the name of Salduba, or Saldevivia. It rose into repute under the Romans, and from its importance received the appellation of Cæsar Augusta. In the fifth century it first fell under the power of the Goths, led by their king, Euric; in the sixth it was besieged by Childebert and Lothaire, the Franks,

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amusing a description in his memoirs. Indeed, with the other cathedral, De la Seu, the old Giralda, and the new tower, all within view, Our Lady of the Pillar may be termed the great lion of the place. We were not so fortunate, however, as the politic French cardinal, attended upon by the factotum of the viceroy, who showed him every thing remarkable at Saragossa; nor had we the advantage of gaining admission to *Nuestra Señora del Pilar*, by assuming a royal disguise. "I was always concealed, as I have already said," observes the cardinal, "under the name of the Marquis de Saint Florent. But my conductor never reflected that Our Lady of the Pillar could not be seen under this title. This miraculous image is never shown but to sovereigns and cardinals. Now the Marquis de Saint Florent was neither the one nor the other; so that when they saw me in the balustrade with a close-bodied black velvet coat and a cravat, the multitude, collected from all parts of the town at the sound of the bell, which is tolled for this ceremony only, thought I was the King of England, (Charles II.) There were, I think, more than two hundred carriages full of ladies, who paid me a thousand compliments, and which I answered like one who could not speak good Spanish. This church in itself is beautiful; but in addition to this, the ornaments and riches of it are immense, and the treasure magnificent. They here showed me a man who was employed in lighting the lamps, which are in prodigious numbers, and they told me this man was seen seven years ago at the door of the church with only one leg; I saw him now

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bargaining for the refuse of the loads, or the charity of good souls in the name of all the saints, amidst those keen-witted repartees between rival donkey-men, and water-carriers, and fruit-women, making up "a concert of sweet sounds" one would not wish to hear more than once. It was not complete, however, without the lugubrious voice of a rude ballad-singer, an aged *manola* of the lowest class, chaunting out the most dismal ditty of an unfortunate young man, compelled by his cruel parents to marry an ugly duenna whom he could not love. So ludicrous was the finale of the song, and given with a twang so truly tragi-comic, that few of her hearers' risible muscles could withstand the appeal; showers of cuartos fell upon the old beldame, and, as if emulous of like fame, other groupes gathered round her, eager to catch the words to retail them on the same terms elsewhere, while the little ragged boys kept repeating the burden of her chime. Seeing the drift of their applause, she flew into a great rage; and amidst a storm of maledictions at this unseasonable interruption of the golden shower, she resolutely closed her lips and took herself away. At this sudden close of her speculation, the boisterous mirth of the populace knew no bounds; other ballad-mongers caught up the ditty, and amidst a thousand smart challenges, caustic retorts, witty inuendoes, and some practical jokes, in which this grave people are often so happy—by way of contrast, we also made our escape.

Not far off stood the famous church of Our Lady of the Pillar, of which Cardinal de Retz has left us so

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Next came the country people, flocking from all sides to the approaching fair, presenting that singular variety in aspect and dress so striking throughout the rural districts of Spain. The markets and festivals of Saragossa extend their influence beyond the immediate vicinity; the gay Andalusian, the bold Biscayan, the proud Catalan, and heavy Valencian, often with part of their families, are all agreeably bent on partaking the pleasures of this far-famed city during the holiday season. You still hear the old songs and warlike traditions, mingled with the touching airs or lively *redondillas* sung under the balconies; while the new patriotic hymns are chaunted by young and old along the streets. Nor does a market-day, such as we then saw it, afford a less stirring and amusing sight. At an early hour you see both the city and the surrounding country all awake with the continual din; and from the bustle and importance visible at the gates, you would think a Carlist expedition was hourly expected, so great is the excitement when once the grand business of provisioning the great city is fairly begun. Here were plenty of rations both for Carlists and Christinos; all the arcades, the interior of the great square, and the adjacent spots, were occupied by salesmen and venders of fruits and vegetables of every kind. Strings of asses, and as heavily laden mules, with trains of carts, waggons, and nondescript vehicles, making most discordant music at every step, poured in; and as fast as they were unladen, out again. They were followed by vociferous beggars

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devastations of a continued succession of sieges and cruel war. Here, too, was the field on which the Bourbon and the Austrian competitors met.

The battles of Saragossa, in which the heroism of citizens as well as soldiers stands conspicuous, would of themselves form a theme for volumes; but none, perhaps, was more glorious for the Aragonese, than that in which Philip V. was utterly put to the rout. For a period, the whole of Aragon, which supported Charles of Austria and his English allies, was lost to him. The army of Philip, conceiving itself about to be sacrificed by his desertion of their cause, was seized with a sudden panic nothing could arrest.

Leaving the noble avenue, we next entered the suburbs of Saragossa leading to the wooden bridge, over which we again crossed the Ebro, and soon found ourselves in the great square. The new tower of Saragossa, which is seen at a distance rising high above the adjoining steeples of church and convent, now rose more conspicuous to the view; the square was thronged with military and national guards, and the different streets and outlets were filled with people eager to witness a review. Persons of all ranks, and in every variety of costume, bent on business or on pleasure, gave an animated appearance to the whole scene. Mere spectators and idlers, however, with the usual groupes of mendicants sprinkled here and there with a friar or a poor student, appeared greatly to predominate, enlivened by the airs of ballad-singers and the jests of by-standers till the military parade broke up.

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increase of Christian citizens, such as might be able to cope with any future invader, whether Christian or Moslem. The rapid growth of the population proved, also, that it was perfectly successful. Numbers of the ancient and privileged gentry settled in Saragossa, or in its neighbourhood, known by the appellation of *hermunios*, derived, in the opinion of Zurita the historian, from the *immunes* of the Romans, and almost synonymous with the hidalgo of Castile, and the word *infanzon*, known in Aragon.

Having too little time, however, to dwell upon historical associations, it was one of our first objects to behold the scenes themselves, and we took our way along the beautiful avenue which presents itself in the descent from the bridge. Wide and ample, extending nearly a mile, it at length turns a sharp angle to the left, where it opens into a large circular place enclosed by a low wall of freestone, ornamented with benches, and shaded by thick trees. Rows of fine elms and poplars, intertwining their branches high above, form a magnificent embowered shade, giving to the whole view an appearance of grandeur, a calm and sombre beauty, which arrest every traveller's eye. The prospect is also finely diversified; for, in returning, the avenue widens again, both in the centre and at the end, where places similar to the former appear. Beyond extends a continuation of beautiful gardens, once rich in every kind of production to be found in the country, for we regretted to perceive in numerous parts, otherwise abounding in natural or artificial beauties extremely striking, the

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The sensation produced upon the people, says the narrator, by this touching appeal from the lips of the acquitted queen, was indescribable, and was more intensely felt from the deep pathos with which she spoke, and spoke as one inspired. Future events appeared fully to justify the truth of this remark. Fernando, the repentant who had confessed his fault, succeeding to Castile, raised it into the rank of a kingdom. By his subsequent alliance with the daughter of the King of Leon, he obtained also the throne of that kingdom. Prince Garcia, the eldest, reigned over Navarre; and, as if still instigated by his hateful passions, engaged in a bitter war against his brother. He was slain in the battle of Atapuerca, in 1054, and the three kingdoms of Castile, Leon, and Navarre became for the first time united under Fernando, who assumed the title of Emperor of Spain. If the estates of the author of the conspiracy went to enrich one of the brothers, the same evil fate seemed to pursue Gonzalo, who had shown little less depravity of heart. He died by the hand of an assassin, and his estates of Sobrarbe and Ribagorza fell to the generous Ramiro, the queen's champion, who united them to the kingdom of Aragon, conferred on him by his mother.

After the capture of Saragossa by Alfonso, called the Champion, in the twelfth century, the people of the city were exempted from all imposts, and were ranked with the *infanzones*, or gentry of the kingdom. This was doubtless intended as a politic measure to destroy the influence of the Moors, who formed the chief part of the population, and to draw from all sides an

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champion; but by such an act I should involve my country in a fatal war. Since, then, one of the king's sons must inherit Castile, let our choice fall upon Don Fernando. I can read the hearts of my children; and when Fernando last took leave of me, his heart was full, and as he hung upon my neck, I felt that he could never have leagued with his mother's destroyers but in the hope of rescuing her from infamy, from a fate far worse than death." She ceased; fresh plaudits rang through the assembled throngs. One of the knights, pressing his hands to his temples, was observed to totter in his seat: he would have fallen, had he not been supported; and the queen, with eager solicitude, beckoned to his attendants that he should approach. With looks full of love and grateful tenderness she gazed upon him, while tears almost suppressed her last words. "My good and faithful Ramiro, henceforth be thou my adopted heir. With the expression of my gratitude receive, my Ramiro, the states of Aragon, which the king at my marriage settled upon me. They are thy inheritance; and the Father of all will, I doubt not, endow thee with a yet fairer inheritance, such as man cannot ensure even at the price of a crown. But alas! what shall I say for those whose unprovoked enmity would have brought down ruin upon thy gentle head, and upon my own! I dare offer up prayers for thy prosperity, but I tremble as I kneel to Heaven and ask it for them. I would appeal for pardon, for blessings upon them, even while I feel that I place myself between the offenders and the uplifted arm of a divine vengeance yet to come."

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was shed on the cross I swear here that thy consort is innocent! I have it under the sacred trust of religious confession from one of thy own sons. He could not bear the horror of so dire a secret on his conscience; but let this public shame be the only punishment inflicted upon the transgressors. Last night I pledged my word to intercede for the repentant sinner, kneeling in voluntary confession, but whose name I will never reveal. Pardon thy sons, sire, as you yourself hope for forgiveness from Heaven and your injured queen."—"I pardon them, holy man," replied the monarch; "but how can my injured consort pardon either them or me?"—"I have already forgiven you, ere I left my prison and implored protection from above," answered the queen, as she raised her veil and gazed with mild and composed features upon the surrounding throng. Turning towards the people, she next prepared to address them, while shouts of acclamation rent the air. "But it is not my forgiveness alone; it is the pardon of the Almighty they ought to supplicate. My sons—for they are still my sons, are already, as you know, appointed heirs to your vast dominions; each will inherit an independent crown. It has pleased Providence to place Castile at my own disposal; I owe to it a sacred duty; its honour shall never be tarnished by me. One of my sons repented of the crime into which he was about to be betrayed. By his confession he snatched me from dishonour; he was not the author of the conspiracy, for to him my Castilian subjects shall never do homage. Would that I could confer the crown upon my generous

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queen, who declared that he was there to punish the unnatural conduct of his half-brothers; that he would joyfully stake his life against them all in defence of his sovereign lady's innocence and virtue. The effect of this announcement upon the spectators was extreme, and it was followed by thunders of applause. The expression of popular feeling is seldom erroneous; all fixed their eyes in silent reproach upon the conspirators, and waited the event. The lances were already levelled, expecting only the signal of the master of the field; when, at the moment the antagonists were about to close, an aged man in hermit's attire rushed out of the throng, and threw himself almost between their chargers' feet. He was one of the holy fathers from the recesses of the neighbouring mountains, and his sudden apparition, at such a moment, caused a thrill of surprise and awe, for the people's veneration for this class of religious men was carried to an extreme. At the king's beck, the master of the field advanced, each combatant raised his lance, and the aged monk turning towards the queen, who sat below the platform covered from head to foot in a black scarf, "Lady!" he exclaimed, "look up, and be not dismayed. Heaven has not deserted thee, nor left thee to the blind awards of weak and sinful men. And canst *thou* look on, unhappy and credulous king? Darest thou trample on the brightest jewel of thy crown? see it sullied by the breath of a calumny so foul? Hear me, ere the wrath of God consume thy house. Dost thou dream that her guilt is to be proved by the shedding of human blood? No; by that which

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Poison and calumny were the chief instruments by which to effect the destruction of an enemy during the period of what is termed the dark ages. The laws of honour and revenge took precedence of all other laws, and to breathe an insinuation against man's valour, or woman's chastity, was tantamount to sealing their doom or that of their accusers. Yet so improbable did the strange story of Elvira and her sons appear, even in those times, that in narrating it the Archbishop of Toledo deemed it necessary to remove the reader's doubts, by going into the minutest incidents connected with it. He observes, too, that the value set upon an excellent horse, and the necessity of having it always at hand in case of any sudden attack of the Moors, compelled the monarchs of that period to build their stables close to their ladies' chambers. They had the same motive for being extremely jealous of permitting any one else to mount a favourite steed ready caparisoned for battle, or on which they might escape by a timely flight.

On the day of trial, the queen was brought from the castle of Naxera, in which she had been imprisoned, into the public lists, where her guilt or innocence was to be proved by the infallible test of battle. No champion, it was presumed, would appear in the face of Prince Garcia and his powerful adherents. Instantly, however, on the herald making proclamation, a knight, completely armed, rode briskly up to the scaffold on which the king and the judges were seated, and threw his gauntlet at the feet of her accuser. It was the king's son, Ramiro, by his former

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probable fictions, a perpetual series of wars, with some dark tragical events and touching incidents which bear the stamp of truth. In 1034, Sancho, in addition to the crowns of Aragon, Navarre, and Sobrarbe, received in right of his wife the earldom of Castile. By her he had three sons, Garcia, Fernando, and Gonzalo, who earned for themselves an infamous celebrity by their conduct. Induced doubtless by those base intrigues which prevailed in most courts during the middle ages, Garcia instigated his two younger brothers to join him in the foul conspiracy of accusing his own mother of being faithless to her vows during the absence of her lord. One of the motives assigned by the chroniclers of the times, appears almost as improbable as the idea of the crime itself. The attachment of old warrior-monarchs to their favourite steeds, long before King Sancho—or even Hector and Achilles, is well known. On one occasion, during an expedition against the Moors, he left express injunctions with his queen that no one should be permitted to mount his noble Arab, a beautiful horse that he was compelled to leave behind him. Such, however, were the importunities of Prince Garcia, that the queen was about to yield her consent, when the urgent remonstrances of an aged knight made her recall her ill-advised permission, just as the wilful boy was preparing to exhibit his horsemanship to his admiring friends. Conceiving himself insulted at being thus publicly thwarted, in a moment of passion he vowed deadly revenge, both against the queen and her counsellor.

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Don Manuel, than the proclamation of newly invested royalty:—"We, who are each of us as good as you are, have received you for our king and lord, on condition that you maintain our rights and liberties; *if not,—not.*" With all this regard, however, for popular liberty, we must not forget that it was before the aristocracy, the rich men of the land, not really the commons, this impressive oath was taken; the clergy were represented by prelates, the large towns by deputies, all of whom were considered citizens, but mechanics, artisans, and tradesmen were excluded from that rank. A more general suffrage was wanted to balance with effect the power of the aristocracy, the clergy, and the king. The commons never acquired that ascendency, and the constitution was gradually lost. The popular magistrate offered the only barrier to the usurpations of the Cortes, or those of the king. The most powerful prelates, uniting in a body, possessing military and civil as well as ecclesiastical jurisdiction, went over to the sovereign; the people's deputies were corrupted, and the king, skilfully making use of both to check the power of the nobility, gradually acquired that predominance which, with the progress of events, merged at last into absolute government.

The early history of Aragon is mingled with fable and romance. To the counts succeeded the kings of Aragon, and from the days of Iñigo Arista, its first monarch in the ninth, to those of Sancho the Great in the eleventh century, its historical narrative is composed chiefly of wild traditions, strange and im-

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which they founded a limited monarchy, wherein popular and baronial power predominated beyond what appears under the feudal system in any other part of Europe. Ratified by the pope, the new constitution soon roused a degree of enterprise among the Aragonese which extended to other states, and a like spirit of independence and respect for popular privileges produced equal advantages to the people of Catalonia, throughout the Biscays and Navarre; while continuing to influence other parts of Spain, it finally prepared the way for the establishment of the present constitution, so unhappily involved in that bitter contest which still lays waste her fairest provinces.

Though the royal dignity was hereditary, no sovereign could mount the throne of Aragon without swearing to maintain its privileges, and without the ratification of his title by the several states. Further to counterpoise the king's authority, they elected a chief magistrate, known by the name of the *Justicia Mayor*, responsible for his conduct only to the states. At the coronation of each king, this depository of the supreme law was seen elevated upon a grand tribunal, seated with his head uncovered. The new sovereign was then summoned, and upon his knees, uncovered, he took the oath which bound him to govern according to the laws. Not till then was the famous proclamation made in the name of the Aragonese, the tenour of which shows their frank, lofty spirit, and their jealous care of the independence they had won. From its honest truth and absence of all adulation, it resembles rather one of the homely amusing stories of the Prince

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are for space, confine ourselves within the narrower compass embraced by the scenic views that follow.

Within the gate of the Ebro, and that city so celebrated in chronicles and ballads, we looked on the ancient Saragossa, its bold walls and towers, well worthy the capital of a kingdom, as distinguished for its laws and liberties as for its heroic bearing. If no longer what it was in the days of its early conquests, and its exploits against the Moors, Aragon yet retains a free spirit and proud recollections, which can hardly fail to give it a high name in the future annals of Spain. Towns and villages, indeed, have disappeared; wretched government and successive wars exhausted its resources and reduced its population to little more than half a million, that of Saragossa itself scarcely reaching sixty thousand; but the same vigour that wrested its popular privileges from the hands of its governors, withstood foreign invasion, and roused even its maidens to deeds of daring that almost surpass belief, not only survives, it asserts itself in the face of the savage hordes that devastate while they fly over its plains.

It is the opinion of some of its writers, that had Aragon been united with Navarre at an earlier period, it would have prevailed no less over the other states than over the Moors, and established with its laws much sounder principles of government than obtained among the Spaniards under their Castilian princes. Instead of adhering to the oppressive system of the Visigoths, the Aragonese had recourse to the statutes and customs of the Franks and Lombards, upon

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CHAPTER IV.

ARAGON TO VALENCIA.

Reach Saragossa—Glowing Prospect—Odd Fancy of the Moors —Lofty Character of the Aragonese—Historic Sketches— Constitution ratified by a Pope—Early History—Remarkable Incident—Trial by Battle—Anecdote—Derivation of Spanish Gentleman—Walks in the Avenue—Effects of War—War of the Succession—Visit the Suburbs—The Great Square—A Review—Characteristics—Popular Manners—Ballad Singers —Fairs—Festivals—Our Lady of the Pillar—The new Tower, Cathedral, &c.

A NOBLER field than any we had yet traversed next opened to our view,—the famed old Aragon, and bright, sunny Valencia, with its deep green valleys and purple skies, such as made the imaginative Moors think their Mahommed held his Court of Paradise immediately above their heads. From the southern and western plains we had before visited, we directed our course by Estremadura through Galicia, the Asturias, Leon, Navarre, once more to the banks of the Ebro, in the more immediate vicinity chosen by the artist for his studies of the antique or the picturesque. We must pass over, then, with as good a grace as we can, a variety of interesting objects and incidents supplied by our notes in a rather wide and diversified tour; and, restricted as we

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guage, a sad mixture of the Castilian and Portuguese. Of old they were mighty hunters before the Lord; while their wives ploughed and gathered in the harvests, besides taking care of their families. But as some equivalent, we are told that when they presented them with children, their husbands very generously took to their beds and went to sleep in their stead, for the women were always up and doing,—a custom, gravely remarks a modern historian, as ridiculous as it is absurd. The modern people preserve little of the rude virtues of their sires, except retaining an extreme distaste for what is called general civilization. They had much rather be under any other general, for they make robust and hardy soldiers, and are the best porters and water-carriers in the kingdom.

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centre of them; and on every side extended ranges of piazzas which are supported by grand pillars of free-stone, and all said to be made out of a single block. To show the munificence of this princely ecclesiastical establishment, which boasted wealth to array armies against its enemies, it is sufficient to mention that one of the cathedral chapels was allotted to the French pilgrims only, which was farther endowed by the piety of some of the French kings. Indeed, not a few of the latter often came in *devotional dishabille* themselves, casting off the trappings of royalty, and mingling barefooted and shorn with the poorer outcasts of humanity. Among these were Louis the Seventh, and several of the kings of Aragon and Navarre; who, whenever they felt themselves in serious peril, or too hard pushed by the fiery Moors, had recourse to this plan of purchasing a victory, for which they afterwards made their subjects pay by mandate of holy church. Inferior only to the cathedral, the other religious edifices, both spacious and numerous, give to the whole place a truly antique and venerable aspect. The convent of St. Martin and its library are worthy of every traveller's regard; nor less so is the cloister, of which the architecture, belonging to the Doric, shows equal regularity and good taste.

If we may believe them, the Galicians were the first heroes and the first poets of Spain. They bore the brunt of the Roman descent; composed and sung verses, like Epaminondas, to their shields,—some traditions of which they yet boast in their ancient lan-

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seek the sacred shrine at what hour he pleased, by day or by night, he was sure to see throngs of votaries engaged on a similar mission, whose various costume bespoke them of different nations; some presenting votive gifts, others worshipping relics, kneeling, smiting their breasts, or prostrated before the altars and images upon the ground. It was not until after the middle of the eighteenth century, that this pious fashion began to lose its relish with the travellers, pilgrims, penitents,—and even criminals, from distant countries. There are several interesting accounts, by foreign as well as Spanish chroniclers, of the grand discovery of the body of St. James, an event which occurred in the year 808; and it is no wonder that the church was raised into an archiepiscopal see in 1123. Its treasury, which long withstood the tide of modern innovation, was enriched by the gratuitous offerings of successive sovereigns, popes, and even chiefs of banditti; who all, from whatever different motives, contributed to swell the exchequer of a saint, second only to St. Peter himself.

Compostella, like every considerable town in Spain, is not without its hospital, well endowed and chiefly devoted to the reception of poor pilgrims. Its aspect has nothing solemn or mournful, much less revolting about it, to scare those whom it was intended to cherish: we felt, on the other hand, that there was something at once calm and inviting in its appearance, combining beauty with repose; for you entered it by two spacious square courts, which had delightful fountains, playing in a thousand airy streams, in the

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Drawn by David Roberts from a sketch by Richard Ford, Esq.

Engraved by W. Miller.

THE SEMINARIO & CATHEDRAL OF SANTIAGO.

From the Plaza de St Susanna.

London Published Oct. 28. 1837. by Robert Jennings & Co. 62. Cheapside.

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are the cathedral, a
seminary. Its inte-
ternal appearance is
exceeds no less than
that of San Iago ranks
by the cupola of the dome.
here reposes the statue of
, formed of massive
es the relics: the front
work above are both of pure
white marble. The shrines are of
, studded with a profusion of diamonds,
all slabs with silver supporters.
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wax candles of enormous size,
of some holy festival, the effect
peculiar. The varied reflec-
tions upon still more brilliant
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precious stones, and pearls,—sud-
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magic-like, which makes you fancy yourself
transported into the fairy palaces of eastern genii—
those jealous guardians of golden treasures, who allow
so little specie to get abroad.

Such, till very recently, was the species of enchant-
ment exercised by the tutelary genius of Santiago,
its old hereditary fame, that let the pilgrim

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Among the chief public edifices that still confer interest on this antique city, are the cathedral, a noble gothic structure, with the seminary. Its interior is as magnificent as the external appearance is noble and impressive. It comprises no less than twenty-three chapels, of which that of San Jago ranks as the head, lighted only by the cupola of the dome, which is very lofty. It is here reposes the statue of St. James, two feet in height, formed of massive gold. Another chapel contains the relics: the front of the altar and the frame-work above are both of pure silver, as well as the tabernacle. The shrines are of silver gilt, decorated with a profusion of diamonds, and placed upon small slabs with silver supporters. On the right and left of the altar are two columns, which support a handsome canopy,—the whole covered with plates of silver. When lighted up at night with more than a thousand wax candles of enormous size, or in commemoration of some holy festival, the effect is highly novel and picturesque. The varied reflection of such a mass of lights upon still more brilliant masses of gold and silver,—richly carved, covered with diamonds, precious stones, and pearls,—suddenly blazing on the eye, has something startling and almost magic-like, which makes you fancy yourself transported into the fairy palaces of eastern genii—those jealous guardians of golden treasures, who allow so little specie to get abroad.

Such, till very recently, was the species of enchantment exercised by the tutelary genius of Santiago, with its old hereditary fame, that let the pilgrim

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placency, just wearing the newest gloss of his recent honours, of this new-created pope. Don Illan fell humbly at his feet, entreating his compassion upon his grey hairs—grown grey in his pupil's service, and on the forlorn condition of his poor son. 'Your son?—oh! how long must my ears be dinned with that eternal ditty! How dare you, sir? your impertinence exceeds belief. And, forsooth! you call yourself my friend,—a vile, conjuring, ghost-hunting wretch like you the friend of Heaven's vicegerent here below? Away! lest I bring thee to a just punishment; let these eyes once more behold thee, and I will hand thee over to the tender mercies of our holy inquisition. Get thee back to the first scenes of thy shameful and appalling science! Didst thou foresee as well thy present disgrace?'—'Holy father, one word: I am poverty-stricken; I have not wherewithal to pay my journey back.'—'Away! I say.'—'At all events, holy father, give me a meal; let me sup, ere I depart.'—'Heaven avert that I should feed an ally of the foul fiend!'—'It is well,' replied Don Illan, fixing his eye on the pope with a keen indignant look; 'if I am to starve here, I had better think of the supper I ordered a little time ago at Santiago.' So saying, he rang a little bell which the pope thought he had heard before. The door opened—the same girl appeared; the pope gazed round him, and found himself in the magician's study under the river, at his house in Toledo. 'Go, tell the cook to put only one partridge upon the spit; the dean of Santiago does not sup with me to-night.'"

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mable advantage; and whenever a vacancy occurred, or a farther promotion took place, he jogged the archbishop's memory, as he had promised, in favour of his son. Still it was always the next—any thing but that—he had other relations: till at length, after disposing of small benefices which were too small, and great benefices which were too great for the young man, the good prelate became archbishop of Seville—of Toledo—received a cardinal's hat—and a fine prospect of the purple opened before him.

"Patient to the last, Don Illan continued at the cardinal's court—at his elbow—his confidential adviser, and also taking every fair occasion to remind his master of the promise given to his son. But he had the pleasantest way of putting him off in the world, observing that every fresh refusal should only enhance the value of the living when it came. But ah! he had one great step yet to advance; let them lay their heads together how he might come to wear the triple tiara, and then Don Illan would see. The sage's advice was admirable; one by one the old cardinals died off, the six months' popes died yet faster, and, in short, it soon came to our dean—archbishop—cardinal—and pope's turn. He was elected to the papal see by a large majority; and Don Illan, taking a favourable opportunity, waited upon him in one of his new chambers in the Vatican.

"He might now, he thought, fairly calculate on his son's fortune being made, yet he approached apparently in fear and trembling,—such seemed the stern unbending kind of dignity, and the infinite self-com-

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'But it can do no good to repine: I must reply to my correspondents, and calmly await the event.'—'Yes,' rejoined Don Illan, 'preferment is sure to find out the fortunate and meritorious, wherever they are. Write, and we will then resume our subject with fresh spirit and alacrity.'

"Ere four days elapsed, came tidings of the worthy prelate's decease; all was in a good train for the dean: and at the end of another week the verger, attended by the subordinate officers in handsome liveries, arrived to announce the election of the dean, and to congratulate him, humbly begging permission to kiss his hand. Don Illan set them the example, declaring that he thought himself fortunate in entertaining so great a man, upon whom it had pleased Heaven to shower down these honours while in his house. 'And I trust, may it please your grace, that I shall also congratulate my son, whom I am sure your grace would, after the strictest examination, consider every way capable of filling the honourable post of dean.'

"'Too young, too young; better keep at his studies,' cried the new prelate; 'but all I can do short of the deanery, my obligations to you are such—that —you may depend upon me; but the deanery—my excellent friend, I have a brother—we must provide; but attend me to my diocese, and you can jog my memory when any thing else falls out.' So, to make the more sure, Don Illan sent for the young man, introduced him to the new archbishop, and together they proceeded to his diocese at Santiago. Don Illan's services, and especially his advice, were of inesti-

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proceeded on till he came to a spacious well-furnished chamber, on opening which a magnificent collection of all works relating to the grand science burst on the astonished eyes of the dean, who at first drew back in some little trepidation. The tables, displaying spheres and planispheres, were covered with works of magic,—maps, globes, drawings, and tables of calculation without end; on every side appeared walls of books built up to the very ceiling, which, with the deep silence, interrupted only by the booming of the waters, made it look more like the library of deceased students than of any living wight.

"Don Illan pointed to a chair, and having seated himself opposite at a small round table, he began with the learned dean as he would with a child whom he was desirous of teaching his alphabet. They had hardly got to the signs of the planets, when the sound of a bell again struck the ear; the door opened, and in walked two messengers in haste, bearing letters for the dean from his great uncle, the Archbishop of Santiago. 'Dangerously ill—not expected to live! hasten if you wish to see him!' exclaimed the dean, as he ran his eye over the letter. 'Strange, indeed! And another from the good archdeacon,' he continued, 'written in the name of the chapter, &c.—All disposed as you could wish it; no fears of the result.' 'This is well,' observed Don Illan; 'remember I alluded to your preferment: you have only to reply to your letters, and we will then resume our studies; if you set out, you will be too late to see the archbishop.'—'Ah, my poor uncle!' exclaimed the dean.

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'Oh, as to that,' replied Don Illan, 'we shall have ample time before supper, and we can easily, meantime, discuss another bottle; after which we will retire to my study, for it is there only your reverence can be initiated in the secrets, such as they are, of which I am in possession.' Upon this the dean rose, observing that he had partaken sufficiently already of his kind hospitality; and after breathing the fresh air upon the terrace, overlooking a beautiful prospect of the river and the surrounding country, he again expressed his desire to accompany Don Illan into his study.

"Assuming a more grave air, the magician, taking him by the hand, led his guest into a secluded and half-darkened chamber; on entering which he again rang his little bell, and the same young woman made her appearance. 'You will have the partridges ready for supper,' said her master; 'but don't put them on the spit till I give you further orders.' His reverence, who had looked for something very different at the summons of the little bell, could not refrain expressing his surprise, while he thanked his host for this marked attention to his worldly comforts. The sage smiled, but made no reply; then opening a small door, he took the dean by the hand and led him along a handsome stone staircase, at the end of which they began to descend a flight of steps. It was a long flight, too; for his reverence, at length pausing to take breath, observed, 'that he thought they must already have got lower than the level of the Tagus.' To which his companion, only nodding in way of reply,

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mingled with the humour, so many pleasant traits of real life with a touch of the supernatural, and all told in so grave yet familiar a tone in his *Dean of Santiago*, that we scruple not to encounter the prince's cruel and perplexed old Spanish, some four centuries back, for the sake of our readers and the edification of all ambitious people, whether lay or churchmen. The stoics or the sceptics may laugh as they will, but no one who has seen an apparition, or even heard a ghost-story told like Prince Juan's with right good faith from the lips of a true believer, will feel inclined to smile, except a smile of pity and contempt for their wretched philosophy, so very unimaginative and unspiritual. Every thing as regards time, place, and circumstance is minutely laid down; the whole narrative speaks so powerfully to our feelings, coming with more force of the strange and mysterious in the words of an aged state counsellor to a wise and experienced prince, and an example too of the kind was so much wanted by proud ungrateful prelates of the day, that we see no reason to pronounce the prince's story at all apocryphal.

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In more modern days, the good canons of Santiago may fairly be pitted, in point of real power and importance, with the doughty knights who cast such lustre on the name of St. James. More than once they have filled the first place in the councils of Castile; and, emulous also of legal fame, conducted the frequent litigations of the church against the laity with eminent success. Nay, if we may believe that amusing old chronicler of good stories, Prince Juan Manuel, in his book called *El Conde Lucanor*, one at least of the worthy deans aspired to the honour of the purple itself.* There is so excellent a moral

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devoting themselves to bear arms against the infidels. They soon saw active service, and often, unaided by other than their own arm, performed signal exploits in unequal combats with the Moors.

The reputation of the more modern clergy of Santiago is singularly enough mixed up with that of a learned man and a great antiquarian excavator—had he not dug rather too deep,—the laborious Medina Conde. He began his excavations in 1734, and, with the exception of a few Roman inscriptions, the whole he published are proved to have been arrant forgeries. Bayer, and the French Benedictines, are said to have helped to detect him. The object he had in view was doubtless preferment; to make sure of the king and his confessor, he forged the opinions of an ancient council, which established the doctrine of the immaculate conception of the Virgin. He subsequently became concerned for the clergy in the famous law-suit of the Voto de Santiago, of which the following presents a brief sketch. In the tenth century, a Moorish king of Cordova invaded the kingdom of Castile, terrifying the Christians by the rapidity of his conquests. Almost driven to despair, Ramiro, king of Leon, invoked the aid of St. James; and clad in weeds, walking in solemn penitentiary procession, repaired to his tomb at Compostella. He then went back, and gained a complete victory over the Moors; and the clergy, in grateful remembrance of St. James's tutelary care, obtained permission from him to levy upon all good subjects a portion of the produce of their respective lands for the good of the church of Compostella.

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The grand order of St. James stood second in the date of its foundation with its compeers in military exploits, having been instituted as early as 1175; indeed, our friend the antiquary tried to trace it as far back as the year 1030. It is known to have originated in popular devotion, throngs of devotees rushing, even from far-off climes, to do penance or perform vows at the shrine of their favourite apostle. The perils they thus encountered induced the prior and canons of the convent of Layo, belonging to the order of St. Augustin, and situated in Galicia near San Jago, to watch over their safety, and that of the holy shrine. Hence sprung the church militant,—military bodies formed upon rules imposed by the sovereign pontiff; at first confined to patrolling the roads, and afterwards

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'But it can do no good to repine: I must reply to my correspondents, and calmly await the event.'—'Yes,' rejoined Don Illan, 'preferment is sure to find out the fortunate and meritorious, wherever they are. Write, and we will then resume our subject with fresh spirit and alacrity.'

"Ere four days elapsed, came tidings of the worthy prelate's decease; all was in a good train for the dean: and at the end of another week the verger, attended by the subordinate officers in handsome liveries, arrived to announce the election of the dean, and to congratulate him, humbly begging permission to kiss his hand. Don Illan set them the example, declaring that he thought himself fortunate in entertaining so great a man, upon whom it had pleased Heaven to shower down these honours while in his house. 'And I trust, may it please your grace, that I shall also congratulate my son, whom I am sure your grace would, after the strictest examination, consider every way capable of filling the honourable post of dean.'

"'Too young, too young; better keep at his studies,' cried the new prelate; 'but all I can do short of the deanery, my obligations to you are such—that—you may depend upon me; but the deanery—my excellent friend, I have a brother—we must provide; but attend me to my diocese, and you can jog my memory when any thing else falls out.' So, to make the more sure, Don Illan sent for the young man, introduced him to the new archbishop, and together they proceeded to his diocese at Santiago. Don Illan's services, and especially his advice, were of inesti-

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proceeded on till he came to a spacious well-furnished chamber, on opening which a magnificent collection of all works relating to the grand science burst on the astonished eyes of the dean, who at first drew back in some little trepidation. The tables, displaying spheres and planispheres, were covered with works of magic,—maps, globes, drawings, and tables of calculation without end; on every side appeared walls of books built up to the very ceiling, which, with the deep silence, interrupted only by the booming of the waters, made it look more like the library of deceased students than of any living wight.

"Don Illan pointed to a chair, and having seated himself opposite at a small round table, he began with the learned dean as he would with a child whom he was desirous of teaching his alphabet. They had hardly got to the signs of the planets, when the sound of a bell again struck the ear; the door opened, and in walked two messengers in haste, bearing letters for the dean from his great uncle, the Archbishop of Santiago. 'Dangerously ill—not expected to live! hasten if you wish to see him!' exclaimed the dean, as he ran his eye over the letter. 'Strange, indeed! And another from the good archdeacon,' he continued, 'written in the name of the chapter, &c.—All disposed as you could wish it; no fears of the result.' 'This is well,' observed Don Illan; 'remember I alluded to your preferment: you have only to reply to your letters, and we will then resume our studies; if you set out, you will be too late to see the archbishop.'—'Ah, my poor uncle!' exclaimed the dean.

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'Oh, as to that,' replied Don Illan, 'we shall have ample time before supper, and we can easily, meantime, discuss another bottle; after which we will retire to my study, for it is there only your reverence can be initiated in the secrets, such as they are, of which I am in possession.' Upon this the dean rose, observing that he had partaken sufficiently already of his kind hospitality; and after breathing the fresh air upon the terrace, overlooking a beautiful prospect of the river and the surrounding country, he again expressed his desire to accompany Don Illan into his study.

"Assuming a more grave air, the magician, taking him by the hand, led his guest into a secluded and half-darkened chamber; on entering which he again rang his little bell, and the same young woman made her appearance. 'You will have the partridges ready for supper,' said her master; 'but don't put them on the spit till I give you further orders.' His reverence, who had looked for something very different at the summons of the little bell, could not refrain expressing his surprise, while he thanked his host for this marked attention to his worldly comforts. The sage smiled, but made no reply; then opening a small door, he took the dean by the hand and led him along a handsome stone staircase, at the end of which they began to descend a flight of steps. It was a long flight, too; for his reverence, at length pausing to take breath, observed, 'that he thought they must already have got lower than the level of the Tagus.' To which his companion, only nodding in way of reply,

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Vanegas from the southward of Madrid. With such generals for his allies, genius and inexhaustible vigour of mind could alone have borne the British commander through a struggle, in which all the talent and military resources of a country like France, and under a Napoleon, were brought against him.

One of the easiest and most pleasant routes to San Jago, or Saint James of Compostella, is from New Castile, along the post road from Madrid, extending to about a hundred and eight leagues in length, in some thirty-seven stages. In going from Old Castile, the traveller has to cross the whole kingdom of Leon from east to west, entering it by Villa Martin, a small town fourteen leagues from Burgos. If you proceed by Lugo to San Jago, there are not more than thirteen leagues to traverse; and on leaving Lugo you proceed along some beautiful avenues of trees, over steep hills, several woods of chestnut trees, and through a few wild passes in the mountains. Every where appears the same kind of cultivation; there are the same productions, the same sort of fields, and numerous flocks and herds. Brigantium, we believe, is the ancient appellation of a place so famed in the annals of knighthood. The modern town is the capital of Galicia, the see of an archbishop, and the principal place of residence of that celebrated order that once possessed eighty-seven commanderies, and a revenue upwards of two hundred thousand gold ducats. The revenue of the archbishop was estimated at no less than twenty-five thousand sterling. The country around it, presenting the appearance of a small penin-

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duke; and, as Lord Londonderry wittily observes, was, "as usual, almost wholly silent." It did not, however, appear

"Silence that speaks, and eloquence of eyes;"

his eye-sight being nearly as dim as his intellectual vision in discerning the enemy.

When the conference, or rather the silence, came to a close, dinner was announced, and towards three o'clock they sat down to above forty dishes, the principal ingredients in which, we are told, were garlic and onions. The dinner did not long occupy the English; and when Cuesta retired, as "was his custom in the afternoon," to take his siesta, the duke mounted his horse, and rode out into the camp. He inspected several of the regiments separately, and to more advantage than during the grand torch-light review.

At an early hour next morning, the duke and his escort set out on their return to Placencia. The old Spaniard brightened up as he bade them farewell; and embracing the duke, like a true Spaniard, assured him over and over again that he was fully satisfied with the result of the silent communication with which the English general had honoured him. It was at Placencia the duke combined his plan of attack which led to the battle of Talavera, where, in consequence of the Spaniard's strange conduct, the English suffered every thing but a defeat. To render the movement against Victor as decisive as possible, it was arranged, that whilst Cuesta pushed him in front, both his flanks should be threatened at the same time,—by the English on the right, and by the Spanish corps under

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English general and his escort reached the Spanish camp. The troops had been under arms four hours, expecting their arrival, with the old chief during all that time propped and supported on his horse; and determined not to be disappointed, he made a grand discharge of artillery, and a thousand torches suddenly blazing up, exhibited the whole of his line drawn out in review, which produced an effect at once picturesque and novel. The red and flickering lights thrown at intervals over the scene, the grim, swarthy visages, the flashing arms, contrasting with the dark costume, the roar of the artillery, and the sudden changes of position at the word of command as they passed from battalion to battalion, are described by an eye-witness as singularly striking.* The old general sat his horse like a hero of other times—the Nestor of the war—supported by two pages, and at the imminent risk of being overthrown whenever a cannon was discharged, or a torch flared up with more than usual lustre. His infirmities appeared the more remarkable contrasted with his desperate moral courage, his extreme obstinacy and taciturnity, his total want of capacity, combinations, and resources, and, apparently, his extreme ambition of being always beaten by the French. Still he was game to the backbone, and was always ready for a defeat again; and generally—though not much like a general—he got soundly beaten, because he hated to sound a retreat. He held *a conference* during four hours with the

* Lord Londonderry's Narrative of the War in Spain and Portugal.

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they had to pass through the English camp. This was doubly mortifying, and the general is said to have kept continually exclaiming, as he went, against his most unlucky stars,—that he, a general of hussars, should have been taken, aid-de-camp and all, by a Capuchin friar! While his magnanimous foes condoled with him on his hard case, they did not fail to profit by the letters found on his person, which represented Soult's situation and resources as by no means enviable.

From the town of Coria, proceeding by Galesto, the duke advanced to Placencia, where he established his head-quarters. Here he opened communications with the Spanish general, Cuesta, an antiquated, obstinate old fellow, better fitted to command a troop of donkeys, or a herd of swine, than to guide an army. Of this, the interview between the British chief and his ally is a sufficient proof, and no one can peruse the account of it without smiling. The duke, accompanied by Lord Londonderry and his aid-de-camp, set out from Placencia on the tenth for the Spaniard's head-quarters; for, as it required four people to support the great Castilian chief on horseback, the mountain was obliged to go to Mohammed,—it was certain Mohammed could not get to the mountain.

Besides, the duke was active and alive, which the other was not, and was too good-natured withal to put his ally's energies to so severe a test. They were met at a flying bridge, thrown across the Teitar, by a squadron of Spanish hussars; but the guides took a wrong path, and night was closing in before the

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Another source of amusement we found in tracing the victorious progress of the great captain of our age, in his pursuit of the French from the lines of Torres Vedras to the walls of Madrid. It was in this vicinity that some of those masterly manœuvres, combining skill and daring beyond the calculation of Napoleon's best generals, had nearly compromised the safety and honour of the French armies. Marmont was all but surprised with his entire force at Salamanca; and so judicious were the directions given to Sir Rowland Hill, that he repeatedly succeeded in capturing some division of the enemy. After entering Spain from Castello Branco, by way of Zarga la Mayor, the duke occupied the town of Coria, while the grand force of the enemy lay in the neighbourhood of Salamanca and Zamora.

While here, he received information of the capture of the celebrated general of cavalry, Franceschi, who had so greatly annoyed Sir John Moore in his retreat; and almost immediately afterwards the prisoner made his appearance, to the no small amusement of the British officers and soldiers, and his own infinite chagrin and vexation. He was conducted by a friar and some ten of his companions, in their huge black cloaks and peaked hats, singing and dancing, and not a little proud of their prize, whom they had pounced upon with his aid-de-camp, as he was going from his quarters at Toro to visit his friend Marshal Mortier. They had lain in ambuscade for him near the ferry, and the gallant friar was conducting him across the mountains to the supreme junta at Seville, so that

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columns, on pedestals ornamented with bas-reliefs. The third consists of four columns; in the centre appears the Virgin, with groupes of angels and apostles, and other statues around them in different parts: there are several by the Spanish statuary Hernandez. In the chapter-room, among other paintings, is a Betrothing of St. Catherine, in the style of Rubens; a Nativity, by Diego Velasquez; and a St. Augustin, by Spagnoletto.

We visited the family mansion of the Marquis de Mirabel, one of the noblest in the town. A large court, surrounded by double rows of porticoes, one above the other, supported by handsome columns, gives it an imposing appearance, and the interior we found still more worthy of regard. The spacious gallery displays a beautiful collection of antiquities; a variety of curious urns, busts, altars, medallions, and inscriptions, illustrative of very remote periods. Not the least remarkable was a colossal head of Tiberius; a foot of no less gigantic dimensions, wearing a buskin; a head in marble of Charles V.; of Leon Leoni; of his son Pompeius; and a bust of Antoninus Pius.

While at Placencia, we made little excursions into the neighbouring mountains as far as the Trasierra, leading to Villar, and along the side of the Xerte, where the river forms a kind of island, embowered with trees overhanging some cool and charming walks. And we went to admire the noble aqueduct, inferior only to the Roman magnificence of the Segovian, and which conveys the water from a distance of two leagues by more than eighty beautiful arches.

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them, clad in steel and hauberk, to the onset. The old cathedral included eight dignitaries, sixteen canonries, and eight prebends; it had nine beneficed priests, thirty-two chaplains, twenty young choristers, and eighteen of those urchins called *miseros*, to attend masses. There was a regular gradation of ranks; the choristers, on becoming priests, took the place of the chaplains; and the poor chaunting miseros, in their turn, rose to the pitch of choristers, and were miserable no more. Its ancient importance also conferred upon it a corregidor, a judge and criminal court, an alcalde, and a municipal council composed of regidors. The church of the Dominicans is a very handsome building, has a noble front in the composite order, a nave not inferior in the gothic style, and a grand altar of rich and elaborate workmanship. Among its numerous chapels is that of San Juan, which contains the tomb of Martin Nieto, whose statue, armed and kneeling, is graceful, dignified, and full of expression.

The cathedral itself exhibits the taste of different centuries and epochs, showing, in its various additions, the progress and decline of the arts: its north front, for instance, displays three different stories of architecture, with two towers and a confused mass of unmeaning ornaments. Its interior, of the same character, discovers paintings and sculptures, bas-reliefs, figures of men and animals equally abundant and grotesque. In the sanctuary we saw the tomb of the bishop, Pontius de Leon, executed in rather better taste. The chief altar rises in three stories of the Corinthian order, two of which are supported by eight

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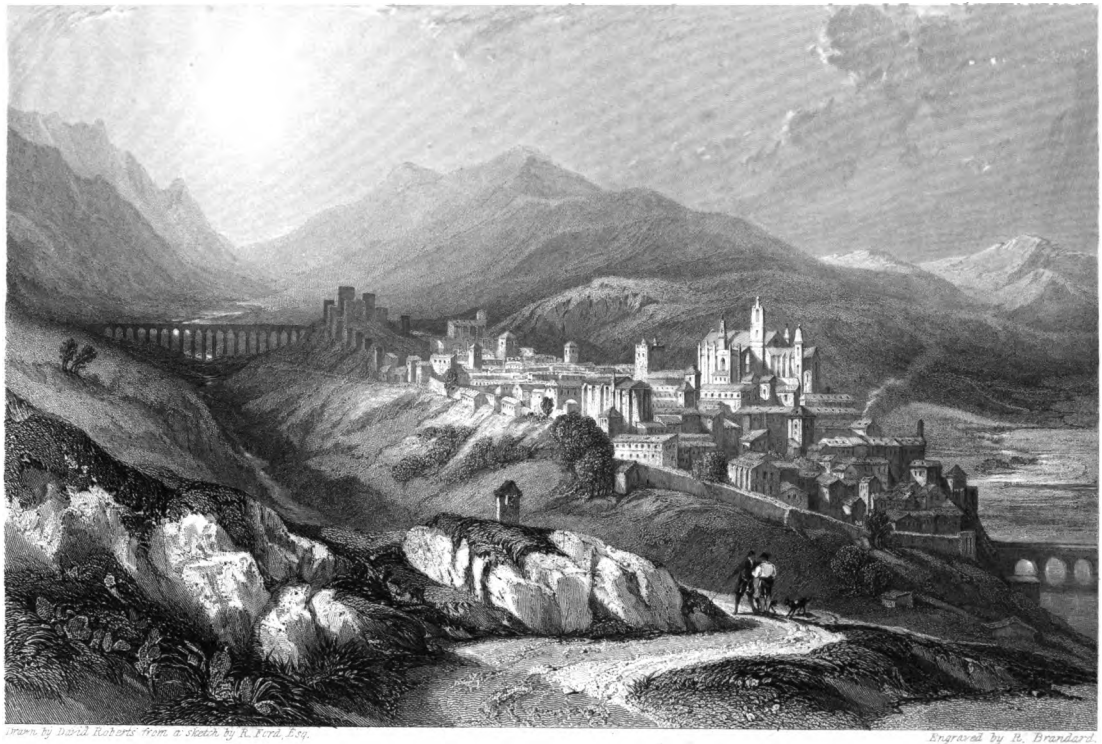

Drawn by David Roberts from a Sketch by R. Ford, Esq.

Engraved by R. Brandard.

TARRAGONA.

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...Vizor, Abu Mohammed
...the principles of rhetoric;
...able lawyer, who published a
...ode of *Las Siete Partidas*; and
...poet Nahara... Of the great com-
...ose in... h... ...ge to, were the bold
...de Paredes, and those conquerors of new
...Cortes, and Pizarro, the Marquis del Valle,
...wited.

The ... Placencia lies, embosomed by
mountains, ... narrow fertile valley almost nine
leagues in length, watered and partly encompassed,
as in a peninsula, by the river Xerte. Its situation
affords agreeable walks, of which the inhabitants have
made the most by ... sort of ... de
... ...ce
... ...some six
... ... it was ... the town was
... ...s ... the ancient ... of the Romans;
... it is further ... by the fact of the river,
... ... by that name
It appears ... ...scriptions; yet
there ... ...s also ..., that the
old Arc... ...s Rom... ...be met with
in the ... of modern ...

As a suffragan ... San Jago, Placencia comprehended in its diocese a cathedral chapter, and a hundred and fifty-two parishes. The bishops were famous in their day, and as powerful with their secular arm as in any other capacity. One in particular, a sworn enemy of the Moors, levied troops, and led

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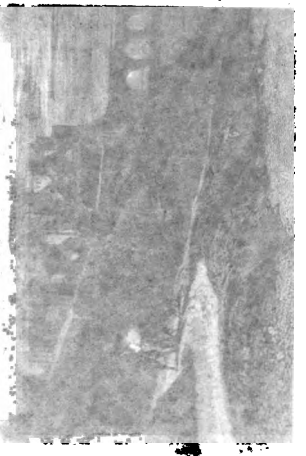



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gave birth, also, to a learned Moor, Abu Mohammed Abdallah, who wrote upon the principles of rhetoric; to Gregorio Lopez, an able lawyer, who published a commentary on the code of *Las Siete Partidas;* and lastly, the comic poet Naharro. Of the great commanders who rose into high repute, were the bold Garcias de Paredes, and those conquerors of new worlds, Cortez and Pizarro, the Marquis del Valle, and others scarcely less renowned.

The little town of Placencia lies, embosomed by mountains, in a narrow fertile valley almost nine leagues in length, watered and partly encompassed, as in a peninsula, by the river Xerte. Its situation affords agreeable walks, of which the inhabitants have made the most by forming a sort of public promenade through its refreshing shades. From the circumstance of the territory bearing the name of Ambroz some six centuries ago, it was conjectured that the town was no less than the ancient Ambracia of the Romans; and it is further countenanced by the fact of the river, at several leagues distance, still going by that name. It appears also on some antique inscriptions; yet there are strong grounds also for concluding, that the old Ambracia of the Romans is rather to be met with in the Capara of modern days.

As a suffragan of San Jago, Placencia comprehended in its diocese a cathedral chapter, and a hundred and fifty-two parishes. The bishops were famous in their day, and as powerful with their secular arm as in any other capacity. One in particular, a sworn enemy of the Moors, levied troops, and led

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courage and patience. The inconveniences you may experience in other parts of Spain are nothing compared with those which attend you in this sulky province, of which the posadas, in way of politeness and attention, might vie with the back settlements of Kentucky Americans. Indeed, they seldom raise any pretensions to accommodations above what some miserable stable will afford; the kitchens look as filthy and wretched as those who inhabit them; and generally for your company at table, you have your choice between a hog, an ass, a monk, or a mule. We found the bedsteads hardly so inviting as a good truss of clean straw; we could not get half enough to eat, unless we chose to fall in with the inveterate national taste for oil and garlic. As to buying any thing within ten leagues, it was now altogether out of the question. We met numbers of unwieldy carriages drawn by oxen, scarcely any by mules; and we could see nothing in the shape of mails or coaches, if you except the common diligences, or *coches de coleras*, on their route from the capital to the frontiers, and towards Portugal. Yet spite of its grave, insulated appearance, and its slow progress in the march of mind, we must not forget that Estremadura has produced many distinguished characters, to say nothing of great captains, no less celebrated for their real or imaginary exploits. In point of literary merit, we may mention Gaspard de Melo; Francesco del Suz, a learned lawyer; the historian De Vargas; Juan de Arayon; the poet Decianus; Antonio de Vera y Zuninga; Brozas; Bejara; and the painter Morales. It

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of continual ups and downs, easier than some others we have experienced, we had the satisfaction of reaching Santa Maria del Arroyo.

Had Spain only time to breathe, to recover from ages of suffering and calamities, she has no want of villages for her population and resources for her revenue. Within a short distance, we traversed those of Poveda, Amavida, Muraña, Nuñez, and Guareña; and towering above all, on a height of the chain of mountains, rose the convent — of the Augustins, we believe; and this disposition being almost invariably the case in Spain, we saw no reason to tremble, under whatever changes, for her religion. To the right we saw the villages of Prado Segura, Narros, La Torre, and Lacha, with the hamlet of Salobralejo, near Santa Maria, both the last of which are appendages of Muño-Galindo. The road from Santa Maria del Arrojo to Avila, lies through a spacious plain. Here again to the right, in a cheerful productive valley, were comprised not less than ten pretty hamlets; the names of which, however, are rather too hard to be pronounced pleasantly by any other than the natives' lips.

From the confines of Old Castile we next directed our steps along the wooded mountain range, till we reached the pleasant neighbourhood of Placencia. It is so far aptly named, if we might judge from our impression of the mildness of the air, the amenity of the site, its lovely Vega, its valleys, and radiant sky. Yet it has been well remarked, that upon entering Estremadura the traveller should arm himself with

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walls of La Roma Chica, as the people dignify their ancient Salamanca. Nearly twenty miles from the pleasant neighbourhood of Alva, we came to Piedra Hita, over a rougher district of mountains, intersected with narrow ravines and passes, and still covered with large patches of oak. We passed a number of villages—Rodrigo, Valdecarros, Orrajo, Avarillo, Collado, and Malpartido; and a little further on visited the celebrated hermitage called Our Lady of Val de Ximena, in which, however, we saw nothing miraculous. As we advanced, we could perceive some of those wild broken passes which give such fatal advantages to guerilla warfare; among others, those of the Baños, Bejar, Arenas, and Del Pico.

At Piedra Hita we saw another noble palace, built by the Duke of Alva, very pleasingly embellished, surrounded by gardens and a delightful and fertile district. Convents, and the ruins of convents, lay rather profusely around us; the reign of Ceres and Flora appeared to be fast superseding that of the priests; the southern sites abounded with vine, and fruits and grain loaded the plains, giving a rich, gay aspect to the country. Yet not more than a hundred and fifty families reside in a town so agreeably situated at the foot, and on southern acclivities of the mountain. Another hour's ride brought us to Las Casas del Puerto, also situated on an eminence, and encompassed with trees and fruits still more abundantly. Through this charming wooded country we proceeded more quietly towards Villa Toro; we found the pass less abrupt than we expected, and after a few leagues

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the beholder's eye. The excessive heat of the high grounds was tempered by a cover of evergreen oaks, which towards noon afforded a refreshing shade, and we enjoyed our cold collation and a short siesta with all the zest of one of those parties of pleasure described, in his exquisite little novel of *Los Gitanos*, by the inimitable Cervantes. We then resumed our way towards Alva, where the old castle and estates of that name were already visible from another eminence almost a league in extent, and which brought us to the village of Calvarrasa. Pressing briskly forward, like heroes newly awake, under the fire of a tremendous sun, we soon left to our right the quiet hamlets of Cabrajosa and Penilla, and on the other hand those of Santa Maria, Cabrerizos, and Oteros, without deigning to stop at any of them, so valorous waxed our mules after their mountain repast.

And so we entered Alva de Tormes, on the side of a pleasant hill, over a handsome bridge of twenty-six arches, for the river runs close to the walls. We thought of the amusing adventures of Mendoza's hero in the novel, rather than the grand dukedom to which it gives its name, bestowed by Henry of Castile on the famous house of Alvarez some four centuries ago. In the centre stands the castle of that terrible Alva, the scourge of the Low Countries in the days of Philip II., and the apartments he is said to have occupied were pointed out to us. From its commanding and delightful situation, this venerable edifice well deserves to give its name to the country through which winds the Tormes, bathing its tribute towns till it reaches the

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CHAPTER III.

SALAMANCA TO COMPOSTELLA.

Take Leave of Salamanca—Siesta in the Style of Cervantes—Variety of Spanish Villages—Alva de Tormes—Its Duke and Palaces — Pleasant Prospects — Wooded and Mountainous Country—Arrive at Placencia—Travelling in Estremadura—Distinguished Characters—Famous Bishops—Rich Cathedrals—Poor Choristers—Church of the Dominicans—Military Anecdotes — Campaigns of the Great Duke — A Spanish General—Grand Review—Anecdote of a French General—Talavera—San Jago de Compostella—Ancient and Modern Clergy—Grand Military Orders—Law Suits—Adventures of a Dean—Public Edifices—Pilgrims—Anecdotes of the Galicians.

LEAVING the antique abode of piety and pedants by the gate of the Tormes, we crossed that river over the fine Roman bridge, with its twenty-seven arches, extending a length of some five hundred feet. The country before and around us looked smiling, beautiful, and teeming with fertility. The day, magnificently bright and clear, reflected the deep purple of a southern sky, without speck, upon hill and stream; and as we passed the gentle acclivity of mountains beyond, the city, rising like an amphitheatre, the river bathing its walls and sparkling along its green Vega, shone through the transparent atmosphere bright and picturesque, as if close under

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good rector's mules, were far more to our taste than poring over old manuscripts, or taking up the cudgels in favour either of Christinos or Carlists. Some of the Latin disputations of the scholars were quite enough for us without those of the cut-throat factions, which, like Doctor Sangrado, seemed to think blood-letting the only grand recipe for saving the patient; yet the only disputations we really relished were such as the wicked young urchins provoked, when out of hall, with the mendicant groupes about them, perplexing them with hard Latin words, and at last, when all looked promising, treating them to a new jest instead of an old *cuarto*. Sometimes, however, they met with their match and more; for there was an old, lame, blind, decrepid, antediluvian-looking *genius*, as he turned out, who not content with putting their Latin to the blush, (for he had been a priest as well as a soldier,) aimed a chance blow with one of his crutches, guided only by the sound, and hit the speaker smartly on his impudent pate, exclaiming, "Nulla fides fronti!" to the infinite amusement of the beholders.

But our friend the German, and fellow-passengers of almost every nation besides, with four sleek and saucy mules, full of all the asinine obstinacy without a cross of patience in their composition, are waiting for the author outside the walls; and they might have waited a good while, had not the old bellman, passing by, rung a peal in his ears, which told him the hour was come when he must bid a reluctant adieu to Salamanca.

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evidence, was any thing but grave and dull, affording us a continual succession of sights. During holy week we had a magnificent procession of the *Corpus Christi*, in which the military and civil authorities joined the people, preceded by a splendid tabernacle, bands of sacred music, colleges, schools, trades, and public charities, all decked out in their varied and picturesque costume. The old nobility and the new merchants, both pretty numerous here, were almost the only spectators, and by their simple but rich dress and grave air, seemed to be thinking more of the times than of Latin jokes and disputations, or of monkish professors and church ceremonials, of which little more than the pageant remained.

In our progress through the town we observed marks of the fearful siege, only less terrible than the battle-ground without. By praising Spanish valour and patriotism, we earned the good opinion of all ranks, and caught glimpses of private life and character more interesting than all the treasures of the university, its libraries, its famous bull against book-thieves, worthy the consideration of the British Museum, and its lectures in the old style to empty benches, which might almost vie with the splendid church oratory of the famed Friar Gerund. Our introductions to various individuals, lay and clerical, were another source of amusement; dining with the prebends and doctors of Salamanca, joining the students in their rambles about the Zerguen, the vale, and a thousand picturesque spots in which the vicinity abounds, and evening races with the

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Drawn by David Roberts, from a sketch by Richard Ford, Esq.

Engraved by J.T. Willmore.

SALAMANCA.

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hoary old thief with a bandaged leg, who so closely resembled one of the descriptions of the latter author, as to make me greatly doubt his claims to originality. If the great square, the archway opening towards Zamora, and the columns of the Cid were the favourite resort of these public pensioners, the open area within the arcade exhibited a very different sort of personages, and no less important in their own eyes. You see parties from the country, on horse and foot, some entering, others passing out; graziers, butchers, labourers returning from market to their farms; donkeys, mules, and oxen laden with vegetables, coals, and water; numbers of women gossiping, knitting, or spinning in the sun, trimming each other's hair, or their young urchins'; and others singing as they bear huge jars upon their heads.

All this, with little excursions to the vale and river Zerguen, to observe the point of view in which the English artist had long before sketched this antique city, as it appears in the preceding plate, helped to keep us awake, for the sun made a siesta at almost any hour in the day exceedingly inviting. Would we had only space to commemorate half the whimsical varieties and interesting scenes we saw! Among these were our reception by the students, the hospitality of the excellent doctors, the learned father's address at the installation, the robing and procession in state, the rector's banquet, and the curious contrast between the high collegiate hospitality and the lean appearance of some of the poorer scholars. Salamanca, in short, as our journal bears

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hire. If an individual refuse to give up his balcony, it is either taken possession of by the alcalde, or it is forcibly blocked up, so as not to permit the owner to catch a sight of the glorious exhibition without paying for it.

But whatever may be the heroic character of the bulls, the fame of the noble students, lounging in their thread-bare gowns, smoking or wrangling like so many roisterous idlers, we could not say so much for the beauty of the ladies. Whether the rust of antiquity have fallen on their brilliancy of wit, so extolled in the old novelists, or the dust of the books dimmed that exceeding lustre of their eyes; or, perhaps, those long Latin words, driven *vi et armis* into the pates of their young protégées, banished their smiles, and given a twist both to eyes and lips, it is certain we met very few women with charms to vie with the *loves and graces* of the south. Still they were a great resource in time of Lent to the lean, shabby students, and to the groupes of ingenious mendicants by whom you are invariably besieged in your walks through Salamanca. They surpass even the gipsies, belong decidedly to a profession at once amusing and lucrative, which has furnished Cervantes and his contemporaries with some of their happiest pictures, and by their continual exhibition of well-assumed infirmities and incessant appeals to the saints, take care to keep up the idea of mortality and piety. They lay close siege to the charity of all ranks, especially the survivors of the old school. We saw several not unworthy of figuring in the pages of Quevedo or Mendoza; in particular, a

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and English girl fell at the side of a husband or a lover; and, often fighting single-handed, friends braved death in every form to rescue some dear and beloved head.

On our return we strolled along the Paseo, the general resort of the studious, the fashionable, and the idle of all classes. The Plaza Mayor, which serves also for the exchange, was thronged up to the very corners, along the dull heavy line of buildings, the open galleries, and range of piazzas below. The shops in them, of every kind, were brilliantly set out. It was holy festival; the watermen were hastening with their jars to the fountain, and the passing muleteers,—for one of the roads intersects this vast and noble square,—refreshed their jaded animals from the same source, humanely enough directed into a large drinking trough. Over each column, supporting some hundred arches with three rows of balconies, figures the head of a Spanish knight or sovereign, deprived of their noses and otherwise defaced by the vandalism of the French, who showed as little respect for the effigies of heroes as for the authority of modern priests and kings. In the same spot is held the Ayuntamento, the seat of municipal government, and the bull-feast; and Salamanca may pride itself on the tameness of its town-counsellors, and the noble fierceness of its bulls. The annual concourse of visitors is said to be immense. The formation of the arena is an event which produces scarcely less sensation than a revolution itself. They tear up the pavement, take possession of the balconies, and let out every available place to

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went through their evolutions, on the whole, with uncommon éclat: a few, to be sure, scratched their heads hard for an answer, as if applying to the colonial department as a last resource. So at least we conjectured, from the sort of prompting held out by a very pretty young woman to a little boy at her elbow, much like a lawyer's leading question to a client: "Say it right and loud, Juan my delight, and you shall have a nice *combing* when we get home;" but spoken in a whisper, lest it might excite emulation in the rest. The examination of the older students was not half so entertaining, and Aristotle with his dialectics, and Tomaso de Aquinas with his theologics, had small attraction to such as had witnessed our own college-hall days, and the distribution of prizes at our London universities.

Our next subject was, to visit our great captain's field of fame, honourable like every battle fought by Englishmen under a fine leader, in the neighbourhood of Salamanca. It amused us exceedingly to compare Lord Londonderry's account with the scene of action, and with other historians of the war. From all we heard, the incidents of this single conflict would furnish ground for twenty admirable novels, full of strange and touching events, romantic adventure, of wild and hurried partings, fatal prognostics, dreams, woman's noble heartedness and devotion. It was the most abundant of any during the Peninsular war in marvels of the kind. Several dogs followed their masters into the field, and were found either dead or guarding the dead bodies; more than one Spanish

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to the court, and, as we see in Gil Blas, drew the resources for their political and amorous intrigues at the expense of the people? It was just as it is in Ireland; and while the wealthy proprietors held aloof, it was in vain patriotic societies, the encouragement of manufactures, of draining and opening new colonies, were suggested by enlightened individuals.

We went in the evening to be present at an examination of children in the church, and of students in the famous college of the Jesuits, now called San Marcos. The ecclesiastics, in their dark cloaks, long hats, and round cheeks, curiously contrasting with the long faces of rows of catechists drawn out before the altar under the influence of their parents or guardians, proceeded with singular pleasure to administer the spiritual medicine so much disliked by little urchins of every class. It was evidently no fear of being refused absolution that kept them steady to their duty, but the more tangible and wholesome dread of discipline at home, a whole tribe of relatives having their eyes upon them; and some very pretty creatures there were, who with birchen charms, terrible to all but us, had brought the young Christian recruits to stand fire. Catechism, that word so strangely obnoxious to juvenile ears, a sufficient proof of the young rogues' original sin, was here the word of command; and spite of the solemn character of the service, it was impossible always to keep one's own countenance at the ludicrous distortions of visage, and more amusing replies, following the sharp, rapid queries of the priests. Like soldiers on parade, they

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rating the choir with his frescoes; while his evenings were spent in writing lives of his most distinguished compatriots, and giving lectures on the subjects upon which he wrote and painted. But the painter and his works were alike gone; instead of which, we were shown innumerable relics, by which we were kindly invited to benefit by touching with our rosaries, our pious guide never supposing that we could come unprovided with that symbol of Christian hope and truth. On our observing, however, that every knee was bent at the exhibition of them, we made up for our other deficiencies by doing the same; an obeisance due, I think, to the spirit of piety wherever we find it, without reference to symbols or relics of any kind. Among others, we were shown the Bible of the famous antipope Benedict XIII., born in Spain, and deposed by the council of Constance. We were requested not to confound him with a pope of the same name, who belonged to the order of the Dominicans, and who was the true pope. We could not but smile at the national self-complacency that dictated the remark; but thus it is, as Molière wittily observes, with countries as with individuals; " Vous êtes orfévre, M. Josse:" each is the real Simon Pure.

The gate of the Augustins is richly decorated and imposing; it faces the castle of the Duke of Alva, whose family estates lie in the neighbourhood. War now produces the same effect that absenteeism once did: how happy would not the present lords of the soil think themselves, to be permitted to occupy those castles and estates from which the old grandees flew

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abound in historical and other associations. Here was debated the grand question—a curious one for the sages and doctors of Salamanca—as to the existence of another world, at least in the western hemisphere, when the great Columbus was referred by the royal council to the wisdom of St. Dominick for the reception of his new theory; which accordingly pronounced that it was all moonshine, that the great discoverer had lapsed into a dangerous and egregious error.

On our way to the ancient edifice of San Bartolomeo, one of those massy religious edifices so abundant here as in all Spain, we met several religious processions, for it was holy week, among which the free schools, and those of the trades more especially interested us. They exhibited a strange and motley variety, only uniform in being headed by their masters—friars, pedagogues, preachers, bearing a crucifix and singing psalms with a profound knowledge and compass of nasal intonations which must surprise any heretical ear with a sense of its *deficiencies*. The college of San Bartolomeo, though ponderous, possesses a façade and a principal court at once imposing and handsome; it contains a library rich in manuscripts. Distinguished scholars, the erudite Alphonso Tostado among others, whose genius made him a proverb with his countrymen, owe their fame to this *alma mater*, which we took leave of to see the façade of the Augustins and the church of San Marcos. Associated with literature and the arts, it was in the former that Palomino employed his genius in deco-

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that faith, which the ambition of bad spiritual rulers, the corruptions of kings and pontiffs, had attempted to hurl from the rock upon which the Redeemer had built the glorious truths of our spiritual regeneration. There was an earnestness and depth of devotion expressed in every movement and feature, among every class of persons, which offered, to me at least, a painful contrast to what I had beheld in the Protestant places of worship in other lands. I had beheld the pure Lutheran, the Genevese, the rites of the English, Scotch, and Irish churches, with every shade of variety and dissent, but by none was I equally impressed; for in the Catholic, while all was done for the beauty, grandeur, and awe-exciting power of the passing service, there was an absence of that personal display, those little attempts at worldly appearance, that form and coldness,—or far worse, that idle, listless trifling, or vain and flirting manner, too often observable during worship in the predominant religion of most countries.

The effect is not diminished on passing into the cloisters: the court and double galleries, columns and gothic arches full of grace and majesty; groupes of lovely devotees, not less impassioned from the devotion with which they yield themselves to religious influences; the young Dominicans retiring from the altars and extinguishing their silver lamps, as they veiled the shrine from general view; the richly decorated appearance of the chantry, with its singularly dressed ministers in full costume, were altogether novel and picturesque. Nor does the place less

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the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages. The Aristotelean philosophy long held a high rank in the branches of ancient learning; and, more modern than the university, the great colleges, the libraries, the church of the Dominicans, and numerous other foundations, completely identify this antique city with the triumphs of genius, learning, and the muses.

We visited also the convent of St. Dominick, at once beautiful and magnificent; the deep religious seclusion, the silence, the dim unearthly light, the awful truths which burst upon the mind when, once freed from all worldly thraldom, you contemplate during the solemn rites the sad and weeping Virgin, the Saviour borne from the cross, the martyrdom of the holy, the wise, and good, looking in that calm grandeur of the mind, of which the old Italian painters, the spirit of Buonarotti and of Raffael, could alone form a just and majestic idea. Though none of us Catholics, we were deeply impressed with the character of the whole scene, and the solemnity of the service. Religion ever appears most attractive and interesting in the young, the lovely, and high-minded. The association of women with infidelity of any kind, is revolting to the mind of man. We could not behold the youth and beauty of this ancient seat of European learning, changed as were the times, kneeling at the altar of their Creator, bending in humility and Christian love before the confessional, joining in the solemn anthems which rung through the lofty spreading aisles, without a feeling of deep sympathy, and admiration of the pure doctrines of

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figure among the rest. One of the most conspicuous of the public edifices is the cathedral, a stupendous specimen of the modern gothic, but executed in no good taste. Though erected in the Augustan age of the arts in Italy, it would be pronounced a huge, ill-assorted, and unmeaning pile, instead of exciting the mistaken admiration of travellers, were it not for the boldness of its nave, the splendour and elaborate ornament of its decorations, assisted by gorgeous show and the pomp of its public worship. But the effect of the interior view, the broad-spreading aisles, the profuse and exquisitely finished ornaments, the deep sombre light, the loud thrilling music of its admirable choir, especially during the holy week, leave you little wish to criticise its exterior beauty, or the want of exact symmetry in its parts. It is still a magnificent structure, not unworthy this ancient seat of learning and the arts. But we no longer wonder at the poet Petrarch's complaint, that philosophy "went poor and barefoot," * when we learn that, besides the wealth of this immense edifice, Salamanca supported twenty-seven parish churches, twenty-five convents for men, and fourteen for females. The university continued in high repute till the reign of Philip III., drawing throngs of students from Spain and Portugal, from France, Italy, England, and even Spanish America. It is otherwise now; but it will give some idea of its former celebrity to state, that agreeably to the authority given it by the council of Castile, it possessed sixty-one professorships, and a college for

* "Povera ed ignuda va filosofia."

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the sudden vision of spires and domes which announces the city of studious renown. Some half of the road we traversed was of the same barren description,—pastures known by the term of *valdios*, and far more frequently met with than the deep bright verdure of other lands. Numerous herds were feeding in the adjacent fields, and among them were those champions of the ring which supply the arena of the great towns and cities for leagues around. Many who have seen them goaded into terrific fury by their cruel assailants, would suppose these fine animals were naturally vindictive and ferocious, and are surprised to behold them quiet and gentle as the sheep themselves. They would seem only fierce and desperate in self-defence, and what animal is not? Men, it has been justly remarked, do not always wait for these powerful motives ere they delight in seeing the agonies of an irritated bull, or the fury of the tiger.

The entrance to Salamanca is very different to the view of it at a distance. Mean, narrow, and half-deserted streets give to it as gloomy an air as most cities; and it is not till you reach the more modern square, so pleasing from its light and regular style of architecture, that the impression is removed. It is adorned with balconies in equal rows, which follow each other without interruption. On the foot pavement there are ninety arcades. In various intervals between the arches, appear medallions of the Spaniards who have most distinguished themselves; and, to say nothing of the sovereigns of Castile, Bernardo del Carpio, Gonzalvo de Cordova, and Fernando Cortez

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neighbouring towns, as we saw them,—and not in their working attire. They shine to most advantage in their religious solemnities, when the front of the churches illuminated, plenty of bonfires and musicians, and whole nights devoted to the dance, they play their castanets, accompanied by the pandero, with all the zeal and madness of the old Bacchanalian revels.

To return to Huerta: we observed nothing remarkable, if we except our treatment at the inn, which afforded us scanty fare and nothing of the best. One might have thought our young hostess was at open war with the governor's placard, which formally prescribed the manner in which she was to treat her customers, the price she was to charge for their lodging, the entertainment of their cattle and their servants. She was forbidden, under penalty of the alcalde's displeasure, to "keep either pigs or poultry, to allow any forbidden games to be played, or to receive armed men, or women of a loose description." One need hardly be surprised that, with municipal regulations resembling these, the inns of Spain, like its trade and commerce, should "fall into the sear and yellow leaf;" and though not quite so bad at the present period, both the traveller and the merchant may well sigh for the times gone by, or for the promised regeneration that is to come.

We had scarcely quitted Huerta, before the towers of Salamanca appeared in view. Rather picturesquely situated upon the banks of the Tormes, the effect at a certain distance is rendered more striking from the contrast between the wild, naked country around, and

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occasion to remark, as we advanced, that ever-varying disposition of the people so peculiar in Spain, and drawing a marked line in the character, manners, customs, and dress of different provinces. The men of Leon appeared more grave and taciturn than the Castilians themselves, to whom they were once more closely united. Those in the mountains, and round Astorga, retain the old national costume as exactly as their forefathers, and we met numbers of the Maure-gatos with their huge pyramidal hats, a kind of ruff round the neck, short close coat, wide breeches, and spatterdashes. The women wore the same large ear-rings, a sort of turban, flat and widened like a hat, their hair parted on the forehead, as described by the old chroniclers. They had the kerchief closed over the breast, and a brown corset buttoned, with large sleeves opening behind. Their petticoats and veils were of the same colour. As an ornament to the whole, they wore immense coral necklaces, which reached to their knees; but they twist them round the neck, pass them again over the shoulder, where, fastened in a row, they form a kind of bandage over the bosom. Another row below this, and a third and fourth at some distance, falling over the knee with a large cross on the right side, surely completes the charm. Not yet; for the ornaments and chaplets are themselves decorated with a number of little silver medals, bearing the images of their favourite saints.

It is only on state occasions, however, they make so dazzling and imposing an appearance,—or when hastening to some wedding, or public festival in the

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ners brought against them in this district, was complaisant to a degree of obsequiousness and readily added to our stock of provisions.

In our progress we came to a flat, well-pastured tract, where we saw many herds grazing at large, some of them being of the kind altogether destitute of horns. Our surprise, however, was not so great as that of Dr. Johnson's, when in returning from the Hebrides he first saw some oxen similarly deprived of their crowning honours, and no longer treating it as a joke of the antients, exclaimed with Tacitus, speaking of the the Germans, "Ne armentis quidem suus honos, aut gloria frontis." But though thus esteemed an ornament by the Romans, such is known to be the more suspicious Spaniard's aversion to the mere sign, that in beckoning to him you must be careful not to hold up your finger, but to point downwards, so as to avoid even the appearance of imputation upon his honour. In regard to the cattle, with or without horns, it is the custom, we were told, to farm out the grazing land upon the simple condition of the proprietor receiving the fourth portion of the produce, the cultivators engaging to take the entire expenses upon themselves. A few instances of successful industry arising out of this plan, acting as a bounty upon skill and prudence, are known and marvelled at in the neighbourhood, being rarer than in most countries, hardly excepting Ireland itself.

Leaving Peñaranda, we passed by the wretched little village of Ventosa, situated on an eminence, and soon after reached the town of Huerta. We had

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ruins are strewn around, part of which have assisted in the construction of the mean, meagre, modern buildings which surround them. The inhabitants, however, have great confidence in what may yet be done for them by a miraculous image of the Virgin. Without its tutelary care, they still believe that they should have fallen into much greater misfortunes; and whatever reason or philosophy may say, it was a sentiment which tended to make them resigned if not happy, and one it was none of our business to dispute. Rudely to tear the illusion from their hearts, without supplying some better compensatory doctrine, or mitigation of their condition, would be cruel in the extreme; like giving them good institutions, yet leaving them in the hands of stewards, treasurers, and alcaldes, thus keeping the word of promise to the ear while breaking it to the hope,—a system of government tending to legalize abuses rather than to correct them. The real owners of the estates often live at a distance. But we must not be ungrateful; and following the good example of the people here, remember that, whether owing to Our Lady's tutelary power or not, things, however bad we found them, might have been worse. With reference to our neat, commodious little inn, one of the best conducted and cleanest in the province, this sentiment was peculiarly well timed; for without any thing of the elegancies or luxuries of polite life, it supplied us wherewithal to rest and go away content. The landlord, as if determined to excel all his contemporaries, and remove every ground for the charge of ill-man-

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and the general penury, which truly enough, as says the old song, "Eat the priest, and eat all the people." In some places, indeed, we were reminded of Coleridge's singular account of his Satanic majesty's drive to inspect his dominions, so successfully had some of his agents — war, famine, fire, and discord — fulfilled the objects of their mission.

The same features, a beautiful and fertile country, with noble plains half cultivated and impoverished, met us on our road from Arevalo to Peñaranda. Idle and indigent from long habit and misgovernment, the peasantry, undoubtedly related to those of our sister island, have no idea of matters beyond the strict rule of necessity, and repudiate all efforts in favour of comforts or conveniences, as strange and forbidden to the children of unrequited toil and sorrow. Cut off from all sympathy with luxuries or elegancies they never share, they do not dream of appealing to the feelings of their superiors, though often assisted by those participating in, or little removed above, their own lot. They seldom think of availing themselves of the great facilities which modern improvement in the neighbouring roads, bridges, and canals has presented to them, borne down as they are by levies, taxes, and the want of commercial intercourse; while, if they venture beyond certain bounds, they may subject themselves to the tender mercies of the enemy.

In itself, Peñaranda is a pleasant little town; though, like so many we meet every where, it exhibits but the wreck of what it once was. Some fine architectural

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lorn, abandoned condition of the remaining population —old men, women, and children. Wild and parched, the district, far and wide, seemed bereft alike of water and of verdure; neither cottages nor country houses, trees nor vineyards were to be seen, only here and there vast tracts of wheat ground, promising a scanty harvest. The heat was extreme. In time, however, we reached the friendly shade of a fir wood, and being a little refreshed, again entered upon the uniform and naked tract. The effects of the civil contest, every way so lamentable, were visible even here. The whole country up to the gates of Arevalo had before abounded in fruits and grain; the people, however oppressed and indolent, were surrounded with comparative plenty, and, like all Spaniards, contented themselves with the reflection that theirs had once been a place of considerable importance. Its massive gate conducted us to a bridge, the solidity of which had long braved alike the ravages of torrents and the assaults of time. So good an opportunity of recording their rare national energy was not lost upon the citizens, and it consequently bears one of those solemn inscriptions so much beloved, informing all passers by that the industrious "Communes for a hundred leagues around had contributed towards its completion." Yet in the interior of the town you may see, not without surprise and disgust, numbers of beautiful antique columns supporting a huge heap of barracks and half-tumbling balconies in the modern fashion. Not even the clergy have contrived to preserve their wealth against the double tide of popular innovation

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description in a former volume. Another view, however, and one no less striking and interesting from its general character, if we may form a comparison, and differing in the point of view as well as in its other features, has sufficient beauty, besides novelty, to recommend itself to the taste and to the eye of the traveller. Still there are very ample and curious details relating to this ancient city and its vicissitudes yet unexhausted, had we as much time as inclination to dwell further on the subject. But we have whole kingdoms yet to encounter; for, thanks to the old Spanish divisions, most of the states were broken into kingdoms, as those of Leon, Aragon, Valencia, and a hundred others; a tour through any of which, at the present moment, ought rather to be considered an eventful campaign, than a mere excursion of pleasure.

So bidding farewell to the Segovian weavers* and sheep-shearers, we pursued our way towards Santa Maria de Nieva, a village with nearly as many houses as inhabitants, (most of them having become soldiers or freebooters,) and boasting the happy privilege of having two bull-fights in the year, one which irresistibly attracts throngs of amateurs, the rank and rabble of the neighbourhood. From the eminence on which it rests, the prospect of a fine country opened round us, and I was strongly reminded of the touching description of *The Deserted Village*, in the for-

* From an amusing comedy entitled *The Weaver of Segovia*, by Don Juan de Alarcon, it would seem this famous wool district had furnished the raw material for the Spanish poet, as well as the merchant.

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...mer volume. Another view, ... less ...ing and ...esting from ... of ... new ... ...rson, ... the ... as well as ... other ... ...y, ..., ..., to ... ... of the ... Still ... are very ... ... relati... ... ... studies ... exhausted, ... dwell furth... ... ...



Drawn by David Roberts from a Sketch by Lieut.t Eldridge 2.d the Royal Artillery. Engraved by James B. Allen.

SEGOVIA.

London Published Dec.r 28. 1837 by Robert Jennings & C.o Cheapside

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quickly pursuing our route, we leave it to the more lively imaginations of all contemporary admirers of the old French style.

Taking leave of La Granja and St. Ildefonso, we next approached the Valsin, a small river, over which you pass by a stone bridge. The country before us presented a tract of land covered at intervals with oaks irregularly planted, and of the smallest size. Passing the village of Pellejeros, we entered on a wide and naked common, where not a single tree or shrub refreshes the eye, although here and there several straggling villages, almost hidden from view by the continual inequalities of the soil, show that, however uncultivated, it is not for want of a population that might labour if it would. But the people are content with what pasture nature provides for their flocks, which in the shearing season are annually conducted hither from neighbouring parts, and rude sheds are erected at different spots for the convenience of a process considered of so much importance, and made a time of pleasure as well as business in the sheep districts of Spain.

Some miles before reaching Segovia, we had to plunge rather abruptly into one of those ravines so often met with, lying between two deep valleys, presenting wild or picturesque views; and in little more than two hours, we had finished our ride from the beautiful Granja to Segovia. Of this finely situated and once flourishing town, its monuments, and in particular that of its grand aqueduct—the work of the Romans, it may perhaps be remembered we have given some

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bosomed in verdure, at the foot of some pleasant hills, which extend as far as the plain of Xarama: it was the favourite residence of the justly celebrated Ximenes, and in its church repose the remains of the poet Juan de Mena. A monastic structure and a nunnery, with delightful prospects, vineyards, and gardens, add to the picturesque character of the spot, and though the splendour of a court and palace lay before us, we proceeded onwards with regret.

La Granja, where the young queen now was, deriving its appellation from the word *grange*, or farm, as with most country palaces, was once simply a community of religious Jeronimites from Segovia. The fifth Philip first purchased, and converted it into a royal retreat. The palace, with its embellishments, gardens, groves, fountains, statues, and sculptures, were all the work of French artists, and under a Bourbon dynasty no expense was spared. The corridors and chambers of the upper stories are enriched with paintings by the best masters, the lower with various monuments of antiquity. But the description of palaces, parterres, and the superb wonders they contain, the gods and goddesses, Naiads and Zephyrs, Cupids playing with swans, and all those allegorical glories; the Tagus and the Guadiana, quaintly seated on marble steps, overlooking Fame, Magnificence, Asia, Europe, Spring, besides Dryads followed by setting-dogs, and shepherds caressing kids,—no longer, alas! wins the applause of tourists which it once did. We mercifully forbear enforcing the ancient penalty inflicted upon the hapless readers of other times, and

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rivulet which has its source near the hamlet of San Augustino, we ascended the mountain and refreshed ourselves at the village of Molar, so well known to the physicians of Madrid, and also their patients, for some excellent mineral qualities,—the Bath or Cheltenham of the neighbouring capital. Soon we diverged into green quiet paths, through a little tract smiling with comparative plenty. All looked calm, lovely, and picturesque, just as if no fratricidal war were raging, making lonely the hearths and devastating the fields of brothers, and countrymen, and friends; meeting, instead of the old festivals and sports, in the death-struggle of hateful passions, goaded on by a reckless ambition, with which, to look at their once happy homes, their rich luxuriant vales, they ought to feel no sympathy. Such thoughts forced themselves on the mind as we approached the quiet rivulet of Malacuera, its banks clothed with shrubs and trees, and stopped at the lonely little Torrelaguna. As we sat, we could see the opening in the valley through the small mountains which form its enclosure, and caught a distant glimpse of the village, or as it is more generally called, the ancient kingdom of the *Patones*, (it was here we missed the antiquary,) from whence the eye may almost travel on to the pleasant neighbourhood of Granja.

But what shall vie with the delicious repose of Torrelaguna, and its calm sequestered beauty, after just escaping the tumult, the riotous gaiety, all the strife and suffering of a great capital? It lies em-

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and La Granja—the scene of so many recent strange events, but already visited in a former tour—on our way to Segovia and Salamanca. A beautiful day, early in the autumn, just beginning to clothe the country in warmer and deeper tints, shone auspiciously on us; we bade a kind leave to the friends who had so hospitably sought to make our brief stay a pleasant one, and in my friend's carriage, with four handsome lively mules, a gay muleteer in his best trim, and an escort of light troops just setting out for the seat of war, we must have appeared to more than usual advantage. As we passed by, every thing wore a calm and cheering aspect. The Prado, in its most brilliant colours and trim set out, was preparing for a grand review, to be followed by a bull-fight and a holy procession; the people of fashion, and no fashion, were thronging in, and with the crowds of countrymen, children, and women passing the gates, did not tend to expedite our arrival at Salamanca.

We sadly missed the company of our excellent host, the antiquary, both at Granja and St. Ildefonso; for though we took the most varied and amusing of the two roads, rougher as it was, it was also in places uniform and tedious. We traversed an uninteresting naked tract, almost till we reached Alcobendas and beyond Fuencarral, a small town more celebrated for its growth of turnips, vines, and good Muscadine wine, than for its poor inhabitants. We crossed a picturesque little mountain planted with oaks, and came to a plain watered by the Xarama, with its banks frequently dotted with villages. After crossing a

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could we bear to describe the impression produced on the mind, as we passed in front of the receptacles assigned to the female prisoners. The contrast between these and the worst portion of the men, was singularly strange and affecting. The sudden change from the desperate character of the former to the deep silence and resignation of the latter, fell dark and chill upon the senses. With the exception of the very lowest grade, some convicts from the class called *manolas*, who seemed scarcely less degraded than the men, there was a depth of sadness, a "suffering silent and intense," apparent in the whole expression,—the relaxed muscles, the pallid sunken features, the attitudes of woe mingled with sighs or tears, instead of the fierce, stern bearing of the men, which showed the marked sexual difference that distinguished the sufferings of these unhappy beings. One there was, who was said to have been the innocent cause of her son's death, a deserter, who in disguise had sought refuge in his mother's house; her scream of recognition was heard by the city guard in passing by; he was seized and shot as a Carlist spy, the mother imprisoned for *harbouring an enemy*. Instances of the kind, especially arising out of the war, are almost innumerable. We hurried through the remaining wards as fast as we could, and on once more meeting the free untainted air and the bright glad sky, we felt a relief as great as that of some survivors on quitting a field of battle strewn with the dying and the dead.

As time passed, we thought, not without pleasure, of resuming our route; and we took St. Ildefonso

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best of its moral poets might well say, that with all its faults he "loved it still."

We shall not attempt to draw a yet darker picture of that lower range of subterranean dungeons, in which malefactors of a more fearful and terrific stamp presented objects of unmitigated horror, wretchedness, and woe. Stern, wild maledictions, imprecations, and blasphemies rung through the far recesses of these dread abodes, till, in the words of the divine Dante, the "very air seemed struck with horror;" for here was the midnight assassin, the child-slayer, the incestuous, the murderer of his own kin, the violator, the traitor, the perjured and betrayer of innocence and honour, all of whom were hourly and daily awaiting the mandate of their doom. It was impossible to study the strange, varied expression of these living monuments of reckless and guilty passions, without a chilly feeling pervading the whole frame; and we question whether Lavater himself, or the boldest of phrenologists, could long together have supported the process of presenting to the world the exterior frame,* animated by demons, if one might form any idea from the sights and sounds which revolted every feeling of the soul. Still less

* As a proof that this opinion is not wholly unfounded, many incidents of a dark and fatal complexion might be adduced. Not the least singular, perhaps, is that of the Italian artist, who having to paint the figure of a Satan, in his endeavours to embody the evil passions so far succeeded, that startled at the result, his imagination became disordered, the figure was ever before him, waking or asleep, and he paid to his genius the bitter penalty of the loss of his reason.

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A yet greater object of compassion: a father involved in the delinquency of an only favourite son, who, brought up too indulgently, had fallen a victim to the arts of more bold and desperate companions, and from the crime of gambling had come to that of acting the spy and betraying his country. He had been executed, and the wretched parent, though a captive—wholly free, he declared, from participation in his son's guilt—instead of bemoaning his own misfortune, incessantly reproached himself as the fatal cause of all that had happened, by his want of due care in directing the education of an only child. Seldom had we seen distraction or grief so poignant without actual insanity, and there was every sign of its fast hastening—perhaps to his relief. At other times, we were told, instead of lamenting aloud, he would sit hours and days absorbed in silence, dead to every external impulse whatever. We speak of the world, and of the human suffering in it; but it would seem as if there were a world set apart for the fated and unfortunate, with which no other had any concern. He who would form a true estimate of human happiness, should visit the prisons and hospitals of other lands; he should not draw his inferences from what he may have seen only in a country like England, of which the

Islands, where they found plenty of every thing but knives. Though friendless and unarmed, they quarrelled; and having contrived at length to borrow two old razors from the natives, they fastened them to the end of two sticks, and with this novel weapon began to slash away at one another, till the more lucky should ingeniously manage to give the deciding stroke upon the jugular vein.

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Among the rest were several of high birth, principally confined upon the ground of supposed or real political offences. It was most melancholy to observe young persons, and even boys, belonging to the better class thus unfortunately compromised in the conflict of hateful passions, engendered among families at all periods of a disputed succession, and of which they were probably not the only innocent victims. Some instances excited our deep commiseration. The son of a noble, with another youth denounced for conspiring against the young queen, besides the father of one of them, with two grandees, partisans of Don Carlos, all doubtless accustomed to the elegances and refinements of life, were in a condition little better than the common herd. A gentle youth, with a very amiable expression of countenance, was there for having by accident, he said, killed his school-fellow at play. A young soldier declared he had been accused of Carlism by a man who had robbed him of his wife; another raved against the seducer of his daughter whom he had slain; a third was paying the penalty of having stabbed *his friend* in a duel with knives,* in a dispute about some infamous *maja* or courtesan, on whom he now vented bitter imprecations as the source of all his misfortunes, and the murderer of one dearer to him than a brother.

* This ingenious mode of settling an affair, where other weapons are wanting, is of no rare occurrence among the lower classes,—sometimes not confined to the latter. Of this a curious instance is related in an old book of voyages and travels, which shows how inveterately the custom must have prevailed at one time. Two Spaniards were shipwrecked on one of the Fortunate

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buried alive, as it were, in these subterranean horrors. As we passed along the silent corridors, the grating of the doors as they were opened one by one, sounded harshly upon the ear; the wretched tenants roused by the noise, some of them rose up, the various moods and passions by which they were actuated wildly depicted on their wan or care-worn features. On others were shown curiosity, surprise, even a passing ray of hope; but when they were told by the gaoler it was merely a visit of inspection, not of charity or relief, or change—itself a boon, they resumed the exact attitude and expression they had before done. Most, however, sat or stood perfectly listless and unmoved; several, rudely awoke from sleep, gazed strangely around them, and in not a few, flashes of anger, the smile of scorn, disturbed the countenance, or vented themselves in the angry word and the curled lip. Many, on the other hand, evinced an extreme desire to interest us in their behalf, to stop and hear their tale of misery; in which case, they assured us, it only required a petition to procure their immediate release. They seemed to regard the face of a stranger and dwell upon his words with delight, as if gladdened by the mere voice and looks of one at liberty, while they cast reproachful glances at the gaoler, who hurried us away. The heavy sigh, the louder lament, or the fierce malediction, as the doors successively closed, told us at once the various dispositions or conflicting passions by which they sought to preserve even the shadow of intercourse with the world from which they were cut off.

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fight are known to have been applied to the same generous purpose; nor do the nobly born and beautiful among them refuse their aid and consolation to unhappy captives, and the wretched of all degrees, whether in public institutions or affording them out-door relief. They are of the few, the truly excellent, who, indeed, from the queen to the peasant, when gifted with that rare nobility of heart which transcends all other worth,

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

Thus, on our visit to the Carcel de Corte, we were kindly attended by the relatives of those Spanish friends we had met on our arrival, and under the safe conduct of the antiquary, whose hospitality and attentions were unbounded, we were introduced by the governor into the large area surrounding a court-yard. The immense edifice, connected by long galleries along the different stories, accommodated an extraordinary number of inmates, as various in point of rank and degree, as in character and mode of treatment. Far the greater portion we found confined in the wretched cells of the prisons below, only less revolting than those of the Inquisition; affording a melancholy proof of the degradation of past governments, and of the inability of their successors as yet, to reform so great a public evil by some wiser and more humane plan. The distinction made between different classes is carried too far; it is both cruel and unjust that, while those assisted by relatives or friends can by small gratuities obtain tolerable quarters, the mass of unfortunates should be almost

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and again the striking alarum of the bassoon,—the signal for the general chorus of the procession, the sound of the drums from different quarters beating the *rappel*, with the evening exhibitions of all kinds, are barely sufficient to keep this portion of Spanish society from dropping into the still greater oblivion of a confirmed trance. But the number, we were rejoiced to perceive, seemed fast diminishing with the growth of new institutions, favourable to calling forth the inert energies of the Castilian character. Among others, we visited the Conservatory of Music, founded by the queen regent, and devoted to the benevolent object of bestowing the best education upon young people possessing decided musical talents, but who have no means at their own disposal. Nor is it confined to music, generously embracing higher objects and the cultivation of moral worth, no less than the power of pleasing, the graces and accomplishments of refined life. It is as well conducted as it was beneficently established; and to extend its influence, its fair founder is said to give weekly entertainments during the winter months to the nobility and leading members of society, with a view to ensure its permanent support. Several fine actresses have owed their celebrity to this excellent institute, and it continues to flourish.

Carnivals and masses tread fast on the heels of each other at Madrid. The ladies, especially, turn both to public advantage, by supporting numerous charities through the proceeds of both; while a portion they devote to poor debtors and to the different prisons. Even the profits arising from a bull-

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Again at the daily parade, or observing the continual change of people, of town and country, and of every profession, passing the Gate of the Sun, we had ample time to note those popular peculiarities, in all ranks, no where more significant than in the capitals of Southern Europe. Muleteers and peasantry from different directions, with supplies of travellers for the inns,—corn, vegetables, and meat for the markets, strings of rude wooden carts laden with charcoal, and drawn by oxen or asses, kept the place in a continual din. Parties of idlers, gossips, poor students, broken-down hidalgos, were there basking in the warm rays; and often, like the gipsies and mendicants, taking a malignant pleasure in revenging themselves upon their ill stars, by enjoying and sneering at the mishaps of the poor beasts or their drivers as they ascend the market-place. Towards the middle of the day, when these moiling mortals have done with it, the Gate of the Sun appears thronged with the fashion and gentility; and military sparks, devotees, and dandies usurp the place of the poor boors and bare anatomies of cows and donkeys.

An hour or two thus got over, a laborious process to the unemployed and indolent of the capital, the Prado and a dinner, if there be any, offer the next resource. But they return to enjoy the sun's last bright beams in the evening; and then, fortunately for them, the long-expected close of the day arrives, and with it the tinkling of the bell and the vesper song, breaking the silence and the dulness of their lot. Its suddenness, its contrast with the ensuing pause,

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dearment, in which the Spanish vocabulary so much abounds, were only heard, and many a speedy *au revoir* was sealed by tender looks or pressure of hands. The sound of gay equipages came more rapidly on the ear; the beauty, the fashion, the glory of the scene (those faded, smoke-dried specimens of pure Castilian before mentioned) alike disappeared; the under secretaries, revenue dealers, and Jews, hired diligences; and more poor adventurous walkers, students *et hoc genus omne*, wrapping their cloaks round them, and mounting their sugar-loaf hats, availed themselves of that "refulgent lamp" the moon—the cheapest substitute for gas or torch, to reach their domiciles.

The next morning we went to a splendid review of the royal guard in the Plaza Mayor; and being a saint's day—for which almost is not,—we then repaired, in honour of San Blas, to hear high mass at the church of San Isidro. At every corner we saw those little chapels, the depositaries of holy relics, where the people stop to offer up their devotion *en passant*, especially on a day like this. On our return from the church, we took a stroll along the Prado, now as gay and brilliant as ever, and paid another visit to the Royal Museum, which amused us till dinner time. In the frequent visitors, we had an opportunity of witnessing great variety of Spanish, or rather Madrid character, of the middle and higher order; and it gratified us to observe a marked improvement in the tone and feeling of society, as well here as in other public places, from the period of our last visit.

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the lordlier sex, especially of the more exclusive caste, whose jealousy of patrician blood had not added to their height or portliness, or any thing else. Weary at length with promenading, dancing, cards, and fashionable scandal, the whole company, as if by a hint from the goddess, broke up into hundreds of little groupes, studying lively sallies and repartees as they elbowed their way towards the supper-room. Here was room indeed for gallantry and a good deal of humorous recognition, as the fair *masquées* began to display their real features amidst that vivacious wit and those pretty surprises, in which ladies of the south are so much at home on these occasions.

It is impossible to give an idea of the miniature Babel, the confusion of tongues that now ensued. German, French, Castilian, Russian, with every variety of dialect—languages known or unknown, helped to swell the chorus of the feast; the most delicate wines and liqueurs were in perpetual motion; mountains of sweets, citadels of sugar, regions of ice were successively attacked and demolished, till the hilarity reached its height; and far from dispersing, as I supposed, they returned to *keep up the ball*, footing it with increased zest and animation; card-playing, betting, match-making, scandalizing and being scandalized, envying their neighbours' goods—namely, their beauty and their dresses, long after the morn of the approaching festival shone upon the orgies of the night. The lamps began to grow dim, sentiment took the place of vivacity, louder voices and the general hubbub died away; whispers, words of en-

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subjects to enter once more the mazes of the fairy dance. It was kept up with a spirit and vivacity on both sides, which looked as if the fair ones of Madrid were resolved to outvie the provinces, and to pay up with interest all instalments fallen due in the absence of their partners, while engaged in the late strange tumultuous scenes of political strife.

If the beauty of the women at all equalled the grace and enchantment of their motions, and the exquisite contour of some of their figures; if the sweetness of their dispositions might compete with that of their smiles, the sparkling of their fancy with that of their eyes, or the prettiness of their manners with that of their small fine-shaped foot, it would be as impossible to sum up the whole charm of a true Castilian beauty, as it were vain to resist it. To judge at least by the general impression, when the young Countess de L—— first unmasked, it seemed to throw a spell over us all, such as could arise only from that variety of combined charms, realizing all that the most lavish, or the most poetical or lover-like imagination could picture. On the other hand, the rich *embonpoint* of most of the elder ladies afforded almost an amusing contrast to the small sylph-like figures and delicate beauty we have described. In not a few of these matrons of the higher class, this good condition bordered on *the immense*; there was something truly substantial in their claims to passing notice, and it was plain that they possessed considerable weight in the society in which they moved. It was thrown also into bolder relief by the very spare, often diminutive persons of

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examine their respective merits, or to award the palm to the enraged Lady of the Chestnuts, or to the Nun, would carry us too far; we quietly cut short our criticisms, and adjourned to the saloon of Santa Catalina, for there must still be a saint, where the scene of the masquerade itself is in question. The promenade, the dancing-hall, and the restaurants, each filled with the gay, the greedy, or the fashionable, in every variety of costume, were brilliantly lighted up. Many families of rank, but few of wealth, the faded hidalgo, the rising merchant, the vain majo—a sort of dandy, with a sprinkling of aristocracy, "like angel visits, few and far between," under secretaries, revenue farmers, their ladies and their daughters, all tricked out in their peculiar masks and dresses, threw a novel and picturesque air round the revels of the night.

The presiding goddess, a figure dedicated to mirth, exhibited the names of the dances, gallopades, waltzes, mazourkas, or quadrilles, as regularly as a set of toasts at a public dinner, instead of their being referred to the sovereign pleasure of her votaries, as with us. The ladies of Madrid assumed the garb and manners of the provinces, playing the part of Andalusians, Valencians, or Asturians,—young flower-girls, old nurses, market-women, fruit-venders, with wonderful tact; while the fair provincials,—Toledans and neighbouring belles, disguised their real character by showing up the no less amusing peculiarities of the capital. At each fresh display of a new figure by the mirthful goddess, fresh bursts of music, in a thousand tender or lively airs, challenged the whole of her loyal

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the visitors, having partaken of their host's table to their hearts' content, fell to pillaging the remnants, sweets and all,—assisted too by the ladies, because here they might live on a true epicurean philosophy by doing nothing at all. It is a convenient doctrine adapted to all ranks; the poor Spaniard shows that he understands it almost as well as the rich. See him at home with his black bread and garlic, and in his holiday-dress when the village-revels have once begun to the song and the guitar; at a saint's feast, or a bull-feast; a Sunday wake or a week-day fair; you think you see two different beings: and so it is in higher circles, but which is the philosopher would puzzle even a Spanish saint to tell. But a truce to philosophy! and as we are here, I agree with you that we ought to turn our time to some good account. Shall we visit the museum, the prisons, the churches, the academy?"

> "Or list but to the voice that calls
> To plays, to concerts, and to balls?"

was the reply. "I am sure a little of the *dulce* mixed with your eternal *utile* will do us both good. Let that miserable wrinkled old fellow, business, wait; come; the theatre or the masquerade? Say both!"

It was done; and we repaired from the inn of the Holy Ghost, for Spaniards are very careful to keep religion ever before the eye and the ear, to the theatre of the Cross. Comedy was the order of the night; and to *La Mogigata*, a sort of female hypocrite of Moratin's, there succeeded *The Enraged Chestnut Women*, both of them not a little national, and still more laughable and ludicrous, in their way. But to

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Granja. "Besides," he added, "your idea of pressing on at once for Leon, Aragon, Catalonia, and Valencia,—a wild Carlist expedition after all, because, forsooth, you have to *describe* them; and your idea of not enjoying any pleasure in this glorious capital because you have already *described* it, are about equally wise and logical. Indeed, my good friend, instead of making your duty a pleasure, like me, you seem to make even pleasure a duty—you are pleased only by compulsion, all which comes of your over-scrupulous, conscientious oddities, as when you nearly broke your neck mounting the top of that crazy old tower at Xeres, when you might have seen all you wanted from the walls. With you English, I think, it is all duty-work—that dray-horse, yoked fast to business, business,—money, money, as if you owned no lord and master but Mammon; and let him drive you to death with double stripes of anxiety, toil, and pain. Why, my friend, the Spaniard—even the Spanish peasant, is a philosopher compared with you. He sets you a noble example; he is not such a fool as to run the wine of life out for others, and put up with the mere lees. Listen to such philosophy, like the fine young fellow who refused to go an errand for me, say what I would, because he had that morning, he said, earned more already than would last him for the whole day, without putting himself to any farther trouble. How I honour him!"

"On the same principle," I replied, humouring my friend's argument, "you must admire the custom we saw so amusingly illustrated the other evening, when

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a bull-fight or an execution, are taken as matters of equal importance and ordinary occurrence, without ruffling the natural serenity and dignity of the national mind. "From grave to gay, from tender to severe," there is but one step; and the political horizon, which frowned black and louring upon our entrance, grew clear and serene; the Cortez was no longer in a state of siege, the national guard shook hands with the garrison, the queen with the constitution, and the new ministers, just as if the war were at the Antipodes, set to work with the steadiness and gravity of Dutch statesmen. The people as quickly resumed their old avocations, and, instead of the palace and the government, laid siege only to the public walks and theatres. You every where met pleasant and happy faces, threats and maledictions turned to loyal shouts and plaudits, and military conflicts, assassinations, and executions, with the same rapid transition, to encounters of the wits, popular sports, the gay fandango, the saints' processions, and the favourite bull-fight.

To me, all this was as unexpected as it was delightful; for in my first alarm I had thought of getting out of the capital as soon as I could, a step from which I was only diverted by the amusing arguments of my companion, the German artist. He effectually rallied me out of my doubts and misgivings; observing, with mock gravity, that supposing the worst, and that the whole city rose against us, we had still a chance for our lives by taking sanctuary at the British embassy, or with the beautiful regent at La

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CHAPTER II.

MADRID TO SALAMANCA.

Madrid—Threatening Appearances—Spanish Characteristics—Warm-blooded People—Cold-blooded Statesmen—Conversations by the Way—Philosophy—Comedy and Masquerade—Visits—Various Modes of banishing Ennui—State Prisons—Anecdotes—Terrific and touching Scenes—Leave Madrid—St. Ildefonso—La Granja—Quit Segovia—Sheep-shearers and Comedians—Fertile Country—Consolatory Reflections—Huerta—Catholic Service—Young Dominicans—Learned Doctors—Columbus—Salamanca—Neighbourhood—Battle—Students—Mendicants—Excursions—Vale and River.

We had little time at Madrid, on our second visit, to look about us. From the appearance of every thing on our arrival, I thought we had got into a "very pretty considerable scrape," as our transatlantic friends feelingly express it; or to speak more poetically, "embarked upon a sea of troubles." But nothing of the kind; we were neither *égorgés*, as the French so shockingly *will* call it, nor yet eaten up alive. And I must say, that if Spain is one of the most pleasant, and by far one of the most romantic countries you can travel in, Spaniards are the most amusing, singular people in all the world. They are like no other, ever in extremes; their whole picture lights and shadows, they have no idea of middle tints. With them a review or a revolt, a festival or a revolution,

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Irish; yet they now barely support their name. Navarre, Biscay, and the fine province of Aragon had each a general institution of the kind; but it is consolatory to reflect, that along with their power of administering to the wants of the necessitous, the sick, the hurt, and the aged, many of those abuses which had crept in, have in a great measure disappeared. At Madrid, the women are still received at that of Our Lady of the Peace; orphans of distinguished birth at St. Elizabeth; orphans of all classes at St. Ildefonso; and, almost to the other day, priests of all nations in the hospital of St. Peter. There is even one, that of St. Catherine de los Donados, endowed as an asylum for twelve decayed gentlemen, hidalgos we presume of the old school, too old to commence life again.

We have not yet done. There is a hospital of the court of St. Ferdinand, established by Queen Mary of Austria, in which they taught the indigent, the maimed, the blind, with poor children, some light useful trade, or found them employment. Nor, in better times, were the associations of benevolence for specific purposes in less active operation, especially those of the female nobility, to rescue from degradation, from prison, from suffering of any kind, the wretched and the fallen of their own sex. We saw several women of high birth, the young, the beautiful, besides those of societies and the sisters of charity, engaged in good and pious works, which do honour to human nature and to the Spanish character.

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on which the one at Madrid was conducted, went to obviate many serious objections. Approaching more nearly the Hospicio we had in view, our kind conductor proceeded to describe the general hospital for men, a spacious edifice which was rebuilt about twenty or twenty-five years ago. It is situated close to the gate of Atocha, one of the chief gates of the city, but on the outside, just at the entrance of the public walk of Las Delicias. The general hospital is intended for the accommodation of the men, that of the Passion for the women; and they receive both men and women in that of Anton Marin, formerly maintained by the monks of charity. Besides these, the parish of St. Martin has an excellent hospital for its own poor, and the third order of St. Francis an infirmary,—both now considerably modified in regard to their object and uses. The court, also, has been at the expense of another hospital, aptly entitled *Good Success*, for the sick or infirm members and subordinate officers in the royal establishment. There is one more, which we did not visit, and of which we need say little however useful in its way, called San Juan de Dios; but how entitled to the appellation, even the antiquary himself could give us no idea.

The different provinces and leading cities of Spain, he also assured us, were well supplied with similar excellent foundations, till the ravages and exactions of the war broke down the public spirit and resources. They still exist, but almost wholly deprived of the power of conferring relief. For example, there is one for the French, another for the Italians, a third for the

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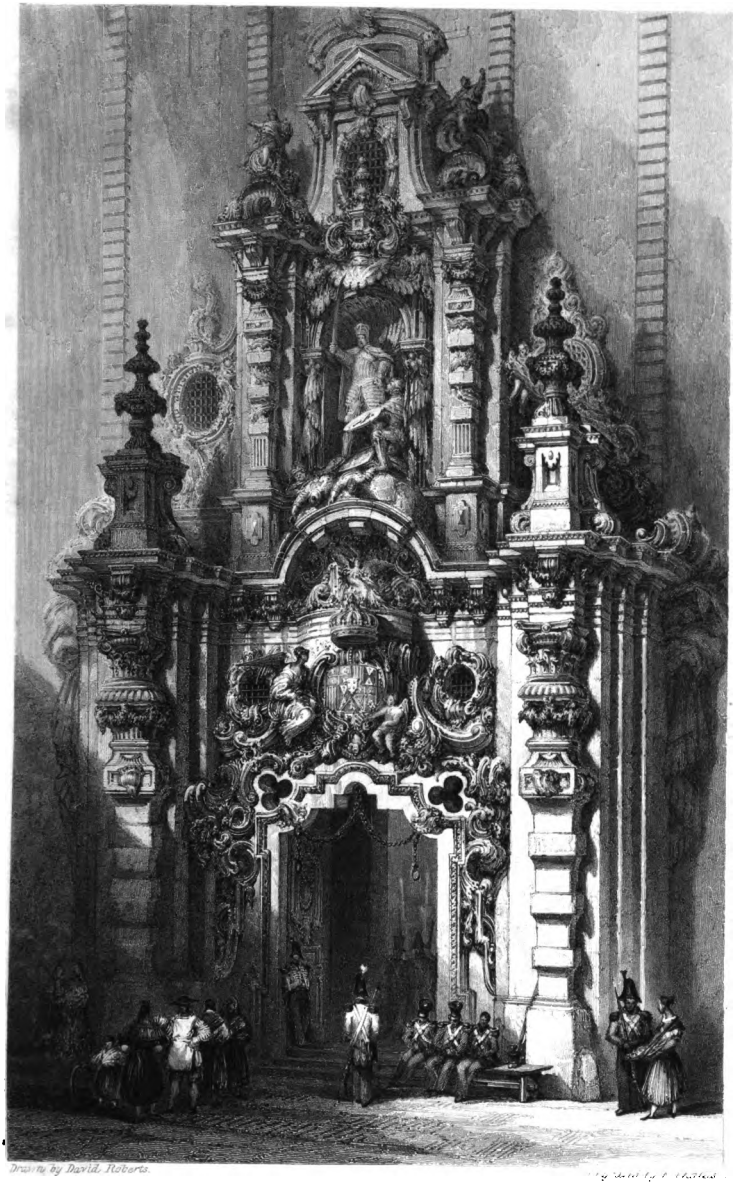

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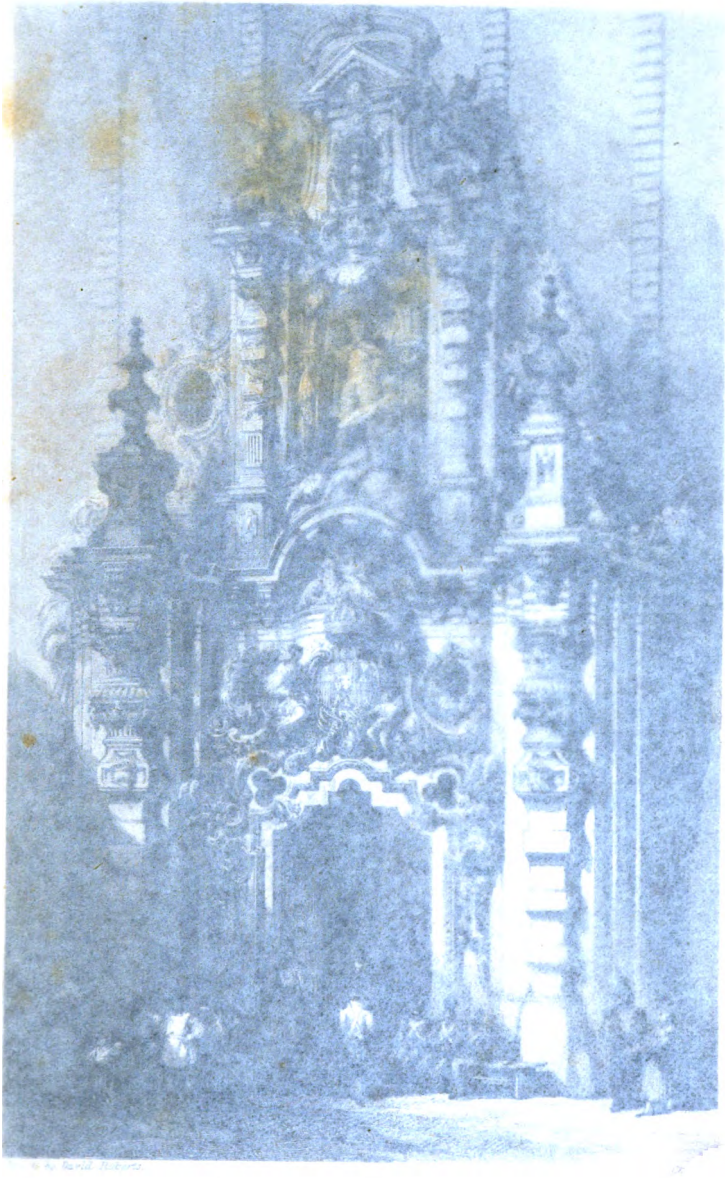

GATE OF THE HOSPICIO, MADRID.

London, Published Oct 28 1837 by Robert Jennings & Co 6 Cheapside

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cimens and the old coins, with his really rare collection in almost every branch of science, we set out to inspect the different hospitals, very prudently under the doctor's protection. Of the entrance to one of these, the gate of the Hospicio, our friend the artist had taken his sketch, while passing some months in examining the various styles of architecture observable in the capital and in other parts, during an interesting tour through Spain and Morocco some three years before us. The enthusiasm with which he pursued his studies will be evident in the character and the execution of his subjects, and the taste shown in the selection of the accompanying one.

In the patronage of art, in the number of its public and private collections, in its learned and other valuable institutions, there were few modern cities, till the present unhappy times, that could vie with this brilliant capital. Its monuments of beneficence and charity even surpassed the laudable support it gave to the useful, no less than to the liberal arts. Some of the charitable foundations might be held out as examples of imitation to other countries. The noble institution for the redemption of captives, so admirably supported, was followed by others scarcely less comprehensive and important. The funds of two fraternities were wholly devoted to the aid of the unfortunate; a loan society directed its efforts to place paupers in situations to earn their own livelihood, and in which it expended not less than six hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds. Little, perhaps, is to be said in favour of foundling hospitals; but the improved plan

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England, whence he had sailed to America,—met with a great variety of adventures,—and, brave and noble as he was excellent and enlightened, had surmounted all difficulties, and now found himself restored to and honoured in his native land. In the exuberance of his heart he threw his arms round me, would have pressed me closely to his breast and kissed both my cheeks,* (as he had done in an access of gratitude on our parting in England,) to the no small envy, I dare say, of the lovely Leonora, to whom I laughingly proposed to transfer these proofs of old acquaintance, while I cordially shook him by the hand. We were all too happy to heed the progress of political, or of any other events; and we all—antiquary, student, and traveller, formed part of the escort to the mansion of Don Lopez, in the Puerta del Sol. Here I was invited to make a home during my brief sojourn at Madrid, but anxious to avail myself of the doctor's information respecting the localities, I excused myself on the ground of my previous engagement; and leaving them with their newly-restored happiness, we attended the antiquary to the inn. The crowds had meantime dispersed, and having recovered his antique treasures, he set us all down at his handsome and spacious mansion in the street of Alcalà.

The next day, having first reviewed the dried spe-

* A custom apparently derived from the east, and adopted by the Spaniards, as well as by other people not only of the south. Mr. Morier, in his beautiful novel of *Ayesha*, notices it in the following passage:—"He received Osmond in the kindest manner, took both his hands into his own, and kissed both sides of his cheeks."—iii. p. 7.

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no attempt to disguise their emotions; years had elapsed since they met,—years of exile, peril, and suffering. They were refugees, returned from their long political banishment under the former reign. They had been condemned to the mines, made their escape —pursued, hunted, from spot to spot; till, driven from the continent, they sought an asylum—never closed against the unhappy of any country. They had reached Madrid during the absence of those they loved, and were preparing to follow them when the unexpected encounter took place. The tender names and caresses they lavished on each other, and on the children, would have seemed strange in the streets of London or Amsterdam; but all who witnessed the scene here strongly sympathized in it; several stopped and offered to join us in opening a way for the ladies and children through the dense throng. "Yes; let us hasten," cried Don Lopez, a brother of one of the ladies. "But where is Garcia? he followed us." We looked round, and a very youthful-looking and remarkably handsome officer of the guards came up; and though she did not rush into his arms, the youngest and most beautiful of the sisters grew pale and red by turns, and seemed scarcely able to support herself with her brother's help. A suppressed joy irradiated their features as they distantly saluted each other, for it was clear they were only betrothed, or about to be betrothed; and such is etiquette in the south, that far from an embrace, the soldier did not venture to offer even his arm. We too recognised each other in a moment; I had known him well five years before in

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flash of weapons and the tramp of horse, as the resolute chief at the head of his staff rode among the national guards urging his commands, was fearfully exciting, not to say alarming, to a quiet party of travellers. Our inn, in the street of Alcalà, was difficult to reach, without a circuitous path, or facing the crowd; the young women, like maids of Saragossa, retained their composure admirably, but the elder took to their salts and beads. The doctor appeared the most uneasy, but said he trembled only for some ancient coins and dried specimens of plants that he had with him; he evidently did not relish the idea of adding to the number another specimen of antiquity. He insisted on getting out with the scholar and myself, and finding his own way to his own house, and he would send for his luggage to the inn. He had not before invited me, and I now attributed the offer he made of his house to the desire of strengthening his escort, rather than to his usual urbanity or love of hospitality. But as he had promised to accompany me to the hospitals of Madrid, respecting which I was curious to obtain information, I acceded to his proposal.

We alighted, and at the same time we observed two well-dressed men making their way through the crowd towards us, with three little boys whom they clasped firmly in their arms. They ran to the door of our vehicle; the ladies screamed, but it was a scream of delighted recognition, and two of the youngest and most pleasing of our party were the next moment in the embraces of a husband and a brother. There was

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zation of all one's dreams of the most perfect peace and silence earth could afford. Yet this land of spirits, the asylum of martyrs, of anchorites, and once of defeated chiefs or persecuted lovers, is in the neighbourhood of the capital,—remote yet near,—unvisited, solitary; but now at length inhabited by a peaceful race, who regard intruders in the light of invaders or madmen, who come to dispossess them of their 'old hereditary reign.' The Battuecas, however, are situated in the bishop's see of Soria, about eight leagues from Ciudad Rodrigo, and fourteen from Salamanca."

Madrid again presented itself to our view; we entered the noble gate of Toledo, but were surprised to find, instead of the ordinary bustle and animation of a capital, the great streets silent and deserted, the shops and inns mostly closed, and, as we advanced, to see the Plaza del Sol, the street of Alcalà, and the avenues to the palace thronged with troops. It was the day previous to the fall of the Isturitz ministry; disastrous accounts, we learnt, had been received from the north, and it was evident that some commotion was apprehended. The governor-general, Quesada, at the head of the regular troops, was attempting to quell the insubordination of the national guards, and to compel them to disperse the mass of people assembled round the Cortez, and appearing to threaten the barracks and the existence of the government. The sudden contrast between the stillness and desertion of the streets we had passed, the dense throngs, the beat to arms, the loud murmurs or louder cries, the

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the clergy, the people were at length indebted for a deliverance from this singular and superstitious delusion. He made a journey, in the face of all the world, into the haunted district, to the very centre and bottom of the valleys, determined to drag the demons, if he found any, before a special tribunal to try their right of possession. "I followed his example," said the doctor; "and between the good Father Feijoo and Doctor Hurtado, the surrounding districts were delivered from one of the most horrible inflictions that can degrade the human mind. Instead of a region of evil spirits, I found in the Battuecas two wild uncultivated valleys, scarcely a league in length, deep and narrow, and so enclosed on all sides as almost to intercept the rays of the summer sun. So far from seeing any fiends, such as you find in Quevedo, or troops of ghosts, I beheld only some remarkable groupes of rocks of singularly varied forms, a variety of curious trees, the pleasant windings of the rivers that water these deep and silent retreats, and an equally great variety of animals and birds that find an unvisited home in the wooded glens and natural excavations of the mountains.

It was before observed that the monks were seen going to and fro, and in one of the wild recesses I came upon a convent of barefooted Carmelites, whose cells are almost buried beneath overhanging precipices and the broad dark shadow of the trees. I had already made the tour of Europe, traversed the wastes of Africa, the wild hills and savannahs of America; but here, I thought, appeared to me the full reali-

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mote spots, still thought by the populace to be inhabited by a people wholly differing from themselves in species, as in language, religion, and manners. Of these unhallowed visitants, or rather spirits, the wildest reports got abroad; the neighbouring villages were disturbed by strange appearances in the night hour, and by extraordinary and unknown voices. The wayfarer, once within the range of these unexplored valleys, was heard of no more; the village-girls pursued their May-games and festivals at a respectable distance; the shepherds were cautious not to allow their flocks to stray within the fatal air and pasture; and all ranks of persons indeed, if we except the priests, who ventured to penetrate the valley's deepest recesses, coming and going at any hour, began to tremble at the idea that the Battuecas had become the region of a peculiar kind of demons. Numbers of people related incidents that had happened, or they dreamed had happened, to them; if a woman disappeared, or a child were lost, they had doubtless fallen victims to some charm or witchery of the Battuecas. The imagination of the Spaniards, especially the women, began to be affected by the strange belief; and two young lovers, persons in high life, who had flown from the lady's guardians, in hot pursuit, to its friendly shades, were perfectly safe, being given up by the disappointed relatives to the demons. The popular superstition soon found its way into plays and novels; and more than one chronicler gave its legends a fair space in his valuable collection. Moreri is among them. It was to one of

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they were only bulls; and they showed us the caverns in which they pretend that Pompey's sons sought refuge, and were put to death. No such thing; they afforded an asylum indeed, fourteen centuries later, to the martyrs of the order, and the monks relate their history at greater length than the chronicles of our kings, extol their austerities, and point out their very footsteps. It is no wonder, then, that the bulls of Guisando are familiar as household words in the mouths of the ignorant, and often applied in way of burlesque; but it is singular that a great scholar, like Cervantes, should adopt the popular error to satirize with more effect the extravagant courage of his hero. 'When I said, on my return,' are the words, 'that I had seen and touched these famous bulls, I was regarded as a most daring and extraordinary personage. The illusion soon vanished, when I had described the sort of enemies I had approached.'"

The doctor would have run on to the end of the journey, perhaps to the end of time, when we were relieved from farther alarm of the bulls and elephants by a happy question of the scholar of Alcalà respecting a still more strange, unexplored region than that of Guisando. This was the district of the *Battuecas*, of which Montesquieu makes mention in his *Persian Letters*, observing that the Spaniards possess whole provinces concerning which they know nothing at all. The old man was delighted; and, like a spoiled boy with a new hobby, he cast aside the bulls and elephants, in order to revel among the legends and ghost-stories which appertain to these dim re-

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"Bellum Cæsaris et patriæ ex magna parte confectum fuit; S. et CN. Pompeii, filiis hic in agro Bastetano profligatis;" repeated the antiquary in a deep sonorous voice: and another shorter one, "Exercitus victor, hostibus effusis."

"But with all deference for their antiquity," observed a young scholar on his way to Alcalà, "I think the elephants have the worst of it. All this is in favour of the Roman bulls, the *Toros de Guisando* as they are termed; and I believe the good monks are quite of the same opinion."—"The monks of to-day, perhaps," rejoined the offended antiquary. "If you will come to my house at Madrid, young sir, I will soon convince you I am right."—"With pleasure," replied the student. "Though in my poor college dress, my reverence for learning and learned men, for one who dared to throw down the gauntlet to academicians themselves, will not permit me to forego such an honour."—"Sir," said the antiquary, not a little pleased, "my house and all it contains are at your disposal."—"'Tis a pity," exclaimed one of the officers, "that the doctor and the monks cannot decide the question like Pope Gregory and the archbishop, who deputed a Roman and a Toledan bull to settle the affair between their holinesses by wager of battle."—"We must have a dozen bulls then, at least," continued the other, "to cope with the doctor's elephant."—"I know," resumed the doctor, without deigning to notice the observation of either, "I know that the good Hieronymites would have persuaded us that

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of the populace, called *majos* and *majas*, and great favourites of the stage, suddenly appearing, re-inspired them with courage: they were hastening to a saint's festival in their most dashing attire, and great was the admiration and the envy they elicited from every female tongue.

As we drew nearer to our destination, the loquacity of the venerable doctor, having once started, con tinued to dwell with singular complacency on t curiosities and antiquities most interesting in vicinity of the capital. From the little tov Olias to the gate of Toledo, he continued to e by expounding the names, age, and traditior places, with all their founders and successors which we passed. He then promised to e all we had not seen; he described to u gusto the *Casa del Campo*,—the anci house of Spanish monarchs; its ple across the Mançanares; its shady tures, and a statue of that good-r Philip III; Villa Viciosa, anothe San Fernando, once so celebrated f and most wonderful which puzzl

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antiquary with great self-complacency, "and ancient chroniclers bear me out, that these pretended bulls are elephants, placed, observe, to attest the passage of the Carthaginians; who, I can prove, left similar rude effigies in other parts of Spain. Bulls or elephants, indeed! Some men of the academy impugned my discovery; but after a sharp controversy of seven years, I completely upset them by a challenge."—"A challenge!" exclaimed one of the officers, "and did you fight the elephant against the bull?" The antiquary smiled. "A challenge," he continued, "to accompany me, señor, with three arbitrators, greater lovers of truth than the academicians, to investigate the question upon the spot. Well, sir, in an old vineyard close to the convent of Guisando,—the monks knew how to take care of the vineyard then, we found four famous blocks of hard stone—not granite, observe, yet as hard as granite, huge and shapeless to appearance, but in which I could plainly trace the shape of the Carthaginian elephant. My learned coadjutors looked on them as a sort of *lusus naturæ;* but I could see the design of the sculptor, though his chisel was somewhat blunted by the file of time. There were no horns, and my companions could see no proboscis; and though I pointed out to them the mark of the ears, they were inclined to leave the question undecided. So I conducted them to the old monastery that overhangs the spot; and there, upon a plate, I interpreted to them the Latin inscription,— the same engraved upon the flanks of the elephants, almost obliterated by age.

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of the populace, called *majos* and *majas*, and great favourites of the stage, suddenly appearing, re-inspired them with courage: they were hastening to a saint's festival in their most dashing attire, and great was the admiration and the envy they elicited from every female tongue.

As we drew nearer to our destination, the loquacity of the venerable doctor, having once started, continued to dwell with singular complacency on the curiosities and antiquities most interesting in the vicinity of the capital. From the little town of Olias to the gate of Toledo, he continued to edify us by expounding the names, age, and traditions of the places, with all their founders and successors, through which we passed. He then promised to escort us to all we had not seen; he described to us with great gusto the *Casa del Campo*,—the ancient pleasure-house of Spanish monarchs; its pleasant distance across the Mançanares; its shady walks, fine pictures, and a statue of that good-natured monarch, Philip III; Villa Viciosa, another royal residence; San Fernando, once so celebrated for its manufactures; and most wonderful of all, that grand monument which puzzled all antiquarians till his time, known as the *Toros de Guisando*. Situated midway in a ridge of broken precipices is a convent of Hieronymites, near which, according to tradition, the sons of Pompey were defeated by Cæsar's legions, who sacrificed one hundred bulls in honour of their victory, and raised a monument of four, cut in stone, to mark the spot. "But it is my opinion," said the curious

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influence and numbers. Thence entering Germany, France, and Spain, they gave out that they were going on a pilgrimage to expiate the crimes of their ancestors, to whom it was imputed by some that they had deserted the Christian faith; by others that they had refused an asylum to the Virgin Mary, when she fled into Egypt. Insensibly they began to reinforce their ranks with the idle and criminal of all countries, but still preserved their notoriety for palmistry, no less than for sorcery and every kind of crimes, among which was oddly enough included the knowing and speaking all the languages of Europe. Banished by the severity of the French laws, and in part from other countries, they made their home, like the Moors, in our southern provinces. There, leading a truly vagabond life, they trade upon a much smaller capital, deprived of their old reputation and respectability, visited chiefly by the ignorant or designing, glad to possess huts in the deep recesses of the woods or the sierras and dwindling into mere companies, worth as little as many others of the day, but putting a bold face on adverse times, (for Charles III. dealt them a heavy blow,) like those that went before them."

There was a mixture of drollery and philosophy in the observations of the antiquary which reminded us of his brother, the canon; but the women were so flustered and surprised by this terrible sketch of the *gitanos* in their old dress, that they vowed to the Holy Mother they would never again venture to have their fortunes told,—at least on this side marriage. But a party of fashionables, the ladies and gentlemen

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Isis," exclaimed the enthusiastic antiquary, "let loose to prey upon the imagination and fears of mankind, they exercised their sway unsparingly. They wielded the curse of blindness, disease, and madness—for superstition rendered belief a reality; and the holy ban of the supreme pontiff, feudal dominion over the body, and confiscation of goods, were each more tolerable than the entire prostration of the intellect, with a consequent acquiescence in all lesser evils as of trivial account. The most dreaded punishment which in the name of Isis they were supposed to inflict, was the Pelusian disorder, a kind of madness called the *tympany of Pelusium*, a place in Egypt whence we received those little statues which we see in museums, of which the body is disproportionably large and puffed out, meant—not to represent deities, but those troublesome demons by which the cursed of Isis by the lips of her votaries were supposed to be possessed. This was a very lucrative doctrine for the first hordes of gipsies that invaded the west; and instead of the produce of the garden or the barn-yard, they demanded ready money, and were resorted to by all ranks, at once terrified and eager to pry into the dread obscure of futurity. There," he continued, pointing to the miserable group, "you see the degenerate descendants of a race of sorcerers, whose evil eye, or whose touch, could infect with leprosy alike the body and the mind. In Bavaria, where they went by the name of Zegeiner, they more particularly established their reign of terror; and Aventin, the annalist, draws a fearful picture of their

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dits, smugglers, and gipsies,—and worse than all, the maintenance of armies, and the failing resources of the people, agriculture, commerce, even the ordinary avocations, with the charities and sympathies of social life, seemed to be fast disappearing. Such was the opinion of our fellow-traveller, a relative of the good canon at Toledo, who being a true antiquary in every sense of the word, expressed his alarm lest, with all other existing things, the ancient land-marks, the ruins, and even the sites of ruins, along with the church and the state, should be swallowed up by the earthquake of modern innovation, and finally perish.

So painfully did the learned doctor seem possessed with this one idea, that we could hardly smile at it. It was indeed a charity to lead him to enter on some other subject, which a picturesque group of *gitanos*, in a lonely spot on the road side, loosing their donkeys and preparing their tent for dinner, just then presented. Here was food, too, for the unhappy antiquary, and with that momentary smile of the Man with One Idea escaping from his persecutor—even a little while, he readily embraced the opportunity. He traced the origin and descent of this singular people, their migrations and strange irruption into every European land; and described the alarm their divining powers at first excited among different classes, and the ease with which they levied their despotic contributions. Simultaneous almost with witchcraft, their reign from the fourteenth century over the popular mind spread like an epidemic. "The priests of

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truants of his flock, scampering under the noses of the mules, they made a halt, which communicated a slight vibration to the coach, and a much more perceptible one to the fair speaker's voice. This was not all; for just entering the village of Cabanas, we encountered a herd of most unaccommodating swine, and, as if emulous of disputing the palm of obstinacy with the mules, heedless of voice and lash, they ran directly under the bellies of our leaders, almost upsetting them. Their hideous grunts quite banished the equanimity, at least, of our conductors, and off they set, cutting and flogging on all sides; our beasts, with ears erect and flying tails, driving part of the swinish multitude before them at full gallop, to the no small wonder and dismay of the astonished villagers, and confusion of passers by. But the stiff-necked beasts, having an instinctive knowledge of the best inns, took care to stop at the right place; and having put in, to use a sea phrase, and repaired, we as quickly resumed our route towards the capital, through the miserable-looking villages of Yuncas, Illescas, to the Venta of Torrejon. Every place we passed afforded opportunities for the display of female eloquence, with the exception of the duenna-like elder, who since the affair of the pigs sat quite mute and defenceless.

We had here a fertile theme in the wretchedness and penury caused by the war, — half-depopulated towns, devastated fields, groupes of mendicants or villagers from the frontiers, seeking shelter or support by a life of wandering. Between Carlists, ban-

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plural number, the name of each was preluded with a shower of compliments; and we could only gather the Christian appellation of the parties by the ladies addressing each other; as "you, Camilla; you, Leonela; you, Penelope; and you, my poor Lucretia; my dear Margaret; silly Beatrice; naughty Inez!" and similar ejaculations. Love, war, and theatricals, and the relative merits of every thing French and English—always next, and inferior only to Spanish itself; the new ministers, their wives, their establishments, and, in particular, the amount of their patronage of the last fashions, with that of the foreign embassies—worth them all, were among the grand topics of the day.

As we descended the bold acclivity at a sharp hand-gallop into the plain and valley, the nerves of the elder lady, the companion of Castilian nobility, were somewhat shocked; she first took to her salts, and then to her beads as the pace increased, with brief apostrophes to the Virgin,—all with such an air of sanctity, so opposite to her former manner and conversation, as to excite an involuntary tittering. The change, when we reached the hill beyond us and began to toil safely up, was quite as sudden; the young officers, encouraged by the smiles of us all, were pleased to rally her unmercifully. She vowed that she had not the slightest fear; but it was a rule with her to say a few *aves* on every journey, however short, and she *happened* to be repeating them at that moment. Unluckily for her veracity, an old shepherd just then turned into the road in pursuit of some

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buttons, huge shoes, brass-pointed hat, besides a profusion of beads and ribbons, and a glaring red sash round the middle. Altogether, we had reason to be proud of our equipage and our escort, especially when I considered the style in which, twenty years before, I had traversed the hills of North Wales and the Scotch highlands, where the gentlemen of the whip could bear no comparison with the modern muleteers of Spain. Nor was our Spanish company by the way to be despised; for, unlike that of most people, it amused us with those national traits, more striking than any acting by the best comedians, on the road. We took up a party of merry Toledanas, hastening with a rich assortment of new fashions to be present at a masked ball at Madrid; two or three cousins of the young soldier's bride, our host's nieces, going to devote their talents to the cause of the French milliners, a cause they very appropriately declared was also that of the queen and the court; and as if to set off their youth and beauty, right opposite sat an antique-looking companion of a great countess, with the major-domo, both surviving specimens of the old school, whose portraits, except in the collection of entertaining novels and dramas, I had never thought to see. They were amazingly chatty, and also witty, if we might judge by the repeated exclamations of the young officers, whose affected attentions to the elder ladies, and obsequious air towards their companions, seemed to carry some ironical meaning, as if in ludicrous illustration of the gallant old times. Addressing them in the third person,

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the diligence that awaited us on the outskirts. The country neighbours, with their various products, were hastening from different by-roads to the Toledan market,—all alive, in their homely but characteristic fashion,—beguiling the way, like the muleteers, with some old national song, or some new satirical distich against the *facciosos*, as they term the enemy, to the full chorus of the rumbling carts, the screams of pigs and poultry, women and children, strings of donkeys, fish and water carriers,—all gifted with their peculiar language, and equally emulous of noisy fame. Many were the morning salutations, the *Ave Marias*, and "Go with the saints!" and "a whole neck!" that we received; the Catholics of our party as regularly to each *Ave Maria purissima!* replying with the *sin peccado concebida!* the favourite mode of welcome in arriving or departing—even knocking at a man's door, and with the people, indeed, on most occasions of life.

We found our vehicle—a spacious and lumbering concern, sufficient to carry double our number, well provided with mules and postilions, all looking as sharp, and sleek, and eager for the road, as if there had been no such animal as a Christino or a Carlist in the world. The vacant space was filled up with ample provender, and provision against accident in the shape of ropes, hooks, and drags, with a few stones to throw at an obstinate beast, should he turn restive; some provision also for our chief and his *zagal*, a tall, lean, wiry, Quixote-visaged genius, in the most fantastic style of dress,—velvet jerkin, brass

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decked out in their holiday attire—as far as the church, where we left the miller's son and the host's daughter in the hands of the good canon, who politely attended us to the outskirts of the town. On taking leave, amidst showers of benedictions, we were warmly recommended to the care of the Virgin and the favourite saints, those guardians of the road—so long at least as you avoid meeting any accident, in which case even Santa Barbara herself has to encounter the ire and indignation of her votaries. As we saw the merry party, with a large escort,—the miller and the host, with Andrew between them,—I could not help contrasting it with those processions for which, less than a century before, Toledo was so fearfully conspicuous; one of which took such a powerful effect upon the nerves of Gil Blas when, having reformed, he saw some of his old comrades garnished with St. Andrew's crosses, Sanbenitos, and painted caps, prepared to exhibit before the good people in an *auto-da-fe*. "Never," he says, "could I be thankful enough to God for having preserved me from the scapulary and high paper caps, like sugar-loaves, covered with flames and diabolical imps!"

The gay Vega once more lay before us, full blooming orchards and gardens far along the banks of the Tagus. We visited the royal manufactory of arms, and, strange contrast! the ancient site of the grand Roman amphitheatre. And again we crossed the bridge so picturesquely situated, with its wild rocky ramparts opposite, our whole party proceeding on foot to enjoy the surrounding views, ere we joined

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nant energies inherent in the heart of a fiend. It was then I first became sensible of the true nobleness, the truth and moral force, of a reply ascribed to the greatest commander of his age, when asked by some thoughtless creature whether "a great victory was not a very glorious thing?"—"One of the greatest calamities, next to a defeat, which can befall humanity!" an answer which evinces at once an enlightened and a magnanimous mind. It carries with it an additional strength, justness, and moral beauty from the lips of a great soldier, the more probably also truly ascribed to him, from his having made use of arguments founded upon the same excellent maxim in deciding the difficult question of Catholic emancipation. It subsequently recurred to me, with fuller and more convincing evidence, as we stood upon the plain of Talavera, upon our road to Placencia, and my companion, a relative of the canon and an old soldier, pointed out to me the different points where the conflict raged with the greatest fury. The earth in many places had scarcely yet sufficed to cover the thousand marks of devastation, and commingle with the bones and ashes of the dead. Such was the murderous and overwhelming fire of the French artillery, that out of nineteen thousand English engaged in that battle, upwards of four thousand were either killed or wounded, and among the latter several generals—Hill, Mackenzie, and Campbell, who were carried from the field.

The morning of our departure we had the pleasure of accompanying the happy bridal procession—all

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modern miracle, so happily wrought by a Spanish friar,—surpassing the exploits of Friar Gerund himself,—even against his will. Love, rejoicings, and preparations for the marriage, with the prospect of being dragged before the tribunal of the grand vicar instead of that of the Carlists, were now the prevailing topics, occasionally mixed with recollections of past perils and adventures, not the less feelingly dwelt upon from their marked contrast with the passing hours. We observed he was often moved even to tears when describing the fall of his comrades, his boyish companions, who had died in the open field, or satiated the vengeance of this sanguinary civil conflict.

In some of the many fierce encounters on the borders of New Castile, he witnessed more than one incident truly distressing, yet indeed of no rare occurrence,—the death of relatives by each other's hands in the rage of battle; and worse, that of witnessing their cold-blooded slaughter after the action. A father was shot by his own son, and himself fell mortally wounded; both were found lying near each other on the field of battle, and died struck with horror and remorse, feebly pronouncing those endearing terms, "My father!"—"My son! my son!" sounds he described as the most heart-rending that ever smote upon his ear. What a war! and what, indeed, is all war, but a series of continual horrors and miseries, susceptible of so little mitigation at the best, that to add fresh gall to the overflowing cup of bitterness, would seem to call for all the malig-

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was the effect produced by this well-merited chastisement, that it was judged inexpedient to pursue the work of slaughter on the spot; and among the survivors till another day was the son of the miller, who was marched back to his old quarters. So strangely fortunate as he had thus been, visions of escape began to float before Andrew's imagination; and it was then he first conceived the plan which he so successfully put in play. Not even a Christino soldier is consigned to death without the pious support of absolution at his last hour: one of the good fathers came to administer this cool comfort to poor Andrew, the night previous to the day when the men before respited were again to confront the horrors of such a doom. But Andrew had other business in hand; he was a lover, and Spanish love from time immemorial has been fertile in its expedients. After confessing his sins, receiving absolution and consolation, which served to encourage him, just as the good father rose to retire, the desperate lover seized, gagged, and stripped his confessor; and leaving him *bound over* to keep the peace, assumed his ghostly habiliments, and passed quite unsuspected through the guards, the Carlist camp, the military lines, the whole distance from Hernani—for who would stop a priest on a mission of peace and love? for such it was—till he reached the castle at Toledo.

Before we took our leave, the old miller and half the neighbourhood flocked in, bringing a vast accession of business to the good host and his daughters, all eager to behold the living evidence of a

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forth from their brief imprisonment, as fast as they recovered and were able to walk, to be shot by their fellow-countrymen, in pursuance of the horrible decree that compels a brother soldier to steep his hands in the blood of the unfortunate captive. It was thus felt in its most revolting colours, when, by a refinement of cruelty in this instance,—and we heard equal atrocities averred on both sides,—the wretched men were commanded to fire upon each other. They were drawn forth in ranks, the few English and Spanish opposite to each other; and the scene that followed, as described by the youthful soldier, whose features seemed to resume the expression of horror they must then have exhibited, was at once pathetic and terrible, carrying with it a stern and memorable rebuke of the ferocious policy, which tramples on the last feelings of humanity in the heart of a fallen foe. The Carlist colonel, who gave the first order to fire, himself fell by the hand of an Englishman, whose countrymen he had dared to think would, under the fear of death, commit so truly fratricidal an act. A groan of indignation alone responded to the command; they threw away the instruments of death, and the Carlist officer advancing, cried out that "the English were all cowards, and quailed before the face of death." The foul aspersion was repelled by an English officer in the service of Don Carlos, who, drawing his sword, gave the Spaniard the retort *un*-courteous. They decided the matter on the spot, and the Spanish Carlist measured his length upon the ground. Such

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complete; the change in the old man's features was instantaneous; his face beamed with joy, and he capered about the room like a child. The soldier's story was brief, and I thought he seemed eager to dispatch it, and our host's guests also, if his eyes, still turning towards the delighted Isabel, were to be believed.

He had joined, with other young men whose families had felt the weight of the Absolutists' hands on their little earnings, the queen's regiment — he meant, doubtless, that called *La Princesa* — of Castile. Worthy of its name, and vying with the best, it had fought its way with deserved repute, and been present in most actions which had terminated favourably for the government. After the pursuit of different bands in the interior, it had been called from the Castiles to support the new lines at Arlaban, Bilboa, San Sebastian; and whether in attack or defence, still maintained, according to Andrew's showing, its character for steadiness and resolution. In one of the engagements before the last-mentioned place, it had particularly distinguished itself, emulating the best regiments of the British, and assisting with equal skill and courage in driving back the Carlists, while withdrawing from the attack on Fontarabia. But it suffered severely; and it was then that, receiving the brunt of the Carlist attack, some few men, both of the Spanish and English troops, had been surrounded and made prisoners. Among these was Andrew, and the days of the miller's son were numbered. They were dragged

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personage. "Holy mother and all the saints defend us!" he cried; "where is the priest—what is this?" pronounced in so perplexed a tone, as at once to put to flight all sentiment; and every one, not excepting Andrew, burst into a loud laugh at his truly ludicrous tone and gesture. "Not so fast!" retorted the host; "a spirit may come again, and laugh, for aught I know. Avaunt! Andrew, and leave the girl; for wert thou not taken, shot, and buried by the Carlists on the fifth of May, in this blessed year of our Lord? Go back to thy quiet bed!"—"No, I am sure I shall not," replied poor Andrew, looking rather rueful, while there was a fresh laugh at his expense. "Besides," he added, as if afraid of countenancing the idea of his death, "I have had no bed at all lately, unless you call the bare ground, or a dungeon, a quiet bed; but I don't like such quietness."—"Oh, it is plain you are a dead man, or ought to be," interposed one of the officers; "but if, as you say, you are alive, tell us how it is; by what miracle wrought by the friar, or the friar's dress, you escaped, and ease the conscience of our poor host in entertaining you."—"Do you call his reception of me entertaining?" replied Andrew. "*Madre de Dios!* Sancho, won't you give me your hand? I am Andrez de la Molina, the son of the miller; glad to see me?"—"By all the saints and Santa Barbara!" exclaimed the old man, shaking off his doubts, "it is he, and neither a ghost nor a priest. I know him by this old belt, and the miller's pistol, and—— You are welcome, Andrew, my boy!" The recognition was

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unsociable intruder. "Son!" returned the priest, with a smile which seemed to excite the old man's ire, "cast no reflection upon any member of the holy church, to one of whom, at least, I am so greatly indebted." There was a pause. Our host, somewhat excited, was about to reply; when the priest, uttering a round Spanish oath (namely, an apostrophe to all the saints) in a voice that made us jump, "What! don't you know Andrew, the miller's son?" and throwing off his sacred habiliments the same moment, he stood before us all in the shape of a stout young soldier. The next, he was in the arms of the gentle Isabel, who had failed to recognise her lover in his clerical attire; but screaming out the instant she heard his voice addressing her father, would have fallen, had not the stout trooper, for such he was, supported her amidst a thousand exclamations and recognitions, mingled with eager inquiries, from the astonished Sancho and his household. "Isabella for ever!" cried the soldier, again embracing the girl, who leaned weeping on his bosom; "I love the cause all the better for thy name-sake. Yes; had not love, Isabel, inspired my stupid head with a stratagem like that," pointing to the priest's dress, "you had not seen me here, and my father and his mill might have gone round and round long enough without finding me. How is old Joseph, and my mother?" he concluded, addressing the landlord, who still looked as if he beheld a ghost,—one arm stretched out as if to keep Andrew off, with his eye rivetted on the cast canonicals, as much as to say there lay concealed the real

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the high-born Spanish, on their part, conceive it any imputation on their dignity to mingle on easy terms in converse with their inferiors, to show them either civility or good-natured gallantry, while they are addressed in a tone as far from being servile as unbecoming. On the contrary, it pleases one no less by its air of deference than by its simplicity, its entire absence of suspicion, or least challenge to the slightest infringement of real good manners; conveying at once a modest and dignified appeal to our equal and better human feelings, and urged with a grace and gaiety—often in a voice, a gentleness of manner, which, unless one be peculiarly taciturn or indisposed, it is difficult altogether to resist.

Well; we were busily discussing our intended route and the usual chances of the road, when the abrupt entrance of the priest, with his bold familiar manner, fixed all eyes upon him. The landlord seemed nettled at his not having pronounced the usual benediction of peace and the protection of the Virgin; two officers of the garrison looked as if they could have eaten him, or dispatched him forthwith as a spy; a one-legged alguazil, in his ugly garb of justice, seemed quite ready to take a charge, and the lively, ingenuous Isabel, our host's eldest, seemed equally perplexed and abashed by his continued gaze. "Father," at length interposed the master of the house, "albeit ye gave not our poor abode your holy blessing, it may be you will not forget to say a grace over the best meal it will afford;" and a murmur of reproach was heard from every guest, evidently directed against the

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picture of a modern Spanish posada,—heavy, sombre, and quiet, mustering its last energies, all of life and loveliness it had left, round the fire-place of the great hall; in other words, the vast, rambling, smoke-bedizened kitchen.

Here we had the advantage of witnessing a variety of national specimens, furnished from the middle and more populous ranks, for just then we ventured to say nothing of *lower orders*, and not a few scenes which gave us a curious insight into what was passing around us. One of these, on the eve of our departure, surprised and amused us not a little: it was the sudden entrance of a priest, a holy Franciscan as we thought from the size of his cloak and hat, throwing cowl, hood, and scapulary into the shade, who said he had arrived immediately from the seat of war. Strong limbed, of a remarkably bold vivacious aspect, strangely contrasting with his religious weeds, his apparently close-shaven crown and sugar-loaf hat, he advanced with a firm, marching step, and quite familiarly took his station right before the fire-place, sharply eyeing one of the daughters of our good host, Sancho Pezar. We had before occasion to allude to the pretty manners of our young hostesses, and the perfect artlessness and *naïveté* with which they mingled their little *chit chat en attendant*, as we sat at their *table d'hôte*.

It is singular, but there is no appearance of freedom, much less of vulgar assumption, in this favourite custom with the Spanish beauties of the inns, as it would assuredly be felt at an English hotel. Nor do

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were seen literally scratching their way along the marble reliques of a defaced temple; gipsy children were at play upon the proud Roman's arch of triumph; here and there a few idlers, in short cloaks, with cigars in their mouths, wrapt in self with folded arms and that strut—a sort of leg-vanity peculiar to the Spaniard, which seems eloquently meant to make up for his noble gravity and silence,—with some plainer citizens, re-entered by twos and threes the half-dilapidated gates, assuming all the new dignity of national guards. A trooper, boldly mustachioed, armed *cap-à-piè*, next passed by us, and he was followed by an aged, sickly-looking priest in the old dark cloak and high hat over cowl and hood, a water-carrier, with his refreshing load and donkeys, and last of all, a poor broken down, tottering hidalgo of the old school, too infirm even to be made a general, or captain of the city guard. And they were treading the same ground over which the African of old, the legions of Rome, the exterminating Goth, the fiery Arab, and the Spanish veterans of Alva, had passed before them; and, pondering on Gibbon's excellent title of "The Decline and Fall," so appropriate to all history, we too bent our steps back to our neat little hostelry near the castle. It was no longer like the same that received under its bustling roof the renowned traveller, Gil Blas, who mentions it on occasion of his embassy to Toledo, where he had the honour of being sent by the minister to open negotiations with some supreme beauty, the reigning glory of the day, among the actresses. Now it was the true

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softened and receded into milder forms; and soon a succession of gently swelling hills, covered with vine and olive, at once gave relief and variety to the prospect. Before us extended the spacious and fruitful plain, enriched on all sides by the fertilizing waters; but not in those thousand prolific little rivulets or channels, as under the hands of the busy, ingenious Moors, whose skill in the useful arts, as in war and commerce, was exceeded by that of no people, ancient or modern. A rich sunset threw the bright blue or crimson radiance of the heavens upon the surrounding peaks, and came reflected in rainbow tints upon the green Vega; the openings of the river flashed on the eye with a more lustrous light; a clear genial air, a mellow warmth breathed through the pure serene: it was the same scene that had glowed upon hearts that beat no more, and would continue to glow—the inalienable heritage of future generations of wanderers—far as shall extend the strange vicissitudes of time,—of all sublunary things.

Examples indeed of that mutability, in the perished monuments of pride, lay profusely scattered round us. On ground where once rose the stately Grecian column, the Roman arch, the theatre and proud expanding portico,—unsightly groupes of wretched tenements, half deserted, the meaner shop and lowly hovel now revolted the sight, as if in derision of past glory, of that style and splendour of antique architecture, out of whose very ruins had arisen their chief claim to our passing notice. And, as if in stricter keeping with their character, a group of mendicants

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thus sought to extinguish, served but to perpetuate their glorious memory in the minds of a just and grateful posterity.*

Again crossing the lofty bridge, we gained the summit of the opposite mountain, and prepared to take our last look of the once-mighty and far-spreading city of Toledo. There, more than half encircled by the river winding amidst ruins, seated on the centre of its ancient hill, rose the spires and towers which of old, defended by ramparts and walls of steel, sent back defiance to the boldest enemy. While human wrecks strewed the mountains and the banks around us, the hills and streams themselves seemed, like Nature, all lovely and enduring; the shattered memorial of tyranny we gazed upon, though newly furbished as a beacon to modern patriotism, was fast decaying; while the beauty of mind, the just and generous actions of its victims, like that everlasting stream, had slowly and surely worn itself a path through the bulwarks that were opposed to it.

And again the river was farther seen expanding into a wider bed,—a bolder but calmer flow; while the pretty green islands, here and there, rose to variegate its beauty, and reflect their mirrored freshness midway between its half-seen, rocky, and broken banks. A little distance below where we stood, they gradually

* For an admirable detailed account of the events in Spanish history, with which the fortunes of these two heroic and devoted beings were so harshly mingled, we refer the reader to the eloquent description of Robertson, and to the old chroniclers of the times.

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and it is of no use for the culprits, gentle or simple, to rebut the charge, if they can only induce a few gossips and neighbours to declare that they have seen the parties in consultation together during unseasonable hours,—that love-offerings in the shape of *billets doux*,—a present, a toy, a trinket, and in particular a ring, are in possession of the girls; for then they are sure to make good their claim, and return home with a husband." The latter has, to be sure, the alternative of giving the preference to a prison; and with perfect *bonhommie*, the good-hearted priest declared he had been often *painfully amused* to witness the singular conflict of choosing between the least of two evils,—the present sacrifice of liberty, or the uneasy yoke of servitude for life.

Returning after our inspection of the neighbouring monuments along the banks of the Tagus, we loitered round an old time-worn column, pointed out to us by our garrulous companion. The inscription, partly defaced, purported that it had been "erected on the spot where once stood the dwelling of Don Juan de Padilla, and of his wife Maria de Pacheco, both (it was added) traitors to their king and country." The associations which these names brought to mind, were at once painful and exciting; there shone in the lives of both all that was noblest and best in the Castilian character, all of beautiful, generous, and undaunted. Bright valour, woman's faith and constancy unto death, virtuous devotion to a great cause, seemed to call for even higher eulogy than the historian or the poet had yet bestowed; while persecution itself, which

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hopeful son into the bosom of a Catholic family of high blood.

It was gratifying farther to hear, that neither party abjured their creed, and that thus respecting each other's feelings, they only redoubled their mutual joy and tenderness. Nor was this a solitary example; other parties were shortly afterwards united at the Catholic altar, urging the same precedent, and under nearly similar circumstances.

Perceiving the interest we felt in the gradual progress of religious toleration, the worthy canon ran on in a style of amusing volubility, treating us to many more anecdotes on the subject of love and marriage, as regarded appeals to the grand vicar, whose powers in these intricate matters appeared really to transcend even those of our Chancery and Doctor's Commons united. We could not but smile as he eulogized the formalities,—not always the most encouraging to good morals, which are aptly enough termed *sacar por el vicario*, literally to "cite or drag you before the vicar," and known in the country generally by the milder version of "being married by the said vicar." Till recently, every young Toledan who had attained the discreet age of fourteen, was liable to be summoned before this terrible tribunal to make good any promise he might unwittingly have uttered to a village beauty; nay, if even in jest he had led her to suppose that he should be proud of her becoming his wife. "The young ladies, (for the Toledan village girls after reaching thirteen all assume the airs of ladies,) are very properly," said the canon "allowed every advantage;

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and he would then most probably become a sincere Catholic, not unworthy of being admitted into a church which would now receive only a vile perjurer and hypocrite into its bosom. "Besides the loss of honour and reputation," continued the lover, "thus justly forfeited, I should be dismissed from my office with disgrace; yet if I may not obtain the hand of the beautiful Inez, I fear I shall die with despair. It is for you,—the holy minister of a god of peace and of good-will, to stand between his creatures and destruction; it is you who can reconcile, conciliate; you have the power, and I feel assured you will employ it to the honour and advantage of your high calling."

The grand vicar was moved; and when, in reply to his questions, the young man convinced him that he must resign his public employment were he suddenly to unite himself with the Catholic church as well as with the lady,—that he entertained not the slightest prejudice against Catholics, and that with time the influence of good example would prove of more efficacy than any mere form of abjuration, the good vicar at once yielded,—with the single proviso of appointing two public arbitrators, who should possess the confidence of both parties. The lover at once named the ambassadors of France and of the United States; they were invited to meet the grand vicar: after a little chat the scruples of orthodoxy were set at rest, the good archbishop confirmed the decision, and for the first time a heretic, without his Sanbenito and ornaments of fiery little imps, instead of performing an *auto-da-fe* was received as a

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But the lover was unfortunately a heretic; and the father, a rigid Catholic, on learning the danger to which his daughter was exposed, hurried to Madrid, and, spite of her tears, carried her some thirty leagues into the country. The young diplomatist was not far behind, and with his usual tact succeeded in obtaining an interview. He was no longer however a plenipotentiary here; prayers and arguments were alike vain; one answer, little complimentary to a lover, that he was the enemy of God and his holy religion, served for all. At length, something moved with the united expostulations of the lovers,—"Rise," he exclaimed, "recant your fatal errors, and be my son-in-law." The diplomatist pleaded time for conversion, and requested leave to try his chance before the tribunal of holy church. The old Castilian smiled, and approved the expedient; imagining that he had made good his point, and got rid, by his own folly, of an importunate visitor. Upon his return, it was the lover's first object to call upon the grand vicar of the archbishop, residing at Madrid; and with feeling and eloquence above the powers of twenty old diplomatists, he set forth the cruelty of his position, and the small hopes he had, without some beneficent interposition, of coming out of the negotiation with éclat. It was in the power of Heaven alone, through its vicar, to bring about a happy result. It was true he was out of the pale of the Roman church; but it was quite as impossible to become a sudden convert to its doctrines, as it was to forget the lady with whom he had exchanged vows. Only let his conversion be left to her and to time,

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to mind on beholding the deserted and dilapidated walls of the convent of St. Francis. And it is only justice to state that other prelates, not unworthy to occupy the dignified station of their able predecessor, made strenuous efforts to arrest the progress of decay, an example too little emulated by the existing authorities within the city and district of Toledo. Lorenzana is a name that will not be soon forgotten; and judging from the account given us by a learned *canonigo* of the more antique cast, who kindly attended us in our rambles, the conduct of the secular clergy, and of some of the archbishops of Toledo, would have done honour to the ministers of religion in any country. The restoration of the Alcazar, the establishment of silk-looms, of schools, hospitals, and reforms in numerous branches of revenue, he assured us were only part of their claims to public consideration and regard. Their charity was equally conspicuous, especially to the unfortunate French clergy compelled to seek an asylum in the diocese, who never had to solicit their assistance in vain. Not a few instances of their toleration, in unison with the spirit of the age, were dwelt upon by the aged canon with peculiar complacency, and the following anecdote, in support of his views of a better state of things, was told us with additional zest.

Madrid and Aranjuez are known to be both situated in the diocese of Toledo; and when under the benign sway of Lorenzana, it so happened that a certain *chargé d'affaires* resident in the capital became deeply captivated with the charms of a Castilian lady.

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the Tagus. A solitary arch yet stands to attest the wide-spread ruin; and the bold outline of a theatre, roads, walls, and stations, seems to prove the power of desolation to have been as great on the part of the Goths, as that of colonization and increase on the side of the Romans.

Swayed by the Moors, Toledo again sprung from its ashes; Christians and Jews were alike tolerated, while agriculture and commerce, under wise and liberal laws, carried the entire territory to a high degree of prosperity. From the period of its re-conquest by the Christians in the eleventh century, it proportionally declined; yet so late as 1720 it contained more than thirty thousand artisans, equal now to nearly double the amount of its entire inhabitants. Every change in the government, united with religious persecution, the loss of its privileges in the reign of Charles V., and the all-absorbing influence of the monks, bore it down to a yet lower stage of degradation, till the wretched inhabitants seemed ready to perish under the crumbling ruins of former power and magnificence. Its remaining wealth and splendour went to adorn its archiepiscopal see, and its numerous dependencies; often the centre of inquisitorial sway, the sites of convents, hermitages, with that of the dreadful *Quemadero*, or burning furnace, sufficiently attest the sort of influence under which the fortunes of Toledo sunk.

Yet something is to be said on the other side. Not the least celebrated of its prelates was the distinguished Cardinal Ximenes, whose great character and ill-requited services to his country were called forcibly

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above all Greek or Roman fame, as the single history of Numantia, (once comprised within their territory,) and that siege of ruins and triumph by death, bore ample testimony; and consequently the Romans were no match for the sharp blades of Toledo. Another amusing instance: a true-born citizen being asked why he did not shout at the accession of the Bourbon Philip to the throne, merely replied, "Because he is *only* a Frenchman; and I am a Castilian of pure blood." But this was not all: the ancestral valour of the Toledans is not so easily satisfied; and at a more distant period it is shown that they must have triumphed over King Solomon himself,—a fact attested by the discovery of the famous gold table, on which doubtless was placed the shew-bread; a treasure discovered by the famous Tarick, foremost among the Arab invaders.

However harmless and amusing this besetting national vanity, so ingeniously satirized in the Knight of La Mancha, it is not the foible of a sensible and strong-minded people; though, in a more philosophical view, we are told it marks a nice sense of honour and regard for reputation, opposed to every thing low or ignoble. Let future moralists decide!

A more interesting study offered itself in the few surrounding monuments of Roman strength and magnificence. Too few, indeed; for the first Gothic kings appear to have been eager to deface all evidences of the dominion of their nobler predecessors; amphitheatres, columns, arches successively fell before the destroyer, and imperial medals enriched the sands of

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most inert from the political trance of ages, and holding all on the alert, as much at least as Castilians of unblemished blood can well be supposed without indecorum to appear.* "Wars and rumours of wars," enough to startle this once quiet seat of ecclesiastic power and splendour from out its propriety, kept all ranks,—lay and cleric, national guard and garrison, governor and governed, wide awake; which is saying a good deal for their sense of honour, caution, or whatever we may please to call it, during the summer fervours of a Peninsular sun. And we should remember that Toledo no longer now held 250,000 citizens, as in the good old times, to beat off any sudden incursion; nor immense armies headed by Gothic monarchs, and next by fiery turbaned chiefs, (let alone Don Carlos,) able to cope with the invaders of kingdoms.

As things were, therefore, the bold *Toledanos* had a serious duty to perform, if they did any thing like justice to their old hereditary honours; for they still claim by tradition no less a king than King Adam to begin with, while the sun, like that of their fame, is roundly asserted by the most patriotic to have started, at creation, exactly from the meridian of their renowned citadel. Then they were no less clear upon another point; namely, that they had won a palm

* "Nothing," says the Reverend Mr. Whittington, "can surpass the gloomy dulness of Toledo; in other towns the chanting of the convents is drowned by the noise and bustle of the streets, but here it struck me greatly; the desolate silence is only broken by the deep voices of the friars, who are singing masses continually, and in every part." But this is fast hurrying to the "tomb of all the Capulets."

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THE

TOURIST IN SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

TOLEDO TO MADRID.

Last Look at Toledo—Old and New Times—National Foible—Numantia—Tarick and his Gold Table—Arab Prosperity—Catholic Archbishops—Anecdotes—Young Hostesses—Soldier's Return—Talavera—Duke of Wellington—Noble Sentiment—Incidents by the Way—Fashion and Antiquity—Antiquarian Anecdotes—Reach Madrid—Popular Excitement—Strange Contrast—Unexpected Rencounter—Love and Friendship—Antiquarian Hospitality—Visit to the Hospitals—*Mental* Beauty of the Madrid Ladies.

Our brief sojourn in the ancient capital of Castilian royalty and sanctity was no way dull or tedious; it required not, as some travellers have found it, the patience of all its saints (no small number) to avoid incurring the extreme penalty of ennui. Its aspect, like its society, was grave and sombre enough; but marks of more active, if not prouder and sterner days, lay every where around us, and imagination, with history, supplied what was wanting in modern bustle and prosperity. Besides, the tocsin of stirring events was pealing at no vast distance in our ears, rousing the

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ENGRAVED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. JENNINGS.

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The public are most respectfully informed, that PORTUGAL, under new arrangements, will form the tenth volume of the *Landscape Annual*.

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One word on the part of the artist, whose splendid illustrations of Spain are this year brought to a close with the series itself. It will be perceived, that several of his masterly drawings have been made from sketches taken by more than one of his friends, on account of his not having himself reached the particular spots there delineated.

In fact, while on his visit to Seville, that formidable foe of locomotion — the cholera, suddenly breaking out, threw round him a cordon, which effectually prevented his reaching some of the interesting places marked in his route.

In this artistical exigency, he availed himself of the eyes of his more fortunate countrymen outside the cordon; and to Colonel Harding of the Royal Engineers; to Richard Ford, Esq.; to Lieutenant Smith, and to Lieutenant Edridge, of the Royal Artillery, he is proud to express his obligations for their uniform courtesy and urbanity.

In bringing his labours to a close, the author begs to return his warmest thanks to Mr. Roberts, not less for his observations on art, than for the use of his interesting notes illustrative of the architectural remains, and other beauties of the scenery through which he passed.

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regards the increased beauty, interest, and superior execution of the embellishments, which they have not striven to redeem. Neither care nor labour, incessant attention or expense, have been wanting to merit the signal success which they have met with, and to maintain for so extended and responsible an undertaking, that degree of liberal patronage and support which was bestowed upon its first commencement.

In no way, they have reason to flatter themselves, will the fourth and closing volume upon Spain, embracing also views of Morocco, be found to suffer by comparison with the most approved of the preceding series. In addition to former recommendations, that of variety has this year been particularly the study of the proprietors; variety no less in regard to country, and to the character of the plates, than to the costume, manners, and grouping of the subjects.

With respect to all picturesque qualities, indeed, no two countries, associated as they have been in their history and vicissitudes, and their influence upon other nations, offer more remarkable features than the empires of Spain and Morocco; and the present plan of blending into one the views and descriptions of both, will doubtless not be thought to detract either from the originality or novelty of the volumes.

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PREFACE.

In completing the series upon Spain, the proprietors of the *Landscape Annual*, and Tourist in Italy, France, Spain, and now in Morocco, have once more the pleasing duty to express their warmest acknowledgments to the public for the very flattering and distinguished manner in which the work has invariably been received. Those repeated and gratifying marks of approbation, first bestowed upon the volumes of Italy, have never, during a period of nearly ten years, been in a single instance withdrawn; and if a feeling of respect and gratitude to the public press were ever most emphatically due from any parties to the country which encouraged them, it is especially due to the English public from the proprietors of the ninth volume of the *Landscape Annual*. Nor is it less a subject of gratulation to the proprietors, that they have made no promise which has not been fulfilled, nor given any pledge as

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THE TOURIST

IN

SPAIN AND MOROCCO,

By THOMAS ROSCOE.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS

BY

DAVID ROBERTS.

Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her fate!
They fight for freedom who were never free;
A kingless people for a nerveless state,
Her vassals combat when their chieftains flee,
True to the veriest slaves of Treachery:
Fond of a land that gave them nought but life,
Pride points the path that leads to Liberty;
Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife,
War, war is still the cry, "war even to the knife!"

BYRON.

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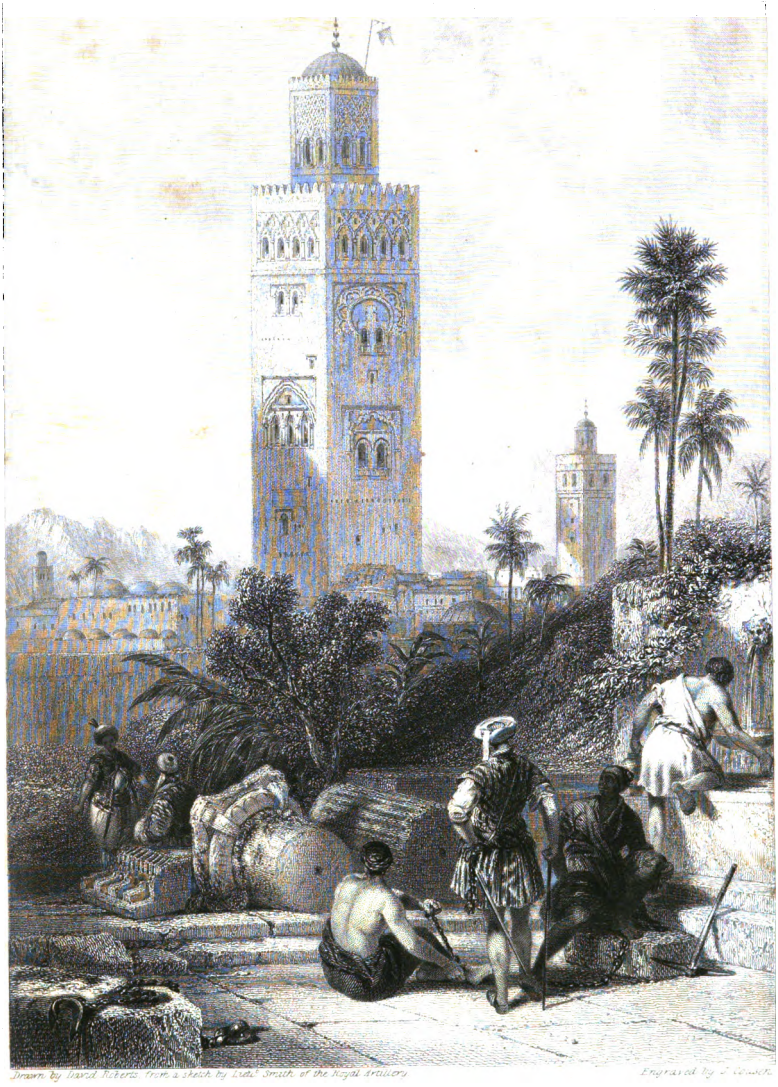

TOWER OF THE GREAT MOSQUE, MOROCCO.

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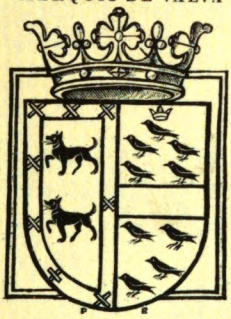
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