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A Summer in Andalucia ...

George Dennis

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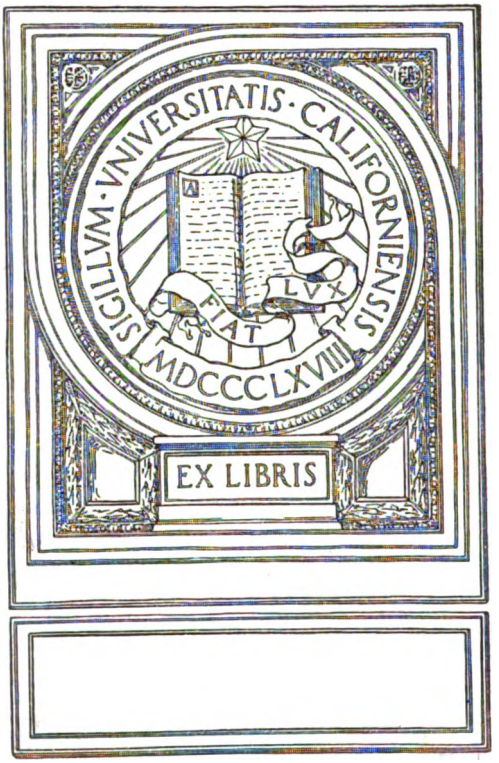

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A

SUMMER IN ANDALUCIA.

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LONDON:
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RUINS OF PERUGIA FROM THE ROAD.

Published by Bentley, New Burlington Street.

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A

SUMMER

IN

ANDALUCIA.

Quid dignum memorare tuis, Hispania, terris
Vox humana valet?

CLAUDIAN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

1839.

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PREFACE.

THESE volumes contain the notes and observations made by the author, during a ramble through the South of Spain, in the summer of 1836.

Aware that he is entering upon ground already trod by men of acknowledged talent, the author begs to remind his readers that Spain, by general consent the most interesting country of Europe, is one of the least known, and that abundance of room remains for depicting its scenery and manners.

Of all the provinces of Spain, Andalucía* has most attractions for the traveller. In its associations with ages past, it yields to none. On its plains have several times been decided the destinies of the Peninsula. Its cities are still rich in

* Pronounced Andaluthéa by the Castillians, Andaluséa by the natives.

M.10548

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Roman monuments, and on numerous spots, now uninhabited and desolate, the ruined amphitheatre, and crumbling temple or aqueduct, mark the sites of once magnificent cities, some of which furnished Rome with emperors, senators, philosophers, or poets of eminence.

The records and traces of the Arab domination, which give its chief interest to Spain as a whole, confer a pre-eminent share on the province of Andalucía. This was the territory earliest seized, most fondly cherished, and longest held by the chivalrous and polished Arabs;* here, they cultivated literature, art, and science through the long and gloomy night of the middle ages; here they raised edifices, which, as existing monuments of oriental magnificence, are unrivalled; and over this province, by their long struggles with their Christian foes, they have thrown a charm of poetry and romance, which must make

* In the course of this work there may be some apparent confusion in the use of the words "Arabs" and "Moors," as applied to the Spanish Moslems. It may be well to remind the reader that the first Mohammedan conquerors of the Peninsula were Arabs, but that in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, Spain was invaded by hordes of Moors from Barbary, who conquered the Arab inhabitants, and mingled with them, so that the distinction between the races was eventually lost, and the name of Moors applied to all the Mohammedans of Spain.

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it dear to every one who feels a spark of those gentle fires kindling in his bosom. Abovè all, in Andalucía, the traces of Eastern customs and manners are more numerous and striking than in any other part of Spain.

But Andalucía

> ——— "has no need of a remoter charm,
> By thought supplied, or any interest
> Unborrow'd from the eye."

Here the poet, the painter, and the worshipper of Nature may intoxicate themselves with delight. Vast ranges of mountains, some nearly twelve thousand feet in height, piercing the blue heavens with their eternal snows, impart sublimity to the scenery: rocks capped with ancient watch-towers of legendary renown, city-crested precipices, ravines, torrents, and cascades, give to it much of the picturesque and romantic; while beauty reigns in the rich valleys and plains, where, beside the vegetation common to the south of Europe, the date-palm, the banana, the sugar-cane, and other tropical plants and shrubs, impart to the province an oriental aspect in harmony with its history, its monuments, and the semi-Arabian dress, manners, and character of its inhabitants.

To those of his countrymen who are well acquainted with Spain, the author may appear unne-

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cessarily minute in some of his remarks and descriptions; but he writes not for them alone—his aim has rather been to present objects to the notice of those of his readers who have not visited that country, as nearly as possible in the order in which they struck him, and in which they would naturally attract the attention.

In the conversations recorded in these volumes, the author has put into the mouths of the speakers purer Castillian than ever issued from them, simply on account of his inability to represent in its true orthography the barbarous dialect of the lower Andaluces.

Conscious that for the many defects of his work he needs the indulgence of his readers, he will rest satisfied should they grant him the praise accorded to Don Quixote's "demons, who are beings that travel, and make whoever they will, travel with them, without tiring."

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UNIV OF CALIFORNIA

A

SUMMER IN ANDALUCIA.

CHAPTER I.

OPORTO—LISBON.

Oh, lovely Spain! renown'd, romantic land!

What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold!
Her image floating on that noble tide,
Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold!

CHILDE HAROLD.

LET the lover of Spain, imagine the rapture with which, from the Bay of Biscay, I hailed the first view of her dim mountains. A long-cherished desire to visit this land of romance, was on the eve of gratification. Anxiously did I gaze, but almost in vain, for she had provokingly shrouded her charms in a veil of cloud.

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When the morning mist had partially cleared off, a bold rocky coast, patched with broad strips of sandy beach, came into view at the distance of a few miles, while dark mountains rose inland, their heads lost in heavy masses of cloud. A singular rock off the shore, rising precipitously from the sea, and terminating in a needle-like peak, particularly attracted the attention. The coast was that of Galicia, to the west of Coruña. It was barren, desolate, and stern, till we had doubled Cape Finisterre, when a spacious bay presented some softer features, with evidences of inhabitants and cultivation. The cloud-capped mountains inland, recalled to memory the dark highlands of Scotland, as they wore the deep-brown hue of the "hills of heather," and were apparently about the same altitude. From time to time the sun, piercing his misty screen, suddenly lighted up their slopes, revealing their far-up recesses, steep precipices, and gloomy chasms, waking into momentary brilliancy noiseless cataracts, and disclosing villages perched on the rocky heights, or others below, nestling in the midst of groves. A few minutes, and the scene was gone;—all was dark, and indistinct as before.

As evening approached, a mist arose, which almost concealed the shore, accompanied with

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a damp and sultry heat; the sea rolled in long swells of glassy smoothness, unruffled by the faintest breeze; and the sails flapped heavily against our masts. The atmosphere was so oppressive, that all sought refuge below.

Next morning at day-break, we were off the coast of Portugal, having passed Vigo during the night. This coast was of a character entirely different from that of Galicia, for it wore a cheerful aspect;—long low hills, covered with wood or vineyards, stretched along the shore, which was dotted with white villages, smiling beneath the morning sun; while higher land rose in the interior, sometimes seeming to swell into mountains, but its real altitude was concealed by superincumbent masses of grey cloud. Villa do Conde was the first town of any importance that we passed,—a pretty place, with white buildings, a large convent, and an aqueduct of many arches, stretching across a wide plain. Numerous fishing boats, with huge latteen sails of snowy whiteness, here chequered the surface of the ocean; some skimming along with the rapidity of sea fowl; others rocking tranquilly on the waters—their half-naked crews too intent upon their occupation to notice our vessel as it passed.

The coast continued to bear the same cha-

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racter of softness and fertility, as far as the mouth of the Douro, which we reached towards noon. Here the city of Oporto came into view, with the towers of its churches and convents rising from the midst of groves, or crowning the cliffs: but a correct idea of its peculiar situation cannot be formed from the sea. A boat now hailed us, having a pilot on board, who proffered his services in carrying us over the bar. She was a pretty craft, of life-boat shape. Her crew were a small, swarthy, ragged, shoeless set of fellows, with long red pendent caps, and crimson sashes. On account of the high sea then running, they had some difficulty in boarding our vessel, which, rolling heavily, threatened to swamp the boat as it approached. On this the whole crew of red-caps gave tongue, screaming at the highest pitch of their voices,—all giving directions, and no one obeying.

As we approached the shore, the singularity of the houses struck the eye. They were often hexagonal or octagonal in shape, with low projecting roofs of red tiles; the windows were large and staring; the walls white, or of various colours, but light-green and yellow seemed the favourite hues.

At the mouth of the Douro, on the right bank, is the village of S. João da Foz, with its

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batteries and light-house; on the left is a thick wood; and between, stretches the Bar, a ridge of sand, nearly a mile in length, over which the Atlantic is for ever breaking in foam and thunder. A narrow, winding, and very dangerous channel, near the right shore, forms the only passage by which vessels can enter the river. The banks are high, broken, and craggy, with thick woods of pine on the south, and scattered buildings on the north, as far as the city, which is on the same shore, at the distance of three miles from the mouth.

No sooner had we cast anchor, than our deck was covered with watermen—a puny race, who are said nevertheless to have distinguished themselves in the recent siege, and gave us, too, some proofs of their spirit by fighting for the honour of taking us on shore. They rowed standing, in the fashion of the Venetian *gondolieri*, with an oar fixed at either extremity of the boat. On landing, some little disagreement occurring with the passengers who were ignorant of the language, the boatmen, with all the impetuosity of the Peninsula temper, seized some brickbats, and would have hurled them at us, had not a party of soldiers fortunately arrested their arms, and ordered them back to their boats.

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As I had but a few hours to remain in Oporto before the departure of the Lisbon steamer, I could take but a hurried glance at this interesting city, and my remarks must necessarily be very brief.

Oporto, or O Porto—the Port—as it is called by the natives, is built on several hills, so that scarcely a street preserves its level. But it is this which imparts much picturesque beauty to the city, as it affords bird's-eye views over hollows filled with roofs and towers, mingled with foliage, to opposite heights crowned by fantastic spires, with here and there a peep of the azure ocean, the rock-bound river, or the rich and sunny country inland, with ranges of lofty grey mountains in the horizon. Some of the streets are broad and handsome, but in general they are narrow, tortuous, steep, rugged, and filthy, though in the last particular, as I afterwards found, they cannot rival those of the capital. The houses are whitewashed or coloured, but many seem, like their inhabitants, sadly in want of new coats; they are not lofty, and have overhanging roofs with bright red tiling under the eaves. The shops, in the principal streets, are neat and tolerably well furnished. In the praças, or open spaces, markets are held; the largest, that of Cordoaria, was strewed with

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crockery of singular shapes. Elsewhere in the streets fruit and vegetables were displayed in stalls; strawberries and cherries were already in season, though in England, when I left it but the previous week, spring had hardly commenced.

The Cé, or Cathedral, on the high ground in the centre of the city, I found shut; but its exterior would scarcely have tempted me to enter had it been open. The only church that I visited was one to the north, in which the heart of Dom Pedro is preserved in an urn, overhung with black cloth. On the walls of this church were suspended numerous rude representations in wax, of arms, legs, heads — thanksgiving or votive offerings to the Virgin or Saints, for the recovery of the corresponding members from disease,—together with many small pictures representing miracles, visions, or supernatural communications with which the poor deluded creatures had fancied themselves favoured. An English Catholic, who accompanied me, could not refrain from expressing his contempt for such superstition.

As it was the hour of noon, few of the citizens were in the streets, but those I saw, of the upper and middle classes, were dressed in the English fashion; the national peculiarities of

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costume being confined to the peasantry and lower orders of citizens. Some of the young girls possessed considerable beauty.

The Convento da Serra, renowned for the obstinacy with which it was defended during the late siege against the repeated attacks of the Miguelites, is on the left bank of the river, built on the verge of a precipitous cliff, which rises opposite the city to the height of nearly 300 feet. In the town of Villa Nova, just below, are the storehouses of the wine, for which Oporto is famed. I had no time to visit these; but on crossing the bridge of boats, commenced immediately the steep and winding ascent to the convent. On entering a gateway the desolation of the place told at once its own tale, for the traces of warfare were everywhere evident. The ramparts, formed of tubs filled with earth, and fronted by a line of stockades ten or twelve feet high, extend round three sides only; the steep precipice rendering the fourth unassailable.

The convent stands to the north of the space thus enclosed. The chapel, a large circular building, first attracts the eye; its walls and roof are riddled with shot; the principal door is blocked up with earth; and two of the four columns, which once adorned the gateway, are prostrated. On entering, the desolation is still

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more striking, in the battered and naked walls—the torn-up pavement—the ruined roof, through which the calm blue sky is in many places visible—and the screen of the altar, still standing to mock with its bright gilding the melancholy and dreariness of the place. Adjoining the chapel is a circus, environed by a colonnade, with a dried-up fountain in the centre, and weeds overgrowing the area. Then succeeds the garden, on one side of which is a long range of cloisters, with the cells of the monks, all alike ruined and shot-battered. Midway in the cloisters is an apartment overhanging the precipice, with a window commanding a splendid view of the city opposite—its irregular masses of buildings, its strange domes, spires, and towers. You then look into the chasm at your feet, through which flows the river, narrowed between perpendicular cliffs of dark rock; and trace its wider course through wooded and picturesque banks, to the vast Atlantic in the horizon. It is refreshing, too, to turn, from the scenes of desolation within the convent, to the enchanting view obtained from its southern ramparts, whence the eye passes over slopes clothed with vines, to an undulating and fertile country—no longer blasted by "the dun hot breath

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of war"—backed by the lofty mountains of Coimbra, seen in dim grey masses through the hazy atmosphere of noon.

No charge is made for seeing the ruin, but the visitor is taxed in another manner. He is beset by a crowd of women and filthy brats, who keep up a running fire of petitions for charity, based on the plea of being the widows and orphans of those who fell in the defence of the convent. I gave at first liberally, but found my tormentors immediately increase in such numbers, that, to escape the screams of the bantlings who were thrust in my face at every step, I soon beat a sharp retreat, pursued to the outer gate by the united force of this mendicant army.

I much regretted that time would not allow me to visit the lines encircling the city, so obstinately defended by the soldiers of Pedro, and the citizens, against the repeated and protracted attacks of the besieging army. The fortitude of the inhabitants, throughout that eventful period, is well known, and cannot be too highly commended; pressed upon, as they were, for the space of thirteen months, from without, by a numerous, well-appointed, and vigorous army, and often attacked from within, by the no less formi-

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dable enemy, famine.* I was informed by some English residents, who had witnessed the whole affair, that, during the siege and bombardment, the women would go to market as usual, and walk through the streets, perfectly indifferent to the shot and shells flying about them; and that when the siege was raised, complaints of the want of the customary noise and excitement were general amongst them. The inhabitants of Porto have immortalized their valour!

I was soon *en voyage* again. The coast to the

* Dom Pedro landed at Oporto, 8th July, 1832, and was almost immediately forced to entrench himself within the city, and act on the defensive. After successfully resisting many desperate attacks on various parts of the lines—after sustaining a long-continued and furious bombardment from the opposite town of Villa Nova, which the Miguelites took 8th September, 1832, and retained to the last—after suffering the greatest privations from the scarcity of provisions, occasioned by the enemy fortifying the left bank of the river, and thus cutting off the communication of the city with the sea—"the Liberating Army" was at length liberated, on the 17th August, 1833, when Marshal Bourmont, the Miguelite Commander-in-chief, raised the siege, drawing off his forces to oppose those of the Duke of Terceira. This General, who had made an excursion from Oporto, landed at Villa Real in the Algarves, and, everywhere successful throughout the southern provinces, had been received with open arms by the people of Lisbon—was then marching victoriously northwards to the relief of Oporto.

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south of Oporto is low, with a very sandy beach;—the country inland is woody, and apparently well cultivated;—the lofty mountains of Coimbra long bounded our horizon.

After a very rapid run for the rest of the day, evening found us off Cape Mondego. The sun, after a career of unclouded glory, was sinking to meet the western wave;—the horizon was one transparent blaze; and the surface of the ocean glowed with the restless and dazzling reflection of golden and orange hues. Then, while day was yet richly lingering on the waters on the one hand, the moon stole forth in pearly splendour on the other, and shot her glittering streams of light across the ocean. Then, too, as the night advanced — what is rarely seen in northern climes—every wave as it broke was crested with a blaze; the paddles of our vessel seemed to move in light, and in her wake were trains of liquid fire. The beauty of these phosphoric illuminations is indescribable. Who indeed can find words to describe the glories of an evening at sea in such a season, and in such a climate? The dark expanse of waters sparkling with innumerable lights—the clear warm glow long lingering on the western horizon—the supernatural radiance of the moon, and the inexpressible beauty of the heavens, in which the stars are

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seen, not "obscurely bright," as in our dull regions, but standing out from the deep-blue vault, with an intense, a peculiar lustre, as though they were but apertures in a veil, which concealed the glory of heaven itself—the evening breezes so soft, so deliciously cool after the fervid heat of the day, and laden with sweet odours from the shore;—all cannot fail to impart intense enjoyment, and leave impressions on the memory never to be effaced.

At day-break the next morning we were running along a rocky coast with low dark cliffs; and a wild chain of peaked mountains, about two thousand feet in height, towered before us in the south-east. They were the Serra de Cintra; and the sun, as it rose, revealed their rugged sides, partially clothed with foliage, and sprinkled with snow-white villas. The chain runs at right angles with the shore, and sinks to meet it in a low cliff, called the Rock of Lisbon, on which is a lighthouse. Passing this, we steered eastward, skirting the rocky coast, and when off the strong fort of Cascaes, the golden Tagus opened to our view*—its entrance guarded

* The Tagus received this epithet from the gold formerly washed down by its current, and found on its sands. It has now no pretensions to the name, for gold is no longer found, and a more muddy and turbid stream perhaps never existed —it is scarcely rivalled by our own Thames.

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by the forts of S. Julião and Bugio; the former high on the right bank, the latter standing in the very centre of the stream, and united to the left shore by a long neck of sand.

On entering the river between these forts, the Castle of Belem was seen, five miles a-head, stretching into the stream from the right bank. Sweeping too rapidly past the charming *quintas* (country seats) and smiling villages on the hilly shore, we approached the castle. It is an interesting old building, erected many centuries since by the Moors, and with its yellow, weather-stained walls and antique battlements, forms a most picturesque object. It has a telegraph on the roof, and batteries below, as we presently discovered; for as our vessel, on arriving off the castle, did not immediately anchor according to custom, a gun was fired at her, which soon stopped her progress. On the beach behind the castle, is a long, low building of singular Gothic architecture, once a convent, but now a foundling-hospital. In the chapel of that convent, it is said, Vasco de Gama and his adventurous companions passed the night previous to their embarcation for India, in prayers for the success of their perilous enterprise; and from the neighbouring beach they quitted their native land, amid the tears and prayers of thousands of their

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countrymen, who regarded them as devoted to certain destruction.

The many-hilled city now opened upon the view, in all its magnificence—its splendid palaces —the domes, towers, and spires of its innumerable churches and convents—its white or yellow mansions and public buildings glittering in the sun—its majestic castle on the heights beyond—its delightful villas peeping from the luxuriant groves and gardens, which covered the slopes, or crowned the numerous low hills around. Then, on the opposite shore, were fertile and sloping banks adorned with villages and *quintas*, and terminating in the lofty and precipitous cliffs of Almada; and before me was the broad bosom of the river glittering with gold, and chequered with snowy sails flitting over its waters;—while a long line of huge men-of-war, at anchor, decked out with many-coloured streamers, stretched up the centre of the stream almost as far as the eye could reach. Add to all this, the intense azure of a southern sky, canopying all, and that blaze of the noon-day sun, which imparts to every object a splendour unknown in a northern climate—and the reader may perhaps form some conception of Lisbon, as it appeared to me for the first time. No hum of a busy city disturbed the tranquillity of the

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scene, for it was the Sabbath, and the silence was only broken, at intervals, by the bells of the churches summoning the citizens to their devotions.

After lying off Belem for an hour, alongside a fine Portuguese corvette,* the guard-ship, for the transaction of the necessary business with the officers of Health and Customs, we proceeded up the river. So rapidly did we sweep past the city, and such new and interesting objects came each moment into view, that I was bewildered, and had scarcely time to observe, as they were in succession pointed out to me, the vast and magnificent, though unfinished,

* The Portuguese navy is very small. The principal part was taken from Dom Miguel, by the French, under Admiral Roussin, in July, 1831; the remainder of the usurper's fleet was captured by Admiral Napier, in the gallant action off Cape St. Vincent, on the 5th July, 1833; and this, united to the Queen's fleet, which was composed of English East Indiamen and other smaller vessels, constitutes the present navy of Portugal. A seventy-four, launched twenty years since, and the old Dom João taken by Napier, and now falling to decay, are the only line-of-battle ships. There are a few large frigates, and some fine corvettes. Nor does the Navy Yard, which adjoins the Praça do Commercio, present any appearances of an improving state of things—for the only vessel there visible, is a seventy-four, still a mere skeleton, though its keel was laid sixteen years since.

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royal pile of Ajuda, overhanging the town of Belem — the palace of Necessidades, and mansions on the heights of Buenos Ayres—the domed and towered church of Estrella, the pride of the citizens—the long lines of public buildings at the water side,—when we dropped anchor off the Praça do Commercio, beneath the threatening towers of the Castle of St. George.

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CHAPTER II.

LISBON—CINTRA.

Kennst du das Land, wo die Citronen blühn?
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühn,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blau en Himmel weht,
Die Mirthe still, und hoch der Lorbeer steht?

GÖTHE.

Arde d'amor o bosque, arde a alta serra:
Corre por toda parte clara, e fria
Agoa; cae doce sombra do alto louro,
Canta toda ave canto d'alegria,
Crecem mil flores————

ANTONIO FERREIRA.

An English pigsty is cleaner than the metropolis of Portugal.

SOUTHEY.

HARDLY had I landed when "a change came o'er the spirit of the scene"—its repose was at an end, for the distant roar of artillery broke sud-

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denly upon the ear. This was immediately responded to by a man-of-war in the centre of the stream, and before the report had died away, another and another burst of thunder boomed over the waters, till the long line of floating batteries—English and French as well as Portuguese—was wrapt in smoke, which rose in clouds to blot the azure heavens; and the deafening chorus shook the city, making the doors and windows rattle as with the shock of an earthquake. The queen was going to the Cortes in state, and the whole Lisbon world was in an uproar. I took the opportunity of leaving my quarters on the Caes do Sodre, to survey the city.

Lisbon is built on several hills—the mystic number of seven, I believe. Many of the streets are necessarily very steep; and, in general, they are narrow, badly paved, and execrably filthy; yet those which stretch northwards in parallel lines from the Praça do Commercio, are broad and handsome, and reminded me of Paris, but there is a fine *trottoir* on either hand, with heavy stone posts, such as the Gallic capital cannot boast. The houses are lofty, with white-washed exteriors, and sometimes curiously painted façades; the roofs project very much, and the eaves are of bright red tiling, which contrasts

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gaily with the fronts; the corners of the overhanging roofs are often turned up as in Chinese buildings. Every window has its railed balcony, generally overhung by a blind, and filled with flowers; and every balcony, on this occasion, had its fair occupant—*dark*, I should rather say, for the Portuguese are a very swarthy race. The shops are curious; representations of the articles sold being usually painted on a board placed outside the doorway. Many streets contain, with few exceptions, a particular description of shops. In one, for example, all are workers in leather, saddlers, or shoemakers; in the Praça do Rocio nearly all hatters. We have our "Row," where book-"merchants most do congregate;" but in Lisbon, though by no means universal, the custom is far more prevalent, and might be regarded by one eager to discover traces of Oriental manners, as a relic of Moorish times, for it has existed from the remotest ages in the cities of the East.*

Numerous vehicles were passing through the streets, conveying the deputies to the Cortes. A few were of modern English construction; but most were antique carriages of native manufacture, of various descriptions, principally *sejes*—a

* Jeremiah xxxvii. 21.

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sort of cabriolet, drawn by a pair of long-tailed horses, and driven by a postilion in high boots, blue jacket, and oil-skin hat. The shafts of some of these vehicles were preposterously long. I noticed one instance, where a second beast might have run between the tail of the horse and the foot-board of the *seje.*

The streets were thronged with people. The fair sex of the superior classes were dressed in the gay French style, while the gentlemen seemed to imitate the English fashions: but the women of the lower orders were the most striking figures. They wear brown or olive cloth cloaks with deep capes, and the only other garment visible is a handkerchief of plain white muslin, covering the head. This, being raised by an enormous comb to the height of one foot or eighteen inches above the head, forms a square over the forehead, and falls in a peak behind as low as the waist. Though so simple in itself, this handkerchief, from the manner in which it is worn, constitutes one of the most singular head-dresses in Europe. It has the effect of making the females appear at a distance of gigantic stature; and on a nearer view the white veil imparts a deeper and still gloomier tint to their dark and sallow complexions; while the monstrous comb

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overhanging the head deforms at once the countenance and figure.

I must however defer all further description of Lisbon, for I quitted it the same afternoon, being eager to see Cintra, that "glorious Eden," with which every reader of Childe Harold must be in some degree familiar. Getting into a *seje*, I was driven through a succession of filthy streets, inhabited by the lower orders, till I reached the suburbs, where numerous *quintas*, or summer residences of the citizens, with gay fronts fantastically painted, lined the road-side. Each had its garden adjoining, with terraces overhanging the road, canopied by vines and hung with roses, geraniums, ceruses, and many creeping and flowering plants, as delicious in perfume, as charming to the eye. On these terraces, parties of ladies, gaily dressed, were taking the air; and the large black eyes, peeping from the embowering shrubs and brilliant flowers, and rich smiles that greeted the passer by, added to the liveliness of the scene.* The beautiful gardens of the Conde de Farroba also bor-

* The Portuguese delight in these terraced gardens; even in the city many are to be seen. In the parapet of the terraces are small recesses at intervals, containing low seats of stone, so arranged, that a couple may set opposite, and enjoy a snug *tête-à-tête*.

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dered the road; just within the gateway was a lofty date palm, the first I had beheld growing in the open air. This bespoke the southern climate. On reaching the open country, I was struck also with the picturesque hedges of aloes, stretching their leaves like gigantic arms across the road, and shooting their elegant lamp-like heads into the air, to the height of twenty or thirty feet,—their clusters of yellow pods just bursting into flower. The blue tone of the leaves contrasted well with the warm hue of the wheat; which, though it was but the month of May, was yellow with the approaching harvest. Soon after leaving the city, the grand aqueduct of Agoas Livres, by which Lisbon is supplied with water from the mountain springs of Cintra, is seen on the left, stretching majestically across a deep valley, in a series of lofty arches,—some scarcely less than three hundred feet in height. Further on, it overarches the road. Every eminence in the neighbourhood of the city is crested with a range of windmills.

Numerous travellers were on the road,—some in *sejes*, others on horses, but the majority on mules or asses, which, however they may be despised by us, are quite in fashion in Portugal, and are often used by ladies, and even gentle-

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men of high rank. The peasantry were all in their best,—the men in their picturesque costume of brown jacket, gay waistcoat, blue velvet breeches, crimson sash, and broad slouched hat with a round and low crown. A few heavy two-wheeled cars, of very rude and primitive construction, were creeping along the road. The wheels were of one solid piece of wood, and were united by a circular axletree, fixed so that the whole revolved together; on this, rested a heavy flat piece of timber, or a wooden trough, with two sockets beneath, to receive the circular axle, which was retained in its place merely by the weight of the superincumbent mass. This, with a strong pole as a shaft, and a double yoke fitting over the necks of a pair of lazy, well-fed oxen, constitutes the common cart of Portugal, in which no improvement has probably been effected since the days of the Romans. The oxen are splendid animals, with deep chests, dewlaps that almost sweep the ground, and enormous horns. I noticed one, each of whose horns was at least three feet in length. The slow motion of these cars over the rough roads, causes a harsh grating sound, not very agreeable to ears musically delicate.

The general character of the country was

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undulating, barren, and stony; and through the breaks in the hills, were caught occasional glimpses of the broad Tagus, or the blue ocean. It was some time after leaving Lisbon, before the blue Serra de Cintra rose in the horizon before us, in a long wild chain of peaks,—one of the loftiest crowned by the Convento da Penha. As we approached them, the royal palace of Ramalhão, with its singularly coloured façade, came into view on the left of the road, situated on a rising ground, in the midst of woods and gardens. Many smaller mansions and villas were also seen at the foot or on the slope of the mountains, delightfully embosomed in orange and lemon groves.

After passing Ramalhão, we continued to ascend till we reached the summit of a ridge or shoulder of the chain; descending then on the other side, the most enchanting view opened upon us. The mountains rose in savage grandeur immediately to the left; their lower slopes clothed with a wild foliage of cork-trees, elms, and oaks, mixed confusedly with huge masses of rock,—avalanches apparently from the bare and splintered ridges which towered above into the blue heavens. At the foot of the mountains and at the distance of a mile before us, stood the ancient palace of Cintra, with its two strange

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conical towers; and the village itself came gradually into view, as we wound along the romantic road beneath the heights. To the right, lay an immense plain, or rather tract of undulating country, richly cultivated, stretching towards the Atlantic in the western horizon, whose blue waters were gleaming through the foliage before us.

> "The horrid crags by toppling convent crown'd,
> The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
> The mountain-moss by scorching skies imbrown'd,
> The sunken glen whose sunless shrubs must weep,
> The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
> The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
> The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
> The vine on high, the willow-branch below,
> Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow."

This is the scenery of Cintra as drawn by the hand of one of the first of pictorial poets.

An abrupt and picturesque road led us, through the village, to the hotel of Madame Belem. As the sun was already fast declining, I set off immediately, on a *burro,* to visit Montserrat, the palace inhabited by Beckford during his residence in Portugal forty or fifty years since. The path was most romantic. Here, a sudden rise would afford a view on the one hand, over the groves

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beneath, of the vast expanse of fertile country to the north; or, on the other, of the savage summits of the impending mountains,—there, the path plunged down some dark hollow where the light of heaven was almost excluded by the canopying foliage,—now, it was shaded by majestic cork-trees, elms, or chesnuts,—now, bordered by orange and citron-groves in full blossom, whose perfume mingling with that of the various brilliant flowers overhanging the garden-walls, almost intoxicated the senses,—sometimes, a palace, a villa, or a rustic fountain, adorned the roadside,—and a stream occasionally crossed the path, and sunk murmuring to lose itself in the woods of willow and cane on the slope below.

A mile or two of such scenery, varied by wider views of the Atlantic, brought us to Montserrat, which lies a little below the road, on the brow of a hill, sinking gently to the plain. It is now, and has long been, in ruins—the roofless halls, the floors strewn with masses of rubbish, or overgrown with weeds, form a striking contrast to the appearance it must have presented when inhabited by the wealthy and luxurious "Vathek." The remains of its former magnificence are still visible in the painted walls and fallen fragments. I was surprised that this building should be suffered to continue in this condition, for it is most charm-

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ingly situated at the foot of the mountains, having the ocean in the distance on one hand, and the romantic heights of Penha Verde, crowned with pines and cork-trees on the other.

Two miles beyond Montserrat, on the rocky slope, is the little village of Colares, famed for its wine, and its "truly elysian scenery", (to use the words of Beckford) where snow-white *quintas* gleam from the midst of luxuriant groves and orchards, watered by streams from the overhanging mountains. This village I reached only in time to see the sun sink into the golden waves of the broad Atlantic. I then retraced my steps towards Cintra, and long before I reached the inn, all was night. But what a night! what words can do justice to a summer night in such a climate, and amid such scenery?

The moon was just rising over the mountain peaks, and shed a flood of light down the rugged slopes, tinging every prominent crag with her glow, and waking up the groves beneath. Such a moonlight I had never beheld. It was scarcely night, for the tints of even the distant landscape were in some degree distinguishable. It was a second day. Every object which caught the moonbeams seemed invested with the brilliancy of sunlight, and a brilliancy increased by the blackness and intensity of the shade, unlike the

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faint shadow thrown by "day's garish eye." The palace, with its snowy towers, stood out like a glittering edifice of silver from the dark plain beyond—the breezes brought their tribute of orange perfume—the nightingales from the surrounding groves strove to charm the ear with their melody, mingling their notes with the music of falling waters — and innumerable fire-flies darted through the air, glittering one moment like sparks of fire, and the next, invisible. All Nature seemed to vie in overpowering the senses with pleasure. Such moments amid such scenes become the halting-places, where Memory in journeying over the fields of past existence, however drear and gloomy, will pause with delight to refresh herself with pure draughts from the well of Nature.

Though in the Peninsula, in a country so lately the seat of civil warfare, and on a lonely road by night, unattended except by the owner of the ass I was riding, I met with no interruption. I was afterwards assured, that, since the Queen's Government had prohibited the carrying arms, little was to be apprehended from robbers: indeed the tranquillity of the country, and the orderly behaviour of the people in general, as far as a week's stay amongst them could enable me to determine, was not to be surpassed even in England.

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Daylight found me, next morning, on the steep and rugged ascent to the convent of Nossa Senhora da Penha. The summit of the mountain once gained, a magnificent panorama bursts upon the view, divided into two parts by the wild Serra itself, at whose foot to the north are seen the village of Cintra and the scattered *quintas* and woody knolls in its neighbourhood; beyond, extends the vast tract of open country, variegated with grove, cornfield, and desert, in which the domes and towers of the palace of Mafra* are seen glittering in the sun at the distance of twelve miles:—far beyond this, dimly seen in the northern horizon off the ocean-bound coast, stand the isolated rocks of the Berlings, dreaded by mariners. The Atlantic sweeps from this point far to the south, in a broad line of blue, broken only by a still loftier peak of the rugged chain on which I was standing. In the south-east, is the long course of the Tagus, with the shipping gleaming on its broad bosom, and the waves breaking in foam on the bar at its mouth. The city of Lisbon is scarcely seen, being concealed

* Mafra is a convent-palace—the Escurial of Portugal. It is of vast extent; tradition relates that Marshal Junot once reviewed 20,000 of his troops on the roof. *Credat Judæus, non ego!*

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by intervening hills; but the fertile country on the further bank of the river is open to the view, backed by the grey hills of Arabida in the horizon.

The convent is curious. The chapel is lined with coloured tiles, after the eastern fashion. Though many months had elapsed since the expulsion of the monks, the tapers and other paraphernalia of worship still stood before the altar, which was adorned with figures of alabaster. Within the convent is an open square court, with a double corridor, whose walls are lined with coloured tiling, disposed in fanciful arabesque patterns. The whole building has an oriental air.

On a neighbouring eminence, are the remains of a Moorish castle, of which nothing is now to be seen except lines of thick walls in ruins, and a curious cistern or reservoir of water, arched over with brick, which seems as though it might have once served as a bath. It is thirty feet long and ten broad, and is said to be renowned for the excellent quality of its water; though from the numerous lizards and other reptiles in its clear depths, it did not appear a very inviting beverage.

My next excursion was to Penha Verde, or Green Rock—a most romantic spot of broken

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ground, lying between Cintra and Montserrat—where shady walks of laurel break the ardent rays of the sun, and numerous little arbours, overhung by ancient pines and cork-trees, or cooled by fountains, tempt even the unweary stranger; and rustic bowers on eminences command delicious views over the variegated plain, the ocean, the villages of Cintra and Colares on either hand, or the jagged peaks and savage slopes of the impending mountains.

Cintra possesses few attractions beyond its enchanting scenery. The village is poor and mean, though there are a few good houses, and several palaces of the nobility in its immediate vicinity. The royal palace is a singular edifice, in the Moorish style of architecture. I was disappointed of gaining access to the interior, as the Queen was expected shortly to arrive from Lisbon.*

* Beckford says of this palace—"The Alhambra itself is scarcely more morisco in point of architecture than this confused pile, which seems to grow out of the summit of a rocky eminence, and is broken into a variety of picturesque recesses and projections. * * * A sort of reservoir, almost long enough to be styled a canal, is continued the whole length of the great hall, and serves as a paradise for shoals of the largest and most brilliant gold and silver fish I ever set eyes upon. The murmur of the jets-d'eau which rise from this canal, the ripple of the water undulating against

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On walking through the village, I discovered the secret of the security of the roads. The prison in the market-place was crowded with half-naked figures, whose wild shaggy faces and ferocious eyes, glaring through the iron bars, reminded me strongly of Cattermole's Interiors. They loudly implored charity of every passer-by; and as I was not reluctant voluntarily to bestow some share of that which they would doubtless have preferred forcing from me, my pocket was soon emptied of its small change, which, flung through the bars, afforded an eager scrambling within the prison, and plenty of amusement to those without, who looked on just as the spectators regard the monkeys in the Zoological Gardens.

steps and slabs of polished marble, the glancing and gleaming of the fish, and the striking contrast of light and shade produced by the intricate labyrinth of arches and columns, combine altogether to form a scene of enchantment, such as we sometimes dream of, but hardly suppose is ever realized. There is a sobriety in the hues of the marble, a mysteriousness in the dark recesses seen in perspective, and a solemnity in the deep colour, approaching to blackness, of the water in that part of the reservoir which is overshadowed by lofty buildings, I cannot help thinking superior to all the flutter and glitter of the most famous Moorish edifices of Seville and Granada."—Italy, &c. vol ii. p. 111.

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My return to Lisbon was unmarked by incident, except a sight of the royal party and cortège in a series of carriages. I entered the city through the lines thrown up in 1833 to defend it from the attack of Miguel's army. The houses in the outskirts were in ruins, many unroofed, and all riddled with shot.

The reservoir for the streams conveyed by the aqueduct is on this side the city; it is a large and handsome hall, containing a cistern which receives the waters as they fall in a perpetual shower. A flight of steps leads to the aqueduct itself—a long narrow passage, admitting of a man to stand upright, and of two to walk abreast: the water flows in a very small channel on one side. From the roof of the reservoir is obtained a superb view of the city. During the assault of 1833, an alarm was once spread through Lisbon that Miguel's army was entering by this aqueduct; this report proved unfounded, but Miguel did cut off the flow of water to the city, and thus obliged the inhabitants to fetch their supplies, at great labour and expense, from the opposite shore of the Tagus.

The more I saw of Lisbon, the less did it please me, and the less willing was I to admit the boast of its citizens:—

"*Quem naõ tem visto Lisboa*
Naõ tem visto cousa boa."

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Its magnificent appearance from the river has deceived many a traveller; and had I not been prepared to behold a city renowned for its filth, my astonishment would have equalled my disgust. With the exception of a few of the new and principal streets, which are neatly paved and tolerably cleansed, the condition of the city is filthy beyond conception. An Englishman finds it hardly possible to enter many of the streets, and is ready at every step to exclaim, with Falstaff, "This is the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril." As for the natives, their olfactory nerves are by habitude rendered almost insensible to the horrible odours. I attempted early one morning to penetrate the mass of tortuous, steep, and narrow alleys, lying between the Praça do Commercio and the Convent of Vicente de Fora; but the filth already in the streets, and the continual accumulations from the upper windows on either hand, together with the imminent danger of an impure shower-bath—for every discharge was followed, not preceded, by the cry "*Agoa va!*"—made me soon retrace my steps, and rejoiced was I to find myself unscathed, on the Caes do Sodre, inhaling the pure breezes from the river. And yet, forsooth, all conspired to tell me that Lisbon was now *clean;* qualifying this declaration, indeed, by a compa-

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rison with its condition during the reign of Dom Miguel. Who would envy a Portuguese his notions of cleanliness? Surely if the government had the appearance of the city, and the health and comfort of its inhabitants, at heart, it would devise some measures for its purification. The only scavengers are the dogs, which, unowned and unhoused, as in the cities of the East, ravage the streets, and consume much of the filth. Yet they are otherwise an intolerable nuisance. Every night I slept in Lisbon, I was cheated of my rest by their incessant howlings and barkings. A quarrel would arise in the square beneath my window; and being immediately taken up by a pack a little more remote, the cries would extend on all sides in every variety of ear-torturing discordancy, till at length nothing was to be heard for a moment but a faint dull baying in some distant part of the city;—then, just as I was falling asleep, a new and louder chorus of yells would burst forth in a neighbouring street, and, continuing without intermission for the rest of the night, would defy every attempt at slumber. How the natives contrive to rest I know not, unless this fiendish concert serve as their lullaby. But even *they* seem to feel it, for the government, I heard, had just issued orders for all dogs, without owners, to be shot in

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the course of a few days. This, however, was not expected to take place, any more than did the similar edict of Marshal Junot; as, unless some equivalent in the way of cleansing were adopted, the Lisbonians, in rooting out one plague, would probably introduce another still more formidable—the plague *par excellence.*

Amongst the annoyances which await the traveller in Lisbon, are the vexatious inquisitions of the Customs. Tobacco and soap being monopolized by private companies, a most rigid search is instituted, and the introduction of these articles, even in the smallest quantities, is prohibited. One of my fellow-passengers was not allowed to take on shore the small piece of soap requisite for cleansing and shaving, during the few days of his expected stay in Lisbon. The master of the steamer also bitterly complained of the vexatious delays to which he was subjected in clearing the vessel for sea.

The churches and convents of Lisbon are very numerous. That which possesses most attractions is the church of Saõ Roque, famed for its inimitable mosaics. These are contained in a small chapel, whose decorations alone are said to have cost the almost incredible sum of eight millions of *crusadas novas*—nearly £900,000 sterling. The mosaics are representations of three pictures by

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the first Italian masters. That in the centre, forming the altar-piece, is the "Baptism of Christ by St. John," from Michael Angelo; that on the right the "Conception," from Guido; and opposite, is the "Feast of Pentecost," from Raffaelle. So brilliant are the colours of these mosaic pictures, and at the same time so much have they of the mellow tone imparted by age, that, before mounting a ladder for a close inspection, I could scarcely believe them to be other than paintings on canvas. Besides these, the chapel is adorned with columns of lapis-lazuli, and is enriched also with Roman alabaster, jasper, verd-antique and precious stones, coral, amethysts, &c. The steps of the altar are of Egyptian porphyry. There are two splendid candelabra of silver gilt, from the hand of Benvenuto Cellini, and three pendent lamps by Giusti. The roof was originally richly ornamented with gilding, but is now much blackened with the smoke of the lamps.

There are several other religious edifices worthy of inspection. Of these, the principal is the Convent of Estrella, to the magnificence of whose exterior alone can I bear witness, as I had not the good fortune to gain admittance.

Near this is the English Protestant church, which, though containing nothing striking in

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itself, is interesting from the contrast its unpretending simplicity presents to the gorgeousness of the edifices for Catholic worship. It is a very small building, situated in the midst of the Protestant burying-ground, which is planted with cypresses and flowering shrubs, and protected by a lofty wall from any wanton attack of a fanatic populace. Fielding, the novelist, is here interred, but his monument is yet unfinished;—the only other name familiar to me was that of Dr. Phillip Doddridge.

The Convento do Carmo, overhanging the Praça do Rocio, is an interesting object, as it still exhibits in its ruinous condition the effects of the great earthquake of 1755. Nothing but the shell is standing—the roof is gone, but the bare grey walls and lofty arches are still entire, and are thrown majestically against the deep azure of the sky. The style is the early lancet-shaped Gothic. The barbarous spirit of utilitarianism has now converted the ruinin to a timber-yard.

From my windows on the Caes do Sodre, the view was most animated. Before me lay the noble Tagus, bounded by the fortified heights of Almada opposite, and stretching away to the left into a deep bay, backed by hills at the distance of eight or ten miles; while to the right,

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it extended, beneath the mansioned heights of Buenos Ayres, to mingle with the blue horizon of the Atlantic. The centre of the stream was occupied by ranges of men-of-war—liners and frigates—at anchor; and merchant vessels of all nations were scattered here and there on its broad bosom, which seemed teeming with life, as numerous pleasure-boats and small craft chased each other over the sun-lit waters. Many feluccas, too, with their long yards hung with festoons of snowy canvas thrown obliquely against the azure sky, lay along the quay beneath my window—with cargoes of fish from the Atlantic, or of passengers from the villages on the opposite shore. Rows of half-naked boatmen were seated on the parapet overhanging the water, or squatting beneath its shade, smoking paper-cigars—quarrelling one moment over a game of cards, and scrambling the next for a fare, as any one approached the landing-place. With their long red pendent caps—open shirts, displaying their hairy, brawny chests—and loose white nether garments, girt about their middle with a crimson sash, and reaching only to the knee, leaving their limbs to be blackened by the sun—they are picturesque fellows;—but what are they in uncouthness to the solitary, gaunt figures, wrapt only in a short cloak of coarse rush mat-

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ting, disposed in layers like a thatch, which, with their shaggy heads, matted beards, and sun-burnt features and limbs, makes you fancy them some importation of savages from New Zealand? They are but peasants in the costume of the rainy season.

There is a market-place on my right, where fruit, fish, meat, and a thousand etceteras are laid out in stalls, and served by fair Portuguezas; and this causes a continual ebb and flow of citizens of all orders, self-important National Guards in uniform, and prying custom-house officers, mingling with filthy, importunate beggars, and the lower classes of both sexes in many varieties of singular costume. Amongst them a party of tall, well-made figures, in high conical hats, gay short jackets, crimson sashes, and figured spatterdashes of white leather, strutting boldly along with the left hand on the hip, and a paper-cigar in the mouth—at once arrest the attention. The picturesque dress, and graceful bearing, the haughty and contemptuous looks which they cast around, shew them to be Spaniards—for

> "Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
> 'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low"—

while their countenances embronzed by con-

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tinual exposure to the sun, and their bold reckless air, mark them as *contrabandistas.* These fellows carry on a profitable but hazardous traffic in smuggling British goods from Oporto and Lisbon, across the Spanish frontier.*

Here are natives, also, of every other mercantile country of the globe, Britons, Americans, French, Dutch, Italians,—with occasionally a turbaned and loose-robed Moor, a squalid Jew, or a half-naked negro. The confusion of so many different tongues, and the varied character and contrast of costume in the motley multitude, combine to form a source of infinite amusement to the stranger.

I saw their Majesties on a subsequent occasion at the Italian opera in the theatre of Saõ Carlos. On their entering the royal box, the whole house arose and welcomed them with enthusiastic *vivas,* which they acknowledged by gracious bows. The Queen is evidently inclined to corpulency, and already much exceeds the *embonpoint;* her features are by no means attractive, and are marked by no decided character, except that of good humour and amiability. Her stepmother, the Duchess of Braganza, Dom

* The import duty, annually paid to the Portuguese exchequer, upon British goods entering that country to be smuggled into Spain, averages in amount £700,000.

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Pedro's widow, on the contrary, is quite a pretty woman, and looks scarcely older than the Queen. The Prince Ferdinand, who sat between them, is a fine youth, hardly twenty years of age,* with a manly and handsome countenance, and a well-turned figure, set off to advantage by a rich military dress. As I looked at the young couple, I could not but pity them—the Queen, though but seventeen years of age, having been already once widowed, and bereft of her best adviser, her father, just at the time when she stood most in need of his counsel—called to govern a country recently distracted by civil warfare, with an empty treasury, exhausted resources, and a population characteristically ignorant, fickle, and turbulent. On her devolves the arduous task of allaying all the angry waves of passion and prejudice which the tempest of civil war has raised—not only of crushing the conspiracies and open hostilities of a powerful party in the state, but also of quelling the animosities and jealousies of those who agree in professing allegiance to her authority. The Prince, youthful and inexperienced though he be, does not escape his share of public censure. He is regarded with a suspicious eye, being supposed to favour the interests of the British party—for all concessions,

* This was written in 1836.

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commercial or political, made to foreigners, are deprecated by the jealous natives, and hardly without reason, as invidious monopolies have not unfrequently been granted to British capitalists.

I quitted Lisbon without regret; for more romantic regions, inhabited by a nobler race, lay before me. Our vessel left the Tagus in the evening with a flowing sheet, and as we shaped a southern course, ere night closed, the blue mountains of Cintra had faded from our view.

The coast of this part of Portugal presented, at the distance from which I viewed it, but little to interest or excite, till the following morning the headland of St. Vincent rose in the horizon. What Briton can approach this promontory without thrilling interest?—or can traverse the watery field where his country's greatest hero won his earliest laurels, and where, but a few years since, her sons added to her renown,* without feeling his bosom swell with pride at the glory of Britain on her own element?

* Though Napier fought under the flag of Portugal, the glory of his victory may justly be claimed by the "hearts of British oak" who composed the chief force of his fleet. The first grand victory off St. Vincent is too well known to require comment; the latter, may well bear comparison, as regards the disparity of force, with that, or with the greatest naval victory ever achieved by British valour.

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The Cape is a bluff headland of grey limestone, nearly one hundred feet high, washed into bold forms by the ocean; with a detached rock at its base, and a convent on its brow.* Between the islet and the precipice, is a very narrow channel; yet it is said that a vessel once effected the passage in safety, and that too in the dead of the night, having, through the negligence of her crew, found herself entering the strait, only when it was too late to alter her course.

On doubling the Cape, the coast of the Algarves is seen stretching away due eastward. About one league from St. Vincent is the Punta de Sagres, with its port and fishing village, which was once a flourishing town, founded more than four centuries since by the renowned Prince Henry, son of John the First. Here he resided, and constructed fleets for the voyages of discovery along the western coast of Africa, which

* Cape St. Vincent receives its name from the saint having been murdered in its neighbourhood. His dead body was conveyed to Lisbon, and according to tradition was followed by some crows, who had witnessed his dying agonies; they remained by it till its interment, and then returning, sought out his murderers, and, inspired by holy revenge, tore out their eyes. Another tradition asserts that the saint was here fed by a crow, as was the Prophet Elijah by ravens. Even by the Spanish Arabs this promontory was called Keneesat Alghorab, or the Church of the Crow.

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ultimately led to the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope.

Evening closed ere we had doubled Cape Santa Maria. The sunset was here even more glorious than off the coast of Estremadura; the phosphoric illuminations of the ocean were more brilliant; the air more soft and balmy; and every thing indicated that we had reached a more southern latitude. It was long before I retired for the night, and then with ardent anticipations of the morrow, when I was for the first time to tread the soil of sunny Andalucia.

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CHAPTER III.

CADIZ.

Oh never talk again to me
Of northern climes, and British ladies;
It has not been your lot to see,
Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz!

And such sweet girls—I mean such graceful ladies,
Their very walk would make your bosom swell;
I can't describe it, though so much it strike,
Nor liken it—I never saw the like.

——— the veil
Thrown back a moment with the glancing hand,
While the o'erpowering eye, that turns you pale,
Flashes into the heart.

Byron.

At seven the next morning I was told that Cadiz was visible a-head. I strained my eyes for some time to no purpose, but at last discerned a

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faint white streak gleaming in the sun, and dividing the dark blue of the sea from the softer azure of the sky. On a nearer approach the many-towered city came into view with more distinctness, appearing to rise, like Venice, from the very bosom of the deep—the light-house of San Sebastian stretching into the ocean on one side, and the masts of numerous vessels bristling from the Bay of Cadiz on the other. Passing the glittering town of Rota, on its low sandy coast, we entered the Bay, and at nine o'clock came to an anchor, having, on one hand, the sunny white mass of the city, girt by the sea-wall and batteries, and overhung by many a gay streamer—and, on the other, the town of Port St. Mary, on the bright line of coast, at the distance of two leagues. Before us, the Bay stretched far inwards like a lake, bounded by low shores, and overlooked in the south-eastern horizon by the bold masses of the grey mountains of Ronda. Around, were numerous vessels at anchor, among which towered pre-eminently the British and French ships of war; and in every direction snowy sails were scudding like sea-birds over the deep-blue waters.

After the usual visitation of the Health and Custom-house boats, the passengers were permitted to land, and eager to set my foot on Spanish ground, I committed myself to the care of some

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swarthy, red-capped, ragged, barefooted watermen. On landing at the quay, I was beset by a crowd of similar fellows, all striving to gain possession of my luggage; but delivering it to one of my boatmen I proceeded with him to the gate of the port, to undergo the scrutiny of a custom-house officer in soldier's uniform. This ceremony ended, I found myself in a large square—La Plaza del Mar—bounded by lofty white houses; and turning out of it to the right entered upon a scene, no less gay and beautiful than strikingly novel.

It was the day of Corpus Christi, the grandest festival in the Romish calendar, and preparations had been made for the procession of the Host through the city—now about to commence. Lofty houses, of the most dazzling whiteness, rose up on either hand, with balconies to all the windows, hung with damask, or silk-cloths richly flowered, crimson, blue, or canary-coloured, behind which were ranged "the dark-eyed girls of Cadiz." Below, crowds of citizens of both sexes, and of all ages and conditions, were working their way between ranks of the National Guard, in gay uniforms, drawn up on either side the street. The fierce rays of the sun were excluded, or rather softened down into a voluptuous light, by awnings of canvas, or flags

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stretched from roof to roof across those streets through which the procession was to pass. The brightness and rich contrast of colour—the buzz and bustle—the eternal flutter and furling of fans—the flashing of the wild black eyes of their fair owners from the balconies and from below—together with the novelty of the costumes—formed a *tout-ensemble* that could not fail to astonish, amuse, and delight the stranger.

When I had recovered from the first surprise excited by this dazzling scene, and could look more calmly around, my attention was naturally drawn to the singular costume of the women; for, on every side, were *mantillas* of black lace or silk, which being fastened to the head, falling over the back and shoulders, and partly concealing the countenance, made me for a moment fancy myself among a nation of nuns. But the roguish, unsaintly glances of these fair ones soon undeceived me with the assurance, that in the *veil* alone did the resemblance consist. Some few *mantillas* were of white lace, and here and there a French bonnet, all flowers and ribbons, contrasted with the more sober head-dresses. The young Gaditana gliding along as fast as the crowd, or her own notions of grace, would allow, her black eyes sparkling with delight at so favourable an opportunity of displaying her charms,

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and her fan fluttering with increased rapidity as she recognized some acquaintance in the balconies, whom she greeted with a gracious nod, or still more gracious smile—the fat dowager waddling at her side, bedizened with finery—the shrivelled old grandmother creeping through the crowd—and the little girl hardly emerged from infancy,—were all similarly attired, arranging the *mantilla* with one hand, and wielding the fan with the other. The gipsy girl, too, with her red or yellow *pañuelo*, or shawl, thrown over her head as a *mantilla*, was there, bandying jokes with the soldiers, rolling her dark glances boldly around, and casting her swarthy smiles freely at anything wearing a hat or a schako.

The citizens of the other sex were the least novel part of the scene, being dressed in the universal European costume, and resembling—the tradesmen especially—the corresponding orders of Parisians, both in countenance and dress. They seemed to form a class distinct from, and much inferior in appearance to the peasantry, who had come in from the country to witness the *funcion* (*spectacle*, Gallicé), and who, with their high conical hats, long handkerchiefs beneath, streaming down their backs, gay jackets hanging hussar-fashion over the left shoulder, crimson

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sashes, open leather leggings, haughty air and dare-devil looks, formed not the least picturesque feature of the scene. If the women at first sight looked like nuns, the men of this class no less resembled bandits. Here and there, too, a man muffled up in a rusty brown cloak, his dark eyes glaring beneath his broad-brimmed slouched hat, realized our popular conceptions of a Spanish assassin.

One drawling, monotonous cry rose loud above the general hum—"*Agua...a! Agua fresca...a! Quien bebe...e? Agua de nieve...e!*—Water!—Fresh water! Who drinks? Snow-water!" The *aguadores*, or water-sellers, with large jars slung on their backs, and sets of tumblers in their hands, were seen on every side pushing their way through the crowd, alternately chinking their glasses, vociferating the praises of the fluid, and serving it out to all classes at a farthing a glass.

After hastily depositing my luggage in the inn, and winding through a number of narrow streets—some canopied, gay, and bustling—others open to the blue sky, silent, and deserted—I reached a *plazuela*, or small square, in the precincts of the Cathedral, from which the procession was to issue. Here I found myself in the thickest part of the crowd, among *mantillas* and slouched hats, with every thing strange around me. But "a crowd's

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a crowd for a' that," as I learned, when my pocket was relieved of a handkerchief; though the sensible jerk, attending the operation, proved that the Spanish thief had not attained the proficiency of his brethren of London and Paris.

A movement in the expectant throng told of the approach of the Host, and some banners presently issued from a narrow passage in one corner of the square; the procession then slowly advanced and passed in review before me as I stood in the centre. The ecclesiastical banners which were borne in front, were of various colours, ornamented with gold and silver, and surmounted by silver crosses: then marched a body of young aspirants for clerical honours, each carrying a long lighted wax candle in his hand: these were followed by some priests bearing a table, strewed with flowers, with a crucifix raised over it, and tapers burning around: then succeeded a train of elderly *clerigos* in rich dresses—all with a small shaven circle on the crown of the head. Many of these gentry were tall portly figures, and by their burly dimensions, attaining sometimes to aldermanic rotundity, gave the lie direct to stories of priestly abstinence. Some of them bore a remarkable resemblance to my countrymen, and perhaps were from Ireland, or the descendants

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of those Irish, who, in former years, flocked to Spain to obtain the education they were denied in their own country. They were followed by another table, and then came more priests, and lastly, "*Su Majestad*,"—"His Majesty," the consecrated wafer itself, in a huge custodia of massive silver, resembling a temple, or rather a number of temples raised one above the other. A band of troops brought up the rear.

On the approach of the Host, heads were uncovered; even the cavalry soldiers, ranged on either side the square, removed their schakos; but as some of the mob did not unbonnet fast enough, an elderly priest went round, and gently lifted up the refractory beavers. I observed few signs of sincere devotion. The women crossed themselves, apparently from habit alone, as the laugh and chat immediately succeeded; the men were content to uncover; and save a few poor wretches, of the very lowest class, who dropped on their knees as the Host passed, there were none who gave evidences of that devotion to the Roman faith which the English are accustomed to imagine so prevalent in Spain. It was little like a religious ceremony—it was rather a great gala day; and I am uncharitable enough to believe, that had it not been for the gaiety of the

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scene, the assembled thousands, and the opportunity afforded of seeing and of being seen, few would have been the witnesses of the *funcion*.

The procession itself disappointed me—not so its concomitants; for through it I had an opportunity of seeing the *élite* of the place brought into contrast with the inferior classes, and all seen to the greatest advantage. I could not, indeed, have entered the country, for the first time, under more favourable circumstances, during the whole course of the year, for rarely is the traveller so fortunate as suddenly to exchange the dull monotony of ship-board, for such an extraordinary scene of gaiety as attends this fête-day at Cadiz.

I had thus, moreover, the best means of judging of the claims to beauty maintained by the Gaditanas. In this I must candidly acknowledge I was, at first, disappointed. Whether my expectations had been too highly raised by the rhapsodies of travellers, or whether the darkness of the Spanish complexion contrasted unfavourably with the fair skins of the Devonshire and Cornish damsels, I know not; but the large majority seemed to possess little beauty save in their eyes. Yet these, however full, black, well-fringed, and melting, though "half langour and half fire," will alone never constitute a face beautiful: regular features and sweetness of expression are

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equally indispensable. A few possessed all these, and in spite of their complexions, might have laid claim to beauty in any country. The swarthy skin, by-the-bye, was by no means universal; and I was surprised to see so many fair faces amongst a race whose duskiness has passed into a proverb. Some would have been esteemed fair even in England, having light hair, blue eyes, and all the characteristics of blondes; though these, as may be supposed, were rare exceptions. But if beauty was scarce, grace was abundant; and there were few, from the countess to the gipsy, who did not walk with elegance, and display a thousand charms in the play of the fan, and the arrangement of the *mantilla*.

I had another opportunity in the evening on the Prado of judging of Spanish beauty, but my opinion was little altered by what I there saw. In fact, as I walked up and down before the rows of ladies seated on the stone benches on either hand, the paucity of—what an Englishman would call—"pretty girls," astonished me. All indeed, nearly without exception, had fine eyes, and an animated expression of countenance; their principal defect was the want of that regularity and delicacy of features which characterize our own countrywomen. When the Gaditanas unite these and a clear complexion to their other charms,

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they are pre-eminently beautiful. Their forms are generally good, often of an exquisite contour, though rather below than above the middle height: their feet are delicately small and pretty; and, as I watched these, cased in net-worked stockings and sandalled slipers, emerging from beneath the short *basquiña*, or gown, as they paraded to and fro, and observed the graceful bearing of the head and neck, and gentle swimming gait, I began to comprehend the secret of Spanish beauty—to see that it consists rather in elegance of figure and manner than in regularity of features, and that its fascinations are displayed to more advantage in motion than in repose.

But it is not the walk alone of these fair ones that is so attractive—every attitude, every motion, every gesture, is graceful in the extreme, and yet without affectation, for all appears perfectly easy and natural. The grace of the Andaluzas is, indeed, beyond description; it must be seen to be understood; it is unrivalled in Spain, and elsewhere, if I may credit the reports of travellers who have visited the rest of Europe, the East, and the Americas, and assured me that the Andaluzas are no where equalled in this particular. The contrast between these daughters of the South and our English dames is striking enough;

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even the French ladies, whom we are accustomed to regard as models of elegance, are very far behind the fair Spaniards. All which tends to prove that it is "in the blood," as the natives themselves assert—that it is nature rather than art that produces this exquisite grace. It may arise in great measure from the fine proportions of their forms.

Yet their persons do not constitute the sum total of their attractions, for, without the mysterious *mantilla*, and ever-fluttering fan, they would be shorn of many of their charms. Nay, even within doors, where the *mantilla* is laid aside, though the fan is usually retained, they appear by no means so engaging; and in this respect, they differ from the English belles, who are seen to more advantage without their bonnets—for the *mantilla*, which supplies the place, enhances every charm, improves the character of the whole face and person, and gives an air of dignified grace, even to an insignificant figure. It relieves, too, with its black folds, the darkness of the Spanish complexion, and accords admirably with the national elegance of figure and movement; for rarely can a foreigner acquire sufficient of the Spanish character to appear to advantage in it. An Englishwoman, with *mantilla* and fan, is at once detected; few, indeed, will venture upon the

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experiment; some that have attempted it have soon given it up in despair, and others, who persist in arraying themselves in this dress, which seems expressly devised for the glowing "daughters of the sun," are always known through their disguise. The French succeed no better. One lady, that I detected as not being Spanish, though in the national costume, I found to be a native of France, who had resided many years in Spain, but had never been able to acquire the genuine step and carriage, though by no means deficient in symmetry of form.

The *mantilla* is always black or white, the former being the more prevalent hue, and invariably worn in winter; the white has a very pretty effect, especially if the wearer be a *rubia*, or of fair complexion, otherwise it only makes matters worse, and the *cara morena* looks doubly brown from the contrast, or, as the Spaniards say, "*como mosca en leche*—like a fly in milk."* The white

* A *cara rubia*, or a fair-complexioned face with light hair and blue eyes, is highly esteemed in Spain. Not so red hair, as has been erroneously asserted, for this is by no means admired. A young man who is a *rubio* will find the dark-eyed damsels "angelically kind;" of course, in proportion to his general good looks. The converse holds with the opposite sex; and this may serve as a hint to English maidens of this complexion, who find that the men at home "won't propose," to try their fortune in Spain, where, their only

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are always of lace, but the black are of all materials, from the rich lace of the upper ranks—the silk with a wide border of lace of the tradesmen's wives—or edged with velvet, a grade lower—to the coarse *mantilla* of *punto* of the lowest classes. The prices vary as much as the texture, for, while those of the first quality will often cost from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars (£35 to £47); those of the commonest description are not worth as many *quartos** (four or five shillings). The average price, however, is from twelve to twenty dollars (fifty to eighty shillings).

The *basquiña* at Cadiz is pretty much like a modern English gown, with full sleeves, though these are short, and do not cover the arms. It was formerly adorned with deep flounces, and trimmed with a profusion of braid; but such are now rarely seen, except on the stage, or in the interior of the country. Though in winter the *basquiña*, as

difficulty would be to make choice among their numerous admirers. There would be little fear of their long wanting a husband, though a fortune with him would be quite another affair.

* A *quarto* is rather more than a farthing; thus
8½ *quartos* = 1 *real de vellon*, *or* 2½d. English.
3 *reales* = 1 *peseta*.
5 *pesetas* = 1 *duro*, *peso fuerte*, or dollar.
16 *duros* = 1 *onza* or *doblon*.

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well as the *mantilla*, is usually black—the ancient and genuine hue of the whole costume—in summer, gowns of other colours are worn, being either white, or of some dark shade of purple, crimson, green, or brown.

There is another peculiarity in the dress of the ladies, which prevails throughout the country—that of wearing fresh flowers in the hair; and a very pretty fashion it is, giving an air of gaiety to the countenance, and forming a rich contrast with the dark complexions and *mantillas*. The plainest woman looks, to say the least, interesting, with a rose-bud, a carnation, a sprig of orange-blossom, or the deep crimson flower of the double pomegranate, amongst her jetty tresses: and if beauty must be adorned, it is surely far better to use the simple ornaments that nature offers, than the artificial aid of trinkets and jewellery. It is for this purpose, I believe, that every balcony is converted into a hanging garden, that the *muchachas* (girls) may always have a ready store of ornaments for their heads.

The comb is not like that of the Portuguese women, raised a foot or more above the head; but is here scarcely larger than that worn in England.

The fan is as universal as the *mantilla*. Rarely is a Spanish woman to be seen without it, even within doors; not taking it up for the sake of

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convenience, but making it as indispensable an article of dress as her gown or shoes. No wonder the *abanico* is so great a favourite, for none but an Española knows how to wield it; and in her hands it becomes an elegant as well as a dangerous weapon—a principal auxiliary in the art of intrigue. With it she speaks a language, understood indeed only by the initiated, but in which, aided by her looks, she can address her admirer almost as plainly as with the words of her mouth; awakening in his breast, by an emphatic furl or motion of her fan, the liveliest joy or the deepest despondency. She rarely allows it to remain idle in her hands; now fanning herself slowly; now rapidly; or closing it with a sudden furl on one side, opening it again in a moment, and closing it on the other, and all with one hand—uniting to an apparent unconsciousness the most finished grace in every movement.

French fashions are unfortunately maintaining at Cadiz a powerful rivalry with the simple and elegant national costume. One meets women with huge Parisian hats, covered with ribbons and flowers of all the colours of the rainbow; and even little girls, not yet budding into womanhood, may often be seen in this fantastic dress. The large, wild, black eyes, the graceful step, and ever restless fan, still show the Spanish

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blood, though thus travestied. So rapid are the inroads these fashions are now making, that it is to be feared—unless the national taste and good sense make a decided stand in its favour—that the *mantilla,* in the seaports at least, will, in a few years, be confined to the lower orders, like the Italian *fazzuolo;* or will share the fate of the English pigtail, to be seen only at intervals, few and far between, reminding us of what our great grandfathers were, and exciting a laugh by the strangeness and antiquity of its appearance.

But the ladies have led me astray into a long digression from the Alameda, or public walk, which I was about to describe.* It is situated on the east of the city, commanding a view across the bay to the towns of Puerto de Santa Maria and Rota on their bright sandy coast. It is backed by lofty white houses, over one of which floats the British flag, marking the residence of Mr. Brackenbury, our Consul. The more modern part is a broad open walk, with stone seats on either hand, and strips of gardens

* The word, *alameda,* is generally said to signify a walk planted with poplars, from *alamo,* a poplar. Query—may it not be derived from the Arabic, *al-amadah,* the place prepared, made level?

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and rows of trees behind. The older Alameda joins it, lies lower, and has rather less formality, as the benches are mingled with the trees which adorn it. It is, however, not so favourite a promenade as the other.

At six, p. m., in the summer months, a few stragglers may be seen on the Prado; towards seven the numbers increase; and in half an hour afterwards, the benches on either hand are crowded with the softer sex, whose fans and tongues vie in the rapidity of their movements. A few forlorn cavaliers, disappointed of a seat, will be seen pacing up and down in the centre. About eight o'clock, as the sun is near the horizon, the gentlemen begin to arrive; the ladies then forsake their seats, and commence parading in the centre, which is soon one stream of life, or rather a union of many streams, filled, as it is, with cavaliers and dames, marching slowly in files, crossing and recrossing, meeting and re-meeting on opposite tacks; forming altogether such a scene of confusion, as, if seen from a balloon, must cause the beholder to imagine that he was gazing on a nest of Brobdignag ants. By nine, the density of the throng begins to diminish—party after party quitting the walk for the Plaza de San Antonio—till in another hour, the Alameda is deserted, save by

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a few, so lost in conversation as not to regard the disappearance of the crowd; or by a lonely pair or two, who choose this now quiet spot, and the calm evening hour, to worship that goddess whose star smiles radiantly upon them from above.

The bustle is transferred, with the crowd, to the Plaza de San Antonio, a large open square, surrounded by stone seats, shaded by trees, for the accommodation of weary promenaders. It is enclosed by lofty houses, some of which, bright with the glare of many lamps, are cafés or *neverías*, (ice-houses) to which those heated by walking may resort to refresh themselves with some cooling glass from the *mozo's* (waiter's) long list of *gelados* (ices). It is the custom to make the circuit of the Plaza in one's ambulations, and not to march backwards and forwards as in the other Prado; the attention is thus divided between the moving throng, and the rows of *mantillas* on the benches around.

Here is the principal scene of those intrigues for which Cadiz is notorious. Some of the soft sex already in "converse sweet" with their gallants, court the friendly shade of the trees; while others—daughters, whose mothers have left them for a gossip—wives, for whose spouses the *nevería* has superior charms—widows, who

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feel lonely at home—sit, quite by chance, in the blaze of the overhanging lamps, and arrest your attention by a quick furl of the fan as you pass. You turn round to detect the fair challenger, who will be fanning herself very sedately, and looking anywhere and everywhere—but not at you.

The Prado has never-failing attractions, and is a certain remedy for *ennui.* Nightly did I resort to it during my stay in Cadiz, and always with renewed pleasure, if it were only to sit, watching the passing crowd, perfectly fascinated by the wondrous grace and elegance floating before my eyes.

Let us now leave the crowd on the Prado, where it will probably remain till past midnight, and take our way through the noble Calle Ancha, winding through groups of black and white *mantillas,* and red or yellow *pañuelos,* to the theatre, which is situated at the end of the street. It is an oval of considerable dimensions, with three tiers, but wholly destitute of ornament—with none of the lyres, cupids, flutes, masks, and gilding, which decorate our houses. It is, indeed, a sombre-looking building. Remove the painted curtain with allegorical figures, drawn before the stage, and substitute a bare wall and a pulpit, and it would look as much like a Methodist

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chapel with extra galleries, as any follower of Wesley could desire.

The seats, as in the Continental theatres generally, are numbered to prevent confusion. The upper tier or gallery is called "*La Cazuela*" or "the stew-pan," and is sacred to the fair, for a soldier with musket and bayonet stands sentry at the door, to prevent the pure and innocent minds of his charge from suffering through any communication with the coarser sex. This custom is quite at variance with the character and general habits of the people, for in no country on earth is there more freedom of social intercourse between the sexes than in Spain; in no country are parents less watchful, and husbands less jealous; and yet, though this liberty exists every where without, it ceases within the walls of the theatre, and the men are there as strictly excluded from the spot set apart for the women, as though it were the Zenana of an Eastern prince. This is, probably, a remnant of the Spanish jealousy of the olden time, a feeling which was doubtless inherited from the Moorish possessors of the country, and which, in the days of Don Quixote and Gil Blas, was displayed in dueñas and duelling. Not that any of that absurd jealousy itself remains—for it has long been on the decay, and is now quite out of date—but the

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custom only to which it gave birth. This has existed for ages, and the firm attachment of the Spaniards to old usages will account for its having been thus preserved. Besides, it has its conveniences; those of the fair, who are anxious to witness a favourite piece, and wish to avoid expense, or the trouble of dressing for the boxes, can in the "stew-pan" find a seat where no male eyes will scrutinize their attire. The women are not, however, absolutely confined to one quarter of the house; they are to be seen in the lower tiers also, where they delight to revel in bonnets and ribands *à la Française*—the *mantilla* being generally banished to the *cazuela*.

The performances, at my first visit, consisted of short comic pieces, by very indifferent actors. Some attempts at tragedy, too, which I afterwards witnessed, were still more wretched; but how is it possible that the histrionic art should even approach a state of perfection,—how can an actor throw the requisite feeling and energy into his voice and gestures, when he depends, not on an intimate acquaintance with the character he is to represent, but on the aid he receives, *en passant*, from the prompter? This last personage is stationed in a low covered box, sunk in the front of the stage, behind the footlights, whence he dictates to the performers, not occasionally,

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when they are at a loss, but reciting the entire play for their guidance. So loud does he raise his voice at times, especially when he grows excited with the subject, that the whole house knows what is coming before it proceeds from the lips of the actor. On such occasions, a book may be seen protruding from the round box, accompanied by a head; and the emphasis of voice, and flourish of the arm, bespeak the earnestness of the prompter. The actors rarely venture far from this box—if they are obliged to remain a few moments in another part of the stage, a book will not fail to be seen thrust out from behind some of the neighbouring scenes.

The performances closed, according to custom, with a *saynete*—a short comic piece portraying the manners, language, and costumes of the peasantry and lower orders. The house was poorly attended; a full house, indeed, is rarely seen in summer, when the Alameda rivals the theatre in its attractions.

In the intervals between the pieces the national dance was performed—the *bolero,* or its variations, the *manchega, cachucha, &c.*—and this constitutes the glory, and to me the sole charm, of the Spanish theatre.

Ere the curtain is drawn, the rattling of castanets is heard behind the scenes; and when raised,

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the stage appears at first empty, but the dancers, of whom there is a pair, presently step forward from either side, and take up their positions at the distance of a few paces apart. The man is dressed in the *majo** style, with a short close-fitting jacket, of silk or velvet, covered with a profusion of gold or silver ornaments on the shoulders, back, and sleeves—tight knee breeches, also richly adorned on the outer seams—a sash round his waist—silk stockings and pumps—and his hair tied behind, in ribbons, or in a net bag hanging down his back. The *maja's* gown is covered with gold or silver, and a broad deep flounce, with long vandyked hangings, runs round it about half-way up—another similar flounce terminates the garment. The body is cut low, with short full sleeves, and sits closely to the shape; that part which covers the breast, is worked with gold and silver into two circles, which yet hardly conceal the swelling bosom beneath. Her hair is adorned with fresh roses or

* *Majo* is an Andalucian word, originally signifying "a bully," but its present meaning is not to be represented by one English word. A modern *majo* is a bold, daring, smart, well-dressed fellow, generous, and amorous—a hero among the men—the idol of the women. Bull-fighters and *contrabandistas*, all lay claim to be of this species of the genus *homo*.

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other flowers, and caught up behind in a knot, tied with lace, or ribbon, which hangs down in large bows. The *basquiña* is not long enough to conceal a small delicate foot, confined by a sandalled slipper; nor a prettily turned ancle swelling above into a limb of symmetrical fulness.

The figures of the dancers are invariably elegant; their countenances in general handsome, always gay and expressive; and as they stand opposite, with their hands on their hips, they glance round at the spectators, and at each other, with a self-complacent air, as though they had not a doubt of acquitting themselves to universal satisfaction.

At a signal in the music which regulates the dance, they start off, rattling their castanets—advance—retreat—wheel round, and meet again—and go through a series of movements, some rapid and lively, others slow and measured, but all replete with grace, and an air of nature yet more fascinating. The arms are never idle, but accompany the steps with harmonious wavings and inflexions; one being usually raised, sometimes both.* The eye follows the couple through the mazes of the dance—every moment producing some new attitude or movement full of grace,

* The "in varios brachia vulsa modos" of Martial. Lib. iii. Epigr. 63.

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each appearing more charming than the last. But it is the *maja* that rivets the attention of the spectator. Now she pauses, beating time with her tiny foot, elevating and lowering her polished arms as she strikes the castanets;—then turns round on one toe, sometimes raising the other just enough to display the perfect symmetry of her limbs;—now she gracefully bends over towards her partner, who advances to meet her with similar gestures;—then darts away with more lively step; but all with expressive glances and smiles, as though her whole heart and soul were thrown into every motion. After some minutes the dance ceases, and the performers resume their original positions, while the heaving bosom and panting breath show the violence of the exercise. This agitation has scarcely subsided, when another signal in the music recalls them into activity.

The *bolero*, as exhibited on the stage, is no longer the wild wanton dance of the peasantry, yet enough of its original character is retained, to give it a tone of voluptuousness, and he must possess the apathy of a stoic who can remain insensible to its fascinations. How indeed can it be otherwise, since this is the dance of love? Each performer dances not only *with*, but *to* the other, acting love in its various and vary-

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ing forms—timorous, melancholy, reproachful, or joyful, ardent, impassioned—now seeming to respond to, now to reject, the advances of the other. Sometimes the nymph with languishing looks, and alluring gestures, appears about to throw herself into the arms of her lover, who eagerly darts to meet her;—then, she suddenly turns away, affecting coyness, yet with head half-averted, and eyes beaming with tenderness, seems still to tempt him to win her.

No description or pictured representation can convey more than a very imperfect idea of the charms of the *bolero*. To be understood and appreciated, it must be witnessed, and that, too, as performed by natives of Andalucia; for, in this province of Spain, it is danced to perfection—the superior grace, agility, and fire of the Andaluces, rendering them unrivalled. It seems a peculiar characteristic of the *bolero*, that every muscle, every nerve, every feature, is called into play; nay, a proper management of the very looks is requisite to give it its due expression; in fact, every other dance appears tame and senseless in comparison. When a Taglioni throws her body into positions, which, however gracefully assumed, are strained and unnatural, we look on uninterested except in the skill and elegance exhibited: such feats are but displays of cold, unmeaning

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art. But the *bolero* never oversteps nature—its motions are all natural, exciting our warmest sympathies by their truth and meaning, and yet eliciting our admiration as proofs of the most finished art.*

The Spaniards are passionately fond of the *bolero;* the fact of its being performed regularly at every theatre—frequently three or four times the same evening—sufficiently proves this. Once seen, indeed, it is never forgotten; every thing associated with it, is cherished by the memory; and never afterwards could I hear the rolling click of the castanets, even at a distance, without an excitation, a sudden delirium of the senses, caused by the remembrance of this most fascinating dance.

Whatever may be its seductive qualities, the *bolero* can never be charged with indecency. There is nothing gross, as in the Italian ballets; nothing to offend even a fastidious modesty. The

* The *cachucha*, with which Duvernay has so delighted the British public, has little of the spirit of the Spanish dance. It loses half its charms, and, from the very nature of the dance, all its meaning, by being performed alone: and Duvernay again, with all her elegance, wants Spanish fire; she is too soft and Italianized for this dance; her movements are unquestionably very beautiful, but the fire, the soul of the genuine *cachucha*, is lost in her excess of gentleness.

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fandango, however, of which the *bolero* is a modification, is much more free in its character; and is, therefore, very rarely exhibited on the stage, though a great favourite with the peasantry. It is of high antiquity—by some supposed to have been introduced by the Arabs, but a similar dance seems to have existed in Spain at a much earlier period, for Martial evidently describes the *meneo* in those lines, commencing :—

> Nec de Gadibus improbis puellæ, &c.
>
> LIB. v. EPIG. 78.

And Juvenal also in his Sat. xi. v. 162.

As the *fandango*, however, is said to assimilate closely to the dances of modern Egypt, we must either conclude that the Egyptians received it from the Spanish Moors, or refer its origin to the Phœnicians, as introducing it into both Spain and Africa.*

* The guitar and castanets, as accompanying instruments, are undoubtedly of Arabian origin, and are still used in Egypt, and other parts of the East. Martial mentions "*cantica*" and "*crusmata*" as accompaniments in his day to the dances of the Gaditanæ.

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CHAPTER IV.

CADIZ.

Cadiz, sweet Cadiz!—it is the first spot in the creation; the beauty of its streets and mansions, is only excelled by the loveliness of its inhabitants!

BYRON.

Cadiz! the emporium of pleasure, the citadel of luxury, the elysium of Spain!

INGLIS.

I WAS awakened the morning after my arrival at Cadiz, by a knocking at the door of my chamber. Forgetting for a moment that I was in a foreign land, I exclaimed in English,, "Who's there?" Immediately the door flew open, and a tall, gaunt figure, with large black mustachios, and whiskers meeting on his uncovered throat, marched into the room, flourishing in his right hand a glittering blade, and holding in the other

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what my still dreamy imagination regarded as a bowl of poison. Astonishment at this dreadful apparition caused me to start up in bed, when recovering my consciousness, I was enabled to discern that the threatening blade was nothing but a razor,—the assassin, no other than a harmless Figaro, with a white apron, a towel thrown over his left arm, and shirt-sleeves tucked up to his elbows,—and the bowl, a brass basin of the veritable Mambrino shape, which reminded me even more forcibly than the accent of the man, that I was in the country of Don Quixote. As no Spaniard shaves himself, it is customary for a barber to make a morning circuit of the chambers of every hotel.

Having rejected the offer of his services, I still lay musing, when another tap at the door was heard, and a female servant entered with a tray, on which were a very small cup of chocolate, thick and strongly spiced, a sweet cake, and a tumbler of spring water. This is the breakfast with which every Spaniard of the upper and middle classes commences the day, frequently taking nothing else before two or three o'clock in the afternoon, the hour of dinner. Many, however, take a luncheon in the forenoon; and foreigners in Spain seldom fail to demand something more substantial than the single cup of chocolate for their breakfast.

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One of the primary objects of every traveller, on reaching a city for the first time, should be, to view it from the summit of some tower, spire, or neighbouring eminence, in order to gain an acquaintance with its situation, and with the characteristic features and relative bearings of its principal public buildings. Thus the situation of Cadiz is best understood by a view from the roof of the Signal Tower, which rises nearly in the centre of the city, and from which are announced the arrival and departure of the shipping, by means of flags suspended from a mast and yard on its roof. The city is seen to be situated at the northern extremity of a very narrow strip of sand, six or seven miles in length, stretching away to the south-east towards the main land, which it appears to join, but does not, being separated from it by a narrow stream, and the island thus formed, receives the name of Isla de Leon. The eastern side of this isthmus is washed by the calm waters of the Bay, to which it forms a natural breakwater; and the western by the foaming billows of the Atlantic. At the point of its apparent junction with the main land, is the brilliantly white town of Isla, on a slightly rising ground, with the tower of Santi Petri on a sea-girt rock beyond; thence carrying the eye eastward along the shores of the

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Bay, it passes the Navy-Yard of Caraca, backed by the conical hill of Medina Sidonia, and the town of Puerto Real in the bight of an inner bay, or Puntalenbaya. In the same direction, but much nearer the eye than this last town, are the ruined buildings of the Trocadero, and the equally ruined fort of Matagorda, jutting into the Bay. Above, and beyond all in the east and south-east, rise the majestic forms of the mountains of Ronda, dimly seen in the far horizon. The eye follows the low undulating line of the opposite coast—now parched, desert, and sandy, now darkened by luxuriant groves—and rests in the north-east, on the glittering buildings of Puerto de Santa Maria, at the distance of eight or nine miles; and then in the north on the small town of Rota at the entrance to the Bay. Extending from this point to the south-east almost as far as Cape Trafalgar, sweeps the Atlantic,—its vast expanse of blue, chequered with snow-white sails, thus occupying the western half of the scene.

Having now surveyed the distant prospect, let us cast our eyes on the city beneath. Thus viewed, it bears a most singular appearance; for with the exception of a few buildings which are tiled, a surface of flat roofs presents itself, covered with a cement of dazzling whiteness,—

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yet the innumerable *miradores*, or square towers, rising above the houses, for the convenience of "taking the cool" (*tomar el fresco**), and the infinity of long, white, square chimneys, or rather imitations of them, at the corners of the roofs, almost destroy the peculiar effect of the flat terraces. The streets as seen from above, appear extremely narrow; and the masses of building are chequered by the *patios*, or open courts, which exist in every house. These are sometimes planted with shrubs; and there are a few gardens beside, with orange, fig, and other trees peculiar to the South; and here and there, above the glittering snow of the houses, tower the lofty heads of date palms—their long elegant leaves waving in the wind—which, even more than the terraced roofs, the kiosks, the narrow streets, and universal *patios*, stamp an oriental character on the city.

The ramparts which encircle Cadiz and pro-

* "*Tomar el fresco*" is a phrase that in Andalucia hourly meets the ear. Every one, many times a day during the summer heats, talks of "Taking the cool." Even the brutes are not without this enjoyment. Frequently in the streets have I observed a horse or mule tied by a halter to a post, while a groom squatted on the ground hard by, and as often as I have enquired why the animals were thus tied, I have received for answer,—"They are taking the cool."

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tect it on three sides from the sea, are scarcely visible from the Signal Tower, being concealed by the intervening buildings, which seem to spring directly from the waves; but on the west, the fortress of San Sebastian stands alone on the shore, with the light-house beyond, on the extremity of a narrow tongue of land which stretches into the Atlantic. On the east, the lines of handsome houses overlooking the Alameda, and the large square of San Antonio, are conspicuous; further south is the huge pile of the Custom House, and beyond, the numerous vessels at anchor or in motion which stud the blue surface of the Bay. Just without the city the neck of land is darkened with luxuriant groves, from which springs the spire of a village church; and beyond, a line of fortifications stretches completely across the isthmus. Not far from the Signal Tower, on the south-west, rises the huge dome of the New Cathedral; to the west, is a large square pile of yellow building, the Casa de Misericordia, or Asylum; and more to the south, almost below the tower, is a square, La Plaza de Libertad, laid out as a market-place with booths and stalls, and with fruit, vegetables, and goods of every description spread out on the ground beneath the shade of the trees. Into this square the ladies, fan in hand, were now tripping from all quarters to

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make their bargains. At this early hour too—for the sun was scarcely above the horizon when I ascended the tower—the señoritas might be seen on the flat roofs, watering their plants, or tending the canaries and nightingales which were carefully hung on the shady side of the kiosks. No smoke was there to sully the joyous face of the azure sky—no murmuring hum of a busy multitude—the only sounds rising from the city, which had long since shaken off its slumbers, were the hollow-toned bell of some asses passing through the streets, the hammering call from a belfry summoning to early mass, and the occasional cries from the market-place below, which came confusedly upon the ear, with a long drawling tone peculiarly Spanish.

We will now descend from our elevation, and describe the city as it appears from below. The streets of Cadiz are straight, and often cross each other at right angles; they are very narrow, as is general in the cities of the South, for the sake of coolness: this narrowness is increased, too, in appearance, by the loftiness of the houses and the projecting balconies. The Calle Ancha is the only "Broad Street" in the city; in the rest, there is seldom room for more than one carriage to pass, but as there are few or no vehicles, this is not felt to be an inconvenience. Some of the

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streets are extremely pretty. One fresh from the smoky dingy cities of England, can scarcely believe them to be real, and is ready to fancy himself transported to some fairy land, and traversing an enchanted city, newly sprung from beneath the wand of a magician. The fronts of the houses, white as the driven snow, when reflecting the rays of the sun are quite dazzling to the sight. A balcony painted a bright green, and filled with brilliant flowers, projects from every window, and along its lower edge runs a streak of vermillion, which is generally carried on horizontally to divide the stories, and another often runs vertically to mark the division of the houses. The upper rail of the balcony is usually painted a bright yellow-ochre, which colour also encircles the window; and a blue striped, or brown-holland blind hangs over the rail from above. With this diversity of colours on the glittering snow of the houses, which contrasts again with the intense and transparent blue of an Andalucian sky above—a sky compared to which, that of Italy has been said to be "dim and misty"—the effect is gay and elegant beyond conception. Most of the balconies are such as I have described, but a few are glazed as high as the top of the window; or all those on one floor unite, and thus glazed, form small apartments over-

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hanging the street. Similar balconied chambers are common enough in the cities of the East.

The balconies are the favourite resort of the Gaditanas, who, seated beneath the sheltering blinds, pass their mornings in sewing or embroidering, on which, however, they are seldom so intent, as not to bestow occasionally a sly glance on the crowds passing below, and sometimes a bewitching smile on a favourite cavalier; verifying the old adage :—

Las manos en la rueca—
Los ojos en la puerta,

which may be freely rendered,

Hands to the distaff tied—
Eyes turn'd to every side.

The lower windows are always grated from top to bottom, and sometimes, but rarely, those of the first floor also; or, in the inferior description of houses, the iron gratings are exchanged for a strong lattice-work of wood: this would impart to the houses somewhat of the air of prisons, were it not for the fair birds who generally occupy these cages, and relieve them of their dull appearance. These gratings are now ostensibly to keep out the robbers, but their origin might perhaps be traced to the jealousy of the

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Moorish possessors of Spain, and like the *cazuela* in the theatre, they may answer other ends than those at first proposed.

If Lisbon has disgusted the stranger with its filth, Cadiz will no less delight him with the contrast; for its streets are scrupulously cleansed from whatever might offend either the sight or smell.

The shops bear little resemblance to those of northern Europe. They are rarely fronted with glass, being generally open, like booths, with a blind striped blue and white hanging before the entrance, to exclude the hot air and the rays of the sun. One corner of this blind is often clewed up—to use a nautical phrase—thus allowing just enough of the interior to be seen, to inform the passers-by of the nature of the commodities sold. Within, is a counter parallel to the front; and on shelves behind, are ranged the goods, which are seldom in great variety. The shops are generally very small, and being extremely shallow, their dimensions are distinguishable at a glance. Some are devoted to the sale of wax tapers for the service of the churches, as in other Catholic countries, though not unfrequently the *cerero* is the maker and seller of chocolate also, an article of great and universal consumption in Spain. Others are peculiar to

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the country, as those of the *abaniqueros*, which are appropriated solely to the sale of fans; and often distinct from these are the stalls of the menders of fans. There was one of the latter just opposite the window of my hotel, and I found it a never-failing source of amusement, to watch the dames who had flirted their *abanicos* out of order, or perhaps broken them in tapping a too forward lover, tripping into the shop, and anxiously submitting the damaged articles to the inspection of the *abaniquero*. Some he would set to rights in a few minutes, and the fair owners would presently issue, all radiant with smiles, furling and unfurling their fans as they sailed down the street. Others, more severely damaged, required to be left, and the señoritas were then obliged to return home fanless—a privation not easily understood by English lasses.

The shops of the *estereros* are also singular. Here are made and sold the *esteras*, or beautiful mats which adorn the Spanish saloons. The shop is occupied by the workmen, who, squatting on the ground, weave the matting by the aid of a number of cords tightened over the floor like the strings of a piano-forte.

But the most numerous class of shops, is that of the barbers. These are distinguished by

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their neat lattice-work of bright green on either hand of the narrow entrance, which, instead of a door, is hung with a blind. Over this is suspended a brass basin—which never fails to recall the renowned knight of La Mancha—or sometimes a pair of the same; and generally a board in addition, with this inscription, "*Aqui se benden sanguijuelas, y se corta el pelo de moda,*" which being interpreted, is, "Here they sell leeches and cut the hair in the fashion." Sometimes, too, there is a rude painting of a bleeding arm or a leg, which serves to remind us that the barber in Spain still retains his ancient and more honourable office of blood-letter and surgeon.

The outer-door of the private houses usually stands open during the day; within, is a pebble-paved vestibule (*portal* or *zaguan*) terminated by a second door, strong, and well studded with nails, and having a small grated aperture in the centre, through which visitors are scrutinized previously to being admitted. These precautions, as well as the iron *rejas* of the lower windows, are very necessary in this lawless land. If the saying, that "every Englishman's house is his castle," be metaphorically true, it is no less literally true when applied to the Spaniard. The inner-door opens upon a square *patio*, or court, paved

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with bricks, and environed by light and elegant colonnades, generally of two or three stories, and sometimes, even of more. In the centre of the *patio*, encircled by shrubs and flowers, is a fountain, which, shooting up its sparkling waters, cools the air, refreshes the eye, and makes the court re-echo with its murmurings. A well usually supplies its place in the poorer class of houses.

A flight of stone steps leads up to the apartments which surround the court. If the house, as already described, partake of an oriental character, the saloons and chambers are not less peculiarly striking to a northern eye. What should we in England think of a drawing-room with a floor of red bricks, or blue and white tiles, without a carpet, and with walls simply white-washed? Yet such is general in Cadiz—the heat of the climate renders those things luxuries, which would be esteemed far otherwise in England. The floor is indeed frequently covered with rush-matting, worked in elegant patterns of various colours; and the walls are sometimes adorned with pier glasses, prints, or pictures; but this is not always the case; and during the intense heat of summer especially, every superfluous article of furniture is removed. The curtains, when used, are of cobweb texture; the chairs and sofas are slight, and with cane bottoms; the tables are mostly

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slabs of marble; and the piano is the most substantial and English-looking piece of furniture in the room. A glass chandelier; a globe of gold fish; a French clock; or clay figure in Andalucian costume,* under a glass case, on a marble slab, complete the decorations of the apartment. Paper, linen, and wool, under any shape, are banished from a Spanish *sala*, whenever practicable. Nothing is allowed to intrude that might interfere with the coolness, the grand desideratum, to promote which the rooms are very spacious and lofty, and the windows broad, reaching to the floor, and opening with folding doors. The blind which hangs from the top of the window, over the railing of the balcony, while it keeps out the sun, allows of the admission of every breeze, so, that by the open doors and windows, is created a perpetual current of air through the apartment. But if the room have a southern aspect, the windows and shutters are closed during the heat of the day, and every ray of light, and every breath of hot air carefully excluded.

Opening upon the saloon with folding doors, or separated from it merely by a curtain, is generally an *alcoba*, a small bed-chamber, without windows.

* Extremely beautiful figures of this description are made by one Juan Leon, of Malaga.

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But there are sleeping-rooms apart also, which are entered from the corridor surrounding the *patio*, and whose windows look upon the street. A low iron bedstead without curtains, washing-stand, table, and chairs, compose the furniture of the *quarto*. Bed-curtains of thin gauze, are only used as a protection against musquitos, and principally by foreigners, as these tormenting insects rarely attack the natives.

Another peculiarity in an Andalucian house is the absence of fire-places. The only room containing anything of the sort is the *cocina*, or kitchen, which, instead of being on the ground-floor, or below, as with us, is on an upper story, and is fitted up with a range of stoves and boilers in the French style. The winters are here so mild as to make fires hardly requisite; but when deemed necessary, the place of a stove is in the sitting rooms supplied by a *brasero*, or chafing-dish for charcoal, placed in the centre of the apartment. The *braseros* are commonly of iron, but those of the superior description are of brass, in frames of walnut-wood or mahogany, well polished. Some dried vine-twigs are first placed in the pan, and on these, when lighted, are laid logs of charcoal. Orange-peel and spices are occasionally thrown on to diffuse an agreeable odour. The family sit round the *brasero* with their feet upon the edge,

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and here is often no less sociability and gaiety than around a blazing Christmas fire in England. This mode of heating, however, cannot but be exceedingly injurious to the health, on account of the large quantities of carbonic acid gas evolved.

Cadiz is the Gadir of the Phœnicians, and the Gades of the Romans. It was also called Erythræa by the Tyrians, who perhaps discovered some resemblance in its low sandy coasts to those of the Red Sea. It has been said to be the Tartessus of the ancients, though both Tarifa and Carteia contest this honour with it. Gadir, by which name it was more generally known, is said to have signified in the Punic tongue, "a fence, a separation, a bulwark,"—a name which the peculiarities of its situation might well have obtained for it. The year, and even the century, in which it was founded, are unknown, but it can boast of an antiquity long previous to the Christian era, even as far back as the fabulous age of Hercules, whose tenth labour it was to kill Geryon, king of Gades, and steal his man-eating flocks. It was for ages regarded as the extremity of the earth, and, if it be identical with Tartessus, was sung by the Roman poets as the spot where Phœbus nightly unharnessed his weary horses.

Cadiz, though boasting an origin in the re-

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motest ages, has the most modern air of any city I ever beheld, imparted by the straightness of its streets, and the regularity and freshness of its white-washed buildings. All remains of antiquity have indeed long since disappeared, and nothing but history is now left to point out the various nations who have successively possessed the city. Its beauty consists rather in the cleanliness of the streets, and regularity and elegant appearance of the private houses, than in its public buildings; few of these being worthy of much attention.

The principal are the Cathedrals. The more ancient of the two, is a very sorry affair for so rich and populous a city as Cadiz. Small, low, and without beauty, it will have a formidable rival in the new building, if this be destined to be completed, which seems doubtful, for it was commenced in 1722, but, from want of funds, remained in an unfinished state for a long period; within the last few years, however, the work has been resumed, the Bishop of Cadiz having devoted the larger portion of his revenue to its completion. This savours of the middle ages; but, by whatever motives actuated, it is much to the credit of the noble-spirited individual to attempt that unaided, which there was neither devotion nor public spirit enough in the city to undertake. The building is in the Italian style of architecture;

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333 feet long, 216 wide, and 126 in height. Two rows of huge clustered Corinthian columns—four in each row—separate the aisles from the nave, in which is a circular altar-place, about fifty feet in diameter, canopied by a lofty dome. Behind this altar-place are small chapels. The columns and arches are of pure white marble, the bases of black, with red inlaid in squares. The red is brought from Tortosa in Catalonia, the black from the Sierra Nevada, the white from Malaga, and another description, with yellow veins on a white ground, from Puerto Real and Chiclana. The few workmen employed at the time of my visit, were making the immense doors for the principal entrance—to be hung, not on hinges, but on beams attached to the doors, one end working in a socket in the pavement, and the other in a transverse beam above.

The Casa de Misericordia, or House of Pity, called also the Asylum, is a very large building, near the fort of San Sebastian, a refuge for the destitute, comprehending also a lunatic asylum and foundling hospital. It contained, according to my informant, nearly one thousand persons, of whom four hundred and forty were children. It is governed by a "*junta directiva de beneficencia*"—"a directing committee of benevo-

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lence,"—the president of which is always the *alcayde* of the city : this *junta* decides on admissions, and regulates the internal economy of the establishment.

There are several hospitals in Cadiz, and a large prison on the western ramparts, which I regret having had no opportunity of visiting.

The Aduana, or Custom House, is a large and handsome pile of recent erection, near the Plaza de Mar.

Cadiz is not destitute of institutions for education. There are—an academy of arts, where several hundred young men receive gratuitous instruction in drawing—a "College of Humanities" for students of languages and literature—schools for military and naval tactics, medicine and surgery—besides numerous private instructors.

The Capuchin Convent, on the western ramparts, contains some valuable paintings. The altar-piece was the last picture touched by the great Murillo; indeed it is said that his death was occasioned by a fall from the scaffolding during the work. Unfortunately, the monks have not been content with the picture in its unfinished state, from which it would have derived additional value and interest, but wish-

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ing to possess a perfect altar-piece, they have employed some bungling artist,* who has so spoilt the painting, that little of its original character remains. The subject is the Marriage of Saint Catalina with the infant Jesus. He is represented on the Virgin's lap, and the Saint is kneeling before him, while angels and cherubs are hovering around. The colouring wants the richness of Murillo's pencil—there is a dulness and deadness in the flesh-tints, with no beauty or expression in the countenances; and, except here and there, a tone of colour apparently his own, nothing beyond the composition and design, betrays the hand of the great master of Seville. It is difficult, however, to decide without a close examination, how far its present condition is to be attributed to the unfinished state in which it was left by Murillo, and how far to the rude touches of later hands. There is a grey mistiness in the centre of the piece, produced, I was told, by an Italian, named Martinelli, who varnished it a few years since, and to whom much of the injury it has sustained is imputed.

A much finer Murillo represents St. Francis kneeling in adoration of the Saviour, who appears

* Generally said to be Meneses Osorio—a pupil of Murillo.

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in the heavens in a blaze of glory. The saint is in a monk's habit, with a girdle of rope: before him lie a skull and a book, and behind him appears another monk, though not near enough to interfere with the principal figure. The light from the sky is made to illumine the features of St. Francis, which are expressive of calm adoration, and those of his attendant monk; the rest of the picture is in shade of a deep brown tone, all harmonious and subdued, such as Murillo delighted in, and as is displayed in his grand pictures of "St. Anthony," and "John of God," at Seville.

There is a "Conception," also said to be by Murillo. The Virgin is standing with her hands crossed on her breast, her eyes raised to the heavens, a crown of stars above her head, and the crescent moon beneath her feet: a number of cherubs support her. The back-ground is of a russet brown; the faces of the cherubs want beauty, and have an unfinished air; while the Virgin herself looks like a corpse.

Another picture represents a monk, Fray Lorenzo Brindi—with a bald head, white mustachios, and beard—reading in his study, with a crucifix on the table before him. The light falls strongly on his bare forehead, nose, and cheeks, giving a depth to his eyes, and an air of intense

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thought to his expressive countenance, which is aided by the wrinkles in his capacious brow. It is a beautiful portrait, and one which, for nature and life, would not have disgraced a Vandyke. The painter of this gem is unknown.

There are other pictures of inferior merit, chiefly by disciples of Murillo. The chapel is so imperfectly lighted, that, with the exception of the altar-piece, it is impossible to view any picture to advantage, and lamps are necessary to assist the inspection. In the garden of this convent is a beautiful grove of lofty date-palms.

During my stay in Cadiz, a sale took place of a number of pictures, collected from the convents after the recent expulsion of the monks. I went to view them in the *patio* of a deserted convent, and was disappointed in finding nothing but the most execrable daubs—heads of the Virgin and Saints, Conceptions, Martyrdoms, and Crucifixions. In the convent church adjoining, however, were some worthy of notice, which had been selected from the mass of rubbish to aid in forming a public gallery in Cadiz—an object now in contemplation in several cities of Spain. Amongst a number of little, or moderate merit, was a superb Murillo, covered with some whitewash, which had been laid on by the monks in order to conceal its value. A wet sponge removed this temporarily, and such a specimen of

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splendid colouring as was then displayed, I had rarely beheld. The subject was Christ in the Wilderness with Angels ministering to him. There was great beauty in the countenances and figures, but the fruit, fish, and other refreshments, which the angels were offering to their Lord, were inimitable, and much surprised me, as I was not aware that Murillo excelled in this line of the art. But he appeared to have lavished all his powers—all the truth and richness of his magic pencil upon this picture. It was intended for the Royal Gallery at Madrid, and, as the guardian of the collection informed me, was above all price.

There are several private collections of pictures at Cadiz, and, amongst others, that of Mr. Brackenbury, the British Consul, contains many choice works of Murillo and other masters of the Spanish school.

From the peculiar situation of Cadiz, its inhabitants are debarred from the ready enjoyment of the country. The nearest landing places on the opposite shore of the Bay, are between one and two leagues distant by water, and the sandy isthmus of the same length intervenes between the city and the town of Isla, so that notwithstanding the cheapness of transit, which tempts frequent parties of pleasure, the citizens are much confined within the walls. Yet who could deem

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this a privation, when there are, the delightful Alameda, the gay Plaza de San Antonio, and a shady promenade, just without the land-gates, where the citizens may enjoy the cool evening-breezes after the heat and toil of the day; and besides these, the noble ramparts, which form a broad continuous terrace around the city, and command magnificent views of the Bay and ocean? These ramparts are protected from the fury of the Atlantic by the sea-wall, an embankment of solid masonry, rising, like a lofty cliff, from the surface of the water. But on the northern side, which is most exposed to storms, the sea has undermined the wall for a considerable distance, and enormous masses of masonry are seen precipitated from their bases, inverted as if by the shock of an earthquake, and lying about in the grandest confusion—or they stand detached from the land, in rude columns and arches, like the rocks at the back of the Wight. Then the long waves come rolling in, dashing against the ruined masses, as if ambitious to lick their very tops; boiling, foaming, and roaring in their wild mirth amongst the arches and caverns themselves have formed, till they tear up the very soil beneath your feet. These breaches were undergoing repair, and a wide space of ground near the fort of San Sebastian was covered with large blocks of stone, hewn for the purpose. It is brought from some of the

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quarries on the coast of the Bay, and is nothing but a conglomeration of shells in a yellow earth, indurated in the course of ages. The houses of Cadiz are mostly built of the same material. There are many beds of marine deposits along this coast.

The population of Cadiz is between seventy and eighty thousand, almost wholly commercial, as few, if any, of the superior nobility make it their residence—I say, superior, because in this land of anomalies, porters and watersellers are sometimes nobles. It is not for one unacquainted with mercantile matters to speak of commerce. That of Cadiz has suffered with the rest of Spain from the loss of the colonies, with which this city long enjoyed the privilege of trading, to the exclusion of the other seaports of the country. Cadiz is still, however, one of the richest cities of the Peninsula—her merchants are as princes—their abodes are palaces—and luxury and pleasure are the ruling deities of her inhabitants.

The Gaditanos have also the character of being gay, frank, hospitable, and courteous to strangers. Yet it struck me, that in Cadiz there was more reserve and aristocratical feeling, less blending of ranks than in the other cities of Andalucia. This may in part arise from the great communication the citizens have with foreigners, especially English, whose manners they may in some

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degree have acquired: or, more probably, the mixture of various nations in a seaport has caused them to assume an exclusiveness, which is not necessary in the cities of the interior, where natives alone are to be found. But this intercourse with foreigners has, at the same time, rendered the higher orders of Gaditanos more polished and refined than their fellow Andaluces, and has infused into their minds a desire for freedom and liberal institutions, a contempt for the superstitions, and hatred of the domination of the Romish church, with enlightened views in general, such as are participated in, only in an inferior degree, by the other cities of Spain, hardly excepting the metropolis itself. Cadiz has indeed long been famed as the hot-bed of liberalism in the Peninsula. Here was first promulgated the Constitution in 1812; on its second birth in 1820 it was cradled and nursed within the island of Leon; and whenever Spain has made a struggle to shake off or lighten the burden of royal and ecclesiastical tyranny, which has for ages oppressed her, Cadiz has ever been in the van,

"First to be free, and last to be subdued!"

It is thus that Cadiz determines in great measure the politics of Andalucia, and indeed of the southern provinces of Spain.

To what I have already said of the fair sex in this city, I shall only add, that they are every-

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where renowned for their amiability, gaiety, and powers of fascination, and that they are more refined and better educated than in the cities of the interior.

As to the tone of morals in Cadiz, as far as regards the sexes, it is proverbially low; but as it does not differ, except perhaps in superior outward decorum, from that of the rest of Andalucia, I shall refer to it more fully elsewhere.

The inferior classes of Cadiz, are destitute of all the fine traits of the Spanish character; they are idle, insolent, rapacious, lying, and dishonest. All this may be traced to their communication with foreigners, which, while it exalts the upper classes, seems to debase the lower—thus marking the line of demarcation more strongly:—in short, I know not where there exists a more boastful, bullying, ruffianly, extortioning set of rogues than the watermen, *caleseros*, and others, who have constant intercourse with foreigners, and live by plundering them—and this not at Cadiz alone, but throughout its Bay, and on the neighbouring coasts. They had this character even in the days of Cervantes, who speaks of the innkeeper who dubbed Don Quixote knight, as "of those from the coast of San Lucar, not less thievish than Cacus, and as mischievous as a student or page."*

* D. Quix. Parte i. cap. 2.

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CHAPTER. V.

ENVIRONS OF CADIZ.

Adieu, fair Cadiz! *not* a long adieu!
Who may forget how well thy walls have stood?
BYRON.

The good old rule....the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep, who can.
WORDSWORTH.

THE Plaza de Mar, or Sea Square, is the most bustling spot in Cadiz, surrounded as it is by stalls and booths covered with sail-cloth, where second-hand garments, conical hats, guitars, guns, books, parrots, canary-birds, French prints, and a thousand et-ceteras for use, ornament or amusement, are exposed for sale, in glorious confusion; while the centre of the square is occupied by low tables of fruit, fish, bread, cheeses and poultry—all which attract a multitude, ever varied in character and costume.

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Passing through the gate of the port to the quay, a no less animated scene presents itself. Here, as well as in the Plaza de Mar, a market is held, principally of provisions. A row of low tables, spread with round or crab-shaped loaves—baskets piled with fruit and vegetables—and fish in great variety, laid on the pavement—all alike strange to a northern eye. Here, a cargo of oranges from Tetuan is spread out in golden profusion on the broad paved terrace overhanging the water;—there, they are bringing ashore tapering hampers, eight or ten feet in length, crammed with cackling fowls from the same regions. Passengers, followed by porters with luggage, are hurrying down to catch the steamer in the Bay, on the point of getting under weigh for Seville,—others are entering or issuing from the passage-boats which continually ply between Cadiz and the neighbouring towns of Puerto de Sta. Maria, San Lucar, Puerto Real, and Isla. The boatmen, with handkerchiefs or long crimson caps on their heads, and sashes of the same colour about their loins, scantily clad, and often bare-footed, crowd the quay; and never cease by hissing or bawling to call your attention to their vessels lying alongside.* These are of

* A hissing noise, somewhat like "ps! ps!," is the common method of calling throughout the Peninsula, for both Spaniards

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various sizes, decked, half-decked, and open, but all rigged in the style peculiar to the Peninsula, and the countries of the Mediterranean; and far more picturesque are they, whether in port or at sea, than the corresponding craft of nothern nations. Their long, tapering, and slightly curved yards, slung obliquely across their low masts, well supply, with their simple beauty, the place of the more complicated rigging of our smacks and schooners; and their enormous white triangular sails swell out, as the boat careens to the breezes, till they sweep the surface of the waves;—or crossing, when before the wind, like the raised wings of a bird, cause the vessel to resemble a stately swan gliding over the waters. Most of these craft have the head of the cutwater covered with a piece of white sheep-skin, like a mop; and many have a monstrous eye painted on either bow, just above the water-line, as in the ancient galleys of Greece and Rome.

Wishing to visit some of the environs of Cadiz, I stepped into one of the smaller boats, and was

and Portuguese are very averse to call after a person by name in the streets. It is at first very puzzling to a foreigner to be thus civilly and respectfully hissed, but he soon grows accustomed to it and is able to hiss his friend as loudly as any native. Even the brutes here understand the call, and a horse or mule will invariably stop if hissed at.

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soon scudding rapidly across the Bay, towards the fort of Matagorda, on the nearest part of the opposite shore. This fort is nearly three miles from Cadiz, on a low desolate point of land, and with the fort of Luis jutting out from the Isle of Leon, immediately opposite, formerly commanded the entrance to the inner part of the Bay. Matagorda will ever be famed, as the spot from which the French, under Marshal Victor, maintained their bombardment of Cadiz, from February, 1810, to August, 1812, when they raised the siege, on learning the entrance of the allied armies into Madrid, after the battle of Salamanca. On retiring, they blew up most of their artillery; but one enormous howitzer, which was found entire, was presented by the Spanish Cortes to the Duke of Wellington, and is now the every-day wonder of cockneys in St. James's Park. The fort is at present a mere mass of ruins.

I did not land at Matagorda, but proceeding a little further to the south-east, rowed up a narrow canal, between banks of mud to the Trocadero, once a flourishing town, carrying on a considerable trade with the American colonies; but lines of ruined houses and churches on either shore, with a single hulk rotting in the stream, were the only traces remaining of its former prosperity.* I

* The goods in the warehouses of the Trocadero, seized

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landed on the left bank, not without difficulty, being assisted over the mud by a sturdy man, who dwelt in a hut hard by, and who, save a few sheep and fowls, appeared the sole habitant of this town of desolation. All around was ruin—the buildings were mere shells, roofless and gutted,—here and there a single bare wall rose up boldly into the air, unsupported, save by mounds of débris, which lay strewed also in every direction below. This devastation is attributed to the French troops in their attacks on Cadiz in 1812 and 1823, and their capture of this place by stratagem in the latter year, has immortalized the name, though destroyed the existence of the Trocadero.

Leaving this melancholy scene, and passing a ruined battery, I entered upon the *arecife*, or causeway, which leads northward round the Bay to Puerto Santa Maria, and left the white buildings of Puerto Real at a short distance to the right, reflected in the calm and deep-blue waters. The country on either hand was bare, low, flat, and intersected by muddy ditches, filled with water in the rainy season, but now dry, parched, and gaping with heat: wherever the mud retained its

by the French in 1812, are said to have amounted in value to more than a million dollars.

Cruz. Viage de Espana, tom. xiii. p. 11.

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moisture, it gave birth to myriads of small crabs (*cangrejos*), which hurried to their holes at my approach. They are esteemed a luxury by the lower classes of Andalucians.

I reached at length a sandy tract, covered with dwarf fan-palms, gigantic aloes, prickly-pears, and other shrubs, with many beautiful flowers peculiar to the country, and with which I was not familiar. Numerous lizards, which lay basking on the sunny path—some brown or red, of five or six inches in length, and others about eighteen inches, of a beautiful bright green—fled into the bushes at my approach. Hawks of various kinds were sailing and screaming through the air; and rabbits from time to time rustled amongst the underwood. These were the only signs of life in this wilderness. The extended plain, with its thickets of fan-palms, and strange, tropical foliage—the hot sandy soil, on which the meridian sun was shedding his fiercest rays from heavens of cloudless azure—the glittering towers, domes, and flat-roofed buildings of Cadiz, which rose into view as I reached a slight eminence, together with the long lines of bright sandy coast dotted with snow-white towns, dazzling the eye with the glare of the sun, and all thrown into still brighter and stronger relief by the intense blue of the Bay—with here and there a cluster of lofty date-palms towering in the dis-

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tance—combined to form a scene so peculiar, so brilliant, and so strikingly Eastern in character, that with difficulty I could believe myself in Europe. It exactly realized my conceptions of the torrid clime of India, whither I could imagine myself suddenly transported.

I was here particularly struck with the great want of green which is characteristic of a Southern landscape. Something there was in the foliage generally which might perhaps claim the name, but pale blue predominated in the aloes, browns, olives, and yellows in the other shrubs; there was yellow-ochre, too, of the richest hue in the sand, indigo in the sea, and intense ultramarine in the sky; but of green—the clear, fresh, decided green of England—there was none. This may appear the reverse of beautiful to those who have not witnessed it; but I can assure them that Chateaubriand's remark is just, "Ce ne sont point les prairies et les feuilles d'un vert cru et froid qui font les admirables paysages; ce sont les effets de la lumière. Voilà pourquoi les roches et les bruyères de la baie de Naples seront toujours plus belles que les vallées les plus fertiles de la France et de l'Angleterre.*

* Itineraire de Paris á Jerusalem, tom. i. p. 98.

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Lonely as this spot appeared, it had witnessed the vilest passions of man, for several small crosses of wood, attached to the stems of aloes, bore testimony that here some

"————shrieking victims had
Poured forth their blood beneath the assassin's knife."

I wandered on through this wilderness until stopped by a stream flowing between banks of sand, across which was a ferry. Here I found some wild, banditti-looking fellows, with guns at their sides, squatting or lounging in the shade of a small matted hut, drinking brandy. With their swarthy faces almost buried in bushy black hair—their dark eyes glaring from beneath the slouched brims of their conical hats—open shirts—crimson sashes stuck with knives—short and tight breeches—bare legs and coarse sandals—they formed a group quite in character with the wildness of the scene, and might readily be imagined the perpetrators of the murders commemorated by the crosses. Yet their ferocious looks belied their intentions, for they invited me to join in their potations; at the same time offering their services to transport me across the ferry. Declining both these civilities, I retraced my steps to the Trocadero, and found on reaching it, that the ebb tide had left the boat aground high on the bank, un-

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known to the crew, who, taking their *siesta* beneath the half deck, had left the vessel to take care of herself. The sturdy man by the aid of his shoulders and some planks, assisted me on board; —and then the question was how to reach the water, between which and the boat, lay a most luxuriant bed of mud. At length, by dint of the boatmen's pushing from within, and the sturdy fellow's pushing from without, till all his nether man was lost to our sight; aided, too, by the declivity of the bank, we succeeded in fairly launching the vessel. Issuing then from this muddy canal, we set sail, and soon arrived with a flowing sheet at Puerto Real.

This, though with a population of ten or twelve thousand, is a dull and mean-looking town, the houses being small and low, with none of the freshness and gay appearance of Cadiz. It is famed for its wine (Manzanilla) and fruits, with which it supplies the Cadiz market. As it was the hour of the siesta, the streets were almost deserted, the blinds drawn and shutters closed, and the town was as silent and gloomy as though infected with the plague. The visit of a foreigner, however, seldom fails to attract a crowd of ragged urchins at least, who, like flies to a sugar-tub, suddenly swarm around from no one knows where. To escape this shoal of small fry, who pestered

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me with petitions for charity, was in vain, so after many useless doublings and turnings, I was obliged to retreat to the boat.

A short sail brought us to Caraca, the once famous navy-yard of Cadiz. Passing through a gateway surmounted by the royal arms, I entered an immense yard, covered with rusty anchors of every size. On one side stood a large shed, containing a few ship's boats, all in a state of decay. Further on, were some fine dry docks, built of stone, and in perfect order; but instead of the first-rates they were capable of receiving, they contained only the lower timbers of vessels rotting under water. Hard by, was a large building in which a number of *presidiarios* (galley slaves), under the surveillance of a few soldiers, were engaged in pumping the water out of the docks. This, my conductor informed me, was not because the dock was wanted for use, but merely to employ the men, most of whom looked ready for any mischief, if not kept from it by hard labour. There was a steam-engine in the building, for the purpose of emptying the docks, but like every thing else around, it was out of order and not in use. Beyond these docks were immense reservoirs for seasoning ship timber, of which there was enough in the water to construct a fleet, and it appeared to have lain undisturbed for many years.

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The yard was bounded on the west by the long wall of the rope-house, now ruined and desolate. At the southern end of this, were other roofless buildings, whose bare, tottering walls afforded nesting places to numerous hawks, which darted screaming from their crannies at our approach; while wild rabbits chased each other over the fallen rubbish below.

With these ruins on one hand, and the timber rotting in the reservoirs on the other, "what a fit emblem," thought I, "does this yard present of the decayed state of this country! Spain, mighty Spain, the mistress of the new world, whose fleets once covered the seas, and before whom even Britain used to tremble, whose riches knew no bounds, and whose territories extended so far, that it was the proud boast of her monarchs, that the sun could not set upon their dominions—now impoverished, enfeebled, distracted, and torn to pieces by her own children!" This very dockyard evidenced the days of her past greatness. Far superior in extent to that of Portsmouth or Plymouth, its every part had originally been on a corresponding scale of magnificence. Here had been constructed those proud fleets which a Jervis or a Nelson alone could humble, and which ultimately became trophies of British valour. But all is now ruin and desolation; instead of the

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noise of the hammer and forge, and the note of busy preparation, a melancholy stillness pervades the spot; instead of numerous industrious artisans, not a living creature is in sight, save the hawks wheeling around the ruined walls. Thus is it now with Spain; she is but the wreck of her former self—a body without a soul—

"'Tis Spain, but living Spain no more."

Her power and glory vanished—her government impotent—corruption raging through every department of the state—patriotism unknown save in name—justice become a mockery, a by-word—life and property insecure—commercial speculations and the spirit of enterprise crushed by suspicion and distrust—poverty pervading the land, and ruin threatening her finances—and as if all these evils were not sufficient, a civil war consuming all the sinews of her strength, a worm eating into her very core,—these are the present features of fallen, unhappy Spain.

At the close of the last century there were more than five thousand five hundred shipwrights and other artisans constantly employed in this dockyard; but Spain had not then lost her vast colonies, and possessed a navy of eighty sail of the line. About the same period, her fleet, with that of

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France, on one occasion rode unopposed in the British Channel, bearding the "lion" in his very den. Her present navy, as I learned from the officer who accompanied me round the yard, consists of but two liners, both at Havanna, five frigates, four corvettes, a few brigs, steamers, and gunboats.

On my expressing astonishment at this wonderful decline of power, he exclaimed, "The enormous navy of thirty or forty years since was no true test of the power of Spain, *fué á la nariz pegado el hombre*—it was the man stuck on to the nose, (quoting an old saying of Quevedo,) it was monstrously disproportioned to her then rapid decay."

At the south-eastern corner of the yard are some storehouses still in repair, but almost empty. The armoury contains only a few pikes, swords, and muskets, all covered with rust.

From Caraca we proceeded up the narrow stream which separates the Isle of Leon from the mainland, and passing beneath the ancient bridge of Zuazo, leaving the town of Isla on the right, continued to within a mile of Chiclana, where we disembarked. The country far to the south of this stream is a low plain, from which rises, at the distance of three leagues, the conical hill of Medina Sidonia, whose town boasts to have re-

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ceived both its origin and name (Sidon) from the Phœnicians. The lofty mountains of Ronda, in bold, detached masses, bound the eastern horizon. Along the banks of this stream, as well as on the southern coast of the Bay, are large pyramidical mounds of salt, forming a singular feature in the scene. This salt is procured by the exposure of sea-water in pits to the powerful action of the sun: the evaporation is continued till the salt is fit for use, when it is thus piled up. It might be expected to melt with the rain; this it does in a degree, but the first sunshine causes it to recrystalize and harden, so that all subsequent wet is innocuous.

An avenue of trees, with cornfields on either hand, fringed with hedges of aloe, led us to Chiclana. As this is a place much resorted to by the citizens of Cadiz, I had naturally expected to see a handsome, or at least a neat town; instead of which, it is small, mean, and dirty, with scarcely a house of decent exterior, and with streets polluted by streams of black filth creeping along the middle.* There are some mineral waters in the neighbourhood of Chiclana, which I suppose constitute its attraction. What else can induce the pleasure-worshipping Gaditanos to exchange the eternal life and gaiety of Cadiz for this dull,

* Chiclana contains about 6000 souls.

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monotonous town, I am at a loss to conceive; for the country around is not particularly interesting, and the Alameda is entirely deserted, except on Sundays. The only attraction I could perceive was in the many lovely faces adorning the balconies or peeping through the latticed shutters below. In female beauty Chiclana is in no degree inferior to Cadiz.

Though many public vehicles run daily between Chiclana and Cadiz, a distance of three leagues, or about twelve English miles, I preferred walking, and on leaving the town, proceeded first by the side of a thick olive-wood, and then into open country, where a good road or causeway led between low, flat lands, marshy in the rainy season, but now affording pasturage to herds of cattle. At length I reached a broad stream, and while awaiting the return of the ferry-boat from the opposite shore, sought a temporary shelter from the burning sun in a small shed, where crabs, dried anchovies, nuts, oranges, and that far more grateful and ever luxurious article, water, in little jars of white porous earth, offered refreshment to the traveller. The boat was worked across by three wild, half-naked fellows, with leathern straps slung over their shoulders. Swinging these with a jerk round a stout rope that passed along the deck of the boat and

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communicated with both shores, and bending forward, they began apparently to tug at the rope, but really pushed the boat on by pressing their feet against pieces of wood nailed on the deck at intervals.

The approach to Isla is commanded by fortifications, now mostly in ruins. Crossing the bridge of Zuazo, which boasts a Roman foundation, I entered the Isla de Leon, and presently the town of the same name, known also as San Fernando. With its long ranges of white buildings, it had appeared very large at a distance, but diminished in size on a nearer view; for though of great length, it is extremely narrow in proportion. With a population however, of nearly thirty-five thousand souls, it is a place of considerable importance. The principal street, which runs the whole length of the town, is broad, clean, and handsome, with white, flat-roofed houses, and balconies filled with brilliant flowers. It is the only town in the Bay, or its vicinity, which partakes of the gay holiday air of Cadiz. Isla will ever be famed as the spot where the Constitution was proclaimed in 1820, by the heroic and unfortunate Riego, at the head of the army collected for the suppression of the Revolutionists in the American colonies.

On leaving La Isla, the long low neck of sand

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stretched before me in a bright yellow line, between the deep blue of the ocean and the Bay, and was terminated at the distance of six miles by the glittering towers of "fair Cadiz". Looking back as I descended the road, between hedges of aloes and prickly-pears, I was struck with the truly Eastern effect produced by the sandy desert around, and a few date palms towering above the white, flat-roofed houses of Isla, and throwing their feathery leaves against the deep azure of the sky. A broad, smooth road leads along the narrow isthmus to the city of Cadiz, which is protected on this side by a double line of very strong fortifications. The outer line, called La Cortadura, is distant from the inner, four thousand six hundred yards, and stretches completely across the neck of land. It was thrown up in 1808, on the first invasion of Andalucia by the French. The space between the two lines is prettily laid out with gardens, orchards, and public walks.

It was along this isthmus that the English, under Lord Effingham, the high admiral, and the Earl of Essex, in 1596, having destroyed the Spanish fleet of superior force, off Fort Puntal, marched towards Cadiz, stormed the batteries, and carried the city sword in hand, and after holding it for

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a fortnight and expelling the inhabitants, destroyed it by fire.*

* Sir Francis Vere, who, with Lord Thomas Howard, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir George Carew, and Sir Coniers Clifford, accompanied this expedition, gives in his "Commentaries," a full account of "The Calis-Journey." After speaking of "the great shooting of ordnance (which was cannon and demi-cannon)," by which the enemy's fleet was run aground and destroyed, he says, that "not fully two thousand men, with their officers in nimble pinnaces were disembarqued betwixt Puntall and Calis.. .. severall regiments were embattelled at an instant, without any encounter at all; the Spaniards, who all the day before had shewed themselves with troops of horse and foot on that part, as resolved to impeach our landing, being clean retired toward the town.... The Lord Generall (Essex) with not fully a thousand men, advanced nearer the town, the better to discover the whole ground before it. And as we approached afar off, we might perceive the enemy standing in battel under the favour of the town." Two hundred men, "under the conduct of Sir John Wingfield, a right valiant knight," were pushed forward towards the gates, and on being attacked by the enemy, retreated according to order, "till they met their seconds, three hundred men led by Sir Matthew Morgan." The Spaniards being then "beyond expectation lively encountered fled in disorder towards the town, so nearly followed of our men, that most of the horsmen forsook their horses, and saved themselves; some by the gates, others clambering over the walls, as did also their footmen, our men following them at the heels to the very gate, which they found shut against them." The English then climbed the wall, which "was very mountable,

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Before leaving Cadiz for the interior, I took some pains to ascertain the existing state of the country. I learned that though no bands of professed Carlists were then ravaging the province of Andalucia, travellers were, as usual, exposed to the attacks of banditti. The condition of the country in this respect was represented to be such, that it was impossible to travel in safety, without an armed escort. Some

from which they beat with their shot the defendants, wanting no encouragements that good example of the chiefs could give them, my Lord of Essex being one of the first that got over the walls." Little resistance was subsequently made by the Spaniards. "The losse was not very great on either side... The next day the old town and the fort of St. Philip were delivered unto us, and the people that were in them, except some principall prisoners, were suffered to depart, with great courtesie shewed, especially to the women of better sort. There went out of the town gentlemen and others, likely men to bear arms, betwixt four and five thousand; the brunt of this exploit was born with lesse then a thousand men." The Lord Admiral, with the rest of the forces, "arrived not till we were in a manner full masters of the town. It was long disputed whether the town should be held or no. I offered, with four thousand men, to defend it till her Majesties pleasure might be known. My Lord of Essex seemed to affect to remain there in person, which the rest of the Council would not assent unto, but rather to abandon and set it on fire, which we did about fourteen dayes after the taking of it."

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English merchants of Puerto de Sta. Maria and Xeréz, informed me, that they never ventured outside a town, even by day, without arms; one asserted that he never visited his vineyards, though within a league, except in company with a servant armed to the teeth, and whose resolute boldness had, on several occasions, preserved him from being plundered. Many fearful stories of banditti met my ears;—how that very recently, five Englishmen on their way to Madrid by diligence, had been attacked, robbed of their purses and baggage, and stripped of their wearing apparel, even to their shirts;—how that a young lord, connected with the British embassy at Madrid, having paid a visit to Seville, and purchased a magnificent *majo* dress of silk and gold, was returning to the capital contemplating new triumphs over the Madrileñas, when he was stopped by robbers in the neighbourhood of the Sierra Morena, and compelled to divest himself of his splendid habiliments, and present them to the captain of the gang. A Spanish gentleman informed me, that while journeying very recently with some companions through the north of Andalucia, he had fallen amongst thieves, who dragged himself and comrades into a wood, stripped them completely, or "left them *en carnes*" (in flesh), as he emphatically expressed it,

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and putting gags into their mouths, tied them to separate trees. Here they must have died of starvation, had not one of the party contrived to release himself, and afterwards his companions.

I heard also of two Englishmen, who had recently narrowly escaped a similar attack. They were travelling to Madrid by diligence, seated in the *berlina*, or coupé. One of them who, unknown to the *mayoral* (conducteur), understood Spanish, overheard this personage arranging with some wild-looking fellows, at a *venta* where they changed mules, to upset the vehicle at a certain spot on the road, in order that the rogues might overtake and plunder it at their leisure. No sooner, however, was the diligence out of sight of the *venta*, than the Englishman pulled out a pistol, and holding it to the head of the *mayoral* as he sat before the window of the *berlina*, threatened him with instant death if he did not drive with the utmost speed to the next town. The *mayoral* yielded to this gentle persuasion, and the diligence thus escaped the meditated assault.

So bold are these outlaws, or so weak is the police, that day and night are equally seasonable for their depredations, and they are frequently known to attack within a short distance from a city, on the highway, and at noon—nay, they

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often by day break into houses in the heart of the largest cities, tie all the inmates to bedposts, and carry off their plunder undisturbed. I met with several persons who had suffered in this way.

The traveller in Spain, then, constantly runs the risk of robbery, and is sometimes exposed to even greater perils; for an unsuccessful resistance is always followed by murder. This, however, is not of so frequent occurrence as might be supposed, for, as these gentlemen of the road usually associate in large bands, resistance is seldom practicable. When satisfied with their booty, they are in general extremely civil, especially to the females who may chance to fall into their hands, often returning them part of the plunder.

But woe to the sharp-sighted traveller who fancies to escape, by carrying an empty purse; he is sure to find himself sorely mistaken; for the robbers, when thus cheated of their expected prey, never fail to belabour the poor wretch without mercy, "making him pieces"—to use their own expression—not leaving a sound bone in his body, and often displaying all that wanton barbarity, which only the fiendish rage of a Spaniard could invent or inflict. But this is not all. Latterly, I was told, improvements had been introduced into the art. They had begun to imitate the

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Italian banditti, in taking their victims to their strongholds in the mountains, and detaining them till a ransom should be received for their deliverance. In this case, they make the prisoner sign an order to his friends or banker, to deliver the sum demanded to the bearer, adding, that should the messenger be detained, or any attempt be made to rescue the captive by force, his life will instantly pay the penalty—and they rarely fail to execute their threats. Should the application prove unsuccessful, should the friends of the prisoner be either unwilling or unable to answer the demand, the same fate in general awaits him. Not long since a well-known and influential man—whose name I heard, but have forgotten—was thus detained, and an order was despatched as usual for his ransom. The messenger had been gone several days, and his comrades were anxiously looking out for his return, when a company of soldiers was seen approaching the mountain pass. The robbers, expecting to be attacked, immediately sacrificed their prisoner to their vengeance. The alarm was false—the troops were merely traversing the country, ignorant of the vicinity of the robbers, and the unfortunate gentleman was thus the victim of a mistake.

I have said that females are, in general, civilly

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treated by these bandits; there are, however, exceptions. From several similar instances which were related to me, I select the following:—A gentleman, travelling with his wife and three daughters, was attacked by banditti, who, after securing the valuables, abused and beat the gentleman unmercifully, and then left him half-dead in the road. The ladies were reserved for a worse fate; and it was several days before they were turned adrift. Justice, in this instance, was not cheated of her prey, for the gentleman on recovering used such active measures as to capture the wretches, who all eventually paid at the gallows the penalty due to their crimes.

These, and many similar stories, were told me by way of deterring me from the tour I had projected; but I was not to be thus daunted. I consoled myself with the prospect—which, I was assured, awaited me—of being plundered at least twenty times during my journeyings through Andalucia.

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CHAPTER. VI.

ROUTE TO SEVILLE.

De Xeréz la vega corre
Por donde entra Guadalete
Al mar de Espa ña, y por donde
De Santa Maria el puerto ,
Recibe famoso nombre....
Hazia Sevilla se vuelve.

ROMANCE ANTIGUO.

A SAIL of two leagues across the Bay, brought me to Puerto de Santa Maria, or Port St. Mary. At the mouth of the river Guadalete, on which the town is situated, is a bar of sand, very dangerous to cross with a rough sea. Till lately, it was customary on passing the bar, for the boatmen to make a collection for masses to be said for the souls of those who had perished on the spot; but

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this, with many other indications of Catholicism, is now out of use.

On reaching the quay at Puerto, which is but a few furlongs up the river, a boat came alongside, full of *aduaneros* (officers of customs)—shabby, roguish-looking fellows, who doubtless expected a fee, which would have saved my baggage from scrutiny; but having nothing contraband, I submitted to their search, and every article was minutely examined. These officials are so inadequately paid by the government that their venality is almost pardonable. They are in general extremely civil and accommodating; and though in the course of my tour my luggage was repeatedly subjected to their inspection, a fee was never once demanded, nor did I experience, except on the above occasion, any unnecessary detention, or any scrutiny beyond the mere unlocking of my bags.

On landing, a second search on the quay, and a third at the Custom-house awaited me. I was now surrounded by *caleseros*, or cab-drivers, who, in spite of my asseverations to the contrary, determined that I stood in need of their services to San Lucar, Xeréz, or some other place in the neighbourhood, and accordingly followed me in a body, quarrelling and fighting, to the *posada*, or inn. Here I learned that an escort would leave Puerto

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early the next morning, for San Lucar, to convoy passengers desirous of meeting the steamer which touches at that port on its way from Cadiz to Seville. This determined me on starting at once for Xeréz, and on returning in time to avail myself of the escort. Sending then for a *calesero*—Lechuga, or Lettuce, by name, who had been recommended to me as an honest, trust-worthy man—and liking his looks, I was soon ensconced in his *calesa*.

This vehicle is a heavy, clumsy species of cabriolet, capable of containing two persons, the driver sitting on the shaft, or running by the side of his horse. The back and sides of the vehicle are frequently painted with representations of bull-fights, *fandangos*, or more unmeaning subjects; and are profusely studded with brass nails. The horse is adorned with many trappings—worsted tassels, ribbons, flowers, and sometimes a chime of small bells. The driver is habited in the common peasant costume of the province, with the peculiarity alone of the sleeves of his jacket being patched with stripes of variously-coloured cloth.

On leaving the town, the toll of a *peseta** was demanded at a *portazgo*, or turnpike. The dis-

* A *peseta* is equal to a franc, or ten pence English.

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tance between Puerto and Xeréz is two long leagues;* the country is open and undulating, with tracts of cornland and a few olive plantations, but near Xeréz, the vine is the principal article of produce. It is planted with regularity, grows low, and is seldom supported by props. Leaving the beaten road where it made a *détour*, Lechuga led his horse up a steep and rugged hill, about midway between Puerto and Xeréz—much to my annoyance, for I was nearly jerked out of the vehicle at every jolt. To my complaints Lechuga very coolly replied:—

"*No hay atajo*
Sin trabajo"—

"There's no short road
But with labour is trod."

From the summit, Xeréz was seen at the distance of a league, crowning a long eminence, with its ranges of white buildings glistening beneath the noon-day sun, and thrown against the pure azure of the sky.

The road to Xeréz was well frequented—parties of gentlemen in English costume, and farmers *á*

* A long Spanish league is about five miles English; a short league equal to three; and an ordinary one to four. Thus a league is not always a league in Spain, and as distances are not marked by milestones, nor otherwise mea-

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*lo majo** on horseback—all with guns slung behind their saddles; the peasant too, with his train of mules and asses, laden with goods, fruit, or water, had his *escopeta* at hand to resist an attack: and the solitary foot-traveller marched with musket over his shoulder, knife in his sash, and a case of cartridges round his waist. All confirmed the statements I had received of the insecurity of life and property in this misgoverned land.

At length, driving up the steep ascent to the city, we entered a spacious square, one side of which was occupied by a long piazza, and beyond, about a large gateway, stood a number of *caleseros*, smoking paper-cigars, with gay jackets suspended, hussar-fashion, from their shoulders. Within the gateway was a large court-yard, filled with *calesas*, and surrounded on the upper story by a gallery, shaded on the sunny side by dark blinds of rush-matting.† This was the *posada*, or inn.

sured, but determined only by the rough calculations of the peasantry, a long league may be nearly double the length of a short one.

* The gorgeous *majo* costume of the theatre is never seen elsewhere except at balls, or in the bull-ring, but a dress in the same style, though of far coarser materials and much less ornamented, is worn by every peasant.

† This rush is the *esparto*, a most useful production of Spain, for of it are made, besides matting of many descriptions, sandals, baskets, panniers, cordage, and excellent cables.

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The wine is the primary object of interest in Xeréz. I visited the establishments of several merchants, and amongst them that of Domecq and Co., which is the first in extent, and altogether the most worthy of notice. The wine is kept, not as in England, in dank, under-ground vaults, with low ceilings, stalactited with cobwebs, but in vast and lofty houses, called *bodegas*, from which the light of day is in part excluded. On entering one of these I was struck with the coolness and obscurity of the place—a delicious contrast to the heat and glare of the burning streets. The whole floor of the building was occupied by parallel rows of huge butts, in double tiers. Of these butts there are sometimes two thousand or more in one *bodega*. The attendant, from time to time, dipping a long stick, tipped by a cane tube, into a cask, and pouring the liquor thus extracted into a tasting-glass, called my attention to choice specimens of the various descriptions of wines. What with sherry of every age, hue, and flavour, *amontillado*, boiled wine, muscatel, *paxarete*, *tintilla*, full glasses of which were pressed upon me in turn at every step, my taste was confounded, and my brain almost bewildered, before I had made the circuit of the first *bodega*.

The sherry most esteemed by the natives, is of inferior price, very dry, with little body,

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and free from brandy; such wine, in fact, as would scarcely bear exportation, but which, with all the genuine sherry flavour, is, from its mildness, much more agreeable in this fervid climate than the strong full-bodied wines which alone are prized in England. The strong wine is never drank by the natives from choice; if set before them, they invariably dilute it. Even Englishmen here prefer the milder wines, for it is surprising what sudden revolutions climate can effect in taste. The choicest butt of sherry in Domecq's stock is one, whose fellow was sold to George the Fourth for six hundred pounds. It is more than a century old, very dark, and of a peculiarly rich flavour, which the proprietor assured me was the effect of age alone.

Of the vast quantity and value of the wine in the stores at Xeréz, some idea may be formed from the fact, that in Domecq's *bodegas* alone, are no less than eleven thousand butts, averaging in value on the spot one hundred and thirty or one hundred and forty dollars, or about thirty pounds sterling, per butt.

Xeréz de la Frontera is an ancient city, by some supposed to be the Asta Regia of the Romans, whose site was either identical or in the immediate vicinity. That name may have been corrupted into the present appellation by the eli-

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sion of the initial and final letters, thus :—Sta Reg = Xeréz. Some, considering it a Greek colony, have derived its name from Ξηρος, dry—the peculiar character of its wine, for which it has been celebrated from time immemorial, and which was formerly known in England as "sack," quasi *siccus*. Others, conceiving it to have been founded by the Moors, derive its name from the Arabic شرس or شرض hard, rough ground; though such is not the nature of the land in the neighbourhood of Xeréz.

Whatever may be the etymology of Xeréz, it was most probably founded by the Romans. Within sight of its walls, A. D. 711, was fought the great battle, in which Roderic the Goth was defeated by Taric the Arab, when the cross waned before the crescent, when another kingdom was "lost for woman."

> "*Ay España!*
> *Perdida por un gusto por la Cava!*"
>
> "Alas! Spain!
> Lost through a passion for La Cava!"

The city was wrested from the Moors in 1264 by Alonso X. of Castille.

There are few Moorish remains in Xeréz—part of the ancient walls of the city, with an old tower, now enclosed in a wine-yard, are almost the sole

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relics. The Cathedral is of modern erection, in the Italian style of architecture, with a slight admixture of Gothic; it is crowned by a lofty dome; and is built of light-brown stone, with strong white lines marking the division of the blocks, which imparts a singular appearance. The church of San Miguel is much more ancient, in the most florid style of Gothic; the columns which support the lofty roof are massive, and most richly ornamented with carving.

A mansion is shown as that of Rodrigo Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz, renowned in the latter wars of Granada, as

> "*El valiente Andaluz, Leon de España,*
> *Nestor en paz, Achiles en campaña*"—
>
> "The valiant Andaluz, the Lion of Spain,
> Nestor in peace, Achilles in campaign."

The arms of the family are over the doorway, with the date 1640. If this be the date of the erection, it cannot have been the abode of the aforesaid Marquis, for he flourished at the close of the fifteenth century.

Xeréz now contains between forty and fifty h ou sand inhabitants, and is a place of great luxury, being the abode of very wealthy merchants and wine-growers. The streets are mostly unpaved and filthy; the houses are white or

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yellow, but neither so lofty, nor so fresh and handsome in exterior, as those of Cadiz. The city, too, is comparatively very dull. The alameda—when I visited it in the evening—was deserted, except by a few figures muffled to the eyes in dark cloaks; or by a couple, who seemed to court seclusion, whispering together in the most retired part—the earnest gestures of the man, and the quick irregular flutter of the female's fan, betraying the topic of their conversation. The alameda is very extensive, and lies on the brow of the hill, overhanging the road to Puerto Sta. Maria. At the entrance, beneath the wall of a palace, ranges of crockery, in great variety and of singular shapes, were displayed by the light of lamps. Further on, in small stalls, fruit fresh and dried, sweetmeats, and sundry other edibles and inedibles, were exposed for sale. On the other side of the palace, strong fires were blazing beneath the lofty wall, which thus stood out in dazzling white from the deep gloom around. The glare fell, too, on the thick groves of the neighbouring alameda, but could not penetrate its dark recesses, though imagination peopled them with fantastic forms. A group of half-clad fellows squatting around the blazing wood, and a few tall muffled figures in high conical hats, stalking from time to time past

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the fire, or thrown in strong relief against the illuminated wall, imparted a mysteriousness, a robber-like wildness to the scene.

At an early hour the next morning, I left for Puerto, regretting that the time before the departure of the escort for San Lucar, would not allow me to visit the celebrated Carthusian Convent in the neighbourhood of Xeréz, nor the field of battle beyond, where Spain was lost by "Roderic, the last of the Goths." The day was delightfully clear and bright, the breezes cool and refreshing, and the dew lay heavy on the ground—as is always the case in Andalucia till the sun clears the horizon, and then all nature begins to faint beneath his heat. A few peasantry were on the road, driving their well-laden asses before them; and others, sickle in hand, were chanting merrily on their way to their labours. Further on, in a cornfield by the road-side, a party of reapers were sitting in a circle on the ground discussing their morning repast. A huge black leathern bottle—just such as good Sancho Panza loved to embrace—was raised above the head of one, remained there stationary for several minutes, and then being passed on to the others in turn, performed a succession of similar inversions.

On our reaching a narrow and lonely part of road, two men, armed to the teeth, suddenly

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sprung upon the high bank before us. "Here," thought I, "are the robbers at last!" One was in a suit of white linen, with a *calanés*, or conical hat, pistols in his belt, a naked sword by his side, and a long gun over his shoulder; while an enormous pair of black mustachios added peculiar fierceness to a countenance, otherwise by no means of the most gentle character. His companion was in the ordinary peasant dress, but was equally well armed. At the first sight of this formidable pair, I instinctively seized a brace of pistols which I carried about me. But my fears were groundless; for instead of presenting their muskets, they took off their hats as I passed, and saluted me with a civil, "Go with God, cavalier!" —the customary salutation exchanged by travellers.

From the summit of the hill, midway between Xeréz and Puerto, a fine view is obtained, looking over the latter town, in the fertile country at your feet, and the broad sail-chequered Bay beyond, to the white towers of Cadiz, at the distance of twelve miles, glittering like a snowy gem between the deep-blue of the Bay and of the ocean, which rolls its boundless waves in the horizon.

Puerto de Santa Maria is a thriving town, with about twenty thousand inhabitants. It pos-

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sesses a rather dangerous celebrity for women and wine—the beauty of the one being no less renowned than the flavour of the other. It trades principally in wine, of its own growth, as well as that of Xeréz, which is sent here for exportation. The Guadalete, which flows past the town, is said to be the Lethe of the ancients, the river of "long oblivion." Its original name, Λήθη, was preserved by the Moors, who, however, added the usual prefix, وادى ال, so that Wad-ul-lete (Guadalete) signifies no more than "the river Lethe."

At nine, a.m., I left Puerto in Lechuga's *calesa* —the three *escopeteros*, or musketeers, who composed the escort, joined me—the only passenger—just without the town. They were wild-looking fellows in *majo* jackets of sheep-skin, tight breeches, and open leather leggings, with conical hats, and long handkerchiefs floating behind their heads. Their arms were a sword, pistols at the saddle-bow, and an *escopeta*, or musket, slung behind the saddle. This escort is provided by the Steam-packet Company, at their sole expense, for the safe conveyance of those travellers who, desirous of avoiding the sea navigation from Cadiz to San Lucar, proceed to the latter place by land, and there embark for Seville. Nor is such protection superfluous, for this road has long been notorious for its "*mala gente.*"

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Hardly had we left the town when one of my guardians exclaimed, "*Hola! los toros! los toros! mire usted, caballero! los toros!*—The bulls! the bulls! look, cavalier! the bulls!" I looked along the road, which we were then crossing, and saw a cloud of dust, which at first almost concealed the beasts from my view. As they rapidly approached, however, they were seen, to the number of a dozen or more, dashing along in the most furious manner, with their heads to the ground, and tails wildly raised in the air, attended by five or six herdsmen, on fleet barbs, and in picturesque costume. One man rode in front of the herd, now and then looking behind, and when the bulls gained upon him, he spurred on his steed, and bounded away far before them. As the whole past below me—the bulls thundering madly along, goring the earth—the herdsmen at a hand gallop, poising their long lances, the handkerchiefs on their heads, and the long manes and tails of their barbs streaming in the air—I thought I had never beheld so bold, and, at the same time, so graceful a sight. These bulls were on their way from the country to the Plaza at Puerto, there to be combatted, tormented, and killed the same evening, for the amusement of the inhabitants. With the herd were a number of *cabestros*, or trained oxen, without whose assistance it would be impossible

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to manage the wild animals. Being completely subject to the control of the herdsmen, and obedient even to a whistle, or a word, they serve, as the decoy elephants of the East, to assemble, pacify, and secure their untamed brethren. While traversing the open country, the herd is allowed to proceed at a slow pace; it is only on approaching their final destination that they gradually increase in rapidity, till they enter the gates of the *toril* at the height of their speed.

The distance between Puerto and San Lucar is nearly four leagues; the country, in some parts, produces corn, wine, and oil; in others it is uncultivated, and overrun with the dwarf fan-palm (*chamœrops humilis*), the common underwood of Andalucia. Hedges of picturesque aloes, and unpicturesque prickly-pears, mixed or alternating, line the road. These, in fact, constitute the only hedges in this country; and, as such, are equally impenetrable.

The aloe (*agave Americana*) attains in Andalucia a much larger size than in England; its leaves are often ten or twelve feet in length, of a dull blue colour, their edges and back armed with formidable rows of saw-like teeth. When in flower, a stem shoots up from the midst of the leaves, to the height of twenty or thirty feet, topped by a cluster of bright yellow flowers,

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and similar clusters branch out below, in increasing lengths, the lowest the longest—making the whole stem resemble an elegant pyramidical candelabrum. It is a useful plant—the stems are applied, as light poles, to various purposes; and from the fibres of the leaves many useful and ornamental articles are manufactured.

But how shall I describe the surpassing uncouthness of the Indian fig? It is a huge cactus (*cactus tuna*, or *ficus Indica*), an assemblage of oval, flat, pulpy leaves or divisions, often three or four feet in length, and several inches in thickness, growing one from the other in the most grotesque, fantastical manner. The whole plant reaches the height of eight or ten feet. The flat sides of the leaves are covered with small knots of thorns, which give to the plant the name of prickly-pear. Its fruit, however, bears more resemblance to the fig, but is gritty and coarse to an English palate, though much esteemed by the lower classes of natives. It grows in rows, round the upper edges of the leaves. The flowers, which precede the fruit, are of a bright yellow, and sometimes of a rich orange-colour: when covered with these, the plant always reminds me of an ugly deformed old dowager, bedizened with innumerable jewels.

We fell in with a large gang of galley-slaves, with fetters round their ancles, engaged in mend-

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ing the road. They were like a band of savages, with long matted hair and beards, almost naked, and nearly as black as negroes—so much had exposure to the sun and dust darkened their originally dusky skins. A few soldiers with muskets were their overseers. Notwithstanding this surveillance, many left their work, and approached my *calesa* to beg, which they did in a fierce imperative tone, the effect probably of old habits, as though their demand could admit of no refusal. Some were mere boys, condemned perhaps for petty acts of pilfering or smuggling, but the majority bore the appearance of hardened, thorough-paced villains. One fellow, blessed with a horrible squint, I at once christened Ginés de Passamonte, and was answered with a fiendish grin; but neither he nor his companions were as fortunate as that worthy, in finding a crazy knight to deliver them from bondage.

The chief of my escort was named Salmon, and claimed to be the nephew of Don Manuel Gonsalez Salmon, who was for years a minister to Ferdinand VIIth.* The family had been much reduced, which accounted for the nephew filling his present post, but he was decidedly superior

* Vid. Spain in 1830. Vol. i. p. 122.

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in information and manners to the ordinary run of *escopeteros*. In the course of conversation, he lamented the condition of Spain, saying, that it had once been, and still was naturally, the first nation in the world, having such vast internal resources, as to have no need of foreign commerce: that it contained mines of gold, silver, iron, and other metals, abundance of wool and silk, and as for corn, fruit, wine, and oil, it was unrivalled in Europe: that its climate was so genial, and soil so fertile, as to be capable of producing every luxury as well as necessary of life. "But now," he added, "in spite of her natural riches, my country is weak, very weak, and so poor, *que es menester un anteojo para ver una peseta*—that you cannot see a shilling without the aid of a telescope." He was of opinion also, that if Spain could but enjoy a state of tranquillity, and of entire separation from every other country for the space of two years, she would recover her former and natural rank amongst the nations.

I asked, to what causes he considered her present fallen state attributable?

"The first cause," he replied, "is the domination of the priests and friars, *malditos sean!*—cursed be they! but now, *no valen nada*—they

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are worth nothing—we are all Protestants.* The second cause, is the bad government, the civil despotism, which has for so many ages gone hand-in-hand with the ecclesiastical in oppressing the people: and yet, though Ferdinand is dead, and the monks are expelled, how are we to better matters? The Spaniards are all villains, we can never expect a good government composed of natives; for every one on obtaining office cries, 'Bread for my children—the nation can starve!'

Cada uno lleva agua á su molino,
Y deza en seco el de su vecino.—

Each leads the water to turn his own mill,
Not caring if that of his neighbour stand still.

'Tis always,

Hoy por mí,	To-day for me,
Mañana por tí	To-morrow for thee.

Spain, to be well governed, must have a ministry, or at least a prime minister, from England or France, *porque esos son buena gente, pero los Españoles son picaros!*—for they are good peo-

* A term often used by Spaniards as synonymous with Infidels or Atheists, why—this their syllogism will explain:—

Every Protestant rejects Catholicism:
But every one (in Spain) who rejects the Catholic faith, rejects divine revelation altogether:
Therefore, every Protestant is an Infidel.

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ple, but the Spaniards are rascals! The third cause is the influence of foreigners—England has ruined Spain."

I questioned this assertion.

He briefly replied, that foreigners, and especially Englishmen, were taking the bread out of the mouths of Spaniards, by obtaining patents for carrying on manufactures to the exclusion of native artisans. This they could easily effect by tempting a poor and corrupt government with the offer of immediate sums of money. "Besides," added he, "are not all the principal merchants and wine-growers of Xeréz, Puerto, and Cadiz, and of all our sea-ports, foreigners? They come here without a *real*, remain a few years, and return to their native lands, with more doubloons than they know what to do with. It is thus that foreigners have drained and ruined Spain, and she never will rise from her present state till she has shaken off every one of these accursed leeches."

Such were his sentiments, which I have thought proper to communicate, as I found them to agree generally with those of his class throughout Andalucia.

During this conversation, Lechuga, who was sitting on the shaft at my feet, every now and then put in his word; and on hearing the French

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and English compared with the Spaniards, he contemptuously exclaimed that *they* were "worth nothing, nothing, for one Spaniard was a match for five or six foreigners."

I reminded him of the War of Independence, and the French invasion of 1823.

"*Hombre!*" cried he, "those were games of lead, but let them come to close quarters, and one Spaniard with his knife would soon dispatch half a dozen such cowards."—For his part, he added with the true Andalucian boast, he would any day manage that number with his *navaja* alone, let them be armed as they might, so that it were not with fire-arms—and to give force to his assertions, he drew forth a formidable blade from his sash, and brandished it fiercely in the air.

Long lanes of prickly pears led us to San Lucar, of which, as I passed rapidly through it, I can say no more, than that it is a large commercial town, boasting twenty thousand inhabitants, and resembling Puerto Santa Maria in the style of its houses. It acquired interest, however, in my eyes, when I remembered that hence Columbus, Magellan, Torres, and other early navigators, had sailed on voyages of discovery to the New World.

San Lucar de Barrameda is said to have been founded by the great Hannibal, and to have re-

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ceived its present name from a temple built there by the Carthaginians and consecrated to Venus, or Lucifer, the morning star. It was called by the Romans, Luciferi Fanum.* Lucifer, corrupted to Lucer, or Lucar, with the prefix San, added in after-times, probably on account of the inhabitants confounding Lucar with Lucas, or St. Luke—gives the present appellation. The Arabs called it المسجد *almesgid*, the mosque, or rather the place of prayer, probably from the above-mentioned temple.

I parted with the escort at San Lucar, and then drove down to the shore—for the town is situated at the mouth of the Guadalquivir—and after traversing a low sandy beach for the distance of nearly a league, arrived at Bonanza. This place consists merely of a quay, custom-house, and circular *posada*—all apparently of recent construction. At the expiration of an hour, smoke was seen in the horizon, and the packet from Cadiz shortly arrived, received its passengers, and proceeded up the river.† The Guadalquivir, at its mouth, is between one and two miles in breadth, and is fringed, on its right

* Mariana, Lib. ii. Cap. 1.

† The distance from San Lucar to Seville is called twenty leagues, or eighty English miles.

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bank, with woods of pine. Higher up, it is narrower, flowing between banks of sand, dotted with salt-hills. The country on either hand, for many miles in the interior, is a dead, treeless level, the dreary monotony of which is unrelieved except by herds of horses and wild cattle, and here and there by a town on a distant eminence. The lofty mountains of Ronda in the south-eastern horizon, are the only attractive feature in the scene. As for the river itself, it is a stream of mud, with scarcely a sail to enliven its turbid waters—a house or tree to chequer its desolate shores. And this was the Bœtis, the renowned of ancient poets, the "king of rivers" of modern bards! Never was my disappointment more complete.

Bœtis is a very ancient word, probably Punic, and derived from בתים depths, hollows—the Phœnician tongue being a dialect of the Hebrew. It retained this name till the invasion of the Saracens, who substituted one of similar import, and called it نهر الكبير *Nahr-ul-kibeer*, or وادالكبير *Wad-ul-kibeer*, the great river—for though واد *wad*, strictly signifies *valley*, it was often used by the Spanish Moors in the sense of *river*.

The steam-vessel was of native construction, of peculiar form, and tolerably clean, but the cabin, to which I repaired for dinner and siesta,

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was swarming with fleas. The crew dined on the forecastle, gathering round a huge earthen dish filled with a steaming *olla*—some squatting on the deck *à la Turque*, some seated like baboons, resting their chins on their knees, and others stretched luxuriously at full length, reclining like ancient Romans. From this dish they ate in common, using only clasp-knives, spoons, and fingers, and, uninviting as the heterogeneous mess appeared, they did not fail, with eastern hospitality, to offer a share to every looker-on. The wine, in a full-bellied glass bottle with a long spout, was passed round in turn. One fellow, too lazy to raise himself from his recumbent position, merely rolled over when the wine was handed to him, and, stretched on his back, raising the bottle high above his head, caught the purple fluid in a slender stream on his tongue.

A glorious sunset attended the close of a brilliant day. For some time after the sun had sunk beneath the Western Ocean, the horizon glowed with crimson and orange, softened off into a golden hue above, which again was lost in a delicate green blending with the vault of most intense blue. All these tints, in their gradations, were of a purity and etheriality never seen in the murky skies of the North, and were reflected confusedly in the dancing waters as our

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bark shot rapidly through them. Gorgeous as sunsets sometimes are in the many-streaked and many-clouded skies of our own country, the opaqueness of the colours reminds us too often of the earth from which those mists and clouds have arisen; whereas, in these southern regions, there is something in the unsullied blaze of transparent colour unspeakably impressive—it seems as though heaven itself in all its glory were opening upon the view. As the twilight deepened, the stars, one by one, came forth from the darkening vault, glittering with such splendour, as easily to account for, if not to excuse, their deification by the imaginative ancients.

It was dark when the distant tolling of *las animas** warned us of approaching Seville; and a hill, crowned by a small chapel, soon appeared before us on the right bank of the stream. It was the Cuesta de San Juan or Hill of St. John, at the distance of nearly two leagues from

* "*Las animas*"—"the souls"—is the common method, I believe throughout Spain, of expressing nine o'clock in the evening, this being the hour for praying souls out of purgatory. In the same manner, eight P. M., the hour of vespers is always called "*la oracion*"—"the prayer." No one in Andalucia thinks of mentioning these hours otherwise than by these terms; and such expressions as "I shall return from the Prado at the souls"—"we will meet at the theatre at the prayer"—are at first puzzling enough to the stranger.

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the city. The river is here fringed with orange-groves, as we learned from the delicious odours wafted by the breezes. At length, on reaching a bend of the stream, the lights of Seville lay sparkling before us, and the proud tower of the Cathedral was distinguishable from the starry sky. A short time more, and we warped to a quay near the ancient castle of Julius Cæsar.

By the time we were liberated from that inquisition of the traveller, the Custom-house, it was past midnight. As, following a porter to the *posada*, I threaded my way through the narrow, tortuous, dimly-lit alleys of Seville—now encountering a *sereno*, or watchman, with long pike in one hand and lantern in the other, crying the hour—then a party of laughing revellers, also with lanterns, returning homewards from the theatre—here attracting the gaze of some cloak-muffled *caballero*, lurking suspiciously at a corner—there disturbing the amorous conversation which another was holding with his fair one in a balcony, or at the latticed window below—I was reminded of the words of Cervantes, that "Seville was a place so fitted for finding adventures, that in every street, and at every corner, more were to be met with than in any other city."*

* Don Quixote, Part ii. cap. 14.

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CHAPTER VII.

SEVILLE.

Quien no ha visto Sevilla,
No ha visto maravilla!

He who to Seville has not been
Nought wonderful has ever seen!
OLD SAYING.

"*Vedi Napoli e poi mori!*"—"See Naples and then die!" exclaim the Neapolitans. The same fond admiration of their city has suggested the above extravagant couplet to the Sevillanos. Nevertheless, who that has seen the Cathedral, the Alcazar, the remains of Roman and Arabian architecture, and the venerable, picturesque city itself, can deny that Seville is verily a wonder? The Cathedral alone would justify this boast.

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The Cathedral, or Iglesia Mayor, as it is commonly called, is in fact the primary object of interest in Seville, whether we regard the antiquity and singularity of its Moorish tower, the Giralda, or the magnificence of the more modern Gothic temple. The morning after my arrival, I hastened to view it, and found it as far surpassing my most sanguine expectations as it did the many cathedrals I had previously seen, both in my own country and on the Continent.

Externally it presents a strange mixture of Arabian, Gothic, and modern Spanish architecture, which assimilates greatly to the Italian. Yet the *tout-ensemble* is striking, and the Gothic part—the church itself—is both rich and majestic in a high degree.

The stranger, on entering, is struck with amazement at the immensity of the edifice. When he casts his eye down the vast aisles, where arch beyond arch, and column beyond column, stretch away in dim perspective, or when he raises it to the gigantic pillars towering to support the vaulted roof more than a hundred feet above his head—he feels rooted to the spot, overpowered by the burst of majesty. Then, as he continues to survey the aisles, which—illumined only by the light struggling through the coloured windows, and playing here and there in variegated rays on pave-

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ment and pillar, or streaming, as from a point, through a far-off door—are wrapt in a twilight gloom; as he contemplates the dark figures of the priests gliding noiselessly by; the sable forms of the suppliants prostrate before the altars around;* the deep and solemn silence, or occasionally the still more solemn echoes of prayer;—a feeling of awe creeps through his soul, which heightens the sense of immensity already experienced, into a sublimity such as few works of man are capable of inspiring. I question if the Pyramids themselves—which are but mounds in the vast expanse of desert, where art is lost in the grandeur of nature—can, independently of their antiquity, produce so imposing an effect as a Gothic temple like this.

But let him enter for the first time, as was my good fortune, during the performance of high mass, when the grand altar is lighted up by a thousand candles, whose blaze is reflected and multiplied by huge mirrors of burnished silver—when the body of the church is filled with lowly worshippers—when the deep silence is broken only by the voice of the priest at the altar, or by the echoes of his own footsteps. On a sudden the great organ bursts into a solemn anthem—

* Black *mantillas* alone are allowed to be worn in churches.

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the choristers accompany it with their sweet voices—the music swells and rolls through the building, till each column, each arch, seems alive with a devotion which he cannot fail to experience stealing into his own bosom. Then, when on the ringing of a bell, the consecrated Host is raised on high, and the whole congregation, as one man, sink on their knees, or throw themselves prostrate in adoration—then, he finds himself seized with kindred feelings, and, in spite of his better judgment, is prompted to cast himself forward among the crowd of suppliants. Thus it was with me. Overpowered by the grandeur of the scene, the solemnity of the place, the sublime strains of devotion still echoing through the aisles, I was hurried away by the impulse of the moment, and found myself bending the knee when I least intended.

If there ever were one spot above others, where the effect of ecclesiastical pomp and ceremony upon the senses, might be mistaken for the religion of the intellect and heart; or where superstition appears divested of absurdity, and assumes the garb of humble and sincere piety,—Seville Cathedral is that spot.

This superb edifice was founded in the year 1401, on the site of the ancient Mosque, and was dedicated to the Virgin, in acknowledgment of her services in rescuing the city from the infidels.

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It took more than a century to complete the structure. Its proportions of 420 feet in length, by 291 in breadth, constitute it the largest Gothic cathedral in Spain. Indeed, the old saying, "*La de Toledo, la rica; la de Salamanca, la fuerte; la de Leon, la bella; la de Sevilla, la grande:*—That of Toledo, the rich; that of Salamanca, the strong; that of Leon, the beautiful; that of Seville, the great;"—or the other,

> "*Toledo en riqueza;*
> *Compostela en fortaleza;*
> *Leon en sotileza;*
> *Sevilla en grandeza;*—

Toledo in wealth, Compostela in strength; Leon in airiness; Seville in magnitude;"—determines its superiority in this respect.* It is in the form of a Latin cross, has five aisles, and is surrounded by numerous chapels.†

* When the chapter were thinking of building this cathedral, they said, "Let us build a church so vast and so magnificent, that it may have no equal!" One of the prebends, according to Ortiz de Zuñiga, said, "Let us build a church so immense, that those who behold it when complete, shall declare us to have been madmen!"

Ponz. Viage de España. tom xvii., cart 5.

† Rodrigo Caro, in his "Antigüedades de Sevilla," pag. 53, says that this cathedral contains no less than eighty-two chapels and altars. I counted forty-three within the body of the edifice, exclusive of the high altar, and those in the sacristy and large church of the Sagrario.

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Four rows of enormous clustered columns—eight in each row—separate the aisles; and were hung, when I first saw them, from capital to base with crimson damask streaked with yellow, the trappings of the recent festival of Corpus Christi. They are forty-two feet in circumference, and, to use the words of an old chronicler, "appear rather towers than pillars." The roofs of the centre nave and transept, rise 134 feet from the pavement—those of the side aisles are thirty-eight feet lower. The centre aisle contains the choir and the grand altar.

The choir is a large church in itself, in the heart of the Cathedral, enclosed on three sides by screens, and open on the east towards the high altar, or rather bounded only by a lofty and richly-worked grating of iron. The space between this grating and the altar is appropriated to worshippers. High above the choir is the organ, reputed the largest and finest in the world, not excepting that of Haarlem.

The high altar is magnificent, ornamented with the richest marbles, paintings, statues, and a profusion of gilding, and backed by a very lofty screen of carved wood. On grand festivals it is surmounted by immense silver mirrors, in the forms of stars and crowns, while the steps

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leading to it are flanked by ranges of huge candlesticks of massive silver.

Behind the high altar is the Capilla Real, a large gloomy chapel, containing the tomb of Ferdinand the Saint and Conqueror, who, in 1248, wrested this city from the Moors, and of whom it was doubted whether "he excelled most in power, holiness, or good fortune;"* he, who, in the words of his epitaph, was "the most faithful, the most true, the most generous, the most valiant, the most enduring, the most humble; who most feared God, and did Him most service, who overcame and destroyed all his enemies, and exalted and honoured all his friends." In the same chapel is interred his son, Alonso the Tenth of Castille, surnamed "the Wise;"† as also the notorious Maria de Padilla, mistress of Pedro the Cruel.

About thirty or forty feet within the principal entrance to the Cathedral are some tablets in the marble pavement; one on either hand bearing a rude representation of a ship, and this inscription :—

* Mariana, Historia General de España, lib. xiii. cap. 8.

† *Enterraronle en Sevilla*
Junto á Fernando el Sancto,
Su padre, que la ganó
De Moros como esforçado.
ROMANCE ANTIGUO.

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NUEVO MUNDO DIO COLON
A CASTILLA Y A LEON.

A new world Columbus gave
To Castille and Leon.

and in the centre a larger tablet:—

Aqui yaze el mui magnifico Señor Don Hernando Colon, el qual aplicó y gastó toda su vida, y hazienda en aumento de las letras, y juntar y perpetuar en esta cuidad todos sus libros de todas las sciencias, que en su tiempo halló y en reducirles á quatro libros. Falleció 12 Julio, 1539, al año 50 de suedad. Fué hijo de D. Cristoval Colon, &c.

Here lies the very magnificent Don Ferdinand Columbus, who devoted and spent all his life and property in the cultivation of letters, and in collecting and preserving in this city all the books of all the sciences, which, in his time, were known, and in reducing them to four books. He died 12th July, 1539, aged fifty years. He was son of Don Christopher Columbus, &c.

The remains of the great navigator do not repose here. They were first interred at Valladolid, where he died in 1506, then were removed to a convent in the neighbourhood of this city; and subsequently in 1536, with those of his son Diego, were transported to the island of St. Domingo, and again in 1796 to Havana, where they now lie.

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At the north-eastern corner of the Cathedral is a door, leading into the Patio de los Naranjos, or Court of the Orange-trees. This is three hundred and thirty feet from east to west, by one hundred and thirty-four from north to south. In the centre is a fountain, and scattered throughout are the trees which give their name to the court. It was originally the outer court to the mosque, which, in Moorish times, occupied the site of the present Cathedral; and here the Mohammedans performed their ablutions before entering the sanctuary. It is still enclosed on the north and east by the ancient wall, with the heavy buttresses and notched battlements peculiar to the Saracenic order of architecture: on the south, it is bounded by the body of the Cathedral; and on the west, by the church of the Sagrario, a large and gorgeous, but not handsome building, of comparatively modern date, and in the Spanish style, attached to the Cathedral. The principal entrance to the court is from the north, through a Moorish gateway, the exterior simplicity and beauty of whose horse-shoe arch are destroyed by a number of images perched upon brackets on either hand. Within is a similar arch, and in the vestibule between is a small shrine of the Virgin, which is rarely without some prostrate devotees.

Above the eastern wall of the Patio rises the

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Giralda, a lofty square tower of Arabian architecture, when and by whom erected is yet disputed; but Caro, a chronicler of Seville, asserts that it was founded about the year A. D. 1000; and its architect is vulgarly believed to be no other than Geber, the renowned Arabian astronomer, mathematician, chemist, and the reputed inventor of algebra. It was the minaret of the ancient mosque, and originally, as a Latin inscription informs us, was only two hundred and fifty feet in height; it was then surmounted by four gilt globes, one over the other, the highest the smallest, and the lowest so large, that in order to admit it into the city, it was found necessary to widen one of the gates. The tower is fifty feet square, and the walls eight feet thick. So highly was this edifice esteemed by the Moors, that the towers of the mosques of Morocco and Rabat were built after the same model. In the year 1568, it was carried up to the height of three hundred and fifty feet, its present altitude. It is easy to perceive by the exterior how much was the work of the Moors, for that part is beautifully ornamented with moresco windows and arches, and arabesque tracery in relief, and is of a delicate pale-red colour. The modern part commences with the belfry, of twenty bells, five in each wall, which, like Spanish bells generally, are not swung

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to and fro, but are made to revolve vertically. From the belfry, rises a smaller square tower, terminating in an octagonal steeple, crowned by a brass statue of Faith. The whole upper part of the tower is of light yellow stone, and in the modern Spanish style. Notwithstanding the engrafting of this upon an order of architecture so dissimilar as the Saracenic, the effect is more harmonious than might be imagined; and the Giralda certainly gains both beauty and grandeur by the addition to its height.

As I stood in the Court of Orange-trees, admiring the lofty tower, and watching the revolutions of its bells, I was accosted by a man, one of those good-humoured, talkative, amusing, busy do-nothings, so common in this land of indolence.

"Wonderful bells those, Sir!"

"Yes, I never saw bells revolve in that way before."

"Bad preachers, Sir—bad example theirs!"

"How's that, man?"

"Because they call others to mass, and never go themselves."

"Well said; they certainly make a great noise about —"

"Noise? *vaya!*—go to! it's nothing!—the largest of those bells, Sir, is a *niñeria*, a mere plaything to the great bell of Toledo! *Ave Maria*

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Purisima! that bell is twenty feet or more in height, and so large that twenty-five tailors can sit and work within it. They never toll it, for it makes so much noise as to break all the windows in the city, and make every pregnant woman miscarry. A bad year for the Toledanitos when that bell is rung. Does your-mercy know, Sir, why it was made so large?"

I confessed my ignorance.

"Then, Sir, I'll tell you. A rich count of Toledo had a son, who, having killed a man in a duel, sought refuge in the Cathedral, while his father went to Madrid to petition the king for his pardon. 'No,' said the king, '*quien ha matado á uno, es preciso que muera*—he who has killed a man, must die!' Well, Sir, the count continued to petition, and the king to refuse, till at length the king said, wishing to get rid of him, said he, 'When you make me a bell at Toledo that I can hear at Madrid, I'll pardon the young man.' Now, look ye, Sir, Toledo is nearly sixty miles from Madrid. *Pues Señor,* the count went home; and some time after, as the king was sitting in his palace at the open window, he heard a distant toll. '*Valgame Dios!*—God help me!' he cried, 'that's the bell of Toledo!' and so the young count obtained his pardon. Now, Sir, I'll tell your-mercy what's written on the bell:

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'*Margarita me llamo,*
Dos cientos quintales peso;
Quien no lo cree
Que me tome en peso!'—

'Margaret's my name,*
Ten tons do I weigh;
Let him lift me, and prove it,
Who this would gainsay!'"

As this amusing fellow seemed disposed to make himself useful, I intimated my desire to ascend the Giralda; and in a few seconds we were within its walls. The ascent is by an inclined plane, or rather a series of planes surrounding a square of twenty feet, as high as the modern part of the tower, where steps succeed. The centre square contains apartments. According to Juanico, my guide, some monarch of Spain had once ascended on horseback; and this is credible enough, for so broad is the passage, that not one only, but two persons might ride up abreast; nay, I verily believe, that a small gig might be drawn up—with some little difficulty perhaps in turning the angles. The ascent is not fatiguing, being enlivened by numerous peeps, through moresco windows, of the city below; here and there, too,

* *Margarita* also signifies a pearl, so that the line may read thus:—

"Little Pearl is my name."

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is a balcony, from which a better view may be obtained.

On reaching the belfry, Juanico asked me if I had seen Zaragoza.

"No!" I replied.

"Well, Sir, there's a very high tower there, attached like this to the cathedral; and a boy who was once looking out from the belfry, leaned forward too far, and fell out. His father chanced to be standing just below the tower, and saw his son fall. *'Santa Maria del Pilar, salva mi hijo!* —Holy Mary of the Pillar, save my child!' he cried, and clasped his hands in agony. Well, Sir, blessed be the Virgin Most Pure! she heard his prayer, and the boy reached the ground without the least hurt."

"Very marvellous!"

"Yes, Sir, but this is nothing to the miracles that Virgin, she of the Pillar, performs. She has an image in her church, which looks and feels exactly like flesh, and its nails grow and are cut regularly every month. What is most marvellous is, that if you look her in the face for a quarter of an hour, you'll be blind for ever."

"Why is not her face covered to prevent such terrible effects?"

"*Hombre! no!*—Man! no! that would offend her: whoever comes in, looks at her with awe

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for a couple of minutes, and then lowers his eyes. Service is never performed at her altar, because three priests, who once attempted it, all burst and fell dead in the midst."

Not content with the prospect from the belfry, which ordinarily satisfies strangers, I resolved to ascend as high as possible. Mounting some stone steps, I climbed a long upright iron post with transverse bars for the feet, squeezed my body through a grating above, and at last found myself outside the tower, standing only on a small projecting stone, and clinging to the walls for support. Immediately above me, was the gigantic figure of Faith, which from below appears so diminutive. It holds a palm-branch in one hand, and in the other a banner, which serves as a vane; and the whole figure, turning on a pivot, acts as a weathercock, though fourteen feet in height, and of the enormous weight of three thousand six hundred pounds. It thus gives its name, Giralda, (weathercock) to the tower.*

The view from the tower is most extensive and interesting. Immediately beneath, on the south and west, lies the vast pile of the Cathedral—its

* It has been well observed by a modern traveller, that "it is certainly a little singular that any good Catholic should have thought of setting the emblem of his faith up for a weathercock, to turn about with every change of wind." Year in Spain. Vol. ii. p. 172.

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variously-shaped roofs, its flying buttresses, and innumerable pinnacles—with the dome-capped church of the Sagrario, bounding the Orange-Court to the west. Juanico then pointed out to me the Archiepiscopal Palace just below the tower on the north-east—the Lonja, or Exchange, on the south, and the Alcazar, or Moorish palace beyond, with its courts and extensive gardens—to the west of these that enormous mass of building, the Tobacco Factory, one of the chief wonders of this wondrous city—and to the north of the tower the great square of San Francisco, or the Plaza Real, with the Town-hall, and other public buildings. On every side extends the venerable city itself, bristling with towers, spires, and domes innumerable—its roofs, rarely flat and white-washed as in Cadiz, but covered with dark red tiles, strangely channelled;—the whole enclosed by long lines of turretted wall, remains of Roman and Moorish days. The spacious amphitheatre for the bull-fights, and the Roman "Tower of Gold," break the long range of alamedas on the near bank of the broad Guadalquivir; skirting whose opposite shore is the populous suburb of Triana. Just without the city, on the east, is the long and many-arched Roman aqueduct, marking the road to Carmona and Cordoba; and on the south, in the suburb of San Bernardo, is the Cannon Foundry, one of the boasts of the Se-

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villanos. In the north-east, at the distance of a few miles, the convent of San Isidro points to the site of the ancient Roman city of Italica. There are a few rising-grounds on the opposite side of the river, but in every other direction the eye passes over a vast plain, here and there slightly undulating—in some parts sandy, parched, and desert—in others, covered with golden corn, or refreshed with vineyards, dark olive, or darker orange-groves. Far away in the south-western horizon are the dim outlines of the Serrania de Ronda. The Betis, in long and glittering windings, intersects the plain, fringed for some distance below the city with orange-groves; but beyond, flowing through a bare and boundless level towards the ocean.

On descending the tower, my guide took me to the Library, attached to the Cathedral, built over the eastern arcade of the Orange-Court. The collection was commenced by Ferdinand Columbus, who bequeathed to it 20,000 volumes. It contains many curious Arabic manuscripts. Portraits of all the archbishops of Seville grace the walls of the Library; beside which, there is one of Murillo, painted by himself. He is represented as a young man of thirty, dressed in black, with shirt-collars turned down, black mustachios, and small beard—much in the style of a modern Spaniard. His complexion is sallow, his expression thought-

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ful, his forehead lofty and capacious, and his eyebrows are arched in a manner betokening that prominence of the bone which the phrenologist deems peculiarly indicative of a talent for colouring. Last, but not least amongst the curiosities of the Library, is a formidable Toledo, said to have been the sword of Fernan Gonzales, a hero of St. Ferdinand's army, who wielded it with success at the conquest of the city, six centuries since; for, in some verses attached to the hilt, it boasts of having "cut many Moorish throats—*cortado muchas gargantas Moras.*" It far surpasses in size and weight the blades used in these degenerate days.

The Cathedral of Seville is unrivalled in pictures by any other metropolitan church in the Peninsula. It contains some *chef-d'œuvres* of Murillo, who was born in the neighbourhood of this city; together with many choice specimens of other Spanish masters. Unfortunately, they are for the most part so placed that their beauties and defects are alike obscured. Among the most favoured with regard to situation, is a Murillo, representing St. Anthony of Padua kneeling in adoration of the infant Saviour, who, in the clouds, attended by angels, is stepping forward and opening his arms to bless the saint. This picture is deservedly esteemed one of the finest productions of Murillo's pencil. It pos-

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sesses, in a remarkable degree, all those qualities —that chaste but rich harmony of colouring, that breadth, that subserviency of all minor details to the one desired effect, that beauty and nature of expression, that faithful representation of pure affections and holy emotions—which characterize the best works of this master. The colouring is exceedingly subdued, and almost monotonous in tone; but this only serves to convince the beholder that he who, with materials so few and simple, could produce such a picture, must indeed be a master of his art, capable at pleasure of wielding brighter colours with equal effect. Both in subject and tone this piece bears a strong resemblance to the St. Francis in the Capuchin Convent at Cadiz.

This cathedral contains another picture, which, for me, has not inferior charms. The subject is the Virgin and Child, by Alonso Cano, the head of the Granadan, as Murillo is of the Sevillian school of painting. The mother, all mildness, sweetness, and beauty—the personification of maiden modesty and purity—contemplates with downcast eyes shaded by long dark lashes, and with a smile of maternal love, the naked cherub on her lap. It is an exquisite little piece, but so lost in the shade, that it cannot be viewed to advantage without the aid of a strong lamp. The Sevillanos, nevertheless, seem to appreciate it, if we

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may judge from a notice, promising one hundred days of indulgence to all who say three Ave Marias before the shrine over which it is placed.

There are many other paintings by Murillo, on whose merit, on account of their bad position, it is difficult to decide.

A splendid picture of Herrera, the younger—also a native of Seville—represents St. Francis borne to heaven by angels: a lay brother in the foreground is acting the Elisha. It is beautifully coloured, of a soft and tender brightness. The figure of the saint displays great ease and tranquillity; and his countenance beams with exalted rapture and thoughts unspeakable as the glories of heaven are opening upon his view.

In an adjoining chapel is a picture by Roelas—commonly called "*el hermoso*," or "the beautiful"—representing Ferdinand the Saint, or, as some say, St. James, on a white charger, trampling the Moors to the ground. It is a very spirited production.

In the Sacristy is the "Descent from the Cross," by Campaña, a piece famed as having often attracted the admiration of Murillo.* Though aware of his opinion as to its merits, I confess I could not see much to admire. The figures appeared stiff and out of drawing, and the colour-

* So highly did Murillo esteem this picture, that he willed to be interred in the church of Santa Cruz, where it then hung.

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ing harsh and crude. One might imagine it of the old German school, rather than the production of a Southern pencil.

There are many other specimens of Spanish art, some singular enough. The two damsels who, as tradition has it, once supported the tower of the Giralda during an earthquake, figure on canvas, as well as in the coloured glass of the window of a chapel dedicated to them. The Sevillanos do right in making the most of them, for, should a similar catastrophe befall the city, two damsels, I fear, would hardly be found now-a-days of faith or physical power sufficient to uphold with their shoulders the rocking tower. The "Death of the Innocents," with monks in the foreground, and Seville Cathedral behind, is a strange specimen of anachronism. Yet more strange is a "St. Dionysius," walking coolly with his head under his arm, as though the weather were too warm for him to carry it on his shoulders.

As I stood gazing, with a smile of astonishment at this picture, Juanico, who, having visited most parts of Spain, seldom let slip an opportunity of relating what he had seen, said with a solemn air, "Ah, Sir! you may laugh at that picture, but I've seen one at which you could not laugh, ay, and a thousand times more marvellous than that."

I enquired what it was.

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"It is in the Cathedral of Jaen; a true portrait of the Holy Christ!"

"Who painted it?"

"*Ay! pecador de mi!*—Ah, sinner that I am! There it is—it is not painted at all."

"*Hombre!* what do you mean, then?"

"*Verrá usted*—You shall see, Sir. When our blessed Lord was on the cross, (here he made the sign upon his person) and his face sweated with agony, the Most Holy Virgin Mother wiped it with her pocket-handkerchief, and the image of the Divine Countenance was impressed on the handkerchief, so as to look like a picture; and there it has remained to this day, and that very handkerchief is now in Jaen Cathedral."*

"Do you believe this to be true?"

A doubt of the authenticity of the miracle seemed scarcely before to have crossed the simple fellow's mind, for he hesitated a moment, and then replied, "*Dios sabe, yo, no*—God knows—not I."

I relate the above and similar stories to show the gross superstition which formerly prevailed in this country—formerly, I say, because such ab-

* This Santa Faz—Holy Face, or Santa Veronica, as it is called—is greatly revered by the Andalucian peasantry, many of whom wear small representations of it about their necks as amulets.

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surdities are now credited by few except women, who are generally more tenacious of their religious belief than the other sex. Yet many females, though otherwise good Catholics—regular attendants at mass and the confessional—give little credence to such ridiculous miracles and legends; and their number is likely to increase, owing to the expulsion of the monks and the declining influence of the priests. I hardly imagine that Juanico himself, with all his simplicity, was capable of swallowing the absurdities he related with so much solemnity, but rather consider the air, which he, in common with many of his countrymen, assumed in such narrations, as the effect of long-formed habits, a lingering reverence to the mysteries of his mother-religion, increased perhaps for the time by the consciousness of addressing a heretic. Thus, I have heard stories pregnant with the most absurd superstition, issue with the greatest solemnity from the lips of those who, at other times, would avow themselves entire disbelievers in revelation, or even atheists. In fact, *habits* are not so readily changed as *opinions*; the mind may, for some time, continue to produce the same effects under contrary influences, just as the ocean preserves its swell long after the tempest has subsided.

When we reflect, however, that such gross credulity, such abject blindness to priestcraft, was,

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at no distant period, almost universal in Spain, we cannot but rejoice at the present altered state of things, and hail any events that are likely to induce a still further enlightenment of the minds of the people, and to pave the way for their reception of a purer faith.

The inhabitants of Seville appeared to me to retain more reverence for the Catholic faith, than those of any other city of Andalucia that I visited, if their attendance at public worship be a fair test; for, whereas in every other city, few, and females alone, were to be seen at mass; in Seville, the congregations at the churches were comparatively numerous, and comprised a fair sprinkling of males. Besides, I observed at Seville an unusual number of those branches of date-palm, consecrated by the priests on Palm Sunday, which are so often seen in Andalucia, fancifully wrought into little baskets, and fixed in the gratings of the balconies as preservatives against lightning. Yet even in Seville Catholicism is on the decline, as is sometimes evinced by little things. For instance, the old custom of uncovering the head, signing the cross, and muttering a petition, observed by all, even by the gay crowd on the Prado, when the bells tolled *la oracion*, the hour of evening prayer—which, according to Inglis, was still preserved in 1830 at Seville—is now in entire disuse.

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Let it not be forgotten that Seville, to use the words of an old chronicler, Rodrigo Caro, "was the first (city) that, with ardent zeal for the purity and preservation of the Catholic faith, raised the tremendous and fearful wall of the Holy Office of the Inquisition against heretical depravity and apostacy." The court was first held, January 2nd, 1481, in the Dominican Convent of San Pablo. Does this fact redound to the honour of Seville, as Caro would have us believe? *Audi alteram partem!* Within one year from its establishment this tribunal had burnt at the stake two thousand persons, and *reconciled* seventeen thousand more, or, in other words, had inflicted on them fines and confiscations, subjected them to torture, or condemned them to imprisonment, in many instances perpetual!*

The Cathedral of Seville is famed for its treasures, which, being removed to Cadiz on the invasion of the French in 1810, escaped the rapa-

* Llorente, in his Historia de la Inquisicion Española, iv. p. 251, says that up to the year 1517, the tribunals throughout Spain had burnt 13,000 persons, and reconciled nearly 170,000! And Zurita, in his Anales de Aragon, iv. cap. 49, asserts that up to 1520, at Seville alone, had been burnt 4,000, and reconciled more than 30,000;—while, within the same time, according to Puigblanch, and within the archbishopric of Seville, 45,000 were burnt, and 100,000 reconciled!

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city of those harpies. The Custodia, or temple, in which the Host is carried in procession through the city, is of solid silver, twelve feet high, and of enormous weight. A cross, and pair of candlesticks of massive gold, are interesting as being formed of the first of that metal brought from America by Columbus. An immense crown with a star, ten or twelve feet in diameter, and numerous tall and massive candlesticks, all of solid silver, are only used to decorate the high altar on special occasions.* In the Sacristy are also deposited the vestments of the priests—some of the most superb description; of the richest damasked silks, fringed with gold, and literally covered with precious stones. In fact, they are so loaded with ornaments, as greatly to fatigue the wearers. Gazing on all this wealth, I could not but regret that it should lie here useless, instead of being advantageously employed for the benefit of the country, in the formation of roads and canals (the thing above all others required to promote the civilization of Spain)—in the suppression of banditti—in the education of the rising genera-

* Ponz says that, in his time (1780), there were annually consumed in this cathedral, eight hundred arrobas (or twenty thousand pounds) of wax for candles, an equal quantity of oil for lamps, and one thousand five hundred arrobas (or six thousand gallons) of wine for masses.

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tion—or even in the extinction of the civil war, which will most probably be its ultimate use.

The above is not the only wealth of which this cathedral can boast: it is equally rich in sacred relics. The particulars of this exhibition have almost slipt my memory, but I can remember an arm-bone of St. Bartholomew, a thorn of the Saviour's crown in a glass bottle, and a large fragment of the true cross. The most precious and marvellous morsels, however—the tit-bits of the collection—are not exposed to heretical eyes. This fragment of the cross, by-the-bye, according to Juanico, once proved its own genuineness. When thrown into the flames by some unbelieving monarch, it took fire indeed, but sent forth such an odour, as to suffocate the King and all his followers, and on being extracted from the flames resumed immediately its original appearance of unburnt wood.* The only interesting part of this exhibition is the ancient keys of Seville; one, said to be that delivered to Ferdinand by the Moors at the surrender of the city in 1248, has wards in the shape of Arabic characters; the

* Caro gives another version of the same tradition. According to Blanco White, this holy piece of wood is said, on one occasion, when carried to the top of the Giralda, to have frightened away vast swarms of locusts, which were threatening devastation to the neighbourhood.

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other, of gold, is worked in the same manner with the words—

"Dios abrira,
Rey entrara.

"God will open,
The King will enter."

I was struck with the apparently slight protection afforded to these relics. Though pious thefts are now almost out of fashion, though the relics themselves might offer no temptation; yet the precious caskets and cases in which they are enclosed—the shells, if not the kernels—would prove a valuable booty. In one small court a few wooden bars alone served to protect them from robbery, as, though the court is only legitimately accessible through the iron gates of the Sacristy leading into the Cathedral, a daring housebreaker might easily find his way over the roofs, and descend into it.

A great nuisance is the host of beggars who at all times infest the Cathedral. They select this spot, doubtless not from selfish motives, but wholly out of regard to the souls of the faithful; that these may not want continual opportunities of putting into practice the charity inculcated by their priests, and thus swelling the creditor side of their account with heaven. The maimed, the halt, the blind, the dumb, and cripples of

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every description—the most hideous distortions of humanity—the victims of every fearful accident and disease—are here in swarms; and they appear as proud of, and as anxious to display their deformities, as most of us are to conceal them. Whoever visited the Cathedral in the summer of 1836, must remember one frightful little urchin, squatting on the ground, with his bare legs, withered to mere twigs, twisted up in a hideous manner before him. Nevertheless the little man was not deficient in activity of locomotion. I had never entered the building many minutes, before a quick shuffling noise warned me of his approach, and there he was, working his way towards me, perhaps from the further extremity of the aisle, by the rapid motion of his hands along the pavement. Objects such as these cannot fail to excite compassion as well as disgust; it is impossible to steel oneself against their petitions, strange as these often are. "*Déme usted, caballerito, una limosnita, un ochavico, por el amor de Dios!*—Give me, cavalier, a little alms, but a mite, for the love of God!" or "*por las angustias del Santo Cristo*—by the agonies of the Holy Christ!" or "*por los dolores de la Santisima Virgen!*—by the pangs of the most Holy Virgin!" and sometimes is added as a further inducement, "*el bendito San Antonio que está arriba en los cielos se la pagará á usted*—the blessed St.

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Anthony, who is above in heaven, will repay it your-mercy!" or some quaint proverb, as

"*El dar limosna,*
Nunca mengua la bolsa.—

Alms to the poor
Never lessen your store."

or it may be,

"*En arca del avariento*
El Diablo yace dentro.—

In the chest of the miser
The Devil doth lie, Sir!"

We are apt to imagine that the "native pride" of Spaniards would prevent them from begging. No such thing. This pride is displayed, however, in another way, especially by the men—in the authoritative tone in which they demand rather than petition for charity. Their matchless effrontery is equalled only by their filth. Frequently have I observed them, even in the Cathedral, performing friendly operations on each other's heads and rags. In fact, the observation of Beckford on the mendicants of Portugal, would apply with more force to those of Spain; that "no beggars equal them for strength of lungs, luxuriance of sores, profusion of vermin, variety and arrangement of tatters, and dauntless perseverance."*

* Beckford's Italy, &c. vol. ii. p. 260.)

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I remarked a large proportion of blind—a numerous class of unfortunates in Spain, as in Egypt. Whether this arise from the universal glare and brilliancy, and the great deficiency of shade in this sunburnt climate—the imputed causes of ophthalmia in the East—I will not pretend to determine; but the fact, that more blind are to be seen in Castille, where the soil is more parched and the foliage more scanty than in the rest of Spain, would seem to favour this opinion. In Madrid, blind men abound, and are said to be useful members of society, seldom condescending to beg, but acting as guides to strangers through the city, or Mercuries on messages of love, and sometimes being even employed as servants. At night they carry lanterns, in order, like ships, to avoid being run down, and often march thus in large bands through the streets chanting *coplas*. Their sense of touch is generally so delicate, as to enable them from the surface alone to distinguish the cards with which they are accustomed to amuse themselves.

Beggars of all classes are numerous enough in every part of Spain, and since the expulsion of their patrons, the monks, have transferred their attendance from the convents to the churches; but never do I remember witnessing such an assemblage, as within and around the walls of Seville Cathedral.

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The eye is never weary of beholding, nor the mind of contemplating this magnificent temple. Every day of my short stay in Seville, I spent many hours within its walls; besides frequently availing myself of it as a passage from one part of the city to the other. Apart from its intrinsic charms, the grateful coolness and tender twilight within, made it a delicious retreat from the intolerable heat and glare of the burning streets.

It is an epoch in one's life, to see Seville Cathedral. Its outlines, forms, and hues, once beheld, are indelibly impressed upon the memory—remembered with a reverential love—and in after-years will haunt the imagination with a vividness and reality almost startling. Has the stranger visited it at break of day, when the earliest rays of the sun played high on the columns and groined roofs, leaving all below still buried in shade—when the matin prayer and chant arose, wreathed in incense, from the suppliant few before the altar?—Has he watched the light creeping down the pillars, and increasing in brilliancy, till what was before obscure, became definite and distinct; till the noonday blaze, softened, mellowed, and tinged, was diffused throughout, penetrating the darkest recesses of the building, and making the whole stand forth in its fair proportions, a wondrous creation of art, with almost the sublimity of na-

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ture ?—Has he beheld the long train of priests, marching in stately procession through the aisles, with glimmering tapers, glittering banners, and clouds of incense ?—Has he visited it at the hour of evening prayer, when the dying light of day accorded so well with the exercise of devotion—when the blaze from the high altar threw a more mysterious gloom around, dimly and doubtfully revealing the rest of the church—when the organ pealed unseen from above, a chorus, as it were, of celestial music ?—Or still later, when, as the shades of twilight deepened, the soaring roofs were lost to the eye, and the huge columns seemed to stretch up into boundless space—when the tapers before some far-off shrine seemed burning at an indefinite distance ?—Or, in the hour of silence, solitude, and darkness, has he paced the deserted aisles, and experienced the tremendous sense of remaining alone with the Deity ?—Has he witnessed and felt all this ?—his mind must have been irresistibly and profoundly impressed, and he must have owned,

> " That in such moments, there was life and food
> For future years !"

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CHAPTER VIII.

SEVILLE.

Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days.
BYRON.

Ciudad al pesar del tiempo
Tan populosa, y tan grande,
Que de sus ruinas solas
Se honráran otras cuidades.
LUIS DE GONGORA.

Estos, Fabio, ay dolor! que ves ahora
Campos de soledad, mustio collado
Fueron un tiempo, Italica famosa....
De todo apenas quedan las señales.
FRANCISCO DE RIOJA.

SEVILLE, the metropolis of Andalucia, once boasting the proud title of "head of Spain"—once so populous, that four hundred thousand Moors

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quitted it on its conquest by Ferdinand the Saint*—once the grand seat of commerce of the Old World, and the emporium of the wealth of the New—is fallen, it is true; yet is still the third city in the empire, and can boast nearly one hundred thousand inhabitants. Its extent is the same as formerly, being determined by the ancient walls of nearly five miles in circuit; but large tracts of land within this enclosure, unoccupied by houses, shew the decrease in its population. The walls are partly of Roman, partly of Moorish construction, with numerous towers at intervals, and fifteen gates; they are in an excellent state of preservation, being formed of a composition of gravel, mortar, and sand, faced with brick, so indurated in the course of ages as to have acquired more consistency and solidity than stone.

Seville is no every-day city: it has little of the European character. The narrow streets, lofty houses, projecting roofs, and balconied windows

* Caro gives this as the number of Moors who left Seville on its capture. Mariana calls it only one hundred thousand, and says that the population was one hundred and forty-four thousand. But these numbers must be underrated, for the population had been increased considerably by those who had fled thither on the recent capture of Cordoba; and if we remember the large population of Cordoba previously, and of Granada subsequently to that period, we shall not be inclined to discredit Caro's account.

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with matted blinds, or heavy wooden shutters, bespeak, at a glance, its southern climate; but that which stamps it more peculiarly as of Eastern origin, is the *patio*, or court, in the centre of every house. Cadiz, indeed, as already mentioned, abounds in *patios*, but they are rarely visible to one passing through the streets; for the heavy door within the vestibule of each house, gives it, in this respect, almost the appearance of an ordinary European abode. But in Seville, this door is frequently exchanged for one of grated iron, so that from without, all within the *patio* is visible; and refreshing it is, when traversing the burning streets, to peep into these delightfully cool interiors.

The fierce rays of the sun are excluded by a screen of canvas drawn across the court from roof to roof; and the light thus softened falls upon the Moorish colonnades around, and upon the sparkling jets of the fountain in the centre, playing high into the air, and overflowing the marble basin; while around it the rich green of the orange or citron-tree contrasts with the fair bloom and golden fruit; the bright crimson blossoms of the double pomegranate shine like blood-red stars in a night of green; or roses, geraniums, cistuses, oleanders, and palms, form a brilliant garden in pots.

But the fairest flowers of the *patio* are the

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muchachas, the houris of these earthly paradises, who, during the summer months, pass their mornings sitting around the fountain or beneath the arcades, with their frames of embroidery, and making the court resound with the jest, the laugh, the song; or, still later in the day, with the notes of guitar and castanets. For, at this season of intense heat, the Sevillanos forsake the upper part of their houses, and live almost wholly on the ground-floor and in the *patio*, where they frequently take their meals, receive visitors, and hold *tertulias*.

Seville has not the startling freshness of Cadiz: the houses are not as snowy, nor the streets as straight and regular as in that city, but it more than counterbalances this by its venerable air and picturesque appearance. The streets indeed are most tortuous, and extremely narrow—far more so than in Cadiz; which is explained by the fact, that very many are now as laid down by the Moors, with either the original houses or others similar on the same sites. I never in any city experienced so much difficulty in finding my way—continually was I completely bewildered by the intricate labyrinth of narrow alleys. The roofs, as already mentioned, are not generally flat, as in Cadiz, but gently sloping, and covered with tiles. The eaves overhang three or four

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feet, and from them project long, crooked spouts, for the purpose of carrying off the water. A severe, though no fiery penance must it be to walk the narrow streets of Seville during the rainy season, for the streams from these spouts must so command the whole pavement, as to render it impossible to escape a drenching. The pavement of the streets is execrable. I could only imagine it had been laid down in the past reign of the Inquisition, to inflict a perpetual penance on the citizens for some municipal crime.

One feature of Seville, which strikes the traveller who comes from Cadiz, is the peculiarly national appearance of its population. The gentlemen, indeed, dress as in Cadiz, Paris, or London, though frequently during the day wearing entire suits of white linen; but the ladies preserve the beautiful national costume. Even in the theatre I remarked but very few attired *à la Française.* The lower orders are universally Spanish—Spanish in their countenances, in their manners, and in their costume. The dress of the women of this class differs in little save the quality of the materials from that of their superiors: that of the men, though often alluded to in the preceding pages, has not yet been particularly described. The following, then, is the *majo* costume worn by the peasantry and lower orders generally of

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Andalucia, and, with some slight differences, by those of the neighbouring provinces of Extremadura, La Mancha, and Murcia, and seen in perfection at Seville.

The jacket is short and round, with an upright collar. It is sometimes of dyed sheep-skin with the wool outwards, but more commonly of coarse cloth or velvet—brown, green, blue, or black—adorned with tags on the breasts, trimmed with braid and velvet, and lined with silk. It often has silk epaulettes in addition. Two handkerchiefs, red and white, or red and yellow, are thrust into small side-pockets, with their ends depending. An ordinary jacket does not cost more than five or six dollars, but those of sheep-skin (*zamarra*), which are rarely used but by equestrians, are more expensive, varying from one to two *onzas*, or doubloons.

The waistcoat, on fête days, is generally of bright silk gaily figured, often with representations of bull-fights. It is adorned with basket-buttons, and trimmed with braid like the jacket, and is worn very open to display the well-worked shirt, whose collars are invariably turned down, leaving the throat exposed. This indeed is a fashion common to all ranks. Round the neck is a silk scarf tied in a slip knot, and descending on the bosom. It is generally crimson, pink, or

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canary-coloured, but ought always to correspond in hue with the lining of the jacket and with the sash. This last (*faja*), a long narrow strip of silk or worsted girded round the waist with several turns, is universally worn by the peasantry. One end of it is often sewn up into a pouch, which serves as a purse, and bag for tobacco. A large clasp knife (*navaja*), to stab a companion or eat a dinner, as occasion may require, is a never-failing inmate of the *faja*.

Tight breeches (*calzones*) of blue, green, or chocolate plush, or *punto*, reach to below the knee, where they are tied with cords terminating in tassels of the same colour. The outer seams are adorned with rows of dangling basket-buttons, plated or gilt, and sometimes with broad stripes of dark braid. The legs are cased in spatterdashes (*botines*) of calf-skin, fastened with leather loops on the outer sides of the leg, but left open at the calf, so as always to give the appearance of a full and handsome limb. They are made with the rough side outwards—when new, of a beautiful light colour—and are tastefully worked on the front and back with flowers of darker leather, the right side outwards, or are sometimes stitched with silk of various colours. The shoes (*zapatos*), which are partially covered by the *botines*, are of similar leather, so that together they

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appear like high boots. The *botines* of Seville are most in fashion, and a handsome pair costs not less than four or five dollars. I have seen them, though rarely, of black tanned leather, studded with brass tacks. Those who cannot afford *botines* wear *alpargatas*, sandals of *esparto* rush, beaten and bound together, and fastened to the foot by thongs or strings; but these are only the poorest peasants, for, as the saying is, "Every low fellow wears spatterdashes—

"*Todos los ruines*
Llevan botines."

Over the head is a bright silk handkerchief, folded diagonally, and tied in a single knot behind, a fashion bequeathed by the Moors. Over this is a broad-brimmed sugar-loaf hat *(sombrero calanés)* of black felt; it is often adorned with a broad band of velvet, with bows of the same, and is surmounted by a tuft of black silk, with another to match, or a bunch of dangling tassels on the edge of the brim; but the fashion varies much in different cities: a *sombrero* costs somewhat less than two dollars. This broad-brimmed conical hat stuck on one side of the head with a rakish air, and the long ends of the handkerchief floating behind, add a picturesque wildness to the countenance, already striking enough, with huge bushy whiskers, bare hairy throat, and often long mus-

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tachios. Indeed, never was an entire dress more admirably adapted in character to the bandit; and on first entering the country, the stranger is ready to imagine a robber in every *majo* he meets, especially since the peasantry almost universally carry arms.

But the most important part of the Spaniard's costume is his *capa*, or cloak. Spanish cloaks are too well known in England to require a description; let it suffice to remark, that the lower orders in Spain wear them of a dark chocolate-colour, faced with crimson plush or cotton-velvet; while those worn by the higher classes are of blue or black cloth, faced with rich black silk-velvet, and frequently lined throughout with taffety. "The people of black cloaks," and "the people of brown cloaks," are in fact proverbial and emphatic expressions, to designate the upper and lower classes. But though the cloak itself is often seen in England, we rarely see it worn, except perhaps by some stray native, with that peculiar grace with which it is universally handled in Spain. It is there to the man, what the *mantilla* is to the woman; few but Spaniards can manage it to perfection—can arrange its ample folds with due ease and elegance; for few but Spaniards have that innate sense of the beautiful in motion, which leads them to study grace in every action and movement, just as the delicate-eared Italians

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aim at euphony in every sentence. The awkward, graceless attempts at wearing the *capa* sometimes made by foreigners, provoke nothing but derision from the natives. There are many different ways of wearing it to suit the weather, taste, or convenience, but the favourite method is to throw the right skirt over the other shoulder, covering the face to the eyes; and hence this is called *embozarse*, which may be rendered literally, "to bemuzzle oneself."

I have said that the *capa* is common to all classes; he must be verily a poor wretch, who cannot sport something in the shape of one, however rusty, patched, and threadbare; indeed the cloak is often the beggar's only garment,—but what matter?

"*La capa,*
Todo tapa.—

"it covers all" and his all.

The cloak is not in Spain as in colder countries, a winter garment alone, for on the hottest days of summer many of the lower orders are to be seen muffled to the eyes in ponderous *capas*. On my once asking one of these fellows why he wore his cloak in all weathers, hot as well as cold, he humorously replied, "*Es mi casa, y no soy andariego*—It is my house, and I am not given to gadding abroad."

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Another article of dress commonly worn by the peasants of Andalucia, is the *manta*. This has been translated "blanket," but should more properly be rendered by "plaid," as it is much of the same shape, materials, and colour, and is in fact to the Andalucian, what the plaid is to the Highlander, a garment by day, and a bed by night. It also serves for a horse-cloth. In length it is about eight feet, by half that in breadth. It is frequently carried over one shoulder, the long fringed ends depending before and behind.

Strolling through Seville the day after my arrival, I chanced to enter an open *patio*, and passing through a narrow alley in one corner, suddenly, to my great astonishment, I found myself opposite a magnificent façade of Moorish architecture, covered with arabesque tracery, and having, on the upper of its two floors, a gallery of horse-shoe arches, supported by slender pillars. It was the Alcazar, the ancient palace of the Moorish kings, and now the second "wonder" of the city. It was built by Abdalasis about the close of the twelfth century, and afterwards considerably enlarged by his Christian successors.

The singularity and beauty of the interior are most striking to the traveller, especially to one who has never before beheld the luxurious architecture of the Saracens. On gaining admit-

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tance, I first entered a suite of rooms, whose walls, to the height of four or five feet, were inlaid with a mosaic work of glazed tiles of various colours, disposed in elegant patterns; and above, were adorned with exquisite relieved tracery in compartments, mingled with Arabic inscriptions in broad bands, sometimes vertical, sometimes horizontal, encircling the apartments. These arabesques were of stucco, and had originally been delicately touched with brilliant colours, still here and there visible through the modern coating of white-wash. This stucco work so common in Moorish buildings, is said to be composed of gypsum mixed with oil and the white of eggs; it was cast in moulds, and when cool, applied to the walls, and so carefully finished off as to leave no traces of the joinings. The ceilings were of dark wood beautifully carved and tessellated, and richly adorned with vermilion, blue, green, and gilding; they had, I was told, but lately been retouched, which accounted for the surprising brilliancy of their colours: here and there, worked into the patterns, were minute Moorish escutcheons. In the last room of the suite, a large window looked into a garden of orange and citron trees, and other plants in character with the oriental interior. A door to the left led me into a small court surrounded by an arcade of ten

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columns. Beyond, was the anti-chamber to the magnificent Hall of the Ambassadors,—the grand Hall of Audience.

This saloon is thirty feet square, and about sixty feet in height. The walls are tiled below, and profusely adorned with arabesques above, the exquisite beauty of which, in all their intricate and elegant varieties, it would be a hopeless task to attempt describing, even with the pencil. The roof is a cupola of dark wood in pannel-work, once richly gilt and coloured, but time has rudely handled it, and almost effaced its originally gorgeous hues. On each side of the Hall, at the height of about thirty feet, is a small balcony, projecting into the apartment, and reached by a narrow staircase leading to the floor above. The wall of the saloon on a level with these balconies bears traces of the Christian conquerors of Seville, in small portraits of Gothic warriors, which surround the room in a broad band. The features of these worthies are almost obliterated: some have lost an eye, others a nose; some have had the skin flayed from their faces, and others appear to have suffered deeply from a gigantic species of small-pox. On this upper floor are several apartments, but all modern and devoid of interest.

The large horse-shoe archway which opens

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from the Hall upon the chief Patio, retains its ancient door. It is of singular workmanship: both the exterior and interior surfaces are covered with innumerable small pieces of wood in the shape of stars, shields, diamonds, lozenges, squares, pentagons, and other figures in endless variety—neither glued nor nailed to the door, but overlapping each other so as to hold on. The ancient shutters of some windows looking into the Patio are similarly constructed. This Patio is an oblong of about seventy feet by fifty; it is paved with marble, and surrounded by a corridor of twenty-four arches on white marble columns, arranged in pairs, and in threes at the corners. Over this is a corresponding arcade, but of superior lightness. A fountain formerly threw up its crystal waters in the centre of the court.

Around the Patio and the Hall are a number of apartments, mostly in a state of decay, but still bearing names designating the purposes to which they were formerly applied, as Besamano, Comedor, Despacho, Dormitorio, &c. Besides those already described, there are many other apartments within the Alcazar, not generally shewn to strangers, some being inhabited, and others occupied as public offices.

A passage leads from the chief Patio to an open gallery, overlooking the gardens attached

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to the palace. Immediately beneath, are extensive beds of myrtle, planted and clipped in a variety of fantastic forms; among which, a huge spread eagle, the royal arms of Austria, recalls Charles V. and the departed glories of the Spanish empire. Beyond, are groves of orange and lemon trees, mingling with the fig, pomegranate, and vine, and other Southern plants, interspersed with fountains, and summer-houses of light and airy architecture. Amid these groves, which yielded at once grateful shade and delicious fruit, while the air, cooled by the play of many a fountain, breathed a thousand mingled sweets,—formerly reclined the Moorish monarchs, those epicures in luxury; and here, too, roamed the beauties of the harem, forgetting awhile their captivity, as they sported amid these flowery shades.

The baths, called after Maria de Padilla, the mistress of Pedro the Second, are beneath the palace, and are entered from the garden. They are very large, but now empty, ruined, and gloomy. On leaving them, my cicerone told me to stand on one side, "*Hay que ver!*" said he, and in a moment the red-tiled path sent forth, from innumerable minute holes, thin jets of water, crossing each other, and refreshing the flowers with their moisture. In a few minutes,

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one path after another, in every direction, was seen casting up its silvery shower.

The garden is bounded on the east by a long range of wall, on which is a covered terrace or gallery, built by Pedro II. in the Moorish style. This monarch also erected a great part of the Alcazar, employing Moorish workmen.

It is impossible to visit an Arabian palace in Spain, for the first time, without strong and peculiar emotions. Independently of the intense interest excited by such a memorial of a race, the most singular and romantic, perhaps, that ever existed on the face of the globe, early and long-forgotten dreams are recalled to the memory: the fairy palaces and enchanted halls of the "Arabian Nights"—all that the youthful imagination has pictured of oriental splendour, and has been accustomed probably to regard as existing merely in fable—are here at once realized; yet the spectator, with the realities before him, will fancy he sees but the creations of a dream.

This Alcazar is not without associations of historical interest. Here resided in regal splendour, the mistress of Alonso XI. of Castille, the unfortunate Leonor de Guzman, so basely murdered by Pedro the Cruel, Alonso's legitimate son and successor. Here, too, reigned and died the beautiful Maria de Padilla, Pedro's mis-

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tress, the only being who could govern his furious spirit, and fix his roving desires; and within these walls, his half-brother Fadrique, Master of Santiago, was barbarously assassinated by the orders, and before the eyes of the atrocious monarch.

" En mal hora vengays, Maestre!
Es por fuerça ó por mandado,
Vuestra cabeça, Maestre!
Mandada está en aguinaldo."

Aun no lo ovo bien dicho,
La cabeça le han cortado,
Á Doña Maria de Padilla
En un plato la ha embiado.

In the large square on the south of the Cathedral, stands the Lonja, or Exchange, a handsome building of Italian architecture, erected by Philip II., in 1598. It is a square of two hundred feet. Within, is a large *patio* surrounded by an arcade, where, in former days, the merchants of Seville were wont to congregate, but it is now quite deserted. A magnificent staircase of marble, of every variety of colour, the produce of native quarries, leads to the Public Library of Archives, which occupies the upper floor of the building. The papers are arranged

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in cases, according to date and subject, along one side of each room. I saw many bundles marked "Bulas y Breves Pontificios," and others, denoting the powerful influence formerly exercised in the political councils of this country by the *soi-disant* "Father of the Church." One case particularly interested me. It contained documents relating to the great Columbus, with some of his original letters, and many "papers pertaining to D. Diego and Fernando Colon, sons of C. Colon, 1508," and "to the Admiral L. Colon, 1528." Here, too, were original letters of Hernan Cortés, the conqueror of Mexico, and numerous "Informations of the merits and services of Discoverers, Conquerors, Pacificators, and Colonists of New Spain," together with "Descriptions of New Spain." How I longed to draw some of these papers from their cases—to tear open the wire-worked doors which enclosed them! How fearfully interesting is the history of Spain and her colonies at that period! What could not those rolls disclose of the barbarous oppression of the aborigines of America, victims at the shrine of insatiable avarice!—what fresh light could they not throw on the stirring history of the Moors, their latter wars, and the persecutions they endured from the merciless Inquisition!

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In this library are portraits of Columbus, Cortés, and—mark the triumvirate!—Ferdinand VII. That of Columbus is said to be the only original in existence.

On the ground floor of the Lonja is the Hall of the Merchants; where all disputes in commercial matters are settled by a court elected by the merchants of the city. Another curiosity of the Lonja, is a spiral staircase, where many massy stone steps are supported entirely by the lowest, not one, I was assured, being dependent on the wall.

The Tobacco Factory, (Fabrica de Tabaco) may deservedly claim a place among the "wonders" of Seville. It is an immense building, six hundred feet in length, by nearly five hundred in breadth, enclosing twenty courts. It was erected in 1757, in the reign of Ferdinand VI., and cost no less than 37,000,000 *reales*, or about £390,000. There are five Tobacco Factories in Spain, at Madrid, Seville, Cadiz, Alicante, and Coruña severally, but this of Seville is by far the largest. Tobacco is one of the royal monopolies, and as every Spaniard smokes, is the most productive to the government, and as no one is allowed to carry more than a very small quantity about his person, under pain of being committed to the galleys, is the most vexatious to

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the subject. The monopoly, however, prevents adulteration, and ensures a superior article, the government being extremely particular as to the quality of the raw tobacco received. A merchant of Gibraltar informed me, that of twelve hundred *arrobas* of superior tobacco, which, according to order, he had transmitted to Seville, eight hundred only were received.* They reject, too, the stems of the plant, which are sent to Hamburg to make snuff.

I witnessed the whole process of snuff-making. In the first room were several vats or coppers, where a composition of Brazilian tobacco, raisins, prunes, sugar, and walnut-shells ground, was boiling in water. In this, which imparts the genuine rappee flavour, tobacco from Virginia and Kentucky is well steeped, and then suffered to dry, and remain six months in rolls. In the next room, men were unrolling what had undergone this process, and sorting it according to its quality. It is then pounded, ground, and sifted; and afterwards left in large jars to ferment. Each process is carried on in a separate room. The mill is turned by mules, and the pounding is

* The *arroba* is both a weight and measure, being equal to twenty-five pounds avoirdupois weight, or to four gallons English.

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accomplished by heavy wooden hammers, put in motion by the same means.

The most extraordinary sight in the Fabrica, is a room, or rather four connected rooms, about an immense square court, where three thousand women and girls are daily employed in twisting cigars. It is not saying much for Sevillian beauty, that I looked in vain amongst this vast number for one that was beautiful, pretty, or even interesting in appearance. I never beheld such an assemblage of uglinesses. As Juanico well expressed it, "Venus passed by their doors at the time of their birth, and would not even glance within." The young female superintendant was the only exception—the only one who did not disgrace the city of "Donna Julia." Each woman can twist ten or twelve bundles of cigars a day, each bundle containing fifty-one cigars, or five ounces of tobacco. There are six hundred men similarly employed, each twisting fourteen or sixteen bundles daily. The various other workmen in the establishment amount to two hundred. The daily wages of the whole are above one thousand dollars, or nearly £250. This is a little world in itself. Every article wanted is made within its walls—tin-chests, sacks, baskets—nay, even the wheels of the carts in which the tobacco is con-

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veyed to and from the Fabrica—have all separate manufactories.

Another object of interest in Seville is the Cannon Foundry (Fundicion de Artilleria) in the suburb of San Bernardo. This, and one at Barcelona, are the only establishments of the kind in Spain, and in neither are any but brass pieces manufactured. Very few were in progress at the time of my visit, for this, like the Dock-yard of Caraca, is one of the melancholy memorials of the past, so frequently seen in Spain—a vast establishment almost unoccupied and desolate. Every branch of manufactures is in the same condition, tobacco and wine excepted—the first being of universal consumption at home, and the second being carried on principally by foreign capital and enterprise, and for exportation to foreign countries. Silk, leather, and cutlery, once staple manufactures, are in a very depressed state, and Spain, formerly a manufacturing country, is now supplied with made-goods chiefly from abroad, and exports scarcely more than the raw productions of her soil.

Seville, with regard to commerce, was once the first city in Spain, receiving—according to one old chronicler*—"eight rich rivers, of water,

* Morgado. Historia de Sevilla.

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wine, oil, milk, honey, sugar, gold, and silver;"—according to another* "a very rich warehouse, worth a good kingdom;"—enjoying, too, for ages the exclusive privilege of trading with the American colonies, whose vast riches were poured into her lap. From the transfer of this monopoly to Cadiz in 1718, may be dated the decline of Seville's commerce, which was in proportion to the increasing prosperity of her rival. At present little remains; in fact the state of the Guadalquivir, which will not now allow vessels drawing more than ten feet water to approach the city, precludes any extended commerce. The present exports are oranges, oil, and wool. Of the first, vast quantities, principally sweet, are annually exported to England, and some also to the other northern countries of Europe. Much oil is grown in the province of Seville. In the city the average price is forty-three *reales* (9s. 3d.) the *arroba* (of measure) the original cost to the merchant being thirty-seven

* Juan Botero. Relaciones del Mundo.

"In Seville" says Ambrosio de Morales, in his Coronica de España, "is a gate, through which if there do not enter one day with another throughout the year four thousand *arrobas* of wine, there is a loss in the rental of the gateway." —At the barriers of the Spanish cities duties are paid, as in France, on all articles of consumption, which duties are generally farmed.

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and a-half *reales*. When the olive crop is extraordinarily good, oil will fall to twenty-five or thirty *reales* per *arroba*, but, as the proverb goes, "olives are as uncertain as fortune," the most promising crops are often destroyed by the withering *solano*.* There is no export duty on oils. Seville exports the wool of Andalucia, as well as that of Extremadura, the former averaging sixty or seventy *reales* per *arroba* (of twenty-five pounds) in a dirty state, and nine more when cleansed; the latter more unequal in value, varying from fifty-six to one hundred and ten *reals* per *arroba*.

As to the abundance and cheapness of provisions in Seville, it will suffice to quote the old adage:

> "*A quien Dios quiere bien*
> *En Sevilla le da de comer—*
>
> In Seville God granteth to feed
> To the man whom He loveth indeed."

After the magnificent Cathedral, every one of the one hundred and thirty churches, convents and hospitals of Seville, sinks into insignificance,

* The *solano* is a burning wind from the east, most injurious both to animal and vegetable life.

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though several are worthy a visit on account of their pictures. The church of the Hospital de la Caridad, without the walls, on the banks of the Guadalquivir, contains some first-rate Murillos. "San Juan de Dios" is a celebrated picture, representing that saint in a monk's dress, carrying a cripple on his back across a stream. The greater part of the picture is in shade of the deepest and richest brown, the light being thrown strongly on the countenance of the saint, which reveals the emotions of his breast—pain and fatigue under his heavy load, blended with pious resignation and humility, in accordance with the charitable service he is in the act of performing. Two other large pictures of a semicircular form, representing "Moses striking the Rock," and "Christ feeding the Multitude," are also by Murillo. I prefer the former; the colouring is rich and harmonious, yet the story is not well told; the calmness and tameness of the figures would never lead one to imagine that the people were dying of thirst. Energy, mental or physical, is not suited to Murillo's pencil; the calm love and adoration of the Virgin Mother towards her infant Deity, the holy raptures, or religious fortitude of saints, are the subjects in which he excels. The "Feeding the Multitude" is better told, but the picture wants brightness—the colouring,

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though harmonious, is extremely dull, apparently faded.

This hospital formerly contained the two large pictures of Murillo—the "Return of the Prodigal," and "Abraham entertaining the Angels"—now in the possession of the Duke of Sutherland; besides several others of equal merit and renown.

I regretted extremely not being able to obtain a sight of the numerous other pictures of this great master, which I knew to be in Seville. There were no less than twenty-five in the Convent of Capuchins, but this, with the other convents, had been emptied on the recent expulsion of the monks, and the pictures, I was told, were collected in some part of the city, but where, all search and inquiry on my part were unavailing to discover. A draper named Bravo, boasts a fine collection of pictures, amongst them some choice Murillos. Mr. Williams, the British Consul, is also a collector. In his gallery is a portrait of Murillo by himself, similar to that in the Library of the Cathedral, and the more mellow tone of the latter picture caused me to view it as the original, and that in Mr. Williams' collection as a copy. Several other Murillos, an "Infant Christ with a Lamb," a "Virgin and Child," a "Joseph with Christ," and a combat—an unusual

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subject for this master—together with many choice specimens of the Spanish, Italian, Flemish, Dutch and English schools, adorn this gallery.

There are several descriptions of accommodation for the traveller in Spain. The solitary road-side *venta* will hereafter be particularly described. In cities there are the *fonda* and *posada*, answering nearly to our hotel and inn, though in the *fonda* is no accommodation for beasts; but the terms are often used indiscriminately. Private apartments are always to be had, and are advertised by a piece of white paper tied to the balcony. There are also *casas de pupilos*—boarding-houses, where inmates may live as retired as they please, or take their meals at a general table. This is the most agreeable accommodation, as it is the only thing in Spain which assimilates to the table-d'hôte, and it affords the traveller opportunities of making acquaintances, and studying the natives in their social and domestic character.

I was unable to procure lodgings in a *casa de pupilos* at Seville, and therefore took up my abode at the principal *posada*, that of "Las Diligencias," of which, as it is a good specimen of the superior class of Spanish *posadas*, I shall now attempt a description. A large gateway leads into a spacious

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paved *patio*, surrounded by an arcade, with a fountain in the centre, beneath which is a reservoir for gold fish. The arcade is surmounted by a corridor, which, instead of being open as usual, is glazed. The whole court is covered by a thick canvass screen drawn across from roof to roof. On one side of the arcade below, is the booking-office of the diligences; on the opposite side, behind a counter, sits the host to receive orders, give instructions, and make up bills. Beneath the arcade, too, are tables and seats at intervals, for the convenience of those who wish here to take their meals. An old picture, or a singing-bird in a cane cage here and there chequers the walls. Several large airy rooms, the *salles á manger*, open upon the court; they are white-washed, paved with tiles, and simply furnished with tables and chairs, and a few miserable daubs on canvass against the walls. These rooms look upon a garden, an ever-grateful sight in this country, and the deep grated windows are darkened by vines, gourds and other luxuriant creepers. On the upper floor are the sleeping apartments, in one of which are decided traces of Moorish architecture. The furniture of my chamber comprised a low iron bedstead, a table, and a few chairs. It was paved with red tiles, and had a deep glass window, screened by a thick matting of *esparto*

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rush, which, when drawn up, hung in a roll above. From this window I could step upon a tiled terrace, overhanging the garden before mentioned and commanding also a delightful view over other extensive gardens. Orange and citron-trees, laden with fruit and flowers, climbed the wall beneath, breathing their odours into my chamber, and offering me at will a delicious repast. At this season, indeed, the orange-tree, the pride of Spain, is in its glory. The fruit of the former year still unplucked, mingling its rich hues with the pale blossom, small green fruit, and dark glossy leaf, is in a single tree a charming sight, but makes the extensive groves in the neighbourhood of Seville, a paradise of beauty and fragrance.

But a word on Spanish meals, and the daily routine of life. I have already mentioned the cup of chocolate at daybreak. After this, the ladies go to mass and the gentlemen to business, or both take a stroll. Some take an *almuerzo* at eight or nine o'clock, a substantial meal of chocolate or coffee, with rolls, Flemish butter, omelets, poultry, bacon and tomates, and the fruit of the season; others, merely a slight luncheon, which, as it is taken at eleven o'clock, is called "*las once* — the eleven." Business, on the part of the gentlemen, visiting or shopping,

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on the part of the ladies, occupies the hours till the *comida*, at two or three in the afternoon.

A Spanish dinner is not easily described by one unversed in gastronomy. It consists principally of a number of stews or roasts, in which oil and garlic are predominant in taste and flavour. It is ushered in by soup—vermicelli, macaroni, or rice. Then comes its distinguishing feature, the *olla, puchero,* or *cocido,* as it is variously termed—a mess of meat, poultry, and vegetables, stewed together, and varying in its component parts according to the season of the year, and the circumstances of the family. The superior sort is very rich in flavour, containing beef, mutton, ham, a fowl, and *chorizos,* or black-puddings well spiced. One indispensable ingredient is a piece of bacon, originally, it is said, a test of religious faith; for the *olla* was a Moorish dish, and when adopted by the Christian Spaniards, the bacon was added in order to distinguish, in those days of persecution, the Moor or Jew who secretly adhered to the creed of his fathers. It is still retained, and an "*olla sin tocino*—olla without bacon," would be like a plum-pudding without plums; in fact it is a proverbial expression for anything rare and unnatural. The vegetables are French-beans, pumpkins, cabbages, and at all seasons, *garbanzos*—a large chick pea,

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not grown, I believe, in England. The meat and vegetables are in general served up on one, but sometimes on separate dishes. The *olla*, from containing little or no garlic, is more agreeable to an English palate, than the generality of Spanish dishes, in which that rank vegetable abounds. It is national—to be seen at the table of every Spaniard throughout the kingdom, who can afford a dinner, on every *dia de carne*, or lawful flesh-day in the year.

Several other *principios* (dishes) follow the *olla*. Fish is generally fried in oil. Poultry and game are cooked in various ways. Puddings and pies are very rarely seen—of fruit, never; for fruit, though most abundant, is eaten raw, but peaches, apricots, and green-gages are sometimes stewed. The Spaniards, as a nation, are very temperate, not making a "god of their belly." Though wine and spirits are extremely cheap, they rarely drink to excess, and dilute even the lightest wines. Water is their favourite beverage. I have been astonished at the vast quantities drank by one individual in the course of the day. Besides washing down every meal, or casual refreshment—even an ice—with a glass of cold water, he will take one also at frequent intervals. How this can be done with impunity, in a climate where the slightest exercise will in-

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duce profuse perspiration, is a riddle, yet such is the fact.

Dinner, when the heat is excessive, is followed by the siesta, which is continued for two or three hours, till the prado, with its attractions, recalls the slumbering world into activity. During the siesta, if you are hardy enough to brave the sun, you will find the streets of Seville almost deserted, the blinds of the shops and of the windows all drawn, and the city buried in repose. If you raise the corner of a shop-blind, you will frequently see the inmates stretched on the counter, or dosing in a chair. Similar figures will meet your eyes, slumbering in the shade of a wall, or within a doorway. This is not a fair ground for the charge of laziness, so often urged against the natives of the south of Europe, for the heat at this hour will induce drowsiness even in the active and stirring Englishman, especially when not inured to the relaxing climate. The heat at Seville is considerably more intense than at Cadiz, where the sea-breezes temper its ardour. Indeed it is said that Seville is the hottest city of Spain, and also of Europe. This is attributed to its southern latitude, and its situation in the midst of an extensive and sandy plain, with no mountains in the vicinity to cool the burning air. Some idea may be formed of the heat in this city, when I

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state that in the dog-days the thermometer, at noon, will frequently range for many days together, between thirty and thirty-seven degrees, Reaumur, (or one hundred and one hundred and fifteen degrees, Fahrenheit) *in the shade.* Even in the *patios,* where coolness is promoted by excluding the sun, by gushing fountains, and currents of air, the thermometer is generally between ninety and one hundred degrees, Fahrenheit. Exposure to the meridian sun is dangerous. After crossing an open court or square, the little shade afforded by a wall is most grateful, and I have often feared recrossing immediately, lest it should cause fainting.

Some refreshment, as an ice, or cup of chocolate, is usually taken between dinner and supper, but there is no meal in Spain corresponding to our tea. The supper, which closes the day, is always a light meal; it consists of a *guisado,* a stew of beef, or more commonly of a *gazpacho,* a salad, where lettuce, cucumber, *pimientas,* oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, water, and bread, combine to form a very cooling and grateful dish.

The Prado at Seville is not so engrossing as at Cadiz; it does not attract the same concourse of promenaders, nor is it thronged to so late an hour. This arises chiefly from the different situation of the cities; the Alamedas of Cadiz

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are almost the only places where the inhabitants can enjoy the cool breezes of evening, whereas Seville, besides its professed promenades, far more extensive than those of Cadiz, has many delightful walks in its environs: and again, the heat being much greater at Seville, is a sufficient excuse, in the summer months at least, for the neglect of the Prado; for even at midnight the exercise of walking, and that in the gentle, easy style of the Spaniards, always induces perspiration. On Sundays and fête-days, however, the Alamedas are well attended, making amends for their bareness on ordinary nights.

There are four Alamedas in Seville. The oldest and largest extends along the left bank of the Guadalquivir, from the Golden Tower eastward. At its further extremity are two lofty columns, surmounted by statues of Hercules and Julius Cæsar—relics, it is said, of a Roman temple. It is now but little frequented as an Alameda, though often exhibiting a pretty sprinkling of heads, as the Plaza de Toros, or Bull Amphitheatre, is situated in it, and its communication with Triana by the crazy bridge of boats, generally causes a tolerable ebb and flow of *mantillas* and *sombreros*.

Below this Alameda, on the same bank of the river, are those of Christina and Las Delicias.

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The latter, which well merits its name of "The Delights," is a long shaded walk, where, on the summer evenings, the fair Sevillanas are wont to stroll beneath the trees—or, seated on the stone benches overhanging the river, to watch the rich tints of the western horizon reflected on its ripples, and to inhale the cool breezes charged with the perfume of the neighbouring orange-groves—or to exchange glances with the young gallants in gay *majo* dresses, who claim their admiration for the skill with which they manage their fiery barbs—till "*la oracion,*" calls them away to the theatre, *tertulia,* or Prado de Christina. Notwithstanding its charms, Las Delicias is now neglected for the more modern attractions of its rival "De Christina."

This Alameda is situated between the two already described, having the Golden Tower at one end, and the Naval College of San Telmo at the other. It is a broad, paved, and raised walk, with gardens on either hand, of roses, geraniums, oleanders, and numerous flowers and shrubs peculiar to the climate. Delightful it is to sit on the stone benches, and watch the groups of promenaders gliding gracefully to and fro through the centre of the Alameda, while the long streaming flags ranged around, the dark Roman tower peering above the darker trees, are

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all thrown in strong relief against an evening sky of indescribable softness and purity. As the light of day declines, hats and *mantillas* become more rare, till, when the bells toll "*las animas*," few are left, save, here and there perhaps, a whispering couple on the most retired benches; but lovers, who court yet greater seclusion, seek the shady gardens adjoining, where they may pour forth their vows, vying in sweetness to the fair one's senses, with the odours of the thousand aromatic plants around. By ten o'clock, or soon after, the Alameda of Christina is usually deserted, and the gay throng has either returned home, or is to be found in the icehouses, theatre, *tertulias*, or in the Plaza del Duque. This is a small square in the heart of the city, used as an Alameda, and is generally well frequented by all classes of citizens, probably on account of its proximity to the theatre.

Along the sides of this, as of the other Alamedas, are numerous water-stalls—*puestos de agua*—on which stand rows of full-bellied jars of water, and other cooling drinks, with sets of tumblers, oranges and lemons to flavour the draught, and *azucarillas*—sugar-sponges to dissolve in, or eat with the pure fluid. These stalls are prettily shaded by palm-branches or orange-boughs, and when lighted up at night with paper lanterns have a very peculiar but picturesque effect.

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The theatre at Seville is too much like that at Cadiz to merit a particular description.

The *tertulia* is a *soirée*, or *réunion* peculiar to this country. Any friend of the family, or stranger who has been introduced, and been assured that "the whole house is at his disposal," availing himself of his privilege of calling at pleasure, will, about ten o'clock, usually find the family returned from the Prado, the master and mistress chatting or playing at cards with some guests, the young ladies at the piano, strumming the guitar, or whispering with *caballeros* in a corner or in the balcony. The young men are rarely at home; they, and frequently their father, are attending other *tertulias*. Sometimes a dance is got up, a waltz, quadrille, *rigodon*, or *bolero*. Friends continue to drop in, and leave at their convenience—those who have an extensive circuit of *tertulias* to visit, remaining but a few minutes—till about midnight the saloon is again clear of visitors. No refreshment is offered, beyond a glass of water and biscuit, though sometimes the stranger is complimented by being invited to remain to supper, but his refusal will be more agreeable to the family than his compliance.

Seville is a very ancient city; probably of Punic origin. It was mentioned by several of

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the Roman historians as even then of great antiquity. Its Latin name was Julia Romana, or Hispalis; this was corrupted by the Arabs into اشبيلية Eshbilia, and by the Christian Spaniards, into Sevilla. The Roman remains in Seville are not very numerous. The walls have been already mentioned. The large octangular tower on the Guadalquivir, called The Golden Tower, or The Tower of Julius Cæsar, has undoubtedly a Roman origin. The Caños de Carmona, an aqueduct, through which water is conveyed from Alcalá de Guadaira to the gate of Carmona, on the east of the city, and which terminates in four hundred and ten arches, is by some supposed to be of Roman, by others, of Moorish construction. It has even been ascribed to the Phœnicians; but most probably was originally built by the Romans, and afterwards repaired by the Moors.

The ancient Roman city of Italica was situated five or six miles to the north of Seville. Its foundation has generally been ascribed to Scipio Africanus the younger: it soon became a city of great importance, giving birth to the emperors Trajan, Adrian, and Theodosius. The poet Silius Italicus also is supposed to have been a native of this city. Italica fell into decay with the Roman empire; its walls were, however, re-

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built by Leuvigild the Goth, in 586, but on the invasion of the Arabs were finally destroyed, and its very name was lost. It is now called Santiponce, from a village built on the site.

A ruined amphitheatre is almost the only vestige of the city. Anxious to see this, I crossed the Guadalquivir by the crazy bridge of boats, and driving through the dirty and roguish suburb of Triana,* entered upon an extensive plain of wheat. At a little distance I passed a large monastery of Carthusians on the bank of the river. The road then led me across the wheat-plain to an olive-wood, which I penetrated, and on emerging, found myself beneath an eminence crowned by the handsome convent of San Isidro. This convent was founded by Alonso Perez de Guzman, surnamed "The Good"—he of Tarifa memory

* Triana has the honour of having given birth to the actual discoverer of the New World. "A sailor from this suburb," says Cruz in his Viage de España, "Rodrigo de Triana by name, on board the caravel Pinta, was the first who discovered with certainty, at two leagues distance, the first land of the New World in the Island of Lucayos, the 12th day of October, 1492, at two o'clock in the morning. Nevertheless, as Christopher Columbus, from his caravel Santa Maria, had four hours before observed a light, the King Ferdinand V. gave to this admiral the reward which Columbus had himself determined for the first discoverer—thirty hard dollars a-year during his life, and a doublet of velvet."

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—renowned for his successful defence of that city against the Moors in 1294; he who, when the life of his son, then in the power of the besiegers, was threatened if he would not surrender the fortress, replied by casting his own sword from the battlements, to be used in the execution. He and his wife are interred within the convent. Here, too, once reposed the bones of the renowned Hernan Cortés, who died at the neighbouring village of Castilleja, as well as those of the still more renowned Columbus, but the former have since been removed to Mexico, and the latter to Havana.*

A short distance beyond the convent, I alighted from my *calesa*, entered a gap in the left bank of the road, and scrambling over huge broken masses of rock, presently found myself within the amphitheatre, gazing on the spot where, two thousand years before, the citizens of Italica had sat and glutted their eyes with combats of wild beasts and gladiators,

"Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday."

Where are now the throngs that then rent the air with shouts of savage delight?—Where is their nation?—Where their language?—What

* Cruz, xiii. 430.

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now remains of the conquerors of the world beyond such wrecks of their labours?

The amphitheatre is of oval form, about three hundred feet in length by two hundred in breadth. The arena remains unencumbered, and a crop of wheat waves its golden ears in peace over the field once appropriated to murderous contests. In some parts the seats are entire, rising tier above tier, but covered with moss and weeds; in others they are upheaved into the air, the masses of rock from which they have been cut being overturned and rolled far from their original positions by some mighty power, thus favouring the tradition that the city was destroyed by an earthquake. On the northern side are some large arches, marking, perhaps, the dens of the beasts, or the way by which they entered the arena.

The other remains of the once magnificent Italica are very few, indeed much has been ruthlessly destroyed. The convent of San Isidro is built principally of Roman ruins, and great quantities of stone have been removed to dam up the Guadalquivir. There are in Seville several private collections of antiquities from Italica. In an outer court of the Alcazar are many columns, tablets, and remains of statues found here. Suspended beneath the arcade of the Court of

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Orange-trees, is a large tusk of an elephant, found amongst these ruins, probably one of the very animals which fought in the circus. Many more remains might doubtless be discovered by digging, for the mounds and hillocks around the amphitheatre seem nothing but heaps of ruins overgrown with verdure.

I was scrambling up the ruined seats of the circus, when on raising my eyes they encountered the figure of a man with a gun in his hand just above me. Whether I started at his unexpected appearance, I know not, but he immediately cried out, "*No soy ladron!*—I am no robber!" These words were calculated to excite, rather than to allay any suspicions I might have entertained. However, I clambered up to the spot where he stood, and found him, on a nearer view, to be a good-looking man, in the *majo* costume; the usual bandit air of which was not lessened by a very swarthy complexion, and an enormous pair of black whiskers meeting beneath his chin. He was civil enough, however, pointing out to me a fountain of Roman construction just without the amphitheatre, still used by the peasantry. He then proposed showing me a mosaic pavement, and entered an olive-wood hard by. Though doubting the propriety of trusting my-

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self with such a conductor, and remembering the warning distich,

> " *Por un soto*
> *No vayas tras otro—*
>
> " Through a wood never go
> Behind one you don't know,"

I was anxious to see the pavement, and as I did not fear him alone as long as I had him within pistol-shot, determined to follow. On we marched accordingly through the trees—I asking him occasionally when we should reach the spot, and he returning me the same answer, " *en un par de minutas*"—till we had penetrated far into the wood. Here he began whistling, at first low and carelessly, then in a louder and shriller tone, looking around at the same time as if expecting a comrade. This at once confirmed my suspicions, so drawing forth my pistols to shew him I was not unprepared, I bade him " Go with God!" and rapidly retracked my path, which I had fortunately noted with care. Ten minutes more, and I was in the high road, where I found my *calesa*, and in another hour, re-entered Seville in safety.

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CHAPTER IX.

SEVILLE—THE BULL-FIGHTS.

Hark! heard you not the forest-monarch's roar?
Crashing the lance, he snuffs the spouting gore
Of man and steed, o'erthrown beneath his horn;
The throng'd arena shakes with shouts for more;
Yells the mad crowd o'er entrails freshly torn,
Nor shrinks the female eye, nor e'en affects to mourn.

CHILDE HAROLD.

WHO has not heard and read of Spanish bull-fights? To devote a chapter to a subject already so often and so ably handled, would seem to demand an apology, but as the Spaniards say, "*No hay sermon sin Augustino*—Every sermon has

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its quotations from Augustine;" so a book of travels in Spain, without a description of a bull-fight, would be an imperfect production.

Once a week, during the summer months, a *corrida,* or bull-running takes place in Seville. I naturally seized the first opportunity of witnessing this scene, viewing it as a duty incumbent on the traveller, who is desirous of studying the character of a people, to be present at their national sports. With many misgivings, on account of the barbarity of the spectacle, not unmingled with feelings of curiosity, I sallied forth at the hour appointed for opening the doors, and found crowds of all ranks and both sexes, on foot, on horses, mules, and asses, or in *calesas,* already swarming towards the Plaza, which is situated in the Old Alameda, by the side of the Guadalquivir. A troop of soldiers was drawn up without the building, and others were stationed at every entrance. Squatting against the wall were sellers of long peeled sticks ending in a fork, without one of which no true *majo* ever enters the Plaza; and women, with fans at half a *real* each, also for the men—the ladies, of course, being already provided with *abanicos.* On the wall of the Plaza was pasted the following *aviso*:—

In accordance with the royal privileges granted to the Royal Maestranza de Caballeria of Seville, it has been re-

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solved to perform the seventh show of Bulls for the present year, 1836, on the afternoon of —— the —— of June, weather permitting. The Plaza will be commanded by the proper authorities, together with the Deputation of the Most Excellent Corporation. The eight Bulls which are to be combatted are of the well-known stock of Don Francisco Taviel de Andrade, of Seville, which have hitherto always attested their singular merits whenever they have fought in this Plaza. Their device will be red; besides this, they will carry some extra ribbons. When the last bull is dispatched, an *embolado* will be loosed for the amusement of amateurs. *Banderillas* of fire will be used if necessary.

Picadores.—Juan Pinto, of Utrera, José Salcedo, of Veger, José Trigo, and Manuel Carrera, of Seville; one will remain in reserve, and there will be a supernumerary also.

Espadas.—Juan Leon, and Manuel Lucas Blanco, of Seville, and Rafael Guzman, of Cordoba; Antonio Rue, commonly called Nieves, of Seville, will act as *media-espada*, under whose direction will be the corresponding band of *Banderilleros.*

It is forbidden to all to throw anything into the Plaza, or to descend into it before the death of the last bull. It is also forbidden to all, without exception, even to the military, to remain between the barriers during the *funcion.* Sticks, bludgeons, and cudgels are also prohibited, and walking-canes only will be allowed. The soldiers on duty will take care that this order is carried into effect, and offenders will be punished accordingly.

TABLE OF PRICES.

Balconies of Stone Shade.

Front seats - - - - - -	24 reales.
Second - - - - - - -	12 „
Centre - - - - - - -	10 „

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Balconies of Wood Shade.

Front seats	- - - - - -	14 reales.
Centre	- - - - - - -	8 „
Balconies of Sun without distinction	-	5 „

Scaffoldings of Stone and Wooden Shade, all the seats without distinction, at - - - - 6 reales.
Scaffoldings of Sun without distinction, at - 4 reales.

The public is informed that fit steps have been taken to bring to punishment, not only the sellers of forged tickets, but those also who may attempt to enter the Plaza with them.

The Plaza will be opened at half-past two, and the clearing (*despejo*) will enter at half-past four precisely.

The Plaza is an immense circular amphitheatre, with seats piled around, capable of accommodating twelve thousand spectators. On one half, the seats are carried up into a gallery supported by stone columns; this was intended to be continued round the Plaza, but the other half is yet uncovered, with the exception of a small portion, roofed in by a temporary erection of wood, in the centre of which, surmounted by flags, is the box of "the Most Excellent Corporation of Seville." Below the gallery are many tiers of seats exposed to the full ardour of the sun, and thus are explained the "stone shade," "wooden shade," and "sun without distinction," mentioned in the *aviso*.

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The arena is enclosed by a strong fence of wood *(barrera)* about five feet high, against which is a step to assist the *toreros* in leaping when pursued by the bull; between the barrier and the front seats is a space (*corredor*) about eight or ten feet wide, into which the combatants can slip through small openings in the fence.

I took my seat in the stone balconies, whence, in shelter from the sun, I could survey the whole scene. When I entered, the ladies were already taking their seats; their beaux were strutting about the arena, to display their figures and gay *majo* dresses, which it is the fashion for all ranks to assume on these occasions. Soldiers of the National Guard were stationed at intervals along the front of the balconies, and in the seats below. A thousand confused cries filled the Plaza. Boys with cakes, nuts, crabs, and oranges, were climbing amongst the crowd already seated, and screaming for customers; and others, with water-jars, were raising on all sides the cry of "*Agua..a! Agua fresca..a! Agua de nieve..e!*" The arena rapidly filled, and, as the hour of the combat approached, presented a truly animated sight. Besides the moving throngs in the centre, a dense mass of human beings was piled around, all in holiday attire; and this gaiety of costume seemed strangely inconsistent with the bloody

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deeds they were assembled to witness. Peaked hats, and *mantillas*, black and white, alone distinguished the sexes on the opposite side of the Plaza;—the fluttering of fans all around was quite dazzling; and the buzz of so many thousands resembled the roaring of the ocean.

The scene was changed by a flourish of trumpets and drums announcing the entry of a few dozen soldiers, who, by marching in extended lines round the circus, cleared it of the groups of *majos*, and sent them to scramble for seats. This clearing is called *despejo*. As the soldiers dispersed, an *alguacil* (constable), in an antique dress of black with a cocked hat, mounted on a jetty steed, entered the arena, and riding up to the royal box, which occupies the centre of the stone balconies, saluted the Governor, and caught in his hat the key of the *toril*, or bull's den. He made his exit at the opposite door, and then entered four *picadores*, or pikemen, on horseback—stout muscular men in rich *majo* jackets loaded with gold and silver; broad-brimmed hats of white felt, with low round crowns, and large rosettes of ribbons; their hair in a large silk net bag, called *moño* or *redecilla*, hanging down the back; their legs encased in iron, as a protection against the horns of the bull, and wrapt in buff leather overalls up to their thighs, so as to give them when

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on foot an awkward, unwieldly appearance. The hat, which is peculiar to *picadores*, the saddle high-peaked before and behind, and the stirrups of shovel shape, are Moorish relics. The *picadores* are armed with an ashen spear (*garrocha*) about twelve feet long, pointed with iron, and prevented from penetrating more than an inch by leather or cord bound round the pole; for they act on the defensive only, their object being to turn off, not to injure the bull. Behind these cavaliers walked three *matadores* (slayers) or *espadas* (swords) as they are also called, in scarlet cloaks hanging on the left shoulder alone, and brought round beneath the right arm, leaving that member at liberty to rest on the hip. They were followed by half-a-dozen *chulos* (jesters or taunters)* with light cloaks of various colours under the left arm. Both *chulos* and *matadores* are dressed alike, *á lo majo*, with silk or velvet jackets covered with gold or silver, thin tights, silk stockings, pumps, *redecillas*, and *montera* caps—low fore-and-aft things of black velvet, covered with silk trappings and tassels. The jackets are so loaded with ornament as to take many weeks in making, and to cost from one

* In the gipsy dialect of Spain, the word *chulo* signifies simply "a lad."

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to two hundred pounds sterling. Three huge mules, harnessed abreast, and gaily caparisoned with ribbons, tassels, and bells, and having small flags of various colours on their backs, closed the procession.

This band of officials marched in the above order to the Governor's box, where the men bowed in turn—the *picadores* received their lances—the *matadores* doffed their scarlet cloaks—and all turned off to take up their stations for the combat. One of the *picadores*, the reserve, quitted the arena with the mules; the other three arranged themselves to the left of the door of the *toril*, which is beneath the box of the Corporation; the first at the distance of ten or twelve yards from the door, and the others at equal distances behind in succession.

All was now prepared, and I sat with breathless expectation of the coming combat, feeling every sense stretched to the utmost. Glancing round the amphitheatre, I perceived that my interest was shared by all; for the buz of tongues was hushed—the vendors of crabs and oranges had laid down their baskets—even the *aguador* had ceased his cry—not a fan was on the flirt—not a whisper was to be heard—the thousands had risen as one man, and all eyes were intently

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fixed on the door of the *toril.* A trumpet sounded —the door was thrown open, and a large black bull rushed into the arena.

This is an exciting moment. A universal shout rends the air. The bull, rejoicing in his liberty, dashes into the midst of the Plaza, but soon checks his headlong course, and stares round with astonishment at the shouting thousands. He bellows and lashes his tail in fury at his disappointment—then wheels about to discover some outlet. The *chulos* attract him with their gay cloaks; he pursues first one and then another, who take shelter behind the barrier. Suddenly he encounters the *picadores,* who had ridden round the lists to meet him. The first turns off his charge in gallant style;—the other two evince the same skill;—twice more is he turned off;—at length, in making his sixth charge, his horn enters the breast of the horse, which immediately sinks a corpse. The *chulos* rush forward in an instant, and draw off the bull, while the fallen *picador* is extricated from the dead steed.

The bull now appears shy; he stands bellowing in the centre of the Plaza, and the *picador* whose turn it is to engage, has to advance towards him. He approaches to within a couple of yards, but the bull will not charge. The man then grows impatient—shakes his lance in defiance—calls

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out to the bull, taunting him with cowardice, and daring him to the attack. The bull needs no such encouragement, for, pawing the ground with his fore feet and lashing his tail, he draws back a few steps in a cloud of dust, and then rushes with irresistible fury on his opponent. The next instant horse and man are on the earth, while the bull, not content with this, follows up his success, and gores the horse in repeated charges. This is a perilous moment; for the *picador*, with one leg beneath the horse, has not the power of rising, and lies completely at the mercy of the infuriated animal. At this crisis the spectators rise with one accord—the shouts of applause which hailed the prowess of the bull are succeeded by a comparative silence—the women alone utter cries of terror, for the bull seems so intent on securing his conquest as to pay no attention to the *chulos* who surround him. He continues his attacks;—at length actually tramples on the fallen man, whose fate appears inevitable;—then on a sudden bounds away in pursuit of a *chulo*. A cloak flapped in his face reminds him of other enemies, and he dashes off to revenge the insult. The opportunity is seized—the picador is extricated almost unhurt, and stalks out for a fresh steed, leaving his first writhing in dying agonies on the sand.

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But watch the bull with his new adversary, who, without arms, cannot await the attack, but, as he runs off, waves his long cloak behind, making the beast follow its every motion. Another *chulo* runs up, and by loud shouts draws off the bull: as he flies before him across the Plaza, it becomes a pure contest of speed. The bull gains upon the man—is close behind him—his horns almost touch him—"Oh! he'll kill him! —No!"—the bull drives against the barrier, making the circus resound with the concussion, but the *chulo* has vanished through a narrow opening. The bull appears amazed, then retreats a few paces, when the man stands again before him, and flaps his cloak in his face. Another charge, and the man vanishes as before. A third *chulo* steps forward, and leads the animal across the arena, scarcely saving himself by vaulting over the barrier, for, while in the act of springing, the bull's horns make the fence tremble beneath him.

Loud stamping, clapping of hands, and beating of sticks, now indicated the impatience of the mob for a change in the scene, and, at the waving of the Governor's handkerchief the trumpets sounded for the second act of the tragedy. A *chulo*, called in this case *banderillero*, having in either hand a barbed dart (*banderilla*) about two

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feet long, wrapt in cut paper, advanced towards the bull, shouting and brandishing the darts in the air, in order to provoke his attack. As soon as the bull turned to charge, the *chulo* ran at full speed to meet him. "Madness!" I exclaimed; but at the moment that I expected to see the man impaled upon the bull's horns, he had, as if by magic, passed the animal unhurt, and left the darts sticking in its neck. Another *banderillero* performed the same feat, which was repeated immediately by each in a very hurried manner, for in a few minutes the trumpet sounded again for another change. On receiving the first pair of darts, the poor brute leaped about, writhing and shaking his neck in agony, making the long sticks flap against his sides with every bound; but, as his torments increased, he rushed to and fro in a paroxysm of fury, and woe to the *chulo* whose feet had then failed him in his rapid flight.

All this was enchanting to the spectators, and laughter and jokes drowned the bellowings of the tortured bull. Poor wretch!—the blood was now flowing fast from his shoulders, streaming down the *banderillas*, and dyeing his very hoofs with crimson.

The trumpet had summoned the *matador* into the arena. This was no other than Juan Leon, the "Lion" of Seville, arrayed in a splendid dress

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of blue and silver. He marched up to the Governor's box, sword and cloak under his left arm, made his obeisance, and asked permission to kill the bull, concluding with "Long live his Excellency the Governor, and the Corporation of this most glorious city of Seville! Long live the Queen! Death to Don Carlos, and all the serviles!"—then swinging his cap towards his left shoulder, he dashed it away to the ground on the right, and marched off amid loud shouts to encounter the bull. In his left hand he carried a stick two feet long, over which hung a small scarlet banner, called *muleta;* in the right he held a straight sword, with which he proposed to pierce the animal's spine. He walked up coolly, and waved the banner before the bull, who charged instantly; but not being yet able to strike with advantage, as the beast rushed at the banner, he just stepped aside, and its horns passed beneath his arm. Again the bull charged; the *matador* made a thrust, but the sword struck against the bone, and fell to the ground. In the third charge, the bull passed beneath the banner, staggered a few paces, and fell—lifeless. The sword had entered his spine, and was sheathed between the shoulders, the hilt alone being visible.

Loud shouts, and hats tossed in the air, hailed this event, and "*Bravo, Juanico! buen estoque!*

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bien puesto!" resounded on all sides. A band immediately struck up—a gate flew open, and the three mules before-mentioned rushed in. Two men with handkerchiefs over their heads ran at the bridles, and a third held up a bar to which the traces were attached. A rope, already fastened to the bull's horns, was hooked on to the bar, and away they dashed, men and mules, at full gallop out of the arena, almost lost in clouds of dust. Again they entered and dragged out the carcasses of the horses. In the meantime Leon wiped his sword in his banner, walked up to the Governor's box, and bowed amidst the *vivas* of the populace. Hats and caps, too, were showered upon him in approbation, which he picked up one by one, and jerked back among the people.

Thus ended the first of the eight bloody combats which constituted the amusement of the evening. To describe the other seven as minutely as this would weary and disgust the reader; it will suffice to mention their most remarkable features.

The trumpet sounded—the music ceased—and the second bull rushed on the scene. It was at once seen that this was a *cobarde*,—a coward. Several times, however, did he charge, and was turned off. At length his horn pierced the belly

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of a horse, and the bowels immediately burst forth. The *picador* still kept his seat, and spurred the agonized wretch round the arena for another contest with the bull. With the motion the entrails at length reached the ground, and—horrible to relate!—were actually torn out by the hind hoofs of the animal, which shuddered convulsively but kept his legs, and the bull was again turned off by the *picador*. As the poor horse passed beneath my seat, I was so shocked and disgusted with the spectacle, as for some minutes to feel exceedingly sick and faint; this was observed by those around, and women, as well as men, raised a loud laugh at my English squeamishness, telling me I should see the same twenty times before the conclusion of the "function." The *banderilleros* performed their part,—the bull bounded about in agony, groaning and bellowing afresh at every new infliction, and, rushing round the arena, seemed to seek only to escape his tormentors. But every gateway was closed, and he found himself hemmed in by shouting thousands. He stood still one moment, and the next cleared the barrier into the *corredor*. Fears for the people were groundless, as the scaffolding was high and strong. This was but "getting out of the mud to fall into the river," as a lady who sat next me observed, for

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the poor beast was immediately assailed with showers of blows, every man within reach stretching forward to have his aim at the animal: some seized the *banderillas,* and thrust them deeper into his back, now covered with gore; some drew them out, tearing the flesh open with the barb, and plunged them into some part not yet wounded; others shot small darts like quills (*puas*) into his nose and face; while all with loud shouts of "*cobarde! cobarde! malo! muera!*" strove to inflict some additional torture. The wretched creature ran bewildered to and fro through the *corredor,* till an open gateway presented itself, but finding that it led merely into the arena, the scene of his former tortures, before the door could be fastened behind him he burst through it and again encountered the fury of the mob. With much difficulty he was at length enclosed, and the *matador* put an end to his sufferings. All this time the poor horse, which had been so dreadfully lacerated, still continued to bear his rider, but at length his hind legs failed, and he sunk upon his haunches; and then, and not till then, the *picador* dismounted and left him to die. But he was not suffered even to die in peace, for he had no sooner dropped than the mules galloped in, and whirled him out, still struggling faintly.

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The third bull, on entering, rushed at once at the nearest *picador*—snapped his lance—raised horse and man completely in the air, and dashed them with great violence to the ground. The *picador* fell clear of the horse, and lay on his back with his arms extended, apparently lifeless. He was carried off the field insensible to the hospital, probably with a fractured skull. This feat of the bull was loudly applauded, though when it was observed that the man lay senseless on the ground, some anxiety for his fate was displayed by the women; but, on the other hand, not a spark of compassion for the mangled horses or tortured bulls was throughout the *funcion* elicited from either sex. The more barbarity was inflicted, the more was the audience gratified—the men shouting, clapping their hands, and rattling their sticks, and the women waving their handkerchiefs in ecstacy.

In repelling a charge from the fourth bull, Juan Pinto, the favourite *picador* in the lists, instead of fixing his lance between the shoulders of the animal, according to the laws of the sport, struck it below, just before the right shoulder. By such a thrust the bull might have been so maimed as to have afforded no further amusement, and Pinto was accordingly assailed with execrations from every side. In vain he protested

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against these censures, in vain he attempted to exculpate himself—his voice was lost in the louder shouts of these self-constituted judges. He rode up to the Governor's box, and appealed against the sudden verdict of the mob, but the abuse still continued, and he was fain to try to retrieve his character. Not even when in the next encounter he was prostrated to the earth beneath his horse, did the curses of the populace cease; in fact, so grievous an offence had he committed against the laws of Tauromaquia, that throughout the evening he was overwhelmed with abuse whenever he failed of success.

The fifth bull, on entering, charged immediately with such ferocity as to raise a general cry of "*Que demonio! que leon! caramba, es el diablo!*" He killed five horses in almost as many charges; or rather finished them, for all were already severely wounded. After this, he overthrew Pinto a second time, almost crushing him between the horse and the barrier. Such a fall frequently proves fatal in an instant, by breaking the spine, or dislocating the vertebræ of the neck; but Pinto's iron frame had received little injury, for he rose and stalked out for a fresh steed. In the next encounter the lance of the *picador*, instead of striking against the bone, passed through the fleshy part of the neck, and came out on the other side, so that it was left in

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the bull's back. The poor creature dashed about the arena, but the long lance, continually catching in the ground, or flying into the air as he bounded about, only tore the wound afresh; and when he at length rid himself of it, it was with the loss also of nearly all the skin and flesh from his shoulders, which sent forth torrents of blood. This so infuriated him, that he charged the nearest *picador* with great impetuosity, pinned the horse to the barrier, and the man was glad to escape by leaping within the *corredor*. The *picador* who stood behind was overthrown the next instant, and his horse dreadfully gored. Pinto, who had just entered with a fresh horse, met with the same fate—all three in no more time than is consumed in the relation—so that the bull ran in triumph round the arena which he had cleared of combatants. The rapture of the spectators now knew no bounds—hats were tossed in the air, handkerchiefs were waving on all sides, while the clapping of hands, the rattling of sticks, and shouts of "*Bravo! toro!*" caused a deafening uproar. With this bull, the *matador* had no easy task, for as often as he stepped aside to avoid the charge, the bull turned sharp round and nearly transfixed him; when at length he made a fair thrust, the sword struck against the bone, and flew up into the air to the height of twenty or

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thirty feet.* After several ineffectual attempts, it was thrust in to the hilt, but the noble animal for another quarter of an hour kept his tormentors at bay, charging all who dared to approach him. The populace, now impatient for a fresh bull, shouted "*media-luna...a! media-luna...a!*" The instrument thus called was accordingly brought forth—a pole about twenty feet long, terminating in a piece of steel, in the form of a "half-moon"—whence its name—and sharpened on the inner edge. With this it was intended to hamstring the poor animal, in order that he might be quickly dispatched. But he disappointed his tormentors, for his life-blood was now ebbing fast, gushing in torrents from his mouth and nostrils, and he lay down. A *matadero* (butcher) immediately stole behind, with the intention of plunging a dagger (*cachetero*) into the nape of his neck, but the bull saw him, and springing to his legs, nearly reversed the tables. Again he lay down, and again he arose on catching another glimpse of the *matadero*;—he staggered a few paces, lay down a third time, and died. I could not but regret his

* This is sometimes attended with fatal consequences. A cavalier of Madrid, not many years since, lost his life at a "bull-running" while sitting with his family on the scaffolding. The sword flew high into the air, and descending, sheathed itself in his body.

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fate, thinking that when a bull had displayed so much courage, his life ought to be spared as his reward;—in fact, I wondered why it was not, were it only for a repetition of the sport with animals of approved bravery.

One of the remaining bulls proving rather cowardly, loud shouts of "*fuego...o! fuego...o!*"—"fire, fire!" burst forth on every side. This alarming cry was thus explained. When the ordinary *banderillas* would fail in raising the courage of a *cobarde*, others are used having fireworks attached, which inflame on being forced into the flesh, blaze for some minutes like rockets, and then explode with a loud report, goading the most gentle animal to madness. They were not deemed necessary on this occasion, but I subsequently saw them several times employed. Sometimes, too, when the bull from his cowardice is reckoned unworthy of contending with men, the cry is raised "*Los perros! los perros!*" and half a dozen huge mastiff-dogs are slipt at him, who fastened on his nose, ears, throat, tail—and provoke his rage by exciting his efforts to shake them off.

The last two bulls were slain, according to custom, by the *media-espada* (half-sword)—one of the *chulos* who serves as relief to the regular *matadores*.

When eight bulls had been slaughtered, a

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novillo embolado—a young bull, with wooden balls fixed on the tips of his horns—was let in "for the amusement of the amateurs." All order was now at an end. The *majos* leaped fearlessly into the Plaza to meet him, waving their handkerchiefs to provoke his attack. He upset them one after the other, and trampled over them repeatedly, yet they rose immediately, to my utter astonishment, apparently unhurt, and again flapped their handkerchiefs in his face, trying to avoid his charge by stepping aside. This is called "*capear el toro* —cloaking the bull," an accomplishment highly esteemed in Andalucia; and he who can perform it with skill, is in the high road to fame as a *chulo* or *espada*. I did not wait for the conclusion of this sport, but as the tower and pinnacles of the Cathedral were glittering with the last golden rays of the sun, I followed the crowd to the Prado de Christina, there to hear the merits of the various bulls and *toreros* discussed by many a pretty pair of lips, which seemed formed to treat only of softer subjects.

The bull-fight is a relic of Moorish days, and formerly assimilated in character rather to the tournament and other chivalric sports of the middle ages, than to the more ignoble spectacles of the Roman arena; for princes and nobles were the *toreros;* and though these have now given place to professional combatants of the lowest

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ranks, the nobility even at the present day do not, on special occasions, disdain to risk their lives in the Plaza. Some ancient romances on this subject are extant, supposed to be translations from the Arabic.*

The breeds of bulls are preserved and controlled with as much care as those of our racers, and like them the bulls receive cognomens which appear no less absurd to the uninitiated. Think of a fierce black beast with the delicate name of Lily,

* The following lines describe the points of the bull with a jockeyish minuteness.

—— *Sale un bravo toro,*
Famoso entre la manada,
Vayo en color encendido,
Y los ojos como brasa,
Arrujada frente y cuello,
La frente vellosa y ancha,
Poco distantes los cuernos,
Corta pierna y flaca hanca,
Espacioso el fuerte cuello,
A quien se junta la barba;
Todos los estremos negros,
La cola rebuelta y larga,
Duro el lomo, el pecho crespo,
La piel sembrada de manchas.
Harpado llaman al toro
Los vaqueros de Xarama,
Conocido entre los otros
Por la fiereza y la casta.

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or others, with the respective titles of Little Pink, Rose, Pussy, Bustard, Pilgrim, Altar-cloth. Like our racers, too, they have their distinguishing colours, which are a bunch of ribbons fixed to a small barbed dart stuck between the shoulders, and called a *moña*, or *devisa*. They seem to acquire their character from the nature of the country where they are reared—the more savage and desert the scenery the more ferocious the animals. Thus, those from the wild mountains of Ronda and from the desolate plains of La Mancha and Castille, are still, as in Moorish times, the most celebrated. But the Spaniards assert that the pasturage of every part of Spain is peculiarly calculated to impart courage; for the bulls that are driven from Navarre into France, on leaving their native pastures, are "lions, devils;" but a few days on the other side the Pyrenees will render them as timid and harmless as lambs; whence the saying

El toro bravo
En tierra agena se hace manso.

The summer is the season of their greatest ferocity, and is therefore chosen for the fights.*

* Those who are "affectioned," as the Spaniards say, to the bull-fight, have numerous terms for expressing the shades of quality of the animals. Thus a brave bull may be either *bravo, claro, pegajoso, bravo-seco, bravo-cargando, bravo-seco-cargando, bravo-carnudo, bravo-tardo, bravo-tardo-receloso*, &c. &c.

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It will readily be conceived, that the horses used in the Plaza are not of superior quality. They are, in fact, nothing but worn-out steeds, fit for little but the knacker's knife, and worth scarcely more than the value of their hides. Being supplied by contract, they are retained in the Plaza as long as they can stand upon their legs, though sometimes, when dreadfully mangled, and ready to drop, they are whipped out to die outside. The barbarous treatment of these animals is the most revolting part of the exhibition; the men expose themselves to danger for the sake of gain; the ferocity of the bull makes you regard him as a foe; and thus both forfeit, in some measure, your sympathy; but the poor horses, with their eyes blindfolded in order that they may not swerve from the charge, standing patiently to be gored by an unseen adversary, make the strongest demands on your compassion.

Though the peril to which the *toreros* are exposed is very great, serious accidents are of less frequent occurrence than might be expected—the skill and coolness of these men are their safeguards. The most hazardous office is that of the *matador*, who receives an equivalent in three thousand *reales* (or about £30) each *corrida*. The most celebrated *toreros* are *matadores*, for more skill and courage are required in slaying the

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bull than in opposing him on horseback. Montes, the reigning prince of bull-fighters, has a renown not enjoyed by any literary genius of his country and age. Pepe Illo, too, was in his day no less famous. Wondrous are the reported feats of this *matador;* amongst others, it is said, that seated on a chair in the centre of the Plaza, he would await the attack of the bull, and elude it merely by shifting his seat without rising. Yet he met, at last, his death in the arena. The greatest danger to which the *matador* is exposed, is when the bull is wary or cowardly, and does not charge furiously and steadily, for then it requires all his skill to avoid being caught on the horn. This actually happened at one *corrida* that I witnessed, and the man was seriously injured. When the *matador* succeeds in killing the bull at the first thrust, the populace, in their rapture, sometimes shout, "*Para el matador! para el matador!*" meaning that the carcase should be his reward. The man then cuts off an ear and puts it in his pocket, to mark the beast as his own.

The *picador* requires as much strength as skill, and his success depends greatly on the steadiness of his horse. Conceive the strength requisite to turn off with a lance, held in one hand alone, or rather beneath the arm, the furious charge of so powerful a brute; the horse

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is frequently swung completely round, and I have even seen him, when fresh, overthrown merely by the violence of the shock, without being touched by the bull's horns. The peril appears very great, yet when on the ground, the superior height of the horse attracts the bull's attention, and the man, who is collected enough to lie without motion, usually escapes unhurt, except by the stunning violence of the fall. The *picadores* rank next to the *matadores*, and are paid about two thousand *reales* (£20.) per *corrida*.

The *banderilleros* require much skill and agility, and theirs strikes the stranger as the most marvellous feat of the Plaza; yet never did I see one foiled in his enterprize, or injured by the bull. The *chulos*' defence lies in their heels and cloaks, and this is the most amusing and only innocent part of the spectacle. These fellows, as gaudy as butterflies, shoot like quicksilver, here, there and everywhere, losing no opportunity of "jesting" with the bull, when this does not interfere with other combatants. A favourite trick is to leave the cloak spread in the air, and the animal, rushing at it, covers his eyes with the folds. They are extremely brave, venturing sometimes so near the bull, even in the commencement of a combat, as to be

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forced to take a side-spring over the animal's head when lowered to toss them. Another no less daring feat, is to steal behind the bull, and pluck from his shoulders the *devisa,* or bunch of ribbons fixed to a barbed dart, which every *torero* is eager to obtain as a present for his mistress. The beast turns round as quick as thought, and the man's escape is marvellous. This I have only seen performed by Labi—a small, and rather bow-legged man, but astonishingly active, and one of the bravest *chulos* in the kingdom.

The cruelty of the Spanish bull-fight has often been extenuated on the plea, that it is not more inhuman than the sports of other nations, who pretend to a higher degree of civilization and refinement; "*A cada tierra su uso, y su costumbre* — Every country has its own manners and customs," say the Spaniards, "we have our *corridas,* you have your huntings, shootings, anglings, prize-fights, and horse-races—the barbarity is equal."

I am not of this opinion, at least with regard to field sports. Not that I would defend the running to death, or shooting any animal from mere wantonness, but I consider both hunting and shooting, as legitimate methods of destroying animals which are luxuries to man; and which,

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without a check upon their increase, would prove injurious to his interests. Shooting is to a certain degree necessary, and the man who takes his gun to clear his grounds of game, or to provide himself with a repast, benefits society as well as himself. The act abstractedly is not cruel,—feelings of cruelty are not necessarily excited by it, any more than by sticking a sheep, or wringing the neck of a fowl: the cruelty when it exists, is a wanton pleasure in viewing, augmenting, or protracting the sufferings of the animal. But this is rarely indulged in by the British sportsman, who at once puts the struggling wretch out of its misery. Hunting and coursing are perhaps less defensible, as unnecessarily prolonging the sufferings of the game; yet even here the keenest sportsman is rarely guilty of wanton cruelty. We well know that it is not delight in the tortures of the chase—which is in fact seldom visible—that spurs him on, but the excitement of following the hounds wherever they may lead. This implies, it is true, a thoughtlessness, a forgetfulness of the sufferings of the animal, but not necessarily, deliberate cruelty. There is nothing in these sports calculated, I conceive, to brutalize the mind.

Again, there is a natural disposition to feel more compassion towards a large, than towards

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a small animal, because a proportionable injury is more evident to our senses. Thus, a suffering horse excites more sympathy than a suffering cat or dog,—*cæteris paribus*, provided we are not attached to the individual, or that habits or prejudices do not interfere. We consider it no proof of inhumanity to be able to view without compassion an insect maimed or crushed; but to regard a galled horse with indifference, is deemed to evince a barbarous insensibility. We must suppose it then more inhuman—because a greater outrage upon the natural feelings—to torture, or wantonly to kill a large animal than a small one; and we may argue, that he who can witness the dying agonies of a hare or fox with little emotion, may yet consistently feel shocked at the tortures of a horse or a bull. In a word, I believe that few, very few British sportsmen, have been rendered so callous as to be capable of witnessing a Spanish bull-fight without shuddering.

The tiger-hunts, and other royal sports of the East, are decidedly not cruel; they are but the legitimate means of destroying animals obnoxious to society. Cruelty, in fact, is almost out of the question, when the desire of every sportsman is to dispatch the mighty foe with the utmost expedition. But the bull-baitings, dog-fights, cock-

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fights, and pugilistic combats of Britain, on the other hand, must be regarded as involving great wanton barbarity on the part of those who encourage them. Of the same character is the Spanish bull-fight—an exhibition of cruelties the most savage and needless, and tending only to excite the most fiendish propensities of our nature, as is evidenced by the conduct of the mob already described. The more blood is shed in the arena, the more enraptured the populace, and a fight is always appreciated according to the number of horses and men mangled or slain.

"Yet such the ungentle sport that oft invites
The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish swain;
Nurtured in blood betimes, his heart delights
In vengeance, gloating on another's pain."

That the bull-fight, which is strictly a national sport, tends to barbarize the nation, can hardly be doubted. Such scenes of wanton cruelty repeatedly witnessed by all classes, such an inuring to the sight of blood from infancy, cannot fail to produce the effect of quenching kindly feelings towards the brute creation, and of depreciating the value of human life,—sure tests of a low state of civilization. That such is the case with the Spaniards few will dare to deny. Inglis, indeed, has asserted, that "there is nothing of deliberate

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cruelty in the character of the Spaniards—less hard-heartedness than he has found among most other nations;" and has adduced in proof their treatment of their horses and mules, and that robbery is seldom followed by murder,—not remembering that, in the first case, men may be characteristically barbarous, and yet treat with forbearance, and even kindness, those animals immediately dependent on them, when prompted by interest so to do; and attributing, in the second case, that mercy to the good dispositions of the robbers, which is in fact owing to the inefficiency of the police. For what temptation can there be to follow up robbery by murder—unless, indeed, where resistance is offered—in a country where the law is impotent, and a notorious thief may live as undisturbed as an honest man? Nevertheless, the Spanish robber evinces his brutality in his merciless treatment of the pennyless wretches who fall into his hands. The frequent assassinations, too, sufficiently prove the low estimation of human life in Spain. Spaniards not cruel?—Ask the pages of history!—Ask the natives of Mexico and Peru!—Ask the Morescoes of the Alpujarras!—Ask the victims of the Inquisitian!—Or consult the journals of the present day, which teem with accounts of barbarities committed by the partisans of the Queen and the

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Pretender, at which a Caligula or Nero might shudder. These latter atrocities, I firmly believe, are owing in great measure to the bull-fight.

Could this savage sport be proved to be an effect, instead of the principal cause of the great brutality of the Spanish character, its influence would be materially the same. Viewed in that light, it must exert a reciprocal action—must foster and strengthen whatever malignant and cruel propensities nature may have implanted in the breasts of those who encourage it.

That an equally injurious effect is not produced upon the women by these spectacles, may be accounted for by the superior tenderness of their natures, which, though blunted by long habit in this instance, is not entirely quenched, as in the other sex. Besides, they frequent the Plaza rather to indulge their love of admiration and display, than for the sake of the combats, in which they often take no more interest than a lady who goes to church for the same reason, does in the sermon. Nevertheless, when they can witness with a smile scenes of cruelty which would melt an English woman to tears, it is impossible but that their sympathies in general are deadened. A better feeling, however, seems beginning to work; some ladies now refuse to attend bull-fights on account of their barbarity. There is but this remedy for

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the evil. Prohibitory edicts are in vain, where the whole population is interested in opposing them; besides, such is still the thirst for this savage excitement, that the government which should attempt to control it would endanger its own stability. In the present state of public feeling, there is little probability of the bull-fight being abolished. While the Spanish woman is what she now is, she will be present wherever there are men to admire her, and the men will as surely resort where women are to be seen; so that while the Plaza has intrinsic attractions for one sex, the other will not fail to find some also. A great improvement in the moral tone of society must be effected ere bull-fights can be suppressed. This at least is certain—as long as females countenance them by their presence, so long will they be national, and so long will they continue to brutalize the minds of the people, and retard the progress of civilization in Spain.

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CHAPTER X.

ROUTE TO CORDOBA.

Sunt quos curriculo pulverem
Collegisse juvat.
HORAT.

Detrás de la cruz está el Diablo—The Devil lurks behind the cross. PROVERB.

Bætis oliviferâ crinem redimite coronâ!
MART.

Decus auriferæ Corduba terræ.
SIL. ITAL.

SEVILLE and Córdoba are on the high road from Cadiz to Madrid, and on one of the few diligence-roads in Spain; for diligences run only from the metropolis to four or five of the principal seaports or frontier towns, the communication between

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cities which lie off these lines being kept up, here and there, by cars or waggons on miserable roads, but more generally by mules, on wild tracks utterly impracticable to vehicles. This from Madrid to Cadiz is the only diligence-road in the large and important province of Andalucia, with the single exception of a branch from Bailen to Jaen and Granada; and there is actually no direct carriage-road from the cities of Cadiz, and Córdoba, to Gibraltar, Malaga, and Granada. Such is the internal state of Spain—can we wonder at her backwardness in civilization? Strange as it may appear, wherever diligence-roads do exist, they are kept in the most excellent condition—far superior to the half-paved, rugged *chaussées* of France, and rivalling in smoothness even the mail-coach roads of England.

The diligences are in the hands of companies, and are worked with as much regularity, and far greater regard to the comfort of travellers, than is displayed in our stage-coach arrangements. The passenger receives, on starting, a paper, stating the price of conveyance to each town or post-house on the road, so that the fares for intermediate distances may be calculated with certainty. The company makes itself responsible for all baggage entered at the offices—except in cases of seizure *vi et armis*—at relative allowances

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for sacs-de-nuit, portmanteaus, and trunks. Having paid the fare to a city, the passenger may remain a certain time at any place on the road, and be taken forward the first opportunity. A paper stating these and other regulations equally consulting the convenience of the traveller, is given on the delivery of the luggage with a receipt for the same; it is also strongly enjoined on all, to carry no more money than is necessary for the expences of the journey.

Travelling by diligence is not generally dear in Spain; but on this road, which is more infested by robbers than any other in the country, the fares are extremely high, to meet the expence of increased escorts. The fare from Cadiz to Madrid, a distance of nearly four hundred miles, is eight hundred and eighty *reales* (about £9.) in the *berlina*, or coupé, and five hundred and forty (or £5. 10*s*.) in the *rotonda*. There is also a demand made on each passenger of one *real* per post for the drivers; this on a long journey amounts to a considerable sum.

With all the roominess and comfort of the French diligences, those of Spain combine the advantages of superior speed. They are generally drawn by mules—as more powerful and enduring than horses—rarely less than eight, sometimes as many as fifteen in number, harnessed

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with rope, but adorned with worsted tassels of gay colours, and shorn smooth, except on their flanks and cruppers, where the hair is left to form fantastic patterns in relief. The *mayoral*, or conducteur, sits on a low seat in front of the *berlina*, and a *zagal*, or boy, sits at his side, or on the roof behind.

The voice is the helm of the machine. An Englishman is at first as much amused at the continued exhortations of the *mayoral* to his mules as astonished at their obedience. Should one of them prove lazy or rebellious, by shouting its name in a loud angry tone, he immediately recalls it to a sense of duty. The *zagal*, too, plays his part. From time to time he alights, and filling his sash with pebbles, runs at the side of the vehicle, and screaming the name of each beast in succession, as "*Capitana...a! Marques...a! Valerosa...a! Manchega...a!*" discharges at the word a stone, with unerring aim, at the crupper of the animal. When he has thus worked the whole team into a gallop, with a loud "*arre...e!*" he springs into his seat.

It was about nine A.M. that I took my seat in the diligence for Córdoba. When the two *escopeteros*, doubly armed, who formed our escort, had climbed to their places on the roof, when the *mayoral* had mounted, reins in hand, to his box —"*arre...e!*"— smack went the whip, and

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away we rattled past the Tobacco Factory, and out of the city gate beyond;—then beneath the ancient wall, till passing through one of the arches of the Roman aqueduct, we found ourselves on the high road to Madrid.

At the distance of three or four furlongs from the walls, the aqueduct loses itself in a rising ground. From this spot I caught my last view of Seville. The lofty Giralda was glittering in the sun,—the city was bristling with spires and towers rising above the walls which stretched far away on either hand,—the long line of the aqueduct lay beneath me, with the broad road I had just traversed at its side, dotted with ox-cars, or trains of mules, wending their way towards the gates. The changeful history of the city recurred to my mind. From this very spot the Carthaginian, the Roman, the Goth, the Arab, and modern Spaniard in succession, have gazed on Seville, on her temples, mosques, or spires, and perhaps exclaimed, with fond emotions of pride, "There is my home!—the city of my affections!—the sepulchre of my fathers!—the birth-place of my children!" and each thought not that the city would ever pass from the possession of his race. Who can tell into what hands it may next fall?—who can divine the future destinies of Seville and of Spain?

It was with regret akin to that experienced on

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parting with an old and dear friend, that I watched the city sink from my sight behind a rising ground. I then turned to contemplate my fellow-travellers in the *interior*. These were, a young man of twenty from the Canaries, on his way to Madrid to fill a vacancy in a public office—two commercial travellers—a gentleman returning to his estate near Andujar—and an elderly priest. This last worthy I had noticed in the inn at Seville, pacing to and fro from his room along the passage, mumbling a string of paternosters and ave-marias. He evidently wished to acquire a reputation for sanctity; but, notwithstanding his solemn and taciturn air, I had doubts of his sincerity, which were subsequently confirmed. I could have wished he had considered cleanliness as essential as godliness; for he stowed himself unshaved, "unkempt, unwashed," in the corner opposite me, who would gladly have avoided the proximity of his greasy robes, redolent of tobacco and garlic, and of the no less greasy flaps of his long shovel-shaped hat, suspended by a band from the roof.

The plain which we were traversing, was richly cultivated with olives, corn, and fruit—hedges of prickly-pear and aloe bordering the road. On ascending a hill, about two leagues from Seville, the ruined castle of Alcalá de Guadaira came into

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view, crowning a long bare ridge, at a little distance. A deep hollow intervened, through which flowed a stream, glittering in the sun like liquid silver, bordered by olive, fig, and orange-trees, aloes and rushes, and overhung by a lofty red cliff which beautifully contrasted its hue with the various shades of green, blue, yellow, and brown of the foliage below.

Alcalá is a small place, with scarcely four hundred families.* It is renowned for its olives, which are esteemed the largest in Spain, and the best for pickling—and still more for its bread, with which it supplies Seville, and which gives it the *alias* of Alcalá de los Panaderos, i. e. of the bakers. The castle, a Moorish ruin, is very large, extending from the summit of the ridge down the slope, till its towers mingle with the houses of the village beneath.

Our next post was Mairena, a poor village, but celebrated for a fair held there annually for the sale of cattle and manufactures, and resorted to from every part of Andalucia. The country continued open and undulating, and was parti-

* The Spanish mode of calculating the population of a place, is by the number of *vecinos*—families, it contains. The *vecino* on the average includes six individuals; when it is *escaso*—scanty or thin, five only are implied.

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cularly fertile as we approached Carmona, six leagues from Seville. A gentle ascent led us into the town, and we alighted at the *posada* with eager appetites, and as whitened with dust as though we had just emerged from flour-sacks.

No smiling landlord, officious waiter, or simpering barmaid, here welcomed us, or offered to minister to our wants; we were left, according to Spanish custom, to shift for ourselves. A brush, however, was procured, and with its aid, and that of a metal basin of water, and a single towel which served for the whole party, we were in a tolerable state of purification when the savoury fumes of the *puchero* summoned us to dinner. Here we were able to take a better view of one another; and, Spaniards having the French facility in making acquaintance, the viands, as they were passed round, were accompanied with many a jest and pun, and often with a sly hit or witty sarcasm. The priest, as is usual now-a-days with his order, came in for a full share of this raillery. He was first accused of tippling too freely—and, to say the truth, the wine-bottle made frequent visits to his glass—then of glancing too often and too wantonly at the plump, cherry-cheeked damsel who sat opposite, and

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who showed herself disposed to aid the joke, by crying out, declaring that he was treading on her toes, and begging him to tuck up his vile legs beneath him.

In this merry humour dinner was dispatched, —the *moza* received payment from each, together with a *gratificacioncita* for herself,—the priest and women were deposited in the diligence, not, however, without giving rise to the insinuation, that it was "shutting up the cat with the pigeons,—and the rest of the passengers, having lighted their *papelitos*, or paper-cigars, started on foot to meet the vehicle without the walls.

Carmona contains about two thousand houses. It is tolerably neat for a Spanish town, but not remarkable for the beauty of its edifices. The tower of the church is a poor imitation of the Giralda—neither so lofty, chaste, nor well-proportioned; it is far superior, however, to the church itself, which is small, mean, and unadorned: in fact, the usual order of things is here reversed—it is a church attached to a steeple, and not a steeple to a church.

Carmona boasts of a very remote antiquity. Ptolemy mentions it under the name of Χαρμονία. Julius Cæsar raised it to the rank of a municipal town, as a reward for espousing his cause in his contest with Pompey. The valiant resistance it

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offered to the Arab invaders of Spain, and its eventual capture by a stratagem of Count Julian, are still the theme of many a ballad. Under both Romans and Moors it was a place of far more relative importance than at present, being esteemed one of the strongest fortresses in Spain. It has still many Roman remains in gateways, walls, and tablets, and the Moslem has left yet more numerous traces of his dominion.

Ascending a steep, narrow street, we passed through a gateway in the Moorish wall, and found ourselves on the crest of a lofty hill, whose entire slope, with the broad valley, or rather plain, at its foot, was glowing with the harvest, to whose hue the rich olive tone of the neighbouring heights, and cool grey of the distant mountains, formed a beautiful contrast. This was the Vega of Carmona, celebrated even from the days of the Romans for its fertility in wheat. This is not the wheat commonly grown in England, but a much taller species, universal in the Peninsula, and which, with its long beard, somewhat resembles barley. A vast expanse, like the Plain of Carmona, covered with ripe wheat reflecting the meridian sun of Andalucia, has, when at rest, all the fervid, torrid appearance of the Desert; and as the breezes sweep it into long

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undulations, disclosing the bright golden ears beneath the darker bristles, the effect is dazzling beyond conception.

On descending into the plain, and looking back towards the town, I was struck with its commanding, romantic situation. A long range of Moorish walls and towers stretched along the crest of the hill far to the right, but stopped suddenly to the left, on the brink of an almost precipitous cliff, which was thrown in bold relief against the sky.

At the foot of the hill we met the diligence, and pursued our journey across the plain of waving wheat, and then over an open heath, the favourite resort of highwaymen. We here overtook a *birlocho*, a vehicle somewhat resembling a barouche, driven by a black man, who whipped up his mules to keep pace with us. This fellow was well known to one of our party, who loudly extolled his courage, giving of it the following rather equivocal proof. He had once been attacked on this very heath by five robbers, whose levelled muskets threatened him with instant death if he did not rein up, but, regardless of this, he pressed forward through a shower of balls, lashed his steeds into a gallop, and escaped unhurt.

The conversation turned from robbers to that

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ever-interesting topic—the ladies. The Spaniards were eloquent in the praise of their countrywomen, and asked my opinion of them, as compared with my own. I readily acknowledged the equal beauty, and much superior grace of the Andaluzas, but added, that in moral and mental culture, they were far behind the Inglesas.

"*Vaya!*" cried the priest, who had sat silently enough in his corner during the former part of the day, but whose frigid reserve now began to thaw under the genial influence of the generous wine of Carmona—"*Vaya!*—Go to! to another dog with that bone! women are the same in all lands. What do your countrywomen know more than mine? and if they do, *que provecho les hace*—what good does it do them? But they can neither dance nor sing like Andaluzas; and as to chastity, English women are no better than ours; women are all alike; *un diablo se le parece al otro*—one devil is just like another; besides I know for certain, that the daughters of all the clergy in England are prostitutes."

It was vain attempting to undeceive the priest in this particular; he obstinately maintained the truth of his assertion, adding, that such must necessarily be the case in a country where clergymen had families; for as their pay ceased at

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their death, their sons would be forced to beg, and their daughters to go on the town, in order to sustain their existence. Besides, he had heard it from unquestionable authority—from a friend who had resided many years in England. "And as to the boasted beauty of the English women —what is it?—all that can be said is, that they have fair skins. Snow?—yes, in coldness! *pero de frias, aunque blancas, libreme Dios!*—but from cold women, however fair, God deliver me! And then their legs and feet! *Caramba!* they are as thick and clumsy as a picador's, or an elephant's! They walk, too, just like geese; they have no shape—no air—no grace—no fire! But the Andalucitas!———"

And here he launched forth into the praises of the Andaluzas, describing their features and person in a manner by no means consistent with his cloth. His extravagance excited the hearty laughter of our party, and we unanimously agreed that such language was anything but suitable for a priest, and clearly proved he had not remembered his vows. The poor man seemed conscious of having said too much; but the laugh was turned against him, and he was fain to remain silent, and hide his confusion in the friendly smoke of his *cigarillo*.

"The eyes of a saint, and the teeth of a wolf!" cried one.

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"The cross outside, and the devil within!" exclaimed another, alluding, I suppose, to the sacerdotal vestments which are figured with crosses.

"*Por las obras, no por los vestidos*
Los hombres son conocidos—

Actions, not dress,
The character express,"

added the cavalier of Andujar. "Priests are no better than other men. Thanks to God, we are rid of the friars! *los picaros!*—the villains!—would the *clerigos* were gone also! they are all alike; one devil is just like another (using the padre's own words.) I'll tell you, sirs, how one was served by a young man, son of Andujar. He was drawn as a conscript, and, after his eight years' service, he obtained his licence, and set off for his own land. On the road, having spent all his money, he grew very hungry, and stopped at a solitary house to beg charity; but the door was shut, and though he knocked many times, and shouted '*Ave Maria Purissima!*'* till he

* "Hail Mary Most Pure!" is, or rather was—for it is going out of use—a very common mode of summoning the inhabitants of a house. To this is responded, "*Sin pecado concebida!*—Conceived without sin!" and admittance is at once granted. How closely this resembles the Mohammedan custom of the watchmen challenging, "Attest the unity of God!" to which must be replied, "There is no God but God!"

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was hoarse, no one returned an answer. Well, sirs, all he could see in the *patio*, through the iron-grated door, was a lamb; so, having this said hunger of the devil, he called the lamb, and, seizing it by the horns, tried to pull it through the gratings; but the bars were too close, and he could not succeed. *Conque señores*, he arrived at length, lean as a greyhound, at his own house, where his father embraced him, and his mother wept with joy at his return. After some days, his mother said to him, 'Son of my bowels, hast thou confessed lately?'—'No, mother mine!'—'*Pues*, there is Father Pablo, my confessor, the best priest in the world; I will go and tell him thy wish to confess.' In effect, she went and asked the priest if he would confess her son. 'Yes, my daughter, *soy padre de almas*—I am father of souls; with all my heart! let him come to-morrow.' *En fin*, the soldier goes, drops on his knees before the priest, beats his breast, cries '*Pesame Dios! Pesame Dios!*' and all that. 'How long, my son, is it since thou confessedst last?'—'A whole year, father!'—'Alas! then hast thou broken the first commandment. Hast thou sworn during that time?'—'Yes, father, very often.'—'What hast thou said?'—'*Por Dios, ó por vida de Dios!*—By God, or by the life of God!'—'Son, why didst thou swear thus? why didst thou

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not say, *Por vida de Dios Baco!*—By the life of god Bacchus! which is no oath; but to say *Por Dios!* is a great sin; thou hast broken the second commandment.* How often hast thou attended mass the past year? all the fête-days?'—'Not all, father.'—'How many hast thou neglected?'—'Four hundred, more or less.'—'Alas! my son, thou oughtest to have attended mass every saint's-day, to have holy-watered thyself, and thus preserved thee from the power of the Demon. Thou hast broken the third commandment. Hast thou honoured thy father and mother?'—'Yes, father, always.'—'Good, my son, but he who has offended in one point, has offended in all; thou hast broken also this commandment. Hast thou slain any one?'—'Never, father, except in battle.'—'Not even in thought, for the intention or wish is enough to condemn thee?'—'Yes, I have slain, in thought, Don Ambrosio Gomez, my captain, when he struck me for disobedience.'—'Then, my son, hast thou offended against the fifth commandment also. Hast thou broken the sixth?—hast thou gone astray after women, those wanton misleaders of souls?—hast thou a *queridita?*'—

* The reader will remember that the Catholic church separates the Decalogue in a different manner from our own, blending what we call the First and Second Commandments, and dividing the Tenth.

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'Yes, father, many; *vamos à ver!*—let us see! One, two, three at Toledo; two at Salamanca; five at Valencia; eight or nine at Madrid—I cannot reckon them all, father.'—'Son! son! thou in truth needest absolution of thy manifold transgressions. Hast thou stolen aught?'—'No, father, nothing—nothing!'—'Not even in thought, for the intention alone suffices?'—'Yes, I recollect to have sinned in thought; I wished to steal a lamb.'—'What thinkest thou the value of the lamb?'—'A matter of five dollars, or so.'—'Son, thou hast sinned much, thou hast stolen!'—'No, father, I did not steal the lamb, I could not pull it through the gratings.'—'*No le hace, la intencion basta*—that's no matter, the intention suffices. Bring me the five dollars for the worship of the Holy Virgin, and I will give thee absolution.'

Conque, Señores, the soldier returned home very thoughtful. His mother asked him what ailed him; he told her he must pay Father Pablo five dollars before he could receive absolution. *Pues,* to end, his mother gives him the money—he goes to the church and kneels at the confession-box. 'Ah, son of mine!' cries the priest, 'hast thou brought the five dollars?'—'Yes, father!'—'Give me them, then!' The soldier puts them to the grating of the box; but they are too large to pass through. 'Man!' cries the priest, 'why

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dost thou fumble with the grating? Give me the money through the open door!'—'No, no, *Señor padre!* I did not take the lamb through the open door; I could not pull it through the grating, and therefore did not rob its master; neither shalt thou rob me of the dollars, except *in thought* through the grating!'"

We now stopped to change mules at the Venta of La Portuguesa, a solitary house, within which no one was to be seen except some muleteers taking their siesta on the straw near their beasts. Though we were now ten miles from Carmona, its tower-crested hill was still visible, and continued in sight some time longer. After leaving the Venta we entered a thick forest of olives, extending on either hand in long regular lines of trunks, as far as the eye could reach, and, when viewed from above, spreading out in one unbroken sheet of dull bluish green. Nothing can be more uninteresting, nothing more cheerless and sad than an olive-wood; nothing more disappointing to the traveller who has associated with it ideas of beauty, except perhaps the vineyards of "*la France riante.*" By-the-bye, why and how France obtained this epithet, I never could understand; the natives, male and female, may be *riants* enough, but the country!—if that be "laughing," what, in the name of Momus, is dull?

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Before reaching La Luisiana, the next post, I was surprised at the appearance of two wild horsemen, one on either side the diligence, in rough sheep-skin jackets, with handkerchiefs streaming behind their heads, muskets hung on the cruppers, pistols at the saddle-bows, and sabres in their belts. These fellows were additional *escopeteros*, provided by the Diligence-Company for our protection; the two heroes on the roof not being considered sufficient to meet the increasing perils of the road; for this northern part of Andalucia is generally more infested by robbers than any other part of Spain. We were approaching Ecija, the den of a band, who from time immemorial have ravaged this district, and acquired the renown of "*ladrones los mas finos que hay*—the most finished rogues in the world." They are remarkable for always preserving the same number. Is one shot, executed, carried off by accident or disease, his place is immediately filled up; there are never less and never more than seven, whence they have received the name of "The Seven Children of Ecija." Fortunately we did not fall among these "*niños*," and entered Ecija in safety at ten o'clock at night.

From the length of the streets through which we passed, it appeared a large straggling place: the houses were low and mean, some with fan-

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tastically painted fronts; yet many lofty spires proved Ecija to be a town of some importance; in fact, it has not less than thirty thousand inhabitants. Numerous small chapels fixed against the walls of the houses, and illumined by tapers, indicated the piety of the citizens. Ecija disputes with Seville the honour of being the hottest place in Spain, and in Europe.*

Passing the Alameda, whence the soft notes of a guitar stole upon the ear, we entered the court-yard of the *posada.* Supper was awaiting us in an upper room, and all sat down with a good appetite, except the priest who, repenting perhaps of having caroused so freely at Carmona, resolved to make amends by fasting at Ecija. Two rooms, each containing half-a-dozen low truckle beds, received the males of the party; but we had little time for repose, for in two hours we were roused by the deep voice of the *mayoral, "arriba! arriba! ya se sale!"*—"Up! up! we are off!" In a few minutes the diligence rolled out of the court-yard, and, as the clock struck one, was crossing

* Ecija is the ancient Astigi, which Conde, the Spanish orientalist, considered to be a Punic word, signifying "rich city." "The Arabs," he adds, "esteemed Esigha one of the most important cities of Andalucia."—Aledris. p. 185.

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the bridge beyond the town. The river was the Xenil, famous in song and story, which flows from the mountains of Granada, and falls into the Guadalquivir a few miles to the north-west of Ecija. There was no moon, but the stars afforded light enough to distinguish that we were passing through extensive olive-woods.

As day broke we entered Carlota, a neat town, containing about fifteen hundred inhabitants, with one long and broad street, lined with trees like a French boulevard. This is one of the new settlements raised by D. Pablo Olavide, one of the most illustrious and patriotic Spaniards of the last century, who formed, and partly carried into effect, plans for populating and cultivating the vast tracts of waste land belonging to the crown.

Beyond Carlota, the ground was broken and richly wooded, and the scenery exceedingly picturesque. Three leagues brought us to Mangonegro, the next post, where the prospects were more open, the country being very bare, with scarcely a tree in sight; the Sierra Morena, "the Brown Mountains," whose memory has been immortalized by Cervantes, rose in the horizon before us. At the door of the *venta* of Mangonegro, stood four or five wild, banditti-looking

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men, with large black mustachios and whiskers, and guns over their shoulders. They called themselves "*Guardias del Camino*—Guards of the highway," and though their duty is now to protect travellers from robbers, they had, I was told, originally belonged to that honest fraternity, and still maintained a friendly understanding with their old comrades.

Soon after leaving Mangonegro, some armed figures on the summit of a low hill immediately on the left of the road, excited much alarm amongst the passengers, and scarcely less among the escort, who, nevertheless, looking to the priming of their pieces, boasted with many an oath of what they would do in case of an attack. Luckily for us, their courage was not put to the test, and we drove on without being molested by these imaginary enemies.

On reaching the crest of a small hill, a splendid view opened upon us. A wide valley, rich in cultivation, extended across the centre of the scene; intersected throughout its length by the winding Guadalquivir: a long range of peaked mountains—the Sierra Morena—about two or three thousand feet in height, whose sides were clothed with verdure and dotted with snow-white buildings, rose beyond, forming the background; and beneath us, the road was seen winding down

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to a city, nestling in the hollow amid luxuriant groves, on the further bank of the river which washed its walls. This was Córdoba!

As we descended, the valley seemed to open on either hand, bounded on the right by bare hills, and stretching far away to the left, till it was narrowed in the horizon between the mountains that hemmed it in, and formed, as it were, a trough, whose outline was broken only in the hollow by the conical, tower-capped hill of Almodóvar.

On a nearer approach to the city, it loses much of the beauty with which the imagination ever delights to invest it, and which it seems to possess in some degree when viewed from a distance. A confused assemblage of towers, spires, and houses, white, yellow, and grey, without regularity, and generally mean and ruinous; a huge square mass of building—the Cathedral—rising in the centre; and the whole enclosed by walls, here and there entire, but mostly in ruins, with broken towers and time-worn ramparts;—this is Córdoba of the present day! How fallen from her former splendour! She is no longer the city of Arabian palaces—the seat of monarchy—the capital of an empire! Yet there is that in her antique and venerable air, in her very decay, which cannot fail at once

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to interest the traveller. In one thing however he must feel disappointment,—he looks in vain for a date-palm, where the species was originally planted in Spain by the hands of the first Abdurrahman.

The descending road led us among a few scattered houses to the river, which we crossed by an ancient bridge, passing first by a Moorish tower which commands it. At the other end of the bridge, we rattled through a Roman gateway; then turning to the right beneath the wall of the Cathedral, a long, narrow street of wretched houses led us to the *posada* in the further quarter of the city.

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CHAPTER XI.

CORDOBA.

In Tartessiacis domus est notissima terris
Qua dives placidum Corduba Bœtin amat.

MART.

O excelso muro! O torres levantadas!
O gran rio, gran Rey de Andaluzia!
O fertil llano, o sierras encumbradas,
Que privilegia el cielo, y dora el dia!
Si tu memoria no fué alimento mio
Nunca merezcan mis ausentes ojos
Ver tus muros, tus torres, y tu rio
Tu llano y sierra.

GONGORA.

O flor de saver y cavalleria,
Córdoba!

JUAN DE MENA.

THE primary object of interest at Córdoba, as at Seville, is the Cathedral. While that of Seville,

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however, possesses attractions within itself—in its vast size and sublime proportions—that of Córdoba, with no architectural grandeur and little beauty, derives its chief interest from its unique character, and from the purpose to which it was originally applied. It was a mosque, and the third mosque in the world, inferior only to the Caaba at Mecca, and the Kibla of Moses at Jerusalem, though Abdurrahman I., who founded it A.D. 786, intended to make it "surpass in size and magnificence every other in the dominions of the Arabs."*

Externally, it has no beauty. Walls of yellow stone about thirty-five feet high, with heavy buttresses and notched battlements—which resemble, in miniature, the front of a Flemish house—form a parallelogram of six hundred and twenty feet by four hundred and forty. Here and there a horseshoe gateway determines the style of architecture.

I entered one of these gates, which led me into

* Historia de los Alarabes, by the Archbishop Don Rodrigo, quoted by Morales in his Coronica de España, tom. x. "It is said that the King himself drew the plan of the Mosque, which he proposed should resemble that of Damascus, and should be superior in size, magnificence, and sumptuousness, to the new one of Bagdad, and should bear comparison with that of Alaksa in the Holy House of Jerusalem." Conde. Historia de los Arabes, tom. i. cap. 24.

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an immense open court, full of orange-trees; but passing on through another doorway, I found myself in a low dark building—the Mosque itself—amid a grove of slender columns, which stretched far away in every direction, confusing the eye by their multitude and intricacy, or leading it through long narrow avenues to bright specks—the open doors—at the further extremity. The lowness of the edifice next struck me. Instead of the towering and vaulted roofs of Seville Cathedral, the ceiling here is flat, and only thirty-five feet from the pavement; and this height being out of all proportion to the immense extent of the Mosque—four hundred and forty feet by four hundred and ten—a most singular effect is produced, which is increased to grotesqueness by double tiers of horse-shoe arches surmounting the low slender pillars. Altogether, this cathedral has an air of great heaviness and weakness, unlike that of Seville, with its lofty and gigantic columns, which seem to say, that though few in number they are equal to sustain such an extent of roof. A solemn gloom pervades the place, for light is admitted but at few intervals; and though the white-washed walls and ceiling, reflecting an Andalucian sun, do their utmost to make it day within, it is still only twilight; and were the climate less brilliant, it would be little brighter than in a subterranean vault.

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Notwithstanding the disappointment that must be experienced by any who have anticipated grandeur, or even general beauty, the Mosque (for it still retains the name of Mezquita) is most interesting from its extreme singularity, and from being the only building of the sort of any extent, from which Christians, till very recently, could obtain an idea of the interior arrangements of Mohammedan places of worship. Its conversion, however, into a Catholic Cathedral, has greatly injured it as a relic of Arabian architecture; for numerous small chapels now surround it, and in the centre is a large choir, which, though magnificent enough in itself, is out of place; and we cannot but lament the bad taste or excess of religious zeal which has thus, by breaking the vistas, disfigured the edifice, and destroyed its original character.*

* The following description of the Aljama or Mosque in its original condition, is that of the Arab chroniclers. "This magnificent Mosque of Córdoba surpassed all those of the East. It was six hundred feet long by two hundred and fifty wide. It was entered through nineteen gates, very spacious, and covered with plates of bronze of marvellous workmanship; the principal gate being covered with plates of gold; these led to its Alkibla through nineteen streets (aisles) of columns of different marbles, very precious, and marvellously wrought, and these were crossed by thirty-eight streets from east to west, in each of which sides were nine gates. The number of the columns was one thousand and ninety-three. Says Aben

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The Mosque was commenced by Abdurrahman I., in A. D. 786, and completed by his son Hishêm, A. D. 795.* The western end has the more ancient air, though the eastern possesses more beauty. There are twenty-nine aisles, each nine feet in breadth, running from east to west; and nineteen aisles of seventeen feet broad, from north to south; these last originally opened upon the large Orange-court before mentioned, but the archways are now blocked up by chapels. So numerous are the columns, that they can be compared to nothing so aptly as to a plantation of young trees. I did not attempt to count them, but was assured by an old verger that there are still eight hundred and thirty-four remaining out of more than a thousand, which are said to have existed in the time of the Moors;

Hazan, that the height of its Alminar or Tower was forty fathoms, a little more or less. Above the highest cupola there were three gilt globes, and above them a pomegranate of gold. For the prayer at night were lighted four thousand seven hundred lamps, which consumed every year twenty-four thousand pounds of oil, and one hundred and twenty pounds of aloe and amber for perfumes. The lamp of the Mihrab, or secret oratory, was of gold, and of marvellous workmanship and size." Conde. tom. i. cap. 24 and 28.

* The Arab chroniclers assert, that the sum expended by Hishêm on the completion of the Mosque, was the spoil of the cities of Narbonne and Gerona, which he captured from the French and Catalans. Conde. i. cap. 17.

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the rest having been displaced by the introduction of the chapels. They are generally about ten feet high, and eighteen inches in diameter, though in neither respect do they preserve uniformity. They are of jasper, porphyry, verd-antique, and the choicest marbles—grey, red, green, blue, yellow or fawn-coloured, and white, most beautifully veined, streaked, ribboned, and watered—most of them plain, all without bases, and crowned by Corinthian capitals of pure white marble. The value of these columns must be enormous.* Many are supposed by Morales and Ruano, native chroniclers of Córdoba, to have formed part of the Roman temple of Janus Augustus, which once occupied the same site, and they have, indeed, in size, proportions, and workmanship, much more of the Roman than Moorish character. The Corinthian capitals would seem to determine them at once to be Roman, but the earliest order of Arabian architecture, of which this Mosque is a specimen, frequently incorporated a mixture of the Greek or Roman styles.

* "If these columns," says Ambrosio Morales, "were of common stone, they would be of vast value, considering the expence of cutting them from the quarries, transporting them, and fashioning them; but being, as they are, of rich marble and jasper, their inestimable value causes great admiration and astonishment." Tom. x. p. 60.

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The flat roof originally exhibited the same richly carved wood-work that ornaments the ceilings of the Alcazar at Seville; in a few places it is still visible, but elsewhere is lost under a coating of plaster and whitewash. The wood was *alerce*,—a sort of pine not now grown in Spain; it was so prepared, as to be incorruptible, and to have the peculiar property of destroying, or rather banishing insects of every description.

The only erection in the centre of the Mosque in its original state, was a *mimbar* or pulpit—an apartment about forty feet square. It still remains, but so blocked up by the modern choir, as hardly to attract attention. The floor is elevated much above that of the Mosque, and the roof rises to the height of fifty feet, in an octagonal dome of dark wood, richly carved, painted, and inlaid. The walls are covered with exquisite tracery, interspersed with Arabic inscriptions, but their beauty has not preserved them from the barbarous intrusion of the paraphernalia of Catholic worship. There is a broad open archway on two of the sides, whence the imams used to expound the Coran to the Faithful. This pulpit is now known as the Chapel of Villaviciosa.

But the Zancarron, or Chapel of Mohammed, against the southern wall, surpasses in beauty

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every other part of the Mosque. There are three enclosures, (for chapels they are not, though so called,) separated from the rest of the Cathedral and from each other, by columns of jasper and the richest marble, supporting arches in double tiers, of the most grotesque forms—of a style, in fact, not to be seen elsewhere in the Peninsula. The centre enclosure at once fixes the attention. In the wall is a horse-shoe archway, leading into an inner room, and around it is a deep facing of arabesques of the most elegant patterns and brilliant colours—red, black, and gold—formed by a mosaic work of crystal of inimitable beauty. About this, are long straight bands of Arabic inscriptions in large gold letters on a black ground, or *vice versa*;* and above, the wall rises, clothed with tracery in relief, to the roof, which is lofty, lantern-shaped, richly gilt, and lighted by small apertures or windows without glass. The apartment within the arch is an octagon of fifteen feet,—its height the

* One of these inscriptions has been thus tranalated;—

"In the name of God the Compassionate, the Merciful!

This Chapel was built for the worship of his holy Coran, wherein consists our salvation, and wherein are contained the other statutes of our holy law; and in order that it may be known where is deposited this admirable thing, has been fixed this stone. Praise be to God!"

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same; the walls ornamented with columns and arches in relief; and the roof of pure white marble in a single piece, carved in the form of a scallop-shell. This was the Maksura, where was deposited the Coran; it is now called "The Library."

The other two enclosures, though beautiful, will not bear comparison with that in the centre. Together, they constitute almost the only part of the Mosque that has preserved its original character free from the barbarous usurpation of pictures, images, and altars. In the enclosure to the west, is a gateway now blocked up, but opening in Moorish times upon the bridge, which is directly below; it faces, too, the principal gateway to the north, which leads into the Orange-court.

The Christian additions to the Mosque, cannot be viewed without indignation, and are scarcely worthy of description. They were effected in 1533, contrary to the wishes of the citizens to preserve the edifice in its original condition: the choir was then erected and chapels fitted up, no less than sixty in number. There are no works of modern art in the Cathedral, which can atone in the slightest degree for this Vandalism.

In various parts of the building are tablets

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of wood, with antique and almost illegible inscriptions in Gothic characters, bearing reference to the warriors who assisted St. Ferdinand in his conquest of the city from the Moors in 1236.

In the Mosque is interred Alonso XI. of Castille, one of the most illustrious monarchs of Spain, a wise ruler, and successful warrior, beloved by his subjects, and respected by his enemies—"a Prince," says Father Feyjoo, "justly called 'The Great,' for he subdued all his foes, foreign and domestic, save one only which he had within himself, to wit, his inordinate passion for the other sex."

On one of the columns is rudely scratched a small cross, said to have been done many centuries since, by the nail of a Christian, who was enslaved by the Moors. It is protected by a small iron grating, and this inscription is annexed, "Este es el St° Christo, que hizo el Cavt. Tibocon Lavña."—"This is the Holy Christ, made by the captive Tibocon Lauña." It is known by the name of the Cross of the Captive.

The gateway which leads into the Court of Orange-trees, is called the Gate of the Benedictions. Over the arch is an Arabic inscription:—

"In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful! Let us enter with all reverence to pray in his holy temple,

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forbearing to spit, or any such thing, leaving our slippers in this chapel, and purifying ourselves in the holy lavoratory as our Prophet Mohammed left commanded in his holy Coran, wherein consists the pardon of our sins, and the purification of our souls. Amen! Praised be God!"

On the outer wall, on either side of the gateway, is a Roman pillar, dug up in laying the foundation of the choir in 1533. They bear these inscriptions, the letters of which are as clear and sharp, as though but the work of yesterday.

IMP. CAESAR.
DIVI. F. AVGVS.
TVS. COS. XIII.
TRIB. POTEST.
XXI. PONT.
MAX. A. BAETE.
ET. JANO. AV.
GVST. AD. OC.
CEANVM.
LXIIII.

TI. CAESAR. DI.
VI. AVGVSTI. F. D.
IVLI. NEPOS. AV.
GVSTVS. PONTV.
FEX. MAX. COS.
V. IMP. TRIB. PO.
TEST. XXXVII. AB.
IANO AVGVSTO. QVI.
EST. AD. BAETIM.
VSQVE. AD. OC-
CEANVM. LXIIII.

These millaria refer to the temple of Janus, supposed to have occupied the site of the present Mosque, and mark its distance from the Atlantic as one hundred and fourteen miles.

The Court of Orange-trees (Patio de los Naranjos) is much superior in size to that at Seville, being 440 feet long, and 210 wide. It is en-

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vironed by a Moorish colonnade, except on the south, where it is bounded by the Mosque itself. It is planted with orange and citron-trees, and a few cypresses, all very ancient; amid which several fountains cast up their glittering waters. This is a hanging garden, for beneath it is an immense reservoir of water, whose roof is supported by huge pillars. On the northern side of the court rises, to the height of nearly three hundred feet, a square tower, partly of Moorish, partly of modern construction. A large horse-shoe archway below, called the Gate of Pardon, thirty feet high and fifteen broad, was the principal entrance to the Mosque, and is in a direct line both with the Gate of the Benedictions and with that which formerly opened upon the bridge. On entering the court, the Mohammedans used to perform their ablutions at the fountains, being reminded of their duties by verses of the Coran inscribed on the walls of the Patio; and then proceeded with bare feet to the sanctuary, to offer their devotions. This court has preserved so much of its original character, that as I entered the Gate of Pardon, wandered among the orange-trees and splashing fountains, and onwards into the Mosque itself, with its innumerable columns, and the fantastically beautiful Zancarron before me, I could scarcely bring myself to

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imagine that just six centuries had elapsed since the Moslem had worshipped in this temple.

Nothing besides the Mosque remains to indicate the splendour of which Córdoba boasted under the dominion of the Khalifs. The city is small; the streets narrow, tortuous, irregular, and execrably paved; and the houses low, mean, ruinous and poverty-stricken, which air is increased by the general absence of glass. I remarked one long street, in which not a pane was visible, the window frames having been removed for the sake of coolness, and their places supplied by blinds of *esparto* matting. Yet is there much of the picturesque;—gardens of orange, fig, and pomegranate-trees are mingled with the buildings, and vines are seen on the very roofs, trained into rustic arbours, where the citizens may enjoy the fresh breezes from the mountains. There are a few very good houses in the western or higher part of the city, inhabited by some of the "bluest," or best blood in Spain; for several of the ancient nobility, wishing to avoid the expense of the court, and sympathising, it may be, in her antiquity and fallen fortunes, have chosen Córdoba for their residence.

In spite of its mean appearance, its dulness and decay, Córdoba is an interesting city. First, because it is thoroughly Spanish. That inter-

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mixture of foreign fashions and customs, which is so striking at Cadiz, as sometimes to cause a feeling of disappointment to the Englishman who has expected to find every thing new at so great a distance from his own country; and which, though in a lesser degree, is to be found in Seville—does not exist here. Córdoba is genuinely Spanish; notwithstanding its daily communication by diligence with both Cadiz and Madrid, where foreign fashions have sway, it preserves its purity unsullied. That monstrous usurper of taste, the French bonnet, does not show itself within Córdoba, and the *mantilla* reigns without a rival. The men, too, are all in the *majo* costume.

Córdoba is interesting also on account of its antiquity, its eventful history, its former magnificence, and especially on account of the substantial memorials of the past, which it yet retains. And here it may not be amiss to touch on these several subjects.

The foundation of Córdoba has been variously ascribed to the Romans, to Phœnician or Persian colonists, to Hercules, and even to Tubal Cain. Without diving, however, into such depths of antiquity to determine the question, I will just remark that Córdoba, according to the learned Conde, is a corruption of the Phœnician "Karta Tuba" (important city); and though Strabo, on

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the other hand, says that the city was founded by M. Marcellus, A. U. C. 585, it is more generally supposed that it was merely rebuilt or enlarged by Marcellus, and some have even maintained that long before the Romans conquered the Peninsula, it was one of the chief cities of the Turdetani, or Turduli, the aborigines of Andalucia. It is at least certain that Corduba, afterwards called Colonia Patricia, was a city of great importance under the Romans, the capital of Hispania Ulterior, celebrated for its schools and learned men, amongst whom the two Senecas and Lucan stand conspicuous. In the words of Martial,

> "Duosque Senecas, unicumque Lucanum
> Facunda loquitur Corduba."

After the invasion of the Arabs, Córdoba attained a still higher degree of importance, being the court of the Khalifs, and for centuries the metropolis of Saracenic Spain. At that time—when the rest of Europe was buried in the deepest night of ignorance, barbarism, and superstition—Cordoba was the focus of all the genius, learning, arts and sciences of the Arabians, the Bagdad of the West, the most enlightened city and polished court in Europe, shining, perhaps, with more than its real lustre, from the contrast of the surrounding gloom.

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The first Khalif of the West, Abdurrahman, who reigned in Córdoba in the middle of the eighth century, did much to advance the glory of the city; but under Abdurrahman the Third, and his immediate successors in the tenth century, it attained its highest pitch of greatness. The useful arts, especially agriculture, were carried to a degree of perfection before unknown; inventions were patronized; numerous colleges were established, in which the sciences—particularly astronomy, medicine, geometry, geography — with poetry, music, architecture, languages, and polite literature generally, were cultivated. The library of Alhakem, son of Abdurrahman III. is alone said to have contained six hundred thousand volumes —a prodigious number before the invention of printing. Córdoba was resorted to by the learned of all countries, and her own philosophers and literati were as renowned for their profundity and genius, as were her knights for their chivalrous valour and courtly bearing.*

* It was probably in reference to the number of illustrious men Córdoba has produced, before and since as well as during the dominion of the Arabs, that Gonzalo de Córdoba, the Great Captain, declared, that "though he had seen many places where he would rather reside than at Córdoba, he had never seen one which he would prefer as a birth-place." Morales, x. p. 1.

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The commercial prosperity of Córdoba was at the same time at its height, and her manufactures of leather (cordovan), silk, gold and silver lace, were long renowned throughout Europe. The revenue of the kingdom exceeded six millions sterling—an enormous sum for that early age.

The city was of vast extent; one Moorish writer relates, that he travelled ten miles through an uninterrupted line of buildings, and from various others we learn that the city was fourteen miles in circumference, exclusive of the suburbs; that the houses of the whole amounted to more than two hundred thousand, the mosques to six hundred, the hospitals to fifty, the public schools to eighty, the public baths to nine hundred, and the population to nearly a million.* Who could recognize in the present town, the magnificent Cordoba of the Moors? Her population is now scarcely thirty thousand; her commerce and manufactures are utterly dead, and a decaying wreck alone remains. The shrivelled decrepitude of age has succeeded the full muscular vigour of manhood.

The decline of Córdoba dates from the commencement of the eleventh century, when it

* Conde, Los Arabes en España, and Casiri, Biblioteca Arabico-Hispana Escurialensis.

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ceased to be the metropolis, on the disruption of the ancient kingdom, into many small states. When Ferdinand the Saint conquered the city in 1236, and expelled the Moorish inhabitants, Córdoba became a desert; and though she subsequently rallied a little, she never recovered more than a very inconsiderable share of her former prosperity, and has for ages been on the decline.

Roman antiquities abound in Córdoba; there is hardly a street which, if attentively examined, will be found without traces of the mighty empire. Here a noble gateway, with its time-worn columns and figures, meets the eye;—there a fragment of pavement or a pillar, or a tablet forming part of the wall of a modern house. The traveller, on seeing a dark slab thus imbedded, will be astonished, on examination, to find it bearing a Latin inscription, perhaps inverted; yet such is frequently the case. In fact, the streets, houses, churches, convents, gates, and walls, abound in Roman fragments. The mile-stones in the Mosque have already been mentioned; there are many others in the city of the reigns of Augustus, Tiberius, and Caligula; besides dedicatory tablets to these and succeeding emperors, and numerous monumental inscriptions.

Moorish remains are even more abundant. The external walls are partly of Roman, but

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chiefly of Moorish architecture, with modern patches; and thus it is also within the city, where specimens of the Roman, Saracenic, Gothic, and modern Spanish styles are mixed, and even blended, in a most singular manner. The bridge is said to have been rebuilt by the Arabs in the eighth century, upon a Roman foundation. It is about 1000 feet long, and 22 wide; is raised upon piers greatly projecting, and has sixteen arches of irregular shape and span. In the centre of the bridge, on one side, is a small chapel, sacred to St. Raphael. The square Moorish tower at the southern end is of the same date with the bridge; the road was formerly carried through it, but now runs on one side; the gateway being blocked up. The large Roman archway at the northern end, which forms the entrance to the city, had once a Latin inscription, but this has given place to one in Spanish, with the royal arms. There are two columns on either side the arch, three of them fluted half-way up, the fourth throughout its length; between those on one side is the figure, in relief, of a woman seated on the trunk of a man, whose severed head she is holding up by the hair. The door-posts are fragments of columns; one, Roman, of white marble fluted, about six or seven feet high; the other apparently Moorish, of red stone and plain. Fit em-

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blems of the past glories of Córdoba!—true chroniclers of her history!

On surveying the gateway from within the city, the thoughts are brought back to times less remote by such inscriptions as these: "*La Virgin fué concebida sin pecado original.*" "*La immaculata concepcion.*" "*Mater immaculata ora pro nobis!*"—"The Virgin was conceived without original sin." "The immaculate conception." "Immaculate Mother, pray for us!" The feeling which dictated these sentences has now much diminished in Córdoba, if we may judge from the extreme paucity of worshippers at any time to be seen in the Cathedral, the removal of the images and pictures from many of the small chapels in the streets, and the mud cast upon others that remain. Yet a few are still universally respected, and amongst these a small shrine beneath an archway adjoining a convent of nuns demands the uncovered head of every passer-by. No one can walk through Córdoba without being struck with the numerous evidences of the former piety of the citizens. Religious exhortations or notices meet the eye at every turn; here a begging-box fixed against the wall with "*Limosna para el culto del Señor*—Alms for the worship of the Lord;" there, over a doorway, "*En esta casa se piden los santos sacramentos á todas horas*—In this house

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the holy sacraments may be demanded at all hours;" reminding you of "Fire ladders and buckets kept here in constant readiness." Sometimes, as if plain prose were not sufficiently persuasive, the charms of verse are tried on the passenger. One instance of this is worthy of insertion.

"*Si no quieres que tu alegria*
Se convierta en dolor,
No te pases, pecador,
Sin alabar á Maria!"

It may be thus rendered—

"Of pleasure art thou chary?—
From sorrow wouldst thou fly?—
Then, sinner, pass not by
Without a prayer to Mary!"

But the Virgin does not monopolize the devotion of the Cordobeses; she has a formidable rival in the archangel Raphael, the patron saint of the city. In almost every square or open space there is a statue erected to his honour by Martino de Barcia, a quondam bishop of Córdoba; sometimes promising forty days' indulgence to whoever prays before the image. Hard by the Roman gateway, the saint is perched up on a lofty column, on whose base are these words—
"*Yo te juro por Jesu Christo crucificado, que soy*

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Rafael angel á quien Dios tiene puesto por guarda desta ciudad—I swear to thee by Jesus Christ crucified, that I am Raphael, the angel whom God has appointed guardian of this city." The saint, it is said, has approved himself of his charge, and at various periods has preserved this, his favourite city, from war, pestilence, and earthquakes; yet, strange to say, he is rather a drowsy guardian; he seems never to have been so wide awake at his post, as to have averted these calamities till aroused to his duty by the prayers and processions of his citizens. The Cordobeses are now, alas! less grateful than formerly for his favours, and less disposed to beseech them; so that the city, it is to be feared, will some day be destroyed before its patron is roused to effect its rescue.

There is another very fine Roman gateway in the heart of Córdoba. The upper part of it has, however, been disfigured by the introduction of a modern escutcheon, and a knight's helmet as a crest.

Córdoba, I have said, is a very dull city; it wants even the charms of the Prado. Not that this universal appendage to a Spanish town is here wanting; but it is rarely frequented, except on Sundays or fête-days. At other times, you may take your solitary *paseo* on the Alameda—which is on a rising ground without the walls to the

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west—undisturbed by the bustle of an ever-moving crowd, or by the chatter and fan-flutter of the always-to-be-noticed *damas*. Here you will have a delightful view over the cultivated plain to the Sierra beyond, at the distance of more than a league, richly clothed with orchards and orange-groves, with here and there a convent or hermitage gleaming on its dark slope, like a snowy sail on a sea of green. Should the wind happen to blow from this quarter, your senses will be almost intoxicated with delicious perfume.*

* This is no exaggeration. What says Morales? "When the orange-blossom appears and the trees are laden with it, and are, as it were, covered with snow, not only is to be enjoyed in Córdoba the benefit which Virgil said those of the province of Media in Asia derived from this excellent flower, curing with it the difficulty of breathing in old people, but, besides this and many other advantages, such is then the sweetness of the air throughout the city and its environs, that many, merely to enjoy it, issue by night into the country. And to me it has happened, that, when journeying at this season through the *campiña* (the plain of Córdoba), and looking towards the city when still half a league distant, I have smelt this most delicious odour, so widely does it diffuse itself; and myself and companions have not been able to speak of anything else for a good while, except the great sweetness which we enjoyed. And this sweet odour comes not only from the Sierra and its orchards, but also from within the city, where there are so many trees in the monasteries and houses of cavaliers, that they would suffice to produce it. Also

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From this Alameda, following the line of low walls eastward, you will pass dense orchards of pomegranate-trees, in the month of June in full bloom, the bright crimson flowers sparkling amid the black foliage; corn-fields dotted with reapers will greet you on the right, with here and there horses treading out the grain in a circle—the ancient mode of threshing in the East—or priests in black cassocks, and grotesque fore-and-aft shovel-shaped hats, inspecting the process, and watching that the Church is not defrauded. At intervals you will observe remnants of the walls which inclosed the city in ancient times, when it was of far greater extent than at present. You will then descend through the shady groves of the Old Alameda, lying between the river and the city-walls—which are here of yellow stone, lofty, and strengthened by massive square towers—and you will emerge on the bridge close to the Roman gateway.

The city is viewed to great advantage from the bridge. The Mosque is seen in all its immensity,

Also is it a notable thing to see at this season in the market-places very high mounds of orange-blossom, which is sold for perfuming waters, conserves, and oils. For so great is the abundance of this flower on the trees, that were not a very great part of it removed, they would not be able to support themselves."—Coronica de España, tom. x. p. 13.

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rising above the ignoble roofs around. To the right, the houses stretch far up the bank of the Guadalquivir, which glides smoothly beneath, unruffled by a single prow. Below the bridge, on the other hand, are four ruinous Moorish mills in the very bed of the river, communicating with one another by a zigzag causeway; beyond them, where the stream is much narrower, are two others, similar. These mills produce a most singular effect; that nearest the city and immediately below the bridge, is much larger than the rest, is still in operation, and shows three horse-shoe arches in its bare wall. Behind it rise the ancient ramparts of the city, with the frowning towers of the Alcazar above, and on the river-side the thick groves of the Old Alameda, over which peep the bare, bronzed crests of the "Brown Mountains."

The Alcazar, or Castle, lies to the west of the Mosque. It is of comparatively modern date, having been erected long after the conquest of the city, probably about the year 1400. It is a large, massive, and gloomy pile, and acquired even a more severe and mysterious air in my eyes, when I was told that it had formerly been the Inquisition. It now answers the double purpose of barracks and prison. Soldiers were lounging about the outer court as I entered; and

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a crowd of savage, unshaved faces scowled upon me through some gratings in a passage within, and fiercely demanded charity. Ascending I was shown a number of gloomy rooms with partition-walls of six feet in thickness—the outer wall of the building being not less than twelve feet thick. From the roof of the highest tower a fine view is obtained—the vast Mosque with its Orange-court beneath—a mass of irregular ruinous buildings around, interspersed with gardens, and enclosed by turretted walls—the glittering river with its venerable bridge — the blooming garden of the Alcazar, and thick groves of the Alameda at my feet—the sunny plain beyond, and dark heights bounding the horizon. I here observed what seemed a deep well sunk from the very top of the tower, and imagination immediately determined this as the spot whence the victims of the iniquitous tribunal were hurled down and dashed to pieces on the floor of the vault beneath. I was disappointed to hear that it never was other than a passage for bell-ropes.

Close to the Alcazar is the royal mews, where a fine stud of the renowned Cordobese horses is kept.

The inhabitants of Córdoba, as of several of the neighbouring towns and villages, are said to be generally Carlists, yet there is a "Square of

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the Constitution" within the city, and in the streets I frequently observed chalked "*Viva la Reyna!*" "*Muera Don Carlos!*" "*Viva la Constitucion!*" though the latter sentiment savoured of treason, as the Estatuto Real was the law of the land.

The *posada* at Córdoba was tolerably comforable; with a *patio*, whose walls were luxuriantly covered with jasmin and passion-flower, and apartments around carefully darkened in the middle of the day to keep out the sun. Here I found a young native of the Habana, who had been waiting several days for a vacant seat in the diligence to proceed to Madrid,—and a newly-married couple, who had taken up temporary quarters at Córdoba. The lady was of the neighbouring town of Montilla, and, according to report, had brought her husband, who was her inferior in rank, a princely fortune. In truth, their style was somewhat extraordinary for Spain, for they were travelling in their carriage—a lumbering and ugly vehicle certainly, which an English lady would be ashamed to enter—attended by a *galera*, or light waggon for their luggage and servants. The stable of the *posada* was filled with their cattle—four superb horses, each worth eleven or twelve thousand *reales* (£115 or £125 sterling)—and several huge mules, shaved and trimmed in the first style

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of art, valued at six or seven thousand *reales* (more than £60 or £70 sterling) each.

The lady was young and beautiful, but of a soft and delicate beauty, rarely met with in Spain, with little of the fire and restless vivacity common to the Andaluzas. Such as they were, her charms seemed to have made a great impression on the heart of the young colonian, who lost no opportunity of paying court to her; and when asked in turn to sing (as we sat together during the heat of the day, with the host and his family, in the darkened passage surrounding the *patio*,) with a prelude and accompaniment on his guitar, he struck up an amorous ditty, casting such glances all the time at the fair Montillana, and addressing himself to her in such a pointed way, as would have roused the jealousy or wrath of any but a Spanish husband. He, poor man! instead of rising to chastise this insolence, sat as meek as a lamb, and seemed as much pleased as though all these sweet things had been addressed to himself, instead of to his wife.

A tall, handsome fellow, in the gay *majo* costume, attended the young couple as a servant, and it was amusing to observe the great familiarity existing between him and his patrons. He took his seat with them, joined in their conversation, and gave his opinion unasked with the freedom of one

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who owned no superior. An extraordinary familiarity between master and servant is general in Spain, but I never saw it carried to greater lengths than in this instance.

Our party at the inn was increased in a day or two by a young Madrileño, just returned from the capital, where he had been spending a short time after an absence of many years. He was enthusiastic in praise of his native city, and "La Corte" was for ever on his lips.* He was amazed to hear that I was about to proceed to Granada when the high road to Madrid lay before me. Granada, he assured me, contained nothing whatever worth seeing; but La Corte! its splendours were beyond conception—its streets, palaces, mansions, alamedas, and gardens!—and then the life, the gaiety of the place—the theatres, bull-fights, and the charming Madrileñas! He wound up a long harangue by declaring "*No hay sino un Madrid en el mundo!*—There is only one Madrid in the world! *Despues de muerto hay una ventana en el cielo por mirar Madrid!*—After death, there is a window in heaven on purpose to look at Madrid!" His eloquence

* "La Corte"—"The Court," is the name by which Madrid is known throughout the kingdom. I remember to have seen an old chronicle, entitled "Madrid solo es Corte"—Madrid is the only Court."

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was however thrown away upon me: and when I told him, that I still preferred the "dull, stupid, decayed city of Granada," he shrugged his shoulders in silence, and walked contemptuously away, doubtless concluding me to be bereft of reason. Madrid, I knew to be one of the dullest capitals in Europe, entirely of modern construction, and overflooded with foreign fashions; and therefore not so interesting in my eyes, as even the ruined city of Córdoba, with its romantic associations, its remains of the olden time, and its unalloyed Spanish manners.

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CHAPTER XII.

ROUTE TO BAENA.

Quando fueres á Andalucia,
Anda de noche, y duerme de dia—

Shouldst thou to Andalucia stray,
Travel by night and sleep by day.
OLD ADAGE.

ON enquiring for a means of conveyance to Granada, I found there was no carriage communication between it and Córdoba, but merely a rough track over the mountains, not to be traversed except on horseback. There are two methods of accomplishing this; the one, to hire a guide and a pair of beasts; the other, to accompany the *ordinarios*, or carriers, who journey between

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the cities regularly every week. Though the former plan presents the advantage of choosing the road, and controlling at pleasure the places and hours of halting, I preferred the latter for several reasons—for its greater security—inferior expense—for the better insight it would afford into the manners of the Spanish peasantry—and, above all, for the romance of travelling in the style of the Eastern caravans.

My cicerone led me through many winding streets to the house of one of these *corsarios*, as they are otherwise called, and, on knocking at the door, "*Quien es?*—Who is it?" cried a voice from within, "*Gente de paz!*—People of peace!" was the reply, as usual; on which we were immediately admitted. We found ourselves in a court, in the centre of which was a well, and beyond, under a thick shade of vines, at an open doorway, sat Luis Garcia, the *arriero* in question. His form was small, but neatly made; his face, though swarthy, was handsome, and adorned with large black whiskers; and a sly twinkle in his dark eye, and a smile that seemed at home on his good-humoured countenance, bespoke the gay, lively Andaluz. His conical hat was stuck on one side with a rakish air; his legs were cased in new *botines*, figured in the Seville fashion; his jacket was hanging over the back of the low chair

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on which he was sitting with his knees thrown up to his chin, engaged in twisting a paper-cigar. He hardly raised himself as I entered, but just touching his hat, in answer to a similar salute from me, continued his occupation. His wife, who sat by him, brought me a seat, while my companion squatted on the earth. She was neither so young nor so good-looking as her husband; yet there was a civility and a sprightliness about her which were very pleasing. But the principal figure of the group was a fine young peasant from the mountains, who stood by with a gun thrown over his shoulder,—his athletic and well-proportioned form seen to advantage in his close-fitting *majo* dress; and with a noble, open, and good-tempered countenance that took my fancy at first sight. He was the beau-ideal of the Andalucian peasant.

I told my errand, and, after a short parley, the "*corriente!*" was said, and, it was agreed that I should pay ten dollars for the loan of a horse, and the conveyance of my baggage to Granada, a distance of twenty-two leagues, or more than eighty English miles. On looking round the court, I spied the rose-trimmed head of a young female at a window above; Garcia's wife also observed her, and called her by name to come down and show herself to the "English

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cavalier." The girl, who was her daughter, from shyness or indifference, at first refused to obey, but, after repeated calls, made her appearance. She stared at us a few moments in silence, then turned back and walked up stairs.

"Very beautiful, very fine girl!" ejaculated her mother.

"*Muy guapita y bonita!*" responded the father.

"*Buena moza!*" echoed the young peasant and my cicerone.

I alone was silent. The wench was a stout, strapping Maritornes, without any beauty of features or figure that could justify the epithets lavished upon her, or redeem the general coarseness of her appearance. I afterwards expressed astonishment to my guide that any one could consider the girl handsome.

"Do you know, Señor, how the toad calls its young ones?"

I confessed my ignorance.

"Oh! my pretty little angels!"

"But the peasant—how could he admire her?"

"*Dios sabe! hay tantos gustos como modos de rascarse*—God knows! there are as many tastes as there are ways of scratching oneself.

A cada puchero
Su cobertero.—

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Every pot
Its lid hath got.

and,

Donde nace la escoba,
Nace el asno que la roa—

Wherever is found the weed,
There's found the ass that on it will feed.

But, Sir, there is no cause for marvel, for

Quince primaveras
Nunca son feas—

At fifteen years,
No one ugly appears."

Thus he ran on, stringing proverbs together as rapidly as did ever that prince of proverb-dealers, Sancho Panza himself.

I took leave, with a special charge from Luis to be ready at four o'clock the next afternoon, the hour fixed for departure. The *ordinarios*, in the summer time, like the caravans of the East, always travel by night, to avoid the intense ardour of the sun, starting an hour or two before sunset, and reaching their halting-place for the day early in the morning.

At the appointed hour I was at Garcia's, and found his household busily engaged in making preparations for the journey; the *patio* and

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surrounding rooms were strewed with packages and bales of every description, *mantas*, guns, *alforjas*,* and packsaddles—all indicating a speedy departure. After some time the beasts were led out and laden, and I walked with the other travellers to the gate of the city, where Luis promised to meet us in a few minutes. But I had yet to learn the value of Spanish punctuality. For three hours did I dance attendance, seated on the parapet of a fountain without the gate, admiring the superb Cordobese horses brought to water, or the fertile slopes of the Sierra Morena, which rose proudly behind the old turretted walls of the city.

The long-expected animals at last arrived, to the number of thirty or forty, not all belonging to Luis, for he had joined company with four or five other sturdy muleteers, for the sake of additional security on the road. My companions, who, like true Spaniards, had sought to forget their leisure in slumber, and lay stretched on the turf in the shade of the fountain, raised themselves on the approach of the mules; and now, with the bustle of taking seats, was the sad duty of taking leave. "Farewell! Ramonito mine!" said a very pretty woman with a small musical voice and delicate form; "May God and the

* Saddle-bags of canvass or serge.

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Holy Virgin and the blessed Saint Anthony protect you! Don't forget Pepita! *Abour! hasta la revista!*" and she kissed her husband with a fervour which showed that though she staid behind, her heart at least went with him. One sick old man was lifted with great care upon an ass furnished with a saddle, on which was raised a high frame of wicker-work for the convenience of women and invalids. We then set out; while Pepita remained at the fountain, alternately waving her handkerchief and applying it to her weeping eyes, till a rising ground hid her from our view.

After passing for the distance of a mile through corn-fields hedged with aloes and high thistles, we reached the ferry across the Guadalquivir, which is here of considerable breadth. The boat was broad and flat-bottomed, with high gunwales, and was hauled across by a rope fastened to an upright pole or mast, and leading to either bank. Though a few of the mules, which were not accustomed to the voyage, threatened, by their extreme restlessness, to upset the boat, we reached the opposite shore in safety. Here we waited till the rest of our company were ferried across. It was now dark, but a thin crescent moon, just risen above the mountains, floated like a fairy bark on the deep-blue ocean of night,

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attended on her course by innumerable stars, the phosphori of the celestial waters. Beneath us rolled the broad Guadalquivir, the famed of ages, winding round and washing the base of a tall cliff on the right, and welcoming the moonbeams with a joyous dance of dazzling wavelets; beyond were the towers and roofs of Córdoba, tipped with silver, with the dusky mass of the Sierra looming in the horizon. All was still, save the rippling caused by the approaching boat, or the occasional ejaculation of an *arriero* to a troublesome mule.

We resumed our journey through a country undulating, but destitute of wood, as far as its nature was distinguishable by moonlight. Our path continued to ascend, and from many succeeding ridges Córdoba was visible, with its lights twinkling in the hollow beneath. When it was at length finally lost to my view, I hurried on in silent sadness. I have often wondered at experiencing this feeling on leaving a city or town, where I had no ties of friendship, no pleasurable reminiscences of acquaintance—nothing more than a general interest in the place. Yet when, as in this case, History and Antiquity have poured out their choicest and richest associations upon a spot, which Melancholy has also marked as her own, such a feeling seems natural enough. It

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was most probably from this very height that Muza, the renowned Arab conqueror of Spain, when leaving Córdoba, on his way to Barbary, "turned the mule on which it is said he was riding, and stopped awhile calmly to contemplate the city, and with great feeling, as though it grieved him much to leave it, he exclaimed, 'Alas! Córdoba! how beautiful art thou! how delightful are thy plains! and with what wondrous advantages has Allah blessed thee!'"*

We soon found ourselves on the remains of an old Roman road which formerly crossed the province in this direction, probably connecting Corduba with Iliberis—now Elvira—in the plain of Granada, for we traced it by fragments, here and there, almost as far as that city. The pavement was so broken and dislocated, that it was impossible to traverse it, and we were driven to one of the many paths worn by mules on the steep bank above the road. I observed several small, low

* Thus relates the Arab historian, Rasis. Morales, who quotes him, continues. "Well did the Moor (Muza) know how that city and part of Andalucia surpassed the rest of Spain in fertility and freshness of temperature, and therefore was he grieved to leave it. And he was a good witness, as he had journeyed through the better part of Spain, and he could judge of it all."

Coronica General de España, lib. xii., cap. 74.

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arches, apparently of bridges, but as they ran parallel to the road, on one side, and above it, I could not thoroughly comprehend them in the uncertain light. This road was doubtless used by the Moors, who, unlike the present indolent race of Spaniards, were not accustomed to let useful works fall into decay, and frequently availed themselves of the remains of Roman architecture. The former civilization and commerce of the country, as compared with its present condition, are in no way more strikingly illustrated than in the melancholy contrast these ancient roads afford to the existing tracks, which are worn only by mules, and in many parts between the two capitals of Moorish Spain dwindle away into paths but a few inches in breadth, and are sometimes lost altogether. "Rien," says Chateaubriand, "rien n'est triste comme de ne pouvoir jamais découvrir la marque d'une roue moderne, là où vous apercevez encore dans le rocher la trace de roues antiques."

The moon had set, and it was as dark as it can be beneath the clear starry sky of Andalucia, when after crossing a stream, and on ascending a hill beyond, we were stopped by loud cries of "*para! para!*" One of the mules was missing: so while Luis and another man turned back to seek it, the rest of us assembled

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to await their return,—a necessary precaution against the robbers who are said to abound in these districts. After some time, voices were heard in the hollow beneath, and the truant *macho* presently rejoined his fellows. Rather incommoded by the heat of the weather and dust of the road, he had quitted the train and strayed up the stream unobserved, where he was found indulging his muleship in the luxury of a bath; regardless of his burden, which had not benefited equally with himself. To prevent a recurrence of this disaster, he was attached by a rope to the saddle of one of the party, who proposed to take him in tow.

The animals always march in file, and often thus attached. The Capitana, or leading beast of the train, has a bell fastened beneath her neck; it is of brass, between one and two feet long, and very narrow, like a thick tube, and has a clapper of wood, which is never silent. She is chosen for her superior experience and docility, and always takes the lead as her right, the others following obediently in her steps. The sagacity of these animals is astonishing,—every foot of the way is familiar to them; and when it is remembered that they travel by night on no beaten roads, but on almost trackless paths across the mountains, and often over rocks where no ves-

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tiges of foot-steps can be left, their faculty of memory must appear a striking example of the wonderful adaptation of the instincts of brutes to the necessities of the human race. Though the other mules generally walk step by step in the foot-marks of the preceding, and may therefore at times be led astray, when the Capitana by some accident is not in the van, she herself is never thus deceived, but continues her course, regardless of the wanderings of her companions. Every beast has its name, but it is not necessary to know this in order to control it; for if a mule stray from the path, or lag behind for a moment, enticed by the corn on the road-side, the cry of "*Mulo . . . o!*" or "*Mula . . . a!*" according to its sex, will seldom fail of recalling it to a sense of duty. If there be more than one offender, and the first obey, the others will follow in turn, at the order, "*Otra mula!*" "*Otro macho!*" —"The other she-mule!" "The other he-mule!" or "*Mulo á la derecha!*" *Borrico á la izquierda!*"—"Mule to the right!" "Donkey on the left!" or if it be a horse, "*Jaco . . . o!*" or "*Jaca . . . a!*" for the termination descriptive of the sex is all-important. The voice is much more efficacious in urging on these beasts than the stick, which is almost useless on their tough hides; but an "*Arre . . . e!*" in the loud, angry

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burring, drawling tone of the muleteers, will have an immediate effect, and with an occasional "*C——jo...o!*" or a curse at the beast's mother, in addition, wonders may be done. The mules are, in fact, governed almost entirely by the voice, sticks being seldom used, except when the rage of the master is greatly excited.

All the beasts in a train are laden, except those expressly provided for travellers, who sometimes, however, form but a part of the burden. The muleteers either walk or mount a laden beast, seating themselves between the luggage—which is in two large bundles attached to the flanks of the animal—and bestriding the neck with their legs. Sometimes they stretch themselves on their faces, along the back of the mule, with their head and arms hanging over his shoulders, and their legs depending behind; in this position they will rest for a long time, rocked to slumber by the motion of the animal. Riding a baggage mule is a much more comfortable thing than might be imagined; for you sit between the bales as in an arm-chair, and your legs are better rested than in stirrups; it allows, too, of a constant change of position, and of a secure nap. After one trial, I always preferred it.

The mule is the most useful animal in the Peninsula. Besides being the beast of burden,

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and of draught for public conveyances, as already mentioned, it is generally used for private carriages, even by the nobility and royal family; and is always saddled in preference to the horse for long journeys, on account of its superior capabilities of enduring fatigue; for it will run for hours, after a strong horse is thoroughly exhausted. "A *commerciante*," in the words of Luis, "will leave Córdoba at day-break, with his saddle-bags over the shoulders of his mule, his leathern bottle of wine hanging from the saddle, and on, on, on he goes all the day; and at sunset he is in Seville, and his mule will have eaten nothing, drank nothing, nor rested a moment on the way! *anda, anda, anda, siempre anda!* Most Holy Virgin! a horse is all very well for *un par de leguas ó una cosa asi*—a pair of leagues or some such matter, but after that he falls down, or is ready to burst with fatigue, and is not worth his ears full of water. But a good mule will run twelve or fifteen leagues (50 or 60 miles English,) a day, for months together. Mules are very valiant, very!—*son muy valientes—mucho!*"

The mules of Spain are immense animals, often seventeen or eighteen hands high; and this appears the more extraordinary, as the horses of the country are not large, and the asses scarcely

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superior in size to those of England. Great attention is paid to the breed of mules; those between a jackass and mare are the finest and best, as partaking most of the qualities of the mother. A good stock *borrico*, I was assured, will sometimes be valued at more than £100 sterling—a tolerable sum for a donkey. The she-mule is always preferred to the *macho*, or male, as more handsome and tractable, and is therefore alone used in carriages. The Queen's *mulas de coche* are said to be worth from £150 to £200 each. The mules of La Mancha and Extremadura are esteemed the largest in Spain; those of Galicia, though small, are much prized for their hardihood.

In the course of conversation with one of the muleteers, he gave me a whimsical reason why mules do not continue their species, which, as illustrating the traditions of the peasantry, I will relate.

"Mules did breed in ancient times," said he, "but not now, because the Holy Virgin cursed them."

"How was that?" I enquired.

"She was one day riding a mule which was very restive. 'Be quiet, beast!' cried the Virgin Most Pure. '*No puedo*—I can't,' replied the mule. 'Why not?' said the Virgin. 'A fly

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is stinging me beneath,' answered the mule. 'Never mind!' said Holy Mary, 'remember whom you are carrying, and be still!' But the mule would not, or could not, and gave *un par de coces*—a pair of kicks, which almost threw the Virgin to the ground.' '*Quedo! mula! c——jo!*' cried the Virgin in a rage, and wishing to punish the beast, but being too humane to strike it with her stick, she added, '*No engendrarás de aquí en adelante!*' and you see, Señor, that the curse has had effect."

"Do you believe this?" I enquired.

"*Asi dicen*—so they say."

"But do *you* think it true?"

He replied by throwing his head on one shoulder, and wagging the right hand, with the fore-finger alone raised, backwards and forwards for a few seconds. This is the Andalucian negative, answering to our shake of the head.

But to turn from the beast to his master. The *corsario* is an important member of Spanish society: without him the internal communication of the country, and what little traffic yet subsists between remote districts and cities, would be at an end. As his character is his meat and drink, his honesty is unshaken, and the confidence reposed in him by the merchant is unlimited. From his hardy, roving mode of life, he

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becomes independent in spirit—from constant exposure to peril, courageous and resolute—from convoying travellers, obliging, sociable, ever cheerful, a communicative and amusing *compagnon de voyage*. Towards his beasts, he displays the affection of an Arab, treating them with great tenderness, never thinking of his own wants, on reaching a *venta*, till his mules are unburdened and fed, and lying down to sleep at their side on the same straw, with a pack-saddle or his *alforjas* for a pillow. In short, in him is exhibited the Spanish character under its fairest aspect, arrayed in all its virtues, and stripped of most of its vices.

Luis paid great attention to all—bipeds as well as quadrupeds—under his charge. From time to time he rode round, offering each traveller bread, sausages, cheese, and fruit, of all which he had a plentiful supply in his saddle-bags. These provisions, however, were so impregnated with garlic, that I flung them away in disgust, preferring to refresh myself with alternate draughts from the water-jar, and wine-skin, that hung at the saddle of a companion. The water-jar was an *alcarraza*, a vessel of porous white earth, used for cooling water by evaporation, and though extremely slight and brittle, capable of bearing the motion of a mule, travelling at the rate of two-

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and-a-half or three miles an hour. The wine-skin was a bottle (*bota*) of untanned goat's leather, with the hair inside, and well lined with pitch to close the seams. To the neck was attached, for the convenience of the traveller, a small cup of horn, with a wooden stopper for a cork.

I was much amused with the loquacity of the old invalid before mentioned, who, stationing himself at the side of one fellow-traveller after another, imparted to each, in a whining, drawling, and yet somewhat abrupt tone, the same woful story of his ailments. Having overheard the tale several times, when my turn came round, I rode forward, but heard his "*arre, borrico!*" behind, as he tried to come up with me: luckily he found some person nearer at hand, on whom to inflict his long catalogue, which comprehended most of "the ills that flesh is heir to."

Our road for several hours lay through more level country, winding amid thick groves of low shrubs, or traversing extended tracks of corn land.

At the first streaks of day several of us rode forward, in order to escape the heat of the morning sun, and procure a breakfast as soon as possible. The sun was just above the horizon when we crossed a small stream, and ascended a steep

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bank, from the summit of which the fortified town of Castro el Rio was seen at a short distance, crowning an eminence, between which and the eye lay fields of golden corn waving in the morning breezes. In the distance rose a magnificent chain of grey mountains, dimly seen through a veil of mist; one of a conical form towering pre-eminently above the rest. Other mountains rose darkly to the right, their summits lost in cloud. The country around was chiefly covered with corn, but below us on the banks of the stream were groves of fruit-trees, glistening with the morning dew. The only sounds which broke the stillness of the scene, were the warbling of larks, the rippling of the rivulet, and the creaking of the water-mills in the groves below, which, singularly musical, now resembled a chorus of songsters, and now the distant hallooing and response of shepherds on the heights.

On approaching the town, we learned from some peasants with a train of ox-cars,* that the gates were not yet open; we therefore wound round beneath the walls, making the circuit of the place. It appeared from without a confused mass of

* The cars of Spain resemble those of Portugal, except that the wheels are seldom of a solid piece of wood.

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ruins—not a decent building was visible; a few savage faces, peering from some windows above the ruined walls, were quite in keeping with the wretchedness of the habitations. For what reason the gates were closed at night, I could not conceive, unless to display the consequence of the *alcayde* or governor, for it was otherwise useless, as the breaches in the walls would allow an entrance to any who could scramble on foot over the scattered fragments.

Having reached the southern side of the town, with art in ruins on one hand, and nature luxuriantly flourishing on the other, in groves of fig and pomegranate-trees, we crossed a small bridge, where a toll was levied, and found one of our companions, who had preceded us, seated in the shade of a wall, discussing the contents of his saddle-bags. We joined him in his interesting occupation, and seeing a flock of goats reposing before us, we determined on seizing one whose udders promised well; so while one of us held her by the horns, another caught the delicious fluid in a leathern cup, which was passed round in turn.

Castro contains about one thousand houses. It is supposed to have been originally a Roman camp, which is implied in the name, and its situation on an isolated eminence leaves little doubt

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of the fact. Many of the inhabitants of this town, as of the surrounding villages, are said to favour the party of Don Carlos.

Soon after leaving Castro, we observed several old Moorish mills in ruins on the same stream which we had before repeatedly crossed, and which is named the Guadajocillo. On our right was a small hill, whose summit and sides were strewed with the fragments of a castle; while, on the left, in the distance, crowning a lofty peak which appeared to float like an island above a thick bed of clouds, rose an *atalaya*, or Moorish watch-tower, glistening in the sun-beams. On every hand the remains of ancient days were visible, and traces of warfare evident, for this was the frontier country in the latter days of the Moslem domination; and there is hardly a hill or mountain brow without its *atalaya*, now tempest-riven and in ruins, inhabited only by the eagle, bat, and lizard, or occasionally affording shelter to the shepherd from the noon-tide heats. Not one of these old keeps but has its legends of war, love, or treasure; most have been the scenes of desperate assaults or sieges, and the whole country around has witnessed these encounters.

I was riding on, lost in contemplation of the past, and peopling the scenes anew with turbaned

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hosts and steel-clad warriors in the shock of deadly conflict, when we entered a wood, and descended a steep path between lofty banks to the stream, which we again crossed. On approaching this descent, I had observed my companions examining the priming of their pieces, and they now told me that the hollow of the stream was a favourite haunt of the *salteadores*,* or robbers, who abound in this neighbourhood.

The Spanish robber usually selects some spot which offers him natural advantages for attacking his prey: it is generally, as in this case, where the road runs between overhanging banks, shaded by wood, affording no outlet for escape to the traveller, whom he may watch unobserved, and attack or not as he deems prudent; remaining concealed when he expects a formidable opposition; and leaping out upon the unwary or defenceless like a tiger, overcoming resistance by the suddenness and impetuosity of his attack. If the ground be strewed with masses of rock interspersed with trees and underwood, it is still more favourable, for it then affords him a shelter and secure retreat, in the event of being overpowered in the struggle. This is rarely needed, it is true, for he generally looks well before he leaps; but

* So called from their mode of attack—*saltar*, meaning to leap.

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every thing is considered in the selection of a robber's ambush.

From the summit of the hill beyond the stream, opened upon us a distant view of Baena and its castle, situated on a rising ground at the foot of a fine range of mountains, amongst which might be discerned the tower of Luque on a lofty peak. Some hills to the right of the town were dotted with olive-trees to their very tops, the dark green strangely contrasting with the white earth with which the fields were covered.

We reached Baena at nine o'clock, entering through a breach in the ruined wall; having spent thirteen hours in travelling a distance of eight leagues, or above thirty English miles.* The *posada* was no better than might be expected from the miserable appearance of the town; a large room on the ground floor, served a double purpose—one end being appropriated to culinary operations, the other being the general rendezvous of mules and asses, and a perpetual dunghill to swarms of fowls. Here, however I was not backward in alighting to seek for breakfast, after

* From Córdoba to Castro, the distance is six regular leagues, or twenty-four miles English; from Castro to Baena two short leagues or about six miles.

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fasting since three p. m. on the preceding day. At first nothing was to be had, but when the *moza* had fetched the necessary articles, we sat down to a tolerable breakfast of hard bacon and eggs, with bread, and very decent wine.

In spite of the old saying,

> "*Aquel pierde venta*
> *Que no tiene que venda*—
>
> He loses his inn
> Who sells nothing within,"

it is rarely that a store of provisions is kept in a Spanish *venta;* even in the *posadas* of small towns, as in this case, "*no hay*—there is none," is a frequent reply to all enquiries for food.* This appears strange enough to an Englishman, who expects at an inn to have his every want

* A *venta* is a solitary inn by the road-side; a *posada* an inn in a town; but as *posadas* in small towns and villages differ in nothing, save situation, from *ventas*, my remarks are applicable to both. In a country where travelling is so unfrequent and irregular as in Spain, it can hardly be expected that innkeepers should keep a stock of provisions on hand; they are, nevertheless, always willing to send out for whatever the unprovided traveller may desire, and the neighbourhood will afford.

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supplied. But Spain, and especially Andalucia, still assimilates in its customs more to oriental nations than to the rest of Europe, and especially in everything relating to travelling. In Spain, as in the East, the general mode of travelling is in armed caravans, a mode naturally adopted in both lands as a security against the predatory bands which infest them; the only difference is, that the mule is used in one case, and the camel in the other—both being best adapted to the nature of their respective countries. In Spain, as in the East, travellers are accustomed to carry their provisions with them, and look to an inn not so much as a place where they may procure refreshments, as where they may rest themselves and their beasts in shelter from the noon-day sun, and eat in comfort whatever they have brought with them. In Spain, as in the East, the traveller often eats and sleeps in the same room with his cattle—sleeps, too, on the bed he has brought with him, in the one case a *manta*, in the other a mat. In almost every respect is the Spanish *venta* a counterpart of the Eastern *khan*. If the state of internal communication in any country be a true test of its civilization, then must Spain rank much below every other Christian country of Europe, and be classed with the semi-barbarous nations of Arabia and Egypt.

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I may seem to be forgetting the diligence-communications of Spain, which in every respect, as regards roads, vehicles, rate of travelling, and accommodation afforded in the inns, may rival those of France. But, as has been already mentioned, the diligence-roads are very few, and those who avail themselves of that mode of conveyance, bear no proportion to the number who journey by waggons or caravans. The Spaniards are not as the English and French a coach-travelling nation—they are essentially mule-riders.

A flight of stairs led me into a broad passage on the upper floor, from which opened several apartments,—all unfurnished, except with a few rush-bottomed chairs, whose seats were scarcely a foot from the ground. The walls were white-washed, and the floor covered with a white composition, which hardens like stone, is cooler than wood, and cheaper than bricks or tiles. A mattress flung on the bare floor served me for a bed. This formed, as usual, an excellent preserve to thousands of industrious vermin, who after digging away in vain on the coarse skins of the Spaniards, are glad to wreak their vengeance on the thin cuticles of an Englishman, and such is their skill in the art of blood-letting, that for strangers in Spain, the trouble and expense of a Doctor Sangrado might be dispensed with. In

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spite of these attacks, after passing thirteen hours on horseback, I slept soundly till three in the afternoon, when the dinner was announced.

On making my appearance below, one of the party exclaimed, "*Miren ustedes! las pulgas! los chinches! le han chupado como abogados!*—Look, sirs! the fleas, the bugs, they have sucked him like lawyers!" Luis now joined us, with his lieutenant, or second in command over the caravan; the other muleteers dining elsewhere.

Our dining-room was a small white-washed chamber on one side of the entrance to the *posada*. A low small table, and a few broken seats which could not be called chairs, composed the furniture. Loaves of dark bread were ranged round the table; no knives were provided, but this deficiency was soon supplied from the sashes of the travellers, who, pulling out their *navajas*, or clasp-knives, quickly hacked the bread into slices. Soup ushered in the repast; it was *sopa de pan*, or bread-soup—a slop, of bread soaked in hot water, with a plentiful seasoning of garlic to redeem it from the charge of insipidity. The guests did not trouble themselves, or rather the hostess did not trouble them with plates—except myself, who, as a stranger, was indulged with one—but thrusting their wooden spoons simultaneously into the dish, they transferred the steaming contents to their

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mouths. Then followed a large deep pan with the *puchero*—a host of vegetables topped by sundry pieces of stringy meat, bacon, and a huge fowl. This last, which had welcomed our arrival in the morning with its cackle, was now seized by Luis, our self-installed master of the ceremonies, who tore its limbs unmercifully asunder with his dingy hands, and proceeded to separate the meat with his knife and spoon. With true Spanish courtesy towards strangers, no one would commence until my plate was filled, then each thought only of himself, taking up the *garbanzos* and gravy with his spoon, seizing with his fingers pieces of the fowl and beef, or harpooning the meat in a more refined fashion with the point of his *navaja*. Two glasses only were allowed us, though eight in company; the water was brought in one earthen jug, the wine in another; when the latter was empty, it was replenished from the leathern *bota*, which had accompanied us from Córdoba, and which the muleteers preferred applying to their mouths. Our meal wound up with a dessert of oranges, while Luis seizing my *navaja*, commenced picking his teeth with the sharp point; and proceeded to chop up the end of a cigar on the table, rolling up the fragments in a slip of paper. Then extracting from the recesses of his breeches a flat piece of steel with a scrap of Ger-

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man tinder, he laid them together, and striking the metal with a small flint, applied the light thus produced to the end of his *cigarillo*, and lolling back in his chair, was soon lost in the fragrant vapour. Most of the party followed his example.

During all this ceremony of dinner, another, not less important, was going forward at the open door of our apartment. A girl was on her knees with her head in a woman's lap, subjecting it to a careful scrutiny, the nature of which I leave to the reader to imagine. Other disturbers of our peace there were, for wild shaggy heads, which seemed to want a similar operation, were thrust up at the iron-grated window that looked into the street, while shrill and whining voices implored our charity; and it was not till Luis had discharged sundry pieces of orange-peel, accompanied by double the number of oaths and threats, that these urchins made off.

After dinner I walked out to survey the town, which covers a steep slope crowned by a Moorish castle. Though a poor mean little place, it is superior in size and appearance to Castro. Just below the *posada*, a gate opened to the country, which was well covered with corn. From without the walls, on this side, I obtained a new idea of the situation of Baena. As viewed from the road to Castro, it appears picturesquely seated

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on an eminence; but from this, the opposite side, beauty is lost in grandeur, for it is seen to be built on the verge of a tremendous precipice, which sinks black and frowning to the valley at its foot.

I sat down in the shade of the wall, on the trunk of a tree, by the side of a ragged old man. Presently, another similarly attired, whose rags hardly held together sufficiently to cover his nakedness, approached, and politely lifting his hat, which had as many angles as an Irishman's, greeted the first with "*Buenos dias á usted, Caballero! Los tenga usted felices!*—Good days to your-mercy, cavalier! may you have them fortunate!" and a host of compliments was then bandied between them.

Such politeness among the lowest classes would in England be deemed a proof of the march of intellect, but in Spain, it is rather an evidence of the stagnation of improvement; the courteous manners of the ancient Spaniards not having yet given place to the bluntness and coarseness which distinguish so large a proportion of the population of countries now rapidly progressing in commerce and the practical sciences.

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CHAPTER XIII.

ROUTE TO GRANADA.

How carols now the lusty muleteer?
Of love, romance, devotion is his lay,
As whilome he was wont the leagues to cheer,
His quick bells wildly jingling on the way?

CHILDE HAROLD.

O mi cuidad de Granada!
Sola en el mundo sin par!
Donde toda la Morisma
Se solia contigo honrar!
Madre fuiste venturosa
De gente muy singular!
De valientes cavalleros
Amigos de pelear,
Enemigos de Castilla,
Daño de la Cristiandad!—

O my city of Granada,
Alone in the world without peer!

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Thou wast the pride and honor
Of Moordom far and near!
Thou wast the joyful mother
Of many a cavalier,
To whose undaunted bosom
The battle field was dear!—
The foes of proud Castilia,
Of Christendom the fear!

OLD ROMANCE.

THE sun was on the horizon, when we wound down the steep hill of Baena. The mountain-tops before us were still glowing with his rays, though the valley beneath was wrapt in the deepest shade; while behind us, crowning the dark precipice, the towers of Baena rose high into the heaven, blotting its delicate brightness with their purply-black masses.

We emerged from the narrow valley into more open country, with low hills on the left, and a wild mountain chain on the right, one lofty peak of which was crested by the ancient Moorish fortress of Luque, now hardly distinguishable in the increasing gloom.

We were jogging along at the usual rate, when the mule-bell suddenly ceased, and the whole caravan came to a halt. One of the men from the van came back on foot, and addressed a few words in a low tone to Luis, who answered with

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"*Demonio!*" and immediately unslung his musket and examined the priming. "*Ladrones! ladrones! las escopetas! las escopetas!*—Robbers! robbers! the muskets! the muskets!" was passed along the line, and those who had arms followed the example of Luis, and assembling to the number of half a dozen, climbed a steep bank by the road-side. I had a musket, and escaping from a muleteer who wished to possess himself of it, mounted with the rest. I could see nothing—all was intensely dark. We hailed several times, but no answer was returned. Luis then exclaimed, "If you don't speak, we fire!"—he was answered by a clicking sound, as though some one below were cocking his piece. He at once fired in the direction of the noise, on which a rustling was heard in the bushes below; and then two or three of us fired at random, apparently not without effect, for a cry, as of a person wounded, succeeded the last shot. We reloaded our pieces, waited some little time in expectation of an attack, and then remounted.

The muleteer in the van had seen three or four dark figures cross the road, and climb the bank, behind which they seemed to crouch in ambush. Their stealthy movements first, and their silence afterwards, were sufficiently indicative of their bad intentions. However, we were either not the party they intended to waylay, or they found us

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too powerful for them, and consequently abandoned their proposed attack. They might easily have picked off two or three of us had they pleased, for our bodies, as we stood on the bank, must have been to them distinctly visible, thrown strongly against the sky. Why they did not, is hard to say; they might have been anxious not to lose their anticipated prey, which they would in this case have done, supposing, as is most probable, that it was coming from Baena; for had any of us been injured we should have returned and alarmed the town.

This incident, though new to me, was not so to the muleteers, who seemed to consider it as quite in the ordinary course of travelling events.

When we were about to proceed on our journey, it was discovered that the old invalid was missing. I had heard him just before the alarm recounting to a traveller who had joined us at Baena, and whom he had immediately pounced upon as a victim, how many bleedings he had undergone for an attack of the gout, under which he was still suffering. But now he was nowhere to be found. After some little search he was discovered crouching among some rocks at a short distance from the road, and in his terror, thinking we were the robbers seeking his life, he started anew, and it was no easy matter to stop him.

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The first cry of "*ladrones!*" had cut short his narration—he jumped from his ass, and, forgetting his gout, ran with all precipitation to his place of refuge. When he discovered his mistake, that we were really no robbers, and were not all shot as he supposed, his gout returned with such violence, that he could not stir a step, and we were forced to carry him panting and groaning to his ass.

On approaching the foot of a lofty hill, which terminated the valley, the loud croaking of bull-frogs warned us of the proximity of water, and we presently entered a stream dashing over a rocky bed. This was not forded without difficulty; then, crossing a broad shingly flat which marked the winter bed of the torrent, we wound up a very steep ascent between overhanging banks. On emerging from this gulley, the bold form of a castle crowning the summit of the hill immediately above us on the left, was distinguishable against the sky; while beneath, on the other hand, yawned a broad ravine, dark and horrible as the grave. A little further, the figures of the mules and their riders, one after another, as they ascended in file, rose darkly against the sky, lingered a moment, and then suddenly disappeared, as if down a precipice. On the summit of the pass, the mystery was explained. A descent then

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commenced, the steepness of which, as a road, I never saw equalled; it continued in a straight, unbroken line, at an angle of at least forty-five degrees, for a considerable distance. We all dismounted and led our beasts amid a general cry of "*Cuidado !*—Take care!" It was, indeed, a fearful sight—the mules, as they followed, appeared about to fall on and crush their masters; yet the facility and precision with which, under their heavy burdens, they could descend was astonishing. The ground was fortunately rather sandy, affording a firm footing, but, had one stumbled, he must either have tripped up all those below him, or have bounded down the precipitous declivity on the right. We descended, however, without accident, crossed the river which flowed at the foot of the hill, and climbed the opposite steep, amid the baying of the watch-dogs that guard the folds from the wolves with which these sierras abound.

The country which we traversed for the next three or four hours was still hilly and broken, but better wooded. Conversation served to beguile the way, and I listened with deep interest to legends and tales of the bygone days of this romantic land. One fellow-traveller told me of the castle of Lucena, where Boabdil, "the unlucky," was confined after his

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capture by the brave Conde de Cabra, who defeated him and his father-in-law, Aly Atar, the aged Alcayde of Loxa, on their return from their unsuccessful attack upon Lucena. He had seen the castle, the chamber of the captive king, had witnessed the very marks of his hand upon the wall, and had looked through the window from which he had been wont to gaze upon the mountains which overhung his beloved Granada.*

But conversation was not the only means employed to dispel the tedium of the journey. Every now and then the hills would resound with the monotonous, drawling, and discordant chant of the country. This has been bequeathed to the present race by the Moors, and is very peculiar,—not to be heard elsewhere in Europe. It is the usual accompaniment of *coplas* (stanzas), and invariably, with the castanets and guitar, regulates the dances of the peasantry, being singularly opposed in its melancholy character to the gay and

* Perez de Hita, in his "Civil Wars of Granada," says it was the castle of Baena in which the royal Moor was confined, and Washington Irving, in his "Chronicle" follows that opinion. Other writers, amongst them Mariana and Zurita, assert that it was Lucena, and the tradition of the country, as far as I could learn, corroborates this. Mariana says he was first taken to Lucena, then to Porcuna, and lastly to Córdoba.

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exciting *bolero* and *fandango*. It seems, however, to have charms even for those who are not ignorant of sweeter strains, and many a señorita, whose voice could do justice to the airs of Rossini, have I heard, during the dance, compressing and distorting her clear tones into the harsh monotony of this air. Neither is it without attractions for the stranger; it is peculiar—strangely so; it is one of the connecting links between Spain and the East, and is an accompaniment of the fascinating *bolero*. This is sufficient to make it interesting to a genuine lover of Spain. But its true place is in the open air, and amid such scenery as I was now traversing. Here these singular notes, bursting from the harsh throat of one muleteer, and re-echoing from hill-sides or bare precipices, would be caught up by another at a distant part of the cavalcade, or several would join in the chorus and wake "the silent ear of night" with their doleful harmony. The words are very simple, and, as far as it is possible to catch them, have for their theme love and war, and often the more homely subjects of the wine, water, or other productions of their respective villages. Sometimes, but more seldom, stanzas of old romances are chanted to this tune, and, on passing a field of battle, or the ruins of a Moslem fortress, some standing ballads connected with the spot will oc-

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casionally break upon the ear. But love, love—the subject dearest to every Spanish heart—is most frequently the theme.

" *Mi queridita es Andaluza!—*
Es un poco morena;
Pero mas negra la tierra,
Mejor el trigo que lleva!—

Oh my love's an Andaluza!—
She is rather brown, I own;
But the finest wheat, they tell us,
In the darkest soil is grown!"

If you address a question to a muleteer, he will often reply in this chant, or will sometimes take up your words, imitating the defects in the pronunciation; for stanzas are not indispensable, as the tune is equally adapted to prose and verse.

The dawning light found us on the ascent of a hill, with a deep vale on one side, and high broken ground covered with trees on the other; here we again examined the priming of our pieces, as this was a noted resort of *salteadores*. At daybreak four or five of us rode on as usual in advance, and, after traversing an extensive plain covered with corn and encircled by mountains, we descended into a narrow, steep ravine, and, climbing the lofty hill beyond, gained a most magnificent

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view of the broad vale behind us, with the mountains around; those on the right towards the rising sun, of the deepest and richest purple; those on the other hand, of the brightest and gayest hues, catching the first golden tribute of the day. Looking at our feet, we could distinguish the tiny forms of the rest of our train winding down the opposite bank into the ravine, and could catch the echo of an *"Arre!"* or the drawling song, from below.

A herd of cattle now approached us, emerging from an olive-wood, followed by a man with a *trabuco,* or carbine, over his shoulder. *"El picaro!*—the rogue!" exclaimed one of our party; "he intends no good; he is a *ratero*—rat-catcher (i. e. a foot-pad) when he finds it convenient, and carries a *trabuco* to rob unarmed travellers." On meeting us, seeing that three guns were more than a match for one, he saluted us with "Go with God, cavaliers!" and quietly passed on. But our suspicions were confirmed by his countenance, for there was a savage air, a scowl on his brow, and a sinister expression in every feature, which showed that neither principle nor humanity would prevent him from committing the darkest crimes.

On reaching the summit of the pass, we again

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descended, and soon descried the bold towers of Alcalá el Real bristling from a conical hill below, and overtopped in the distance by the long wavy ridges of the magnificent Sierra Nevada, with its eternal snow glistening in the rays of morning. It was my first view of this sublime range of mountains, and I hailed them with rapture as being associated with the grand object of my visit to Spain—"Granada, the city without peer." The view to the left was bounded by another chain of mountains—those towards Jaen—black as night against the morning sky; while beneath and behind us extended a most glorious valley, hemmed in by the jagged Sierras of Cabra and Lucena, with a sea of mountains beyond rolling away into the horizon. Far down in the valley was the town of Priego, celebrated for its water—"*que no hay tal en el mundo*—the best in the world," according to Luis—no less than for its public fountain, which is so situated that every street in the town opens upon it. Though the sun had not yet penetrated the depths of the valley, his rays were illuming the Sierra's sides above, disclosing peak, ridge, precipice and ravine in wild confusion. The occasional "*arre, puerco!*" of the swineherd was borne on the wind to our ears from the sunny slope of the hollow beneath.

A steep descent led us to the town of Alcalá,

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nestling beneath the threatening towers of its castle.* The *posada* was very small and wretched; and that of Baena advanced mightily in my estimation by the comparison. The room below was, as usual, at once kitchen, stable, and the sleeping apartment of the muleteers; and two or three small white-washed *quartos* above, not burdened with superfluous furniture, completed the establishment.

After dispatching a hasty breakfast, I sallied forth to reconnoitre, and strayed down to the south of the town, to the Alameda—a very pretty spot, adorned with roses, oleanders, and other flowering shrubs, and resembling a garden rather than an ordinary Spanish prado. Here I could form a tolerable idea of the situation of Alcalá. It is built in a hollow between two steep and lofty hills, up the slope of which the houses extend for some distance. The height to the west is crowned by the ancient Moorish castle which gives its name to the town.†

I walked out at the southern gate, to some distance; then ascended the slope to the castle, or La Mota, as it is commonly called. This is now in ruins; the outer walls are thrown down, and

* From Baena to Alcalá there are six leagues, or twenty-four miles English.

† The Arabic word, القلعة, signifies The castle on the crest of a hill.

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lie in fragments around the brow of the hill; a church, however, of more modern date exists entire in the interior. From this spot the Snowy Sierra was seen towering in the south-east in hoary magnificence, at the distance of fifty or sixty miles, every cleft and ridge on its lofty crest being distinctly visible, while its base was concealed by a thick grey mist rising apparently from the Vega of Granada, which lay unseen at its feet. The nearer and inferior ranges beautifully contrasted their various hues of light red, olive, yellow, and brown, with the cool greys of the distant Nevada. Beneath me was a valley trembling with heat, the road to Granada winding picturesquely through the hollow; and the hills which enclosed it were covered with corn and verdure. In every field I observed one or more crosses, not marking the site of assassinations, for they were of massive stone and six or seven feet in height, but evidently connected with the religion of the people. These singular monuments, which raise their bare arms like spectres above the fields of waving corn, have been placed there as charms to protect the harvest from the withering *solano* and voracious insects, and to ensure a good return for the outlay and labour of the husbandman. From the multitude of these crosses in the fields, and scattered along the crest of the hill to the east

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of Alcalá, and from the smaller ones over the doorways of numerous houses in the town, I inferred that here the tree of Catholicism had once taken deep root; but the antique appearance of all these crosses at the same time seemed to indicate that it was now in a state of decay.

The heat at eight o'clock became so intense as to drive me from my exposed situation on the hill, and I entered one of a number of streets which lead from the castle down the slope into the town. The houses they contain are of the meanest description—poverty, rags, and filth are their inmates. Very few buildings, indeed, in Alcalá have an external air of comfort and respectability, and the town though considerably larger than Baena—containing a population of ten or twelve thousand—is scarcely superior in appearance.

As I was passing through one of the better streets, the sound of a guitar caused me to stop at the door of a house, on the threshold of which sat a woman spinning, while a man stood leaning against the wall outside, calmly smoking his *cigarillo*. Seeing I was a foreigner, curious to know what was going forward, they asked me to enter the inner apartment whence the music proceeded. I did so, expecting to witness a *bolero*, or some scene of gaiety. It was in truth a dance,

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but a dance very different from any I had anticipated. The guitar was played by a man, who as he touched its strings moved slowly round the room backwards, followed by a girl, who danced wildly before him, with the most violent action and horrible contortions of her limbs, and with the rolling eye, and frenzied looks of a maniac. Thus they continued for some time to make the circuit of the apartment, the girl following the man so closely as almost to push him backward, till she began to exhibit signs of exhaustion; her action gradually became less violent, and her companion appeared to sooth her with a softer, gentler strain. At length, as if her strength entirely failed her, she sunk senseless on the floor, and the music ceased.

I had stood speechless with astonishment during this strange spectacle: addressing the man, who now for the first time seemed aware of my presence, I begged an explanation.

"She is my daughter," was the reply, "and was bitten some months since by a large spider which has caused these fits, and nothing will quiet her but the guitar, which sends her to sleep as you see."

"Is she cured then?" I asked.

"Not yet; I expect she will soon wake in another fit." And in fact she presently showed

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symptoms of returning animation. The man instantly resumed the guitar—the girl got up and again commenced her frantic dance—again her father led her round the room—and again she dropped exhausted on the ground. It was enough —I had satisfied my curiosity as to the effects of the bite of the tarantula, and shocked with the scene, I quitted the house. Half an hour afterwards on passing the door, I heard the notes of the guitar, which were doubtless accompanied with the same mad dance.

Alcalá la Real was originally built by the Moors,* and remained in their hands till 1341, when it was taken by stratagem by Alonso XI. of Castille. He sent a fleet into the Mediterranean as if for the purpose of attacking Malaga, and when the Moorish forces were drawn from all quarters to protect that city, he fell suddenly upon Alcalá, and after a short siege compelled it to surrender.† From that period it continued on the extreme frontiers of the Moorish territory till the conquest of Granada in 1492

* It was called by them, The Castle of Ibn Zayde, as says the old romance:—

Alcalá de Albençayde,
Que aora Real se llama.

† Mariana, lib. xvi. cap. xi.

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gave the whole of Spain into the hands of the Christians. Alcalá is now remarkable for nothing except its romantic situation, and genuinely Spanish character; for foreign fashions have not yet travelled so far inland. Though so poor in external appearance, it is rich in illustrious blood, as appears from the numerous escutcheons and crests of knights and nobles carved in stone over the doors even of mean and ruinous houses, demonstrating their inhabitants to be *hijos de algo* (*hidalgos*)—sons of something. On remarking this to one of my fellow travellers, a Castillian, he replied, "There is pride enough in Andalucia, but much more in my country, where there is a saying—that the Castillian would rather stay at home, kill lice, and starve, than work for his living—

> "*Al Castellano mas gusta el matar*
> *Piojos que el trabajar.*"

We left Alcalá in the evening. The lofty mountains of Jaen soon came again into view on our left, while a bold wall of rock rose in jagged outline before us, blocking up the valley as if to dispute our progress. On approaching it, we observed, near the summit, illumined by the setting sun, a strange group of upright masses of rock, resembling a castle in ruins.

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The road turned abruptly to the left through a narrow defile hemmed in by lofty craggy precipices,—the numerous stone crosses scattered about on the ledges of the cliffs, and crowning their summits, formed a very singular feature in the scene. They had been raised either to mark the abodes of hermits who formerly dwelt in these solitudes, or to consecrate the ground on its re-capture from the infidels, who had polluted it for so many centuries. One cross on a large upright stone in a field by the roadside, was particularly striking; the stone appeared to have been raised to support the cross, but I was told that nature herself had laid the pedestal. There are traditions of this valley and the plain beyond, having been the scene of some deadly encounter between Christians and Mohammedans, and of this cross having been raised by the former to commemorate their victory. This is most probably true, for here was the very frontier line, for the last one hundred and fifty years of the Moorish domination.

From this wild pass we emerged into a plain, where stood a large *venta,* whose yellow walls were catching the last rays of the sun;—a herd of mules clustered about the door-way, while some peasants were footing it away with nut-brown lasses, to the rattle of the castanets. At the

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approach of night, we began to ascend; our path leading over the slopes of hills beautifully feathered with wood, and overhanging delicious vales; for the crescent moon in the pure sky was sufficient to shew the nature of the country, while it softened down all the ruggedness of the mountains, and clothed with beauty what by daylight might have been invested with grandeur. Sometimes the scenery was less interesting—more monotonously wild.

On reaching the brow of a hill, at the distance of two or three leagues from Alcalá, a broad deep valley burst upon us, bounded by a magnificent wall of mountains rising opposite in dark relief against the sky. We descended a steep sandy ravine, forded a small stream at its foot, and crossed the valley; leaving the majestic heights just mentioned immediately above us to the left. Some distance beyond, we passed the long bare wall of a lonely *venta* on the hill side, resembling in its exterior rather a convent or fortress than a receptacle for travellers. If similar *ventas* existed in La Mancha in the time of Cervantes, as we may reasonably suppose,* the extravagance of his renowned knight consisted, not so much in mistaking them for castles,

* Vid. Don Quix. parte iv. cap. 43.

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previously to entering, as in retaining the idea when within, where everything ought to have tended to dispel the illusion. Here we met a small party of peasants coming from Granada, with two or three women on mules, laughing and chatting like true Andaluzas.

The road had been gradually sinking from Alcalá, and now led down steep descents, among low shrubs and underwood interspersed with rocks. Suddenly starting into view through a break in the hills before us, rose the majestic mass of the Sierra Nevada. The huge range was clearly distinguishable, its dark outline being well defined on the sky, though the moon had set, and day had not yet begun to dawn. What surprised me most, was several bright lights high up on the mountains, now sparkling like stars on their dark sides, now suddenly extinguished, and again as suddenly re-appearing. Sometimes, too, they seemed to wander like will-o'-the-wisps over their surface. I was on magic ground. Numerous legends I had read of this land, were recalled to my memory—the convocations of the spirits of Moorish warriors, which are said to assemble at certain seasons on these mountains, when the tramping of steeds and clashing of weapons are heard, or shadowy masses of cavalry sweeping along are seen by the terror-

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struck shepherds on the heights. These lights, however, had no necromantic origin,—they were merely the lamps used by the industrious *neveros*, or snow-men, who were then busily collecting snow for the use of the city on the coming day.

A cold breeze from the right that caused a shudder, made me observe that the vast plain of Granada lay at my feet, with nothing to obstruct the view in that direction. It was too dark to distinguish distant objects, but I could see enough to know that the view from this spot by day must be sublime, embracing the outstretched plain, the vast snow-clad range beyond, with the towers of Granada at its feet;—all seen through the breaks in the wild picturesque rocks of the foreground.

Descending between overhanging crags, we passed through a small village, buried in profound silence. Just beyond, we crossed a bridge with an archway at the further end, beneath which, an image of the Virgin on the wall, with tapers burning before it, seemed to call for our thanks for her protection from the perils of the mountains. A wild stream dashing along in a narrow and rocky bed far beneath, mingled its angry roarings with the echoes of our mules' footsteps as they passed through the gateway. This was Pinos Puente,

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a bridge renowned in Moorish annals as the pass by which the Christian armies were accustomed to enter the Vega on their devastating incursions; and as having witnessed many sanguinary conflicts between the hostile nations. It is a Spanish Thermopylæ; for on this spot, the two brothers, the Alcaydes of Moclin and Ylora, (which were called by the Moors "the shield and right eye of Granada"*) on being upbraided by their king for the loss of those fortresses, determined, in order to prove their courage, to devote themselves to oppose the next inroad of the Christians into the Vega; and here they met the death they had desired. It was here also, but two or three months after the conquest of Granada, that the immortal Columbus, when on his way to the court of England to urge his project for the discovery of a western passage to India, which had been rejected by the Spanish sovereigns, was overtaken by the messenger of Isabella, with whom he returned to Santa Fé, where the arrangements were made, which shortly afterwards led to the discovery of the New World.†

* Mariana lib. xxv. cap. 9, and Zurita, lib. xx. cap. 68.

† The reader of that interesting old work, "Las Guerras Civiles de Granada," will remember this as the scene of the

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We were now in the far-famed Vega of Granada, which was seen stretching away to the westward; but the road was still overhung on the other hand by low craggy hills—the Sierra de Elvira—which run far into the plain, like the picquets of the mountain chains we had passed, keeping guard upon the outposts of the Nevada on the opposite side of the Vega. An accident here occurred which stopped the progress of our cavalcade. The largest *macho* of the train, which, on account of his superior size, was honoured with the heaviest burden, suddenly stumbled and sank to the ground. His load was too weighty to allow of his rising without its removal, so the cords were presently slackened, and the beast, though apparently well satisfied with his recumbent position, was made to rise with a kick from Luis. This detained us some time, and as the eastern sky was already brightening with the approaching day, I hastened forward with another of the party, in order to pass the ridge of moun-

battle which the two Christian knights, Ponce de Leon and the Master of Calatrava, fought with the two Moors, Malique Alabez and Albayaldos, in which the latter was killed. Here too Reduan and Gazul fought their duel for the love of the beauteous Lindaraxa. De Hita calls the spot, "La fuente del pino — the fountain of the pine," from a fountain then existing here, overhung by a lofty pine-tree.

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tains on our left, and reach the open Vega, before the rising sun should gild the topmost snow of the Sierra. When considerably in advance of our companions, we came rather suddenly upon a party of men, who, on approaching, seized their muskets from the flanks of their mules, and presented them at us, shouting at the same time, "*Hola! bocas abajo! c——jo!*" My companion, who rode in advance, instantly presented his piece, and I followed his example, answering in the same style, and ordering them to keep their distance. After a short and angry parley, the opposite party, who were five in number, lowered the muzzles of their guns and passed on amicably. They appeared but a party of peasants, and pretended they had ordered us to stand through alarm at the sudden *rencontre*, mistaking us at first for *ladrones*, though our equipment and our cattle, a jackass and sorry nag, which there was sufficient light for them to distinguish, hardly befitted active highwaymen. I am inclined to think it was they who meditated an attack, from which they were only deterred by finding us prepared to offer resistance. It is well known that the peasantry often arm themselves, not so much for their own protection—for who would attack a man who has nothing to lose?—as to take advantage of any unarmed travellers

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they may meet, whom they consider fair game. It is no uncommon thing either for the peasant to lay down the plough or sickle, and seizing his gun to step off the field into the highway, on the approach of travellers who promise an easy prey; for truly says the adage,

La ocasion
Hace al ladron—

'Tis the opportunity
That begets the roguery.

The east was already glowing with the dawn when we reached the open plain. At first, one rich sheet of crimson overspread the horizon, shaded off above into orange; these red tints gradually faded away into bright amber and gold, with a faint hue of green above, where it mingled with the azure of the sky; while an exquisite veil of delicate pink, or pale rose-colour, hung over the spot where the glorious king of day was first to appear. This blush of rosy light vanished when he lifted his beaming front above the horizon; the yellow, too, assumed a paler hue, and was at length lost in a clear silver grey, deepening gradually into blue as he ascended towards the zenith. The purity and transparency, the pearliness, the ethereality of these colours in their

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successive changes, it would be impossible even for the pencil of the artist to describe,—much less could they be conceived of by those who have never quitted the regions of the murky North. But this was not all. Bounding the Vega to the east, rose a chain of mountains, casting their wild peaks and rugged outlines in dark relief on the bright sky, and partaking of a corresponding change of hue: at first of a cold blue, growing deeper, or rather richer, with the increasing light, into an intensity of purple, and warming at last into the most delicious plum-colour.

The highest snow on the lofty Sierra before us had caught the sunbeams, while the lower part of the mountain was still buried in the misty slumber of night. The light stole gradually down the slopes till all was day, and the ruddy towers of the Alhambra were revealed glistening in the sun at the foot of the Sierra, while Granada itself nestled below, just visible above the distant groves of the Vega. I could scarcely believe my senses. Did I indeed behold the far-famed city of the plain—Granada, the city of the chivalrous Arabs, so renowned in romantic song and story? Was this the abode of their princes, the birth-place of their heroes, the last remaining city of their once splendid empire of the West? Was this indeed

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the land of my affections, the spot of all others that from my childhood I had most burned to behold? I could hardly conceive it to be real: the whole scene seemed to dance before my eyes in visionary splendour.

When I could withdraw my eager gaze from the distant city, to look around, I saw fields of ripe corn on every hand;—to the left, at the distance of a mile or two from the road, the little town of Elvira shot up its white church from the midst of groves;*—beyond, and more to the east, were mountains, the same wild purply chain before-mentioned, and behind them the distant summits of the Sierra de Güejar, advancing to

* Elvira is generally supposed to be the Illiberis of the Romans, celebrated for the council held there A. D. 330, in which amongst many other "notable matters," the reverend Fathers of the Church decreed that married ladies should neither write, nor receive letters without the knowledge of their husbands. (Mariana, lib. iv. cap. 16.) It was called by the Arabs, Elbirah, and also شام الاندلس *Shamu-l-Andalus*, "the Damascus of Spain," from some resemblance it appeared to bear to that most ancient city of the East. Indeed, its situation is very similar, in an extensive and fruitful plain, at the foot of a lofty range of mountains eternally covered with snow. The ruins of Illiberis are said to have been used by the Arabs in the construction of Mohammedan Granada.

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meet the loftier ridges of the Nevada. Behind me were the mountains through which I had journeyed in the night, and to the right was the immense Vega, a sea of fertility, bounded on the west and south by the ranges of Loja and Alhama dimly seen in the distance, and stretching round to Granada and the base of its vast Sierra. Every where the industry of man was manifest, in the golden corn, in the distant groves of fruit-trees, in the numerous *norias* * for raising water, and in the *acequias*, or channels running by the road-side, and conveying the fertilizing streams to every part of the cultivated plain. The peasants were already in the fields with sickles in their hands, or were heard blending their wild songs with the harsh creaking of the ox-cars, as reclined on a load of corn or garlic they pricked on the lazy beasts with their long goads.

The cold from the moment of entering the Vega

* A *noria* is a machine for raising water from wells. A chain of buckets passes over a broad vertical wheel fixed over the well, and set in motion by a large horizontal one turned by an ass or mule. The buckets ascend full of water, empty themselves into a trough on reaching the top, and descend on the other side the wheel. The whole is of very rude construction, but efficient enough. It was introduced into Spain by the Arabs, and is still used in Egypt and other parts of the East, where it has existed from the remotest ages.

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was very piercing—far more so than I had yet experienced in the Peninsula, even at night among the mountains, where indeed it is little felt, being much more severe in the cultivated plains, on account of the superior degree of evaporation. My companions,—for several had now overtaken us,—wrapped their cloaks round them, notwithstanding the gay sunshine, while I, who had no *capa,* not anticipating cold in an Andalucian summer, sat shivering till the sun was well above the horizon.

As we approached the city, the road was shaded by trees, and on either hand were fields and orchards. At about half a league from Granada, a small *venta* by the wayside invited our party to halt and procure a morning dram of *aguardiente.* We continued through shady lanes, catching from time to time a glimpse of the towers of the Alhambra, and losing them again among the foliage, till we reached a small bridge, from which the road ran straight down into the principal square of the city just before us. Instead of entering by this road we turned to the right, in the dry bed of the river, through narrow lanes bordered by ripe corn, and at length entered the city, passing first through the rich belt of fruit-groves that surrounds it. Our luggage was examined by the *aduaneros* in the open street. This ceremony over,

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I hastened to the Fonda de Comercio, the principal inn, where the luxuries of a thorough cleansing and a comfortable bed were duly appreciated after three nights of travel over the dusty roads of this sun-burnt country.*

* From Alcalá to Pinos Puente there are five leagues; from the latter place to Granada three, making altogether about thirty-two miles English.

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CHAPTER XIV.

GRANADA.

Quien no ha visto Granada
No ha visto nada!—

Nothing has he ever seen
Who has not to Granada been!
OLD SAYING.

HARDLY had I issued from my chamber where I had been forgetting in slumber the fatigue of journeying, when I was told that a person wished to speak to me. He was a man between forty and fifty years of age, above the middle height, and of fairer complexion than usually falls to the lot of Spaniards, with an open, good-humoured countenance that prepossessed me at once in his favour. He was neatly dressed in white waist-

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coat and pantaloons, with a striped jacket of linen, and wore a hat *á l'Anglaise.* This was no other than Mateo Ximenes, celebrated, I may almost say immortalized, by the pen of Geoffrey Crayon. He still acts as guide to travellers, and in that capacity, on hearing of my arrival, had come to offer his services. He produced a host of testimonials in his favour, but his name was to me a sufficient recommendation, and I welcomed, as an old acquaintance, this "son of the Alhambra." Though eager to visit that splendid edifice, on hearing that it was then being inspected by several parties, I resolved to defer the treat till the next day, when I hoped for an uninterrupted view of its beauties. In the meantime I sallied forth with Mateo to lionize the city.

After passing through some narrow and antique streets, we suddenly found ourselves before a large Moorish archway, with a second arch of much larger dimensions above, now blocked up, and the whole surmounted by roofs, and connected with the houses on either hand, of which it seemed almost to form a part. This was the Gate of the Bibarrambla.* Passing through it, we entered the great square of the same name—a spacious

* From the Arabic, *Bab-ur-ramla*—Gate of the sand, or sandy-place, i. e. the arena.

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oblong, six hundred feet long, and two hundred broad, enclosed by lofty houses. It was a market-place in the time of the Moors, and was surrounded by regular buildings, "drawn to a line," in the words of an old historian, "with shops and offices, a very beautiful thing to see." Tradition marks it as the spot appropriated to the sale of women and slaves; and here, also, the Moors used to hold their public shows, their tournaments and bull-fights. It is still a market, the centre being occupied by little stalls and booths, where vegetables, fruit, game, and other productions of the surrounding country, as well as some of the manufactures of the city, are exposed for sale.

Opposite the Gate of the Bibarrambla, is a long and very narrow street, with houses so lofty, and roofs so projecting, that it is twilight below, and the almost vertical rays of the noon-day sun can rarely find their way to the pavement. This is the Zacatin, the street famed in Moorish times as the grand focus of the commerce of this capital. It still retains the oriental character in its houses, many of which are said to have been built by the Arabs, and all are irregular and picturesque in the extreme. Much of its antique air, however, is destroyed by the modern shops and costume. The shops are those of drapers,

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haberdashers, hatters, goldsmiths, and makers of *botines*, with one or two stationers' and booksellers'.

Turning out of this street to the right, we found ourselves on an ancient bridge, beneath which flows the Darro, not at this season filling its natural bed of twenty or thirty feet in width, but trickling along in a stone trough not more than two feet broad, raised on one side high above the channel of the river. This is for the convenience of the good housewives, who may be seen on their knees, beating the linen against the sides of the trough, according to the practice of washerwomen in Andalucia. The stream is overhung on the left by a line of irregular, antiquated, weather-stained buildings, the back of the houses of the Zacatin, whose projecting stories are propped up by long beams fixed obliquely against the receding part below. The eye is carried directly up the almost dry channel to a low archway beneath a house, where the river is lost in a subterranean passage, beneath the Plaza Nueva;—and beyond, rising above the strange roofs in the distance, is the huge red Tower of the Bell, the loftiest of the many towers of the Alhambra. I can conceive of nothing more picturesque than the view from this bridge, and, at the same time, more genuinely Moorish in character. Exclude

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a building or two on the right, and the modern costume—of which, however, you cannot see much from this point—and you may fancy yourself in Granada of ancient days, under the dominion of a Mohammedan prince, who may be overlooking the city from yonder tower of his fortress.

In a street on the other side of the bridge is a gateway, of Moorish architecture, once rich in arabesques and inscriptions, but Time has rudely handled its ornamented front. Its originally brilliant colours have vanished beneath a coating of white-wash, which, in turn, has faded into a dirty yellowish brown, so that the building might be passed without notice, were it not for its large horse-shoe arch, which cannot fail to attract the eye of the stranger. It forms the gateway into a large court, resembling an eastern caravansera, used by the Moors as barracks for cavalry, but now appropriated to the sale of charcoal, and therefore called La Casa de Carbon.

Recrossing the bridge and the Zacatin, we entered a number of narrow streets, with low open shops. These formed a bazaar in the time of the Moors, and still retain the name of the Alcayceria. The shops are very similar to those which I have since seen in Barbary.

On this side of the Zacatin is the Cathedral, built partly on the site of the principal mosque.

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It is seen to small advantage, after the extraordinary Mesquita of Córdoba, and the glorious Cathedral of Seville, with neither of which can it compete in size, nor with the latter in grandeur or beauty. It is, nevertheless, a fine building, of the Italian, or bastard Grecian order, resembling in shape the new Cathedral of Cadiz, with four similar rows of massive clustered columns, and a circular grand altar, crowned by a lofty dome, richly painted and gilt. In the centre, as in Spanish Cathedrals generally, is the choir, the organs above which are the boast of the Granadinos. On many of the pillars, is inscribed, "*Nadie se pasée, hable con mugeres, ni esté en corrillos en estas naves, pena de Excomunion, y dos ducados para obras pias*"—"Let no one walk, talk with women, or stand in knots in these aisles, under pain of excommunication, and two ducats for pious works." Neither the injunction nor the threat is now regarded, and the inscription only serves to excite a smile at the expense of the reverend fathers; for, as Mateo observed, they are "*perros sin dientes*—dogs without teeth."

This Cathedral contains some valuable pictures by native artists. On the right of the grand entrance is a "Holy Family," said to be by Murillo; —the Virgin is suckling the infant Saviour, and

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Joseph leaning against a bank looks on with complacency. This picture, though much praised and valued by the Granadinos, did not please me, nor do I believe it a Murillo, for there is a harshness about it, in the drapery and figure of the Virgin especially, very unlike the usual soft outline and harmonious colouring of that master. I was better pleased with a "Crucifixion," attributed to the same hand, on the left of the doorway. Beneath the feet of Christ, in one corner, angels are represented overthrowing the Devil and Death, and in the other are cherubs hovering in the air; in the background, day is grimly dawning with a lurid glare, throwing out the dark forms of distant mountains, which thus relieve the figures in the foreground. The flesh of the dead Saviour is admirably contrasted with the warm and glowing tints of the angel-boys; and the countenance, without losing its godlike character, is strongly expressive of expiring agonies.

Within the dome of the grand altar is a gallery adorned with heads of saints painted by Cano, the head of the Granadan school, and by Bocanegra, his disciple; and on the front of the altar on one side is a large and richly-coloured picture by Risueño, another disciple of Cano, representing an angel descending to crown a saint, with the usual accessories of monks below, and the Virgin and

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Child, with a respectable train of angels, clothed and naked by way of variety, in the heavens above. On the other side of the grand altar is a large picture by Bocanegra, representing the "Scourging of Christ." The light is thrown strongly on the limbs of our Saviour, illumining one half, and leaving the other in the deepest shade. Another by Bocanegra, in the sacristy of the Cathedral, depicts a saint on his knees, crucifix in hand, adoring a bevy of angels, seen above in a stream of celestial light. It is a singular mixture of brown and yellow tones, yet not without considerable merit. There is also a small picture of St. Jerome in meditation, reclining with his hands on his breast, and with a skull before him. The head is beautifully painted, and is in strong light, while the rest of the piece is of a very subdued tone. It is either by Cano, or by one of his disciples, and appears to be in the characteristic style of the school, which resembles that of Murillo in his "John of God," and others of the same class; yet there is generally a blackness, flatness and opaqueness in the shade of this school, which contrasts unfavourably with the soft and transparent depths of shadow of the great Sevillian.*

* It is difficult to ascertain on the spot by whom the

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Alonso Cano is scarcely known out of Spain, even by name; but he is highly esteemed by his countrymen. He has been called the "Michael Angelo of Spain," not from resembling that great genius in his style of painting, but from excelling, like him, in that with the sister arts of sculpture and architecture. His statues have, by some, been more admired than his pictures. He was born at Granada, in the year 1601, and studied painting at Seville, under Juan del Castillo, in whose school Murillo was also educated, and this fact may account for the occasional similarity in style mentioned above. His disposition was very generous, for it is said, that when destitute of money, he was accustomed to satisfy the demands of beggars, by presenting them with rough sketches made on the spot, for which they could always find purchasers. Nevertheless, his temper was so violent and uncontrollable, that it frequently led him into trouble. At one time he was obliged to fly the consequences of a duel in which he had been engaged; at another he was under the im-

respective pictures in the Cathedral were painted They are almost all attributed by the Granadinos to Murillo or Cano, and for more correct information on the subject, I have had recourse to a work on Spanish painters by Cean Bermudez.

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putation of having murdered his wife, for which he suffered torture on the rack. He was subsequently appointed to some ecclesiastical office in this, his native city, and it was then that he executed most of the works which still adorn its churches. During his tenure of this post, he was punished by the Inquisition for dashing to the ground, in a fit of rage, the statue of some saint which he was sculpturing. As a proof of his fastidious taste in art, he is said when on his death-bed to have refused to kiss a crucifix which was held to his lips, complaining that it was too rudely executed.

Adjoining the Cathedral is the Capilla Real, the Royal Chapel, built by Ferdinand and Isabella, on their conquest of Granada, expressly for their interment. It occupies the site of the ancient Mosque. Before the altar, raised to the height of five feet from the ground, are two tombs of white marble, elegantly adorned with figures of angels and other devices. On one are stretched, side by side, the marble statues of Ferdinand and his Queen. He is represented as an old man, with long straight hair, and a surly expression of countenance;—a sword is laid on his breast. Isabella is fat and plump-cheeked, with more agreeable features than her husband. On the tomb is this inscription:—

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"MAHOMETICE SECTE PROSTRATORES ET HERETICE PERVICACIE EXTINCTORES FERNANDUS ARAGONUM ET HELISABETHA CASTELLE, VIR ET UXOR UNANIMES CATHOLICI APPELLATI MARMOREO CLAUDUNTUR HOC TUMULO."

On the other tomb recline the figures of a more youthful pair, Philip I., and his Queen Juana, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. Philip was the Archduke of Austria, and became King of Castille in right of his wife Juana, even during the lifetime of Ferdinand, in spite of whom he was proclaimed by the Cortes. His reign was very short, for he was cut off by a fever September 25, 1506, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, when he had filled the throne scarcely three months. He died much regretted by his subjects, as he had given promise of a reign, to be marked if not with superior wisdom or energy, yet with a mildness much more acceptable to a haughty and self-willed nobility. In the words of Father Mariana, "his soul was very generous, his temper easy—a noble fault—of which his favourites took advantage; he disliked business, was fond of pleasure, and very submissive to the opinion of those whom he had in his house and at his side."*

* Mariana continues, "In the month of August a comet was seen for the space of eight days, which moved to and fro between the west and south. It was understood, after

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Juana was a princess of very weak mind, subject even to aberrations of intellect, and was as much attached to her husband as he was indifferent to her, for his death so afflicted her as to bereave her of the little reason she had once possessed. She died in 1555, at the age of seventy-six.*

The cicerone pulls up a grating in the floor of the chapel, and, taking a light, descends the steps leading to the vault beneath the tombs. Here repose the remains of those whose effigies are seen above in marble; and, in a fifth coffin, of very small dimensions, is the dust of the Infante Don Miguel, who, the man tells you, was the son of Philip and Juana, and elder brother of Charles V., and was killed by a fall from his horse when seven years of age. This is tradition, not history; for Miguel was the son of Manuel, King of Portugal, and Isabel, eldest daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. He was born August 23, 1498. His history is very short:—on his birth he was proclaimed hereditary Prince of Aragon

the disaster, that it threatened the head of this Prince, and that it prognosticated that his death would be followed by some great revolution and change in his kingdoms.

MARIANA, lib. xxviii., cap. 23.

* For an account of her strange conduct after his decease, see Robertson's Charles V., book 1st.

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and Castille, on condition that if Ferdinand should have male issue, the oath of allegiance to this baby heir was to be void. He died in Granada in 1500, a very short time after the birth of Charles V., whose parents, Philip and Juana, the second daughter of the Catholic sovereigns, succeeded to the inheritance of Castille, and through them, Charles, their *eldest* son, to that of both the kingdoms. Had this infant, Miguel, lived, he would have supplanted Charles V.; and how the fortunes of Spain, Europe, and America, might then have been changed, who can say?

I gazed with interest far more intense on the black coffins containing the dust of Ferdinand and Isabella—the monarchs who raised Spain from a congeries of petty kingdoms into one powerful empire—the conquerors of this city, who achieved, in crushing the Mohammedan power in the Peninsula, what their predecessors had for nearly eight centuries laboured at in vain—the discoverers of the New World—the adored of their subjects—the envied of foreign princes—who, nevertheless, did more to induce the ruin of their country than any other sovereigns who ever swayed the Spanish sceptre. In defiance of treaties, they persecuted the conquered Moors with bigoted fury, driving them to rebellion, or forcing them in vast numbers to quit the country;

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thus depriving Spain of multitudes of her most valuable inhabitants, skilled in manufactures, and in developing her natural resources. They also expelled the Jews from the Spanish soil, and commercial industry departed with them. But in establishing the Modern Inquisition they laid the foundation of that system of ecclesiastical despotism, which, besides originating the evils already mentioned, has given birth to others, the greatest that can afflict a country—has cramped all energy, moral and intellectual, crushed every rising desire of improvement, and spread a film of ignorance and prejudice over the eyes of the people, which it will yet be the work of ages entirely to remove. Yet, however glaring the errors of these monarchs, you are ready to forgive them all when you gaze into this gloomy vault, and contrast their former grandeur with their present decay.

On the left of the altar Ferdinand is again represented in a painted figure of wood, the size of life, kneeling with an open book before him: his straight lank hair and solemn features give him the air of a Puritan. A similar statue of Isabella is opposite; with a white *toca*, or veil, over her head, she resembles a nun. Beneath her is a painting on wood, in relief, of the baptism of the Moors, male and female, who were forced to

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change their religion with their sovereigns. Beneath the figure of Ferdinand is another picture representing Boabdil delivering the keys of Granada to the Catholic monarchs. These paintings are interesting, as they are said—and their appearance favours the tradition—to have been executed soon after the conquest of the city, and may therefore be supposed to be faithful representations of the costumes of both nations at that period.

The chapel is completely stripped of its paraphernalia, is covered with dust, and bears a most desolate appearance, as if about to undergo repair. It is of the Gothic order of architecture, and around the walls are bands of inscriptions, after the manner of the quotations from the Corān, so common in Arab edifices. They are in large upright Gothic characters. In the vestry adjoining the chapel are shown the crown, sceptre, and sword of Ferdinand, with other relics, none of which, however, I was fortunate enough to see.

There are other churches and convents in Granada, which are worthy of notice. The Hospital of San Juan de Dios is famous for its *camarines*. Not having a clear idea of the nature of a *camarine*, I willingly accompanied Mateo, who proposed to visit it. We passed through a number of suppliants before the high altar where mass

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was performing, and entered the sacristy, where, while waiting for the keys of the *camarine*, I amused myself with reading a paper on the walls, exhorting Christians to mass by quotations from the Saints and Fathers. San Bernardo had asserted, that one mass devoutly said availed more to the Christian than if he should travel the world over in pilgrimages; San Anselmo—that it was of more value to his soul than if he should bestow all his goods on the poor; others—that one mass said *by* a man during his lifetime was worth a thousand said *for* him after his decease—that it was as efficacious as the death of Christ—that it could heal the infirmities and diseases of the body, as well as of the soul; one maintained that the souls in purgatory felt their pangs abated during the devout performance of a mass; and another —that they ceased to suffer altogether; and many other cogent arguments were offered, which I had not time to note down. With these pious exhortations on one side of the window recess, I noticed representations of bull-fights on the tiles which lined the opposite walls—chosen, doubtless, as the subject of all others least likely to distract the attention of a Spaniard from holy things.

As I sat here, the priest who had been officiating at the altar came in from the church, set the chalice down on a marble slab, went through

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a number of ceremonies, all apparently in adoration of the chalice, crossing himself frequently while taking off his robes, and depositing them one by one on the slab; and ended in coming forth a new man in his greasy black cassock. Another priest immediately stepped forward, commenced the same ceremonies, arrayed himself in the same robes, and finally marched, chalice in hand, into the church. The long-expected *camarine* proved to be a small cabinet surrounded by gilded drawers, containing relics—a host of skulls, arm and leg-bones, teeth, hair, and such et-ceteras of saints, both male and female, with the skeleton of a Roman soldier, Saint Felicianus, reclining under a glass case, with a sword by his side.

Not far from San Juan de Dios is the Convent of the Jeronymites, founded by the renowned Gonzalo Fernandez de Córdoba, the Great Captain, who, on the list of Spanish heroes, is second only to Ruy Dias de Bivar, the Cid Campeador. He is interred in the church, and a small tablet before the high altar marks the spot; it bears this inscription:—

"GONZALI FERNANDEZ DE CORDOVA, QUI PROPRIA VIRTUTE MAGNI DUCIS NOMEN PROPRIUM SIBI FECIT, OSSA, PERPETUÆ TANDEM LUCI RESTITUENDA, HUIC INTEREA LOCO CREDITA SUNT. GLORIA MINIME CONSEPULTA."

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On one side of the altar is a statue of the hero in a kneeling position with his battle-axe and breast-plate; his own sword, which was formerly attached to the figure, was taken away by the French in the War of Independence, but is still to be seen, I was told, in the armoury of Madrid. The statue represents him as an undersized man, with a small head, and features which betray a mildness, and even feebleness, at variance with the character of a stern warrior nurtured in scenes of blood. On the opposite side of the altar is a statue of his wife, and behind each is a picture illustrating some event in his life.

Gonzalo Fernandez is perhaps better known to many as the hero of Florian's tale, than from the sober pages of history. But, except by Spanish historians, he has hardly had justice done him; for if great talent, foresight, boldness in the conception of plans, and rapidity in their execution, be military excellences, then is he entitled to rank with the first warriors of any age or country. He was born at Córdoba in 1443, and was brother of Don Alonso de Aguilar, who bore a distinguished part in the latter war of Granada. Gonzalo took his first lessons in the ungentle art in the same war; he was first appointed to the command of the captured fortress of Illora, and was afterwards commissioned by Ferdinand to

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draw up the conditional articles of capitulation for the besieged city of Granada. He was sent, in 1495, to Italy, with five hundred soldiers only, to assist the Neapolitans in expelling Charles VIII. of France from their territory, which he had invaded. This he quickly accomplished, and for the surprising talents and energy he displayed during this war, he acquired the title of "Great Captain." He returned to Spain, and took a prominent part in subduing the rebellious Moors of the Alpujarras; and soon after wrested the island of Cephalonia from the Turks. He was next employed in reconquering the kingdom of Naples, to be divided between Louis XII. of France and his master Ferdinand; and in this also was he eminently successful. Soon after this, France quarrelled with Spain about the division of the spoil, and Gonzalo, being unprepared to resist, was compelled to fly; but he soon returned with fresh forces, a third time conquered Naples, and, after a series of brilliant victories, drove the French from the kingdom, and secured it to the crown of Aragon. For these services, besides receiving various titles of honour and nobility, he was installed Constable of Naples; but as the power of the subject seldom fails to excite the jealousy of the sovereign, Gonzalo was soon suspected by Ferdinand of infidelity to his cause, and was or-

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dered to return to Spain forthwith. Though repeatedly summoned, he always found some pretext for remaining, till Ferdinand, resolving to remove him at all events, set out in person for Naples. Gonzalo met him at Genoa, returned with him to Naples, and subsequently to Spain, where he continued an object of suspicion till his death, which took place at Granada, 2d Dec. 1515. Ferdinand survived him but a few weeks.

"An admirable man," says Father Mariana, "the most valorous and successful commander that for many years had arisen in Spain. The ingratitude with which he was treated, increased his glory, and even preserved it from decay, in the latter years of his life; as it is a rare and difficult thing to make many voyages, without suffering from some tempest. Time shortened his life; his renown will live while the world endures."*

"So great was he," says Father Feijoo, "that he inspired with fear not only the foes of his country, but even his own prince; and this fear was his greatest enemy. He was a man capable of making the Catholic King lord of all Europe, if the Catholic King, knowing he could not worthily recompence such exalted services, had not feared that he would seek a reward for himself by mak-

* Mariana, lib. xxx. cap. 27.

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ing himself master of one monarchy. These fears made him cripple (*arrinconar*) a man, for whom the determination of fighting was the sure pledge of victory."* His talents in warfare are undoubted; but there is a dark side to the picture. He lent himself to all the disgraceful acts of Ferdinand, in the violation of treaties and utter disregard of the most solemn engagements, and has thus eternally sullied the lustre of his glory.

La Chancelleria, the Chancery, or grand court of law, for the southern half of Spain, is in the Plaza Nueva, and according to information which I received after leaving Granada, when too late for personal confirmation, is remarkable on this account. Over the grand entrance is an inscription in letters of gold, "*Aqui la verdad se niega*"—"Here truth is disowned." In the Judgment-Hall within is the picture of a man, naked —or, "in leathers," as the Spaniards express it— with a large bundle of papers and parchments under his arm, and these words proceeding from his mouth:—

"*Yo que he ganado el pleyto*
Me quedo en cueros.
Que será dél que lo ha perdido?—

* Teatro Critico, tom. iv. Glorias de España.

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"I who have gained the cause
Remain in leathers.
What will become of him who has lost it?"

"The wittiest thing in the world!" cried my informant; "and," added he,

"*El que gana el muladar,*
Aunque de plumas
No se le queda ninguna,
No dexa de cacarear!—

"The cock that the dunghill's height gains
At the end of the battle, although
He be stript of his every plume,
Yet fails not in triumph to crow!"

In this picture "truth is" not "disowned," for it is notorious that judges and lawyers in Spain make justice quite subservient to their private interests, and never fail to spin out a cause as long as a dollar is to be drained from the pockets of the litigants. Such were the venality and corrupt practices of this class, in the days of Don Quixote and Gil Blas, and such are they still. For money they will absolve a man from any crime, however heinous. "He would not suffer himself to be hanged for such and such a sum," is a common mode of describing the amount of property

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possessed by an individual, and reflects with no less truth than force upon Spanish judges and lawyers.

The Fonda de Comercio is the principal inn of Granada; it is in the Plaza de Bailen, a small square, half-way between the Bibarrambla and the Alameda of Xenil, the most frequented Prado in the city. The theatre is situated in the same square, the soldiers from neighbouring barracks often muster here, and there are numerous stalls of fruit and water, so that from the windows of the Fonda a tolerably lively scene is presented. This was the most comfortable inn I had entered since leaving Cadiz, and its cheapness was equally remarkable. I had a clean and cool apartment, with a good bed, took my meals alone and at what hours I pleased, and at dinner was served with an abundant variety of dishes, which I could order at will, with wine *ad libitum;* and for all this, to my surprise, I was charged only one dollar a day.

The Fonda is also a *neveria,* or ice-house, for it contains two large rooms, whither the Granadinos are wont to resort in the evening to refresh themselves with ices or cooling drinks. From eight to nine o'clock, hardly a seat is to be procured; parties of *caballeros* and *damas,* eating ices, occupy every table, and crowd especially

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round the open windows to catch the cool night breezes. The blaze of the overhanging lamps, the strains of music in an adjoining apartment, the laugh, chatter, and flirting of the ladies, the rustle and furling of their fans, combine to form a scene of life and gaiety that might vie with anything in the Palais Royal.

Mingling with the noise within, are heard the drawling cries of the *aguadores*, in the dark square below, or the loud and angry oaths of some quarrelsome Granadinos beneath the windows, or the roll of drums from the body of Nationals drawn up in front of the theatre. By nine o'clock, or half-past, the rooms are deserted, and the gay throng is to be found at the theatre, or strolling down the dark walks of the Alameda of Xenil. Of this, with the other promenades of Granada, I shall subsequently make particular mention;—I will now step across to the theatre, which is close to the Fonda.

In describing that of Cadiz, I describe this also, for Spanish theatres differ in little except dimensions; all having the same sombre air and similar internal arrangements. This theatre, however, has rather the advantage of those of Seville and Cadiz in point of decorations. National Guards were stationed at all the doors, and also within the building, nay, even at the sides of the stage,

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were they to be seen. Here I saw a dance I had not before witnessed—the Jota Aragonesa. It was performed by two couples at the same time. The men wore handkerchiefs over their heads, open jackets of dark cloth worked with flowers on the back, sashes round their waists, tight breeches, and short yellow boots, very unlike the *botines* of Andalucia. The women were dressed in black jackets fitted to the shape, and dark flowered gowns, with handkerchiefs thrown over their shoulders as shawls. This costume appeared very sombre after the gay dresses of the *majos* and *majas* usually seen on the Andalucian stage. One pair of dancers first crept beneath the joined hands of the other, and these in turn beneath those of the first; then all joined hands and danced round in a ring, kicking about not in the most graceful manner imaginable. On a sudden rattle of the castanets, the character of the dance altered entirely, assimilating somewhat to the *bolero*, though by no means so elegant or fascinating.

The general aspect of the city demands a few words.

Granada preserves, almost throughout, its ancient character; as already observed, many Moorish houses are still remaining, especially in the Zacatin and its neighbourhood, and in the Albaycin, of which I shall make separate mention

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elsewhere: even where these have been destroyed, others have arisen on their sites, built almost in the same style; so that it is not easy to determine at a glance which are, and which are not, of Moslem construction. The architects have preferred the ancient style, probably as best suited to the climate; or because, by following the models before them, they were spared the trouble of contriving new plans,—no slight consideration to Spaniards. The identity of sites accounts for the narrow and tortuous character of the streets—the style of building adopted by the Moors as most conducive to coolness. So narrow are they in some instances, that a person may actually touch the houses on either side with his elbows.

In its general aspect, Granada resembles both Seville and Córdoba, but has not the poverty-stricken appearance of the latter city, and has an air of greater antiquity, with more of the ruinous and picturesque than the former. In Seville, too, the balconies are often painted a bright green, which imparts a lively effect; here, they are seldom of that colour, unless from the plants adorning them. Some few of the houses have pictured fronts, so common in the cities of Portugal, or are painted a bright yellow; but the general hue is white dimmed by age. Here and there the fronts are ornamented with

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rude paintings of the Virgin and Child, sometimes high up on the wall of the building. The roofs project very much, often as far as four or five feet, and in the narrower streets they frequently overlap; the eaves are supported by oblique props, and bristle with water-spouts as in Seville. *Miradores* abound, as in the other cities of Andalucia, and their place is sometimes supplied by open terraces beneath the elevated roofs of the houses, where the citizens may "take the cool" of the evening, and have the pleasure of overlooking their neighbours. There are flat terraces, too, upon the roofs, planted with shrubs and flowers, forming aërial gardens, which, seen either from above or below, have a very charming effect; and it is no uncommon thing, on passing through the narrower streets, to find yourself canopied by an awning of vines extending across from roof to roof, and excluding the fierce rays of the sun.

Though many windows are unglazed, the absence of glass is not so general as in Córdoba, for in that city the winter is so mild as to allow of windows ever open, but the neighbourhood of the Sierra Nevada tempers even the summer heats of Granada, and renders it a cool residence in winter. The picturesque character of the houses is much heightened by the balcony

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below, and little tiled roof projecting above every window, and by large blinds of blue-striped linen, or of dark *esparto* matting, rolled up under these roofs, or hanging over the railing of the balcony. Here generally sits some fair Granadina in the midst of a hanging garden of flowers, her back to the blind; her feet, if ugly—but what Granadina has an ugly foot?—within the threshold, or, if otherwise, carelessly placed so as to be admired by the promenaders below; her hands busily occupied with her frame of embroidery, and her eyes no less busily engaged in scanning the figures in the streets; while ever and anon, as she recognizes some acquaintance or admirer, she neglects her work for a passing salute, a chat, or an interchange of tender glances and smiles.

The pavement of the streets of Granada can hardly be surpassed in torturing inequalities.

The doorways of the houses differ little from those already described in the other cities of Andalucia. The vestibule between the outer and inner doors is paved with black and white pebbles, arranged in patterns of flowers or animals, and often representing the arms of the family, corresponding with the escutcheon in marble over the entrance. As in Seville, the inner door is frequently of grated iron, affording a peep into a delicious *patio* with its splashing fountain, and

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grove of flowers and orange-plants. Granada has ever been famed for her fountains. "They are infinite in number," says a modern Spanish author; "and the ground beneath the city is pierced in every direction by an immense net-work of subterranean channels, and in every part, even under the roof the most mean and worst defended from the scorching sun, the poor wretch is lulled to slumber by the murmurings of flowing waters, and feels an imaginary coolness circulate through his veins."

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