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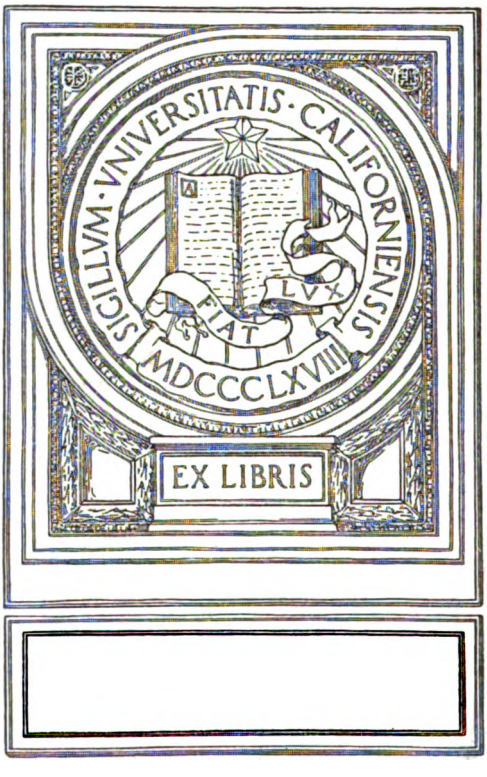

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GRANADA FROM THE HILL OF ST MIGUEL.

2nd Vol. II p. 113.

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. II.

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A

SUMMER IN ANDALUCIA.

CHAPTER I.

GRANADA—CITY AND ALHAMBRA.

Que castillos son aquellos,
altos son y reluzian?
El Alhambra era, Señor,
y el otro la Mesquita;
los otros los Alixares
labrados á maravilla;
El otro el Generalife,
huerta que par no tenia;
el otro Torres Bermejas,
castilla de gran valia.

What, I pray, are yonder towers—
High they are, and brightly glow?

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This, my lord, is the Alhambra,
That a Mosque for solemn show;
The others are the Alixares,
Marvellously wrought, I trow;
Yonder, too, the Generalife,
Gardens that no rivals know;
There you see the ruddy towers,
Fortresses of strength enow.
ANCIENT MOORISH ROMANCE.

THE origin of Granada is shrouded in a veil of obscurity.* Some have ascribed its foundation to the Romans, long previous to the Christian era, or have even, as its chronicler Pedraza, as-

* Granada has been said to have received its name from the resemblance it bore to a *granada*, or pomegranate, either in shape to the open halves of the fruit, or in the multitude of its houses lying close together like the seeds. The Arabs called it Gharnata, the etymology of which word has been explained in such a perplexing variety of ways, as to render a decision next to impossible, but Conde, the most able of Spanish orientalists, has interpreted it as "the cleft, or cave of the hill." Abu Abdillah Ben Alkhatib Alsalemi, a Moslem historian of Granada, has asserted that the word was of barbarous (i. e. foreign) origin (vid. Conde's Aledris, pag. 188), and if so, Gharnata may have been the Arabic corruption of the Latin *granatum*, a pomegranate. As previous to the Arab invasion, Granada was probably little more than a village, the name may have been received from the pomegranates, or corn, (*granum*) which there is reason to believe, even then abounded in its rich plain.

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signed it to the earliest colonists of the Peninsula two thousand years before Christ; while others have asserted that it was built subsequently to the Arab conquest.* The truth lies, perhaps, between these opinions; the city probably had its origin in the latter days of the Roman empire, or during the dominion of the Goths, for on the invasion of Tarik, Granada was one of the first places that fell into the hands of the Arabs after the battle of Xeréz. Its history is, perhaps, correctly sketched in the following stanza:—

El Gentil me edificó,
Conquistóme el Godo ufano,
El Arabe me ganó,
Me recuperó el Christiano.

The Pagan first built me,
The Goth then obtain'd,
The Arab possess'd me,
The Christian regain'd.

But it was not till the middle of the thirteenth century, that Granada made any prominent figure in history, for in the year 1238, it was raised into

* This diversity of opinions has arisen from the fact of Iliberis, a city unquestionably of the highest antiquity, having been by some regarded as identical with Granada—by others, with Elvira.

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the metropolis of a new kingdom, by Mohammed Ibn Alahmar, on the capture of Córdoba and Valencia by the Christians. When his new dominions were threatened by Ferdinand the Saint, king of Castille, Mohammed averted the invasion by making a treaty of alliance offensive and defensive with this prince, engaging at the same time, to pay a tribute, even of half the royal revenues of Granada, which then amounted to 170,000 ducats; and to attend the Cortes of Castille as a dependent noble, whenever summoned. In pursuance of this treaty, he aided Ferdinand, in 1248, in wresting the city of Seville from the hands of his fellow Moors. By his judicious and paternal conduct in the government of his kingdom, he at once gained the affections of his subjects, and raised Granada to the highest pitch of prosperity, and so augmented its riches, that he was enabled to commence the palace of the Alhambra in a style of unexampled magnificence. He was a worthy founder of such a kingdom. His virtues are thus set forth in his epitaph:—

"This is the sepulchre of the lofty Sultan, the fortress of Mohammedism, the ornament of mankind, glory of the day and night, shower of generosity, dew of clemency towards his people, polar-star of the sect, splendour of the law, protection of tradition, sword of truth, upholder of

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creatures, lion of war, ruin of his enemies, prop of the state, defender of the frontiers, conqueror of hosts, tamer of tyrants, triumpher over the unbelievers, Prince of the Faithful, sage guide of the chosen race, defence of the faith, honour of kings and sultans, the conqueror for God, occupied in the way of God, Abu Abdillah Mohammed Ben Yusuf Ben Nasar el Ansari. May God raise him to the degree of the lofty and justified, and place him among the prophets, the just ones, the martyrs and saints, and may God take delight in him, and be merciful unto him, for it pleased Him that he should be born the year (of the Hejra) 591, and that he should depart the day Giuma after the prayer of Alasar, on the 29th of the moon Giumada the last, in the year 671. Praised be He, whose empire hath no end, whose dominion had no beginning, whose time will not fail, for there is no God but He, the Compassionate, the Merciful!"*

On the capture of Seville, Granada became the capital of the entire Moorish empire in Spain, which, though now reduced to so small an extent of territory, maintained its ground boldly for more than two hundred and fifty years, bidding defiance to the repeated efforts of the Christians to overturn it. This kingdom had a succession of twenty sovereigns, under the last of whom it was conquered by the monarchs of the united kingdoms of Castille and Aragon, and with the loss of their capital, the dominion of the Arabs in the Peninsula, was for ever at an end. The

* Conde, Los Arabes en España, tom iii. cap. 9.

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history of these reigns is marked by the dissensions and sanguinary struggles for the supreme power with which the annals of eastern nations abound. Of these twenty kings, according to an old chronicler,* four were murdered by their rebellious subjects—two were killed, like the hero of antiquity, by wearing poisoned garments sent as presents by their enemies—one was treacherously put to death by a Christian sovereign—seven were dispossessed of their thrones by ambitious relatives or subjects—the last was conquered by the Catholic monarchs, and died an exile in Africa—and five only finished their reigns peaceably.

The foundations of the fortress of the Alhambra were laid by Mohammed Alamir, the successor of Ibn Alahmar; the work was continued by his successors, and completed by the seventh king, Yusuf Abul Hajiaj, in the year A. D. 1346. The same king also built the wall of the Albaycin, the fortress opposite the Alhambra.

Alhambra, or *Al-hamra,* signifies "the red," and the fortress was so called from the colour of its buildings. This is the usually received origin of its name, but Father Mariana tells us, that in

* De Hita. Conde makes the number of the sovereigns of Granada to be twenty-three.

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the year 1226, on the invasion of the Moslem territories by Ferdinand of Castille, " the inhabitants of Alhambra, a strong town built upon rocks, at a short distance from Granada, through fear forsook it, and fled to that city. They had a habitation assigned them in the loftiest part of the city, which, from this took, and still retains, the name of Alhambra."

The ninth monarch of Granada, Mohammed Ibn Alhamar,* commonly called from the colour of his beard and hair, " El Rey Bermejo—The Red King," was treacherously put to death by Pedro II. of Castille. Mohammed, fearing from the conspiracies of his subjects that he should lose his crown, determined to strengthen himself by obtaining the friendship and favour of Pedro, and having first received assurances of safety, proceeded to Seville, laden with presents for the Christian prince. Pedro received him with great state in the Alcazar, and with disguised courtesy assured him of his friendship and protection. That very same evening, as the unsuspecting Mohammed was supping with a hospitable Christian knight, he was seized and hurried to prison, whence he issued in a few days only to suffer death with thirty-seven of his principal at-

* Conde calls him Abu Said.

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tendants at the command of the perfidious monarch, who, according to some accounts, actually transfixed him with his own lance. For this and other deeds of the same savage and atrocious character, Pedro deservedly acquired the epithet of "Cruel."

The history of the last war of Granada, and its conquest by the Christians, has, with all its interesting details, been rendered so familiar to the British public by the pen of Geoffrey Crayon, as to make it quite unnecessary for me to attempt even a summary sketch of those stirring events. I would, therefore, refer all who wish to feel a genuine interest in this romantic country to that delightful work, "A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada."

Granada, under the dominion of the Moors, was a city of great wealth and importance, enjoying an extensive commerce, and excelling in many arts and manufactures, especially that of silk. Such were the riches of its monarchs, that it was vulgarly believed that the Alhambra was built by the aid of alchymy—the source of the vast treasures lavished on its decorations being otherwise incomprehensible to simple minds.* "The walls of the city," says Father Mariana,

* Zurita, Anales de Aragon, lib. xx. cap. 42.

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referring to the period of its capture by the Christians, "are very strong, with one thousand and thirty towers at intervals. Formerly it had seven gates, at present twelve. It is said to have had seventy thousand houses, a number so extraordinary, that it is difficult to credit. That which is most marvellous is what the ambassadors of Don James the Second, King of Aragon, certified to the Pontiff, Clement Vth., in the Council of Vienna, which is, that of two hundred thousand souls who at that period dwelt in Granada, hardly five hundred were to be found who were sons or grandsons of Moors. In particular, they said there were fifty thousand renegades and thirty thousand Christian captives.* Of the number of its inhabitants, on account of the great variety of calculations, we cannot treat, especially as in this, people always exaggerate. Also it is certain, that in the time of the Moorish Kings, the royal revenues collected in the city, and from the whole kingdom, amounted to seven hundred thousand ducats,—a great sum in that age, but credible on account of the intolerable tributes and imposts. Every man paid to the King the seventh part of his income, and of his flocks. The King was heir to the Moor who died without children; and he also came in for a

* See also Zurita, Anales de Aragon, lib. xx. cap. 42.

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share of the inheritance of those who left children, and he carried away as much as any one of them.* ... In the city there were said to be seventy thousand combatants, a great number, and which is not credible."†

When Mariana, in the passage just quoted, mentions two hundred thousand souls as the population of Granada, it must be remembered that the period referred to was the early part of the fourteenth century, and that in the latter years of the Moorish domination the city is supposed to have contained double that number of inhabitants. So vast, in fact, was the population of Granada in its palmy days, that according to Pedraza, its chronicler, there was a proverbial saying in reference to a search that was vain and hopeless, "*Es buscar á Mahoma en Granada*—It is like looking for Mohammed in Granada."‡

Granada is a fallen city. It retains none of its former splendour; its manufactures and commerce are almost extinct; and its population has dwindled away to sixty or seventy thousand. In extent it differs from its ancient condition

* Mariana. Lib. xxv. cap. 16.

† Mariana. Lib. xxv. cap. 6.

‡ Antigüedades de Granada, p. 9., Mendoza says that in the time of the king Abul Hajiaj, the city had 70,000 houses, which, at the average of six individuals to a house, gives 420,000 inhabitants. Guerra de Granada, lib. 1.

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less than in other respects, for it covers nearly the same ground as formerly, but many parts within the walls are now in a state of ruin. The decay of Granada, however, has not yet reached the utter prostration, the death-like torpor, the expiring vitality of Córdoba; rather, like Seville, Granada is still enjoying a green hale old age,—she is venerable and majestic in her decay.

Granada is situated at one end of its extensive Vega, at the height of more than three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and at the foot of the lofty Sierra Nevada, which begins to rise immediately behind it. The greater part of the city is in the plain, but it partially extends also over three parallel hills which advance into the Vega from the east, as the outposts of the Nevada. The most northerly of these hills is covered with the houses of the Albaycin, the centre height is crowned by the fortress of the Alhambra, and that to the south, by the Torres Bermejas, or Red Towers, with its outer slope also sprinkled with buildings. At the foot of this last hill flows the Xenil;* and through the deep

* The Xenil is the Singilis of the Romans; it takes its rise in the snow-fields of the Sierra Nevada, in the ravine called the Valley of Hell, and descends by Güejar into the Vega, which, after receiving several tributaries, it leaves at Loxa, and proceeds to bathe the walls of Ecija, and lose itself in the Guadalquivir at Palma.

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vale that separates the Alhambra from the Albaycin, winds the river Darro,* which passes through the city, and loses itself in the Xenil, just without the walls. The extent of the Vega has been variously stated, owing probably to its irregular form, but it may be estimated at between twenty-five and thirty miles in its greatest length, and more than half that in the widest part, with a circumference of about twenty leagues. It is watered by several rivers, fed by the melting of the mountain snows, whose waters are carried in artificial trenches to every part of the plain, causing it to yield an eternal succession of fruit and grain, and rendering it a garden ever fertile in delights.

The situation of Granada will be better understood by a view from one of the towers of the Alhambra, to which we will now proceed.

Passing from the Bibarrambla through the dark Zacatin, we enter the Plaza Nueva, a large square, containing the house of the Captain General of the city, and beneath which for two hundred yards, flows the Darro in a subterranean

* Darro, or Dauro, quasi "*dat aurum*"—for gold has for ages been found in its sands. According to Pedraza, "the city of Granada, in 1520, presented the Emperor Charles V. with a crown made of the gold collected in this river."—Antigüedades de Granada, p. 33.

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channel. Here, as well as in the Bibarrambla, the Moors formerly celebrated their public games and festivals. From this square we look up to the lofty Tower of the Bell, frowning from the heights above, and turning towards it, we ascend a steep and narrow street, La Calle de los Gomeles,* terminating in a gateway built by Charles V. The red Tower of the Bell here rises immediately above us to the left, and on the other hand, crowning the steep which is covered with successive terraces of houses, are seen the Torres Bermejas, or Red Towers. Passing through the gateway which is called La Puerta de las Granadas, or the Gate of the Pomegranates, we enter, as the inscription on the arch informs us, within the "Jurisdiction of the Alhambra," and see before us a broad walk between thick groves of trees, while a narrow path runs up the hill more to the left. The broad walk is the Alameda of the Alhambra; the narrow path leads us up for some distance beneath the thick shade of trees, which the noon-day beams can rarely penetrate, till emerging into the sunshine, we find ourselves at the foot of a huge red tower, which rises on the left, with a large fountain beyond, built by Charles V. Here, turning sharp

* So called from a powerful tribe of Moors, the great enemies of the Abencerrages in the latter days of the kingdom of Granada.

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round, we enter the tower through the celebrated Puerta de Justicia, or Gate of Justice; the grand entrance to the fortress of the Alhambra. It retains the name of Gate of Justice or Judgment, for in the time of the Moors, justice was administered within the portals, according to the ancient custom of the East.* The outer arch is very lofty, is adorned with arabesques, and on its key-stone is engraved the figure of an open hand; within the tower is a lower arch still more richly ornamented, but disfigured by an image of the Virgin; and having a Moorish key carved on its key-stone. The key and hand are holy symbols among the Mohammedans, the key signifying the unlocking of the true faith, and the hand the all-creating power which directs towards it.† It is for this reason perhaps, that the hand is on the outer, and the key on the second and interior arch, to intimate that the mind must be directed by the Almighty Creator towards the Faith, must be imbued with a tendency to receive it, before its mysteries can be unfolded to the eyes.

Winding through this tower, in which a few

* Vid. Deuteronomy, xvi. 18.

† The hand is said to be symbolical also of the fundamental principles of their religion—the thumb representing the one great doctrine of belief, viz.: The unity of God, and divine mission of Mohammed; and the four fingers, the four practical precepts of the Coran—Prayer, Almsgiving, Fasting, and Pilgrimage.

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soldiers are usually seen reclining in slumber, we ascend a short distance between high walls, and turn into a large square, with a Moorish gateway, called Puerta de Vino, or Wine-Gate, on our right, and the long façade of the palace of Charles V. beyond. Bounding the square to our left rise two large red towers, the Torres de Homenage, connected by heavy walls, and before us is seen a low matted tent or shed, beneath which several people are busily occupied, while mules and asses are clustering around. This shed covers the wells sunk to the great reservoirs under-ground, constructed by the Moors, and which give this open space the name of Plaza de los Algibes, or Square of the Cisterns.

Passing through a gateway in the wall of the Torres de Homenage, we enter another large square, containing a number of poor cottages on one side, and the lofty Tower of the Bell—or, as it is sometimes called, Torre de la Vela, or Tower of the Watch—rising at the further end. On ascending this tower by a winding staircase, and issuing upon the battlemented roof, a most magnificent prospect bursts upon us. It is a panorama where the richest glories of nature combine to captivate the senses, and a thousand historical and romantic associations to delight the mind.

We find ourselves on the verge of a steep, five or six hundred feet above the city, on

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the extremity of the centre hill of the three which stretch into the plain and overhang Granada. The long swelling ridge to the north, whose crest bristles with roofs and towers, and whose slope is covered with buildings down to the very groves of the Darro, at the bottom of the deep valley which intervenes, is the Albaycin, once a fortress, the rival of the Alhambra, and the quarter of the city occupied by Boabdil, the last of the Moorish monarchs, during his unnatural contest with his father and uncle for the sovereignty of the kingdom. The red towers on the lower height to the south, are the Torres Bermejas, marked by tradition as of Phœnician origin,* and in the intervening hollow we can trace the street by which we ascended from the Plaza Nueva. The city extends round the base of these three hills, far up the valley of the Darro, and even up the outer slopes of the hills on either hand, where it is lost to the eye. On the hill-side, just beneath the tower, are some ruins, the remains of the batteries erected by the French, when in possession of Granada during the War of Independence, for the purpose of commanding the city and terrifying it into submission to their unwelcome yoke. The large open space in the

* This opinion is now generally esteemed unfounded; but these towers are evidently of more ancient date than any other part of the fortress.

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city beneath is the Plaza Nueva, with the house of the Capitan General very conspicuous on the opposite side; and the square beyond, behind the great dome of the Cathedral, is the Bibarrambla, renowned in legends as the spot where the four Christian knights maintained, by force of arms, the honour of the last Sultana against her base accusers. The other large square at the foot of the hill of the Albaycin, is the Plaza de Triunfo, or, Square of Triumph, in which is the Bull-amphitheatre, with convents, barracks, and other things to remind us that we live in modern times.

But the appearance of the city itself, when thus viewed from above, is very interesting. Instead of the flat snowy terraces of Cadiz, we here look down on gently sloping roofs covered with red tiles: the confused masses of irregular and antique buildings, interspersed with numerous *miradores* and convent towers, and broken here and there by blooming gardens in the courts below, or by flower-decked terraces on the roofs above, and separated by narrow and tortuous streets, or by the glittering Darro, present a most singular appearance. The city is encircled by a broad girdle of orchards, and beyond, to the north, west, and south, extends the immense Vega,*

* From the Arabic وَجْه a region, a district; or from

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here and there darkened by woods, but mostly yellow with corn and glowing with heat; the winding streaks of verdure which intersect it, mark the course of its fertilizing streams, which may sometimes be seen glistening like liquid silver from the bosom of the dark groves. Numerous white spots, too, chequer the plain, springing up from the patches of wood;—the largest of these to the west, about the centre of the Vega, is the city of Santa Fé, or, Holy Faith, built by Ferdinand and Isabella during the siege of Granada, to protect their soldiers from the Moorish sallies. Such was the despatch used in its erection, that the old romances tell us it sprung into being in a single night, as if by magic, to the great astonishment and terror of the Moors, who beheld the sun rise upon a city, after setting upon a camp.*

The low, but rugged hills, stretching far into the plain on the north-west, are the Sierra de Elvira, and behind them is the celebrated pass of Pinos Puente, by which the Vega is first entered in the journey from Córdoba. Beyond these hills, in the horizon, are the wild and lofty

بقع variegated, that is, partly barren, and partly fruitful. The Vega of Granada is said by Chateaubriand strongly to resemble the valley of Sparta.

* This was a deception caused by white canvass stretched upon wood, in such a manner as to resemble a wall of masonry, with battlements and towers.

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mountains of Alcalá, the frontier wall in the latter wars of Granada between the territories of the Christians and Mohammedans. Carrying the eye westward, we behold the plain bounded by the long low Sierras of Moclin, Illora, Parapanda, and Loja, and towards the south, in the direction of Alhama, the mountains increase in altitude, till on the south-east they swell into a huge wave piercing the blue heavens with its snowy crest, nearly twelve thousand feet in height. This is the Sierra Nevada.

Still looking eastward and below us we see the various buildings of the Alhambra. Immediately facing us are the Torres de Homenage, with their walls stretching completely across the summit of the narrow hill; the Palace of Charles V. lifts its broad yellow front beyond, and behind it to the right rise the church of the Alhambra, the convent of San Francisco, and the roofs of many of the small cottages within the fortress; while to the left is the Moorish palace, and the huge tower of Comares overhanging the wooded steep. On that tower, when the victorious Christians took possession of the city was the cross first upreared, and the standard of the Catholic monarchs unfurled in triumph, while the heralds shouted, "Granada! Granada! for the sovereigns Don Fernando and Doña Isabel!" Beyond,

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rises the hill of the Generalife, with its long ranges of white buildings, its hanging groves and lines of cypresses. At its foot winds the Darro through a hill-girt hollow, embosomed in fruit-groves, whose dewy tops are now glistening beneath the rays of the morning sun. Perched on a hill opposite the Generalife, and high above the Albaycin, is the white chapel of San Miguel, and still further up the narrow and wooded glen, the college of Monte Santo springs from the groves on the hill side. The Darro takes its rise in the Sierra de Cogollos, a few leagues distant, pursues its course through valleys which it clothes with verdure, till it enters the open country at the city of Granada, intersecting it and losing itself immediately in the Xenil. The hill on which the Alhambra is situated, is the extremity of the range which has attended the river from its source on one side; the Albaycin terminates the opposite chain; and it seems as though, in order that it might always preserve its mountain dignity, they had accompanied it to the last, till its waters were swallowed up from their sight.

The hollow on the south side of the Alhambra is dark with the luxuriant groves of the Alameda, which stretch eastwards to the Convent of Martyrs; and beyond, soars the vast pile of mountains, the glory of Granada, with all their distances distinctly marked by the horizontal rays of the

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sun; rising at first in bare low swellings, then in steeper and bolder forms, towering into rocky peaks and black precipices; and surmounted at last by a stupendous wavy ridge of snow.

But the tower itself is deserving of notice. On the roof is a large bell, which gives its name to the tower. This, from its prominent situation, was the principal watch-tower of Granada, and from its roof the Moorish sovereigns were accustomed to watch the signals on the frontier mountains, or the Christian hosts entering the Vega on their desolating incursions. Over these battlements many a fair Moslem has probably leaned while watching her knight in the tournament in the Plaza Nueva below, or on his more perilous expeditions to encounter the enemy without the walls—as the old romances tell us was the custom of the Moorish dames:—

"*Miranles las damas Moras*
De las torres del Alhambra—

On them gaze the Moorish ladies
From the towers of the Alhambra."

The word "Alhambra" conveys to the minds of many who have not visited Granada, the idea of a magnificent palace. The Alhambra, however, is not, strictly speaking, a palace, but a fortress of

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great extent, whose walls stretch round the summit of a hill, half a mile or more in length, and a few hundred feet in breadth. The far-famed Palace which contains the Court of the Lions, the Hall of the Abencerrages, &c., occupies comparatively but little ground—not one twentieth, nor perhaps one fiftieth part of the space thus enclosed. It is situated on the northern side, and about the centre of the hill, overhanging the valley of the Darro. Besides this, there is the great Palace of Charles V. scarcely less extensive, with quite a village of houses, a large parish church, a convent, orchards, gardens and even corn-fields, and that never-failing appendage to the smallest village—an alameda. All this is within the walls of the fortress, the principal entrance to which is the Gate of Justice; but "The Alhambra" is also one of the quarters of the city, and includes the large alameda of the same name, and all the groves between the fortress and the Torres Bermejas; and how much more I cannot say, for I was once much surprised when half-way up the hill of the Albaycin, to find myself still within the "Jurisdiccion del Alhambra."

My earliest care was to procure a lodging within the walls. Though strangers can no longer obtain a residence within the Palace, as at the time of Washington Irving's visit, accommo-

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dations may be had in several of the abodes of the peasantry, and I determined to put up with all inconveniences in order to enjoy a proximity to the Palace. After inspecting several houses, and while wandering on unsatisfied through the fortress, I was struck with a picturesque old building of Moorish aspect, surmounted by a tower or *mirador*. Remnants of large horse-shoe arches were visible on its front, which was much disfigured by the ravages of time; part of the overhanging roof was broken away; its original covering was peeled off; while modern additions tended still more to destroy its ancient beauty. Yet it was interesting in its decay, and enough remained to attract the attention and excite the curiosity of the stranger.

Hearing that this was occasionally a dwelling-place for visitors, I entered, and perceived immediately that the building was of Moorish architecture, and had formerly possessed great beauty. The richly-carved ceilings, the arabesques and bands of inscriptions on the walls, though in many places lost under successive coats of plaster and white-wash, showed that it had originally been the habitation of some person of consequence. Tradition marks it, and probably with truth, as the mansion of a Moorish prince or noble. The rooms appear to have once reached from the

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ground to the very roof of the building, but a floor which has been introduced in later times, to form an upper story, has destroyed their original character. The tower, which was formerly used as a kiosk, where to enjoy the cool mountain breezes, is now occupied only by lumber, yet the tracery on the walls of its interior is most rich and delicate, and preserves its colours, not indeed in their pristine freshness, but with a brightness that an exposure for centuries to the atmosphere has not obliterated.

Here I resolved to fix my quarters, charmed with the idea of inhabiting an ancient Moorish mansion. My sitting-room was on the ground-floor, and had been the hall of audience or principal apartment, for on either hand in the projecting wall between it and the anti-room, was one of those little niches where the Moors were accustomed to deposit their slippers before entering the presence of any person of importance.

A balconied window at once disclosed the situation of the house; from within the fortress it had appeared a low building, but was now seen to be a tower in the outer walls, springing to the height of sixty or seventy feet above the steep hill side, which sank feathered with wood to the very banks of the Darro far down in the hollow beneath. I was thus on an eminence

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which commanded a splendid view, over this vale, of the hill of the Albaycin opposite, with its antique houses, narrow streets, open courts, and terraced gardens, spread out before me as in a map. To the right I had a peep up the richly wooded glen of the Darro, half hidden by the intervening hill of the Generalife, and to the left, the view was bounded by the towers of the Palace of the Alhambra, so close, that from the horse-shoe windows of my *mirador*, I could look into the garden of Lindaraxa, and see the sparkling jets of its fountain shooting high amid the orange and citron-trees.

I chose a bed-chamber on the upper floor, the ceiling of which was of dark panelled woodwork richly carved and ornamented; such as I had seen in the Alcazar of Seville. Around the apartment were bands of inscriptions in large Arabic characters, encouraging devotion by a display of the attributes of the Deity. A single small window lighted the chamber, but the view from it was enchanting.

Look through it with me, reader, and you will see immediately below you a deep ravine filled with foliage, and beyond, the hill of the Generalife rising opposite at a very short distance, springing at first precipitous and bare from the ravine, then sloping back clothed with verdure,—

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long terraces of fig and pomegranate-trees, vines and prickly pears, stretching along the hill-side beneath the palace, whose tall towers and long arcades lighted up by the sun, quite dazzle your eye with their brilliant whiteness, and are forcibly contrasted with the regiment of black cypresses at their side. The bare summit of the hill is crested with some low red ruins, probably of the ancient Mosque, whither, according to tradition, Boabdil fled to escape the fury of his subjects, whom his barbarous slaughter of the Abencerrages had excited to rebellion. From this it is called La silla del Moro—The seat of the Moor.

Immediately below the window, on the very brink of the ravine, is a small house, also of Moorish architecture, with an orchard of fig-trees adjoining; and beyond, stretches a succession of massive red towers in the outer wall of the fortress, half hidden by the sunny groves from which they spring. A little to the right of these, is the tower of the convent of San Francisco, in the chapel of which, the bodies of Ferdinand and Isabella were originally interred, before their removal to the Royal Chapel in the city below. Bounding the view in the distance, soars the sublime chain of the Nevada, its base concealed by a mist drawn up from the vallies by the noonday sun, while the vast fields of snow sparkle

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with the brilliancy of silver upon its dark grey summit. At this hour the whole scene partakes of an intensity of repose;—not a breeze ruffles the topmost leaves of the fig-trees,—not a cloud sails across the deep blue heavens,—the birds in the groves of the Generalife have hushed their song, till the cool evening recalls them to animation,—the deep silence is broken by no voice, no cry, no sound of life;—a tiny rivulet alone, concealed by overhanging foliage, faintly murmurs through the dark ravine far beneath your feet, conveying an idea of cool shade and moisture most grateful at this burning hour.

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CHAPTER II.

GRANADA—THE PALACE.

L'Alhambra est le chef-d'œuvre de l'architecture Arabe, comme le Parthenon est le miracle du génie de la Grèce.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

Where are thy pomps, Alhambra, earthly sun
That had no rival and no second?—gone!....
The spear and diadem are from thee gone;
Silence is now sole monarch on thy throne!

CROLY.

I MUST no longer delay to conduct the reader to the Casa Arabe—The Arabian House—as the renowned Moorish palace is called by the Granadinos. The entrance is in the north-east corner of the Square of the Cisterns, almost concealed by a projecting angle of the Palace of

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Charles V. Unlike the habitations of modern European royalty, there is nothing in the exterior of the Arabian House which could lead a stranger to anticipate the glories within. A plain wooden door in a high naked wall, resembles the entrance to a cemetery rather than to magnificent courts and saloons.

Provided with the requisite permission from the Contador Veedor of the Alhambra, I rang the bell, and an old man appeared, who scrutinized well both my paper and myself ere he would admit me. I then found myself in a court of oblong form, with a large pool or reservoir of water in the centre, which gives it the name of the Patio del Alberca, or Court of the Pool. On the left, at its further extremity, the court is bounded by an arcade, with elegant Moorish columns of white marble, high above whose roof the huge Tower of Comares rears its red battlemented head. The opposite end of the court is crossed by a similar arcade, surmounted by another, abutting against the wall of the Palace of Charles V., which greatly disfigures the view of the court in this direction. The doorway in the centre of the lower arcade is generally supposed to have been the principal entrance in the time of the Moors, but it is now blocked up by the same Palace. The court is

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paved with marble; it is about one hundred and thirty feet in length from north to south, and more than seventy in breadth. The pool is about one hundred and twenty feet long, thirty broad, and five or six deep; it is now a reservoir for fish, but is said to have been originally a bath. At either end was once a fountain, playing up between the colonnades and the reservoir, into which its waters were carried by a stone trough. Beds of myrtles and roses border the pool on either hand, and serve to relieve with their green the sunny brightness of the white walls and arcades around.

Through a low doorway opposite me on entering I had caught a glimpse of a second court, with the sparkling jets of a fountain in the centre. Passing through this doorway I found myself beneath a colonnade, and looked, through a wood of light pillars spanned by arches of delicate fretwork, to the celebrated Fountain of the Lions, which shot up its glittering waters in the midst of a garden of flowering shrubs, enclosed by long arcades, similar to that under which I was standing. It is impossible to describe the feelings of astonishment and delight experienced on entering this Patio. Apart from the romantic associations connected with the spot, the slender and elegant

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columns, the dazzling brilliancy of the sun-lit arcades, the vivid colours of the shrubs and flowers, and the murmuring jets of the fountain, give the court inexpressible charms;—you can scarcely believe it to be real,—it has an enchanted, an unearthly beauty, and resembles only what your imagination may have pictured of a palace in fairy lands.

The attention is at first so absorbed in contemplating the general beauties of the Patio, that it is long before the eye can descend to notice its minuter features. It runs east and west, and is ninety-three feet long by fifty-three broad. A square portico projects into it at either end, supported by twenty columns, with arches of the most elegant forms, whose outlines are marked by fretted work of stucco, resembling stalactites. This delicate grotto-work is also carried within the portico as high as the ceiling, which is a cupola of wood beautifully carved, and elevated nearly thirty feet from the ground. The general hue of the fretting is a light stone, touched here and there with vermilion, azure, and gold, which have lost none of their original brightness after an exposure for centuries to the weather. Within the porticos were formerly fountains, but they have now ceased to play, as is the case also with

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others, under the colonnades behind.* The ceilings of these colonnades are of carved wood, once richly painted, gilt, and inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl; but now, in many places, broken and decayed; here and there, where the colours retain their freshness, small escutcheons, with figures of eagles or rampant lions, may be seen in the compartments of the panelling.

The total number of columns in the Court, including those of the projecting porticos, is one hundred and sixty-four; they are arranged sometimes singly, sometimes in pairs, and in a cluster of four at each of the corners. From base to capital they are about eight feet high; and the shafts are eight or ten inches in diameter. The capitals are ornamented with minute Arabic inscriptions, and from them rise vertically, on the front of the arcade, broad bands of the same in large letters, crossed by a horizontal band above. Open tracery-work of the most elegant description fills the intermediate spaces above the arches; these are of the horse-shoe form, but in general long and narrow, which adds to the lightness and elegance of the columns.

* The porticos are thirteen feet square; the colonnades at the ends of the court are ten feet broad—those at the sides are only seven feet.

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The Gothic order of architecture is supposed by many to have had an Eastern origin—to have been based upon the Saracenic. He who visits the Court of Lions will not find it difficult to believe this, or to imagine he sees the source of several styles of Teutonic architecture. There is the simple lancet-shaped arch of the early Gothic, the pointed and more ornamented of the later and florid styles, and even the semicircular arch moulded above like the Saxon.*

The fountain, which stands in the centre of the Court, is supported by twelve lions, sculptured in stone, and about three feet high. They exhibit but a small advancement in the art, for they resemble cats rather than lions; their manes are scanty, their legs mere stumps of stone without feet, and their tails are all twisted in a droll manner upon their flanks. It is in vain that they try to look fierce; the end of a water-pipe, stuck

* Saracenic and Gothic architecture are, nevertheless, essentially distinct in character. The one is light, airy, and elegant—the other, heavy, gloomy, and grand. The only instance I remember in England in which the Gothic partakes of the lightness and grace of the Saracenic, is in Salisbury Cathedral—from the columns in whose chancel a very tolerable idea may be formed of the architecture in this Court of Lions.

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like a whistle in their mouths, is a poor substitute for open jaws and bristling teeth. The basin of the fountain is flat, very shallow, and of one piece of marble—a dodecagon, six feet in diameter. It is adorned with patterns in relief, and round the rim is an inscription in Arabic.

From that just described rises a smaller and bowl-shaped basin, supported like a vase on an elegant pedestal; above this, again, is a short pillar, which, from the extreme whiteness of the marble, seems a modern addition. The water is forced up through this pillar high into the air, and is caught in the upper basin, which it overflows, and descends in a brilliant shower into the larger one beneath; whence it is conveyed through the feet of the basin into the bodies of the lions, and issues in slender streams from their mouths. It falls into trenches, and, after watering the garden, is carried away in subterranean channels. The garden is laid out in beds of roses, myrtles, oleanders, and numerous flowering plants peculiar to the climate; with hedges of evergreens, and cane trellis work. Young cypresses, clipped into fantastic forms, are ranged against the columns. The character of the entire Patio is that of the most finished elegance and beauty. Nothing of grandeur—nothing majestic—no imposing sub-

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limity is here visible. This is not characteristic of the architecture of the Arabians. They aimed at everything that might captivate the senses — that might soften rather than excite the feelings; they sought to charm the eye with a thousand graces, to lull the ear with the music of falling waters, to induce the most delicious coolness — the greatest luxury of their climate — and to make their abodes on this earth bear a near resemblance to their imaginary paradise above.

A large open archway, in the middle of the southern corridor of the court, leads into the Sala de los Abencerrages, or Hall of the Abencerrages. In the wall of the doorway, on either hand, at the height of four feet from the ground, is a niche, prettily lined with coloured tiling, and fretted with stucco, about eighteen inches high, and nine in width. Similar niches are at the entrance of all Arabian saloons, and within them, according to the ancient custom of the East, were deposited the slippers of those who were about to enter the presence of royalty. Crossing a narrow antichamber, I entered the Hall—a magnificent apartment, richly adorned with arabesques. The fountain, famed in legendary story, is in the centre, and shoots up its waters merrily, as in the olden time, while the splashing

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shower re-echoes through the apartment.* My guide, stirring up the thin coat of mud, pointed out a reddish mark on the marble bottom—the veritable stains, he assured me, of the blood of the thirty-six noble victims who were here treacherously slaughtered by Boabdil.

"Do you believe that to be really the stain of their blood?" I enquired.

"*Decir y creer son dos*—to say and to believe are two," was the quaint reply.

On opposite sides of the Hall are two alcoves, the wall above which is supported by light columns. The Hall is paved with white marble, the alcoves with tiles.† The walls are lined to the height of five feet with glazed tiling of various colours, disposed in elegant mosaic patterns; above, they are covered to a considerable height with arabesques and bands of inscriptions in relief, and then fretted in the same manner as the ceiling. This is a cupola adorned with an exquisite grotto-work of stalactites in white stucco,

* It is a flat dodecagonal basin sunk in the floor, with a small rim, raised six inches above the pavement.

† The hall is twenty feet broad, by thirty-eight in length, including the depth of the alcoves. The ceilings of these alcoves are of wood carved and inlaid, and brightly painted with vermilion and azure.

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relieved by touches of vermilion, blue, green, and gold, just enough to impart a richness of colour without destroying its delicacy and airiness. The whole is seen by a soft, voluptuous light, admitted through long narrow openings in the wall beneath the roof. A calm beauty and elegance pervade the apartment, little in unison with the tragic scenes which tradition has assigned to the spot.

On the northern side of the Court of Lions is the Hall of the Two Sisters—Sala de las Dos Hermanas—so called, it is said, from two large flagstones in the pavement, each of which is twelve feet long by five broad. This Sala is larger than that of the Abencerrages; in shape and decorations, however, it is very similar, but is still more richly ornamented.* The tiling of the walls, and the arabesques above, are of more tasteful and elegant patterns, the ceiling is more exquisitely fretted, and more delicately and brilliantly touched with colour and gold; in fact, it is the most beautiful in the Palace; it is a masterpiece, and would exhaust a mine of epithets to

* It is twenty-six feet square, not including the depth of two alcoves—each eight feet deep and twenty-three in length: they are more obscured than those in the opposite Hall, as they open upon the saloon with a single arch, and appear distinct apartments.

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recount its charms. The whole chamber is in a better state of preservation, and possesses greater beauties of fretwork and tracery than any other of ancient Moorish architecture in Spain, or perhaps existing elsewhere. It has but one defect—the fountain which formerly cooled the apartment has now ceased to play. Over the archway, at either end of the Hall, is a window with latticed blinds, now partially broken, but still retaining traces of former elegance. Through these the beauties of the Harem were enabled to gratify their curiosity by gazing into the Hall, though they were prevented the indulgence of a stronger female passion, being themselves invisible. But all that has long passed away—no joyous laugh is now heard along the dark passages; no whispering or suppressed titter at the latticed windows; all is now silent and still as the grave.

I remarked small escutcheons on the ceiling, tastefully wrought into the pattern of the fretwork, and in the mosaic work near the ground, were small tiles in the shape of shields, with the inscription "And no conqueror but God!" in minute Arabic characters in a diagonal band, not painted subsequently, but burnt in with the tile. This inscription, which was the favourite saying of Mohammed Ibn Alahmar, the founder of the

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Alhambra,* is carried in broad bands of large upright characters thrice round the apartment; and meets you, in fact, in all the halls, wherever you turn the eye. It is thus written :— †



This is the most common inscription in the Palace, but other short sentences, generally in adoration of the Deity, are many times repeated;

* After the conquest of Seville, in which, according to the treaty he had made with Ferdinand the Saint, King of Castille, he had been obliged to take up arms against his countrymen, "Muhamed returned sad and full of care to his dominions. He saw the gathering ills that menaced the Moslem cause. * *

When the melancholy conqueror approached his beloved Granada, the people thronged forth to see him with impatient joy; for they loved him as a benefactor. They had erected arches of triumph in honour of his martial exploits, and wherever he passed he was hailed with acclamations as *El Ghalib*, or the Conqueror. Muhamed shook his head when he heard the appellation. 'There is no conqueror but God!' exclaimed he. From that time forward he adopted this exclamation as a motto. He inscribed it on an oblique band across his escutcheon, and it continued to be the motto of his descendants."—*Irving*. Vid. Conde, tom. iii. cap. 6.

† Though unable to comprehend the last letter of this inscription, I am satisfied that it is correctly copied.

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as "To God belongs the power." "To God the dominion." "To God the durability." "Praise be to God alone." "Glory to God." "Praise to God for the blessing of Mohammedanism." "There is no God but God," &c. Besides these, there are passages from the Corān and stanzas of poetry eulogizing the Moorish monarchs, or the respective Saloons, and promising, in all the wild and extravagant imagery of Eastern poetry, equal immortality to both. The inscriptions are generally in the Niskhi—the modern Arabic character—but frequently in the ancient Cufic, which is now out of use. The letters are sometimes very small and delicate, sometimes nearly two feet in height, often elegantly mingled with or enwreathed by flowers, and generally of white stucco raised from a blue ground. It is no easy task to decypher these inscriptions, especially the Cufic, which might often be mistaken for fanciful patterns of arabesques, and are sometimes duplicated by inverted inscriptions blending with the upright. Those in both characters are frequently so mingled with the foliage of the ground from which they are raised, as to be distinguished from it with difficulty, and the more modern letters are at times so antiquated as to puzzle all but the first-rate scholar, especially as they are not un-

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frequently altogether destitute of diacritic points, even such as mark the distinction between the ب, ت, ث, ن, and ي*

Beyond the Hall of the Two Sisters is a long and narrow antichamber,† and beyond this, a most delightful little apartment, whose dimensions are but thirteen feet by ten. Its roof is light and airy; its walls adorned with the most delicate arabesques, and pierced with four small horse-shoe windows, looking upon the flowery

* To explain this difficulty more fully—let the reader conceive of a book purporting to be English, printed without stops or spaces between the words, with a total elision of the vowels, and the consonants so formed that no distinction can be discovered between the b, t, th, n, and y, or between the h and j, the r and z, the s and sh, the f and k, and he will not then have conceived the entire difficulty of decyphering these Arabic inscriptions. True it is that the Arabic, as the Hebrew, can be expressed without *vowel* points, but as it can then be read only by those who are thoroughly versed in the language, the above parallel holds good.

Owing to this difficulty, the inscriptions in the Alhambra have been translated in a variety of ways. The versions of Alonso del Castillo and Father Juan de Echevarría, some of which have often been rendered into English, are notoriously incorrect. The best versions are allowed to be those of Pablo Lozano, published by the Royal Academy of San Fernando, under the title of "Antigüedades Arabes de Granada y Córdoba."

† This antichamber is forty-eight feet long by eleven in depth, with slipper niches on either side of the doorway.

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garden of Lindaraxa, into which it projects. It is called El Gabinete de la Reyna, or The Queen's Cabinet. An air of such elegance and taste pervades this little chamber that you fancy yourself in the abode of a fairy, and start at the sound of a footstep, as if expecting to see her, or some sylph-like female, approaching to rebuke your intrusion. It shows, alas! symptoms of decay, or rather the effects of earthquakes in its cracking roof, which is bolted together with iron bars; and the whole apartment is propped up from without by strong buttresses, to prevent its falling into the garden of Lindaraxa.*

Retracing our steps through the suite of rooms, we re-enter the Court of Lions. The gates of the Halls of the Two Sisters, and of the Abencerrages are still remaining. They are huge folding doors, similar to those in the Alcazar of Seville, already described, not working upon hinges, but on upright beams, fitted into cross pieces of timber above, and into the pavement below; and both surfaces are covered with innumerable small pieces of wood, of various

* Earthquakes, though not unfrequent at Granada and in its neighbourhood, are never violent, or of long duration. Nevertheless, it is said that the fear of them alone made one monarch of Spain relinquish the idea he had entertained of making this city his capital.

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figures. The ancient bolts of iron still remain. There is a small door within the large one, for private admittance into the halls, when the gates were closed.

The Sala de Justicia—Hall of Judgment—bounds the Court of Lions on the east, and opens on it in a series of elegant arches. It is not so richly ornamented as the halls already described, nor has it an air of so much gaiety and elegance. It is eighty-eight feet long, by fifteen only in breadth, and is separated into compartments by six beautifully fretted arches. The roof is lofty, and of dark panel-work, and is disfigured by deep cracks in several places; the portico, too, at this end of the Patio, is so shaken, that were it not held together by strong iron bars, bolted through the stone columns, it would probably soon fall into the Garden of the Lions. This does not seem the effect of age, for the colours on the ceiling of the portico are still most brilliant; it has been caused by earthquakes which, at various times, have rocked the hill, and formed deep rents and fissures in other parts of the Palace, as well as in some of the outer towers of the fortress.

On the eastern side of the Sala, facing the Court of Lions, are three recesses or alcoves, the ceilings of which are covered with paintings on concave surfaces. As there is every reason

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to believe these to be genuine specimens of Moorish art, and as such unique, and as they seem to throw light on disputed points with regard to the customs of this extraordinary people, a minute description of them will need no apology. The concaves are of oval form, twelve feet long by five wide, and each is painted, not as a simple picture with one horizon, but as two distinct pictures, the head of each meeting in the centre of the ceiling, and the horizons uniting at the ends of the oval, so that the whole bears some resemblance to a panorama.

In the background of one picture, on the first ceiling, is a turretted wall, within which rises a square tower, and a church with a Gothic spire; probably representing a Christian city. From a window of the tower, a lady, with long golden hair, attended by another female, is anxiously watching a combat beneath the walls, where a turbaned Moor, carrying a double shield, with the device of four keys, (similar to that carved above the Gate of Justice,) is charging a Christian knight in black armour, and bearing him from his horse, at the point of his lance. Near this joust, and also in the foreground of the picture, is a woman holding in one hand a chain attached to the neck of a lion, which is calmly reposing beneath the walls of the fortress. A hairy man, who might represent a satyr, if he

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had not white breeches, is seizing the woman with both hands. Another knight in black armour, with the device of three birds on a red shield, is riding up to her rescue, and transfixing the rough monster with his lance. The picture on the other half of the ceiling, has also in its background, a city or fortress, with several towers and church spires. In the foreground, sits a lady on a black cushion, playing at chess, but with whom, is not distinguishable, as the paint is in this part peeled off. On one side of this damsel, a man is fighting with a lion, and on the other a huntsman is killing a stag; while a page on horseback is contending with a bear. The intervals of space are filled up with dogs, a wild boar, many rabbits, and trees with bright green leaves and red fruit, and birds among the branches. The first of these scenes is evidently intended to represent war and chivalry; the second, the sports and dangers of the chase.

On the ceiling of the centre alcove are the figures of ten Moors, almost as large as life. Five are in each scene, and are sitting on flowered cushions—not squatting in the Oriental style. Their vestments are green, red, or white, and they wear white turbans over handkerchiefs of the same hue tied beneath their chins. One of these worthies has a green beard—metaphorically perhaps for youth; two have scarlet beards,

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rivalling in uncouthness the Bluebeard of the nursery tale; and some, who otherwise appear the youngest of the group, have beards white as if with age. All have one hand resting on the hilt of their swords; eight of them have the other raised in the air, as if in the act of speaking. The background of the picture is of gold with black stars. These figures seem intended to represent a council of warriors, or tribunal of justice—more probably the former.

The last alcove bears, on one half of its ceiling, the representation of a fountain, near which are two women, one on her knees, apparently in prayer. On one side, a man on horseback, in a scarlet close coat with bright buttons—just the style of the present hunting costume of England—is piercing with his spear a wild boar, which two hounds are also attacking from below. Beyond this, a cavalier in a white robe, and red handkerchief with a gold border, thrown like a modern *mantilla* over his head, is running his lance into the breast of a lion, while a man in red and on foot is striking at the beast behind with a sword. On the other side the fountain, a Moor on horseback is piercing a boar; beyond, some men are lifting the carcass of the boar on an ass, whose bridle is held by a dwarfish, wild-looking being with a long beard, a red band round his forehead, a yellow *mantilla*, and

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white, full, short nether-garments, resembling the modern *bombachos* of Valencia. Two of his companions also have white *bombachos*, with scarlet stockings and black boots. In the centre of the opposite scene is a fountain with three falls surmounted by the figure of a dog. Behind it, rises a fortress with a tower resembling a *mirador*, having four open Moorish arches, through each of which a female is gazing at the transactions below: one of them is dressed in scarlet, with a white *mantilla*. In the foreground, a man in a scarlet jacket is on his knees, examining another stretched on the earth as if wounded or lifeless; and two females are bending anxiously over him. A horse stands near, held by an attendant on foot with a hunting spear in his hand. Near this, two Moors in white turbans and yellow robes, leading a horse by the bridle, are standing over the carcass of a wild boar. Four females have apparently just issued from the castle to meet them; she, who, by her rich attire and long golden hair, is the principal figure of the group, seems, with uplifted hand, to be commending the courage of the hunters. Her companions stand behind, one in a brown *mantilla*, the others in red. This head-dress is not like an eastern veil, for it conceals the features no more than a modern *mantilla*. The scene is enlivened by birds, parrots, and monkeys

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in the trees. The perspective is extremely uncouth, and rivals the well-known burlesque of Hogarth. Though the group of females is at the distance of several hundred yards in front of the fortress, one is represented as standing behind it, for her lower garments are concealed by its walls, and she is yet twice as tall as the tower;—while the ladies in the *mirador*, and a man who issues from a door in front of the castle, are not one quarter of her height. The perspective throughout the pictures is wretched, but the above is the most glaring specimen.*

The colours are very brilliant, but crude and without relief; indeed in this, and in the minuteness of the details, these paintings resemble works of Hindoo or Chinese, rather than of European art. The drawing is perhaps the best part, but this also has the Hindoo stiffness. In many parts the paint is unfortunately peeling off.

I could see nothing in these pictures to warrant

* I have been induced to give a minute description of these curious paintings, as I have never yet seen them accurately described. The engraved fragmentary representations of them, which Murphy has published in his "Arabian Antiquities of Spain," convey a very imperfect idea of the originals. Nor are they correct, as far as they go. His figures are rounded, softened off, and put into shape, with little quaintness or peculiarity of character, and appear to me to be drawn from very slight sketches, or from recollection.

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the supposition that they bear reference to the popular traditions of the trial by combat of the fidelity of the last Sultana, as has been asserted;* indeed, in the only tourney, the Christian knight is represented as vanquished, which does not accord with the legend. They were probably painted much anterior to the period assigned to that event.

Doubts have been raised as to the genuineness of these paintings, whether they are really of Moorish origin. I examined them carefully and minutely, and am perfectly satisfied of the affirmative. To this conclusion I was led by several considerations. First, by their general character, which assimilates so much to Eastern art, and differs from every thing to be found elsewhere in Spain. Now, if they were executed in the time of Ferdinand V., or of the monarchs immediately succeeding him, we might expect them to correspond in character, in some degree at least, with other paintings of that day still extant. Again, it would be reasonable to suppose that if Ferdinand or his successors had desired to decorate the newly acquired palace, they would have sent for some artist of eminence from Italy—which

* Cruz seems to have led others astray in this particular. Vid. his Viage de España, tom. xii. 358.

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they did in many other instances, for those were the glorious days of Italian art, and the kingdom of Naples was their own—and not have allowed such crude specimens to intrude. But the subjects of these paintings afford the strongest presumptive evidence that they had no Christian origin. Had Ferdinand or his successors proposed adorning the halls of his conquest, it would surely not have been with simple representations of Moorish sports; but with illustrations of their own victories, or the baptism of converted Moors, which the pride of destroying the Mohammedan power in the Peninsula, frequently led them to do elsewhere. Then the lion would never allow the victory to the man; for, in the only combat between knights, the Christian is unhorsed and vanquished by the Moor, and this beneath the walls of a Christian fortress, so that the Moslem is made the invader. This alone is a strong argument in favour of the Moorish origin of these pictures. But there is yet another fact which tends to confirm my opinion. The paintings, as before-mentioned, are on the surface of a concave wooden cupola;—now, this rests upon, and is embedded in the Moorish fret-work of stucco, which must therefore have been executed after the raising of the cupola. The pictures may possibly have been painted afterwards, but not

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by Christian artists, for where the paint has peeled away, the bare wood is visible; and in some remnants that I examined there were no evidences of this being painted over another picture of more ancient date; and we may reasonably suppose that the Moors did not leave bare ceilings of wood in an elegant chamber, whose other parts are richly adorned with fret-work and tracery.*

Viewed then as genuine representations of Moorish customs, these paintings prove that the civilized and polished Moslems of Spain did not exercise the same jealous control over their females as other Mohammedan nations; and considerable credence may be given to those representations of life and manners among this singular people, which have generally been regarded as fictitious, on account of their ill according with the customs of the other followers of Mohammed.†

* The fact of representations of animal life being forbidden by the Corān cannot be urged as an argument against the Moorish origin of these paintings, when but a few yards distant stand the twelve lions, which are unquestionably of Moorish sculpture.

† I allude particularly to the "Civil Wars of Granada," by Perez de Hita—a work which has been decried as fabulous by many writers of our day, English as well as Spanish (Washington Irving among the rest), but whose facts and representations of Moorish manners agree with the oldest *romances* extant, and also with the poems of the Spanish

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Returning into the Court of Lions, and recrossing the Hall of the Two Sisters, with its antichambers, we turn to the left through a narrow passage, and enter a suite of apartments of more modern construction than the rest of the Palace. They are in the European style, and were fitted up by Charles V. for the royal apartments. Round the cornice of one room is the proud inscription—"IMPER. AUGUSTUS PIUS FOELIX INVICTISSIMUS;" and again, "IMPER. CAESAR KAROLUS V. HISPANIARUM REX SEMPER."

"*Rex semper!*" It seems as though the author of the inscription had caught the Eastern spirit of the spot—"Oh king, live for ever!" How deeply events lie concealed in the mists of futurity! Little was it imagined, when this was inscribed, that the time would come when this "most invincible" monarch would live without a kingdom, or that he would

> "Cast crowns for rosaries away,
> An empire for a cell."

On another ceiling his favourite motto, "PLUS OULTRE," is many times repeated in the panelled

Arabs of much earlier date. Besides, as De Hita wrote his work within a century after the conquest of Granada, and before the final expulsion of the Moors from Spain, he would hardly have dared to set history and tradition at defiance, or to draw false pictures of Moslem life.

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compartments—a motto peculiarly appropriate to a sovereign of so ambitious a character; and a motto by whose spirit his grandparents were actuated to dispatch Columbus in search of new worlds.

Passing through this suite of rooms, we turn to the right through a small gallery, and enter a tower, or *mirador,* open on three sides, with a roof supported by slender columns of white marble.* The arches and columns are Moorish, and the ceiling is of the same architecture. But the other decorations are of more modern date—figures of men and animals on a red ground, with landscapes, all much defaced by the scratching and scribbling of travellers; though traces of taste and elegance are still visible in the design and colouring. All this was executed at the commencement of the last century, by order of Philip V., when his Queen, Isabella di Parma, made the Alhambra her residence. This *mirador* is called El Tocador de la Reyna—The Queen's Toilet; probably from this circumstance, and because a stone of the pavement is pierced with a number of small holes, as if for the admission of perfumed air from below.

* Its dimensions are twenty-five feet by eighteen, and it contains a small chamber of seven feet square, with open doorway and windows.

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The view from this airy height is enchanting, being almost similar to that from the windows of my lodging, which is the next tower in the line of fortifications to the east. But my picturesque tower is itself included in this view, which commands also a wider range up the valley of the Darro; and, to the west, the giant Tower of Comares rises immediately opposite, springing to the height of nearly one hundred and fifty feet from the steep hill side; while far, far below lies the city, with the sunny Vega beyond, bounded by its belt of wild Sierras.

A long passage leads from the Tocador to the magnificent Hall of Ambassadors in the Tower of Comares. This was the principal hall of audience, used probably only on state occasions. In general appearance it bears a strong resemblance to the Hall of Ambassadors in the Alcazar of Seville.* The walls are extremely rich in arabesques and inscriptions. The ceiling rises in the form of a cupola to the height of fifteen or

* It is thirty-five feet square, and about sixty feet high. It has three windows on the northern and western sides, in recesses of thirteen or fourteen feet high, eight broad, and six deep, which is the thickness of the wall; the centre recess is a foot broader, and has a double-arched window supported by a column. On the eastern side there are but two windows, the third recess being the entrance from the Tocador.

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twenty feet above the top of the walls: it is of dark wood, richly carved, and arranged in patterns of stars, inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, but imparting to the Hall a more heavy and sombre aspect than belongs to the Salas of Abencerrages and the Two Sisters, with their light and delicately frosted ceilings, enlivened by the sunbeams streaming through the open arches above. This Sala is, however, more massive, and has even somewhat of grandeur. The floor is bricked; in the centre is a mosaic pavement, seven feet square, of coloured tiles. The Hall is generally in an excellent state of preservation, but in some parts the arabesques have been destroyed, and their places clumsily supplied by a rough coating of plaster. On the southern side is a beautifully fretted archway opening on the Court of the Alberca.* The great wooden gates of the Hall no longer remain, but the marks which they have worn in the pavement are still visible. This is under the northern colonnade of the Alberca; at either end of this colonnade is a small alcove, nine feet broad by five deep, with a ceiling beautifully fretted and vividly coloured with blue and gold.

* An Anti-sala is, as usual, attached to this Hall; it is eighty-three feet long by thirteen deep; the ceiling still retains its original colours in wonderful brilliancy.

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We have now completed the circuit of all that is permitted to be seen on this floor, for a few apartments of minor interest are not open to strangers; but there are courts and halls, baths and vaults below, which demand a visit. Desending then a flight of steps from the passage that connects the Hall of Ambassadors with the Tocador, we enter a small paved court, thirty-five feet square, in the centre of which is a low bowl-shaped fountain, whose waters have now ceased to play. On the southern side of this *patio* is the entrance to the bath-rooms, and over the doorway is a grating of iron, projecting like a balcony, reaching to the roof, and extending across this side of the court, and half way round the western side. This is called La Carcel—The Prison—and tradition marks it as the spot where the last Sultana was confined, when under the imputation of infidelity to her husband. On the east of the *patio* is the entrance into the Garden of Lindaraxa, and on the opposite side is a long, low, gloomy passage, at the mouth of which, on either hand, are the two marble figures which Washington Irving has called the "Two Discreet Statues."* In this passage are the en-

* The passage is seventy-eight feet long by thirteen broad, is vaulted over with a low, plain arch, and terminates in a

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trances to the gloomy dungeons beneath the Hall of Ambassadors, where it is said, that Ayesha la Horra and her son Boabdil were immured, by order of the king Abu-l-Hasan ;—the doors are now blocked up, but there is an opening upon a projecting, parapetted gallery of the Tower of Comares, whence one can peep through the broken window into the dismal prison. In this horrible place, the last prince spent the days of his youth as a captive, who afterwards occupied the splendid hall above, as a monarch.

But the statues themselves demand our attention. They are about four feet high, and of white marble. They represent two maidens, apparently very young, in a sitting posture, with their heads turned back, looking over their shoulders down the passage. The features have something of the Grecian character; but the execution of the figures has none of the perfection of that style of art; for they are out of drawing, especially in the shoulders, which are unnaturally compressed. A veil falling over the back of the head, like a *mantilla,* seems to stamp them with a Moorish origin. Between the statues, and over the centre of the arch, is a small marble basso-relievo,

flight of steps leading up to the Anti-sala of the great Hall of Ambassadors.

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in a gilt frame, representing Leda and the Swan, —on either side is a satyr peeping from behind the trunks of trees, one of which is a palm. These are the only specimens of sculptured life that I have seen in Moorish buildings, with the exception of the twelve lions; but being executed in a far superior style to those uncouth worthies, I am led to doubt whether they are the work of a Moorish chisel.*

The first of the suite of the Bath-rooms, as we enter from the *patio*, is called the Hall of the Sultana. It is twenty feet. square, with a very lofty roof. On either hand, as we enter, is an alcove, thirteen feet broad by eight in depth, beautifully tiled, and raised, like a couch, two feet from the floor. This Hall was once sacred to the mysteries of the Harem, for here its beauties, after bathing in the adjoining apartments, were wont to recline on cushions, lulled by the soft splashing of the waters in the alabaster fountain, or by strains of music from the galleries above.†

A passage in one corner leads into a very

* Cruz asserts that the two statues were found in their present situation, on the conquest of the city from the Moors.

† These galleries have a wooden balustrade, and extend round the room, opening on one side to the Carcel, or Prison, before mentioned. The Hall seems to have suffered from earthquakes, for much of the upper part is unsettled, and has lost its regularity.

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small apartment, called El Baño del Principe—The Prince's Bath.* The bath itself is on one side, four feet long, formed by an upright slab of marble at the distance of two feet from the wall. There is a small arched niche in the inner wall, just over the bath, probably intended to contain a lamp, or vases of ointments or perfumes. From the small size of this bath, I conclude it was appropriated to the infants of the royal establishment. The next room is large, but quite plain, and opens upon another still superior in size; on either side is a colonnade, four feet deep; under one of these, a small niche, similar to that within the Prince's Bath, seems to indicate that there was formerly a bath in this apartment.

We next enter the Royal Bath-room, twenty-four feet long, and eleven in breadth, having a bath at each end. That on the left, called El Baño del Rey — The King's Bath — is very large, being in length equal to the breadth of the room, and in width, about seven feet. It has a beautiful, arched recess, four feet high by three in breadth, richly adorned with coloured tiles, which also extend to the same height round the wall above. Two pipes open on the bath for the admission of hot or cold water at pleasure.

* Its dimensions are five feet by seven.

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The Queen's Bath is at the other end of the apartment, on one side. It is inferior in size to the King's, being only six feet square; but its arrangements are otherwise similar. Between these, is a low archway, opening on the Calentador, or Heater, where the water was heated to supply the baths. Though all within is now in a state of ruin, the remains of furnaces and boilers are still to be seen. All the Bath-rooms have low vaulted roofs, through which alone the light finds admittance by small star-shaped holes. The walls are partially covered with a mosaic work of tiles, but round the top of this, at intervals, are the letters P. V. in small Roman characters; which have been burnt in with the tiling. As the whole of this appeared to be Moorish, these initials were to me at first incomprehensible; but on further examination, I thought I might be mistaken as to the origin of the tiling, and that these letters might be the initials of Charles the Fifth's motto—Plus Vltra.

There are several dark passages around these Baths, and others are now bricked up: it is here that strange unearthly noises are at times heard, which are vulgarly supposed to have their origin from phantom Moors or other supernatural causes, though they are nothing more than the squeaking

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and fluttering of the bats, which take up their abode in these subterranean vaults. It is in this part of the Palace, too, that treasure is said to have been deposited; some has already been found, and much more is supposed to lie concealed.*

One passage leads to the Room of the Secrets, a small square apartment with a low vaulted roof, like a handkerchief inflated. Thus, what is whispered in one corner can be heard distinctly in the opposite, to the great astonishment of the simple "sons of the Alhambra," who are ignorant of the first principles of acoustics.

We next enter the garden of Lindaraxa—a court, ninety-five feet by sixty-three, surrounded by a colonnade. A fountain plays high in the centre, and its waters, overflowing its upper basin, are caught in another below, and then carried away in trenches to nourish the surrounding beds of roses and myrtles. On the northern side, is the apartment where Washington Irving resided during the greater part of his stay in the Alhambra; its windows almost concealed by the luxuriance of the orange and citron-

* I saw in the court of the Alberca, a large jar, four feet high, of blue and white porcelain, ornamented with gilding and Arabic characters. This, I was told, had been discovered full of treasure.

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trees, which climb up the columns and walls. At the end of the arcade, beneath, is a grated window overlooking the Generalife and the lovely vale of the Darro. On the south the buttresses which support the Gabinete project into the Court.*

I had now made the tour of this ancient palace. But one view of its magnificence would not suffice. Every day of my sojourn in the Alhambra, during those hours of intense heat, which, in any other city, would have been devoted to slumber, I used to linger through these airy courts and halls, where each visit would disclose new charms. My favourite haunts were the Court of Lions with its surrounding Halls, especially that of the Two Sisters. Here, in one direction, the eye passes through a series of beautifully fretted arches, to the exquisite little Gabinete, and catches through its open windows a glimpse of the fountain-jets of Lindaraxa, the splash of whose waters is heard echoing through the orange-garden below;—on the other hand, it rests on the elegant colonnades of the Court of the Lions, or on the gushing waters falling in a shower of gold beneath the rays of the sun, which light up the alabaster of the fountain, and make it glitter like snow amid

* Beneath the colonnades the wall is tiled, and the floor paved with bricks, interspersed with tiles. The bricks are like those in all Moorish pavements, marked at one end with two or three prominent parallel lines.

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the vivid hues of the surrounding foliage. The brightness of the scene without—a brightness so intense that, were it possible to transfer it to canvass, it would, in England, be declared unnatural — contrasts forcibly with the softened light within the Hall, through the open, fretted doorway of which you look as at a brilliant picture in its frame.

For hours daily would I sit in this, or the adjacent halls, lost in contemplation of the surrounding splendours, or engaged in sketching—for I had procured the requisite permission to draw, from the Governor of the Alhambra. My privacy was seldom intruded upon;—now and then the *encargado*, or guardian of the Palace, would take his round, very rarely accompanied by a party of Spaniards, who would saunter carelessly through, gaze around with looks of indifference, and walk away perfectly satisfied with a transient survey. At other times, there was nothing to disturb the magical serenity of the spot, unless it were the warbling of birds in the neighbouring groves; but these hushed their song when the sun was at the meridian, and then nothing was to be heard but the echoing splash of the fountains, with the rippling of the waters in their subterranean channels, or the rustling of lizards among the foliage. At this sultry hour, when even these

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halls were almost too warm for my northern blood, I was wont to descend to the cooler region of the Baths, to while away the time in delightful day-dreams, fostered by the gloom and mysterious air of the vaults, and the loneliness and legendary character of the spot.

A melancholy pleasure is imparted to the soul on viewing this monument of a past age and race. Time has here not only "broken his scythe," but has scarcely "laid his hand." Age after age has rolled away, and decay still lingers to approach. The Palace is, as it were, the work of yesterday—just fresh from the hands of its builders, just fitted for the reception of a court, and with its original occupants, would be, as in days of yore, the pride of Granada, the glory of the world. And why come they not? Here are the chambers, the gardens, the baths, the saloons; but the inhabitants—where are they? The fountains still shoot up their waters, as in the olden time; the sun still shines merrily on the fairy-like arches and columns; the orange-trees yet bear their golden fruit; the gardens bloom as formerly with roses and oleanders; but all beside is dead—the spirit that contrived, the hands that executed, the royalty and beauty that once graced these courts and halls, are no more—all have alike departed.

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Forgotten, too, are they; for unless the bosom of some stranger from distant lands heave responsive, the breezes sighing through the passages and arcades are their only requiem.

I know nothing more interesting, and at the same time more saddening to the spirit, than to view a building like this, laden with years, yet bearing no appearance of decay. The time-worn, ivy-grown ruin tells its own tale—it is sharing the fate of its builders and occupants—it is crumbling to dust. But the work of architects of old, which still bears the freshness of youth, is indeed a mockery of man; it is the severest lesson to his pride, that his works should thus outlive him—that generation after generation should have lived and passed away since the erection of an edifice, which as yet shows hardly a symptom of the decay that has long since assimilated its creators to the earth in which they are entombed.

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CHAPTER III.

GRANADA.—THE ALHAMBRA.

Pues eres, Granada, ilustre,
Granada de Personages,
Granada de Serafines,
Granada de Antigüedades!

GONGORA.

Granada, thou famous in story!
Granada, thou birth-place of glory!
Granada, thy women are fairest!
Granada, thy relics are rarest!

STROLLING forth the first evening of my residence in the Alhambra, and wandering through the fortress, I at length reached a semicircular bastion beneath the Towers of Homenage, and seated myself on the parapet to survey the scene.

The sun had just set, leaving the horizon one blaze of orange and gold, and the sky above of that

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soft, but intense and transparent blue, peculiar to southern climates. The moon was but a crescent, and yet, as the twilight deepened, and the western horizon lost its glorious hues, her glow was sufficient to rescue objects from the obscurity of night. The mass of the Albaycin opposite loomed darkly against the sky—the city lay below, sprinkled with lights brilliant as stars, while its white buildings were faintly gleaming in the moonbeams —the huge Tower of Comares reared its dark head into the heavens on my right—and the palace of the Generalife was dimly seen on its hill beyond. From time to time the sounds of the guitar and castanets would reach the ear from the city below, or more faintly from the groves far up the valley of the Darro, mingling with the sweeter notes of a nightingale from the nearer gardens of the Generalife.

It was a delicious hour for such a scene; and as I gazed my thoughts reverted to by-gone ages. My fancy, still usurped by the splendours of the Palace, that morning beheld, overleaped the barriers of Time, and Granada of ancient days lay at my feet. Granada, the cherished home of the Moslem, the city of a thousand wonders, where the luxury, arts, and learning of the East were wedded to the chivalrous valour of the West. I was traversing her streets, entering her palaces, feasting on her glories, when a deep

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sound suddenly broke upon my ear. It was the bell of the Cathedral tolling "*las animas,*" the hour of evening prayer, and recalling me to a sense of modern realities.

There is something about this old city peculiarly calculated to excite the mind to reveries. Its history, so wild, strange, and touching as to seem purely romance; its magnificent remains, still standing in almost their pristine splendour, involuntarily transport the imagination in vivid reality back to other times. But here, as throughout Andalucia, there is a closer link between the present and the past than history, or even architectural monuments. In no country of Europe is the connexion between the actual and former occupant of the soil so distinctly to be traced as in Spain. The Turk is an exotic in the land which he possesses; he can claim no fellowship, no kindred with those amongst whose ruins he dwells, in whose temples he worships;—the modern Greek displays his affinity to his ancestors in nothing but his language;—so remotely separated is the Italian from the ancient Roman that the tie between them has become almost invisible;—the Gaul and Briton of to-day are not less unlike their forefathers of the olden time. In those countries all that remains to remind you that such races ever existed, is the architectural ruins they have

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left behind—the Parthenon—the Coliseum—Stonehenge. But the Spanish, and more especially the Andalucian peasant, still retains so much of the Saracen in his character, manners, habits, costume, and amusements—the whole country is so stamped in a thousand different ways with the seal of the East, that you are apt to imagine the connexion between the two races more close than it is in fact; the Andalucian of to-day seems the lineal descendant of the Moor himself, rather than of his conqueror and expeller.

The next morning I sallied forth to inspect the rest of the fortress, and first visited the Plaza de Algibes. There is a passage down to the Moorish cisterns beneath the square, by a low damp descent of many steps, at the foot of which, by the aid of a lamp, is seen an immense reservoir of water, with a vaulted roof; it is of great depth, for the bottom is said to be twenty-four yards from the surface of the ground. Here, should the bucket of the well be let down from above, the plunge will reverberate like thunder through the vaults. These reservoirs are constantly replenished by streams from the Sierra Nevada, conveyed in channels constructed by the Moors, and contain water of the purest quality, which is so much esteemed in this water-drinking and water-judging land, that mules, asses, men, and boys, are en-

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gaged from sunrise almost to midnight in transporting it to the city below.

The Puerta del Vino, or Wine-Gate, which projects into the Plaza, formed originally the entrance to some court of the Moslem palace, for Charles V. removed some of the outer buildings to make room for his palace, which he intended as a rival to the Casa Arabe, and which on any other site would be much admired, but is here out of place, and inconsistent with the Arabian character of the adjacent buildings. It is a quadrangle of yellow free-stone, two hundred and twenty feet square, of the Italian order of architecture, containing a circus, surrounded by a double colonnade. There is a handsome gateway in each front, except in that which abuts against the Moorish palace: on either hand of these gateways are representations in basso-relievo of the Emperor's victories. This palace was never completed, not even roofed, and has therefore an unfinished rather than a ruinous air. It was commenced by Machuca in the year 1527.

Near the Square of the Cisterns is an ancient garden, almost as it was left by the Moors, adorned with several fountains, and long ranges of vine-arbours. Its situation is most delightful; for it is on the very wall of the fortress, overhanging the orchards and groves of the outer

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Alameda, and commanding a magnificent view over these, with the scattered towers of the Alhambra on one hand, and the Red Towers and Convent of Martyrs on the other, to the vast pyramid of snow-capped mountains in the horizon.

Going eastward from the Plaza de los Algibes, we pass through the small village of the Alhambra, and enter a corn-field, where to the right rise the picturesque ruins of a tower. The outer walls alone are standing; the rest is lying in massive fragments around. It is called "*La Torre de los Siete Suelos*—the Tower of the Seven Floors. The remains of only two stories rise above the corn-field, but as the tower is built on the verge of the hill which sinks precipitously to the Alameda beneath, it may formerly have had seven floors, though but two are now visible from above. Its present ruinous condition was caused by the French, who blew it up with nine other towers in the fortress wall on their evacuation of Granada in 1812. It was through a gateway in this tower, according to tradition, that Boabdil passed on quitting the Alhambra for the last time, to surrender it with his kingdom to the Catholic sovereigns: that gate must have been at the foot of the tower, and was probably reached by a descent through the seven floors, which is now blocked up.

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As I stood gazing on this wreck, a man in a tattered uniform issued from a hovel amid the ruins, and entering into conversation with me, informed me that he had been a soldier in the War of Independence, and had fought against the French in several actions: he was at length taken prisoner, and liberty was offered him on condition of his acknowledging himself a subject of Joseph, and entering the ranks of the invading army. He consented, in order to avoid a French prison; as did also many others of his countrymen, for he assured me that in Badajoz, Olivenza, and Campo alone, there were as many as thirty-three thousand prisoners who entered the French service.*

I enquired how he escaped the punishment due to him for taking up arms against his country.

"*Vaya!*" cried he with astonishment, "why should they punish me?—all the world would have done the same in my place."

"But were none of those who joined the French punished?"

"No," he replied, "when Ferdinand was restored, all who had entered Pépe's army by compulsion were pardoned."†

* This is, of course, Spanish exaggeration.

† Pépe—Joe—the name by which Joseph Buonaparte was commonly known in Spain.

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"Did you not regret fighting against your countrymen?"

"*O me fué todo uno á mi!*—it was all the same to me! I was well paid, and got plenty of booty, and what did it matter with whom I fought?" Here was a specimen of Spanish patriotism! and one which is, I fear, but too characteristic.

The Tower of the Seven Floors is almost at the extremity of the hill of the Alhambra, on the southern side;—opposite, is the Tower of the Three Infantas, so called from the Moorish princesses of the legend related by Washington Irving. Entering a garden, I found myself in the midst of a party of peasants, assembled for the evening *fandango* beneath the long vine-shades in front of the building: the mistress of the tower immediately stepped from amongst them, and civilly invited me to enter.

The principal apartment is very lofty, reaching to the roof of the tower; a gallery runs round it above, as in the Hall of the Sultana in the Palace; indeed, this apartment is very similar in form and arrangements to that Hall, but wants the alcove on either hand. It is thus in character with the tradition, and has the air of having been fitted up for female inmates. There was formerly a fountain in the centre of the room, and its removal is to be regretted, as most of the legends of the tower bear reference

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to it. The open window in the inner apartment commands a delightful view of the Generalife and its groves, which rise opposite. It was through this window that the three princesses used to converse with their Christian gallants, and that the two eldest made their escape. The unfortunate Infanta, who was left behind, is said to have been buried in the tower, but even death brought her no repose, for, according to tradition, her perturbed spirit long haunted the spot, and sometimes made its appearance to the subsequent inmates. How it was at length quieted, is explained by the following legend, which I had from the lips of Mateo, as we ascended the narrow staircase to the roof. It was to this effect.

Many years since, this tower was inhabited by two sisters, who after having enjoyed the sweets of matrimony, were left to mourn the bitterness of widowhood. One very sultry night in summer, the younger of the two, feeling parched with thirst, descended to the hall just as the clock struck twelve, to procure some water at the fountain. She dipped the cup into the marble basin; but hardly had she raised it to her lips, when the apartment was suddenly illuminated, and the apparition of a beautiful female in an ancient Moorish dress richly ornamented, rose before her. The cup fell untasted from her hands; she would have fled, but fear rooted her

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for a while to the spot, till the beautiful shadow began to address her. What words it uttered were lost upon the ear of the widow, who darted in terror from the room, but when flashes of wild-fire played around her, and followed her even up the staircase, she could bear it no longer, and sunk senseless to the ground.

On recovering from her swoon, she found all dark and silent; and proceeding up stairs, told her sister what she had witnessed. Her sister, being older and wiser than herself, suspected hidden treasure, and that the *golden* opportunity might not be lost, determined to watch the next night for the Moorish spirit.

Just before midnight, accordingly, the sisters descended to the hall, for the younger, whose fear was partially dispelled by the company of her sister, felt her curiosity rising in proportion. The clock struck twelve, but the spirit came not, and the widows waited anxiously, though fearfully, for a long time, when the elder bethought herself of the fountain, as the secret of the invocation. She stirred it, but in vain,—the hour was past; and the sisters, after drinking water from every cup and bowl in the house, retired to their beds in disappointment.

The next night as the clock struck twelve, the elder dipped her finger in the basin, and stirred the crystal waters. A soft radiance im-

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mediately lighted up the apartment, and the same Moorish shadow floated before them. The apparition was the first to speak. Her tones were soft, and yet so mournful, that they thrilled the hearts of the widows, and arrested their attention even more powerfully than the deadly pallor of her countenance, or the melancholy sweetness of her smile.

"Be not alarmed, I can do ye no harm, though you may confer on me an eternal benefit. I am an unfortunate princess, who, from my own want of resolution, have induced all those evils which have afflicted both my body and my soul. My sisters fled to a Christian land, and were blessed with love and happiness;—they were baptized, and are now in the enjoyment of paradise. I was fearful and irresolute, and my life was miserable, and now my soul is tormented by the fires of purgatory, where it will remain till some kind Christian shall sprinkle me with the water of baptism. To whoever will do this, I will disclose secrets that will make them wealthy beyond measure."

The sisters now seemed to have lost all fear, for they eagerly cast water in her face, repeating at the same time the usual formula of baptism. The sprite, crossing her hands on her breast, with a heavenly smile, vanished from their sight, leaving the hall filled with the most exquisite odours.

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Whether she again appeared to them, or in what manner she made the promised disclosures, tradition does not relate; but certain it is, that the sisters very soon left the tower, and what had become of them was not known till some years after, when they were found living in great style at Valencia, and no longer widows; all which was doubtless owing to the treasures of the vaults of the Tower of Infantas.

A short distance to the west of the Tower of the Infantas, rises that of the Captive, so called, it is said, from the last Sultana having been immured within its walls, after the detection of her meetings with the Abencerrage; though, according to other traditions, her prison was within the Palace itself, as before stated. In its interior arrangements, this tower is nearly similar to that of the Infantas, though inferior in size, and richness of ornament. The old woman who occupies it, seems to have been a constant attendant at the neighbouring convent of San Francisco, in its days of monkish glory, judging from the infinity of small prints—heads of saints, and portraits of "the true Christ"—which decorate her apartments.

These towers are not to be visited with impunity, especially this of the Captive; nor are they

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soon to be forgotten, for a continual irritation of his skin will for hours after remind the stranger of his visit to the old towers of the Alhambra.

When established within the Alhambra, I was anxious to see all the personages introduced to the English public by Washington Irving. Of Mateo I have already spoken, and shall presently say more. "*La Reyna Coquina*—The Cockle Queen," the other source whence the author of "The Alhambra" derived his legends, is since dead. Dolores, "the plump little Dolores," is now married to the identical cousin who was then seeking her hand. As she still dwells in the fortress, though not, as formerly, within the walls of the Palace, I soon paid her a visit, in company with my host—who by the bye, happened to be her own brother—and found her surrounded by two or three chubby little children, with eyes as large, black, and roguish as their mother's. I was rather surprised to see, instead of the youthful matron I had expected, a comely dame, verging towards "a certain age," for she was "fat, fair," (not in complexion, but as all pretty women are said to be) and of "forty" years, save one, so that Geoffrey Crayon has availed himself of the usual licence of portrait painters, to flatter the ladies in point of age. She is accustomed to come out, and exhibit herself to strangers,

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and seems almost as proud as Mateo of being one of the lions of the place.

The memory of the "*Señor Americano*,"—they fancied him a "lord!"—is still cherished as of an "*hombre muy guapo*;" for many partook of his bounty, and Mateo, in particular, received clothing and other favours at his hands. The contents of his book are well known in the Alhambra, and Mateo does not seem very well satisfied with the part he is made to perform. He takes offence, I imagine, at certain expressions referring to himself, as a "simple minded" creature; now, if there is one thing more than another on which he prides himself, it is his intellect and stock of information, and twenty times a-day he will say, "*Mateo sabe todo*—Mateo knows everything, why ask such-and-such a man, when Mateo knows best?" His friends give him credit for the same acquirements. "*Mateo sabe mucho Latin*", said one of them to me.

"Knows much Latin?" I exclaimed with astonishment, not at first comprehending his meaning, "where did he learn Latin?—of the friars of San Francisco?"

"No! no!" cried he, laughing, "he does not know the Latin tongue, but he knows much, very much! and every one knows him too—he is better known than garlic."

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He is by trade a silk-weaver, but leaves the loom to his children, of whom he has several, now men and women; while he himself gains more honour, as well as profit, by acting the cicerone. In truth, he is no longer the "meagre varlet" of former days, but is always neatly dressed, and comparatively in such comfortable circumstances, that, to use an expression I heard applied to him, "*ora se queda entre algodones*—he now lies between cotton."

As I was sitting one morning in the Hall of the Two Sisters, carrying my thoughts back to the days of Moslem splendour, and trying with half-shut eyes to re-people the Palace with its ancient inhabitants, the gentle notes of a guitar, accompanied with a silvery voice, stole upon my ear. This did not disturb my reverie, for fancy pictured it as the soft strains from the adjacent Harem, and not till it had ceased, was I fully assured of its reality, and reminded to look for the invisible performer. Stepping into the Court of Lions, in which the echo seemed still to linger, I discovered the fair songstress, at an open Moorish window, over the entrance to the Hall of the Abencerrages. My first feeling was that of surprise—how she came there; my next was a desire to address her, and beg her to continue her song. The wonder was easily explained. She lived in an adjoining cot-

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tage, which communicated with a number of chambers on the upper floor of the Palace, not accessible from the halls below. To my request she replied by a coquettish shake of her head, and a furl of her fan, which she had resumed on laying aside her guitar. She had soft, languishing, hazel eyes, pretty features, and an interesting expression; and, being fairer than the generality of her countrywomen, laid claim to the title of *rubia*, though in England she would have been considered a brunette.

Another damsel now appeared at the window, the elder sister of the songstress, but not so engaging, and of much darker complexion, yet she would only allow herself to be a *castaña*, or chesnut, a shade deeper than the *rubia*.*

On my repeating my request for a song, the younger modestly said that her sister could sing much better than herself. This the other denied,

* The Españolitas are very jealous of their complexions; to be *blanca*, or white, seems almost their summum bonum, and as they approximate to this favourite hue, they are the objects of proportional pride and complacency to themselves, and of envy to others. It is amusing to see how they stickle for a shade; the *blanca* considers herself superior to the *rubia*, who again looks down on the *castana*—she triumphs over the *trigueña*, or brown, who in her turn chuckles over the *morena*, or swarthy.

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affirming that "Augustita sang so charmingly that it gave her a thousand pleasures to hear her —*canta si primorosamente, que me da mil gustos el oirla.*" I confirmed this, and Augustita, in compliance, commenced the following song, accompanying it with her guitar and speaking eyes:—

"*Es cierto que vivo*
En casa soltera,
No tengo disgustos,
Ni nada me altera;
Pero un buen marido mejor me estará—
Sí, un esposico mi amor pide ya!

Es cierto que en casa
Yo soy la señora
Mi Papa me quiere
Mi Mama me adora;
Pero un buen marido mejor me estará—
Sí, un esposico mi amor pide ya!

'Tis true that I'm living
In maidenly leisure,
With nothing to vex me,
Or cross in my pleasure;
But oh! a good husband much better would be!
A nice little husband's the treasure for me!

'Tis true that I'm mistress
Of house and of stores;
Papa loves me dearly,
Mama quite adores;
But oh! a nice husband far better would be!
A sweet little spouse!—what a treasure for me!"

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And who were this pretty pair with whom I had made acquaintance in such a spot? They were—oh what a damper to every feeling of romance!—the daughters of the overseer of the galley-slaves employed in the fortress! Here they would often sit during the heat of the day, busied with their frames of embroidery, relieving the silence occasionally with a song, or conversing with me as I sat sketching in the court below.

One day, as I was wandering through the Hall of Justice, I heard myself called by name. I looked around, but could discern no one. The name was repeated with a diminutive. I cast my eyes to the roof, whence the voice seemed to proceed, and there, to my great surprise, was the pretty face of Augustita, whom fancy readily converted into a Moorish princess, peeping from above one of the archways which separate the Sala into compartments. All this was quite in character with the spot.

Just opposite the cottage of Augustita, and beneath the wall of the parish-church of the Alhambra, is a snug little alameda, prettily adorned with flowers, and just suited to the population of the few neighbouring houses. Here family parties often assemble to dance beneath the moon, waking the old church and the Palace of Charles V. with the echoes of the song and guitar. But

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this is not the favourite evening resort of the inhabitants of this little world; for those who do not stray down to the banks of the Xenil or Darro, or to the shady alameda below the southern wall of the fortress, betake themselves to an open esplanade overhanging the Gate of Justice, and commanding a magnificent view, over the groves beneath, of the Vega and distant Sierras. From this spot, unlike the other side of the Alhambra, not a glimpse of the city is to be seen; the Red Towers on the opposite hill to the right, and the Convent of Martyrs to the left, are, save the distant white villages in the Vega, the only visible signs of human habitations,—all beside is grove, plain, or mountain. Here you overlook the grand entrance to the fortress, and see the water-sellers with their jars on their backs, or driving their asses before them, passing through the gateway in their journeys to and from the city below: and here you may catch the notes of the song, guitar, and castanets coming up from the depths of the outer alameda. Here you may watch the evening rays on the great Sierra, now, lighting up its bronzed precipices and furrowed slopes,—then, as the shadows steal up the mountain, and cover peak after peak with their dim veil, lingering only on the highest snows, and tinging them with glorious hues, till the whole

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melts away into the soft twilight, and is only darkly distinguishable from the star-lit sky. The restless lights on the broad shadowy mass of the mountain then tell of the labours of the industrious snow-gatherers.

It is on this spot that the bright-eyed belles of the Alhambra are wont to enjoy the cool breezes of evening, and here they will gather round the traveller, as he sits on the parapet, to hear of his distant land and its strange inhabitants.

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CHAPTER IV.

GRANADA—THE GENERALIFE.

El Generalife,
Aquel retrato admirable,
Del terreno deleitoso
De nuestros primeros padres.

GONGORA.

The Generalife, lo!
Could our first parents view
Its blissful shades, they'd say
'Twas Paradise anew.

THERE are two old towers in the line of wall between my lodgings and the Tower of the Captive. The nearest is called La Torre de los Picos—the Tower of the Woodpeckers, and is inhabited by a few soldiers, who mount guard over an old gateway—La Puerta de Hierro, or The Iron-Gate—just beneath the tower. This is the

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only entrance to the fortress on the northern side. It opens on the wooded ravine, which separates the Alhambra from the Generalife. The path downward to the left, leads to the Alameda of the Darro, and the Albaycin; that on the other hand, skirts the lofty wall and towers at the eastern end of the fortress. Leaving these on the right, and ascending between garden-walls overhung by vines, fig and pomegranate-trees, we reach a small door, the entrance to the palace of the Generalife.*

Crossing an outer court, we enter a long gallery, through whose open arches we have a delightful view, over the terraced slopes of fruit-groves beneath, of the many-towered Alhambra, rising almost precipitously from the hollow, through which the Darro is seen gliding to lose itself among the buildings of the city. In the centre of the gallery is a small chapel, sacred to the Virgin. This gallery forms one side of a large *patio*, or rather garden, inclosed by walls, and filled with shrubs and flowers, which are refreshed by splashing fountains and small canals of water, shaded by young cypresses, which meet in the form of Gothic arches. On one side rises the

* Conde derives this word from the Arabic جنة الشريف Garden of the Prince.

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gigantic cypress, renowned in legendary story as having witnessed beneath its gloomy boughs the amorous meetings of the last Sultana with the unfortunate Abencerrage, Albinhamad. It bears in its rugged and massive trunk every appearance of great age, and tradition doubtless speaks truth with regard to its antiquity.

A large fretted archway, opening upon this garden, leads us into a suite of apartments, whose walls, covered with arabesque tracery, show that we have entered the Moorish palace of the Generalife. From the windows, the eye plunges down into the vale of the Darro, rises to the Albaycin above, and St. Michael's white chapel opposite, and rests on the walls of the College of Monte Santo far up the verdant hollow to the right. These rooms are hung with pictures, not splendid specimens of art, but exceedingly interesting, as they represent the features of those who are renowned on the rolls of Spanish history.

First is one called "El Rey Chico"—The little King, the sobriquet by which Abu Abdillah, or Boabdil, the last of the Moorish sovereigns, was generally known. Yet it cannot be intended to represent that monarch, for there is another inscription in antique Spanish painted on the canvass:—

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" Abenhut Rey de Granada, i Cordoba, i de Lomas de Andalucia del linage de los Reies de Çaragoça, de Aragõ, i de los Godos fué Preminẽte Rey en justicia, berdad i liberalidad."

" Abenhut, King of Granada and Córdoba, and of the hills of Andalucia, of the lineage of the Kings of Zaragoza, of Aragon, and of the Goths, was a king pre-eminent in justice, truth, and liberality."

Ibn Hud was raised to the throne of Murcia and Andalucia in 1228. In his reign, a great part of Extremadura was wrested by the Christians from the Moors, and just after his death the cities of Córdoba and Valencia shared the same fate, for he was at Almeria on his way to succour the latter city, when he was assassinated by his subjects. " His reign," say the Moorish chroniclers, " was a continuance of strife and disquiet, of great tumult, vanity, and pomp; and he left, as an inheritance to his subjects, nothing but perils and perdition—ruin, calamities, and affliction to the Moslem state."*

The portrait represents a young man, with blue eyes, fair hair and mustachios, and a mild, or even feeble expression of countenance. He wears a crown on his head, and robes of black and yellow; and rests one hand on the hilt of his sword. In one corner of the picture is a small escutcheon with Arabic characters. This por-

* Conde, iii. cap. 4.

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trait agrees very well with the character we have received of Boabdil—soft, effeminate, more fond of ease and pleasure than of war—and altogether has the air of a man who might have weakness enough to lose a kingdom, but would never acquire one by his own exertions. In all this it differs from Ibn Hud, who obtained the crown by his own energy, and whose death is said by an old historian to have been fortunate for the Christian cause, for "he was an active and valiant prince, eloquent of speech, skilful in the art of persuasion, and in calming or exciting his people at pleasure."*

Another picture is called "Infante de Granada," representing the uncle of Boabdil, the fiery Abdallah El Zagal—who, had he not been thwarted by the rivalship of his nephew, might, by his talents and energy, have propped up the falling power of the Saracens in Spain, perhaps for a long series of years. He also wears a crown, and is arrayed in a robe of fur. He is an old man with grey hair, mustachios, and beard, yet, in spite of age, his features are indicative of much fire and energy: great power of conceiving high resolves seems to reside in his capacious forehead; while boldness and determination in their execution are strongly marked in

* Mariana, lib. xii. cap. 17.

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his mouth and fixed eyes. His whole countenance wears a severity, which, as you gaze, seems to grow into even a savage ferocity.

There is a portrait of "Sidy Aya Nayar," or Cidi Yahye Alnayar Ibn Zelim, the Moorish prince who so boldly defended Baza against the Catholic sovereigns. After the surrender of that city, he entered the service of Ferdinand, and "thirsting after holy water"—in the words of the old ballad—was baptized by the name of Don Pedro de Granada. He greatly aided Ferdinand, by his influence as well as arms, in completing the conquest of the Moorish kingdom.

Another portrait is called by one inscription "Don Alonzo de Granada," son of this Don Pedro; though another declares it to be "Garcilaso de la Vega."* This must be the Christian warrior who slew the Moor Tarfe in single combat before the walls of Granada, for a turbaned head is lying at his feet called "Cabeza de Tarfe," with this inscription by the side of a palm:—

"*La condicion de la palma,*
En el cuerpo, y en el alma."

Tarfe was the adventurous Moor, who spurring

* The poet of this name was not born till A. D. 1500, eight years after the surrender of Granada. Like Cervantes and Lope de Vega, he was a soldier as well as a poet, and distinguished himself in the wars of Charles V. against the Turks and African Moors.

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his horse over the barriers, galloped through the Christian camp, and hurled his lance at the royal pavilion, with the intention of killing the Queen. Garcilaso accepted his challenge, though King Ferdinand had refused him permission on account of his youth; but notwithstanding this he issued victorious from the combat. For this exploit he has been made the hero of many a *romance*.

"*Garcilasso de la Vega*
Desde alli se ha intitulado,
Porque en la Vega hiziera
Campo con aquel pagano—

Garcilaso of the Vega
From that day was he hight;
For in the Vega of Granada
He did that pagan fight."

Other Pedros and Alonzos, descendants of Don Pedro de Granada for several generations, grace this gallery; and there is a curious genealogical table of his family, tracing it back through many centuries to Urdmenala, King of Zaragoza.

The conquerors of Granada are here as well as its conquered princes. The features of Ferdinand are harsh, his mouth is prominent, and his whole countenance betrays a great deficiency in nobleness of soul; an air of low cunning being the predominent expression. Isabella is portrayed to more advantage, but in her almost infantine

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features there are no traces of that dignity, wisdom, and resolution which entered into her character.

The portraits of these sovereigns as drawn by Mariana may not be uninteresting; and the courtier-like gloss which he throws over the faults of Ferdinand is worthy of notice. "They were both of the middle height, of well-proportioned forms and good-looking countenances; there was a similar majesty in their walk and all their movements; their aspect was agreeable and dignified; their complexion fair, although with a slight tinge of brown. The King in particular was bronzed by his warlike life; his hair was chesnut and long, his beard shaved closer than was the fashion, his eyebrows broad, head bald, mouth small, lips red, teeth small and widely set, shoulders broad, neck straight, voice sharp, utterance rapid, intellect clear, judgment deep and happy, temper sweet and courteous, and mild towards those with whom he transacted business. He was skilful in the affairs of war, unrivalled in the art of government; so fond of business that he seemed to recreate himself with labour. He regaled his body, not with wanton delights, but with decent clothing and temperate diet, thus inuring it to sustain fatigue. He managed a horse with great skill; in his youth he took much delight in playing at dice and cards; when of maturer age, he was

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wont to practise falconry, and took great pleasure in flying at herons. The Queen was well-favoured, with fair hair, and grey eyes; using no paint; the gravity, dignity, and modesty of her countenance were remarkable. She was much given to devotion, and was fond of letters; she loved her husband, but her affection was mingled with jealousy and suspicions. She had acquired some knowledge of the Latin tongue, in which the King Don Fernando was deficient, as he had not attended to letters in his youth. He was however fond of reading histories and conversing with learned men. The day on which the King Don Fernando was born, so some relate, a certain Carmelite friar in Naples, esteemed a man of holy life, said to the King Don Alonso, the uncle of Fernando, 'To-day in the kingdom of Aragon, an infant of thy race is born, to whom Heaven promises new empires, great riches, and prosperity; he will be very devout, inclined to what is good, and an excellent defender of Christianity.' Amongst so many virtues, it were almost necessary, considering the frailty of mankind, that he should have some faults. The avarice of which he has been accused, can be pardoned on account of his great want of money, and of his having alienated the royal revenues. As to the rigour and severity of his punishments, which is another charge, it was owing to the necessity

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of the times and to the corruption of morals. Foreign writers impute to him craftiness, and that he sometimes broke his word, when he found it to his advantage. I do not wish to determine whether this were true or mere invention arising from hatred to our nation; I only remark that the malice of mankind is accustomed to bestow on true virtues, the name of the vices to which they bear any resemblance." *

There is a portrait of Doña Isabel, wife of Charles V. and sister of John III. of Portugal; and there was formerly one of the Emperor himself, but the Constitutionalists tore it to pieces in 1820, for it was he, they said, who had destroyed the ancient Constitution of the country, and established the Inquisition. In this they only displayed their ignorance, for it was not Charles V., but his grand-parents, Ferdinand and Isabella, who instituted that tribunal. His son Philip II. is represented as a mere boy, with blue eyes and red hair, and features remarkable only for their stupid and unmeaning expression.

Philip III. with his Queen, is here also—the monarch to whom is owing much of the present barbarous condition of the country; as he issued the decree for the final expulsion of the Moors from the Spanish soil, in consequence of which

* Mariana, lib. xxv. cap. 18.

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nearly one million forsook the land of their fathers; and the country was deprived of an industrious, intelligent population, skilled in developing its resources.

Returning into the garden, we ascend a shady path behind the ancient cypress, by successive flights of steps, with fountains playing on the intervening landing places, and streams of water flowing in channels along the parapet walls,—the whole the work of the Moors. This ascent leads to a modern *casa de recreo,* or pleasure house, on the flat roof of which, when I first visited the palace, sat Don Jayme Traverso, the Administrador of the Generalife. He politely asked me to ascend, and entering into conversation, I found him an agreeable and intelligent companion.

The view from this spot was magnificent, overlooking the buildings and gardens of the Generalife, and the mingling groves and towers of the Alhambra; embracing in addition to the prospects described from the gallery and windows below, the vast Sierra with its snowy crest now sparkling in the beams of the declining sun. Our conversation wandered from the scenery to the former inhabitants of the country, and thence to its present condition; when D. Jayme took occasion to lament the gradual decline of the

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national prosperity, from the time of the expulsion of the Moors.

I enquired what change he had himself remarked as taking place.

"Within my own remembrance," he replied, "the power of Spain has greatly decayed; when I was a youth, they used to talk with glee of a foreign war; now all acknowledge it would be ruin to us. Yet our internal resources remain the same, and could they but be developed, were there but peace, security, and confidence in the land, we should again stand high amongst the nations; for our country is not only the richest in Europe in natural productions, but it contains, I believe, vast treasures in specie also, now concealed and hoarded up on account of the unsettled state of public affairs."

I replied, that though admitting the natural riches of Spain, I doubted whether, even under the most favourable circumstances, she would ever become one of the wealthiest countries of Europe. On looking back through the pages of history, I did not find in the Spanish character those qualities which are essential to the substantial, enduring wealth of a country. There was little of that steady, persevering industry, and commercial enterprise, which had raised nations of Saxon origin, inhabiting lands far less

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favoured by nature than Spain, to the foremost rank in wealth, and political importance. The Spaniards, I conceived, in this respect partook more of the character of their Roman, than of their Phœnician—of their Gothic, than of their Arabian ancestors. Their enterprise was adapted to the tumult and excitement of war, rather than to the calm occupations of peace. Warlike conquest was the path best suited to its development, for while this accorded with their natural hardihood, and powers of patient endurance, it held out by the prospect of plunder easily to be obtained, a gratification of their somewhat anomalous qualities of a love of ease and luxurious enjoyment. This, I thought, was exemplified by their contest with the Moors. It was the prospect of the rich booty to be seized in the Moslem territories, where agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial industry had heaped up vast wealth, rather than a sincere desire of eradicating Mohammedanism from the Peninsula, that urged the Christians to maintain that almost continuous struggle for eight centuries; for their religious differences, in very frequent instances, proved no bar to the two people forming political, nay, even matrimonial alliances. Again, it was this spirit of warlike enterprise, this craving after plunder, which led to the committal of

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those horrible atrocities on the unhappy aborigines of America, which had made the Spaniard to be proverbially regarded as a monster of avarice and barbarity. Had the discoverers of America possessed the spirit of commercial enterprise, they would have resorted to traffic with the natives, as a means of enriching themselves; but, no!—that was, for Spaniards, too slow, too dull a method. Nothing would satisfy them less than a forcible seizure of the property and persons of the aborigines. As long as gold was to be wrung from the vitals of the enslaved Americans, Spain was enterprising; and so long, and no longer, was she powerful; for it was the adventitious influx of gold, that raised her to a rank among the nations of Europe, which she was scarcely entitled to hold—a rank which she gradually lost, as that wealth flowed to her in a slower and narrower stream.

"Not that I am forgetting," I added, "the many hindrances to the development of industry and enterprise in Spain, caused by ages of oppression and misrule, and by a long series of errors in her internal and commercial policy; still I think that that principle of steady, plodding industry in the acquisition of wealth, which must be possessed by a nation before it can attain a lasting state of prosperity, has never yet shown

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itself to form an integral part of the Spanish character."

Don Jayme would not agree to my estimate of the national character, and pointed out the Basques, Catalans, and other inhabitants of the northern provinces, as examples of Spanish industry.

I admitted them to be exceptions.

He attributed the decay of commerce and manufactures to no want of industry in the people, but to other causes—chiefly to the flood of American gold bursting too suddenly upon Spain, and causing her, like a youth coming unexpectedly into the possession of an immense fortune, which he deems inexhaustible, to run into all kinds of extravagance, and act the spendthrift. "Had the colonies of Spain, like those of England in America, yielded the productions of the earth as the reward of labour, instead of oceans of gold as the price of oppression and conquest; or rather, had that gold—for the more there was of it the better—been less easily obtained, the internal industry of Spain would have suffered no more than has that of England."

"At first sight," I replied, "it would seem as though an influx of wealth, whether sudden or gradual—unless indeed it were so generally diffused that the vast majority of the people were

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raised to enjoy, at least, the comforts of life, which was never the case in Spain—would, far from destroying the spirit of industry, have a natural tendency to encourage it. For with new wealth, new wants would arise, and fresh demands would be made on the popular energies. But Spain, by her absurd restrictions on the exportation of gold and silver, depreciated their value so much below that which they held in the rest of Europe, or, in other words, raised the value of her own produce so much above that level, as to enable other countries to undersell her, and thrust her raw and manufactured produce even out of her own markets."

After some further conversation on the subject of fiscal restrictions and prohibitions, in which Don Jayme, like most of his countrymen, warmly advocated the monopolizing system of commerce pursued by Spain towards her colonies, I remarked, that I considered the gold of America had produced more disastrous effects upon Spain than those of which we had been speaking. It had strengthened and enlarged the power of the Throne to an undue extent. More than this—it had tended most materially to increase the influence of the Church, and that at a time when other causes were but too rapidly producing similar effects. It must be remembered that just

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eleven years before the discovery of America, the Inquisition was established in Spain, and on the same year as the former event, the last Mahommedan kingdom in the Peninsula was overthrown. Here then was this tribunal brought at once into powerful action in prosecuting the poor Moriscos, in the face of treaties made with them that they should enjoy the uninterrupted exercise of their own religion. As individuals gain strength by exercise, so the Church soon acquired a degree of power which she had never before known, and was enabled to exert her authority over her legitimate sons, as uncontrolledly as over her adopted children. This ecclesiastical power was greatly increased by the riches of the New World. For what by Inquisitorial confiscations, what by the influence exerted over the minds of adventurers, who, having returned laden with gold and guilt, were too ready to purchase the remission of their crimes by devoting a portion of their ill-gotten wealth to holy purposes—the Church heaped up vast treasures for herself, which cemented her authority, and aided in strengthening that of the Throne. This I thought one of the chief evils produced by the gold of America. It gave wealth and power to the King and the Church, and proportionally undermined the popular liberties; and that, by this means, it was not without some per-

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nicious influence upon commercial industry, was shown in the unjust system of fiscal regulations, which were framed to swell the royal exchequer at the expense of the people.

The Administrator admitted that the Inquisition had stretched its power too far, and he did not regret its overthrow. "Nevertheless," said he, "it is melancholy to remark the change that has taken place of late years in the religious feelings of the people. The churches are no longer thronged as in my youthful days; and the rising generation, not content with neglecting the observances of their religion, glory in discrediting its doctrines and vilifying its ministers. The public morality is consequently deteriorated."

"Do you speak of sexual morals?"

"Oh, as to the matter of gallantries, we are just where we were, and where we ever shall be. Men will make love, and women will listen to them."

And here, I may remark, that the Spaniards hardly regard these *faux pas* as immoralities, viewing them with far more lenient eyes than robbery, smuggling, or other offences punishable by law.*

* There is in Spain no legal punishment for the adulterer and seducer—there are no "damages," as in more moral countries, to check these offenders against the peace of society.

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"Then Spain has not advanced, but rather retrograded in every respect?"

"No, in one thing we have greatly improved—in the quality of our manufactures of almost every description; and I doubt not, could we find a ready market for them, it would incite our artizans to still greater exertions. And here is the finishing-stroke to our ruin—the loss of our colonies, by closing the outlets for our manufactures, has cramped and almost nullified the industry of our people."

The loss of the colonies has been severely felt by the manufacturing and commercial interests of Spain, but this is the fault of the mother-country's refusing to recognize their independence. Had it been acknowledged as soon as acquired, the commercial relations, on account of a community of origin, feeling, and language, would most probably have been maintained to a considerable extent.*

The horizontal beams of the sun, just tipping with gold the towers of the Alhambra, now reminded me that I must hasten to regain the Iron Gate, before it was closed for the night. I took leave then of Don Jayme, who begged me to renew my visit as often as I pleased, assuring

* The Queen's Government has very recently recognized the independence of all the revolted colonies of Spain.

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me that the palace, the gardens, and every thing they contained, were wholly at my disposal, and recommending me the *casa de recreo*, as the finest point whence to take a sketch of the Alhambra.

I know no spot, with the exception of the Alhambra, more enchanting than the Generalife, and even that must yield to it in picturesqueness of situation, and in the refreshing verdure and charming seclusion of its groves; though in the extent, beauty, and splendour of its buildings, the latter can by no means compete with its magnificent neighbour. It was originally, however, but a summer retreat, while its rival was a royal habitation and a fortress. Yet what but the Generalife would be a worthy retreat from the Alhambra?

I was more and more charmed on each subsequent visit to this spot, and loved to linger in its cool halls and galleries, gazing on the hot city at my feet; or to wander through its fragrant gardens, listening to the murmuring splash of the fountains, till fancy would carry me back to the days of its Xarifas, Zelimas, and Galianas, and cause me to start at the sound of a footstep, as though I were guilty of intruding on the privacy of the beauties of the Harem.

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CHAPTER V.

GRANADA—THE ALBAYCIN.

El Alvaizin, castillo,
De rebeldes voluntades,
Cuerpo vivo en otro tiempo,
Ya lastimoso cadaver!

GONGORA.

The Albaycin, a citadel—
Of rebels once the hold:
It was a living body then,
But now—how dead and cold!

ERE the earliest rays of the sun shot up the vale of the Darro into my chamber, I had shaken off slumber, and reached the Puerta de Hierro, as the old sentinel was opening its crazy doors for the day. Taking the steep and winding path to the left, I descended beneath the over-

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hanging cliffs of the Generalife to the watermills, which give the ravine the name of Puerto de los Molinos—Pass of the Mills. Just below them flows the Darro, with its shady alameda on either bank, overhung by the steep groves of the Generalife, and the threatening towers of the Alhambra. Here I found, even at this early hour, parties of citizens returning from their morning walk, or, it might be, from their gay vigils in the groves of the valley, where they had been dancing away the soft hours of night to the notes of the song and guitar. Notwithstanding the charms of its situation, the Alameda of the Darro is now little frequented, fashion having rendered its rival of the Xenil more attractive in the eyes of the Granadinos. Fashion in promenades is carried to such an extent in Granada, as to determine the particular days and months of the year, on which each of its numerous alamedas ought to be frequented.

The Albaycin which covers the slope to the north of the Alameda of the Darro, was originally a fortress, and was celebrated in the latter days of the Moors, by the fierce contests carried on between the faction of Boabdil, who held it, and those of his father and uncle, who possessed respectively the Alhambra, and the rest of the

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city.* Its former flourishing condition, compared with its present decay, is well described in the words of the poet, which head this chapter—"once a living body, now a melancholy corpse!" A considerable part of its fortifications has been destroyed; so much, indeed, that when viewed from the Alhambra, it has not the character of a fortress; but long lines of turretted wall still bound it on the north and west. Many of its buildings are in ruin, and large areas are covered with the *débris* of fallen houses. The streets are steep, extremely narrow and tortuous,

* *Muy rebuelta está Granada*
en armas y fuego ardiendo,
y los cuidadanos della
duras muertes padeciendo,
Por tres Reyes que ay esquivos,
cada vno pretendiendo
el mando, cetro, y corona
de Granada y de su Reyno.

GUERRAS CIVILES DE GRANADA.

Sore distracted is Granada,
Overwhelm'd with sword and fire,
And her citizens unhappy
Are destroy'd with slaughter dire,
For three kings, who, fierce and haughty,
Each and all of them aspire
To the throne, the crown, and sceptre
Of Granada's old empire.

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and are said to remain just as laid out by the Moors, many of whose buildings are yet standing; and the rest have an equally antiquated and picturesque appearance. Owing to the steepness of the hill, there are few houses which do not command a view of the Alhambra from the upper windows; and on the slope are ranges of terraces canopied by vines, where the inhabitants can enjoy the breezes from the Snowy Sierra. Very few *gens comme il faut* reside within the precincts of the Albaycin; it is inhabited almost wholly by the lower classes, but it is this which gives it a peculiar character; and the traveller in Spain, who is seeking the strongest traces of Moorish blood and manners, should by no means neglect to visit the Albaycin. The dark, steep and tortuous alleys—the mounds of ruins on every hand—the dilapidated state of the buildings still standing—the fact of the hill being undermined with subterranean passages—the numerous legendary traditions connected with the place—all impart a more mysterious interest to the Albaycin, than belongs to any other part of the city of Granada.

From the terrace in front of the church of San Nicolas in the Albaycin, is to be obtained the most magnificent view of the Alhambra. The whole range of its towers is opposite—a long line

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of sunny red masses, thrown against the pure azure of the sky: the ridge which they cover, rises, feathered with wood, from the city in the deep hollow of the Darro at your feet; the white palace of the Generalife sparkles on the height of Santa Elena, to the left; and behind it, in the horizon, soars the great Nevada, whose snowy diadem bespeaks its royal pre-eminence.

At some distance from the city, up the vale of the Darro, is Monte Santo, or Holy Mountain, a College of Humanities. On leaving the city, I followed the right bank of the stream beneath a hill, which was covered with plantations of prickly-pear. Here I entered a subterranean village, for the whole slope was hollowed out into caves, forming street above street, inhabited by gipsies, or by Spaniards of the lowest class. There was scarcely any furniture within these hovels, and the ever-yawning mouth of the cavern was, in many instances, the only aperture for the admission of light and air, and for the ingress and egress of the inmates; but here, no more than in an Irish or Highland cabin, does poverty deny the occupants every comfort of life, for most of these poor wretches have wives and families, who seem to enjoy even their scanty share of the gifts of fortune;—the women can sing with a light heart, and the tawny brats of

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both sexes, roll their ragless bodies in the dust, like sparrows; rejoicing in their nakedness, and perfectly contented with their unenviable lot. These caves are said to have been formed by the Moors, as storehouses for their corn.

I reached at length a thick wood, and ascended through it by a zig-zag path to an esplanade in front of the College. It is a large massive building of several stories. I did not enter, but learned from some collegians that the principal subjects of their studies were the classic languages, philosophy, mental rather than natural—for the peripatetic system is still adhered to in Spain—theology, and the laws of nations, as well as the jurisprudence of Spain in particular. From this spot I looked up the vale of the Darro, whose waters, buried in overhanging groves, flow between hills partially clothed with verdure and backed by the snowy Sierra and its satellites. In the other direction, I beheld the river at a great depth beneath, with here and there a white cottage on its wooded banks, and traced its course to the city, which was seen in the distance, nestling between the heights of the Alhambra and Albaycin.

On my return from the College, I was desirous of varying my walk, and following the left bank of the river to the city. I could find no tho-

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roughfare across the valley, and, therefore, entered the open door of an orchard, within which, on the threshold of a cottage, sat a lovely girl, whose eyes beamed with all the expression that eyes so full and black are capable of displaying. On hearing my desire she arose, and with genuine Spanish politeness offered to be my guide across the grounds.

I have found this great readiness to oblige, and especially to oblige a stranger, very general in Andalucia. While many an Englishman will be content to direct you if you enquire the way, and almost plume himself upon his courtesy in so doing, the Spaniard, even of the lowest class, will rarely rest satisfied unless he accompany you. To give an instance of this:—I was returning one night from the Prado of the Xenil to the Alhambra, and, quite bewildered in the labyrinth of dark tortuous streets, enquired my way at a cobbler's stall. The owner in an instant threw down his last and awl, would not leave me till he had traversed half the city to put me into the direct road, and then would not be prevailed upon to accept a recompense for his courtesy. The Englishman in Andalucia daily, nay hourly, meets with such civility from the lower orders as must make him blush for the vulgarity, rudeness,

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and insolence of the corresponding classes in his own country.

But to return. I passed through groves of fruit-trees, crossed the Darro by a rustic bridge, and, expressing my wishes—according to Spanish custom—that she might "live a thousand years," took leave of my pretty conductress at a gateway near the Fountain of Avellanos. This is a spring at the foot of a hill, famed for the purity and purifying qualities of its water, and the asses of *aguadores* are therefore at all hours to be seen clustering around it, or winding along the road leading to the city. Descending this road, beneath the steep hill of the Generalife on the left, and, with the slopes of the vale on the right clothed with orchards of fig, pomegranate, mulberry, and walnut-trees, here, half shrouding some white-walled cottage, there, wrapt up in vines, which hung in festoons from tree to tree—I reached again the Alameda of the Darro.

The view from the Hermitage of San Miguel, which crowns a hill immediately to the east of the Albaycin, may rival any to be obtained in the neighbourhood of Granada. Ascending the ruinous streets of the Albaycin from the Alameda of the Darro, you reach a small square used as a

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fruit-market, and turning out of it to the right, enter winding lanes of aloes and prickly-pears, conducting through corn-fields to the summit of the hill on which the chapel is situated. From this spot the view eastward is confined to the deep and luxuriantly wooded hollow of the Darro, over which, on a declivity, hangs the College of Monte Santo. The slopes immediately beneath you are yellow with corn, and lower still, large plantations of prickly-pear, bright with orange-coloured blossom, sink to mingle with the fruit-groves in the vale of the Darro. Here you have a bird's-eye view of the Alhambra, with its palaces, churches, courts, and gardens, and long red walls, studded with towers, all mapped out beneath—cresting the hill, whose base is girdled by the houses of the city. Towering high above the Alhambra to the left, is the hill of the Generalife with its fairy palace and cypress gardens, backed by the stupendous range of the Nevada, which rising from the Vega with a long jagged outline, seems to pierce the heavens with its snowy peaks. Westward, the eye passes over the roofs of the Albaycin, and sinks gently to the city of Granada and the expanse of the Vega beyond, bounded on the north by the dark heights of Elvira, and sweeping with its belt of moun-

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tains far round to the south, where it is visible in a broad line above the towers of the Alhambra.

It was evening when I first visited this spot. I lingered long to enjoy its beauties, and on retracing my steps, the sun was sinking behind the mountains of Alcalá,

> "Not as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
> But one unclouded blaze of living light."

His couch was spread with richest sheets of orange and gold, fading away above into the most delicate green, and was overhung by a canopy of the deepest and most transparent azure. When he had dropped asleep, there arose the same exquisite blush of light, as preceded his rising on the morning of my approach to Granada—the soft rosy dream, as it were, attending the twilight moments of his slumber, and not dispelled till he was fast locked in the dusky arms of Night. The clear brightness of the sky threw out in strong relief the wild forms of the intervening mountains, making each jagged ridge and splintered summit distinctly visible, and clothing them at the same time in shadowy robes of plum-colour of indescribable richness and beauty, the skirts of which rolled half across the extended

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Vega. On the other hand, the lofty crests of the Nevada would still have been faintly glowing with gold, but for the moon, which had just risen above them in her full glory, lighting up the snows, and causing them to gleam like patches of ivory on the ebon sides of the mountains. A few fleecy clouds hovering around her, without obscuring her beams, enhanced the beauty of the scene. One side of the towers of the Alhambra was brightening under her mild radiance, while the other still reflected the glow of the sunset sky. Sailing gently across the deep blue vault, and wafted by the breezes towards the glories of the western horizon, were two bright and almost transparent clouds, just tinged beneath with a golden hue—so soft, so delicate, so ethereal, that Fancy might readily deem them the wings of cherubs, flitting on some celestial mission of love and mercy; while far above, one star in solitary splendour seemed to gaze as a directing eye from heaven upon their course.

The sunlight gradually died away, and the moon was reflected with increasing brightness from the walls of the houses and towers, as I descended the steep streets of the Albaycin; while here and there the massive form of a fig-tree, or a large solitary cross, was thrown in black relief against the western sky. The twang of a guitar,

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and the rattle of castanets from a court below, caused me to pause at the open door.

"Enter, your-mercy! enter, cavalier!" cried a female voice.

I accepted the invitation, and found myself in a bricked court, overhung with vines, trained quite across to exclude the sun. A well was in the centre, and an overflowing bucket stood upon its parapet; while from the trellis-work overhead were suspended in mid air small white *alcarrazas*, for imparting by evaporation an icy coldness to the water.

Around the court sat a party of citizens of all ages and both sexes, some on low stools, and others on the bare ground, and in the midst danced a youthful pair, the pretty merry-eyed daughter of the host and her *amante*. All this was seen by means of a light which streamed through the open doorway of the adjoining house, aided by the moonbeams reflected from the snow-white wall of the court. I was immediately accommodated with a seat, and was not allowed to pass on, without tasting, the large, full-bellied, long-spouted, glass wine-bottle, which from time to time made the circuit of the company. When the *majo* and *maja* had ended their *fandango*, they sat down; on which one of the party proposed relating stories in turn—a very favourite

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custom of the Spaniards, and one that may be regarded as a relic of oriental manners.

Then was related a series of tales, true and fictitious,—the dolorous history of the Lovers of Teruel, whose bodies are still to be seen embalmed in the church of that town, and whose constancy in life has given rise to the proverb, "as faithful as the Lovers of Teruel,"—the wonderful feats of that great magician, the Marquis of Villena,—local legends of enchanted Moors, hidden treasures, and supernatural appearances,—long accounts of intrigues, with plots so complicated that none but a Spaniard could unravel them,—the exploits of banditti and *contrabandistas*, a theme of which no native, male or female, ever tires,—or short anecdotes replete with humour. With two only of these will I try the patience of the reader. I give them as nearly as possible in the words of the respective narrators.

"A *pañero*, or cloth-dealer, when travelling through La Mancha with his mule laden with goods, was attacked by a robber, who leaped out on him and presenting a musket at his head, demanded his purse.

'Do not kill me, Sir Cavalier, I pray you for the love of God! by the good Jesus! and the pangs of His Most Holy Mother!' cried the terrified *pañero*, with his soul between his teeth,

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'I have no money: this cloth is all I possess in the world, and I was going to sell it at Toledo, but *ay de mi!*—alas me! God knows if ever I shall reach that place. I am a poor man—very poor—and work hard, travelling up and down, running through the world to gain my livelihood!'

Said the robber, finding he had really no money, and somewhat pitying the poor devil, said he, '*Vamos, hombre!* since there is no cash, I'll take cloth enough to make me a pair of *calzones.*'

The dealer then loosened the burden from his mule, and cut a piece of cloth large enough for a pair of breeches.

'Remain with God, friend!' said the robber, as he put the cloth into his *manta.*

'Go away with God, Sir thief!' replied the *pañero,* and laughing under his cloak that he had escaped so cheaply, he added as the robber was walking away 'and God will send you the bill.'

'Oh!' said the robber returning, 'God is to send me the bill, is he?—he is a kind creditor, it may as well be a large one; come, cut me cloth enough for a cloak!'

The dealer, who now discovered his mistake, obeyed in silence, resolving never again to jest with a robber."

The other story was as follows.

"Your-mercies must know, Sirs, that in the

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invincible city of Seville there once lived a certain Felipe Romero. This man had a load of charcoal which he wanted to sell; so he takes him his ass, and puts it on him, and drives him through the city to find a customer. Now it so happened that he had tied a cock on the top of the charcoal—a cock which he was going to leave somewhere on his way. As he was passing a barber's shop, out steps the barber: cries he, '*Hola!* friend! what dost thou want for thy load?'

'So much,' says Felipe.

Well, Sirs, the bargain is struck; not a word about the cock does the barber say, but as soon as he has paid, he seizes it, unties it, and in less time than I could say an Ave-Maria tosses it into the *patio* with his fowls.

'Hold, man!' cries Felipe, 'what hast thou done that for?'

Says my barber with shut eyes (very innocently) 'the bird is mine, I've bought the load.'

'*Anda!*—Go to!' cries the other, 'I sold thee the charcoal alone. Give me the cock immediately; for let them slay me if thou shalt have it!'

'*No te metas en eso, hermano!*—Don't trouble thyself about it, brother!' says Mr. barber with a smiling face, 'I bought the load for the sake of the cock, and it would be a bad bargain to give it thee back.'

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'By the life of the devil! but I will have it!' cries Felipe.

'I vow thou wilt not though,' replies the other.

Well, Sirs, to end the dispute they agreed to go before the Justice. Each told his tale, and says the Judge, says he, 'The cock belongs to the barber.'

Felipe goes away in a burning rage, sending the barber to thirty thousand devils, and swearing that he will pay him out for it. So he goes home, and hatches a plot in his brain, by which he may trick the barber. Virgin Most Pure! what a rare trick! now listen, my Sirs, and you shall hear how the barber was served out.

It so happened, that Felipe was in the National Guard; so a short time after this quarrel with the barber, he puts him on his uniform, with his high schako, his red cockade, his white coat with red epaulettes, and makes himself as fine as a lord, so that the mother that bore him would not have known Felipe Romero. Then he brings out his ass, saddles it, and rides away to the barber's house; here he dismounts, ties his beast to the door, and in he goes.

'Your servant, Mr. barber!'

'Your-mercy's at command, cavalier!'

'For how much will you shave me and my companion, who is just outside?'

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Says the barber, 'for two I must have a *real*.'

'Good!' replies the soldier, and down he sits to be shaved.

When the barber had done, says he, 'Will your-mercy now call your companion?'

'With great pleasure!' says Felipe, and out he steps and drags in his ass. 'Shave him clean, friend barber, he is rather rough about the chops.'

When the barber sees the beast entering his shop, 'Hold, man!' cries he in a rage, 'a truce to joking, I don't shave asses.'

'Mr. barber," says the soldier softly, 'don't make a noise about the matter; know that I am he of the cock and charcoal. Why did you not examine the two beards before you made the bargain? according to that, I demand that you instantly shave the donkey.'

In great wrath the barber hurries away to the Justice and makes his complaint. Felipe follows him with his companion.

Says the barber, 'this bullying coxcomb comes to my house, and insists upon my shaving his cursed jackass.'

Says the other, 'Your Worship must know that I am he of the cock and charcoal, who came here the other day with this barber, who just now engaged to shave both me and my companion for a *real*. My companion is this jackass, which I

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pray may be shaved forthwith, according to the agreement.'

Says the Judge—a man of great wisdom and prudence—' I command the barber instantly to shave the ass, and not only his beard, but his every hair, for refusing to keep to his bargain ; or if he does not obey, he shall be sent to the galleys. I will order an *alguacil* to see it performed.'

Well, Sirs, to end, the barber takes the ass back to his shop, and shaves him all over, even to the tips of his ears and tail, till he leaves him as bald as any frog; while Felipe, and the officer, and all the people of the neighbourhood are looking on, and bursting with laughter. You may guess, my Sirs, the chagrin of the barber, and the value of his razors when he had finished."

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CHAPTER VI.

GRANADA—THE ALAMEDAS.

And when, beneath the evening star,
  She mingles in the gay bolero,
Or sings to her attuned guitar
  Of Christian knight or Moorish hero; . . .
In each her charms the heart must move
  Of all who venture to behold her;
Then let not maids less fair reprove
  Because her bosom is not colder.

BYRON.

IN Spain every saint has his day, attended with more or less solemnity or festivity—for in this case the terms are synonymous—according to the rank he holds in the Calendar. Among them not the least important is St. John the Baptist, called by Spaniards, San Juan Bautista, whose day has been observed time out of mind, nay even

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by the Moors when possessors of the land, if we may believe the old *romances.** The present inhabitants of Granada are accustomed to resort the previous evening to the Alameda of Xenil, there to welcome the arrival of the anniversary of the Saint's nativity.

This promenade is on the south of the city, on the bank of the stream from which it is named. Going towards it from the Plaza de Bailen, in which is the Fonda de Comercio, we enter at once a broad walk, the Carrera

* *La mañana de San Juan*
al punto que alboreava,
gran fiesta hazen los Moros,
por la Vega de Granada.
Rebolviendo sus cavallos,
jugando van de las lanças,
ricos pendones en ellas
labrados por sus amadas, &c.
Guerras Civiles de Granada.

On St. John the Baptist's morning,
Just at the first blush of day,
In the Vega of Granada
The Moorish knights make holiday,
Wheeling round their fiery chargers,
Brandishing in sportive fray
Their lances tipt with gorgeous pennants,
Broidered by their ladies gay.

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del Darro, with that river flowing on the right. From its parapet we look down on the narrow stream rippling over its stony bed, passing beneath an old bridge, and continuing its course towards the Xenil between antique and picturesque houses; nearly parallel with it, and extending far before us, is the broad Carrera, planted with trees, and flanked by lofty white houses, above which on the right rise the twin towers of a church, and on the left at a greater distance, peering over the roofs of the city, the red turrets of the Alhambra; while beyond all, bounding the view, soars the snow-crested Sierra,

"In the wild pomp of mountain majesty."

The Carrera runs direct to the Xenil, crossing it by a bridge, to the left of which, on this side the river, extends the Salon, or Alameda of the Xenil; on the further side, another Alameda, well shaded with elms, but now little frequented, runs to the right, opening on the road across the Vega towards Alhama and Malaga. At its further extremity stands a small building, whose horse-shoe arch betrays its origin. It was originally a mosque, but is now called the Hermitage of San Sebastian, and is remarkable as the spot on which "the unlucky" Boabdil delivered the keys

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of the city and Alhambra to his Christian conquerors.*

Let us now, retrace our steps to the Salon. It is a broad walk thickly shaded by elms and acacias, and adorned with a fountain at each end; beyond it, is a garden, also an Alameda, laid out in beds of luxuriantly flowering shrubs, and extending far along the bank of the Xenil.

The sun had just sunk behind the mountains of Alcalá when, on the eve of St. John, I reached the Prado; but it was not night, for the moon was up, and, increasing in brilliancy as her rival's glory declined, she diffused a radiance soft and mellow, yet so bright as to blend day and night imperceptibly, and to render the commencement of the one undistinguishable from the close of the other.

Crowds were flocking to the Prado from every quarter of the city, and were already thronging the broad walks. They were of all classes—for

* So says popular tradition; also Father Mariana, Hernando del Pulgar, and other chroniclers; but Pedraza, in his "Antiquities of Granada," (p. 75), says, that Boabdil met Ferdinand alone on this spot, that on his way across the Vega he was received by Isabella at Armilla, and that the keys were afterwards surrendered by Aben Comixa, the Alcayde of the Alhambra.

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those who cannot afford to display their best every evening on the Prado, do not fail to assemble here on fête-days—and all were in holiday trim; some seated on the stone benches; some conversing in knots, or parading up and down beneath the trees; while others were clustering round the water-stalls, refreshing themselves with snow-water, or cooling drinks flavoured with orange or citron juice.

We will take a seat to watch the passing crowd; and let us endeavour to analyze this Spanish *olla.*

This fat man, who comes first, is easily distinguished by his awkward gait, vulgar dress, and ungainly form, as a citizen of the lower order—a class which has little of the Spanish grace to boast of; his portly dame, dressed in white, and without *mantilla,* walks at his side; and a tribe of brats, the future cobblers, barbers, or hatters of Granada, follow at their heels.

These three damsels, also without *mantillas,* with short gowns, and large bunches of flowers in their hair, are known by their jaunty step, and the bold laugh with which they salute passers-by, not to be of the highest ton in Granadan society. Those, who follow, with quiet and graceful air, in white *basquiñas* and black lace *mantillas,* are young Señoritas with their mammas; and observe their

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brothers or cousins, who strut behind, arm-in-arm, puffing their paper-cigars, twisting their mustachios, and staring at every woman they meet or pass, especially at the fair occupants of the antique carriages, drawn by mules, which move slowly along the road by the side of the Alameda.

Yon wrinkled dame, stooping with age, is apparently the grandmother of the elegant little creature, who skips like a fawn at her side, impatient of her tardy pace: though thus contrasting in years, their dress is the same—the *mantilla*, rose, gown, and fan are common to both.

These two of the other sex in black gowns, and long shovel-shaped hats, are priests, conversing probably—but in too low a tone to be overheard—of the ultimate success of "the King, Carlos V.," or should they be on some doctrinal point—the favourite one, for instance, of the immaculacy of the Virgin—you may see by their sidelong glances that the contemplation of heavenly charms has not rendered them wholly insensible to earthly beauty. See what has attracted their attention!—This young Granadina, who approaches with swimming gait; and watch her as she glides past! How gracefully she puts forward her little sandalled foot from beneath her short *basquiña!*—how firmly, yet how lightly

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does she poise herself on it!—with what swan-like elegance she carries her pretty head and neck!—you would say that her whole thoughts were absorbed, her whole soul thrown into every step and movement. No such thing. Her grace is but the effect of nature or of habit, for her thoughts are seen in the sly glances which she casts around to meet the looks of admiration, due, she well knows, to her faultless form and carriage, returning with indifference the ardent gaze of the plebeians, and fanning herself with increased rapidity when she finds herself noticed by the young whiskerandos, curvetting by on fiery jennets.

Here comes a party of peasants, stout, muscular, sun-burnt fellows, with high-peaked hats, gay tagged jackets, yellow silk sashes, and white figured *botines*—their holiday costume—with paper-cigars in their mouths, and long peeled sticks in their hands. With them is a bevy of damsels in brown-flowered, bright pink, or still gayer *basquiñas* of canary colour, with vandyked flounces of black velvet; all without *mantillas*, but with high combs and fresh flowers in their hair, and handkerchiefs over their necks; smiling, chatting, joking, and flirting with the admiring *majos*, their companions.

Next is a group of gipsies, who abound in An-

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dalucia, and are scarcely to be distinguished in personal appearance from the peasantry.* They wear, you may observe, the same costume, but the men suffer their coarse, black hair to fall in long lank tails over their shoulders. The women are still less easily distinguished. They all wear *parchites*—round pieces of black plaster about the size of half-a-crown, one on each temple—but these being considered preservatives against the head-ache, you see worn by many who are not of their race. They all, too, dress their hair after the favourite fashion of the Andaluzas, parting it in the middle, smoothing it over the forehead, and bringing it down into one large thin curl, flattened against each temple, and called "*el caracol de amor*—the love-twist." Nor in complexion is either sex more swarthy than the genuine Andaluoians; the point which seems most to distinguish them is their features, which are cast in a softer mould, with more of the oriental roundness.

Yon grave pair of cavaliers, looking around

* This singular race seems more thoroughly domesticated in Spain than in most parts of Europe, as they have formed a slang dialect of the Spanish, which has greatly corrupted the language of the provinces—is spoken, in fact, by many of the peasantry—and in which one of the first of Spanish poets, Quevedo, did not disdain to write *romances*.

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them with supercilious air, are either travelled cits, who view every thing through the spectacles of Madrid or Paris, or they are *empleados*, swollen with the consequence of official dignity.*

Here and there you may see men in round jackets and loose trowsers of white linen, as though every other covering were too oppressive for the sultry weather; and, sometimes walking with them—it may be for the sake of contrast—others muffled to the eyes in the folds of their brown cloaks, as if fearful of imbibing a breath of the mild evening air.

Mingling with this already motley crowd are soldiers of the National Guard, of all ranks, looking as proud and fierce as uniforms and mustachios can make them; and many children similarly arrayed, dwarf caricatures of their fathers. Everywhere, too, may be seen the sturdy form, and heard the harsh drawling voice of the Galician waterseller, loud above the general hum, "*Agua... a! agua fresca... a! agua del Alhambra... a! que rica, que fria es! un quarto el vaso.... o! Agua.... a!*—Water! fresh water! water of the Alhambra! how cold, how rich it is! a farthing the glass! Water!"—

* Any post under Government is highly valued in Spain, as it allows the Spaniard to indulge in his favourite maxim—to live with little labour.

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mingling with the shrill cries of the boys who offer their lights by way of temptation to those who don't smoke, thrusting a smouldering rope's end, or a tin box of live charcoal, under their noses.

Stepping out of this bustling scene into the open space in the centre of the Alameda, we see the dark groves around tipped with light, and the many jets of the fountain shooting high into the air, and falling in a silvery shower beneath the beams of the moon; while she herself floats away through the azure sky, smiling, as it were, at the trifles which agitate the minds of men below. What a magic there is in moonlight! Turning from scenes of even innocent tumult to gaze on that sweet planet, how it calms the thoughts and purifies the senses!—the soul feels infused with her serenity, and seems to catch her spirit with her beams.

But the twang of a guitar, and the rattle of castanets, tell that preparations are making for a dance. The *majos* tuck up their sashes, and doff their hats, exhibiting heads wrapt in bright silk handkerchiefs, with the ends dangling down their backs. The *majas* resign their fans and *pañuelos* to their companions, and, slipping on the castanets, step forward. Each couple dances apart, without interfering with the rest; those who have them, smacking their castanets, those who have not,

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snapping their fingers in imitation. Two young Granadinos are the musicians, one of whom takes the lead, beating time with his foot to the thrumming of the guitars; the other drawls forth the melancholy chant, the usual accompaniment. The dance winds up by each beau saluting his partner with a hearty kiss;* and the damsels, in no way disconcerted, take their seats to recover breath.

Observe that spruce young *majo* endeavouring to prevail on the very pretty girl, his companion, to stand up with him in a *fandango*. "No, Antonio!" she replies, "I tell thee again, Mamma will not have me dance on the Prado."

"*No le hace!*—Never mind!" cries he; "hold thy tongue, and she'll never know it. Come, Corrita mine, thou child of my soul—my little pigeon—my saltcellar—my sweet little heart! thou'lt vex Pedro Benavides so; see him! there he stands watching us now, and glaring at me as fierce as a Ronda bull."

The youth prays, and presses closer to his charmer. She hesitates long. At length, either overcome by his torrents of honeyed words, or not unwilling to display her graceful figure in the dance, or—what is probably one argument in Antonio's favour—remembering the sweet embrace at the close, she lays aside her scruples

* This *finale* is not customary, though a partial embrace at the close of the dance is not uncommon among the peasantry.

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with her *mantilla,* and steps forth, and will doubtless meet with her reward.

In the midst of all this gaiety, there is a sudden change. The cry of "*Su Majestad! Su Majestad!*—His Majesty! His Majesty!" is passed around, and in an instant every guitar and castanet is at rest—the laugh, the joke, the song are hushed—the dancers seem rooted to the earth. The sound of a small bell is heard approaching, and presently a train of boys in white gowns, with long lighted tapers in their hands, preceded by a priest bearing a cross, and followed by another, enters the road by the side of the Prado. They are carrying the *viaticum*—the passport to eternal bliss—to some dying sinner. Every male head is now uncovered; some of the gay crowd sink upon their knees; all cross themselves repeatedly; but before the tinkle of the bell dies away in the distance, the devout arise, the song and guitar break forth anew, and all is again life and merriment.

When the bells of the churches toll midnight, the lads and lasses trip down to the stony banks of the Xenil, where they dip their hands and wet their faces. This custom has reference to St. John baptizing in the Jordan, and in honour of the Saint, they usher in his day with these ablutions.

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This is a custom of very ancient date, and not confined to Spain, for Petrarch mentions witnessing a similar ceremony at Cologne. The following is an extract from one of his letters. "It happened to be the eve of St. John the Baptist when I arrived there, and the sun was already sinking in the west; so, yielding to the proposition of my friends, I was immediately conducted from my lodgings to the river, to see a remarkable sight. Nor was I disappointed; for the whole bank was covered with a vast crowd of women of great beauty. I was amazed,—good gods! what forms! what faces! what dresses! whoever had gone thither with his heart unoccupied, would soon have known what it was to love. I stood on a slight eminence, whence I could survey everything that took place. The crowd was incredibly great, but very orderly, and every one was full of mirth. Some wore garlands of odoriferous herbs, and tucking up their sleeves above their elbows, they washed their white hands and arms in the stream, exchanging in murmurs I know not what soft words in their strange tongue.**** Not understanding all this, I asked in that verse of Virgil,

"Quid vult concursus ad amnem?
Quidve petunt animæ?"

I received for answer, that it was a very ancient

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custom of the people, and that it was vulgarly believed, especially by the women, that every threatening calamity for a whole year was washed away by that day's ablution in the river, and that happier times would follow; therefore this purification was annually observed, and would ever be observed with unabating zeal. At which I smiling replied, "Oh too fortunate dwellers on the Rhine, which washes away your calamities! Ours, neither Po nor Tiber ever avails to wash away!"

The feast of St. John is succeeded, in a few days, by that of St. Peter, and as the Alameda of the Xenil is sacred to the festivities of the former saint, that of the Darro is devoted to those of the latter.

At the early hour of six in the afternoon, I could see, from my window overhanging the Darro, the crowds assembling on the Prado, and descending the steep and winding Pass of the Mills, I joined the bustling throng. As I have described the former scene, I shall not give a description of this, for such *réunions* are necessarily very similar. Suffice it to say, that this spot, usually so retired, was now alive with the buzzing crowd, swarming like flies to a cup of sweets. The fountain of the Alameda, whose cooling streams were generally locked fast within

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their cells, now sent up its waters merrily into the air, in one large jet from the centre, surrounded by a number of lower ones, like a king in the midst of his bowing subjects. This highly amused the crowd of ragged urchins around, who were pushing one another within reach of the falling waters, and when any returned drenched with the spray, loud and joyous were the bursts of laughter which awoke the long-slumbering echoes of the overhanging rocks and towers of the old Alhambra.

Here, by the side of the Prado, were ranged carriages of antique form and dingy appearance, compared with which, the shabbiest hackney coach ever seen in the streets of our metropolis, would be magnificence itself; with coachmen no less antiquated, and teams of mules, shorn and trimmed, and adorned with trappings of many-coloured tassels and ribbons, which only served, by contrast, to increase the dulness of the rest of the equipage. The fair inmates of these vehicles were amusing themselves with their fans, and with looking on at the moving crowd; and there they remained stationary for nearly two hours, exchanging the opportunity of displaying their graceful forms and elastic steps on the Prado, for the admiration and envy which they excited in the breasts of all the fair pedestrians;

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for Spaniards regard anything in the shape of a carriage, however ancient and uncouth, with a religious veneration, and cannot at all understand the merriment of foreigners at their ludicrous apologies for equipages.

Before dark, the crowd began to move towards the Plaza Nueva, and the narrow street leading to it was soon thronged. I was much amused at the terror of the citizens on the approach of the carriages; at every crack of the whip they rushed to the houses in a manner which plainly shewed they had not been accustomed to the bustle of an active commercial metropolis. I, who was indifferent to the lumbering vehicles, was several times pulled back by the women, who, kind creatures! thought I had never seen a coach before, and was running ignorantly on destruction.

While strolling through the Plaza Nueva, which was thronged with promenaders, I met the pretty Angustita with a female friend; when some curious traits of Andalucian manners, illustrating the great freedom of the women, came under my observation. Walking with these señoritas through the square, I noticed some cavaliers behind, tracking our footsteps. I enquired who they were.

"Oh!" replied one lady, "'tis only my father!"

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"Never mind," said the other, "'tis only my husband!"—and on they walked, without thinking it at all necessary to introduce me.

At length we left the square, and turned our steps towards the Alameda of the Alhambra, the cavaliers still following us, and occasionally addressing a word to the señoritas, but taking no notice of me. On the way we met a male friend of the family, who stopped to inquire who I was, which the damsels presently answered, talking very freely about me before my face, yet not so as to give offence. The new comer, on hearing that I proposed visiting Malaga, exclaimed, "Oh, there are good things there!" and accompanied the words by putting the united tips of the fingers of the right hand to his lips, and removing them with a jerk —a curious gesture, peculiar to a Spaniard, and which he makes use of to signify something of excellent quality.

"What things?" I enquired.

"Those things," said he, pointing to Angustita, "*hay buenas caras ahí, buenas, buenas!*"

On reaching the Alameda, we seated ourselves on the benches; when Angustita gave full vent to the exuberance of her spirits, and, regardless of the promenaders, burst out into the following song:—

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" *Quando tu te acercaste á mi oido,*
A decirme tu tierna pasion y amor,
O, quan pronto mi pecho se abrasaba
De la pena de tu corazon!

Yo me daba á tus muchos cariños,
Tu humedad y fresco candor;
Pero remedio de tanta fineza
Hay, mono mio, no te creo, no!"

She sadly belied her name,* for never was there a more merry and sprightly creature; to use her own expression, " she was as merry as a

* Las Angustias, of which Angustita is the diminutive, signifies The Anguishes—i. e. of the Holy Virgin. This is a very common name in Spain, not so common, however, as Los Dolores, or The Pangs (of the Virgin), which is rejoiced in by almost every other female—I say *rejoiced*, for it has often struck me, that the most lugubrious names are possessed by the merriest damsels. The diminutives of these names —Sweet little Anguishes—Dear little Pangs—translating them as literally as the different characters of the two languages will allow—must strike an English ear as extremely ludicrous. Other very common names are, Mary of Carmel—of Bethlehem—of the Rosary—of the Conception — of the Incarnation—of the Angels—generally shortened to Carmel, Bethlehem, Conception, &c. Also those of female saints, as Magdelena, Gabriela, Rafaela, Jesusa, Sebastiana, and others, too numerous to mention. All which may be regarded as proofs of the all-pervading influence that has been exerted in Spain by the Roman Church.

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castanet;"—and celebrated as are the jeunes Françaises for their gaiety, they are, I think, surpassed by the Andaluzas, who are at the same time more simple and natural in their manners, and whose southern blood certainly adds fire to the more unmeaning coquetry of the French.

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CHAPTER VII.

ASCENT OF THE SIERRA NEVADA.

All is instinct with Deity—He frowns
In this dark, lowering precipice; but smiles
In yon bright vales beneath; the rushing blast
Utters His might resistless; the pure sky
Mirrors His image in a blaze of glory;
And Ocean with its cloudy veil declares
His mysteries and unfathomable ways.
One voice, all Nature with her thousand tongues
Uplifts—one word, earth, ocean, air proclaim
In an eternal chorus echoing round.
It is their great Creator's name—'tis God!

It has been maintained by some travellers, that the view from the summit of a mountain is seldom worth the trouble and fatigue of the ascent—that the only compensation is the scenery on the road, while mountain-tops still tower above you. My own experience leads me to a different conclusion, to consider the one as not less interesting than the other, and not less power-

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ful in its influence upon the mind, though exerting that influence in a manner somewhat dissimilar.

On the ascent the mind may be impressed with the grandeur of the soaring heights, or charmed with occasional glimpses of beauty and fertility in the valleys beneath ;—or in the dark and lonely ravine, with its walls of eternal gloom, and frowning crags threatening to overwhelm you at every step, sensations of awe allied to terror may add to the sublimity.

But from the summit, especially if it be much elevated above the surrounding mountains, all is equally one feeling of the sublime ; yet it is not the sublimity of a confined compass, bounded by circling walls of rock ; nor is it sublimity mingled with beauty, for the smiling charms of the valleys, though still visible, are lost in the majesty of nearer objects. It is the vast expanse—the world beneath your feet—kingdoms contracting to counties, oceans to lakes, mountains dwindling to molehills, rivers to glittering lines, and cities to specks, while man, the self-styled "lord of all," is utterly lost and invisible in the general diminution. It is the immensity of the whole, and the littleness of its parts, that constitutes its peculiar sublimity. The tendency of the view from below, especially in the ravine, is rather to throw

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a gloom over the heart and shame it with a sense of its individual insignificance: that from the summit, while it is also humbling to the pride of man, carries the thoughts more directly up to the great Creator of all. The mind seems to expand with the prospect, to rise with the elevation: the sublimity which from below served rather to depress the spirits, is here a cause of joyous exultation; and who can tell the breathless delight, "the pulse's maddening play," when the boundless horizon bursts upon the view?

The Picacho de Veleta,* which forms so magnificent a feature in the scenery of Granada, shooting its eternal snow into the deep blue sky, far above the nearer mountain ranges, tempts the enterprise of the traveller. I had determined before leaving Granada to attempt the ascent, as I wished to see more of the environs of the city, and to enjoy the view from the summit, which, from report, and from the situation of the mountain, I knew must be most extensive and sublime.†

* "The Peak of the Weathercock," is the lower of the two heads of the Sierra Nevada; Mulahacen, being somewhat superior in height. The Picacho, however, as viewed from Granada, is more prominent, and even appears the loftier of the two, as Mulahacen is almost concealed by it.

† The ascent of this mountain has been made by not a few English tourists, but no description of it, as far as I am aware, has ever appeared in print.

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"From the summit of the Picacho," said my host Frasquito, "you can see the Moor"—this, or "the land of the Moor," being the usual mode, in this poetic country, of expressing the Continent of Africa. "There too," added he, "is much snow, very much, which never melts, and it has remained there more than two hundred thousand years."

"Indeed?"

"*Si, es verdad,*—it is a fact," replied he briskly, on observing an incredulous smile on my face, *por Dios es verdad!*—it is as old as the rocks themselves."

"It is lucky for you, friend Paco," said I, "that there is no Inquisition at present, or you would suffer for your heretical opinions."

At the close of one of those very bright days, so common in this climate, during which the heavens had not once been sullied by a cloud, I made arrangements to start for the mountain soon after midnight, in order to return the same day, as the distance from Granada to the summit is more than six leagues, or about twenty-five English miles. At one o'clock, accordingly, I sallied forth with my two guides. We crossed the silent courts of the Alhambra, roused the slumbering soldiers at the Gate of Justice, and descended the dark walk to the city. Paco had the saddle-bags over his shoulder, well stored

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with provisions—a leathern bottle of wine—a couple of *mantas* to keep out the cold—and last, though not least in importance, a rusty musket, which he proposed employing against any *rateros* we might chance to fall in with on the road. The city was buried in slumber; no signs of life were visible, save here and there a solitary *sereno*, the guardian of the night, going his rounds, with lantern in one hand, and long pike in the other. We stopped at length in a narrow street, where the beasts we had hired were waiting our arrival at the door of their stable.

On leaving the city by the bridge over the Xenil, we passed a large party of lads and lasses who had been footing it away all night to the light guitar, and were now reposing a little from their fatigue; but the rattling of castanets which caught our ear as we rode on, told us that the sport was not yet concluded. We ascended a gentle eminence covered with olive-trees, and looked down on Granada, with its buildings brightening under the moon-beams, and the towers of the Alhambra proudly overlooking the prostrate city.

On ascending the Cuesta de la Vaca, or Cow Hill, many a deep ravine yawned beneath, threatening to engulf us, should our beasts make a false step on the narrow and broken pathway,

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which skirted the fearful precipices. Notwithstanding the danger, Paco could not keep his eyes open, and though, when warned by Mateo, he would rouse himself for a minute, his form was soon seen drooping again over one side of his mule, and not till it was broad day-light, had he thoroughly shaken off slumber.

The deep tones of a mule's bell suddenly broke on the ear, and we presently met a long train of mules and asses, followed by half a dozen men. These were the *neveros*, or snow-gatherers, on their way to Granada with the snow they had been collecting during the night for the use of the city on the ensuing day.*

After two or three hours' travelling through a wild, uncultivated, and very hilly country, faint streaks of light in the east, proclaimed the coming day, and the serrated outlines of the mountains of Guadix, were seen thrown upon a ruddy sky; while on the other hand, the moon still reigned in undisturbed dominion over the broad Vega, and the shadowy Sierras of Loja and

* They leave Granada early in the afternoon throughout the summer months, arrive at the higher parts of the mountain by sun-set, load their beasts, and reach the city again by day-break. Most of this snow is used in the manufacture of ices, the rest serves to cool water, as "*agua de nieve* is a beverage much esteemed in this hot climate.

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Alhama. It was a contest of light with darkness. There, night had lost its power, and day stretched its bright sway over the horizon; here, day was invading the territories of night, tinging one side of the rocks with a faint glow, while the other was still reflecting the pale beams of a waning moon.

My attention was soon drawn off to other matters, for I found myself on the verge of a tremendous precipice, and the path withal was so narrow, shelving, and slippery with the dew, that I swung myself instinctively round on my horse, ready in the event of a stumble, to spring on to the ground above, and thus escape the fate which in that case must inevitably await the poor animal. Fortunately, I passed the gulf in safety, and then found words to scold the foolhardy guide, who, to save a few steps, had forsaken the beaten track for this more dangerous path.

The peaks of Guadix were glistening in the rosy light, and the sun's rays were stealing over the mountain-tops into the Vega, when we approached a small hill rising from the broad valley beneath, and crowned by the ruins of an ancient fortress, as it appeared to me—for I could distinguish ivy-clad towers, and long battlemented walls, stretching down the slope of the hill, and enclosing the castle-yard. Ruined certainly they were, but still so perfectly had

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the whole the appearance of a fortress, that I was incredulous when assured that it was nothing but rocks strewed wildly over the hill side. The illusion was so complete, that only when within the distance of a few hundred yards, was I convinced that these walls and towers were but fragments of rock thrown together in this form by Nature, as if in mockery of the perishable works of man.*

The summit of the mountain Dornajo soon towered up before us in a steep rugged wall of rock of Nature's wildest masonry; and a bare conical peak, called Elpuche, rose beyond it on the right. Between these two heads was a deep vale, here and there patched with corn, with El Cortijo, or Farm, of Elpuche at the foot of that mountain; while beyond, bounding the valley, rose the snowy peaks of the great Sierra. On ascending the steep Dornajo, we halted at a

* Similar illusions are not uncommon in Andalucia. The most singular instance is near the town of Antequera, where, on an elevated platform, stand huge rocks of different forms, which, from a little distance, bear so striking a resemblance to a town as generally to deceive the traveller. He fancies he sees houses of various forms and sizes, churches with their towers, and even the figures of men and animals. Though undeceived on a near approach, he finds this pseudo town to be laid out in streets, straight and crooked, with alleys and squares. The vulgar belief is that the Torcal, as this is called, is an ancient city in ruins. Vid. Ponz, tom. xviii. cart. 4.

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small fountain to refresh the beasts; the view from this spot, looking back, was superb.

To the right, far, far below, flowed the Xenil through its deep and narrow valley, embosomed in woods, the sunny hue of which, was here and there relieved by the snowy tower of a village church shooting up through the foliage. Beyond the river rose one wild mountain ridge upon another, composing the lofty Sierra de Güejar. In the centre of the scene were two hills sinking into the vale of the Xenil, and crested with scattered rocks, bearing the same singular resemblance before mentioned, to Moorish fortresses in ruins; and they seemed to be united by long parallel ranges of wall, which descended each slope and met in the hollow between. Beyond these heights, in the horizon, were seen the mountains of Alcalá, and at their foot lay the sunny Vega of Granada, caught in glimpses through the breaks in the nearer hills, and stretching far round to the left, bounded by the blue Sierras of Loja and Tejada. The splendour of the scene, the magnificence of the mountains rolling around, above and beneath me, the freshness of the morning air, the warbling of the larks in the deep blue heavens, exhilarated my spirits, and gave energy to my efforts in the tedious ascent on foot of the steep Dornajo.

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The summit once gained, Granada appeared over the inferior ridges we had passed, at a great distance below, yet distinctly seen; the sun-beams gilding the red towers of the Alhambra, and sleeping on the groves of the Xenil beneath.

On turning the corner of a rock, I was surprised to see an immense black vulture perched on a crag near the summit of the mountain; his bare grey neck contrasting strangely with his jetty body. He seemed to stand the height of a man, but this must have been illusive, yet he certainly was far superior in size to all of his species I had seen elsewhere, either alive or stuffed. As he was not one hundred yards from us, Paco immediately seized his gun, and crept nearer to secure his aim. He fired, and the huge bird opened his wings, and wheeled down majestically into the valley, apparently uninjured.

Little vegetation flourished at this height; wild heath was strewn among the rocks, with the dog-rose and a few other low shrubs, the names of which were equally unknown to myself and my guides.* No wood was to be seen, except a few stunted trees in the farm of Elpuche below, the only habitation on the road between the Sierra

* The botany of the Nevada is said by a Spanish writer to consist chiefly of the artemisia glacialis, antirrhinum origanifolium, arenaria tetraquetra, saxifraga tridactylites, festuca ovina, erigeron uniflorum, and jasione montana.

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and Granada; the mountain slopes were either bare and craggy, or partially clothed with a wild and parched herbage interspersed with rocks. This is generally the case in Andalucia, where the verdure is confined to the valleys and lower slopes. And here I may remark, that the Spanish Sierras struck me as differing from all other chains I had before seen; for mountains have always some characteristic features determined by the nature of their composition, their altitude, or their climate. These are not the soft grass-covered mounds of Wales and Cumberland—nor the dark heathery "hulls" of the Highlands, wrapped in gloom and mist—nor the wild pine-clad mountains of Norway and the Jura—nor have they the wintry majesty of the Alps;—but they are bare, torrid, sun-burnt, as though bronzed, reddened, and glowing with the heat of an eternal summer's noon.

To the right of the grassy ridge along which we were now passing, was a deep valley, through which flowed a stream fed by the melting of the mountain snows; its banks speckled with large herds of cattle and white goats. To the left, the ground sunk down into another deep glen, the Barranco de San Juan, famed for its quarries of beautiful serpentine. On approaching a wild rock called Peñon de San Francisco, we found numerous flocks of sheep and goats feeding on the scanty pasturage; and large white dogs ran to

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meet us, barking loudly at our intrusion. They nearly resembled the Italian wolf-dog, and are, in fact, used to protect the folds from the wolves, which abound in these wilds. We heard from the shepherds, that the snow on the mountain was not much melted, and they thought it impossible for us to reach the summit, as it was too early in the year. Nay, they said it would be "easier to touch heaven with our hands" than to accomplish our purpose. In spite of this intimation, however, we pushed forward.

We were now entering the region of snow, and a large bed presented itself, which it was necessary to cross. Paco first ventured on the dubious element, leading his mule. He had reached the middle of the bed, which might be one hundred feet wide, when he suddenly sunk in, and his mule after him, till they were almost buried in the snow; but after some minutes of desperate struggling, they both succeeded in reaching the opposite side, though at different points. It was now our turn; and not much relishing the prospect of a snow bath before breakfast, and having less consideration for my horse than for myself, I resolved to cross mounted. Mateo did the same, and led the way. Fortunately he hit upon a part where the snow was firmer, and we crossed with comparative ease; a few plunges of our beasts as they sunk deep in the soft snow,

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placing us upon terra firma. We crossed several other beds with various fortune, and following the course of a rocky stream, reached a small gap in the ridge before us, where my guides said we could proceed no further on horseback. The scene that opened upon me on passing through the gap removed all surprise at this intimation.

Rocks upon rocks—a chaos of huge, black, threatening forms—lay scattered or piled around. Just below me the ground broke off into a precipice, and it would have been isolated from the land on either side but for immense fields of snow, which filled up the ravines, and commencing far above my head, stretched down to the bottom of the valley beneath. Immediately before me, forming the opposite boundary of this narrow valley, stretched a long range of rugged mountain tops, one wild craggy peak after another rising almost precipitously into the sky; and loftier far than all, blocking up the hollow to the left, towered the summit of the Veleta, which it was the object of my ambition to reach. To the right, the valley sank down to a great depth, gradually opening the while, but still hemmed in by bare rugged slopes, or precipitous walls of rock, till it was lost in a sea of cloud, above which, far away in the horizon, rose, like islands, the dark peaks of the Sierras towards Malaga and Ronda. The hollow at my feet was almost covered with

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snow, and a torrent, fed by the melting of the same, dashed through it, and its roaring caught the ear, as it tumbled headlong over rock after rock, in a succession of rapids and cascades, or resounded through the caverns of snow, which it had formed on its way. The sides, too, of all the mountains around, and especially of those facing the north, were covered with vast sheets of snow, which left the bare rock visible only at intervals, and made it look doubly black from the contrast. A scene more savage and desolate I never remember to have witnessed. Black rocks and white snow alternated on every side, without a streak of green, or any other lively colour, to break the monotonous contrast of hue; for vegetation there was none, save here and there a few mosses, a wild violet, or white buttercup, nestling in the crevices of the rocks.

So numerous and extensive were the fields of snow on the side of the Picacho, that I began to fear the shepherds had spoken truth when they said it was impossible to ascend; but I would not despair before making the attempt. The first thing, however, to be done was to breakfast; so while Paco was unbridling the steeds, and supplying them with corn, Mateo was emptying the saddle-bags, and their contents were soon displayed on a rock which served us for a table. First came

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forth a pot of bacon, buried in tomates—then a cold rabbit made its appearance—then a pair of boiled fowls—next some loaves of bread with a Bologna sausage—followed by a "rabble rout," as Geoffrey Crayon would say, of cucumbers, oranges, and cherries—the last squeezed to a paste—and all these good things were to be washed down by copious draughts from the leathern wine bottle. When we had finished our repast, Mateo and I set out, leaving Paco with the beasts.

It was now nine o'clock, and we wished to reach the summit, still nearly three thousand feet above us, before noon, as the horizon is always hazy during the intense heat of the day. The ascent was very steep and difficult, and we made but slow progress, sometimes climbing over huge masses of micaceous schist, of which the crest of the mountain is composed; sometimes stepping cautiously from one sharp slaty rock to another; and continually stopped by large snow-beds, which were so soft that we sunk in to our middle, and it was only by throwing flat pieces of rock on the surface, to serve as stepping-stones, that we could proceed. The air, at this height, was so rarified as almost to deprive me of breath, and I was obliged every few minutes to halt, and turn my face from the wind in order to recover

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it. After nearly three hours thus spent in climbing, Mateo said, "*peguemos otro brinquito,*" and we soon found ourselves on the highest point, breathless and exhausted by the labour of the ascent.

The view which now burst upon me from all quarters, how shall I describe, or how recount my sensations of ecstacy, wonder, and awe, on beholding such sublimity? The scene which had been opening gradually in the ascent, now lay completely unfolded to my gaze; and more than that, unlooked-for grandeurs burst upon me from the other side of the mountain. It seemed as though a vast sea of molten rock had been rolling tempestuously along, when by the Almighty's fiat, its giant waves were staid in a moment—here, cooled when on the point of breaking into foam, tossed up into sharp jagged crests; or arrested when, like an overhanging breaker, about to burst into the deep hollow beneath,—there, rolling on in more even ridges, with alternate sink and swell,—here, scooped out into broad and deep gulfs,—there, tossed and jumbled together in wild confusion, wave mixing with wave, crest following upon crest in such rapid succession, that the eye was dazzled by the endless intricacy of lines which it in vain attempted to unravel.

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I was standing on the highest swell of this rocky ocean, on the verge of a tremendous precipice, sinking many hundred feet beneath me: on approaching the brink, I was pulled back by Mateo, who said that gusts of wind often swept these heights with such fury as to carry one over in an instant, though at the distance of many feet. I however crawled to the verge and lay down: stretching my head over, I could perceive that the Picacho terminates in a perpendicular wall of black rock to the north-east, but I could not see to the bottom on account of the ledges that jutted out from below. The horizon was only broken in the same quarter by the bold peak of Mulahacen, which is some hundred feet loftier than the Veleta, and which is said to be inaccessible.* It is separated from the Veleta by a deep valley covered with extensive beds of untrodden and eternal snow, from which rises

* Mulahacen, according to some late calculations, is 11,658 feet; and the Picacho de Veleta 11,382 feet above the level of the sea; making a difference of only 276 feet. The Sierra Nevada is thus the second chain in Europe, being inferior to the Alps alone in altitude; for the highest peak in the Pyrenees, Maladeta, is but 11,424 feet; and Mont Perdu only 11,184 feet above the sea. According to Wyld (1836) Mulahacen is 11,801 feet, and the highest of the Pyrenean chain 11,265—Etna he calls 10,946, the Peak of Teneriffe 12,358, and Mount Atlas 12,500 feet.

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abruptly the black precipice on which I was standing.

All Andalucia lay beneath me, with its infinity of mountain peaks; and to the east and north-east, those of Murcia and Valencia were mingling with the horizon. To the north, the Sierra Morena reared its long line of dusky heads, and beyond, stretched the vast plains of La Mancha and Castille. The horizon in this quarter was rather hazy, or I should have seen, I was told, the summits of the Guadarrama range, ten leagues to the north of Madrid. To the south-east, south and south-west, many thousand feet beneath me, rolled the Mediterranean, seen above long ranges of serrated peaks, and being now covered with white clouds reflecting the sunbeams, it resembled an expanded fleece—a most singular appearance, especially in the south-eastern horizon where the deep blue sky met the snowy sea. From time to time, a gust of wind would sweep over this white mantle, and partially break it, when the dark waters of the inland ocean would be visible for a moment through the aperture. Sometimes too, when the sun's rays penetrated the rent made by the blasts, white specks might be distinctly seen, chequering the blue. Another wind would pass over, and the cloudy fragments uniting would hide the waters from my eyes.

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The Cabo de Gata beyond Almeria was seen to the east, at the foot of Mulahacen, standing out like an island in the sea of mist; and nearer still, between me and the Mediterranean, rose the heads of the savage Alpujarras, their bases being lost in volumes of cloud, rolling in wildly from the sea, and curling up their dark sides like smoke from the crater of a volcano.

In the south-west—forming the boundary to the deep and cloud-covered valley before-mentioned as extending far away from the foot of the Picacho—stretched a long line of sharp peaks and wavy crests, beginning in the south, continuing with the Sierra Tejada and his satellites, and ending in the ranges above Gibraltar and the distant chains of Ronda; while above them all, and far, far beyond, rising in the extreme horizon above the cloudy veil of the Mediterranean, were just discernible the faint outlines of the lofty mountains of Africa. Mount Atlas, if he had once borne a world upon his shoulders, appeared now to have cast it at his feet.*

* A glance at the map will show more clearly than words, the immense expanse of land and water visible from this height. The circumference of the view must be considerably more than one thousand miles.

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Granada from this height had dwindled away to a mere speck—a white something gleaming in the variegated Vega. Guadix, which I knew to be forty miles from Granada, appeared on this outstretched map, but a few feet distant:—Baza, also, seemed close to Guadix, both nestling in deep hollows amid their wild Sierras.

As I looked to these cities at my feet, each a little world in itself, and compared them with the gigantic edifices of rock around me, I thought that the works of man had never before appeared so puny and utterly insignificant, and the creation of God so vast, stupendous, and sublime. I felt that such high places were not made for man; or—if made to bear a relation to the faculties of his mind, to impart pleasure to his eye, and elevation to his thoughts—not intended to be possessed or occupied by him. My presence seemed an intrusion on the awful majesty of the spot.—"What have I to do in these upper regions with eternal snows, which the foot of man has never trod, far below me—with clouds, which ought to form the heavens above, rolling eight or nine thousand feet beneath?"—The eagles and vultures wheeling around the peaks appeared to scream their displeasure at my usurpation of their lonely domain; the wind,

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now freshening to sudden blasts, seemed to howl defiance; and the clouds rising from the vallies, threatened to overwhelm me. Yet here I lingered long, while my guide was fast asleep in the shade of a rock below. Here—rocks, mountains, winds, clouds, oceans, and eternal snow were my companions, and it was not a mute companionship, for all "had found a tongue," and spoke with silent but soul-stirring eloquence of the infinite power and majesty of the Almighty Creator.

"Yet," thought I, as I surveyed the stupendous masses of matter around, "what is all this in comparison with that far nobler work of God's creation—the human mind? which, though but a spark of the Divine effulgence, an atom in an infinity of intelligence, is worth worlds upon worlds of senseless, inert matter; inasmuch as it can make all matter subservient to its will—can soar among the planets, or dive into the recesses of the earth—can investigate the mysteries of Nature, and 'see into the very life of things'—can grasp abstractions, 'things that are not,' as well as those 'that are'—can look inward and comprehend itself—as there is nothing too lofty for its aim, too remote for its pursuit, too dark and deeply hidden for its research—and, more than all, as it is capable of

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acknowledging the power and goodness of its Creator, to which these mountains and oceans (except figuratively speaking) are insensible. Strange that man should value, study, and cultivate matter so much, and mind so little!"

As I looked across the expanse of land and water to the dim mountains of Africa, my thoughts reverted to the wonderful race which had come thence to conquer and possess the land beneath me. Beyond those mountains, in the western horizon, was fought the battle which, more than eleven centuries since, gave them the kingdom. Then began the halcyon days of Spain, for never has she worn so glorious an aspect as under their dominion; her vallies and plains smiling with exuberant fertility; her cities the cherished nurseries of the arts and sciences, of philosophy and literature, at that time lost to the rest of Europe; her adopted children intelligent, industrious, wealthy, powerful, and happy. All within, and far more beyond my range of vision, did they at first possess, but plain after plain, city after city, were they forced to relinquish, till nought remained to them but this beautiful province beneath me; and even from this were they at length expelled, and driven back to yon grey hills on the horizon of waters. Then I thought of the romantic history of their downfall—of a people

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contending for their altars, hearths, and even national existence, yet destroying the remnant of their power by intestine feuds and dissensions—of the capture of Granada, their last remaining city, and the grief of the monarch and people at resigning the land of their affections, a land endeared to their race by a possession of nearly eight centuries, and lost at last and for ever only by their own unhappy jealousies and discords. And what has been the consequence of their expulsion? As a distinct race they have ceased to exist—they are merged in the great ocean of barbarians and semi-barbarians, which floods the northern shores of Africa. Their arts, their learning, their civilization have perished with them; and, far from leavening the mass into which they were thrown, they have become as rude, senseless, and torpid as that mass itself. As brilliant as was the rise, so melancholy was the fall of the Spanish Moors.*

The sun was now so intolerably oppressive, in

* Their descendants, or those in Barbary who claim a Spanish origin, are said even at the present day confidently to entertain a hope of once more possessing the land of their fathers. Modern travellers relate that some have preserved the keys of the abodes, and title-deeds to the estates of their ancestors in Granada, and that they still offer prayers every Friday in the mosques, for the speedy re-occupation of this city.

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spite of a fresh breeze, that I could remain no longer on the summit. I had not descended many paces, when in shelter from the wind, though not from the sun, singularly enough, I began shivering with cold, and commenced a rapid course downwards, in order to keep myself warm. The cold I attribute to my proximity to the vast beds of snow, from which the noonday sun must have been inducing evaporation; while the heat, on the other hand, was reflected with great intensity from the bare rocks on the summit of the mountain.

After an absence of four or five hours we rejoined Paco, and continued the descent on horseback. On the way my steed snuffed a herd of his own species at a great distance on the slope below, and hearing his neigh answered, he became as unruly as Rozinante of old on a similar occasion,* but, being younger, more spirited and powerful than his far-famed compatriot, was much less under control. His gallantry, however, might have proved rather awkward to his rider, for he seemed quite determined to descend the steep, and it was only after some minutes spent in rearing, kicking, and plunging on his part, and lashing, spurring, and curbing on mine, that he

* Don Quixote, part iii., chap. 15.

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confessed himself conquered, and dashed into a gallop; and away we went, up one slope and down another, over rocks and bushes, in a desperate steeple-chase. Fortunately, the road at this part was better than usual, so that we escaped a stumble, which, at certain spots, might have proved fatal. We fell in, likewise, with large herds of cattle. Some of the bulls were savage-looking animals, probably destined one day to fall by the sword of the *matador*, for in such wilds alone do they acquire the ferocity requisite for the arena. On inquiring if they were dangerous, I was told, "if approached too closely, they are apt to charge." The hint was not lost upon me.

On reaching again the little fountain on the side of Dornajo, we sat down to dine. Our dinner consisted of the remains of our breakfast, to which exercise, and the keen mountain-air, imparted the relish of hunger, or, as Paco called it, "St. Bernard's sauce." Paco, ever humorous, pointed out a white object in the valley of the Xenil below, which he said was the village of Cantoria, containing "three houses and a half, and seventy fevers." When he had finished his meal he took a long swill at the wine-bottle, and then lay down on the sward and drank from the puddle, which was dignified with the name of a fountain. A long, narrow gulley, apparently the

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dry bed of a winter torrent, runs from this down into the valley below. It receives its name, Barranco de Viboras, from the multitude of serpents found here, which are much famed in the pharmacopœia of Granada. The sides of the mountains immediately beyond the Xenil are furrowed with numerous *barrancos*, a peculiarity which I also observed at the foot of Elpuche, and elsewhere on the route, and which I have nowhere seen in so striking a degree as in the mountains round Granada.

These *barrancos* are troughs channelled in the mountains, always running in a direct line down the slopes; never horizontally.* Many are rounded off and scooped out with wonderful exactness, preserving the same breadth and depth throughout; and they sometimes run in parallel lines, resembling the straight folds of drapery. Some are now evidently the beds of winter torrents; others are covered with verdure, and are far too regular to have been formed by that action. They seem rather like the hollows left between parallel streams of lava, which have flowed down the slopes in unrecorded ages: and the deep fissures and rents in other parts of the mountains

* The term *barranco* is applied also to any narrow valley or ravine, whatever be its form or direction.

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seem to favour the idea of their having been formerly subjected to volcanic action. There is much in these channels, as in the other peculiarities of these mountains, to interest the geologist and repay his researches; and to him the interior of Spain is yet a terra incognita.

As we descended the Cuesta de la Vaca, the sun was on the verge of the horizon. Some heavy dun clouds lay rolled over the nearer mountains of the Güejar range, threatening tempests. More pseudo-castles frowned down upon us, as the road wound beneath their rocky heights; while before us, all was calm and serene; the city of Granada lying at our feet, with the Xenil winding through the plain, and glistening in the sun's rays like a silver thread.

From the high ground on this side, Granada is seen to great advantage, commanded by the hills, which bristle with the Red Towers, the Convent of Martyrs, and the long range of the turrets and spires of the Alhambra. The Alameda of Xenil, and the fruit-groves beyond, seem to bound the city with a leafy girdle; and above it, the houses stretch up to meet the descending woods of the Alhambra. When we reached the foot of the Cuesta, the broad plain was wrapped in the long purple shadows of the dark mountains, behind which the sun was sinking in

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a blaze of orange glory,—the city itself was in shade,—a few straggling rays still lingered on the towers of the Alhambra,—the clouds on the peaks of Güejar rolled on in dark dun masses, edged with light,—while the snowy ridges we had left were blushing with the rich glow of the departing sun. Though night had begun below, it was still day above.

It was dark when we entered the city. The song, guitar, and castanets resounded on every side, and the gay crowds that thronged the Alameda told, that "night," in these southern climates, "was not made for slumber."

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CHAPTER VIII.

GRANADA—THE CITY.

Cante la fama las glorias
De Granada, pues son tales
Que se hazen immortales.
GUERRAS CIVILES DE GRANADA.

Let fame resound
Granada's glories ever—
They're such as will be found
To perish never!

A STREET, the longest in the city, leads direct from the Plaza Nueva to the Gate of Elvira, renowned in many an ancient *romance* as the principal gate of Granada in Moorish times. The horse-shoe archway is about thirty feet high, and fourteen in width, and rises abruptly from

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the adjoining houses: it has been painted in imitation of masonry, but this modern covering is now peeling off. Fixed against a wall, just within the Gate, is a small box with this inscription, "*Aqui se echa limosna para el culto de San Juan de Dios*—Here you deposit alms for the worship of St. John of God."* According to Mateo, it ought to have run thus, "For the bellies of the priests," for, said he,

"*El que pide por Dios*
Pide por dos—

He who begs for God's sake begs for the sake of two"—himself as well as God. Hard by, is a

* This St. John of God must not be confounded with St. John the Baptist, for he lived in the reign of Charles V. He was born in Portugal, but came at an early age to Spain, and became a shepherd; then he turned soldier, then shepherd again, then again a soldier, and after a third time assuming the crook, took to hawking books, which he carried about with him on his back. At length he fixed his stand beneath this same Gate of Elvira, and by the perusal of some pious works, was first induced to turn his attention to sacred things. His zeal in this new cause soon became so ardent, that he was confined for some time as a madman, but was eventually released, and devoted the rest of his life entirely to deeds of charity, comforting the distressed, and ministering to the afflicted. In short, he was the Howard of Spain. He died at Granada in 1550; but was not beatified till 1630; and is now regarded throughout Spain, as the patron saint of hospitals, and all other benevolent institutions.

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small cross against the wall, marking the site of a murder—a memento which frequently meets the eye in every Spanish city.

On passing through the Gate, you enter the Plaza de Triunfo, or Square of Triumph, an immense open space—the Champ de Mars of Granada. The Gate of Elvira is on the east, and immediately behind it rises the steep, frowning hill of the Albaycin, girt with long ranges of dark walls and towers; on the same side of the square is the Convent of Mercy, now converted into barracks for soldiers, who are accustomed to perform their evolutions in the Plaza. On the opposite side is the Bull-theatre, and near it the Convent of Capuchins, within whose garden are three lofty date-palms, the only individuals of the species I remember to have seen within or around the city of Granada.

The sun had scarcely risen when I reached the Plaza, but heavy ox-cars laden with corn, garlic, or beams of wood, were already creaking on their way from the Vega into the city; while large flocks of sheep, black, white, or piebald, were going forth to pasture. On one side of the square was a crowd of peasantry, waiting to be hired for the day. Many had nothing but rags to cover their swarthy limbs, the original cut and texture of their garments being lost in innumerable rents and patches, such as are

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only to be matched in the Emerald Isle. Most of them wore *alpargatas*, or coarse sandals of rush; some, wide and short Valencian *bombachos*, which reached no lower than a Highland kilt; and a few were more neatly clad—with conical hats, instead of handkerchiefs, on their heads, *botines* on their legs, and a *manta*, instead of a tattered jacket, hanging over one shoulder. All of them, however, were smoking paper-cigars, and strutting about as proudly as though they disdained to labour. Their wages are ten or twelve *reales* a-day (two shillings or half-a-crown)—a sum well earned by continued labour under the burning sun of an Andalucian summer.

The Plaza de Toros at Granada is small, not capable of accommodating more than six or seven thousand persons, while that at Seville will seat double the number. In the centre is a small fountain, which, during the time of the fights, is stopped up and covered with sand. Opposite the seat of the Real Maestranza, and in the roof of the building, is a small chapel, with an image of the Virgin, before which the *toreros* bow on entering, and mutter a prayer for her protection during the combat. On one side of the *toril* is a small box capable of containing two persons, and resembling the clerk's desk in a church; this is appropriated to the *verdugo*, or public hangman, and the *pregonero*, or town-crier, to keep them

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apart from the rest of the company; such employments, especially the former, being regarded in Spain as of the most despicable character.*

I had a great desire to see the arrangements of the *toril.* Entering from the arena, I passed through the stalls in which the bulls are confined before the combat; and then into a large open court, with another adjoining for the separation of the *cabestros,* or trained oxen, from the bulls, after they have entered together the great gates of the yard. A word from their masters is sufficient to cause these obedient and sagacious animals to separate themselves one by one from the wild herd, and to pass into the adjoining court, the door of which is closed behind them. The bulls are then driven into the stalls, where they are secured till the moment of their entering the Plaza. These stalls are six in number, this being the number of bulls usually fought in each *corrida* in the smaller Plazas, while in those of Madrid and Seville there are seldom less than eight. They are small square dens, communicating with each other by strong sliding doors, which are raised one by one to allow the passage of the

* That the office of town-crier should be classed with that of hangman may appear strange. It is chiefly, I believe, from the fact that, after an execution, it is the duty of the *pregonero* to lead away the cart containing the body of the criminal.

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bulls to the arena. A goad is then thrust into their flanks, through the open beams of the roof, and they rush out madly to the combat. Through this roof also, the barbed darts, with the *devisas*, or distinguishing colours, have previously been inserted into their backs. This is all they suffer before the combat, and is trivial and not worthy of mention in comparison with their subsequent tortures.*

Into one of the outer courts are dragged the carcasses of the horses, and into the other those of the bulls, killed in the Plaza; and there are large pulleys by which they are hoisted to undergo the operation of flaying. There is likewise a place for receiving the head of the bull when he is not *de muerte;* he is held there by nooses cast round his horns and legs, while the *bolas*, or knobs of wood, are affixed to the tips of his horns. These bulls are called *embolados*, and are thus distinguished from those *de muerte*, or that are to die; for in the smaller provincial cities they improve upon the custom of the Plazas of Madrid

* It is a mistake to suppose, as many have done, that they are tortured in order to increase their fury. The barbed dart inflicts but little pain; their natural fierceness, increased by the unwonted confinement of the *toril*, would be sufficient, even without the goad at the moment of raising the doors, to cause them to attack the first object that presented itself in the arena.

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and Seville, and often spare the lives of some of the animals which have contributed to their amusement; though on extraordinary occasions all are sacrificed. For example, in Granada there were eighteen *corridas* in the season of 1835; on seventeen occasions, two only of the six bulls that entered the Plaza were *de muerte;* in one "running" alone were all slain. There had not yet been a bull-fight this year, and the Granadinos were anxiously looking forward to a renewal of these accustomed sports.

Proceeding northwards from the Square of Triumph, a short walk from the city brought me to the Carthusian Convent, one of the richest and most magnificent in Spain. It has shared the fate of every other convent in the Peninsula—its monkish inhabitants are no longer to be seen, their abodes being now occupied by private individuals. It is delightfully situated, commanding a charming view across the cultivated plain to the mountains of Elvira and Alcalá. Before the principal gateway is a Campo Santo, or burying-ground, covered with small crosses, singularly placed in the midst of fields of waving corn.

On entering the convent, I was struck with its great extent; long corridors, or cloisters surround a large melancholy-looking square, planted with cypresses, which was at once the garden and

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burying-place of the monks. Along the walls of these cloisters are inscriptions in large letters; one runs thus: "*Velad, orad, y andad solicitos paraque por medio de vuestras buenas obras hagais fructiva, cierta y eterna vuestra vocacion y eleccion!*" Another is a prayer to the Virgin: "*Ave Maria Purisima, Santisima, sin pecado concebida, siempre Virgen, Madre de Dios, ruega para nosotros pecadores!*—Hail Mary Most Pure, Most Holy, conceived without sin,* ever Virgin, Mother of God, pray for us sinners!" These cloisters open into the cells of the monks, who had two or three small rooms apiece, and a nice little garden attached. Here they lived quite cut off from the world, and even from each other, as their order was one of the most rigid, and enjoined great seclusion, mortification, and abstinence. A very different scene is now presented, and you may fancy yourself in a subterranean village, for women with *mantillas* are walking to and fro, while others bare-headed are sitting spinning at the doors of the cells; and children are gambolling and frisking about, making the cloisters, which had till lately echoed back only

* That the Virgin was conceived without sin, was the doctrine of the Franciscans, which they successfully maintained against the Dominicans, who opposed it, till it was ultimately received as the creed of the Spanish Church.

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the muttered prayer or solemn chant, resound with their merry shouts.

The chapel of the convent is superb, richly adorned with the magnificent marbles of the Sierra Nevada, principally with that from the quarries of Lanjarron, which has a reddish ground delicately veined with white. The gates are inlaid with tortoise-shell. There are few pictures worthy of notice, one or two attributed to Cano being the best. Behind the altar is the sanctum sanctorum, where the consecrated wafer is kept, or "*La forma*," as Mateo called it.

"*De pan*—of bread," I added.

"No, no!" said he, gravely; "it is the true body of the Lord."

This was one among many instances in which I observed that Spaniards, though loose and even atheistical in their religious opinions, and ready at times, like Mateo, to laugh at religion and its ministers, will appear offended at any remarks a foreigner may make, tending to call the truth of the Roman Catholic doctrines in question.

The sacristy is unparalleled in richness of decoration. The floor is of fine black and white marble; lofty columns of white marble most richly worked, on pedestals of marble of a beautiful reddish brown veined with white, support the roof, which is white ornamented with blue and gold. Round

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the sacristy are recesses occupied by chests of drawers for the dresses of the priests, most superbly inlaid with tortoise-shell, ivory, ebony, and mother-of-pearl. The riches of this convent are said to have been enormous, and were divided amongst so few, (at the time of their expulsion there were but eleven monks,) that, if they lived according to the rules of their order, wealth must have lain a dead weight upon their hands. They had, however, the reputation of giving away large sums in charity.

Granada has twenty-two parish churches. Before the recent extinction of the regular clergy, there were eighteen convents for monks, and the same number for nuns: ten houses of the latter are all that remain. Some of these convents are now quite unoccupied; that of the Augustins is in ruins, and another in the neighbourhood of the Plaza Nueva I observed in the course of demolition by the hands of galley-slaves.

"Who is so deaf," says Pedraza, "as not to have heard the fame of the religion of this city, whose citizens are so wedded to the Faith, and so submissive to the Church, that they would rather give their necks to the knife, than their wills to anything beyond that which she has commanded." Far different is the religion of Granada at the present day. The isolated situation of the city

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has not preserved it from the prevailing influence of scepticism, or, to say the least, indifference to, and neglect of the observances of the Catholic religion. Very few worshippers are ordinarily to be seen in the Cathedral and other churches, and those are principally females; and when the other sex is to be found at mass, it is not so often from devotion to celestial, as to earthly beauty. Sunday is as little observed as elsewhere in the country; the labourers generally go to their work on that day, though they sometimes attend mass previously; the only other difference I remarked was, that no women were washing in the Darro as during the week, and that after the hour of noon few shops remained open; but all this is the same on saints' days—nay, if there is any difference, it appeared to me that the latter were observed with greater strictness, as the peasantry seldom went to their labour, and less business was transacted than on a Sunday. After noon on either occasion, all business is at an end, and every one prepares for the gaieties of the evening; for then the theatres are always open, the alamedas are thronged, and the whole citizen world gives itself up to pleasure.

In Granada, as in the other cities and towns of Andalucia, bull-fights are very often held on Sun-

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days, and are attended, too, by the clergy, who, whatever scruples they may have about frequenting the theatres, have few about witnessing the bull-fight. Another singular anomaly is, that it is sometimes advertised as an inducement to attend this inhuman spectacle, that the proceeds of the fight will be devoted to charitable purposes!

The cross which at one time was placed over the head of every bed, is now rarely seen. A small basin imbedded in the staircase wall of my lodgings, surmounted by a tiny wooden cross, is now dry and white-washed; and though in the time of more holy tenants, it used to offer its little fund of "blessed water" to those who ascended or descended, it is now converted into a depository for castanets.

A man once accosted me with a small leathern bag in his hand, and prayed for alms to get his brother's soul out of purgatory. Thinking it was enough to assist the living, and seeing that he was a strong able-bodied man, who doubtless wished his brother to remain in purgatory, as long as he needed the excuse of helping him out, I refused to encourage his laziness. This plea of beggars is now rarely heard, the good creatures who would melt into charity at the idea of a soul's sufferings, being now, alas! comparatively few.

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The only instance of anything like private or family devotion that I witnessed in Spain,—not including as such the habitual and unconscious signing of the cross,—was at Granada. Having called one evening on a gentleman, I was shown into an upper apartment to await his return from the Prado. Hearing a confused sound of voices, I stepped into the corridor, and saw in the *patio* below, three little children on their knees before an image of the Virgin illuminated by a taper. A maid-servant directed their devotions by mentioning the name of some saint in Spanish, to which the little ones immediately responded "*ora pro nobis !*"—and thus they must have invoked every saint in the calendar, for the prayer was kept up for nearly a quarter of an hour. Before the girl could pronounce the name of the saint to be invoked, the "*ora pro nobis !*" had passed the children's lips, so that there seemed a contest between them as to who should first accomplish their part in the prayer.

The commerce of Granada which flourished so prosperously under the Moors, did not fail immediately on their conquest by Ferdinand and Isabella; for in the middle of the sixteenth century, the extent of the silk trade of this city was unprecedented, but before another hundred

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years had elapsed, it had scarcely an existence, having suffered, with every other branch of industry in the country, from the total expulsion of the Moors, and the abundant influx of wealth from the American colonies. Silk is still cultivated, however, in the Vega of Granada, and forms the principal article of manufacture and commerce; but only five hundred looms are now employed, instead of the forty thousand which were formerly in operation. Granada at present produces twenty-five thousand pounds (of 16 oz.) of raw silk every year; this is principally manufactured into ribbons, which are considered by the Spaniards to be the most brilliantly coloured in the world. Nearly one hundred thousand pieces are made annually, each piece containing forty yards (Castillian measure), and averaging in price eighteen or twenty *reales*. These are almost wholly for the American market, for Cuba, Puerto Rico, Mexico, and Peru. Serge is also manufactured, but no sewing silk, for this is made only in Valencia, which produces silk of a superior quality to that of Granada. The other productions of the Vega, are flax, linseed, saffron, hemp which makes the best cordage in Spain, bees'-wax, and honey, with abundance of corn and fruit, but little wine, only sufficient for the consumption of the city. The commerce of

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Granada is almost confined to Malaga, whither its productions are sent for exportation.

There seems but a small division of labour among the Granadinos, and trades of opposite descriptions are often singularly united. Among other instances of this, I remarked a shop which was at once a tinman's and a baker's; where loaves of bread mingled with dirty saucepans and greasy lamps. Economy may have been the secret of this—the fire that would soften iron could at the same time be made to harden dough. The shops of Granada are not so well stocked as those of Cadiz and Seville. Those of the barbers are everywhere alike, with their front of green lattice-work, neat striped blind, and Mambrino's helmet hanging over the door-way; though some Figaros do not indulge in these luxuries, but are content to carry their tackle about with them; and I have sometimes seen a man seated on a stone, or inverted water-jar, in the open street, undergoing the operation from the hands of some pilgrim barber.

The climate of Granada is delightful: the neighbourhood of the Sierra Nevada tends to make the heat less oppressive than in Seville, Ecija, and other cities of the plains; and, as a proof of this, the season is generally more backward in Granada than elsewhere in Andalucia, and

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some fruits are said rarely to attain perfection.* Nevertheless, I must own I felt little difference in the degree of intensity of the heat, for here, no more than in Seville, is it safe for an Englishman to expose himself to the meridian sun. Even at six o'clock in the morning, when the sun was hardly above the horizon, the heat was so powerful as to render it impossible for me to sit more than a few seconds exposed to its unmitigated influence. No weather seems too hot, however, for some of the natives; even during the noonday heat I have frequently observed men muffled up in their ponderous cloaks, standing about, smoking their paper-cigars, or leaning against the sunny side of a wall, enjoying their *dolce far niente*, and the reflected heat, which never seemed to satisfy them. This is in obedience to the proverb,—

> "*Por sol que haga*
> *No dexes tu capa*—
>
> However hot the sun
> Keep thy cloak on."

An Andalucian's notions of heat and cold differ

* The lowest degree of cold experienced at Granada in the course of the year is 5° below zero of Reaumur (20.75 above 0 of Fahrenheit), and the extreme of heat 27.50 of Reaumur (about 94° Fahrenheit). Nuevos Paseos por Granada, i. p. 20.

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widely from those of an Englishman. After taking exercise you may perhaps hear him exclaim, "*Hace calor!*" but let a breeze blow a little cooler than usual, "*Ay que frio!*" and he muffles himself up immediately. Hardly one day in an English summer would he fail to complain of the cold.

Granada is a charming city for a residence. Its enchanting scenery, where the sublime, the beautiful, and the picturesque unite their attractions in perfection,—its delightful climate,—its exemption from everything that would destroy the genuine Spanishness of its character,—its exhaustless stores of antiquities,—and, above all, those associations of the olden time which clothe everything connected with it, even its history, with the hues of romance,—all combine to render it a most desirable city for a sojourn. I know no spot where I would so willingly linger a few years. True, those who seek society will find few but natives with whom to associate, for foreigners, resident or migratory, are very rare. During my visit, I was the only Englishman in the city, as far as I could learn. General O'Lowlor, the Duke of Wellington's agent for his Grace's extensive estates in the Vega—an Irishman, I believe, by birth—possesses a house in Granada, but resides the greater part of the year at Madrid. A few

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years since, there was a tolerable influx of foreigners into Granada, officers and others from Gibraltar, as well as those on more extended tours; but the cholera in 1833 and 1834 put them to flight, and since that time the city has scarcely been visited by travellers, the unsettled state of the country, consequent on the civil war, deterring many from daring the dangers of the interior. This absence of English society would be esteemed a drawback by some; but the stranger who proposes a residence in this city, for the sake of investigation, will find enough to interest in antiquities, traditions, and native manners, without seeking amusement or edification from the society of his countrymen.

One great charm of Granada, is its thoroughly Spanish character. No admixture of foreign fashions or customs is here to be seen. Its situation among the mountains, cut off, as it is, by almost impassable tracks from the surrounding cities, and its little intercourse with the capital, tend to keep it pure in character. If Córdoba, on the high road from Cadiz to Madrid, has hitherto preserved its originality, it is not probable that Granada, though much superior in size and population, will soon be spoiled by foreign innovations. But should Spain at length become tranquil—if she ever will, Heaven only

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knows!—should she acquire a strong government, and an efficient police, should her banditti be all *garroted*, her roads levelled, and decent inns take the place of the now comfortless *ventas*—farewell to the genuine national character of these old cities. The tide of travellers, which is eternally ebbing and flowing on the classic plains of Italy, and has made every corner of that land as familiar to us as Brighton or Bath—the march of intellect and civilization, ever on the heels of an improved political condition, which has established French cafés and omnibuses in Algiers, has hackneyed Grand Cairo and Constantinople, and is about to run steam-carriages beneath the Pyramids—will then extend to Granada. Oh the glorious effects of bad government! oh the delightful terrors of the bandit's *trabuco!* oh the sweet miseries of the *ventas!* When these are gone—gone, alas! will be the splendours of Granada: its Alhambra will be torn to pieces by travellers—English and French villas will rise on the banks of the Xenil and Darro—bonnets will usurp the place of *mantillas*—a book will supersede the fan—the mackintosh will expel the *capa parda*—and the bull-ring will become a ruin! The sun of Granada's glory will have set for ever!

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CHAPTER IX.

ROUTE TO VELEZ MALAGA.

Las sobervias torres mira,
Y de lexos las almenas,
Y perdida la esperanza
De jamas bolver à vella,
Con sospiros tristes dice,
' Granada bella !
Mi llanto escucha
Y duelate mi pena !'

ROMANCE ANTIGUO.

On the lofty towers he gazes,
When far off upon the plain,
And, without the expectation
Of beholding them again,
" Beauteous Granada !"
He mournfully cries,
"Oh pity my anguish,
And list to my sighs !"

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Aveys de saber, amigos,
Una nueva desdichada
Que Christianos con braveza
Ya nos han ganado á Alhama.
Ay de mi, Alhama!
GUERRAS CIVILES DE GRANADA.

Friends, I have to ye these tidings,
Dismal tidings, to make known,
That the Christians, by their valour
Have Alhama from us won!
Woe is me, Alhama!

THERE are two roads from Granada to Malaga; the more easterly by Alhama and Velez Malaga, a distance of eighteen leagues, or above seventy English miles; the other, a league longer, running westward to Loxa, and thence over the mountains to the south. The shorter road is practicable only to equestrians, but the line of Loxa is traversed weekly by a *galera*. A sight of this vehicle, as it entered Granada, soon determined me in my choice.

Its approach was heralded by two men on foot, whom one might have supposed, from their tattered habiliments, to have just waded through a wood of prickly-pear, had not such a supposition been refuted by the unlacerated state of their bare, tawny legs. One had on a pair of

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plush *calzones*, unbuttoned partly on the outer seams; the other wore loose linen drawers, reaching only to the knee. Add to the costume of each, a handkerchief bound over the head instead of a hat, a dirty shirt as an upper garment, a crimson woollen sash, coarse sandals of *esparto* rush, bound with thongs round the ancle, and a rusty musket on the shoulder, and you have the escort. They accompanied the *galera* ostensibly for its protection, but having themselves nothing to lose, they might reasonably be expected, in case of attack, to remain quiet spectators of the robbery. They were marching at a tolerably quick rate, to keep a-head of the mules, which had assumed their fastest pace, something just out of the walk, in order to enter the city in style. There were four of these —untrimmed and broken-down beasts, and withal so meagre, that their sharp bones threatening to cut through their parchment skin at every step, seemed to mark them as lineal descendants of Rozinante, who, "*tantum pelis et ossa fuit.*" The *galera* itself was a long, narrow cart, with an arched covering of rush matting. The goods rested on a bottom of net-work of rope, and between them and the roof were crammed the passengers; not as in an English waggon, looking so snug and comfortable, as to make you long to

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try the same mode of conveyance, but stuffed, like straw into a parcel, to fill any vacant crannies, "hilt to point, heel to head," or squeezed together in a mass, men, women, and children, pell-mell, "like anchovies in a basket," as the proverb is, half stifled with heat, and very personifications of discomfort and misery. A dusty driver sat in front, and a large rough cur was towing astern.

Such was the vehicle, which in three days' journey over roads *au naturel*, as the French would say, after the traveller's bones have been well rattled, and his flesh bruised to a mummy, will set him down, all accidents excepted, safe, though not sound, at the Posada of the Four Nations, in Malaga. The eastern route can be accomplished on horseback in half the time. This, together with the desire of seeing Alhama, so renowned in song and story, induced me to engage with a *corsario*, to conduct me to Malaga, via Velez.

Day was just breaking when I crossed the courts of the Alhambra, and passed through the Gate of Justice for the last time. The city, however, was already stirring; the *muchachas* were on the balconies, inhaling the cool morning breezes, or were issuing, fan in hand, for a stroll on the banks of the Darro; the labourers were

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going forth to work; the water-seller was slinging his jar over his shoulder, or was fitting the panniers to the back of his ass; while trains of dusty, way-worn mules, with muskets hung on their flanks, were threading their way through the narrow streets, hastening towards their stable for repose, after the journey of the night. By the time I had reached the *posada* of the *cosario*, the sun was above the horizon, and all was life and activity.

As this man was to be my sole companion, I had previously stipulated that a couple of *escopetas* should be provided. When, therefore, my baggage was strapped to the crupper of his horse, and I had mounted my own, I asked for the guns. "*No es menester!*" was the reply—there was no need of them, he was in himself a sufficient protection, he was so well known, that no one would venture to attack me, while in his company. Remonstrance being useless, I submitted in silence. We rode down the Carrera del Darro, and left the city by the bridge of the Xenil; then, following the Old Alameda, we entered upon the open country at the Hermitage of San Sebastian, already mentioned as the spot where Boabdil delivered the keys of Granada to the Catholic monarch. Here were groups of citizens taking their morning stroll—peasants coming in from

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the distant villages, driving asses laden with bread or fruit in panniers, oil in jars, or wine in huge goat-skins strapped across their backs—country lasses in straw hats with broad flapping brims, mounted on the burdens, and coquetting with the *arrieros* who walked by their side—and reapers going forth to labour, with sickles hanging on their shoulders.

As we traversed the wide-spreading Vega, white villages rose on either hand from the fields of corn, and amongst those to the left I particularly remarked, sparkling brightly from the midst of groves, Zubia—a spot teeming with reminiscences of the last siege of Granada. We first passed through the small village of Almilla, where Isabel is said to have received Boabdil as he was quitting his capital for the last time; next the larger *pueblo* of Gabia, distant a league from Granada; and then a sandy road led us up a rising ground, where I turned to take a farewell view of that city. It was mostly in shade; the Cathedral, and here and there a church or convent tower, alone gleamed with light, but the red masses of the Alhambra above were all smiling in the level sunbeams. The hill of the Albaycin, and those to the north of it, now broad masses of the richest and most intense purple, threw their outlines and peaked summits, crested with chapels

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and convents, against a sky of transparent gold. A thin veil of brilliant mist overhung the city, extended up the vale of the Darro, and lay more greyly and heavily around the base of the vast Sierra, which rose to the right in its wonted grandeur; but above, the large snow fields were distinctly visible, the cool effect of which, for they were still in shade, contrasted forcibly with the sunny yellows and olives of the nearer and inferior mountains.

I lingered long, gazing on this beautiful city—a city which once seen can never be forgotten, whose image eternally haunts the memory, or rises before the mental vision at the talismanic word, Paradise.

As I turned away, I could not refrain from exclaiming—

Adios, cuidad de mi alma!
Guardete Dios, Granada mia!
Jamas en quanto viviere,
No te veré aun solo un dia!—

God guard thee, oh, my own Granada!
City of my soul, adieu!
Alas for me, that I may never,
Never more thy glories view!*

* So great was the love of the Spanish Moors towards Granada, that they imagined Paradise to be situated in that

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From the summit of the next hill a wide expanse of corn-land opened before us, backed by the lofty range of the Tejada, while at the foot of the steep beneath us, was the village of La Mala, with its ruined walls and numerous salt-pits. Further on, we passed an old Moorish *algibe*, or cistern, which still serves as a reservoir of rain water for irrigating the surrounding fields.

At the distance of four leagues from Granada, we rode through the village of Venta de Huerma, and then entered upon a plain covered with underwood, and called Llano de la Matanza—Plain of the Slaughter—from the great havoc made here, on one occasion during the last war of Granada, by the Christian sabres amongst the turbaned infidels. So says popular tradition; but I am inclined to view this as the site of a different event—as the spot where the ninety Christian horsemen, on their return to Alhama laden with spoil from the Vega of Granada, were surprised by the fiery Zagal, and all massacred with the exception of eleven who escaped. This prince was on his way from Malaga to Granada to

part of the heavens overhanging the city; and some even ventured to declare that they would not exchange their Granada for all the delights that their prophet could promise them in a future state.—PEDRAZA.

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assume the sovereignty of the kingdom, when he fell in with these Christians, and their heads suspended to the saddle-bows of his followers, gave to the citizens of Granada such an earnest of future successes, that he was immediately hailed King with universal acclamations.

A steep descent next led us down a deep hollow to the village of Cacin, which, were it not for the thick shade of an adjoining wood, and a stream of water which flows by its side, would be a perfect furnace, so sheltered is it from every breeze, and so intense is the heat reflected from the enclosing hills. Passing by the ruined Moorish gateway, which forms the entrance to the village—a mere assemblage of hovels—and crossing the stream, on whose banks many women were kneeling, washing clothes and chanting the monotonous air of the country, we ascended the southern hill of the valley. Its whole slope was feathered with dwarf fan-palms, and other low shrubs, and seemed alive with rabbits.

When after a most tedious ascent of more than a mile, under an overpowering heat, direct and reflected from the hill-side, we at length reached the summit, most welcome and refreshing were the cool breezes we encountered. From this spot, looking back, the eye traced the

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stream as it wound in a silver thread through the vale of Cacin, till it was lost in the groves of the village; above the hill opposite, the peaks of the Nevada towered cool and grey into the cloudless ocean of blue. Before us to the south, the Sierra Tejada, almost close, reared its lofty head in dark sublimity above beds of white fleecy clouds, which rolled wildly round its base and concealed every thing beyond.

We descended the hill by a road apparently of Roman construction, which though in ruins—its pavement being broken and dislocated—told of days of civilization long since departed, and presented a melancholy contrast to the tortuous and rugged mule-path by which we had ascended the *cuesta*. A valley lay at our feet, the slopes around us, and the hills which rose opposite, were bare and parched, or covered with corn, all glowing and trembling with the intense heat of the meridian sun; the only object on which the aching sight could rest with pleasure, was a long line of trees running through the hollow, and marking the course of the river of Santa Cruz. Alhama itself soon came into view, hanging on the slope of an opposite hill, at the foot of the great Tejada, which rises nearly eight thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The road led down to the narrow river, crossed

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it by an ancient bridge, and then turning to the left skirted its banks towards the town. A large flock of sheep and goats was standing in the stream, beneath the shelter of the overhanging trees, while a couple of half-naked shepherds were seated on the bank howling monotonous ditties; and their huge white dogs bayed furiously at us, as we entered the water to refresh our thirsty beasts. I fancied I could now enter, in some degree, into the feelings of travellers in the East, on reaching a stream or well in the sandy Desert: my joy, indeed, at the sight of leafy shade and flowing water cannot be understood by those who have never been exposed for hours to the unmitigated ardour of an almost vertical sun.

The road, as it ascended towards the town, was bordered by many a cross—emblems of the religion of the land, or more frequently records of assassinations. One of the latter description was thus inscribed:—

AQUI MATARON
A FRANCISCO CALVO,
1819.

Others were of various dates, one as old as 1797, but all commenced with the simply eloquent

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"Here they slew." Some were without inscriptions, but their small size and the pebbles piled above—each of which had been there laid by some compassionate traveller as he recited a prayer for the repose of the departed soul—marked them as *cruces de muerte,* or crosses of death.

Not far from the town, on a small eminence above the road, was a little chapel, and by it a Calvary—three high stone crosses together, the largest in the centre. These Calvaries are common enough in Spain, and are consecrated spots, whither, on certain festivals of the Catholic church, people resort in great numbers to offer their devotions. By dint of questioning, I learned from my guide—who, for an Andaluz, was peculiarly sullen and uncommunicative, and seemed unwilling to spare a moment from his *cigarillo*—that on such occasions it was customary for those who felt the burden of their sins to be more weighty than they could bear, to wrap themselves in their cloaks, and throw themselves to the earth in the road of the Calvary, to be trampled on by the crowd. "You see a great brown bundle, you kick it, another pulls it, this man jumps on it, that thumps it, and the poor devil within lies as still as a walnut in its shell; the more you hurt him the more he likes it; it is

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all through penitence, all to pay for his sins—*todo por penitencia, todo para pagar sus pecados.*"

I enquired if this were still of frequent occurrence.

A wag of the finger, and "*Ya se pasa*—It is passing away," was the laconic reply.

Whatever difference there may be in creeds, the mind of man is everywhere the same. Superstition in all countries produces similar effects, whether it be the worship of Juggernaut in India, or that of the Virgin and Saints in Spain.

I was now struck with the imposing situation of Alhama, built on the steep slope of a hill, which breaks off on the north into a precipice, whose base is washed by the stream, as it bursts from a wild gorge, and turns to pursue a gentler course through the valley. One tower only of the Moorish castle crests the cliff, the rest, with almost the whole of the wall, has been thrown down; and I fancied I saw the ruined fragments in the rude masses of rock which lay scattered in the ravine.

Instead of following the high road into the town, we rode up a steep path, and in a few minutes found ourselves at the door of the *posada*. The hostess was sitting, distaff in hand, without; the

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host, *cigarillo* in mouth, on a bench within; several muleteers, stretched on *mantas*, or straw, were snoring away in a large room, as usual, half kitchen, half stable. On entering a chamber on the upper floor, I stumbled over the prostrate body of a man, asleep on the threshold. This room was as bare of furniture, the white walls and floor as naked as in any other Andalucian *posada*. The ceiling was of beams, united by arches like the piers of a bridge in miniature, all coated with white-wash. Here, in company with the *cosario*, I dined on the usual *puchero*, bacon exceedingly salt, very sour wine, and a plentiful dessert of *brebas*, or early figs. I then strolled forth to survey the town.

Alhama receives its name from "The Baths" (Arabicè الحمة) which, in Moorish times, existed in its neighbourhood, and whose hot mineral springs still remain. I found it, as I had previously been assured by my guide, "a very ugly town—*una poblacion feisima*," of about two thousand families, with narrow, tortuous, irregular streets, and houses low, mean, ruinous, and mostly without glass. The charms of Alhama are wrapped in the rolls of its romantic history.

Instead of *mantillas*, the women here wear shawls over their heads, but not of the gaudy colours seen at Cadiz.

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The principal square is crossed by the arches of a Moorish aqueduct, and on its northern side rises the lonely tower of the castle—venerable remains, and most interesting, as having witnessed the celebrated assault and siege. If the reader will fancy himself seated among the ruins of the castle, I will endeavour to refresh his memory with some of the particulars of those events.

The last war of Granada commenced in 1481, with the Moors, capturing by assault the mountain fortress of Zahara, on the frontier to the west of Ronda. The Christians, burning for revenge, heard that the important town of Alhama, situated in the very heart of the enemy's territory, had but a slender and careless garrison. The celebrated Marquis of Cadiz, Rodrigo Ponce de Leon, and a few other chieftains, having accordingly assembled a body of two thousand five hundred horse, and four thousand foot, set off from Marchena, moving only after sunset, and by unfrequented paths, and on the third night found themselves in a deep valley, but half a league from Alhama. It was here that the object of the expedition was, for the first time, revealed to the army, which moved boldly forward towards the town. Three hundred chosen men then climbed the steep to the castle (probably on

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that side where I entered the town), and found all buried in repose. Planting their ladders, they scaled the walls without opposition, Juan de Ortega, Juan de Toledo, and Martin Galindo, being the first to set foot upon the battlements. These slew the sleeping sentinels, and while some of their followers were engaged in the work of massacre, others hastened to open the gate to their comrades without, who took possession of the castle. The alarm soon spread through the town, and the inhabitants flew to arms, and hastily threw up breastworks and palisades, to oppose a sally from the castle, which, as they expected, was made at break of day, but which they repulsed by discharging volleys of musketry and showers of javelins, arrows, and stones upon the invaders.

The short distance—only seven leagues—from the capital, whence succours must soon reach their enemies, made the situation of the Christians perilous enough; they saw that they could not retain the castle unless the town were also in their possession. Some even proposed that after burning the castle they should retrace their steps, but this scheme was soon overruled as cowardly, and as an issue unworthy an enterprise so gloriously commenced. An attack was accordingly made on the town in several quarters at once by the troops without.

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This diverting the attention of the Moors from the castle, a sally was soon effected. For many hours did the battle rage fiercely in the streets, and from house to house, the citizens fighting with all the fury of despair, and the Christians urged on by the desire of glory, or the expectation of plunder; and not before night did the latter find themselves masters of the place. Yet their victory was tarnished by the barbarous massacre of the women and children who had fled to the principal mosque for refuge. Thus fell Alhama, and her ramparts, streets, and temples were filled with the corpses, and streamed with the blood of her brave inhabitants.

Great was the consternation which this news excited in Granada, for the fall of Alhama, a fortress deemed almost impregnable, situated in the very centre of the Moorish dominions, and but a few leagues distant from the capital, appeared to forbode nothing less than the downfall of the ancient kingdom of the Moors in Spain. The alfaquis, or holy men, denounced the king as the author of the coming destruction, on account of his having provoked the Christians to war by the seizure of Zahara. A deep gloom pervaded the city, a universal cry of sorrow echoed through the streets, and "Woe is me, Alhama!" burst from every mouth. A *romance*

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was made on the occasion, which, says an old chronicler, "was so dolorous and sad, that it came to be forbidden in Granada; as every time, and in whatever place it was sung, it provoked nothing but grief and lamentation." This ballad was rendered into Castillian, and is well known by its burden of—

"*Ay de mi, Alhama!*"

No time, however, was lost in vain regrets. An army of fifty thousand foot and three thousand horse, commanded by the king of Granada, Abu-l-Hassan, in person, speedily advanced upon Alhama. Fortunately for the Christians, this large force had been assembled so hastily, that all the artillery and other engines requisite for a siege had been left behind, so that no impression could be made upon the fortress, while the besieged from the ramparts showered down darts and stones upon their enemies. But the battle raged most fiercely on the river side, for as there were neither fountains nor cisterns within the town, the Christians were forced to descend to the banks of the stream for water. The Moors tried to divert the river from its natural bed, and partly succeeded, so that the besieged were limited to the most scanty supplies, and for every drop they had to peril their life-blood. All their hope now lay in receiving succour. A small force of four thou-

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sand men, under Alonso de Aguilar, which had left Córdoba and penetrated the Moorish territory with this intention, was compelled to return. Assistance, however, soon arrived whence it was least expected. The Duke of Medina Sidonia, though sworn foe to the Marquis of Cadiz, determined, with the magnanimity and patriotism of an ancient Spaniard, to succour him and save Alhama; and marched an army of forty-five thousand men to its relief. But the Moors, without waiting to be attacked, suddenly raised the siege. And here the old historians descant upon the meeting of the two noble enemies, how the Duke embraced the Marquis, and how the feuds of many years were from that moment forgotten.

After reinforcing the garrison, the Christian army retired, and the Moors again attacked Alhama with greater fury. Finding that the higher part of the fortress was carelessly guarded, they one night scaled the walls in this quarter, and entered the town. But the Christians soon took the alarm, and, after slaughtering great numbers, drove the rest over the battlements. In a few days after this, the Moors having again retired, Ferdinand himself brought an army to Alhama, garrisoned it afresh, and returned to Córdoba. Again did the Moors invest the town, and a second time did Ferdinand march to its relief. In

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the winter of 1483 a great part of the walls, undermined by the heavy rains, suddenly fell down; the garrison wanted to abandon the fortress, but the brave and wise Conde de Tendilla, the governor, caused linen cloth, painted to resemble the rest of the wall, to be stretched across the breach, in order to deceive the enemy till the injury was repaired. Alhama remained unassailed, a thorn in the side of the Moors, till January, 1492, when the city and kingdom of Granada alike fell into the hands of the Christians, and the dominion of the Mohammedans in Spain was for ever at an end.

Over the door of a house, not far from the castle, I observed in large letters "MVNYCIPALIDAD! Año de 1836," and within the vestibule, "LIBERTAD!" Outside, hung a long proclamation to the electors of the kingdom of Granada, a list of whose names was added. The address commenced by telling them that, "the Cortes having been convoked by the Immortal Cristina, who was entirely devoted to the happiness of her subjects, they were about to exercise rights most important to the welfare and destinies of the empire." It was urged upon them, "in the choice of representatives to act, not with littleness and intolerance, as though they saw only with the eyes of contemporaneous passion, but with the cold impar-

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tiality with which history would judge them, because to history and immortality belonged the grand work on which they were about to enter." After a long exhortation in this strain, recounting the expectations of the Government as to their conduct, the address proceeded thus: "Your choice may establish for ever a liberal government, founded on solid bases, and in accordance with the improvements and advances of the age. An error in this vital point would snatch from you and from your children, liberty, peace, fortune, and happiness! One only fear disturbs the Deputies; it is, lest the want of constitutional habits should cause you to regard with cold indifference the most estimable prerogative of nations. But no! hopes so founded will not be disappointed! *—pero no! no serán vanas tan fundadas esperanzas!*"

The square is bounded on the north by a parapet cut out of the living rock. Look over it, reader, just where this huge stone cross rears its head, and a new view of the situation of Alhama will burst upon you. The parapet abruptly overhangs a deep ravine formed by the rending asunder of the hill by one of those tremendous convulsions of the earth, of which many traces are left in this country. See the gulf extending far to your right, or to the east; the stream which

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flows through it four or five hundred feet beneath you, turns in its course many mills, some of which, even from this height, you can distinguish as of very ancient architecture; adjoining them, wherever the steep and craggy ground will allow, are small patches of verdure, or clumps of trees, and here and there a solitary fig-tree springs from a ledge of rock above, relieving the savage bareness of the cliffs. Immediately before you, the gulf takes a turn to the north, is narrowed between precipitous rocks, and is soon apparently blocked up, but in fact it makes another bend to the west, and ends where we saw the river issuing from the gorge upon the valley by which we approached the town. Follow with your eye the zigzag path below you, as it winds down into the chasm, passing through an ancient wall which climbs up the slope, and leading to a rustic bridge; and do not overlook a few asses laden with flour sacks, toiling up the steep towards the town. Yon grassy islet in the stream is strewed with white linen, and the good dames are crossing to it by stepping-stones, or kneeling on the brink, beating the clothes, and accompanying their labour with songs, which come distinctly upon the ear, though the gushing of the mills and the murmur of the stream are almost inaudible. Now raise your eyes, and behold, on either hand along the

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very verge of the hither precipice, the houses of the town, apparently about to topple into the abyss. It is Art daring Nature to the uttermost.

I descended to the banks of the stream. Hence the town was seen to great advantage, cresting the whole line of the southern wall of the ravine, while the vast masses of yellow sandstone rose piled up on either hand, in almost perpendicular grandeur, above my head. An opening was pointed out to me in the rock beneath the northernmost extremity of the town, as the entrance to a subterranean passage, leading up from the river-side to the castle on the summit of the cliff. It was through this very passage that the Christians, during the siege, used to descend to obtain their supplies of water.

While seated sketching this grand ravine, I heard something rattling down about me, and a large stone presently falling so near me as to cover my book with sand, succeeded by a merry shout from the top of the cliff above, showed the nature of the interruption. Considering that what was fun to these urchins might prove far otherwise to me, I thought prudent to shift my position. I mention this trivial circumstance, as it was the first time I had met in Spain with anything like insult, even from children. Indeed, it

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is surprising that you can travel with so little annoyance of this sort, amongst a race whose jealousy of foreigners is notorious. You may, in fact, stroll through an inland town like this, where a stranger is a *rara avis*, and excite little attention, and none of those impertinent remarks, with which the lower orders in England rarely fail to salute the ear of a foreigner. This does not arise from the want of curiosity—the Spaniards have a due share of that—it can be attributed only to the natural courtesy of the people.

We left Alhama early in the afternoon, as six long leagues lay between us and Velez, which was to be our resting-place for the night. On ascending the hill on whose slope the town is situated, I saw that it was not so impregnable as it had appeared from below. The precipitous cliffs to the north, render it almost unassailable from that quarter, but on this side it is easily accessible; nay, the besiegers would be on vantage ground, for the hill completely commands the town.

The intense heat of the sun, which had as yet lost none of its fierceness, soon produced an intolerable sensation of thirst, to mitigate which my only consolation was, that at the distance of nearly two leagues I should meet with water. Hoping that my guide's information on this

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point might prove incorrect, I was anxiously looking into every valley that we passed, for some stream, however small, from which to refresh my parched throat. But Andalucia is not like the mountainous districts of our own country, where every dale, every glen, and every gulley has its rivulet; the summer sun of the South dries up all but the larger streams, and these are often reduced to rills—mere threads of fluid. After traversing a small plain, embosomed in the mountains, and affording pasturage to large flocks of sheep and goats, we at length reached a cottage, where I obtained a delicious draught of water. I drank deeply, but my thirst seemed only to increase, and though I halted at one cottage after another, nothing seemed able to quench it, and I could not refrain from dismounting, and drinking on my knees from a streamlet by the roadside.

The valley now widened considerably, and was beautifully wooded with olive, ilex, cork, carob, and fruit-trees, varied with patches of corn and heath. White cottages peeped smilingly from the groves,—herds of cattle were straggling over the lower slopes,—here, husbandmen were reaping the golden corn; there, horses were treading it out in a circle,—peasants were in the fig-trees picking the rich black *brevas*,—others, driving

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asses laden with *tomates*, met us on the road, or country girls with baskets of fruit tripped by, chanting *coplas*,—while heavy ox-cars came creeping along, creaking and groaning beneath the high-piled harvest.

As we passed near a herd of fine long-horned cattle, my thirst being but little abated, I looked with longing eyes at the swollen udders of the cows, and intimated my rational desire, as I deemed it, to my guide.

"*Hombre!*—Man! thou art mad! want cow's milk?—God help thee! ask the *vaquero* for cow's milk?—he would soon send thee to pick fleas from a greyhound! Who but you whimsical foreigners — *extrangeros tan malcontrarios* — ever thought of drinking cow's milk?"

My surprise at this response was not inferior to his at my demand. I had indeed already remarked that milk was always a scarce article at a Spanish breakfast, but I now learned that it was invariably that of goats. My guide then proceeded to enlighten me as to the uses of cattle in this country.

The milk of the cows is always consumed in rearing the calves, veal being a luxury unknown in Spain, where it would be deemed the height of folly and extravagance to kill a calf, when, with a little patience, you may have a full-sized animal

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for the slaughter-house. The number of bulls annually slain in the arena, and the general employment of oxen for purposes of husbandry, account for the preservation of the males to an adult age. Cows supply the place of oxen at the shambles, though rarely before they have done bearing; and thus it is that the meat is in general so tough and fibrous, and that cow and beef are synonymous terms, being expressed by the single word, *vaca*.

On looking back towards the chain of the Tejada, which reared its lofty head above the inferior ranges that bounded the valley to the north and east, I was surprised to see that the white fleecy clouds, which in the morning lay around its base, had now risen almost to the summit, and were spread out in wide masses of a heavy dun hue. In a short time, the whole horizon was one dense, blackening sheet of gloom, in which the vast Sierra was completely lost to the eye. In the opposite direction, the scene was still glowing beneath the rays of the declining sun—the yellow light played richly on rock and slope, grove and corn-field,—all was bright, smiling, rejoicing. A startling crash caused me to turn. Before it had ceased, a tongue of forked lightning shot from the gloom, succeeded by another burst of thunder, which reverberated from mountain to mountain in peals awfully loud,

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and stunning far beyond anything I had ever before heard, rattling, crashing, rolling, roaring, and making the very earth tremble as with a substantial concussion; then, after it had seemed to die away, breaking out anew in fitful growlings and suppressed mutterings—as it were, first the terrific laugh, and then the smothered chuckle of the demon of the tempest, whom I could fancy wildly revelling amid the mountains.

A broad sheet of glare presently threw out for a moment the wild peaks of the range into the blackest relief. The next instant all was again gloom; and another roar of Nature's own artillery filled the heavens.

The storm gradually abated, and, by the time we had journeyed three leagues from Alhama, and reached the rocks called Puertos de Zafarraya, which rose on our right in bare and savage grandeur, it seemed to have spent its rage. The ground was here a desert, rugged, strewed with masses of rock, and covered with an underwood of dwarf fan-palms, and other shrubs. After toiling for a considerable distance along this rough track, purgatorial both to beasts and riders, we at length forded a stream, and stepped again on the high road, which led between hedges of prickly-pears and aloes, overshaded by taller fig and pomegranate-trees, with vines hanging in

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festoons from tree to tree, or wrapping them up in a leafy shroud. The Moorish tower of Zaria appeared to the right, crowning an eminence with its ruins; and more distant, on a hill-slope to the left, was the town of Argaucin. A range of hills stretched across the centre of the scene, studded with *atalayas* or watch-towers, which seemed to form an unbroken telegraphic line along the heights. More to the right, in the horizon, rose a lofty chain of grey mountains, girdled with fleecy clouds.

We again crossed the stream, whose course down the valley was marked by a long line of rose-colour, from the oleanders in full bloom which thickly fringed its banks. Then traversing the vineyards which name the little village of Viñuela, we descended through it by a steep street. The peasants were coming in from the fields,—the women were sitting on the thresholds to welcome their return,—the children were playing on the high flights of steps which fronted the houses,—the *muchachas* were tripping the *bolero* to the sound of castanets beneath the vine-arbours,—and on a parapet lay a couple of ragged boys, basking in the last gleam of sunshine. The slopes of the hills around were dotted with vines; groves of orange and other fruit-trees bordered the stream, along whose banks we proceeded through

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lanes overhung by prickly-pears and aloes, which threw their long blue arms half across the road; here and there, too, a mill refreshed the air with its gushing waters, which bedewed the whole path with their spray. If Nature could impress her own character on the mind of man, or were her image always reflected in his heart, the surrounding scenery would lead us to expect the inhabitants of this village to be everything that is gentle, amiable, and attractive in disposition. Is it so? They are notorious as thieves and murderers!

On we rode, now returning the salutations of the black-eyed damsels who sat beneath the vine-arbours fronting the cottages by the road-side, and bade us "Go with God, and in a good hour!" —now exchanging a passing word with a party of *arrieros*, driving trains of asses laden with *tomates*, on their nine days' (or rather nights') journey from Velez to Madrid, to supply that desert-girt metropolis with sauce. Passing a Moorish bridge of a single arch, we descended to the level of the river, which here flowed in a sandy bed between thick groves of trees. This channel was our road for more than a league.

Night soon closed in. When I considered the loneliness and gloom of the road, and that we were travelling unarmed through a district notorious for its *mala gente*, I could not but desire

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the termination of our journey. My guide, too, reminded me anew of the dangers of the road by pointing out the spot on which, but a short time before, a cavalier, whom I had met at Granada, had been attacked and robbed. I had heard the story from his own lips.

He was journeying from Malaga to Granada, in company with four others—like himself, commercial travellers. They reached the *posada* at Velez one evening, and being well armed, and confiding in their numbers, they laid aside the usual and necessary reserve of Spanish travellers, and openly declared their intention of starting for Granada before daybreak the next morning. This was either overheard by some *salteadores*, who often lurk about the *posadas* to gain information as to the motions of travellers, or was communicated to them—innkeepers in Spain being not unfrequently in collusion with robbers—for the cavaliers had not proceeded far on their journey, and were jogging along merrily enough, quite unsuspicious of danger, when out leaped seven rogues, who in a moment seized the muskets from the flanks of their beasts, and turned the muzzles upon them. Resistance being out of the question, they submitted to lie "mouths down," and be plundered. What with their luggage, clothes, purses, watches, and the

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samples of goods they were carrying with them, the rogues made a considerable booty—about seven or eight hundred dollars. Satisfied with this, they used no violence, but with a civil "Go with God, and may no novelty befall you!" left the travellers to proceed on their journey.

We were more fortunate than Don Benito and his companions, meeting with no such "novelty," but leaving the bed of the river and turning to the left, presently entered Velez in safety.

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CHAPTER X.

ROUTE TO MALAGA.

Gente de costa, todos ladrones—People on the coast are all rogues.

PROVERB.

La muger, el tabaco ó vino
Sacan á un hombre de tino—

REFRAN.

Woman, tobacco, or wine
Will drive a man mad, I opine.

THE *cosario*, my guide, had a house, and doubtless a table of his own at Velez: nevertheless, hardly was I seated in my *quarto*, or bedchamber, at a snug little supper of rabbit and sausages, seasoned with some excellent Malaga, than in he

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stalked, seated himself by my side, and on the customary invitation to join in the repast, instead of refusing, as usual, with "Thanks, may it do you much good!—*Gracias, buen provecho le haga á usted!*" he fell to with his clasp-knife and fingers, and seizing the jug of wine, emptied it at a draught. He then called for more, began eructating and spitting about the floor, and taking out a cigar made preparations for smoking. Heartily sick of his company, I told him I did not relish the fumes of tobacco in my bedchamber; on which he sulkily withdrew.

I had little time to congratulate myself on my solitude, for the unfastenable door was presently opened, and a man, whom I had not seen before, marched in, saluted me, and seated himself. He began the conversation by asking if I came from "the kingdom." Though not knowing to what kingdom he referred, I answered at a venture "Yes."

"Ah! what do you think of Valencia?—is it not the most magnificent city in the world?—what wealth, what luxury!—at what inn did you lodge?—did you visit Grao, the port?—were you not enchanted with the Huerta?—did you ever behold such richness of cultivation?—the very stones bear corn and fruit!—and the *muchachas!*

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what grace, what beauty, what sweetness you saw on the Glorieta!—is it not unrivalled?"

To all these question I replied by simply telling him I had not seen Valencia.

"What a pity! it is the first province of Spain. I am a son of that land!"

This conclusion I had already foreseen. Though there is little genuine patriotism in Spain, there is no lack of local attachments. Every Spaniard thinks his own province the first in the world, and his birth-place the best town or village in the province, unrivalled in every respect. Many a long and fierce argument have I heard on such subjects, and many a quarrel, which the murderous *navaja* alone could decide, has arisen from this trivial cause.

The good Valenciano then proceeded to descant upon the beauties and excellences of "the kingdom," and drew a comparison between it and Aragon, not very favourable to the latter.

"The climate of Valencia is warm—exceedingly warm; and delightful—very! The soil is so fertile and rich that it will produce two and sometimes three crops in the same year. There is fruit, silk, corn, rice, wine in abundance, and an infinity of all that is good; *por remate es un paraiso mismo*—in a word, it is a veritable para-

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dise! But Aragon, *caramba!* is cold, raw, and bleak—the Devil himself, hot as he is, could not live there in summer without shivering—and so barren!—body of me! the very fleas are half-starved."

"But how is this great difference occasioned, for the provinces are contiguous?"

"*Es la naturaleza misma*—It is just their nature. Look ye, Sir, let us suppose a stone to be set up between the two kingdoms; on *that* side, *ay que frio!*—oh, how cold! you muffle yourself in your cloak up to your eyes, and then cannot keep out the cutting wind; on *this*, you fling it aside on account of the great heat—you go at one step from winter to summer. While the wheat *there* is but six inches above the ground, *here*, in Valencia, it is a good yard and a half high."

The reader must not imagine that the whole of the above speech, though uttered by a "lying Valencian,"* is mere Spanish extravagance and hyperbole; for it is generally admitted, that "the garden" of Valencia presents a scene of the most luxuriant cultivation anywhere to be found, and that "the kingdom" is unsurpassed, if not unri-

* *Valenciano mentiroso*, is a proverbial expression.

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valled, in salubrity of climate, and fertility of soil, by any other part of Europe.

How much longer the good man might have run on in this strain, I know not, but as he had all the while been chopping up the end of a cigar on the table, and now produced the little book of prepared paper, which every Spaniard carries about him, tore out a leaf, and rolled up the minced weed in it, neatly turning down and pinching either end of the *cigarillo* thus formed—I interrupted him by repeating what I had said to the *cosario*. He took the hint, and retired to smoke elsewhere.

I was now preparing for bed—no unwelcome sequel to a ride of fifty-two miles beneath a burning sun—when the door again opened, and in walked the host to see that I was comfortable. Having ascertained this point to his satisfaction, he thought only of making himself so likewise; and down he sat, produced the cigar-case and little book, and proof against all my hints, soon sent forth streams of vapour from his mouth and nostrils. His daughter, a pretty, quiet damsel, with wondrously large black eyes, followed him into the room and seated herself, at which I was by no means offended. His son presently entered, and imitated the example of his parent; then a stout pleasant-looking Malagueño, and another

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man partly arrayed in the picador's costume, in which capacity he was on the morrow to risk his life in the arena; and lastly my facetious Valencian friend, who scenting the fumes of tobacco, thought he might now add his quota of smoke to the general fund.

It is astonishing, the passion of Spaniards for smoking. Rank or age causes no difference in this respect. The noble always carries a cigar-case, a silver tube of *yesca*, or German tinder, and the necessary apparatus for striking a light; the peasant—nay, even the beggar—has his flint and scrap of *yesca*, with which, and the aid of his *navaja*, he may light the fragments of some cigar he has begged, or picked up in the street, and which, chopped fine and carefully wrapt in a morsel of paper, may lead him to forget for a while the more natural cravings of hunger. Boys, too, of the tenderest age must have their *cigarillos;* and some ladies are said to indulge in the same luxury, though I cannot say I ever witnessed this profanation of female lips. But I have seen the weed wrapt in the leaf of maize in tiny rolls scarcely thicker than a bodkin, professedly made for this unholy purpose.

No present is so acceptable to a Spaniard as some choice Habanas; nothing conciliates his

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good-will like the offer of a cigar. Is he in a towering passion, foaming with rage?—a cigar produces a magical effect; calms him down, like oil upon the waters; changes the lion into a lamb. Does he threaten you with violence or robbery? —the cigar, presented at this critical moment, will at least ensure civil treatment. On this account it is always advisable for the traveller in Spain, even though no smoker, to provide himself with a stock of cigars wherewith to propitiate the favour of all men. "*El cigarro es alcahuete*— the cigar is a procurer," says the proverb. It is the medium of introduction to any person, or to any house. If you wish to smoke, it is almost a sacred duty to supply you with a light; you may knock at any door, and the bows and compliments for the civilities rendered can be made the prelude to further acquaintance. The cigar levels for a time all distinctions. The noble could not refuse to take the cigar from his mouth, to assist the unbelighted peasant, who would not scruple to demand this common act of courtesy. Time, indeed, would fail to tell of the wonders to be wrought by a simple roll of tobacco-leaf.

Rarely have I met with a Spaniard who did not smoke, and never with one who used a pipe of any description. The desire of all

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classes, indeed, seems to be to smoke with as much delicacy as possible; few there are who do not cut up their cigars into *cigarillos*. The higher classes do not often smoke within doors, but the middle and lower smoke at every hour and in every place. In their hands, before, after, and even during meals; at home, in business, on the prado, in the public room or conveyance; and sometimes even in the theatre, is the cigar to be seen;—nay, I remember in a public office at Seville a smouldering rope's end tied to a column, that the clerks might have at hand where withal to light their cigars. A Spaniard and his cigar are inseparable.

But to return to my company at the *posada* of Velez Malaga. We sat for an hour or two chatting, the smoke issuing faster than the words, till the room was filled with a dense fog, through which even the full bright eyes of the *hija de casa*, as they peered at the stranger from over the shoulder of her brother, at length seemed dim. Of the conversation I shall only recount two adventures with robbers, which were related by the Malagueño, an *alquilador*,* well known in his native city. He vouched for the truth of one, as having heard it from the lips of the suffering

* One who lets horses on hire.

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party, and of the other as having happened to himself. They were to this effect.

Last winter, a gentleman in the English army was travelling on horseback from Jaen to Seville, attended by a guide. They stopped at a small *venta* to dine, and after the meal the Englishman took a short siesta. On waking, he continued his journey, but had not proceeded far when he missed a valuable ring from his finger, and immediately taxed his companion with having purloined it. The guide denied this stoutly, and answered the charge with insults. The gentleman, who, notwithstanding the man's denial, strongly suspected him to be the thief, cut a stick from a wood they were passing, and laid it across his back to silence his abuse. With the deadly revenge of an Andalucian, he turned immediately to draw the musket from behind his saddle, but the Englishman was too quick for him, and had already seized it. Then, having repeated the charge to no purpose, as a last resource, he presented the piece at the guide's head, threatening him with instant death if he did not deliver up the stolen property. Intimidated by this threat, and the resolute air with which it was enforced, the guide sullenly restored the ring, which he had in fact abstracted from the finger of the cavalier during his slumber. Soon after this, they reached

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the small village of Arjona, where the man found four or five of his thievish acquaintance, whom he engaged to waylay the Englishman on his road to Córdoba. They sprung out upon him accordingly, pulled him from his horse, robbed him not only of his ring but of his watch, purse, and baggage, and stripped him even to his shirt, leaving him only that garment and his passport. Not content with this, at the instigation of the revengeful guide, who was foremost in the work, they beat the poor man most unmercifully, and, giving him a violent kick in the stomach as he lay on the ground, left him senseless and half dead in the road. Here he was found some hours after by a party of *arrieros*, who, like good Samaritans, conveyed him to Córdoba, where, on showing his passport, he was received, pennyless as he was, at an inn. He wrote to a friend at Seville, who held some office under the British government. This gentleman went at once to Córdoba, supplied him with clothes and money, and obtained for him the best medical attendance the country could afford; but it was long before he recovered from the effects of the brutal treatment he had received.

This same friend of the English officer was once journeying, in company with the *alquilador* and another man, from Carolina in the Sierra

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Morena to Seville. On approaching Bailen, they observed five men on horseback, well armed, following them, whose suspicious appearance left them little doubt they were robbers; but as the travellers were also well provided with weapons, the rogues seemed inclined to defer an encounter till they could attack with more advantage. Seeing the danger that menaced them, the travellers, on reaching Bailen, determined to increase their party; and the *alquilador* bethought himself of a man with whom he had some slight acquaintance —the brother of a respectable blacksmith of Malaga, but himself a notorious thief. On this fellow, however, as the most likely person to serve them in this case, they resolved to rely; and asked him to provide them with an escort. As the means, whether honest or otherwise, by which he might gain money were indifferent to him, the thief agreed to the proposal, and engaged four of his companions, of similar reputation with himself, to accompany the party. They saw nothing of the *ladrones* on the road; and, on reaching Andujar, the travellers, congratulating themselves on their escape, dismissed the escort. Hardly, however, had they lost sight of this town, when the five robbers, breaking from an ambuscade challenged them to stand and deliver; and, observing them making preparations for resistance,

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opened their fire, which was promptly returned by the travellers, though now again but three in number. A party of peasants coming up at this moment, the robbers sheered off, having only wounded one of their opponents' horses in the encounter. Before entering Córdoba, the travellers were again attacked by the robbers, with whom they exchanged several volleys, but some *guardias del camino*, attracted by the firing, came to their assistance, and the bandits spurred away. The Englishman and his companions thus reached Córdoba in safety, but, on ascending the steep hill beyond that city, they spied their pertinacious foes posted on the summit, awaiting their approach. Shots were again exchanged, but the travellers continuing boldly to advance, a running fight was kept up as far as Luisiana, where the robbers, having tracked them for thirty-five leagues, found, like the fox with his grapes, that they were not worth plundering, and finally disappeared. But the marvellous part of the story is, that though so many shots were fired on both sides, no one appeared to have sustained any injury, except the horse as before mentioned; which proves at least one, perhaps all, of these three things—the wretched construction of the pieces—the unskilfulness of the combatants—the cowardice of the

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robbers, who, though so superior in numbers, were afraid to come to close quarters.

From the first I had not liked the *cosario*, my guide: his conduct with respect to the guns, a sulkiness, a bad humour, and the bullying tone which he assumed towards me, all made me wish the acquaintance at an end. As soon as I was dressed the next morning, he entered my chamber, and wanted to extort from me some two or three dollars beyond the stipulated sum, for the expenses of himself and his beasts. I refused this demand, telling him at the same time that I would pay the sum agreed upon, and have done with him at once. This was not what he wanted, for he was obliged to go on to Malaga, and doubtless thought he knew how to fleece me by the way. So he declared I had agreed to go with him, and with him I should go, and was about to carry off some of my luggage, when I snatched it from him, and as he rushed forward to secure it, I thrust him violently back, and sent him staggering to the other side of the apartment. The demon within him was roused; so uttering a horrid oath, and grinding his teeth, he drew forth his *navaja* from the folds of his sash. Knowing that an infuriated Spaniard is a deadly enemy, without a moment's hesitation, I drew a

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pistol from my pocket, and presenting it, charged him, on his peril, to begone instantly from the room. The bully was awed, and slunk away, muttering curses and revenge. I sent him the stipulated sum, and engaged horses and another guide to convey me to Malaga.

It is but justice to the valuable class of *cosarios* to add, that this man was the only exception I ever met with, to their well accredited courtesy and honesty.

Being anxious to reach Malaga before the sun should acquire much power, I left Velez soon after daybreak, not allowing myself sufficient time even to stroll through the town. In itself, however, it contains little to interest; the fertility of its Vega, and the magnificence of the surrounding scenery are its chief attractions.

On looking back from some little distance, I was struck with the beauty and grandeur of the scene. Velez itself was almost hidden by the intervening groves, but its castle rose up proudly on a hill in the midst, and a church on another to the right. Towering above these, and appearing to rise immediately behind, were some mountains, which were in turn backed by the far loftier chain of the Tejada, while greyish dun clouds in dense masses—the tempest-workers, perhaps, of the pre-

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ceding day—lay sluggishly curling between the two ranges. More to the right, and stretching along the coast till it died away in the distance, was another long chain of mountains, the famed Alpujarras, the lofty peaks of some thrown purply against the bright morning sky, and of others, lost in the heavy clouds which cast their gloomy shadows over all below. The edges of some of these dark masses were already brightly gilded, but the sun soon bursting through them, as he rose above the mountains, shot his rays down the slopes;—at the same time the topmost peak of the Tejada caught the golden light, and crag after crag, fissure after fissure, on its bare, storm-beaten crest, came into view, and all with so much distinctness, that, though many miles distant, it appeared but immediately behind the town of Velez. The clouds, too, that rolled round its base, instead of the grey gloom which they had hitherto worn, now assumed a brilliant whiteness, and reflected the light on to the western side of the Sierra, which was still in shade. A more magnificent piece of mountain scenery, as the shifting masses of cloud, now obscuring, now reflecting the sun-beams, momentarily produced new effects of light and shade, I think I had never before witnessed.

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We were passing over the well cultivated strip of level land which borders on the sea. Here we again forded the same small stream which had accompanied us for so many miles on the preceding day. Like many other rivulets in Spain, it did not seem to increase in volume as it advanced on its course, probably on account of receiving few tributaries—the mountain streams being mostly dried up by the summer heats—as well as on account of its waters being drained off to irrigate the low lands.

After some time, the sunny blue of the Mediterranean was seen gleaming through the foliage before us, and in a few minutes we were on the beach.

The tideless deep was spread out, still and hushed as a lake; not a ripple disturbed its glassy surface; the gentlest swell heaved not on its bright bosom; scarcely a murmur met the ear as the tiny wavelets, which should have been breakers, glided gently up and down the shore. A warm light mist lay on the horizon, dividing the dark blue of the sea from the softer but not smoother azure of the sky. I had never beheld the mighty deep so utterly tranquil. So calm was it, so intense its repose, that the sunbeams were reflected in a broad, untrembling sheet of

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gold, and the dazzlingly white latteen sails, which studded its surface, were reversed in their true outline in the blue mirror and lay,

> "As idle all as painted ships,
> Upon a painted ocean."

And this was the Mediterranean!—"the loud-resounding deep" of the blind Mæonian!—"the cloud-splashing sea" of the Roman bard! Had it grown tame and silent with age? No!—rather as an infant in slumber, it lay before me as I had ever loved to picture it; soft, bright, tranquil; the image of beauty and peace, the mirror of the pure heaven its canopy!

What unrecountable emotions are excited in the mind by the first view of the Mediterranean! A charm is ever hanging over this most beautiful of seas. A charm of antiquity—of romance—of poetry and genius. On its shores Homer walked and sung—sung, too, of it; its murmurs breathed in the lyre of the Mantuan bard; by its waves was Æneas tossed, and Ulysses shipwrecked; on its magic waters have gazed all the heroes, sages, and poets of antiquity; it has been their mirror, their pathway, their study, their god, their battle-field, or their grave. Empires and cities—Egypt,

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Assyria, Judæa, Troy, Tyre, Athens, Sparta, Macedon, Carthage, Rome—have risen and fallen on its shores. All that is great, ennobling, and spirit-stirring in the early history of the world, is associated with the Mediterranean. It is the chain whose crystal links bound together all the nations of antiquity.

It is scarcely less fertile in more modern interest. Byzantium, and the waning glories of the Latin empire,—the torrents of barbarians which swept down from the north and desolated its borders,—the various Mohammedan kingdoms which next sprang up on almost the entire circuit of its shores; some as pre-eminent in learning and refinement as others were low in the abyss of ignorance and barbarism,—Venice, the city of merchant-princes,—Genoa, her rival, who shot a ray across the ocean, and lighted a New World into being,—Spain, the land of the Moor, of the Cid, of song, chivalry, and love, once proudest among the nations of the earth,—have all conferred an undying interest and renown on the Mediterranean. The history of this sea is almost the history of the world.

Its shores, moreover, are rife with romance. The star of chivalry arose on the Mediterranean; throughout its course gilded her waters; in them was reflected in meridian splendour, eternally

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hallowing the Levant; and on them shed its last lingering beam.

Then what resplendent names have immortalized the Mediterranean! Her sons, from age to age, have been pre-eminent in arts, philosophy and enterprise—have encircled, as with a wreath of stars, her "azure brow." Can it be that there is in her sun-lit waters something peculiarly calculated to excite the imagination and refine the taste, or to inspire to great and noble deeds? Alas! the present condition of those countries, which will ever stand first and brightest on the rolls of history, refutes such an idea.

On those spots where the air once "breathed, burned" with the sublimest eloquence, with the most exalted patriotism; where the soil has often been watered with the blood of martyrs to liberty; where Imagination loved to brood as over her cherished home; where the arts attained an unrivalled, an unapproachable excellence; where philosophy and learning shed their brightest radiance; in a word, where civilization and refinement once reigned supreme;—on those spots now behold the effeminate, unlettered Italian; the ignorant, unpolished, and scarcely less effeminate Greek; the enslaved, but proud Turk—proud of his very slavery; the half-savage Moor and Arab, and the degraded Spaniard. All that now remains

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on these shores to charm, is Nature ever fresh and glorious, and the spirit of former times—a mournful radiance gilding the decay.

Our road lay along the shore, which was by turns sandy and shingly. It was overhung by steep cliffs, not in a continuous wall, but at intervals a chain of hills stretched down to the sea, and terminated in abrupt headlands crested with towers—a few of ancient, but most of modern construction. Between these outposts of the mountains, ran in fertile valleys, rich in corn, maize, sugar-canes, and more especially in vines, for this is eminently a wine country. Here the lofty Sierras of the interior were always visible, frowning in gloomy grandeur over the smiling slopes of the nearer hills.

This road differed from every other I had yet seen in Spain. I had travelled leagues together without passing a house, not even a solitary *venta*, but here the road was bordered by cottages, scattered at short intervals, the whole distance of twenty miles from Velez to Malaga; and every cottage was a *botellería*—a bottlery, or small wine and spirit shop, with bottles and glasses ranged on little shelves outside, or in the recesses of the windows, to tempt the passing traveller. On the thresholds of some of these

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abodes, women, with broad-brimmed hats of straw, which, among the peasantry, sometimes take the place of the *mantilla*, or *pañuelo*, sat, distaff in hand, beguiling their labour with songs. Before the doors of others, the wife was pouring out the *puchero* from the iron pot into the deep earthern pan, around which the husband and family sat anxiously watching the descent of the steaming mess that was to form their morning meal. Here, a child was lying with its head on its mother's lap, undergoing the operation of cleansing—but not with water; there, others of both sexes were kicking and rolling together on the earth, like a litter of puppies, in an equally blessed state of entire freedom from clothes and care, and disputing with swarms of fleas the possession of the burning sand.

I was much amused with the dexterity of a little boy who was driving some pigs along the road. When one was dilatory, or inclined to wander from the rest, he adjusted a stone in a small sling, and never failed by a smart blow to recall the refractory grunter to a sense of duty.

At the door of a *venta* on the top of a small hill, stood several horses, each with a musket slung on his crupper. At the glimpse of a party of

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men in gay *majo* costume within, my guide instantly spurred on his horse, telling me to follow, which I did at a gallop. On turning my head I saw several figures standing outside the *venta*, looking after us; we had already, however, a good start, and they seemed to think it useless to pursue. I could not get an explanation of this strange flight, till we reined up our horses almost breathless amongst a train of mules going to Malaga, when my guide seemed to consider himself safe. I was now surprised to hear that those whom I had supposed to be nothing less than bandits, were *guardias de camino*—guards of the highway. One of them, however, owed my *mozo* a grudge, and had threatened revenge whenever he could get him into his power. "*Y no dexaria de matarme*—and he would not fail to slay me," added the guide in evident trepidation. I knew too well the deadly nature of Andalucian revenge, to doubt the probability of the knife being called in to settle the dispute.

The road at length ascended one of the projecting cliffs, whose summit was crowned with a *torron*, or watch-tower, or as it would be called in England, a Martello. From this height, we looked across the Bay of Malaga to the white villages nestling at the foot of the mountains of Mija, which bordered the coast as it stretched far away

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towards Gibraltar; but Malaga itself, in the bight of the Bay, was not yet visible. In the opposite direction we looked down upon the strand we had just been traversing, on the fishermen hauling their barks ashore, and on trains of mules creeping along beneath the cliffs, which were crowned with *torrones* similar to that by our side. This was a large round tower, without a door, but with a window instead, at the height of eight or ten feet from the ground, from which hung a ladder of rope. These *torrones*, which extend with little interruption at about half a league apart along the coast from Velez to Gibraltar, are for the accommodation and telegraphic communication of the soldiers employed in the prevention of smuggling. Each contains eight or ten men. The rope-ladder, being drawn up at night, secures them from being surprised by armed bodies of *contrabandistas*. I met at Malaga with a man who had served several years in these *torrones*, and from him I learned some particulars.

The *contrabandista*, who conducts business on a large scale, receives his orders in the country, proceeds to Gibraltar, well provided with funds, buys the goods, freights a bark, and sails for the coast where he wishes to land. Here the vessel arrives generally at night; should she, if dis-

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covered, not respond satisfactorily to the hailing of the soldiers, a fire is lighted outside the nearest *torron*, and one tower after another repeats the signal, till, in a short time, all are on the alert, and a strong force of soldiery is ready at any point where a landing may be attempted. This is the legitimate course of events; but more generally the matter turns out otherwise. A "composition" is made. The vessel stands off during the day, but at night runs in towards the land, and the *contrabandista* rows ashore as a simple cavalier, and proceeds to the nearest tower. He answers the sharp challenge of the sentinel, "*Quien viva?*" by requesting to speak to the commanding officer on the station. When closeted with him, he confesses at once that he has a cargo of contraband goods to run ashore, and offers the soldier a good share in the spoil as the price of forbearance. It cannot be expected, in a country where most public servants, from the prime minister to the lowest *aduanero*, either peculate, or are open to bribery, and where it is hardly considered dishonourable, but almost one of the duties of an official station so to do—that an ill-paid military officer would make a display of public honesty, which would neither be understood nor appreciated. This argument to the pocket then rarely fails of success. The bargain is soon

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struck; the contrabandist is to land his cargo at a certain hour the next night, the captain is to withdraw his soldiers to another part of the coast, under pretence of having received intelligence of a meditated descent of a band of smugglers, and in recompense thereof, when the goods are safe inland, he is to receive a present of a handsome sum—several hundred dollars, it may be, more or less according to the value of the cargo. As there is honour among rogues, he does not refuse to trust to the honesty of the smuggler for the fulfilment of his part of the agreement.

In due time, the peasantry in league with the *contrabandista*, who have been looking out from the cliffs, and learned, from signals, the proposed hour of landing, come down to the beach, sometimes to the number of a hundred or more, all well mounted and armed. The goods being stowed away on the beasts, they set off for the mountains; and while a dozen men or so lead the laden animals, the rest march on either hand, muskets over their shoulders, and beat the country for fear of ambuscades. Should they fall in with a body of soldiers, a skirmish generally ensues; the troops aiming at the horses rather than at the men, well knowing that should any animals fall, as great delay would be occasioned in transferring their burdens to others, there they

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would most probably be left; in which case two-thirds of the booty would revert to the crown, and the remainder become the property of the conquerors. Most frequently, however, the *contrabandistas* reach the recesses of the mountains in safety, the beasts are unburdened, and the goods sent off the next morning to their respective destinations.

After passing through a village at the distance of a few miles from Malaga, and reaching the neighbourhood of a garden, where the date-palm was waving its feathery branches over groves of orange, citron, and pomegranate-trees, and where the *cigala*, or tree-locust, was singing loud and shrill, we caught sight of the lighthouse of Malaga at the extremity of the mole, which stretched far into the sea; and the city itself soon came into view, with its Cathedral and Tobacco-Factory standing prominently at the foot of the heights which are crowned with its ruined Moorish Castle. On we rode beneath these heights, passing a few straggling houses, the end of the mole, and the shipping in the harbour, and then beneath the Fabrica de Tabaco into the city itself. One of the first things that struck me on entering was "Mowbray, Ship Chandler"—"Hazlehurst"—and other English names, in large letters, over the doorways. I

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had seen nothing to remind me of home since leaving Seville, and having travelled all the morning by the side of the blue Mediterranean, along a coast where the palm, the orange, the olive, the pomegranate, the fig, and the sugar cane, were all flourishing most luxuriantly, and with everything else around me genuinely foreign, the strangeness of the associations to which these words gave rise, was truly bewildering.

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CHAPTER XI.

MALAGA.

Maluga tiene fama,
Y la tiene con razon—

Malaga hath fame,
And meriteth the same.

MALAGA, like the other cities of Andalucia, is of great antiquity, referring its origin to the Phœnicians, many centuries before Christ.* Its name is supposed to be from the Hebrew מלכא *Malcha* —royal.† By the Romans it was called Malaca, and was in their time of some importance, being a municipium and confederate city, and carrying

* Mariana, lib. i. cap. 15.
† Conde's Aledris, p. 186.

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on an extensive commerce, especially in salt-fish. Under the Moslem domination, according to the Arab historian, Rasis, Malaga was unrivalled for raisins and other fruits, corn, silk, and flax. For three centuries it was subject to the Khalifs of Córdoba, but in 1010 became, for a short time, the capital of one of the petty kingdoms, into which the ancient Khalifate was divided. It was shortly afterwards united again to the crown of Córdoba, and then to that of Seville, and was ultimately annexed, in the thirteenth century with the whole of Moorish Spain, to the kingdom of Granada. At that period it was a city of great wealth and importance, carrying on an extensive traffic with Barbary, and containing, it is said, a population of one hundred thousand souls.

Malaga fell into the power of the Christians in 1487, when it was taken by Ferdinand and Isabella. For more than three months the Moors held out with the greatest obstinacy against the formidable armies of Castille and Aragon; and only, after having suffered the most terrible privations, being reduced to the necessity of eating leather and wood, after thousands had been cut off by famine and the sword, and when all hope of receiving succour from Granada had failed—did they capitulate. For the particulars of this

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siege, I refer the reader to Washington Irving's Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada.

Malaga now forms one of the very few exceptions to the almost universal decay of Spain. It is a thriving city, with an increasing commerce. The annual exports of Malaga are said at present to average in amount more than 4,000,000 dollars, of which the value of 2,500,000 dollars is taken by the United States. England takes the second share, then France, Russia, and Holland, and a small portion of her productions finds its way to the Habana, and the other Spanish colonies. The exports are dried fruits, raisins in vast quantities, figs, almonds, lemons, fresh grapes also in abundance, olive oil, saffron, vermicelli, barilla, aniseed, the silk of Granada, serges and taffetan, brandy and soap. This soap is of superior quality; in the opinion of the natives, better than that of England. I was assured by a British merchant of Malaga, that one house in that city is at present making ten or twelve thousand sterling a-year by the manufacture of soap.

But wine is the principal export. The wine of Malaga was once highly esteemed in England, under the name of "Mountain," but the taste of the British public having of late years inclined more to Sherry, Malaga now finds its way into

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our market only in comparatively small quantities, and then chiefly as Sherry of inferior price. The greater portion of it is now consumed by the United States.

There is great variety in the wines of Malaga. They are both sweet and dry. The best sweet wines are Muscatel, very luscious—Lacrymæ Christi, exceedingly clear, of a pale amber or cowslip colour, growing darker with age—and Vino de Guindas, or cherry wine, not made from that fruit, but from the grape, and flavoured by a small branch of cherry-tree put into the cask. Though called a sweet wine it has rather a dryish taste. The best of the dry wines is the Malaga Sherry, made from the grape of Xeréz, transplanted to the neighbourhood of Malaga, but much inferior to the genuine Sherry—that is, to an English palate, for the Andaluces in general prefer it to the wine of Xeréz. This pseudo-Sherry is also frequently made by mixing the common dry wine of Malaga with that of San Lucar.

Malaga possesses a commodious, though artificial harbour, where shipping is protected from the easterly winds, which are prevalent and often very violent on this coast, by a handsome stone mole, five furlongs in length, terminating in a noble lighthouse. There is sufficient depth of

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water in the harbour for line-of-battle ships to ride in safety; but, alas! for the fallen state of Spain, it is rarely wanted by her marine. A brig of fourteen guns, and two or three gun-boats, each with a long traverse amidships, were the only Spanish vessels of war at anchor here during my stay at Malaga: the other craft were a few tiers of coasters—*misticos* and *faluchos*—and a small American barque.

Opposite the mole on the western side of the harbour is a little quay, on which are the Custom-house and Office of Health, fronted by arbours of trellis-work luxuriantly covered with vines. Here is usually a bustling scene; vessels alongside receiving or discharging their cargoes—goods in bales—heaps of Valencia melons—butts of wine, and chests of fruit, spread over the quay; with sailors of various nations and different costumes—*aduanueros* strutting about, with a due sense of their own importance—*Gallegos*, or Gallician porters, trotting backwards and forwards with their loads—and a good sprinkling of *desocupados*, idlers common enough in Spain, who seem to consider the great end of life to consist in staring at and chatting with women, smoking *cigarillos*, and gambling; and who, however worthless in other respects, add wonderfully by their picturesque cos-

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tume, to the interest and character of the foreground of a Spanish scene.

The shore between this quay and the mole is lined with warehouses. To the beach on the other side the quay, the superb Andalucian horses are brought to be washed. A man, whose only garment is a pair of short light drawers, leads them one by one into the waves, till the head of the horse, and his own swarthy, bearded visage, and brawny arms, as he clings to the bridle, are alone visible. As I watched them plunging and struggling together, the noble animal, with dilated eyes and snorting nostrils, dashing about through the foam, rearing and striking the waves with his fore feet, I thought it not improbable that some such scene as this had suggested to the imaginative Greeks their Tritons and sea-horses.

From this quay westward extends the Alameda, not, as at Cadiz, looking over the sea, though running parallel to the shore, but flanked on either hand by a range of lofty regular houses, the most magnificent in Malaga, and equal, if not superior, to any I had seen in Spain. It is a broad, paved walk, nearly a quarter of a mile in length, adorned with rows of acacias and double-blossomed oleanders, at this season (July), pre-

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senting compact masses of rose-coloured bloom. At its eastern extremity, a large fountain of very indecent description throws up its waters. The Malagueños excuse its presence as a foreign curiosity, telling you that it was made in Italy to suit the Italian taste, but on its passage by sea, it was captured by a Spanish vessel, and brought into Malaga, where it has ever since remained. At the opposite extremity of the Alameda, another shaded walk extends at right angles down to the sea, and ends in a jetty—the favourite resort of bathers. A little beyond this, to the west, is the mouth of the river Guadalmedina, in the summer season often dried up, but a broad bed of sand shows the size of its winter volume. On the further side of this stream are the vast storehouses of the wine—the wealth of Malaga.

The extent of Malaga is about the same as in the time of the Moors, though its present population is only sixty-two thousand souls. It is a neat city, with clean white or yellow buildings, and, like all cities on the coast, has a much more modern air than those of the interior. The houses, with the exception of those on the Alameda, are not as lofty or regular as in Cadiz, nor have they that freshness of colour, and brilliancy of white, which give to that city so peculiarly gay and fairy-like an aspect. The roofs are some-

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times flat, and sometimes sloping and tiled as in Seville and Granada; *miradores* or kiosks generally surmount the better class of houses. The streets are narrow and winding; those of the meaner description are extremely offensive to the nose, and somewhat perhaps to the eye, for children of both sexes entirely guiltless of clothes, but well wrapt in filth, are frequently to be seen gambolling about, or basking in the sun at the doors of the houses with their heads on some slumbering dog or pig, who good-naturedly offers his carcase as a pillow.

There are several Moorish remains in Malaga. In passing through the streets you meet with these in remnants of buildings—a large horse-shoe archway—a fragment of a house or wall—or part of a mosque, now incorporated with a modern Church. I remarked one small tower in particular, beautifully faced with coloured arabesques in relief, like those on the exterior of the Giralda. But the Moorish castle is the lion of Malaga.

This vast fortress covers the entire slope of a rocky height, which rises immediately to the east of the city. It was built in the year 1279, by Aby Said Farakh, governor of Malaga under the kings of Granada; and is interesting rather on account of its antiquity than of anything it

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now presents to the eye, as it is throughout in a most ruinous condition. It is composed of two castles; the upper is called the Gibralfaro—signifying in Arabic "the hill of the Pharos"—from a lighthouse said to have been built on its summit by the Romans, and which was, probably, found standing by the Arabs on their invasion in 711. The whole fortress, as it now exists, however, is the work of the Saracens, though many remains of Roman architecture have at various periods been discovered here, especially fragments of a temple, which is also said to have stood on the hill. Beneath one of the horse-shoe gateways of the Alcazaba, or lower castle, are still to be seen two Roman columns, or parts of columns fluted, without capitals, and of great thickness; further within, are two more with capitals of the Corinthian order, and a fifth beyond these.*

Early in the morning, after my arrival in Malaga, I visited the castle. The Alcazaba, which stretches quite down into the city, is entered through a horse-shoe gateway in a tower, which, like most Moorish gateways, does not open in a straight line, but makes several bends within the

* Alcazaba is from the Arabic القصاب *al-kasāb*—the treasury. The Spanish word is, however, always used in the sense of fortress.

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tower. A narrow and winding passage then leads up through many other gates and towers to a large esplanade or court, surrounded by an ancient wall, with small towers in ruins at intervals, and a very large one rising at its upper end, which originally formed part of the Arab palace. Nebrixa, a chronicler who lived at the time of the celebrated siege, says there were then one hundred and ten large towers, besides many turrets, in the walls of the Alcazaba; but it must be observed that it has a treble line of walls towards the sea, and a double line on the side overhanging the city. The esplanade now contains many small cottages. From it, I saw the towers of the Gibralfaro, crowning the summit of the steep hill above, but as there is now no direct communication from the Alcazaba, I was obliged to retrace my steps, and leave the court by a gateway on the southern side. Passing rows of small houses, fronted with vine-arbours, I ascended for some distance the steep face of the hill beneath the walls. When near the summit I entered a breach, and found myself between two long parallel ranges of wall, about thirty feet apart, which stretched up the slope above to the Gibralfaro, and also far beneath me till they seemed to join the large tower of the Alcazaba. They originally formed a defensible line of communication between the two castles. I mounted the ram-

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parts, and ascending by a terrace on the wall, at length sat down to contemplate the magnificent scene.

The parallel ranges of wall lead the eye westward to the lower castle, whose dark, massive, time-worn towers rise in grand contrast above the light modern buildings of the city which lie beyond at their feet. The square pile of the Cathedral, surmounted by its lofty steeple—the huge Tobacco-Factory hard by—the towers and spires of other churches and convents, mingling with the snowy kiosks—the Alameda with its regular buildings and lines of blooming shrubs—the rows of warehouses, freshly coloured, on the shore—the piers projecting into the sea—and on the other side of the city, the ruinous and antique air of the habitations—are the distinguishing features of Malaga as viewed from this height. On the coast beyond the city rises the lofty chimney of an iron-foundry, recently erected by an Englishman to smelt the ore yielded by the neighbouring mountains, and to pollute the pure blue sky of Spain; and beyond for leagues extends the Vega, bounded on the north by a range of mountains of bold outline, and on the west by the Sierra de Mija, which runs parallel to the coast till it sinks to a long low point in the direction of Gibraltar. On the strip of cultivated land

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between this chain and the sea lies, sparkling from the bosom of groves, the white village of Churriana, a favourite resort of the citizens of Malaga. The southern side of the Castle-hill is very precipitous and craggy, scantily feathered with shrubs and underwood. At its foot, the long mole, terminated by the lighthouse, stretches into the sea, and beyond, extends in far horizon the Mediterranean, of the softest blue, with here and there a snow-white sail gleaming on its unruffled surface. To the east, the view is broken by the yellow towers of the Gibralfaro above, and by the wild outline of the craggy steep.

The vessels in the harbour from this height appear dwindled into mere boats, and the taunt spars of the American barque seem scarcely to overtop the stumpy masts of the *misticos* and *faluchos* around her. One of the latter craft has just raised her pair of snowy wings, and is gliding away almost imperceptibly with a swan-like grace out of the harbour. Several hundred feet immediately beneath me, is the prison of the galley-slaves, and I see them, in the large court adjoining, standing in groups, reclining in the shade of the walls, or walking up and down in pairs, as if chained together. A few soldiers stand sentinels over them, their bayonets glancing brightly in the sun. Peasants are passing

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along the road beyond, driving their asses in or out of the city. Some few ladies are taking a morning ramble on the mole, or on the small alameda adjoining, which is red with geraniums in full bloom.

How different this scene from an English seaport! Not a wreath of smoke rises from the multitude of houses; even the foundry is at rest; no rumbling of carts and carriages reaches the ear; no hum of busy thousands tells that the human world has risen from its slumbers, and is rejoicing in the new day. The church bell calling to early mass; the hammering from a boat on the beach, re-echoing from the rocks at my feet; the "*arre!*" of a muleteer from the road below, are the only sounds that from time to time break the deep silence, or rather the sweet, gentle murmur of the summer sea—the musical breathings of its slumber.

But it is nearly six o'clock, and the sun is so powerful that I can sit no longer, and must hasten to the upper castle while his rays are yet to be borne.

The entrance to the Gibralfaro is through a gateway in a ruined tower, whose domed ceiling alone retains traces of its original beauty. A large court, having an *algibe*, or tank, in the centre, then opens, bounded by ruined walls, which wind up far above to the very summit of the hill; in a

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few parts they are in a tolerable state of preservation, but in general are much dilapidated, with broken towers and crumbling battlements. Within this enclosure all is alike ruin—store-houses and vaults, unroofed and overturned—wells and tanks choked up with rubbish,—one large building alone, apparently of modern construction, and several small sentry-boxes of stone, yet remain standing. Much of the ruinous state of this fortress was occasioned by the artillery of Ferdinand during the celebrated siege of 1487. The silence, the solitude, the desolation, all tended to excite melancholy in my mind as I wandered alone among the ruins, for, though Inglis's adventure in this castle was fresh in my memory, I had ventured to explore it unattended. But though gloom reigns within the Gibralfaro, all is bright and joyous without. Clambering up the ramparts on the summit of the hill, I obtained an enchanting view, which completed the panorama, one half of which, as seen from below, has just been described. The slope beneath me was more gradual than on the other side of the hill, and was clothed with vines. At its base lay part of the city, and beyond, the Vega, or Hoya, as it is otherwise called, richly variegated with corn-fields, vineyards, orchards, and olive-woods; and here and there a snow-white villa was smiling from the groves. The plain was bounded on the north at the distance

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of a few miles by a noble range of mountains, whose bold bare peaks and craggy sides were gilded by the morning sun. To the east, lower chains stretched away towards Velez, their bases washed by the glittering waters of the Mediterranean. Amid the recesses of the mountains to the east, did the Christian army, under the Marquis of Cadiz, and D. Alonso de Aguilar, at the commencement of the last war of Granada, experience a disastrous route from the Moors, headed by El Zagal, uncle of Boabdil.

The Cathedral of Malaga is a light, handsome building in the Italian order of architecture; in plan not unlike that of Granada, though inferior in size and beauty. It is seen to great advantage from without; its compact body, and lofty steeple, two hundred and seventy feet high, towering above all the buildings of the city, produce a very fine effect. The interior is richly ornamented with marbles, carving and gilding. There are few pictures of merit, but several superior specimens of that painted sculpture in wood, in which the Spanish school excelled.

While contemplating these statues, I was led to enquire why plain marble figures seem superior as works of art to this painted sculpture; which is undoubtedly the case. Is it the force of habit leading us to associate the idea of coloured figures with the wax-work busts that in England adorn

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the barbers' windows ? It may be so in part, but I think not entirely. There seems to me a legitimate reason why plain sculpture, *cæteris paribus*, should be preferred to coloured. The latter is too natural—the colour imparts an air of life which destroys its ideality.

In sculpture, instead of being inferior to nature, art often transcends it. The most perfect creations of the sculptor are still copies of nature, it is true, but not of nature as actually seen, as existing in a single individual; they are the excellences of many in combination; and this exaltation, this glorification, if I may so say, of the human form, constitutes the peculiar charm of sculpture, a charm which would be destroyed by any thing that would assimilate it too nearly to ordinary life.

In coloured representations of the human figure on canvass, there is still enough dissimilitude to leave room for the exercise of the imagination, for but one half is visible, the other exists only in the mind of the beholder. But the statue, the full, tangible, actual figure of marble, shaped and fashioned like the human form, were it arrayed in the hues of life, would be too natural; it would lose all its ideal; it would, in short, affect the mind of the spectator just as do the figures in Madame Tussaud's exhibition, as correct imitations of life, and nothing further. It would cast aside its

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robe of poetry when it assumed its garments of colour; it would want that refinement, that delicacy, that spirituality, that freedom from grossness, which the work of pure marble possesses. Colour a cast of the Venus de Medici as much like life as possible; make one of wax, if you would have all the transparency of flesh, and you destroy its charms as a work of art; you rob it of its ideality; you contemplate it with new, but less exalted feelings. The goddess no longer, it represents the woman.

The very incompleteness in sculpture constitutes its peculiar excellence.

The stranger in Malaga should not neglect to visit the Protestant cemetery, a spot of ground shaded by cypresses, on the lower slope of the Castle-hill, and overlooking the sea. This, the only ground in Spain appropriated to the burial of Protestants, was obtained some years since from the Spanish government through the exertions of Mr. Mark, the British Consul, but only on the express condition that no Protestant place of worship should be erected—a thing bigotry will not yet tolerate in any part of Spain. Poor Boyd, who, with the unfortunate Torrijos and fifty-one others, was treacherously entrapped and inhumanly massacred by the Cura Moreno, was the first who was here interred. Nearly opposite, on the sea-shore, stands a large stone cross—a

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sentinel, as it were, over the spirits of the heretics.

The theatre of Malaga is round in form, with two tiers of boxes, and a *cazuela* above, and is as destitute of ornament as any other Spanish playhouse. Here I witnessed the performance of the *bolero, cachucha,* and *manchega,* on the same evening. So great is their resemblance, that it is difficult for the stranger to comprehend the distinguishing features, as these consist rather in the variation of the movements and order of each dance, than in its character; for all have one common character—all are the pantomimes of love — all have the same fascinating air and style, peculiar to the dances of Spain. The *bolero,* however, is my favourite. The *manchega* so much resembles it that I have heard Spaniards dispute the identity, but the performers in the latter seem to spring higher than in the *bolero.* In the *cachucha* there is not so much whirling as in the other two.

The market is held in an open space to the north of the Alameda. Come with me, reader: let us take a morning's stroll together through this bustling scene of barter! Heyday! what a crowd!—the whole world of Malaga, or at least all the lower world, seems to be here congregated. Women in shawls, red, brown, blue, or yellow, thrown over their heads like *mantillas.*

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Look at them as they glide by!—they well sustain the reputation of the Malagueñitas for grace and beauty. Men in many varieties of Spanish costume. There are traces of Valencia in the loose and short white Moorish drawers, yclept *bombachos*—of Cataluña in the crimson woollen cap hanging half way down the back—of La Mancha in the close-fitting, betasselled *montera*. But the *majos* are most numerous. There they strut, with cigars in their mouths, their hands on their hips, and gay, tagged jackets hanging over their left shoulders, or with long striped *mantas* carried in the same manner. The legs of some are graced with *botines* of white leather, elegantly figured; others are shod with coarse sandals alone. There is a reminiscence of Granada in that high-peaked, close-rimmed hat; and of Cadiz and Seville in that which is lower and small-crowned, though still conical, and with a bunch of tassels dangling from the brim; but the showy handkerchief, which alone covers so many heads, is peculiar to no one part of Andalucia. Observe the dark scowling eyes, and ferocious expression of these *majos*; such a mischief-plotting, cut-throat-looking set of fellows as these Malagueños you will not match in any other part of the province.

Here and there, amid this throng of the lower orders, you may observe a stately *dama* in black

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silk or lace *mantilla*,—a cavalier in an entire suit of white linen, and a low-crowned, napless white hat, with broad brims lined with green velvet,—or soldiers of the National Guard in gay uniforms and high, cockaded schakos.

Now let us leave the thick of the crowd, and look around. The first objects that strike the eye are the many-cornered awnings of canvass propped up by sticks and distended by ropes, resembling huge white bats with wings outspread; beneath their shade sit good dames, fenced in with ramparts of baskets, piled high with tempting fruit, where oranges, lemons, purply-black *brevas*, transparent muscatels, the figs of the prickly-pear, mulberries, cherries, peaches, apricots, almonds, and walnuts, mingle their hues in rich and dazzling contrast.

"What does your-mercy want, little sir?" cries the lady in waiting; "oranges?—sweeter than honey—apricots—figs—grapes?" watching your eye as it runs over the luscious fruit; "good, good are they, take them, little cavalier!" and she complacently mutters to herself as she serves you, "How rich I have them—*que ricas las tengo!*"

Under other awnings are baskets of *tomates* of bright green or coral red, raising visions of dainty sauce in the imagination; *pimientas*, peas, artichokes, fat yellow *garbanzos* of eternal *puchero*

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memory, and vegetables of many other descriptions.

With all this to delight the eye, there are onions almost as large as skulls piled up in heaps, and bundles of garlic freshly cut, to regale the nose with their delicate perfume. Hard by, the ground is strewed with gourds of various sizes and forms, spherical, oval, or sausage-shaped, from the small *pepino*, or cucumber, to the huge *navasa*, a yard or more in length, like an overgrown Brobdignag individual of the same family. Here, too, are green and yellow-streaked melons from Valencia, but beware how you purchase them, for there is truth in the saying, "Melons are like women, not to be judged by the outside." The guardians of these treasures are stretched at full length in the shade, seeking amusement with their neighbours in a pack of greasy, thumb-worn cards. A party of sailors comes up, caterers from some vessel in the harbour, and the gamblers spring to their feet and eagerly contest the honour of serving them.

"*Panes! panecillos!*—loaves, rolls! how rich! look, sirs, how fine, whiter than snow!" cries a baker, squatting on the ground, with his store of loaves of all sizes and forms, round, oval, or ring-shaped, spread out before him on cloths or matting, and attracting you with their smooth biscuity crust. His companion is emptying the deep

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panniers of his ass of his stock in trade, still glowing from the oven.

Near these sits a woman, also on the ground, with a basket of eggs on one side, and on the other, spread upon a cloth, are small flat cakes of goat's-milk cheese, with corrugated rinds; one or two are divided to display the tempting whiteness of the interior. Next to her sits another woman with a tray on her lap, covered with small piles of copper coin, with which she assists in settling the accounts of her neighbours, reserving some *maravedis* to herself for the accommodation she affords.

Before those meat stalls, within which sit the salesmen (Hibernicè) of the fair sex, cooling themselves with their fans instead of using them to drive away the swarms of flies, stand a group of peasants bandying jokes, and haggling about some cow's-flesh; their sticks thrust through their sashes behind; while their asses stand patiently by, awaiting with drooping heads the conclusion of their masters' bargains.

Now your ears are dinned with a long catalogue of fish, if you pause a moment at a fish-stall. You turn aside only to encounter a basket of small crabs thrust in your face, the action accompanied with the cry "*Cangrejos frescos! frescos! gusteles usted!*" and you are urged to essay and crunch

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one of these amphibious spiders, which you are assured are such nice tender little things—"*cositas tan tiernecitas!*"

Here, beneath a wall, the ground is strewed with crockery of every description, from the ranks of huge red oil-jars—forty of which might well have concealed the whole renowned gang of Thieves—to the small, light, brittle *alcarrazas*, or porous water-coolers, so indispensable in this burning climate. The vender's time is divided between cursing the troops of mules and asses which every now and then dash by at full speed and threaten his fragile stock with demolition, and crying up the beauty and excellency of his wares,—"*Loza...a! loza fina...a! loza de Sevilla...a!*" and he taps some article at the same time with his nail or a small stick, till your ears tingle with the ringing sound. There are vessels of more substantial materials for the rich wine of the country; small *botas* of goatskin, with a horn mouthpiece for the thirsty traveller; and the inflated shells of the animals, minus only the head and other extremities, which cannot fail to remind you of the sanguinary combat, in which the illustrious knight of La Mancha struck off the head of the giant enemy of the Princess Micomicona.

Mounds of charcoal, in large logs, now meet your eye. Dingy-faced, besmutted peasants, smok-

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ing *cigarillos*, are seated on the inverted panniers in which it was conveyed from the mountains by the way-worn asses, which stand munching or dosing at their side.

Beneath a neighbouring wall is a crowd of boys congregated around a large cauldron, suspended over a wood fire, while a man, shouting all the time at the top of his voice, stirs up with a huge ladle a mess of *garbanzos* of the colour of lead.

Hard by, wrapped in ponderous brown cloaks, stand two or three fellows, leaning against the sunny wall, luxuriating in the heat and their blissful indolence, and contemplating the wreaths of smoke sent up from their mouths and nostrils to greet their half-shut, drowsy eyes.

These men are making *alpargatas* (sandals) sewing, binding, and beating the *esparto* rush into a solid mass, for the protection of the soles of the peasantry. Those are shoeing a horse, not fastening him to crib or stall with a halter, but confining him to one spot by thrusting his bent knee through a loop of leather suspended from his shoulder, and thus elevating his hoof for the operation. And see that ass undergoing the process of shearing! his fore-legs are tied together with a sash supplied from the waist of the gipsy operator, while he stands with due resignation during the removal of his upper garments by

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the shears, modestly contented that his lower half is still left encased in his shaggy breeches.

If you wish to add to your wardrobe, there are shops of tailors around the Plaza, where you may be rigged out in a trice, *á lo majo*, in all the colours of the rainbow; and even in the midst of the crowd you may have some second-hand garment thrust in your face, as though, like a nosegay, it would attract with its odour.

Here, are hawkers of guns, knives, and guitars. There, are well-polished shells spread out on the ground, with baskets of variously coloured eggs to ornament your apartments; or should your breast burn with an extraordinary flame of loyalty and gallantry united, you may evince it by purchasing for the same purpose a printed representation of Her Most Catholic baby Majesty, Isabel Segunda, and her more charming, though less Majestic mother, Cristina.

Besides a thousand sweets and playthings for your infant tribe, if you possess the cognomen of Papa, you have drums, fifes, wooden swords, and other innocent weapons to encourage the development of their budding organs of combativeness and destructiveness. Fans at two farthings apiece, to coax the faint air into a breeze, and refresh the mind at the same time with some quaint proverb or couplet with which they are inscribed; casta-

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nets for the evening *fandango*, which the little urchin who offers them for sale is for ever working into the monotonous rattle of the *matraca* (gipsy-dance), in order to convince you of the clearness and sharpness of their tone. Then there are canaries, real importations from their native islands, and many other feathered songsters to charm your ear; doves and pigeons from Barbary, all in cages of cane; with parrots from no one knows where.

Besides the demands on your purse, for which you expect an equivalent, there are others whose only recompense is the inward satisfaction of doing good. "By the love of God!"—"By the Passion of Christ!"—"By the pangs of the much-afflicted Mother of God!" and by a legion of saints, you are called upon to "bestow a little alms, if it be only an *ochavico*," upon some "*pobrecito*," or "*pobrecita*," which its mother carries in her arms, or drags limping at her heels. If, through compassion or disgust, you yield to the whining entreaties of these miserable wretches, you have their assurance that whatever you bestow will be placed to the creditor side of your account at a future day.

Add to the noises already mentioned, the unceasing cry of "*Agua...a!*" and a thousand others mingling confusedly, all in the nasal, melancholy,

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drawling tone of Andalucia—which takes the place of the sharp "Buy, buy, buy!" of the London markets—and you may perhaps form some idea of the combination of human tones which grace the market-place of Malaga. But there are the cackling and crowing of innumerable fowls trampling over one another in their efforts to escape from the crowded hampers—the barking of dogs —the lowing of oxen—the screaming of macaws —and the whole is relieved from time to time by the squealing of some hog, which sings out most lustily whenever the state of his ribs is examined, verifying the proverb, "if you want noise, buy a pig,"—or by the braying of some impatient *borrico*, which adds his see-saw note to the harmonious concert of sweet sounds, and is, of course, immediately responded to by every polite and sympathizing donkey within hearing.

The crowd is now and then disturbed by horses crossing the square, whose sleek, glittering coats and dripping manes and tails show that they have just emerged from the waves—and sometimes by a beast, whose owner, wishing to display his paces, trots him rapidly up and down through the throng, to the great terror and rage of all dealers in crockery. From time to time, also, files of asses creep through the square, carrying sand in deep *capazos* or panniers. When enter-

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ing the market thus heavily laden, they move slowly enough, but it is quite another thing when they have discharged their burdens—which, by-the-bye, is done by the driver tilting one pannier, so as to destroy the balance, and the whole comes to the ground, emptying itself in the fall. The master then bestrides the headmost *borrico*, seating himself on his *manta* between the panniers, takes out his *cigarillo*, and, when this is lighted and stuck between his teeth, he digs his heels into the animal's shoulders, accompanying the action with an emphatic "*Arre! c——jo!*" and away darts the ass, rattling his long bell, and is followed by the rest of the train, scattering the crowd on every side, and shaking out clouds of dust at every step. There is no *non sequitur* in the train, for the head of each animal is attached by a cord to the saddle of the preceding, so that will he, nill he, he must follow.

It is high time that we should do likewise, and quit the market-place of Malaga.

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CHAPTER XII.

ROUTE TO RONDA.

Ein freies Leben führen wir,
Ein Leben voller Wonne.
Der Wald ist unser Nachtquartier,
Bei Sturm und Wind hanthieren wir,
Der Mond ist unsre Sonne.

SCHILLER.

O posadas de madera
Arcas de Noe, adonde
Si llamo al Huesped, responde
Un buey, y sale una fiera.
Entrome, y al momento
Lagrimas de ciento en ciento
A derramallas me obliga,
No sé qual primer diga
Humo ó arrepentimiento.

GONGORA.

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When at Malaga, I heard much of the dangers of the road to Ronda. It was scarcely three years since, that José Maria and his bandits set the troops of the government at defiance among the mountains of Ronda; and though that band no longer existed, robberies were represented to be still very frequent, as the inhabitants of the villages on the road were lawless characters, mostly smugglers, who, when opportunities offered, were ever ready to act as robbers, either as solitary footpads, or in small organised bands. On this account, a *mayorazgo*, or heir to an entailed estate, who had lately arrived from Ronda, had deemed an escort of fourteen soldiers necessary for his protection. As a further hint of the insecurity of the road, the *corsario*, with whom I engaged to travel, advised me to take no more cash than was requisite for the expenses of the road, and to leave the rest of what I might have on hand with him in Malaga, promising to repay me on reaching Ronda. Though this is frequently done by travellers, I preferred being my own treasurer.

On reaching the *posada*, the place of rendezvous, I found the large room within filled with horses, mules, and asses; some already laden, others undergoing the process; while the tra-

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vellers assembled were discussing in knots the subject for the time most interesting to all—the journey.

We left Malaga by the western gate. When at some little distance, I turned to survey the city. It was already in shade; the spire of the Cathedral, and the tops of the other towers, were alone catching the rays of the declining sun, which still glared fully on the ruined walls of the Castle, stretching up the slope of the hill beyond; the sea extended in a broad line of deep blue to the right, and the cultivated plain opened to the left, bounded by a range of bold peaked mountains glorying in the evening light, while those on the other hand, or to the west, were now masses of rich purple crested with gold.

Night found us in an expanse of open country, slightly undulating and apparently heathy, lying between the mountains of the interior just mentioned, and the Sierra de Mija which borders on the coast.

After journeying some miles, a strong light glared in the distance before us; on approaching, we found it to issue from a small open shed, in front of which stood several horses with guns on their flanks. Some men stepped out and demanded money, but in too quiet a way for banditti, and I was at first at a loss to understand

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what it meant. Presently one came to me, and in an authoritative tone, as though he would take no refusal, demanded money for the protection he afforded as *guardia de camino.* This is a tax to which the traveller in Spain is always liable on meeting with these police, and which he would joyfully pay, were they efficient and not in league with the rogues it is their duty to suppress, as is too frequently the case. I afterwards learned that the man whom I paid on this occasion, had been one of José Maria's band, which would account for his imperative bearing. As one cannot pass a day in Andalucia without hearing of José Maria, and as that part of the country I was now entering was the principal field of his exploits, a few particulars concerning him may be neither uninteresting nor out of place.

José Maria was originally a small farmer in a village near Antequera, but not meeting with success, he assumed the more profitable, and in Spain more honourable, profession of a smuggler. In an affray with the military he shot one dead, made his escape into the mountains, and being there joined by some wild fellows, outlaws like himself, who created him their chief, his name soon became the terror of the South of Spain. His head-quarters were in the steep and lofty mountains of Ronda, in the vicinity of Graza-

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lema, but he traversed the whole of Andalucia, and so rapid and mysterious were his movements, that while at one time he seemed ubiquitous, at another he was nowhere to be found. A story is current, that an English lord came to Spain for the express purpose of meeting with this brigand, but after long seeking him in vain in his usual haunts, he gave up the search in despair, and was travelling onward to Madrid, when, between Carmona and Ecija, he was waited upon by José in person, who, in return for his condescension in seeking an interview, politely relieved him of his purse and baggage, in order that he might journey without incumbrance to the capital.

José had different methods of raising money. He would send to the gentlemen or farmers in the country, and demand a large sum, many thousand dollars, threatening, unless this were paid within a certain time, to burn down their houses and lay waste their lands. These threats, it is said, José never failed to put in execution, though he seldom committed personal violence except when resistance was offered. Another plan was so daring that it could hardly be projected in any other European country than Spain, where, however, from the supineness of the police it met with great success. It was, with his troop well armed and mounted, to take up a station on the

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high-road, sometimes even within sight of a great city, and there remain all day, stopping every traveller that passed, robbing all, and carrying off the most wealthy and influential to be ransomed.

Englishmen have often paid forced contributions to José's treasury; even those of the garrison of Gibraltar have not escaped his depredations. It is an oft-told story, that a party of officers, on a shooting excursion among the mountains inland from Gibraltar, were suddenly attacked and made prisoners by his band; that one of them, on the first surprise, used his weapon and wounded a brigand; that the lives of all were consequently in danger, and were spared only by José's representing to the infuriated robbers that a large ransom would be more available than a heap of corpses. One of the party was accordingly sent down to Gibraltar to procure this ransom, while his friends were detained as hostages for his return at a certain hour the next day, and he was warned that the first appearance of an attempt at rescue would be the signal for the immediate massacre of all his comrades. He made the best of his way to the Fortress, but could not reach it before the gates were shut for the night, and he had to wait till the special per-

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mission of the Governor for his admittance was procured. Then he had no easy task to collect in a few hours the large amount of cash demanded, and to reach the mountains in time to save the lives of his friends, which depended on his punctuality; but he did accomplish it, and the party returned to Gibraltar in safety, warned for the future not to venture so far from the guns of the Fortress, unless in sufficient numbers to set José and his band at defiance.

So formidable at length became the power of this *ladron*, that the public conveyances were compelled to pay him black-mail, to ensure their safety, and travellers would endeavour to procure from him passports to carry them securely through his dominions; for he was, in fact, as absolute in Andalucia, as Ferdinand himself was at Madrid, and he was literally what he was styled by the peasantry, "*El Señor del Campo*—the Lord of the Country." This sway he exercised for more than ten years, from 1823 to 1833, which reflects not very favourably on the strength or energy of Ferdinand's government. Troops were, indeed, occasionally sent against him, but he always contrived to elude them, or to oppose them with success. The secret of his long continued impunity may be traced to the fact, that many of the local authorities, influ-

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enced either by fear or interest, were in collusion with him, and that the peasantry all wished him success; for, as he never oppressed them, but by opposing the regular troops, assisted and protected their smuggling transactions, in which they are nearly all, in one way or other, engaged, he was greatly beloved and venerated. He was, in fact, regarded as a hero; for such a life, wild and adventurous, where there is plenty of plunder and no laborious duty, has wondrous charms in the eyes of the lower Andaluces, by whom the laws of *meum* and *tuum* have never been well understood.

How long José might have continued in power it is impossible to say, but like some other great men he chose to abdicate. In 1833, he made his own terms with the Queen's government, stipulating to break up his band on condition of receiving an *indulto*, or pardon for all past offences, and a salaried appointment as an officer of Miqueletes, or police. He did not long exercise this honest calling, for soon after, when attempting to secure some of his former comrades who had taken refuge in a farm-house, he was shot dead as he burst open the door.

With all his bad qualities, José had some of a redeeming character. Among these were his kindness to his female prisoners; his generosity

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to the poor; his forbearance, for he frequently restrained his troop from acts of violence, and displayed on occasions a certain chivalrous nobleness, hardly to be expected from a robber. In person he was very small, scarcely more, I was assured, than five feet in height, with bow legs; but he was stout, strong and active, and for what he was deficient in body he made amends in boldness, determination, and talent. His success, and the long continued control which he exercised over the lawless fellows who composed his band, proved these qualities, and that he possessed the difficult art of command. His courage indeed was proverbial. As an instance of it, it is reported that he once ventured into the presence of the Prime Minister at Madrid, and dared to beard him in his own house; but this I regard as one of the many strange and improbable stories concerning him, which are in circulation among the peasantry.

At the distance of about three leagues from Malaga we passed near the poor village of Cartama, retaining the name, and occupying the site of an ancient Roman city, to whose magnificence the many remains that have been discovered bear testimony. The moon now rising, disclosed a country more wooded and fertile than that we

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had already passed; it became, too, more hilly as we advanced, and our path led continually up and down the slopes, and often crossed a stream which wound among them.

Our march was not in silence, but was enlivened with humorous conversation or songs. I was particularly amused with one of my companions, a young son of Ronda, who showed his regret at leaving Malaga by eternally reiterating the following strange stanza, which he howled forth with the genuine monotonous, nasal drawl of Andalucia:—

"*Tienen las Malagueñitas,*
La sal de Dios en los labios,
Y en la punta de la lengua,
El azucar, canela, y clavo!—

The girls of Malaga—sweet doves!—
Have a salt divine upon their lips,
And their tongues are cover'd at the tips
With sugar, cinnamon, and cloves!"

Another of my fellow-travellers pointed out to me a spot where he had been robbed the year before. The path was here narrow, with low ground on the left, and a high bank covered with wood on the right, where, mixed with the stems of the

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olive and ilex, were scattered large masses of rock,—an admirable lurking-place for banditti. He was returning, he said, from the Baths of Caratraca,* in company with four friends, one of them the French Consul at Malaga, together with six others, servants and muleteers. On reaching this spot at nine o'clock at night, they were startled by the shout "*Hola! bocas abajo! á tierra!*—Ho there! mouths down! to the earth!" and a band of robbers at the same instant springing out of the thickets and presenting their pieces, ordered them to yield. The *salteadores* were only eight in number, but were all well armed, and the travellers, having no more than five guns among the eleven, did not attempt resistance, and were accordingly made to dismount and lie down in the road, while the robbers proceeded to rifle them and carry off the booty. They took not only all the clothes and luggage, among which were some valuable boxes of jewels, but also led away the horses and mules. As for the travellers, they lay bound hand and foot, kissing the dust

* Caratraca is a fashionable place of resort for the inhabitants of Malaga and the neighbouring cities, who flock to it during the summer months, to enjoy its baths, which are of both hot and cold springs.

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for a long time, till they were released by some more fortunate *caminantes.*

At daybreak we found ourselves approaching the Sierra of Casarabonela, and the sun, as he rose, lighted up the white buildings of the town, which lay on the lower slope of the mountains, embosomed in groves.* Crossing a small stream in a hollow, and ascending the hill beyond, we reached a lonely *venta,* our halting-place for the day, a league distant from the town.

On entering, I asked for a *quarto,* and was ushered up-stairs into a wretched room ten or twelve feet square, containing only a low crazy chair, a mat of *esparto* rush on the floor, which was all that the *venta* afforded in the shape of a bed, and a small piece of sheepskin to serve as a pillow. I saw in a moment that the chamber, however bare of furniture, was thickly populated, and the living mat reminded me most vividly of the inscription over the gate of Dante's Hell, "Abandon every hope, ye who enter!—

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate!"

But there was no remedy; for this, and another,

* Casarabonela is rather more than six leagues, or about twenty-five English miles, from Malaga.

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similar in every respect, on the other side of the staircase, were the only chambers in the *venta*. I could not venture to lie down on the mat, so kicking it with its world of inhabitants to the further end of the room, where it was presently taken possession of by one of my fellow-travellers, who boasted of his invulnerability, I threw myself into the chair and dosed for a few hours.

On waking I descended, and found all asleep in the room below, my fellow-travellers stretched on benches, and the muleteers on the ground, with saddles, sacks, cloaks, or *mantas* for their pillows, while pigs, dogs, goats, and fowls mingled with the human sleepers on terms of equality. At one end were, as usual, the mules and asses at their stalls; at the other was a long brick stove for culinary operations; a huge deep jar of water stood on one side, with a row of small white *alcarrazas* on a shelf above. Against the walls of the intermediate space hung hats, coats, saddlebags, cans, muskets, swords, and other usual concomitants of Spanish travellers; while on the ground, forming a partial rampart between the stable and bedchamber, were piled high the burdens of the beasts, their panniers and pack-saddles. The floor was the bare earth; the ceiling was formed of rough beams of charred wood, with transverse canes not nailed, but bound

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to the beams by cords of *esparto* rush; and on these canes rested the white cement which composed the floor of the *quartos* above.

A few minutes sufficed to survey all this, which was visible by the light that entered through the wide open door. I then stepped out to escape the discordant music of the snorers in this Noah's Ark.

Before the door of the *venta* stood a clump of trees, a pomegranate and fig, blended and massed into one by a vine, which so shrouded them with its luxuriance, as almost to conceal their respective characters. Under these, as well as under a fig-tree in a field beyond, lay several muleteers, stretched on their faces asleep. The sun was high in the heavens, and every one who had nothing to do sought to forget the fact in slumber.

As I sat beneath some vine-arbours, enjoying the faint breeze, the young daughter of my host tripped across the field, and seated herself at my side. She was only twelve, but, as is generally the case in this climate at that age, was already ripening into womanhood: her figure was still slight and childish, yet she carried herself with a native grace of which many an English lady might be proud. Such proofs as this, that the female grace which is almost universal in Andalucia, is

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not always, or entirely, the effect of art and study, are continually to be met with among the peasantry. In this instance it must have been the effect of nature alone, for the girl assured me that she had never seen any place of more importance than the neighbouring town of Casarabonela. She sat for some time by my side, and watched me as I sketched, but on my complaining of heat and thirst, she ran to the nearest fig-tree, climbed its branches with the agility of a squirrel, and brought me a heap of delicious *brevas* in the skirt of her gown.

At the hour of dinner, the whole party, travellers and muleteers, thirteen in number, sat down on sacks, saddles, or chairs not more than a foot in height, round a small table not many inches higher. On this was set a huge earthenware dish, with three large loaves of coarse bread, and several short wooden spoons. Some of the muleteers, however, took spoons from their hats, in the bands of which they were stuck like feathers, as if to show they were valiant men at the trencher, or, as the proverb has it—

"*Muy valientes*
Con los dientes."

The hostess now brought the iron pot from the fire, and poured out the *puchero* into the dish,

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while the steam rose in such clouds as to conceal the faces of those who sat opposite. No sooner did the frail board receive this additional weight, than with a shriek of agony it flew to one side, as if seeking to escape it—much to my alarm, who expected to receive all the hot contents of the dish in my lap: fortunately, the motion ceased in time to avert that catastrophe, though with difficulty could the table sustain itself till the conclusion of the "function." It was, moreover, so small that there was no room for plates nor for anything beside the huge dish with the bread; but plates are rare luxuries in a Spanish *venta*. A droll subject for a painter must we have presented squatting thus around the dish, every man with his chin on his knees; while behind us, a circle of hogs and dogs, attracted by the savoury fumes, pressed forward their snouts, and—poor petted things!—were hardly to be driven back by blows.

One man, whipping his *navaja* out of his sash, had already hacked the loaves into slices, another had already poured nearly a pint of vinegar into the dish, and stirred up the mess with his spoon, till he had formed a deep well of gravy in the centre, piled round with *garbanzos*, French beans, square pieces of pumpkin, and masses of fibrous flesh, which none but a Spaniard could have re-

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cognized as beef and mutton—when, at this critical juncture, in came the host from his labour in the fields. He was not overburdened with clothes; a pair of chocolate plush breeches and a ragged, dirty shirt, formed his whole attire, through which protruded his bare arms and legs almost of the colour of his nether garment, or as he himself observed, "like fried sausages—*como chorizos tostados.*" Down he sat immediately in our circle. The cry of "*Vamos, amigos*—Come, friends!" was the signal to fall to, and in a moment all who had been watching the dish as eagerly as a cat watches a mouse, thrust their spoons into the well of gravy. Some, who looked for more substantial comforts, fished out a great lump of meat or vegetable; some harpooned a mouthful with their sharp-pointed *navajas;* while others, breaking off a piece of bread, and collecting under it as much as it would cover, guided with their fingers the slippery mass up the side of the dish, and then transferred it to their mouths, which were brought to the very edge to meet it. Thus were spoons, knives, and fingers all busily employed in a simultaneous attack on the poor *puchero,* and whenever a combatant flagged, a swill at the wine-skin would stimulate him to fresh exertions. It was only when the hungry eagerness of the company somewhat relaxed, that they found time to

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retort the jokes of the *ventera*, who still busied herself at the stove.

Another party of muleteers now arriving, they were greeted with the customary and hospitable offer, "*Quieren ustedes comer con nosotros?*—Will your-mercies eat with us?" but refusing with "*Gracias! buen provecho les haga á ustedes!*—Thanks! may it do your-mercies much good!" proceeded to unburden their beasts.

When the dish was nearly emptied, it was replaced by another of similar dimensions, containing a mess of broken bread soaked in sour goat's milk. This was called pudding. A dessert of *brevas* followed, and the repast wound up with the circulation of the water-bottle and a general fumigation.*

* I have been much struck, while reading that interesting work, "The Modern Egyptians," with the many orientalisms in the habits and customs of the Andalucian peasantry—customs, which, though appearing singular enough to the English traveller, will not always be recognized as of Eastern origin. For instance, the similarity, I may almost say identity, in the mode of taking meals in the two countries is very remarkable. The using no plates, table-knives, or forks, but the wooden spoon assisted by the fingers; the serving up a single dish at a time; the tearing the fowls asunder with the hands; the bread alone ranged round the board; the using pieces of it to convey the meat, &c., from the dish to the mouth, sometimes making it serve also as a plate—all genuine Andalucian habits—are described by Lane as every-day habits of the

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We left the *venta* at three in the afternoon, and commenced at once the ascent of La Cuesta de Cascoral, a steep hill, partly clothed with fruit-trees, which were, however, insufficient to protect us from the intolerable fervour of the sun. A magnificent view from the summit of the pass repaid us for the labour of the ascent. Beneath us as we looked back, lay rich valleys and plains, intermingled, and contrasting with mountains, bare, and glowing with heat, among which was the Cuesta de Caratraca almost at our feet. Far beyond this expanse of hill and plain, and gleaming through the gaps of the mountain range which bordered the coast, was the soft bright blue of the Mediterranean.

On the summit of the pass, which is called Puerto Martinez, is a *ventorilla*, a wretched little inn, but, nevertheless, joyfully hailed by all our party, as we here obtained water to quench the thirst excited by the excessive heat. As we descended, we heard the song of the muleteer and jingle of the mule-bell over our heads, and looking up, saw a train jogging along the road, which

Arabs. But the most singular resemblance is in the invitation, previous to sitting down to a meal, to all by-standers to partake, or to all who may chance to come in during the repast—and the refusal in Spain, "*Que les haga á vms buen provecho!*" is a literal translation of the Arabic. "*Henee-an* —May it benefit!"

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led, far above us, on the side of the steep mountain on the left, to Casarabonela.

A rich and extensive valley, enclosed by ranges of wild mountains, soon opened before us; flocks of goats were browsing on the nearer declivities; the tinkle of the cattle-bell came up from below, mingling with the wild chant of the herdsmen, whose white cottages sparkled here and there from the midst of groves. On my expressing admiration of the glorious prospect, my companions smiled, and told me it was "a very ugly land," abounding in *mala gente*, and that here, if I had hitherto escaped being plundered, I must expect to lose the virginity of my pocket—"*perder el virgo de la faltriquera.*"

We descended into the valley by winding and rocky paths, passing through extensive woods of ilex and cork-trees, the ground beneath which was covered with corn, and *garbanzos*, which grow like dwarf peas. Bounding the valley on the left rose a wall of rocky heights—a continuation of the Cuesta de Cascoral—in one part particularly remarkable for their wild and majestic forms; and being entirely destitute of verdure, they stood out in bold relief from the bright foliage of the woods at their base.

About sunset we came in sight of Burgo, a small town, two leagues and a half from Casara-

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bonela, and the same distance from Ronda. It is very prettily situated, on a rising ground girt with groves; its church and old Moorish castle towering above the rest of the town; the whole, now glowing with the rich light of evening, stood out brightly from the high dark mountain—an indistinct sheet of purple gloom—which formed the background of the scene. The peasants were returning from their labour in the corn-fields, or collecting the cattle to secure them for the night from wolves and robbers. A flock of goats which we passed on the road were driven homeward by some girls—shepherdesses; but how strikingly different from the same class in the North of Europe! The Highland lassie, or Swiss peasant-girl, pursuing a similar occupation, displays all the coarseness, clumsiness, and hard-featuredness of the boor, and leads one to believe that pastoral beauties are mere creations of a poetic imagination. These fair Spaniards, however, were realizations of those idealities—living Dianas, Galateas, Silvias, and Marcellas—and had they lived in other times, might have been the heroines of those eclogues and pastoral romances for which the poets of the Peninsula have been so especially celebrated. Such elegant forms, and lovely, though sun-burnt faces, would have maddened every swain in the vale of Arcady.

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We presently reached a stream which flowed, almost choked by large masses of rock, between groves of fruit-trees; crossed it by a fine bridge of one arch, lofty, and of great span; and rode up into the town. It is a poor little place, of about two hundred houses, but rich in beauty, for never had I seen such a collection of charming countenances as greeted us with smiles from the doors and windows as we passed through the streets.

Crossing a small, treeless plain, which extends from the town to the foot of the mountain, that rises behind, and bears its name, we commenced the ascent. There was still light enough remaining to enable us to distinguish the nature of the ground—to observe the savage and precipitous character of the mountain, up whose face we were climbing by a zigzag path worn among the crags. So steep was the ascent, that while the projecting bundles of some of the mules as they wound up the cliff above us, sometimes literally overhung our heads, we could look down on others toiling up the road immediately beneath. From the narrowness of the pathway, and from the overhanging masses of rock, the mules, with their packages standing out far from their flanks, were often forced to the very brink—nay, even when there was no occasion, they seemed to

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make a point of keeping as near as possible to the verge, as if to display the precision of their footing. One false step of my beast on this broken and craggy pathway must thus have inevitably hurled me headlong down the fearful precipice, which momentarily increased in depth as we ascended; but as I had no bridle, only a halter wherewith to guide the animal, I was fain to amuse myself with looking down on my companions on the turn of the path below. I was now, however, well accustomed to precipices, and could journey almost unconcernedly along the brink of those over which, on first entering Spain, I could not have gazed without shuddering.

On reaching the summit of this ridge of the mountain, we descended into a small hollow, dotted with a few ilex and cork-trees. A large fire was blazing in front of a low hut at a short distance from the path, and around it sat a group of wild fellows in sheep-skin jackets, their faces strongly illumined by the glare. They were shepherds, and the fire was lighted to scare away the wolves, which ravage this wilderness at night, and often attack the folds. We presently commenced another ascent, worse if possible, more steep, rugged, and dangerous than the last, and at length reached the summit of the mountain, which, from its peculiarly broken character, is

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called Los Dientes de la Vieja, or The Old Woman's Teeth. The last ray of twilight lingered till now, as if to show us by the jagged outline of the summit, and the masses of rock strewed wildly around, that we had need of great caution in the descent. It lingered but a moment, and then all was night.

The first step my mule took in descending startled me, and after a few more, I thought the *arrieros* had surely mistaken the path, so rugged and precipitous was the slope, and so fearful were the plunges of the animal. All traces of a track indeed, as I presently found, had vanished, and it would have required, even by daylight, the peculiar sagacity of a mule to recognize a path over these hard and bare rocks. Our poor beasts seemed well aware of the perils of the way, for gathering their four feet together, they would stand some moments on the edge of a rock, stretching their heads forward to penetrate the gloom that concealed the ground below, and then making a desperate plunge, they would alight on their haunches with such violence as almost to jerk their riders over their heads.

Plunge thus rapidly succeeded plunge, and I sat in breathless anxiety lest the next moment I should be hurled down the tremendous precipice.

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Loud cries bursting from the head of the caravan led me to fear that such had really been the fate of some of the party. The train stopped, too, as if it had met with some accident or impediment. This we found to proceed from a mule which could not be persuaded to go forward; blows and words were alike ineffectual—nothing could urge the terror-stricken animal onwards. At this juncture, a man, with a lighted cigar in his mouth, stepped a little to one side, and in a few minutes a flame burst from some underwood on the slope beneath us. The grandeur of the scene which then sprung into being in a moment, as from nothing, no words can express.

The fire spread so rapidly from bush to bush, that in a few seconds the whole mountain-side below us to the right appeared wrapt in flames, which revealed the chaos of huge rocks around, the horrors we had already passed, and the perils that yet awaited us. Behind, the rocky summit we had left started up perpendicularly to a great height—a precipice of light, broken here and there by dark fissures. High above us to the left, another long range of precipices burst into view, being the continuation of the summit of the mountain; the upper part reflected the glare with great intensity, standing out brilliantly from the

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ebon sky, and resembling in outline the towers and battlements of a ruined castle; the base was thrown into deep shade by intervening rocks, and thus was formed a long and broad belt of light in profound darkness. To the right, and below the fire, all was black—an intensity of gloom, deepened by the strong contrast of the flames and illuminated crags around. Before us, a small range of wild rocks sprung from the slope, glittering like burnished gold against the black sky.

As we passed these crags on our descent, one side of them being strongly illuminated, and the other remaining in darkness, with the light streaming through the breaks, the effect was peculiarly wild and fine. When below this ridge, and in some degree sheltered from the fierce glare of the fire, we began to distinguish the depths of the valley, with a single white house faintly gleaming at the foot of the steep; beyond, stretched an expanse of gloom, on which the eye could not rest, but was carried to the western horizon—to the jagged outline of a far-distant mountain range, which a single lingering streak of light had not yet left undistinguishable from the sky.

The effect, on looking back, was now somewhat altered, for the small ridge of rocks above us bore exactly the appearance of a castle on fire, as the

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outline resembled broken turrets and battlements, above which the tips of the flames were seen just rising. The strong light, too, was streaming through the cracks and fissures as through windows, and the bright red smoke behind was rolling in volumes before the wind.

All this I observed, hastily glancing from time to time behind me, for the fearful descent we were still continuing, which the uncertain flickering light had latterly made still more dangerous, left me no time for contemplation; and it was only when a few paces of more level ground intervened that I could catch a glimpse of the magnificent scene behind; but a pause of my mule, succeeded by a plunge, would soon recall my attention to my situation. Whenever I turned, the forms of those who followed me were seen thrown in dark relief against the fire, and with their high conical hats and bandit air, with their guns, too, projecting from the flanks of their mules, they formed no unappropriate foreground to so wild a scene.

The fire seemed now to decline; for though itself concealed from our view by the intervening ridge of rocks, its effects were seen on the craggy precipice above us to the left, which was one minute brilliantly illuminated, with its every fissure clearly

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visible in the sudden burst of glare; the next, hardly distinguishable from the black sky; then again starting distinctly into view as the fire met with fresh fuel on its course. In a short time, the broad belt of rock was but dimly visible, a shadowy brightness,—the flickerings of light momentarily became fainter and fainter,—till at length all was utter darkness.

We all know the imposing effect of a strong fire in the midst of profound darkness, especially when the objects it illuminates are in themselves striking. Here then was a blaze suddenly springing out of deep gloom, and disclosing scenery of the very wildest and sublimest description—scenery, that in the broad light of the sun would have been extremely grand, but at night, and seen by this fitful and unearthly glare, was inexpressibly and overpoweringly sublime. No scenery that I had yet beheld among the mountains of Andalucia could have been better adapted to such an effect of light and shade than these Dientes de la Vieja. It was a scene that a painter might have come to Spain expressly to behold, and have deemed himself repaid by the sight; such a scene, however, I have never seen depicted on canvass, nor would it be possible to represent it, as the constant changes and flicker-

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ings of the light contributed so much to the effect. It was true sublimity. And if it be true, as Burke maintains, that "terror is the ruling principle of the sublime,"* there was cause enough for that passion, for I knew not but that the next plunge of my mule might precipitate me down the steep; yet such was the fascination of the scene, that I almost forgot the peril before me, in admiration of the glorious vision behind.

On reaching the bottom of the steep, we began to re-ascend between rocky heights, that on the left, rising almost perpendicularly, seemed crowned by an immense castle stretching far along the summit, with the outlines of its turretted walls thrown darkly against a sky glittering with thousands of stars, and now brightening under a rising moon. It was no castle, however—nothing but wild rocks on the summit of the ridge. A dark spot, high up on the rugged slope, was pointed out to me as a great cave famed in many a legend.

On surmounting this pass, we could see by the light of the moon an expanse of open country, enclosed by mountains, lying before us. The horizon was almost momentarily illuminated by vivid flashes of lightning, playing first in one

* Sublime and Beautiful, part ii. sect. 2.

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quarter, then in another, and throwing into relief the black forms of the peaked mountains of Ronda.

After traversing a long tract, undulating and rocky, we entered a wooded region of still greater extent, through which we jogged on for two or three most tedious hours, emerging now and then on some open space, only to re-enter the forest speedily. The cork and olive-trees, with the *encinas*, or ever-green oaks, assumed in the uncertain light a thousand fantastic forms; now, appearing like ruined towers mantled with ivy; now, by leaving the bright sky visible through their dark masses, creating the semblance of white buildings; and they thus long deceived my drowsy eyes with the appearance of the city I was anxiously expecting to reach.

At length, leaving the wood on the summit of a hill, we saw the white houses of Ronda gleaming in the moonbeams on the slope below. The wind blew directly in our teeth from the wild mountains behind the city, and in such violent gusts as almost to deprive us of breath, and to impede, for some moments, the progress of our beasts; the clouds, too, were scudding in heavy masses over the crests of the mountains, and the lightning was fast increasing in vividness. There was every indication of an approaching tempest,

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and I felt the joy of the sailor on entering his port ere the commencement of the storm. Most of my fellow travellers were inhabitants of Ronda, and they dispersed every man to his home on entering the town. I accompanied the muleteer to his house, where he proposed that I should wait till daylight, for it was scarcely two A. M., but I refused to accommodate myself on the offered mat, and prevailed on him, though not before he had unladen his mules, to conduct me to the inn.

Putting my luggage on one of the beasts, he led the way, through long silent streets of low white houses, to a small square, where halting a moment in the centre, he stooped at the side of a fountain, lifted a *manta,* and shook the sleeping figure it covered. The man thus disturbed presently rose grumbling, and receiving the mule, led him away in one direction, while the muleteer with my luggage on his shoulders, passed under an archway in another. We presently stopped, and rapping at a window-shutter, my guide called "*Frasquito!*" several times ere we received an answer; but at length a door was opened, and in another quarter of an hour I was buried in slumber.

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CHAPTER XIII.

RONDA.

Son rusticos los lados, las entrañas
  Del valle visten siempre la hermosura,
Frondosidad el ayre, y de colores
El suelo texe alfombra de primores.....
  Despues se precipita su torrente
Con sonoroso ruido de la peña.

EL CONDE DE SALDUENA.

Ronda is Tivoli on a grander scale.

COOK'S SPAIN.

Oh dulce vida la de los Estudiantes!——Oh what a delightful life is that of students!

GUZMAN DE ALFARACHE.

RONDA is generally supposed to occupy the site of the Arunda of the ancient geographers. Some

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chroniclers, however, are of opinion, that it was built by the Moors, and, popular tradition adds, with the remains of Ronda La Vieja, or Old Ronda, two leagues to the north, where the ruins of an amphitheatre, a temple, aqueduct, and extensive walls mark the site of a Roman city of considerable importance. This has been thought by some antiquarians to be Munda, the scene of that battle in which Julius Cæsar, by conquering the two sons of Pompey, destroyed the Roman Republic, and established his authority as perpetual dictator; but Munda is now more generally supposed to be identical with modern Monda on the shore of the Mediterranean, west of Malaga, and Ronda the Old, to be the ancient Acinipo.*

The present city, if not founded by the Moors, was at least much enlarged and fortified by them, and was highly valued on account of its impregnability. To gain possession of it, was one of the first objects of the Christians during the last war of Granada; they attacked it in 1484, but after making several breaches with their artillery, they were compelled to raise the siege. The next year, Ferdinand himself led an army against Ronda. He so invested it as to cut off its sup-

* Vid. Caro—Morales—Mariana.

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plies, and the citizens were induced to capitulate on condition that they should be allowed to march out of the city with all their goods, and to dwell peaceably in the land of their fathers.*

Ronda, situated in the midst of an amphitheatre of lofty mountains, is distant fourteen leagues from Gibraltar, eleven from Malaga, twenty from Cadiz, and about the same number from Seville. It is much elevated above the sea, and is built on a hill, which breaks off into a precipice just below it to the west. The city is separated into two parts by a very narrow ravine of great depth, called El Tajo, or The Cut, through which flows the river Guadiaro. Thus divided by nature, it is reunited by art by means of a bridge.

On entering the city from the east, and by night, I had been able to form no correct idea of its situation; and great was therefore my astonishment when I found myself the next morning on this bridge. From the eastern parapet I looked down into a chasm of immense depth—as if the earth had been cleft by some mighty power to its inmost recesses—and so narrow, that the perpendicular rocks on either side were not many yards apart, and seemed to frown more blackly at each other on account of their proximity. At

* Zurita, lib. xx. cap. 62. Mariana, lib. xxv. cap 6.

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an awful depth beneath me flowed the stream, struggling along its rocky channel—the only course left for it through the winding ravine.

I was gazing, not on a fameless mountain torrent, but on the Rio Verde—The Green River—immortalized in Spanish song and story, and the memory of which will in England be lost only with that of our lamented poetess, Mrs. Hemans.

Rio verde, rio verde,
tinto vas en sangre viva,
entre ti y Sierra Bermeja
murió gran cavalleria.

O green river! O green river!
Flowing on all bloodily,
'Twixt thee and the Red Sierra
Fell a gallant chivalry!

And, says another *romance,*

Murió gente de valia
de la nobleza de España
en ti murió Don Alonso
que de Aguilar se llamava.

In thee perish'd many a noble,
Pride and flower of Spanish might;
In thee perish'd Don Alonso,
Aguilar's renowned knight.

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Other traditions have placed this scene in the Alpujarras.

Don Alonso, Don Alonso
Dios perdone la tu alma
que te mataron los Moros
los Moros de la Alpuxara.

Don Alonso! Don Alonso!
God upon thy soul have grace!
For alas! the Moors have slain thee—
Moors of Alpujarran race.

To the west of the bridge the ravine, though wider, is yet more profound; and the view, instead of being confined to it, opens on a considerable expanse of country. The cliffs, still precipitous, are crested with the buildings of the city, which, as if to proclaim the triumph of art over nature, are advanced to the very verge of the yawning gulf. The eye follows the stream as it frets angrily along its rugged channel, or bounds wildly over a succession of rocky terraces, till it at last finds repose in the depths of the rich valley far beneath, and laughs out from the bosom of luxuriant groves. Its left bank, during the whole course of its descent, is bordered with rustic mills, whose sunny white walls glitter amid clumps of fig-trees; yet so profound is the ravine,

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that the noise of the ever-revolving mill-wheels, and the roaring of the cascades, are but faintly heard on the bridge. The valley below is bounded at the distance of a mile or two by steep bare hills, behind which tower the lofty mountains of Ronda: the most striking crest is that of San Cristobal, the first object in Spain that strikes the eye of the mariner as he approaches the Straits from the Atlantic.

Crossing the bridge to the southern division of the city, and winding through several mean streets, we come to a break in a parapet, through which a path leads in a steep descent, winding round the base of the cliff on which the city is built to the banks of the river beneath the bridge. A narrow ledge of earth—too narrow to allow of two walking abreast—with the foaming torrent on one hand, and a channel of water on the other, thus conveyed in order to turn the corn-mills, will conduct us to the foot of the bridge. Here the river is seen bursting through the lower arch, dashing along its craggy channel, and descending in a roaring cataract below. On looking up, we see another arch spanning the gulf at an immense height; and the cliffs rising in perpendicular gloom on either hand, leave but a narrow strip of blue sky visible overhead.

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Retracing our steps, and following the course of the stream, we pass in our descent a series of mills, some of which are, probably, of great antiquity, as the chroniclers inform us that mills existed in the Tajo in the time of the Moors. Within some, the heavy grinding-stone is in motion, turned by a patient ass; here, the millers are spreading their corn on cloths in the sun; there, the wheels are shooting out their waters merrily, and bedewing us with spray as we pass. Descending till we have passed a second cascade, at a short distance below the first, we obtain the best view of the bridge.

Looking up the stream as it comes rushing through its narrow channel, and breaks into the cascade before us, we behold the bridge, springing from the banks of the river on piers so massive as almost to seem part of the city-crested precipices on either hand. The amazing height of these piers, nearly four hundred feet above the bed of the river, their great solidity, the small span of the uniting arch—or rather arches, one being directly over the other—mark this as one of the most extraordinary bridges in the world. It is one of those anomalies which often astonish the traveller in Spain, where the public works are either on a scale of magnificence far surpassing those of other countries, or are so

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mean and poor, as scarcely to be said to have an existence. In the one case we see an emblem of the former power and wealth of Spain; in the other, of her present impoverished condition. Let us, however, imagine the picture that Spain may even yet at some future day present, when neither war nor poverty will prevent the grand conceptions of her children from being carried into execution.

The window over the key-stone of the upper arch is said to be that of a prison, into which criminals are let down through a trap-door in the bridge above.

Continuing the rapid descent, we follow the stream till it enters the groves of fruit-trees on the level ground of the valley. Hence, the bridge is no longer visible, being concealed by projecting rocks, but we can still see the houses of Ronda, and the ruined Castle, extending along the verge of the hill to the south; and find ourselves at the foot of the lofty precipice, on which the northern division of the city is built, with the balconies of the Alameda overhanging the gulf at a fearful height.

Ronda is a city of no great size, with a population of not more than fourteen thousand souls. One consequence of its isolated situation is an exemption from foreign innovations. All is here

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Spanish; the streets, houses, and customs are genuinely national; the *mantilla* is universal, and the men are all attired *á lo majo*. The houses are not so lofty as in the other cities of Andalucia, and, with a few exceptions, have an air of meanness and poverty. The principal street is of considerable breadth, and runs from the northern—crossing the ravine by the bridge—to the southern division of the city, where it soon loses its character in the narrow and irregular alleys leading to the Alcazar.

This castle was built by the Moors, though parts of it are apparently of more modern construction. It is now a mere mass of ruins, having been blown up by the French on their evacuation of Ronda during the War of Independence. As I made my way over the *débris* within, the blast came rushing with such violence through the breaches as almost to deprive me of breath; and momentarily threatened to bury me beneath some old rocking wall or crumbling tower.

At the northern end of the principal street, and running at right angles with it, is the Alameda, a pretty parade with nine parallel walks, well shaded with trees and shrubs. It terminates in balconies, actually projecting from the precipice on which the city is built, and commanding a bird's-eye view of the fertile vale, with the river

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winding through it, at an immense depth. From its thick foliage and elevated situation, this Alameda affords a delicious retreat from the fervour of the summer sun. When I first visited it, the breezes from the mountains beyond the valley were so strong as to temper the heat of noonday into a refreshing coolness, which had induced several citizens to come hither to take their siesta on the benches, lulled by the murmurings of the fountain of the Alameda. As I hung over the balconies, a flight of hawks, ravens, and pigeons darted out from the crannies of the cliff beneath me, wheeling in circles far down into the valley, and mingling their screams in wild and discordant chorus.

In the principal street, between the Alameda and the bridge, is the Plaza de Toros, built of stone, and, if the Rondinos may be believed, the best in Spain. Though by no means of superior size, it will accommodate eight or nine thousand persons. Bull-fights are not of frequent occurrence; being chiefly held during the annual fair in May. This fair is nominally for the sale of horses, but is not confined to that traffic. Like that of Mairena, it is attended by parties from all the cities, towns, and villages in the South of Spain. The inhabitants of Seville, Cadiz, and Malaga flock to it in multitudes, together with many of

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the garrison and civilians of Gibraltar. Amusements of every description then abound in Ronda, and the bull-fights are excellent, for the best *toreros* in Spain display their skill in the arena, and the bulls being driven in immediately from the neighbouring mountains lose none of that ferocity for which they have ever been unrivalled.

The entrance to the Toril is at the back of the Plaza near the edge of the precipice. Here, I was told, a singular accident once occurred. The bulls were dashing along towards the gateway, as usual at full speed, when the headmost, blind with fury, missed the open door, and sprung over the precipice. He was instantly followed by the rest of the herd, who were all dashed to pieces on the rocks below. A fearful sight must it have been, this terrific leap into the gulf—the carcasses of so many beasts rolling over in their long descent, for the whole herd must have been in the air almost at the same moment. The fate they thus met was, however, less terrible than that they escaped—a second or two, and it was all over; while in the Plaza long protracted tortures would have awaited them.

Another incident connected with this spot is worth relating. A young son of Ronda had placed the eyes of affection on a fair damsel,

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greatly his superior in rank and wealth; and, as is not unfrequent in this passion-powerful land, his love was returned with equal ardour. But from the difference of their rank, the lovers had not that facility of intercourse which is enjoyed by those more nearly in the same walk of life, and ingenuity was in consequence racked to devise means of meeting.

"*Al Amor y á la Muerte*
No hay cosa fuerte—

To Death and to Love
Nought can difficult prove,"

says the proverb, which was in this case verified, for love laughed at difficulties, and the enamoured pair, for the sake of greater seclusion, chose the back of this Plaza for their rendezvous. Here they were one evening exchanging all the passionate vows of Southern love, when, raising his eyes, the youth beheld a herd of bulls bearing rapidly down upon them. In his eagerness to meet the lady of his love, he had entirely forgotten that a "running of bulls" was to be held on the following day, and that this was the hour of the *encierro*. What was to be done? Fly!—

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Whither?—The precipice was the only refuge from the hoofs and horns of the infuriated animals. A choice of deaths seemed all that was left them. Seizing his mistress in his arms, he threw her beneath him to the ground, and the next instant the mad phalanx swept by, fortunately without injuring the prostrate and trembling pair. The snorting and bellowing of the bulls, and their heavy rapid tramp, must have resounded in the ears of the lovers long after the danger was past.

There are seven parish-churches in Ronda, and they appeared to me to be better frequented than is now usual in Andalucia. Neither is there any lack in the streets of hanging chapels of the Virgin, nor of crosses over the doors of the houses, with sometimes a small printed paper in addition with these words, "*Ave Maria Purisima sin pecado concebida!*—Hail Mary Most Pure, conceived without sin!" Over the interior doors of the houses the same inscription often meets the eye, or "*Bendita y alabada sea la Santisima Trinidad!*—Blessed and praised be the Most Holy Trinity!" or perhaps "*Bendita sea la limpieza de la Virgen Imaculata*—Blessed be the purity of the Immaculate Virgin!" All which seems to prove that the scepticism now widely prevalent in the

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other cities of Andalucia, is not yet all-dominant in Ronda.

Over the doorway of an antiquated house, as an appendage to a knight's crest and arms carved in stone, I observed this inscription:

NISI DOMINUS AEDIFICAVERIT DOMUM, YN VANUM LABORAVERUNT QUI AEDIFICANT EAM.*
Año de 1736.

Just a century had elapsed since this was inscribed. How the spirit which raised these crosses and attached these inscriptions has since decayed in Andalucia! Could the worthy cavalier, whose piety led him to quote this text from the Vulgate as a motto to his house, be restored to the land of the living, how surprised and shocked would he be to find the religion and ministers he had so reverenced, become the subjects of indifference and neglect, or the laughing-stock of his countrymen!

But there are other crosses in the streets of Ronda, mementos not of peace on earth and goodwill towards men, but of rage, jealousy, cupidity, or blood-thirsty revenge. Among many others, I particularly remarked, fixed against the

* Psalm cxxvii. v. 1.

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wall of a house, a small cross of wood with a semi-circular pedestal, within which was inscribed :—

AQUI MATARON
AL DESGRACIADO Dⁿ BARTOLOME JUNIO
EL DIA 6 DE ENERO 1823.
RUEGUEN A DIOS POR EL!

Here they slew
the unfortunate Don Bartholomew Junio,
the 6th day of January, 1823.
Pray to God for him!

A victim—the date would lead us to suppose—to the spirit of political party.

The inhabitants of Ronda and its Serranía have for ages been renowned for their bold and independent spirit. "The dwellers in that city," says Father Mariana, speaking of Ronda in Moorish times, "differed in dress and mode of living from the other Moors; very ferocious and daring."* It was among these mountains that the last stand was made by the Moriscos against the merciless cruelty of the Inquisition, inflicted by the military arm of the state. The modern inhabitants have not degenerated. They proved the most formidable enemies that the French encountered in Andalucia in 1810; no less than eight thousand of the invading army are said to have been cut

* Mariana, lib. xxv. cap. 6.

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off in the Serranía by these brave mountaineers, headed by a guerilla leader of the name of Zarate. Ronda and its neighbourhood are still famed for producing the boldest *contrabandistas* and robbers in the province, but since the band of José Maria has been broken up, the city is said to be "clean" of the latter, though the former are still "*regulares*," or numerous enough.

The women of Ronda are now, as in Moorish times,* celebrated for their beauty, and, in my judgment, by no means belie their fame. They are fairer than the natives of the plains, and the brisk mountain air imparts to their complexions a freshness and ruddiness rarely seen in Andalucia, except within and around Granada, to whose fair daughters the Rondinas bear much resemblance.

* See the old *romance* on the challenge of the Moorish Alcayde of Ronda to Don Manuel Ponce de Leon.

Que sea el campo en Ronda
dentro en Ronda, aquessa villa
donde hay Moras muy hermosas,
y sobre todas la mia.

And let the field be in Ronda,
Within that city, whose wall
Many Moorish beauties encloses—
And mine more beauteous than all!

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The climate of Ronda is extremely healthy, whence the proverb—

"*En Ronda los hombres*
A ochenta años son pollones—

A Rondino at four score
Is a chicken, and no more!"

This is, without doubt, owing to its situation in the midst of lofty mountains, which moderate the burning heats of summer, so that at Ronda you may enjoy a temperate climate, while the cities of the plains are fainting under an almost tropical sun. The winters are proportionably severe, and the shepherds often suffer from the intensity of the cold. I remember seeing a poor wretch who was a mere trunk, having lost all his limbs through falling into a snow-drift on the mountains, and lying there several days before he was discovered by his companions. Snow, indeed, lies on the higher crests of the Serranía throughout the year, and is regularly conveyed to Cadiz and Gibraltar for consumption in the shape of ices.

I found the *posada* at Ronda as good as might be expected in a Spanish city having so little communication with the rest of the world; i. e. very indifferently comfortable. As I was one morning looking out from the balcony, I saw a

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crowd in the street below—an unusual sight in a Spanish town; and presently the scraping of a fiddle and rattle of a tambour arose from the throng. The cry of "*Los estudiantes! los Salamanquinos!*" gave me to understand that it was one of those itinerant parties of students, who are accustomed to seek relaxation from their labours at college in strolling through the country during the vacations, and living on the produce of their music and mendicancy. The party in question were five in number. Four had instruments—a guitar, flute, violin, and tambour; the fifth carried his hat round to collect contributions. They all wore small cocked hats of a singular shape; ragged cloaks thrown over the shoulder in a peculiar manner, so as to leave both arms at liberty, while concealing their under dress, with the exception of their *calzones*, which reached to the knee; and their bare feet were shod with rush sandals.

He with the tambour seemed the buffoon of the party, for he danced and kicked about like a clown in a pantomime, beating his instrument with his fingers, fist, wrist, or elbow, then kicking it with his toes, or knocking it against his head or knees, thrumming it behind his back, or between his legs; in short, in every variety of manner that his merry-andrewish ingenuity could

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suggest, but keeping time the while to the music of his fellows.

The collector was yet more amusing. He was for ever bandying jokes with the passers-by; and his witticisms were often lost upon them, for he quoted Latin by wholesale to the men; while for the women he had always a sly leer and soft honied word, which seemed to act more favourably on their charity than all his learning on that of the other sex. He would step out of the crowd, pinching half-a-dozen ragged, unkempt urchins by the way, and exclaiming "*Procul hinc! procul ite profani!*" then bowing profoundly with a graceful air to some coarse Maritornes in a balcony, or within the wooden lattice below, he would put his hand on his heart, and with languishing looks declare a passion as intense as sudden, adding a string of compliments to her beauty, and winding up his oration with a petition for some small token for her remembrance. The damsel, who, from his sincere and reverent manner, would think him as much in earnest as he appeared, seldom failed to reward these unwonted compliments with more substantial coin.

He at length discovered me, whom he at once recognized as an Englishman, and coming beneath my balcony, exclaimed, "*Señor Caballero Inglés!*—for the students! for the poor students!

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Fœneratur Domino qui miseretur pauperis, et vicissitudinem suam reddet ei!"

I held up some copper.

"Man, no, silver, silver!" cried he in a tone rather of demand than of petition.

I dropped him a *peseta.*

"This is not enough—a dollar! not less!" But he evidently thought it sufficient, for he forthwith stepped into the *patio* of the *posada* to refresh himself with a draught of wine, which I heard him order with—

"Deprome quadrimum Sabinâ,
O Thaliarche, merum diotâ."

Here I entered into conversation with him, and learnt that the usual term of study at Salamanca was eight years, that the education embraced Latin, or "grammar," as it is called, Greek, history and laws; and that two extra years are, by some, devoted to the study of theology, and philosophy, mental and moral. He told me that his father paid for his education fifty dollars per annum, for the first seven years, and two hundred for the eighth, while his companions, who were of a very inferior rank in life, paid but three dollars a year each. I could not refrain from expressing my astonishment, that if his father

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could pay so much for his education, he should thus roam about like a beggar. "*Es todo por divertir á las muchachitas!*—it's all for the sake of diverting the girls!" was his disinterested reply. As for his own diversion, he had enough of that at college. He assured me he was no *sopista,** for his father held a lucrative post under government, but he preferred rambling about in this gipsy fashion to enjoying the comforts of his paternal abode.

He wandered thus with his comrades from city to city in search of adventures, depending wholly on charity; journeying on foot, except when some friendly muleteer gave them a lift. Though so shabbily attired, he said they had all better clothes with them, which they reserved for special occasions, when they had any little "*cositas de amores*" on hand. Their poverty, and their profession as "roving minstrels," secured them from the attacks of robbers, for as the *caballerito* observed, "No one attacks the poor man." He even asserted that he should like to fall in with *ladrones* every day of his life, for on one occasion he had

Sopista, or Souper, a name given to those who lived on the charity of the convents, at whose doors soup was gratuitously dispensed at the hour of noon daily. Many students were so poor as to have had no other means of subsistence.

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so charmed a band with his wit and music, that the captain gave him a two-dollar gold piece, and an ivory Christ, which he sold for another *duro*.

I have been assured, that it is no uncommon thing in Spain for young gentlemen of family thus to court poverty, and to mix on equal terms with the lower orders of all characters; nay, it is notorious that many of the rising nobility have quite a passion for the society of bull-fighters and *contrabandistas*, and affect their manners and language as much as possible. This would seem calculated to unfit them for their future station in life, but it must be remembered that in Spain, there are not those strong well-defined lines of demarcation between the different ranks of society that exist in aristocratic England The fact of mere beggars being admitted to the universities, to associate with the sons of the nobility and gentry, is a proof of this. It is evident that the social state of Spain has little altered since the days of Cervantes, who made the adventures of wandering students of family the theme of his tale of La Ilustre Fregona, or The Illustrious Kitchen-wench.

Having heard much of the Cueva del Gato, or Cat's Cave, in the neighbourhood of Ronda, spoken of by the natives as a great natural curiosity, I determined on visiting it, and started one

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morning after breakfast, relying on the fresh breezes from the mountains to enable me to support the noonday heat. Leaving Ronda on foot, with a boy for a guide, I proceeded in a north-westerly direction, over the naked brow of the precipice on which the city is built. The part of the valley immediately below was covered with vines, which also straggled up the steeps, and even nestled in the hollows of the rocks beneath me. On the highest part of the hill, in the midst of a mound of stones, stood a small wooden cross —a memento of some assassination. From this spot the hill sinks in a sandy slope till it meets the olive woods of the valley. Here, by the road-side, stood a much larger cross of stone, commemorating the death of the Conde de San Rafael, who, in 1820, was commandant of the Milicianos of Ronda. He thus became obnoxious to the Royalist party, some of whom tracked him one day from the city, overtook him on this spot, and sacrificed him to their vengeance.

Passing this record of crime, we forded a small shallow stream, and turned to the left, up a narrow valley leading to the Cave. Here, on either hand, were luxuriant orchards, where the fruits of southern mingled with those of northern climes; the trees in some places overhanging the road so as to darken it with fallen fruit. Within these

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orchards, which produce the fruit for which Ronda is still, as in the time of the Moors, renowned, stood small white-washed cottages at intervals; the stream ran on one side of the road, and its waters were frequently made to branch off in small trenches to irrigate the *huertas*. Here and there, on the road itself, horses were treading out corn which peasants were bringing in ox-cars to the threshing-floor; while others were casting with shovels into the air what had already been trodden out, and the wind carrying away the chaff left the weightier grain to descend in a mound—reminding me that this was an oriental custom illustrative of the first Psalm. In another part, before a *rancha*, or small conical hut of rushes, a group of threshers were resting from their labours to take their morning meal.

The intense heat of the sun having provoked a distressing thirst, I entered one of the orchards, and went to the door of a cottage to ask for water. Just within sat two women, one pale, even sallow, yet with expressive features, and beautiful eyes and hair; the other, who was younger, had the fair but rich complexion delicately coloured, not unfrequently seen among the mountains of Andalucia, and those large, full-beaming dark eyes which the natives esteem so highly, and call "*ojos Arabes*." Though her

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garments were of the coarsest materials, her person was clean, and her jetty hair, which was not without a rose, shone with a gloss that showed a frequent use of the brush. Her small feet, shod with slippers, did not look the less interesting from the want of stockings to conceal their natural whiteness. On my complaining of thirst, she arose, with a smile, and inviting me to take a seat in shelter from the scorching sun, brought me a small water-cooler, and presented it with a natural grace, which many an English lady might have envied.

The hut contained but one room. The floor was roughly bricked, and the beams of the roof were blackened with smoke. In one corner was a small partition of wood containing a bed, with a little crucifix over the head, and a few coloured prints of saints on the wall. In the opposite corner was another partition, within which was a donkey, which, resting his head on the rail of his enclosure, seemed buried in profound meditation; or, in other words, like his compatriot Dapple, "*cabizbaxo y pensativo.*" On one side of the apartment, on a shelf, were a few brass basins, a platter or two, and a large deep earthen dish for the family *puchero*. An *escopeta* resting against the wall, and a *manta* suspended above, completed the furniture of the cottage.

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Here I sat long, conversing with these fair peasants, being struck with the beauty and lady-like grace of the younger, which proved that though so rudely clad, and the inhabitant of such a hovel, nature had fitted her to adorn a palace.

On offering payment for some fruit I had taken, I was checked by exclamations of "God guard your-mercy, little cavalier! God guard you! it's worth nothing—nothing!"

We proceeded up the valley along the bank of the stream, which flowed, fringed with oleanders, beneath a steep and rugged hill, till on turning the corner of a rock, the cave opened upon us. A streamlet issued from it, and formed at the mouth a large pool of the most intense and transparent blue I had ever seen water assume; and this, contrasting with the bright foliage and rich rosy bloom of the oleanders which overhung it, and with the wild masses of bare, sunny rock piled around, formed an exquisitely brilliant morsel of colouring. Climbing over the crags, we entered the cavern, and felt the difference of temperature in a single step. On suddenly exchanging the burning rays of the sun without for the damp coolness within, I involuntarily exclaimed, with Falstaff, when relating his tumble from the buck-basket into the Thames, "cooled glowing

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hot, like a horse-shoe, think of that,—hissing hot —think of that, Master Brook!"

The cavern was from twelve to twenty feet high, but the numerous stalactites depending from the roof, and the masses of rock piled around, over which it was necessary to climb, made it no easy matter to advance. In fact, though the cavern extends quite through the heart of the mountain, its course cannot be traced more than a few hundred feet. The stream enters the tunnel on the other side of the mountain, and after following its subterranean course for several miles, issues from it at this cave. The water I found of intense coldness, and of a peculiarly bitter taste. Though the rocks within the cavern were dripping with moisture, a few birds had chosen to build their nests in the crannies.

While sitting within the cave enjoying the grateful coolness, I heard a noise as of some one approaching, and in a few minutes a figure appeared before me which caused me to start back with horror. A man with face, hands, and dress covered with stains of blood! A murderer fresh from the deed!—confronting me in that lonely place from which I had no escape!

His merry face soon undeceived me. The blood was but that of mulberries he had just

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been gathering, and of which he had brought a basketful to sell me.

On my return homeward, I stopped a moment at the cottage to commend my pretty friend to the care of the Virgin; and under the additional protection of all the saints I pursued my way to Ronda, which I reached without "novelty," but half broiled by the meridian sun.

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CHAPTER XIV.

ROUTE TO GIBRALTAR.

Nunc mihi curto
Ire licet mulo, vel, si libet, usque Tarentum;
Mantica cui lumbos onere ulceret, atque eques armos.
HORAT.

Quien no se aventura
No ha ventura—
REFRAN.

He who risk will not brave,
No good fortune can have.

I HAD been charged, when at Malaga, to take strict precautions about my means of conveyance from Ronda to Gibraltar—to conceal my proposed route, and to travel only with muleteers or guides of known character and approved honesty.

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My friends at Ronda repeated these injunctions, adding many hints of the perils of the road, and, in the absence of some well-known *cosarios*, provided me with a guide of the right sort—a *nevero*, who was conveying snow from the mountains of Ronda to the British fortress.

At the appointed hour one afternoon, four tall, gaunt mules halted in the narrow street before the door of the *posada*. Three were laden with large bales of snow, well wrapt in straw and cloths, which were, however, not sufficient to exclude the heat, as the ground was moistened by the continued dripping. The fourth mule was for the conveyance of my person and luggage, and with a donkey for the *nevero*, completed the *recua*, or train.

We descended the steep, narrow streets to the south of the city, and stopped before a house, at the open door of which stood a group of Rondinos of both sexes, surrounding a young damsel and bidding her farewell. It was evident that she was to accompany us, but as no beast had been provided for her special use, I began to wonder how she was to be accommodated. This was soon explained. The *arriero*, to save himself the expense of an extra mule, had reckoned on my good-nature to allow the *muchachita* to take her seat on mine, which was very slightly laden, and was, as the man

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assured us "*en extremo valiente*—valiant in the extreme." To this I raised no objection, as it offered me the prospect of agreeable society on the journey. After the kisses and tears of parting, Conchita was lifted upon the shoulders of the mule, where she sat between the bundles, while I took my seat behind.*

Passing through an old gate in the ancient walls, we were at once on the high road to Gibraltar. The Rondinita, on losing sight of her friends, burst afresh into tears, but the natural gaiety of her disposition soon overcame her grief, and betrayed her a true daughter of Andalucia. She was hardly sixteen; her features were good and expressive, yet not of the most delicate cast; and though the fire of the Southern sun flashed in her full dark eyes, it had hardly tinged her cheek, which was fresh with the cool breezes of her native mountains. But her chief charms were her simplicity, her artlessness, her unbounded sprightliness and good temper, and a little natural coquetry, quite apart from affectation, which was very engaging. We were soon as good friends as we were near neighbours, and with the frankness of the national character she

* Conchita is the diminutive of Concha, the abbreviation of Concepcion, or Mary of the Conception.

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told me her whole history. Of this it will suffice to mention, that she was now going to Gaucin to wait upon some *dama*, with whom she expected shortly to proceed to Madrid, where she anticipated unlimited enjoyment, as she had never seen any city superior to Ronda.

The country for some miles to the south of Ronda was clothed with vines and corn. From an eminence at the distance of a league we looked back on the city, crowning the precipice which formed the right-hand boundary to the fertile valley at our feet: opposite it, stretched a range of hills—some bare and craggy, others clothed with verdure to their very summits—and behind them, towered in lofty sublimity, the grey peaks of the Serranía de Ronda.

Having passed several long trains of mules and asses, laden with bark for curing the *becerro*, or calfskin, used in the manufacture of *botines*, for which Ronda is famed, and having traversed some finely broken ground, we reached the summit of the pass to which we had been gradually ascending. Here a new view opened to the south. The centre of the scene was occupied by a high conical hill, springing from the deep and richly-wooded valley beneath us. On either hand rose lofty mountains; those to the left contrasted their rich olive tints, warmed by the glow of the setting sun,

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with the cool, purply grey of evening seen in the broad shadowy masses of those to the right, and in the depths of the intermediate valley. To the left of the conical hill the eye wandered far, far down the valley, till it rested on the distant Rock of Gibraltar, and the mountains of Africa beyond, in the extreme horizon, now but dimly seen through the evening haze. With one parting glance towards Ronda we commenced the descent.

The path was wild and broken, and led us along the slopes of lofty bare hills. In one part it passed a few houses, or rather shells of houses, roofless and ruined. A large white cross painted on the interior wall of one of these led us to speak of the religion of the country, and I soon found my female companion to be, like most of her sex in Andalucia, wedded to the Roman faith, and to a belief in all the absurd superstitions of the peasantry. She gave me a long account of several miracles, of which she had heard as performed in the neighbourhood of Ronda. She had herself witnessed one, which had often been wrought on the image of a certain saint, in the chapel of some convent, the name of which I do not recollect. When many assembled before his shrine, and prayed for any length of time, the saint's face would break forth into a

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profuse perspiration—a sure sign that he was then in earnest intercession for them with God and Our Lady, His Most Holy Mother. Such miracles, she maintained, were not uncommon. She had often heard from her father, who had been a soldier, and had travelled all over Spain, that in Castille the Old, in a hermitage among the mountains, he had seen a celebrated image of the Divine Christ, which not only frequently perspired, but whose hair was constantly growing.

"The *muchacha* speaks truth," here interrupted the *nevero*, who was an Asturian, "I myself have seen that same blessed Christ on my way to Madrid, and not only his hair but his beard grows as regularly as mine, and is shaved, God knows, much oftener. Yes! yes! that Holy Image works many miracles, and cures the diseases of all those who pray a certain number of Paternosters before it."

A scream from Conchita now directed our attention to two men, who stood, muskets in their hands, in the road before us. Her alarm was groundless, for those whom her fears had marked as robbers, proved to be only "guards of the highway," who, having exhausted their stock of tobacco, had stepped forth to bargain with my guide for any superfluous *cigarillos* he might possess, and to beg money of me in return for their protection.

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Our path, ever ascending or descending, led at length along the side of a mountain which had a rapid sink into a deep valley on the left, and on the other hand rose up steep, shelving, and covered with crags, which threatened, if but one of the lower masses were removed, to roll down and crush us with an avalanche of rock.

It was almost night when the lights of Atajate sparkled in the valley below us. Just before entering the village, we stopped at a fountain by the road-side, around which was a large flock of sheep, black, white, and piebald, with goats of various colours, all eager to quench their thirst. So great was the concourse of small cattle, that, in spite of the exertions of four or five stout wenches —not of Burgo delicacy—and of their large white wolf-dogs, it was nearly half an hour before our mules could reach the fountain. All this time Conchita and I kept up a smart fire of banter upon the fair shepherdesses, who, in return, did not spare me and my *queridita*, as they were pleased to call her.

Atajate is a poor little place, the abode only of labourers and shepherds. As we passed through it in the dark, we looked through the open doors into the houses on either hand. On the thresholds were women "taking the cool;" within, the men were sitting over their evening meal, or smoking their *cigarillos;* and as their rough, swarthy faces

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borrowed a more ferocious cast from the glare of the lamps, they looked like bandits in their dens. The many flashing eyes turned towards the doors at the sound of our mules' hoofs, seemed to wish us no great security on the road. The appearance of the place altogether justified the words of the *nevero*, when he called it "*un pueblo de mala muerte*—a village of bad death."*

Leaving the *pueblo*, and descending the hill on which it is built, we entered a rich tract of vineyards, and next a wilder country, where the road led along the slopes of rugged mountains, covered with enormous masses of rock strewed about and piled up in the most savage confusion, and palely reflecting the light of a crescent moon and innumerable stars. The loud, deep tones of a church-clock re-echoing from the mountain side, suddenly broke the silence; and, looking down into the valley, we could faintly distinguish, through the gloom, the tower and houses of Benadalid at our feet. As we advanced, the mountains gradually lost their rugged character, and diminished in altitude. Now and then we reached a height from which Gibraltar would have been visible by day, as the lightning, which was playing in strong flashes in the south, showed us the open

* Atajate is more than ten miles distant from Ronda.

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country stretching away in that direction. At length, after passing two houses, the only detached habitations we had seen since leaving Ronda, about midnight a shadowy object appeared before us bounding the valley to the south, while a range of mountain peaks rose to the left in dark relief against the starry sky. As we descended, the shadowy object seemed to rise from the bosom of the valley, till, on reaching the *posada* of Gaucin, we found ourselves at the foot of the precipitous rocks which are crested with the ruined towers of the Moorish fortress.*

Within the *posada* sat a party of muleteers around a dish of *gazpacho;* their wild shaggy faces being strongly illuminated by the light of a three-branch lamp, which fell also on the half-clad figure of the hostess as she stood watching the simmering of a pot on the stove hard by. More dimly seen in the opposite direction was the usual furniture of Spanish inns—kitchen utensils and travelling paraphernalia—ranged against the wall, or scattered over the floor, on which were stretched the slumbering forms of other muleteers, while a young boy "in leathers," or perfectly naked, was sleeping on a heap of unthreshed corn. Beyond all this were faintly shadowed out the forms of

* Gaucin is eight leagues, or twenty-four English miles from Ronda.

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mules and asses, which were nevertheless distinctly heard, and, I may add, smelt, even from the remotest depths of the gloom which the lamp's feeble light could not penetrate.

Refusing the customary offer of the muleteers to join in their repast, we asked for *quartos*. I know not how Conchita fared, but in my room, a mattress was flung on the floor, with a pair of sheets and a bolster. The latter were unexpected luxuries, for in a solitary *venta*, or in the *posada* of a small town like Gaucin, a rush mat, a simple *manta*, or at most a hard mattress, will, in general, be all that invite the traveller to repose. Yet, though the bed was here laid on the bare floor, and that floor so defective, that the noises and fumes of the mules immediately beneath came up through the wide cracks and gapes of the boarding, the pillow-case—strange union of luxury and poverty!—was of flowered muslin, fringed with a rich border of lace!

I was awakened at an early hour by strange noises, and by repeated, though light pressure on my body. By the faint twilight which entered the glassless window, I discerned half-a-dozen fowls strutting and cackling through my apartment, having found their way in through a large hole in the foot of the crazy door. This leads me to mention an inconvenience which the

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traveller ever encounters in a Spanish *venta* or *posada*—the next to impossibility of preserving his privacy. The chamber-doors, even in the better sort of *posadas*, have seldom more than a latch to secure them, which is equally available on either side; or when there is a lock or bolt, it is of such clumsy manufacture, as to be quite inefficient. Thus, the traveller's room is open to all the inmates of the house, and to his *compagnons de voyage*. Frequently, while dressing, will he see little curly-headed, black-eyed faces, thrust within the door, and drawn back with a merry laugh; the *moza*, too, has she occasion to enter, pays little regard to his sleeping or dressing hours. This is the case when he has a room to himself; all privacy is out of the question when, as generally happens, a number of travellers are thrust into the same apartment.

Soon after daybreak I was ascending the path to the Castle. It led me, first through lanes of cottages, fronted with vine-arbours, to the south of the rock or hill, then turned to the north up the precipitous steep, which was covered with huge crags, some surmounted by crosses. On entering the castle-yard by a ruined gateway, I found myself between the two Moorish towers, built on the outer and highest points of the Rock. The ground around me was strewed with crags,

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among which a few parched *garbanzos* were struggling for existence. Here, too, were several wells, sentry-boxes, batteries in ruins, with cannon dismounted, and a small chapel of modern construction. I climbed to the western tower by a rude staircase, hewn out of the solid rock, in one step of which was embedded a fossil Ammonite of extraordinarily large dimensions. The panoramic view from the roof was magnificent.

I first turned towards the north, and saw on my left hand, at a little distance, a lofty and verdant hill, with the road by which I had reached Gaucin winding along its side. On my right, or to the east, rose another finely formed, richly wooded range of hills, and between, lay a deep and cultivated valley, while the horizon was bounded by the majestic Serranía de Ronda, peak above peak piled up into the clouds. The bare crests of the hills to the east were thrown by the bright morning sky into deep purple shade, from which stood out in strong relief the other tower of the Castle, perched like an eagle on the summit of its precipitous rock. On turning to the south I beheld, between the hills last mentioned and a high conical one to the west, a broad expanse of undulating and variegated country—here, bright with a golden mantle of corn; there, blackened with luxuriant groves; or bare,

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heathy, and rocky—while, through the centre wound a river glittering over beds of yellow sand, and carrying the eye onwards to the blue line of the Mediterranean, which bounded the whole at the distance of nearly thirty miles. Springing from the extreme verge of this tract of low country, its white cliffs clearly defined against the dark blue of the Straits, appeared the double-headed Rock of Gibraltar. More to the right were the bay and mountains of Algeciras. Beyond all, in the horizon, was the long line of the opposite continent —Mount Abyla, facing Calpe, the headland of Ceuta more to the east, with the Bay of Tetuan behind, and beyond that, a faint, undefined streak of greyish-white marked the sublime, snow-clad chain of the Atlas, stretching far, far away eastward; now lost to the eye; then again discernible with an effort, till altogether invisible in the extreme distance.

As I looked over the broken battlements of the tower, I saw the hill on which the Castle was built sinking beneath me in a perpendicular precipice, several hundred feet deep, to meet a tract of rough, crag-bestrewn ground. On this, near the foot of the tower, lay an enclosed cemetery, and beyond it the town of Gaucin, with its red roofs and sunny-white walls, winding in the form of a crescent to the foot of a high conical hill,

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tufted with trees, which rose immediately to the west.

On leaving the Castle, I took a path beneath the eastern tower, which led me round that side of the hill down into the town. As I passed through it, many beautiful faces were protruded from the doors and windows; though well-bronzed by the sun, they had all the attractions that large, dark, glowing eyes, and a mirthful expression will ever impart. They bade me "Go with God!" and added the most gracious smiles to prove the sincerity of their wishes. On reaching the *posada* I found a group of these fair ones assembled at the door, and no sooner had I entered than I was pounced upon by them. One seized my sleeve to feel the texture of the cloth—the fineness of which, though no way extraordinary in England, elicited repeated exclamations of astonishment from these Spanish damsels—another examined my shirt; another my waistcoat; and thus every article of my apparel, even to my shoes, underwent a strict scrutiny; and altogether I seemed to excite as much amazement as though I had just fallen from another planet. Though I had previously on several occasions met with great inquisitiveness from the females, I was now surprised at this treatment, especially in a town so near the British fortress, and on the high

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road thence to Ronda. When they had satisfied their curiosity with my attire, they caught sight of my travelling-bags, and begged so earnestly to see the contents, that I would have acceded to their wish, had I not observed a savage, cut-throat-looking fellow standing at the door, with a gun in his hand and pistols in his belt, who eyed me very sinisterly, and looked as though he also would have no objection to be better acquainted with the luggage.

Dinner was served up in my *quarto*, and here Conchita, the muleteer my guide, and three or four others who were going to Gibraltar with fruit, and proposed to keep us company, sat down together. Soon after, preparations were made for departure, and when I had taken a regretful leave of Conchecita, and commended her to the care of all the saints, I climbed to the back of my mule, and again, as the Spaniards say, "took the road in my hands."

The echoes of our beasts' hoofs through the streets brought, as usual, a firmament of starry eyes to the doors and windows. On leaving the town we commenced the descent of the long hill on which it is situated. Here, on the one hand, reapers were cutting the waving corn, or piling it up on heavy ox-cars; on the other, mules or horses were treading out the sheaves in a circle.

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Below, lay the rich and sunny valley, stretching away towards Gibraltar. Above, and behind us, were the white houses of Gaucin nestling beneath the double-peaked rock of the Castle.

At the foot of the hill we entered groves of orange, fig, pomegranate, and other fruit-trees, passing between hedges of aloes, with their lofty stems and yellow clusters of flowers, prickly-pears, with their orange-blossoms, and *algarrobos*, with their long drooping pods.* We presently reached the banks of the river Genar, whose course we followed for several leagues, fording it many times. Now, we passed over the verdant strip of land, extending between the stream and the hills which bounded the valley to the left, and affording pasturage to herds of horned cattle and brood-mares, —now, traversed the broad sandy bed which marked the force and size of the winter torrent,— now, lost ourselves in the thick groves of oleanders which fringed the stream, every tree a large mass of rose-coloured bloom. So luxuriantly did they flourish, interspersed with the myrtle, cistus, rhododendron, laurustinus, and cypress, that in any other land this spot would have been a garden— here it was only a wilderness. Truly may it be

* The carob, or ceratonia siliqua, sometimes called "St. John's bread." It is a useful tree in Andalucia, as the cattle are frequently fed with its beans.

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said of Spain, "her waste is more than the fertility of other countries."

At sunset we left the banks of the river, and entered a hilly region covered with cork-trees and underwood. We had been traversing this some time when we heard the rapid tramp of hoofs behind, and a cavalier rode up and demanded whither we were going.

"*A la Plaza*—To the Fortress," was the reply.

"Good," said he, and began conversing in an under-tone with one of the muleteers. The darkness of the hour, increased by the gloom of the groves, would not allow me to distinguish his features, but I could discern that he was dressed *á lo majo*, well armed, and mounted on a handsome barb. This was Don —— (I forget the name the *nevero* gave him)—a well-known *contrabandista*, who was now on his way to the Fortress.

He presently saluted me as a "*Caballero Inglés*," saying that the English were his very good friends, and that he had been constantly journeying to and from Gibraltar for thirteen years past.

"Then you probably speak the language?"

"The English?—man, no! the devil himself once spent seven years in England, and split his head in trying to learn your tongue, but he could never say more than an oath."

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"How do you contrive then in your dealings with the British at Gibraltar?"

"Oh, most of them can speak like Catholics—*saben hablar Catolico.*" This is an expression frequently used in Spain to signify anything excellent, genuine, or Spanish. Thus Sancho Panza exclaimed of the wine which he drank with the squire of the Knight of the Mirrors, "Ah! how Catholic it is!"*

I enquired if the Spaniards did not view the English with jealousy, on account of their occupation of Gibraltar.

"*Ora, no!*—now, no! we are used to it. The English are a good people; we do not want to quarrel with them; but the French! *c——jo!* if they had the Fortress, we would soon give them our knives to eat!"

"Why do you not like the French?"

"Cursed villains! we all hate them! when they came to Spain, the very dogs and cats flew at them! even the stones rose up against them! one Englishman is worth fifty thousand French devils—cursed be they!"

Presently, gnashing his teeth, he added with vehemence; I could go to torment with the English, but not to glory with the French—*pudiera ir al*

* Don Quixote, par. ii., cap. 13.

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infierno con los Ingleses, pero no á la gloria con los Franceses!"

I would not press my inquiries, as I judged from his manner that he had some private cause of hatred to the French. Such bitter sentiments are, however, general in Andalucia, and, indeed, throughout Spain, where the French, on account of their invasions and the barbarous excesses then committed, are hated far more cordially than ever they were by the English in the times of the greatest animosity between the two nations.

I turned the conversation to the Fortress, whither we were bound, and asked if his countrymen deemed it impregnable.

"Yes, it would be impossible for us to retake it."

"Go away to your grandmother!" here interposed a muleteer, "we could take it well enough if we pleased. We nearly did so once, I have heard my father say. We climbed the east side of the Rock, and got into the town, but there were too few of us, and we were all cut to pieces."

"Look ye here, man!" replied the *contrabandista*, "the Plaza is much stronger now than then; the garrison much more alert, *tan buenos mozos!*—such fine lads, too! and the guns—*canario!* they are more numerous than stones! We could never take it. If we had it here, a

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league or two from the sea, we might take it by blockade; but as it is, we must beat the English marine, before we could starve the Fortress. No! the Spaniards cannot take Gibraltar—nor the French either!" and he broke forth into a song, of which, as he howled it with the Andalucian nasal drawl, I could catch only the following stanza:—

"El Inglés tiene un Cañon,
Que se llama Boca Negra;
Y en diciendo cañonazo,
Toda la Francia se tiembla!—

The Englishman, he has a cannon,
The name of Black Mouth taking;
And when it bellows out its thunder,
It sets all France a-shaking!"

The Spanish *contrabandistas* of the better class are a noble set of men, hardy and daring, generous and strictly honourable. I have heard Englishmen who have travelled with and been entertained by them, speak in the highest terms of their courtesy and hospitality. Smugglers of the inferior class will rarely scruple to turn robbers when opportunities offer, but the *contrabandista* par excellence, disdains to plunder anything less than the royal treasury. Their course of life is not so hazardous as it would appear, for the *aduaneros* are either too much afraid of them

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openly to attack them, or are rendered compliant by bribes. The *alcaldes* of the villages where the contrabandists reside are also bribed, and seldom attempt to disturb them. Now and then, when they know that a smuggler has nothing contraband in his house, the *alcalde* and *aduaneros*, either to satisfy their consciences, or, more likely, to make a report, pay him an official visit. The contrabandist receives them courteously, assures them their suspicions are entirely unfounded, but tells them to please themselves, to search everywhere. This they do, and when they have pried into every corner without success, he offers them some choice Habanos, and dismisses them with "*Abour!* Go away with God, cavaliers!" The poorer smugglers, however, the mere foot-pads of the exchequer, from whom these officials have nothing to fear or to hope in the way of bribes, are sometimes seized as examples, and condemned to the *presidios* for a term of years.

Never was the absurdity of prohibitions against the introduction of articles of foreign produce and manufacture more clearly evidenced than in Spain. As there is neither capital nor enterprise for manufacturing at home, the people must have made-goods from abroad; and the laws prohibiting their importation, or the extravagantly high duties which amount to prohibitions, have, in consequence, induced smuggling to an extent

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which has probably never been equalled elsewhere. According to recent calculations, nearly 300,000 Spaniards are engaged, one way or other, in this illegal traffic.

Moreover, these fiscal regulations ruin the fair trader, or compel him, in self-defence, to turn smuggler with the rest—ruin the public exchequer, for the revenue received is scarcely worth the expense of its collection—and, worse than all, ruin the public morals. The Government is obliged to maintain a large force for the suppression of the smuggling it has itself caused; and, on account of the smallness of the revenues, these officers are so inadequately paid, that they are induced either to embezzle part of the revenue they collect, or to make up the deficiency in their salaries by receiving presents from the *contrabandistas* as the price of their connivance. The higher officials are not less venal than the lower, and corruption becomes sanctioned by example. When we consider the wide extent of this bribery—the immense number of those engaged in smuggling—the contagious influence of their example on others, begetting contempt for the Government, and a general readiness to evade the laws—we shall be convinced that the extent of public demoralization occasioned by these prohibitory laws is incalculable. Had the legislators

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of Spain expressly sought to frame a system which should ruin at once the national revenues and morals, they could not have devised one more effectual than that which actually exists.

A moderate duty would remedy these evils—would greatly enrich the exchequer,—the officials, with better pay, would be less venal and more efficient,—smuggling would necessarily diminish in a great degree, for, with his risk then increased, the contrabandist could scarcely afford to undersell the fair trader,—and the public morality would acquire a more healthy tone.

But to return from this digression. For several hours we traversed the forest of cork-trees, constantly ascending or descending, till, on reaching a height clear of wood, we beheld the Bay of Gibraltar at our feet, with the mountains of Algeciras on the right thrown darkly against the starry sky, while across the Bay to the left, was dimly seen the far-famed Rock itself looming low and small in the distance. We then descended to San Roque, approaching it through long lanes hedged with aloes. Here the *contrabandista* left us to enter the town, while we merely skirted it, and, following a path to the shore, turned off to the left towards Gibraltar, now five or six miles distant.

We had proceeded a mile or two along the

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beach, when, as the first faint streaks of light in the east heralded the coming day, and before the Rock had assumed to our eyes a definite form, a flash of fire broke from the dense gloom at its foot,—another flash the next moment shot from its summit, and the united reports presently came booming over the waters, and rolled away across the Bay till their echoes were lost in the mountains behind Algeciras.

The light momentarily increasing soon showed me the outline of the Rock. As I looked at its precipitous extremity to the north, its long ridge and rapid slope to the south, I remembered somewhere to have read or heard of its likeness to the form of a crouching lion. Its general outline, seen from this point of view, and by this dubious light, certainly bore a considerable resemblance to that animal; though, if examined critically, it might be said that the head was too abrupt, the back not enough curved, and the hinder extremities too sloping. Nevertheless, it bore a sufficient resemblance to a lion to lead me to regard it as an emblem of British power, emerged from the ocean, and tranquilly reposing with its head turned towards the country it threatened.

It was broad daylight when we reached the small village on the frontiers of the Spanish territory, where the *arrieros* were obliged to procure

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a licence to enter the Fortress, though I, as a British subject, was only required to show my passport. Having passed the Spanish lines, we entered the Neutral Ground, which is about half a mile long. Viewed from hence, the Rock loses all resemblance to a lion, for nothing is seen but a bare precipice fifteen hundred feet high, rising in the form of a cone of no great width, and dotted at two-thirds of its height with a double row of port-holes.

On again setting foot on British ground, to that thrill of delight which can only be experienced on passing immediately from a strange land to one's native soil, I felt added a pride—pride, when with the neglected fortifications and squalid troops at the Spanish barrier fresh in my memory, I looked round on the clean, well-accoutred soldiery, the bristling chevaux-de-frise, the broad ditches filled with water, the formidable batteries of the Mole, tier above tier, those on the frowning heights above, and even within the bowels of the mountain—in a word, the power, the order, the watchfulness everywhere visible within the Fortress.* The contrast was most favourable to

* During the celebrated siege of 1782 there were only 280 guns in the Fortress; now there are no fewer than 657 mounted, 500 of which are not less than 24-pounders. The howitzers are mostly 68-pounders. In the Excavations are

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Britain. The two fortifications may be viewed as no unapt emblems of their respective countries; —the one firm and powerful; the other enfeebled and decayed. Yet only two centuries since, Spain was more powerful, more wealthy than Britain, and her dominions far more extensive. To what is owing the reverse? Mainly to the enjoyment on the one side, and the deprivation on the other, of freedom. Freedom, in England, has brought knowledge, enterprise, wealth, power, in its train. Despotism, religious and political, has rendered Spain ignorant, superstitious, slothful, poor and impotent.

38 guns, all, save three or four, bearing on the Spanish lines or on the Bay, and in this last case they would prove more serviceable than in the former, as a shot fired into an enemy's ship from this elevation would almost inevitably sink her.

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CHAPTER XV.

GIBRALTAR—VOYAGE TO CADIZ.

Thou Calpe! ancient Rock
Renown'd, no longer now shalt thou be call'd
From gods and heroes of the years of yore ....
Bacchus or Hercules—but doom'd to bear
The name of thy new conqueror; and henceforth
To stand his everlasting monument.

SOUTHEY'S RODERIC.

Noche tinta,
Blanco el dia.—

REFRAN.

A gloomy night
Brings a day bright.

GIBRALTAR is too well known to the English generally to require a word in the way of descrip-

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tion from a transient visitor, yet I may be excused if I pause to notice a few of the things most striking to the traveller who enters the Fortress from Spain. Even to one not fresh from the cities of Andalucia, where a unity of dress, manners, and language prevails, the great variety in these respects to be met with in Gibraltar would be surprising enough, for here are congregated individuals from many different countries. Besides British civilians, and others in the general European costume, whose nationality is to be determined only by their physiognomy and accent, there are the military of the garrison in various uniforms, who form a large proportion—perhaps one-third—of the population. Then there is the British sailor swaggering through the streets with his trousers at once of the tightest and the loosest, his hands stuck in his pockets, and his low-crowned straw hat cocked on the side of his head, with its long ribbons streaming in the air—the Catalan or Genoese sailor with his red pendent cap, brown jacket, crimson sash, and bare sunburnt feet and legs—the dingy, ragged charcoal-burner from the mountains of Algeciras—the *contrabandista* in his trim and gay *majo* dress, strutting as proudly as the British soldiery, and much more gracefully—and the nondescript Spaniard, muffled in his *capa parda*. To these

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and many others from Europe, Africa adds the stately Moor in turban, rich vest, loose and short white drawers, and yellow Morocco slippers, or wrapt in the thin shroud-like *haik*—and the filthy, greasy Jew with untrimmed beard, small black or blue skull-cap, long jacket, loose blue breeches, held up by a red worsted sash, and bare arms and legs, shuffling along in his slippers as he carries some burden on his back, or supports it on a pole resting on his shoulder and on that of a comrade. Other Israelites of a somewhat higher class, in light-blue gowns girt by red sashes, will be sitting cross-legged in the streets, or hawking rolls of cloth from door to door. The swarms of this race in Gibraltar particularly strike the attention of the traveller who enters from Spain, as no Jew has for centuries been allowed to enter that country.

As to the costumes of the women, there are but three varieties. The hooded cloak of scarlet, edged with a broad border of black velvet—a dress, I believe, peculiar to the Rock; the *mantilla* and fan of the Spanish residents, sometimes assumed by the natives also; and the bonnet and gown of the English lasses.

As the languages to be heard in the streets are even more various than the costumes, Gibraltar is a very Babel.

Another peculiarity is the strange jumble of

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buildings. Here the open-courted, airy Spanish house contrasts with the close, small-roomed English dwelling—there the glass-fronted, deep, and well-stocked shop, the counterpart of which might be found in Cornhill or the Strand, stands by the side of the small, open stall of the Moor or Jew.

Then the crowds, the bustle, the uproar, the evidences of trade and industry in Gibraltar, contrast forcibly with the deep repose of Spanish cities. Besides handsome vehicles dashing along with gay officers and gayer dames, and equestrians curvetting through the streets on their way to Europa Point, or on excursions into the Spanish territory, there are carts and trucks conveying goods, porters laden with burdens, and men of business hurrying to and fro regardless of the heat. Gibraltar has thus an air of far more activity than the neighbouring seaports of the Peninsula which have four or five times its population. The character of its possessors causes the difference. The commercial enterprise of the English is transfused into their colonies, and seems to affect all who come within the sphere of their influence. The Italian, French, and Moorish residents here catch the spirit; even the Spaniard lays aside his habitual sloth, and bestirs himself in the pursuit of wealth.

But what more than all must strike the traveller

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who enters the Fortress from Spain, is the state of society on the Rock. On coming from a country where every one is disposed to be pleased and sociable with all around him—where distinctions in rank never interfere with the claims of courtesy —where the highest and lowest can meet without the risk of degrading the one or unduly exalting the other—where the poor are not constantly reminded of their inferiority by the rich, but where the "Go with God, friend!" of the peasant is answered by the noble with a similar salutation, —the contrast in the state of society at Gibraltar is calculated to make the English traveller (if not deeply imbued with home prejudices) ashamed of, or disgusted with, his countrymen. Here is seen, under its most glaring aspect, that narrow pride, whether of rank or wealth, which is perhaps the worst feature in the English character, and certainly the most disgusting to foreigners. The officers of the garrison look upon the civilians, with a very few exceptions among the British, as immeasurably inferior to themselves; they despise the natives of the Rock, many of whom are of great respectability and wealth, as mere "Scorpions;" and regard foreigners as quite unworthy of their notice. This naturally begets in the civilians a hostile spirit, the long-smouldering sparks of which, a short time before my arrival at Gibraltar,

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had burst into a flame on the citizens proposing to give a ball to the lady of the Governor, Sir Alexander Woodford.

An exclusive feeling is to a certain extent unavoidable, inasmuch as a universal social equality is a chimera. The educated cannot be expected to associate with the illiterate, the polished with the unrefined; but should any carry their exclusiveness, even towards the lower orders, to such lengths as to interfere with the common courtesies of life, they become objects of pity or disgust; how much more so, when those they despise are their equals, perhaps their superiors, in intellect, acquirements, manners, and honourable feeling,—in every thing but the adventitious circumstance of rank or wealth?

The stranger in Gibraltar should not neglect to visit the Garrison Library, a storehouse of literature, where the officers may relieve by study the tedium of their residence in so confined a spot, —nor the church, recently built in the Morisco style, and thus, as a Protestant temple, probaby unique,—nor the Governor's Garden, a delightfully shady retreat overlooking the Bay, where the palm, the banana, and many tropical trees and shrubs flourish and yield fruit in perfection,—nor the Moorish castle on the heights above the town, venerable as having been built so

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early as A. D. 740, and interesting as retaining in its walls and towers the marks of the shot fired from the allied batteries in the memorable siege of 1782, as well as of those fired in the previous attempts of the Spaniards to retake the Fortress from the English.

Nor let him forget the Alameda, which may vie in beauty and in picturesqueness of situation with any in the cities of Andalucia, not excepting even those of Granada. Above the groves on his left as he leaves the town by the southern gate, towers the steep frowning face of the Rock, and on the right through the trees peep the bright blue waters of the Bay studded with sails, with the mountainous coast of Algeciras opposite, sprinkled with sun-lit buildings. The Alameda is adorned with choice shrubs and flowers, with arbours, statues, and fountains, but, notwithstanding its charms, it is rarely frequented by the inhabitants of Gibraltar.

Then let the stranger proceed, still southward, towards Europa Point, between gardens which display all the unrivalled horticultural taste of the English. The neat villas and cottages peeping through groves of fruit-trees, or wrapt in the luxuriant foliage of the vine or jasmine, will remind him of home comforts, and impress him with a sense of security not to be enjoyed in the

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neighbouring territory of Spain. All this cultivation affords an agreeable contrast to the Rock which rears its wall hard by, clothed below with all the wild luxuriance of nature, but towering above in bare and craggy grandeur into the deep blue heavens. Occasional glimpses of the sail-studded Bay and its opposite coast, or of the dark mountains of Africa beyond the Straits, caught through the foliage, enliven the scenery, and add to its picturesque beauty. After passing through some finely-broken ground, he will reach the broad, naked plateau above Europa Point. Here, from the eastern side, let him look over the perpendicular cliff upon the roof of the Governor's cottage, nestling so far beneath as to appear on the beach, but this is an optical illusion, for the ledge on which it is built is one hundred and seventy feet above the sea. Bounding this plateau on the north, rises the highest peak of the Rock, bold, naked, and craggy, its base eternally washed by the waves of the Mediterranean.

The stranger in Gibraltar should by no means neglect ascending to the summit of the Rock. The best way is perhaps from Europa Point. As he climbs the western slope, he will pass the Jewish burying-place—a collection of slabs, with Hebrew inscriptions, lying on the open face of the hill, for no enclosure protects the sepulchres of

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this outcast race. A little higher, and he reaches St. Michael's Cave. Let him enter, and when he has penetrated its damp and gloomy recesses, let him look back, and observe, in the vaulted roof fretted with stalactites, and in the lofty pillars at intervals—some already formed, others in the course of formation—the rude efforts of Nature to imitate one of the noblest works of Art, a Gothic cathedral.

The path upwards from the Cave will lead him to the Signal Staff, on the central and lowest summit of the Rock, where are a telegraph, and a signal battery. Continuing on the same path he will at length reach the northern peak. Here let him sit awhile to enjoy the magnificent panorama.

To the south is the whole length of the Rock, rising from the sea on either hand in the shape of an irregular wedge; the nearer of its peaks crested by the Signal Staff, the further and highest by the lightning-riven tower of O'Hara. The eye then crosses the channel to the opposite continent, about four leagues distant—rests awhile on the dark precipices of Mount Abyla, the other pillar of Hercules, seen just above the Signal Staff—then follows the wavy line of coast westward, till it loses itself on Cape Spartel at the mouth of the Straits, visible over the Spanish

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hills near Cabrita Point. Just to the east of Mount Abyla is the long rocky tongue of land on which is the fortress of Ceuta, the chief of the few African possessions still retained by Spain. Behind it is the deep bay of Tetuan, and in the horizon soars the stupendous, snow-crested chain of Atlas stretching away eastward in dim perspective, till it seems to mingle with the waters of the Mediterranean, whose broad expanse reflects the rays of the morning sun with such brilliancy, that the numerous vessels on its surface are hardly visible in the glare. Let the eye now sweep the horizon of water, and it will again meet land to the north-east in the ranges near Malaga, or, if the atmosphere be very clear, in the wild Alpujarras beyond. Nearer still is the mountainous coast of Marbella and Estepona, and, more to the north, the sublime Serranía de Ronda, with its masses piled up into the clouds. Beneath the nearer peaks, with a little difficulty, may be discerned the Castle of Gaucin perched like an eagle on its pointed crag. The Serranía extends round the horizon to the north-west, till it seems to meet the wooded mountains of Algeciras, which, sinking to the tower-crested headland of Cabrita Point, form the western boundary of the Bay of Gibraltar. In the further bight, on a low hill, stands the sunny-white town of San

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Roque, and midway along the opposite shore, that of Algeciras, between which and the Rock many snowy sails are chequering the calm, deep blue of the Bay.

Having scanned the distant scene, let the spectator look over the tremendous precipice to the north, upon the Neutral Ground at its base, and the Spanish lines beyond, stretching across the narrow neck of sand which unites Gibraltar to the main-land. The hawks, which are wheeling in mid-air far beneath him, mingle their screams with the faint music of the breakers on either side the Rock, and the hum of voices from the half-seen town below.

No one who enters the Fortress, though but for a day, neglects to visit the Excavations—the most extraordinary feature of Gibraltar. Description were here superfluous. Who that has penetrated these marvellous passages, these chambers rescued from the bowels of the rock, has found words adequate to express his mingled sensations of wonder, awe, and pride—or has failed to exclaim, "This is one of the greatest triumphs over Nature ever achieved by human skill and perseverance?"

From Gibraltar to Cadiz there are three roads; the shortest, a wild track across the mountains, is likewise the most dangerous on account of the

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mala gente who infest it; the second is by Los Barrios; and the third by Algeciras and Tarifa. This last, though by far the longest route, is the most agreeable, as the road from the Fortress to Tarifa winds for the most part along the side of the mountains overhanging the sea, and commands delightful views of the country inland, and of the lake-like Straits with the wild mountain coast of Africa.

I had determined on taking this road, but one morning, while in the act of bargaining with an *alquilador* for a pair of horses, I heard that a vessel was on the point of sailing for Cadiz with a favourable wind. This induced me to alter my plans; and I hurried on board with my luggage. Alongside the *mistico*,* as she lay in the tier off the Mole, was another of larger size, deeply laden, and with a numerous crew of as savage-looking armed ruffians as Spain, the land of bandits, could supply. They were smugglers, and were preparing to work out of the Bay under cover of the night.

Punctuality being unknown in Andalucia, the sun was low in the west ere we weighed anchor. The breeze was very light, and as it was from the

* A *mistico* is a two-masted, latteen-sailed craft, with jib and jigger.

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east, we were to leeward of the Rock, and made at first scarcely any progress. The evening was calm and bright; the mountains behind Algeciras had put on their richest mantle of purple, and the western sky was of the most brilliant orange, which was reflected in broken lights on the gently-rippled bosom of the Bay. As I was gazing in this direction, a bright light sprung up on the dark mass of the mountains,—another, and another succeeded it,—till in a short time the whole Sierra was studded with blazing fires rapidly extending, and producing, as they were mirrored in the Bay, it was difficult to say whether a more beautiful or singularly wild effect. These were the fires of the *carboneros,* or charcoal-burners.

By the aid of sweeps and sails we crept along beneath the Rock, passing the town, batteries, and Alameda in succession, and when off the little village of Rosia, our attention was attracted by two black spots on the bright surface of the Bay at some distance to the west. These we soon discovered to be a small smuggling-boat pursued by one from the Spanish *guardacosta* off Algeciras. There was just light enough for us to discern that the chase contained but two men, while in her pursuer there were six. This gave the latter great advantage; the little smuggler nevertheless boldly held her way across the Bay,

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as fast as her pair of oars could urge her towards the town of Gibraltar. We watched them as they skimmed the blushing waters, not without an anxious concern in the fate of the little chase, which seemed resolved to die game. The revenue-boat was gaining on her rapidly,—every stroke lessened the intervening distance, and I fully expected to see her fall a prey to her pursuer, more especially when she all at once seemed to relax in speed, as though well nigh exhausted. Great was my astonishment when the other boat, now not fifty yards astern, instead of pushing forward to seize her, suddenly stopped short and put about.

It was soon explained to me that smugglers cannot be seized at sea within a league of Gibraltar; and that, as the little boat had entered the British waters, further pursuit on the part of the guardacosta's cutter would have been dangerous.

"*Es todo verdad—eso, Señor Ingles*—It's all truth—that, Mr. Englishman," said one of the passengers, "a *cosario** cannot go in pursuit of a contrabandista's boat when it is under the protection of the British flag. *Ave Maria!* I remember some years since that a *falucho*† was

* This word signifies the commander of a revenue-vessel, as well as a muleteer.

† The *falucho* is rigged like the *mistico*, but with a single mast.

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fishing in the Bay, when up comes a *cosario;* the boat flies towards the Plaza and gets within the line, but my good *cosario* does not mind that two figs, and what does he? he comes up with the *falucho,* and finding contraband on board, he seizes it me, and without saying '*Perdon, Señores!*' he takes it me off to Malaga. Well, sirs, they were just thinking of selling said *falucho,* when down comes an express from the Governor of the Fortress yonder, saying, that if they did not immediately set free the vessel with all her crew and cargo, he'd send a fleet, and in less than a creed turn Malaga to dust."

"And what was the result?"

"They let the vessel go, *por supuesto,* what else should they do? No, no, my sirs!" added he, with a knowing and solemn air, "those are sacred things, those!—*son cosas sagradas, esas!*"

We were soon roused to look to ourselves, for the revenue-cutter, finding she had missed one game, turned her head towards our vessel which was without the line, and bore down on us as fast as her six oars could propel her. All was now confusion on board; the passengers running to and fro in alarm seeking where to hide their property; the crew jumping into the hold for the same purpose; the master ordering them out with a thousand curses, and shouting to them to

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hoist out the boat and tow the vessel ahead. She was no smuggler by profession, but these coasting craft have all sufficient reason to dread a visit from a *cosario*, for on sailing from Gibraltar they have always tobacco or other prohibited articles on board.

After some short delay the boat was hoisted out, and additional sail being set, the *mistico* made more way through the water. Every thing contraband being by this time stowed away in nooks and corners on the deck, or carefully secreted below, we were again pretty tranquil.

"Let us only keep ahead of them," cried the *capitan*, "for one quarter of an hour, and we'll bid them 'Remain with God, friends!'"

In fact, before that time had elapsed, we were abreast of Europa Point, and, catching the breeze, which we had hitherto lost beneath the shelter of the Rock, began to show our heels so rapidly to the revenue-cutter that she gave up the chase in despair. Our vessel bending to the breeze was soon scudding merrily across the mouth of the Bay, with her boat, which had just before been towing her, now dragging in her wake.

As Europa Point opened on us, we perceived a couple of *faluchos* lying-to under the cliffs, apparently waiting to be joined by the heavy

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mistico, before-mentioned, which was creeping along by means of its long sweeps beneath the friendly batteries of the Fortress. Steadily but rapidly did we hold on our course, manfully stemming the current of the Straits by the aid of the breeze, passing Cabrita Point, the Isle of Pigeons, and other small headlands in quick succession.

It was night, when after partaking of the *puchero*, the common supper, I descended into the small cabin, and accommodated myself for repose on the bare floor. I might have slept for an hour or two, when I was awakened by heavy trampling and loud shouts over my head, which were at once explained by the whistling of the wind, and the violent motion of the vessel. I hurried on deck and found the wind, which a short time before had been only a favourable breeze, now suddenly increased to a gale; the stars were in great measure obscured by black masses of cloud drifting wildly across the sky; the sea was rising rapidly; the vessel was gunwale to, careening under her huge latteen sails till the waves washed the deck fore and aft; the seamen were some attempting to batten down the hatches, some vainly striving to hand in the sails, whose loosened sheets were flying violently to and fro; nor in their terror and confusion

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at the sudden squall could they manage at once to strike the yards; while the master, who dared not quit the helm, was screaming himself hoarse in a perfect frenzy of rage, and consigning his crew to the tender mercies of legions of devils. It was a scene I can never forget.

The yards were at length lowered on deck, and we lay for some time rocking under bare poles; but ere the sails could be reefed, and the yards again hoisted, danger burst upon us from another quarter. An English brig, which had left Gibraltar with us, was now descried through the gloom bearing rapidly down upon us. We stood gazing at her for a few moments, expecting to see her alter her course, but it presently became evident, that owing to the darkness of the night, and our having no canvass spread, she did not perceive us. A general shout then burst forth, but our cries were borne by the loud blast far to leeward, ere they could reach the brig. On she came, evidently unconscious of the dreadful fate she was preparing for our devoted boat. Terror seemed now to have seized and paralyzed all on board; some had dropped on their knees, and the rest had ceased shouting, and stood gazing stupidly at the approaching vessel. So rapidly did all this pass, that none had time to collect his thoughts, or to become conscious of anything

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but the imminent peril. One of the passengers then suddenly breaking the spell, rushed into the cabin, seized the small lantern which hung against the wall, and springing into the rigging, waved it wildly over his head. The brig, which seemed to be already on the crest of the next wave, yawed in an instant, and sheered close by us.

An indescribable feeling shot through my mind as I saw her huge dark hull rushing past;—a shudder thrilled through my frame, a cold sweat stood on my brow, as I gazed on the boiling waters in her wake. One second more, and it might have been too late, and I and all would have been rolling beneath those wild and gloomy billows. I had never before looked Death so nearly in the face, and as I stared at the receding brig, I could scarcely credit the reality of my deliverance.

This incident seemed to have unnerved the crew, for it was long before we were again driving before the wind under close-reefed sails. No eye was again closed that night; one subject occupied every thought and every tongue.

In a few hours the wind abated, and the dawn of day found us doubling Cape Trafalgar, with a breeze no fresher than that of the previous evening. The Cape is a long low headland crested with a tower or lighthouse; behind it, rise some

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hills, and above them now appeared the loftiest, grandest, wildest-outlined range of mountains I had ever beheld—their jagged peaks, black as jet, thrown against the pure red sky of morning. As I stood gazing on them, lost in surprise and admiration, the sun rose, and sent his truth-telling beams right through the very heart of the mountains, splitting and cracking their vast masses in every direction ; and by degrees, fragment after fragment rolled away, or melted beneath his ardour, till little was left, except the low range of hills behind the Cape. A more singular effect of cloud I never remember to have witnessed.

The white towers of "fair Cadiz" soon came into view, "rising o'er the dark blue sea" in the north-western horizon. Passing the low "heights of Barrosa," consecrated by British valour*—the sea-girt, tower-capped rock of Santi Petri, dear to the antiquarian—the brilliant town of Isla, or San Fernando—and coasting the long neck of sand, we approached the city. Its flat roofs, and numerous kiosks glistening in the sun gave it more than ever, in my eyes, the appearance of an

* Here, on the 5th of March, 1811, a small force of British troops, under Lieut.-General Graham, routed eight thousand French, commanded by Maréchal Victor.

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Eastern city, of which the huge-domed Cathedral seemed the principal Mosque. All was bright, gay, and joyous. The azure of the heavens was unstained by a cloud,—the ocean, still heaving, but ruffled only by the light summer breeze, was laughing at us with a thousand sparkling eyes,—and numerous white sails were threading sportive dances over its broad bosom. What a contrast to the night just past!

Running beneath the Fort of San Sebastian, and the ruined sea-wall, we worked into the Bay, and came to an anchor off the city. While we were waiting to be boarded by the officers of Health and Customs, and even while they were approaching us, a small boat crept slyly round to the other side of our vessel, and its single occupant, receiving all the tobacco and other contraband articles from the hands of our crew, hastily stowed them away under the foot-boards of the boat, which seemed contrived purposely for such concealment. When the *aduaneros* reached us, the boatman was at some distance, hailing our vessel for a fare.

Cadiz, I found not less clean and beautiful than when I had quitted it many weeks previously—nay, the houses seem to have assumed, if possible, a more snowy-white and more brilliant

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colours. I must acknowledge, though at the risk of offending every son and daughter of Malaga, that Cadiz, for cleanliness, prettiness, and holiday-gaiety of appearance, is unrivalled by any other city of Andalucia.

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE ANDALUCES.

El Andaluz es fanfarron,
Buen torero, y ladron.

In bragging, robbing, and in the bull-fight,
The Andaluz is a hero quite!

A SUMMARY of the Andalucian character!

Allowing the Andaluz full credit for his excellences in the bull-ring and on the highway, let us proceed to notice more particularly the first of the three qualities attributed to him, which is unquestionably the most prominent feature of his mental physiognomy.

As pride distinguishes the Englishman, and vanity the Frenchman, so does conceit, or the

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union of the two, distinguish in as remarkable a degree the Spaniard of Andalucia; for the natives of each province of Spain have a distinct character. The Andaluz has that mixture of pride and vanity, which, unlike either of those qualities when pure, produces a neutral effect. Had he more of either, he might, like the Briton or Frenchman, arrive at distinction, but these qualities are so nicely balanced in his mental constitution, that, when the desire of fame prompts him to exertion, pride steps in, arrests his progress, and tells him to be satisfied with himself as he is: when regard for his own consequence is his incentive, it carries him forward but a few steps, for his vanity presently interferes, and so engages him in blazoning abroad the little he has done, as to make him forget he has yet more to do.

This failing of the Andalucians betrays itself in many ways—in the passion for dress entertained by both sexes, which leads the poorest to consider no sacrifice of comfort too great which will enable them to assume expensive clothing—in their exaggerated pompous mode of speaking —in the compliments which they lavish on each other in profusion, as the most grateful tribute that can be offered by vanity to self-love—and in their eternal boastings. By their own account they are the bravest, cleverest, and in almost

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every respect, the first people in existence.* But, as their own proverbs have it, they too often "cry wine and sell vinegar"—"they produce more noise than nuts"—"much cackling but few eggs." Times without number have I heard them assert that to Spain alone are the nations of Europe indebted for their freedom from the yoke of Napoleon. It was Spain that conquered France, and saved England from destruction! Wellington and his army did little or nothing! To convince them of the contrary would be next to impossible.

The emptiness of their boasts has often been proved. On the outbreak of the War of Independence, who were more loud in their exclamations of defiance, who promised a more active part in repelling the invaders than the Andalucians?—yet city after city opened its gates without resistance, and, except at Bailen in 1808, and afterwards at Cadiz and in the Serranía of Ronda, the French met with no determined opposition. "They experienced less resistance in Andalucia than in any other part of Spain."† The same

* Yet they will allow that they are less virtuous, politically and socially, than some other nations. "Peace and the virtues," I have often heard them exclaim, "are the two things of which Spain stands most in need."

† Southey's Peninsular War, vol. iii. p. 34.

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happened on the French invasion in 1823, when Andalucia, the birth-place of the Constitution, saw that Constitution wrested from her almost without a struggle.

While in Spain I had many conversations with Andaluces of all ranks on the subject of the civil war now raging. All agreed—for this province is the stronghold of Spanish liberalism—that the cowardly Carlists would never dare to cross the Sierra Morena, as they knew too well the mettle of the Andaluces, and that they would soon find the province too hot for them. Yet, not two months after I had quitted the country, Gomez with his band overran Andalucia, entered Córdoba, Ecija, Ronda, and many of the principal towns, meeting with the most trifling resistance, or with none whatever; and was only checked in his career of rapine by Narvaez, with an army brought from the northern provinces.

Their overweening conceit often leads the Andaluces to bullying. Their tendency to this, and to gasconade, is much ridiculed by the natives of other parts of Spain. A friend tells me that he witnessed in the theatre at Madrid, a piece in which an Andaluz, one of these *perdonavidas*, or "life-pardoners," as they are called, is represented walking on the Prado when it is almost deserted, cutting up tobacco with his *navaja*, in order to

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make a *papelito.* He stops at length before a thick oleander bush, and, grinding his teeth, dashes his knife into it exclaiming, "*Si fueras hombre, yo te la meteria en la barriga... a!*—If thou wert a man, I would run it into thy belly!"

A Castillian happens, unknown to the Andaluz, to be sleeping behind the bush: the voice of the latter awakens him; he jumps up, and steps forward. "If I were a man, what wouldst thou do?" cries he fiercely.

"*Compadre! venido eres norabuena!*—Crony! thou art come at the right time," replies the Andaluz, "I was just saying to the bush, that if it were a man, I would ask it to swallow a draught of wine with me. *Vamos á beber!*—Come, let us drink, brother, here is the bottlery hard by!"

Like most bullies, the Andaluz, if resolutely withstood, soon becomes civil and compliant; and the traveller should remember this, and always be ready to resist with firmness any hectoring attempts at extortion.

Though individual instances of bravery are common enough among bull-fighters, contrabandists, and robbers; yet history bears out the assertion that the Andaluces, as a people, have no remarkable share of courage—by no means equal to that displayed by the Castillians, Basques,

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Navarrese, and other inhabitants of northern Spain. Their courage is impetuous and ferocious, but short-lived, and unsupported by coolness and firmness. Like the tiger they will make their spring, but if baffled, they skulk away, and seldom renew the attack.

Of the cruelty of the Andalucians, I have already said enough.* It is difficult to determine how far this is attributable to the bull-fight, and how far to the natural cast of their dispositions. If principally owing to the latter cause, it is without doubt fostered and increased by the former.

Of deceit and treachery, the Andaluz has, I think, been erroneously accused. The kingly and priestly despotism, which has so long oppressed him, has rendered him in some degree wary and suspicious, but he is naturally open and unreserved; and though the strength of his passions, fully matured by the scorching climate, often leads him to revenge, he cannot fairly be said to be characteristically deceitful or treacherous. On the contrary, the frankness, the strict honour and probity of the middle, and even of many of the lower class, are proverbial: the merchant, the

* Vid. vol. i. chap. 9.

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tradesman, the contrabandist, the *cosario*, exemplify these fine traits of the Spanish character. Let it not be forgotten, however, that I am all along speaking of the Andaluz of the interior, not of him of the coast, who has many faults and vices from which the other is exempt.

The Andaluces are not more mercenary and grasping than the French, Swiss, Germans, or any other people whom John Bull condescends to visit, and who have been taught by his extravagance to regard him as a legitimate object of plunder.

Nor do I conceive robbery to be as frequent in Andalucia as the natives themselves would make one believe.

> "*Del Andaluz*
> *Guarda tu capuz*—
>
> When the Andaluz is near
> Of thy mantle have a care,"

says the proverb. This may apply aptly enough to the lower orders, who, from the earliest ages of the history of the Peninsula, have never thoroughly been able to comprehend the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, and are still too much inclined to avail themselves of opportunities of

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thieving. But highway robbery may be regarded as of much less frequent occurrence than is generally represented.

That the dangers of travelling are often greatly magnified by that spirit of exaggeration, in which all Spaniards, but especially Andaluces, delight to indulge, there is little doubt. As Spanish robbers, nevertheless, are not all mere "men in buckram," a journey is looked upon by the peaceable citizens as an undertaking of great importance and peril, and as they cannot sympathize with foreigners who would expose themselves to hazard for the sake of pleasure alone, they naturally try to dissuade them from such enterprises, by representing the dangers of the road, rather as they are regarded by their own excited imaginations, than as they actually exist. If robbers be as numerous as they are represented, I must have been singularly fortunate in travelling several hundred miles through the province without being plundered. My Cadiz friends, who had prophesied otherwise, ascribed my good luck to my being an Englishman, for, said they, "British courage is so esteemed in Andalucia, that a *ladron* would rather attack two Spaniards than one Englishman." The fact is, that most of our countrymen, who travel in this part of Spain, are officers from Gibraltar, who go well armed, and

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are ever disposed to resist attacks with a bold heart and a ready hand.

One trait of character, which the Andaluz possesses in common with other Spaniards, is temperance. Though wine and spirits are marvellously cheap—a bottle of the former, much superior in strength and flavour to the *vin ordinaire* of France, often costing less than a penny—they are rarely drank to excess. The peasantry, in fact, generally prize good water more highly than wine, for, say they,

"*Mucho vale y poco cuesta.*"

Intoxication is, nevertheless, said to be more frequent in Andalucia than in the other provinces: and this explains the greater number of assassinations committed, for the Andaluz is constitutionally irritable in the extreme, and when excited by wine, on the least provocation, real or imaginary, he will draw his knife on the offender. To this, however, I cannot bear the testimony of an eye-witness, as I did not see a single instance of intoxication among the Andaluces.

The slowness and indolence of Spaniards is proverbial. Lord Bacon says, that the Spaniards of his day were "noted to be of small dispatch. '*Me venga la muerte de España*—Let my death come from Spain,' for then it will be sure to be

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long in coming." The Andaluces partake of these national failings, and '*Hay tiempo*—There's time enough!" is for ever on their lips. The indolence of the lower classes may be attributed to the bountiful nature of the soil, the cheapness of the necessaries of life, and to their contented dispositions; that of the middle ranks to the impotence of the government in enforcing the laws, and the consequent insecurity of life and property, crushing all spirit of enterprise. Wherever justice is badly administered, there will inevitably result indolence and poverty. Yet sloth is by no means universal among the lower classes; and if the foreigner were to judge of the national character by the daily labours of the husbandmen beneath a burning sun, he would never advance the charge of indolence.

Let me not neglect to mention the courteous manners of the Andaluz, and his marked attention and hospitality to strangers. Civility and courtesy pervade all ranks, the lowest as well as the highest; and it is pleasing to observe the equal terms on which all classes meet in their ordinary intercourse. Not that distinctions of rank are wholly forgotten, for there are many grades, and exclusiveness enough in private society; but the noble, when casually thrown into the company of the peasant, never fails to pay him the respect

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due to him as a man; while the latter, receiving this courtesy as a right, is not wanting in a becoming deference to his superior in rank and wealth. The Andalucian peasant seems to hit the happy medium between the cringing servility and the aggressive insolence, which, one or other, characterize the lower orders in England.

The Andaluz, with his fellow-countrymen in general, seems to have retained much of that peculiarly devoted courtesy which belonged to the age of chivalry, and of which so little remains with us. No Spaniard, on entering a room, neglects, in words at least, to place himself at the feet of every lady present—"*Me pongo á los pies de usted, Señorita!*" and each lady replies, "*Beso las manos de usted, Caballero!*—I kiss your-mercy's hands, Cavalier!" Even the "*Manda usted?*" (for "*que manda usted?*—what does your-mercy command?")—the interrogatory reply to what has been imperfectly heard or understood—seems strongly to evince this courtesy. Yet there are a few apparent exceptions. For instance; the Englishman is astonished to hear persons in decent society "man!"... ing and "woman!"... ing one another, but a few minutes perhaps after their introduction.

The foreigner in Andalucia meets with singular

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civility and hospitality—such hospitality as it is the custom of the country to display. He will rarely, perhaps never, be asked to dinner, but in a land where the pleasures of the table are so little understood as in Spain, and where meals seem to be deemed matters rather of necessity than of gratification, this should be made no charge of inhospitality. When he is first introduced to a Spanish family, he is told by the master or mistress that the house and all it contains is at his disposal, that he has but to command, and every thing is at his service; and such showers of compliments are rained upon him, that he can scarcely open his lips in reply. After this he is at liberty to enter the house whenever he pleases.

Another mode of showing hospitality to a stranger is singular enough. Never could I regale myself in a *neveria*, or ice-house, but on asking for my bill I was sure to find it already paid by some unknown friend, who had probably never seen me before. When with a party, I have often stepped out beforehand, in order to reciprocate these civilities, but in vain—the bill was already paid. Such is Spanish hospitality!

In native humour and gaiety of disposition the Andaluz resembles the Irishman; with this difference, however, that instead of *making* bulls, as Paddy, his great delight is in *slaying* them. The

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humour of the Andaluz—the "salt," as it is called—consists in a smartness of repartee, the result of his lively imagination and turn for satire, and in bringing a host of quaint proverbs to bear on the subject-matter of his discourse. The Andaluz, above all Spaniards, delights in *refranes*—in witty and sententious sayings containing in a few words a world of meaning.* *Verbum sat sapienti.*

"*A buen entendedor*
Breve hablador—

To a good comprehension
A brief mention,"

says he; but his adages, it must be confessed, frequently contain local allusions or references to saints or Catholic ceremonies, which are utterly unintelligible to the Protestant traveller. The Andaluces of the lower, and many also of

* "The *Refran*," says Blasco de Garay, an old Spanish author, "is no other than a sententious saying, very necessary to life, distilled from experience in which it is every day tested; wherefore it comes to remain in use, and to be known commonly by many. Whence it is inferred that *refranes* are, as it were, legitimate sons of custom, teaching us the things that our ancestors have approved. Wherefore the wise are not wont to despise them—rather to resort to them as to good counsellors."

"*Refranes* are sentences drawn from experience herself, mother of all the sciences," says Cervantes.

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higher rank are very Sancho Panzas in this respect, stringing their *refranes* together so rapidly as to confound the stranger, even when well acquainted with the language.

The dialect of Andalucia is essentially the Castillian, with some slight differences in the pronunciation; but the great rapidity with which it is spoken forms a striking contrast to the peculiarly slow and measured utterance of the Castillians. Moreover, the copious use of words from the Gipsy dialect, the drawling, nasal tone, and the constant elision of letters and even syllables, render the patois of the peasantry and lower orders of Andalucia most perplexing to the foreigner, and often unintelligible to the Castillian; just as the brogue of the Aberdonian is incomprehensible to the Cockney.

In another respect the Andaluz resembles the Irishman—in enjoying that remarkable elasticity of spirits which enables him to bear up cheerfully under the pressure of misfortune or poverty. No one is more easily contented, none less easily dispirited. Give him "bread and bulls," and, it should be added, a *queridita* and a cigar, and the Andalucian's paradise is made. Poverty does not depress him, for it is difficult to starve in so fruitful a land as his; and his native pride forbids him to feel disgraced by rags; misfortunes and

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afflictions do not lead him to despair, for his spirits are ever buoyant, and he consoles himself with the thought, that, as Fortune's wheel is always revolving, he who is now the lowest must soon find himself at the top.

In person the Andaluz is seldom above the middle height, sometimes stout, though rather with muscle than with fat, but more generally light, spare, and astonishingly active and hardy.

Seco, y no de hambre,
Mas recio es que arambre!—

He that is lean and dry, but not with hunger, he
Is tougher than any ironmongery!

So is it with the Andaluz. No labour seems capable of fatiguing him. He will work the livelong day exposed to the scorching summer sun; he will run for hours without resting; or, like his own mules, he will march all day without repose, and with the most scanty refreshment. His form is in general beautifully turned; his complexion is swarthy, less so, however, than that of the Portuguese; his eye large, dark, and full of fire; his countenance always expressive, and often handsome. Good looks are perhaps more common among the men than among the women of Andalucia. The handsomest man I recollect

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to have seen in Spain, or indeed elsewhere, was a *bolero* dancer at Malaga. His form was faultless, and set off to the greatest advantage by his close-fitting *majo* dress—his scarlet jacket, trimmed with silver lace, and white satin *calzones* with broad bands of the same lace on the outer seams. He danced with exquisite grace; and, without doubt, committed due execution among the tender-hearted Malagueñas.

There is that about the Andalucian peasant, however poorly clad, which distinguishes him in a striking degree from the English boor. He possesses a native ease and grace, which make him at home in the society of his superiors—a high and independent air, as though he were a noble in disguise. The peasantry are, in fact, the natural nobility of Spain; the actual grandees being very inferior morally, mentally, and physically. Their diminutive size and degraded intellects are attributed to their frequent intermarriages.

Woman in Andalucia, as in Spain generally, is not on the same footing as in France. Though exerting an equally, or still more powerful influence upon society, she does not take so active and prominent a part in the ordinary affairs of life. She presides neither at the counter, nor at the *café*, and though the business of a large mer-

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cantile house is frequently carried on in the name of the widow, she rarely interferes personally as in France. Nor do the female peasantry engage in the laborious drudgery of the field, like the French *paysannes;* nor even in lighter outdoor labours, as in England. Woman in Andalucia is treated, even by the lowest classes, with some of that chivalrous respect and courtesy, which was once, but is no longer, general in Europe.

The Andaluzas take precedence of all the women of Spain in point of beauty, grace, and vivacity. When I had been some short time in the country, I began to wonder how it was that on first landing I had experienced disappointment. The fact is, that "the features of the Andaluzas," as observes their countryman, Blanco White, "seem to improve every day till they grow beautiful." An Englishman, just arrived from his own land, with the clear complexions of his countrywomen fresh in his memory, is hardly capable of doing justice to the dark-skinned Andaluzas; but, after a short time, he begins to think their full, black, heart-searching eyes, their elegant forms, and graceful steps, not inferior to the more delicate but less graceful charms of his fairer *compatriotes,* and that the duskiness of their complexions

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"Is but the embrowning of the fruit that tells
How rich within the soul of sweetness dwells."

It is worthy of remark that while some travellers have extolled Spanish beauty to the skies, others have passed through the country and seen scarcely one woman whom they deemed beautiful. Doctor Southey, in his "Letters from Spain," expresses his disappointment in the Españolas, and even disparages the beauty of Spanish eyes, contending that they are inferior to blue, as the pupil, being of one colour, admits of no visible contraction or dilatation. Inglis saw little beauty in Spain, yet was compelled to confess some admiration of the Andaluzas. He, whose standard of beauty is confined to blue eyes, light hair, and a clear ruddy complexion, will see little to fascinate him in this sun-burnt land; but the impartial observer will find it difficult to deny that in material charms the Andaluzas are excelled by few of their sex.*

But this is all. The Andaluza has not the charms of a refined and cultivated intellect; she is little more than a beautiful animal, and as such

* When under fourteen years of age the Andaluza is often surpassingly beautiful, but she soon loses the delicate charms of her childhood, and at thirty few traces of her youthful beauty remain.

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is regarded and treated by the other sex—a feeling probably inherited from the Moors. She is never an angel, how often soever flattery may bestow upon her that title. She is always a woman. She never forgets her sex, nor allows you to forget it in her presence. Never can you, however sensible of her beauty, look upon her as a being of superior order; you are constantly reminded by her speech and gestures that she is a woman, and that you are a man. It can never be said of her that

"Her mind is a cloudless sky, her every thought a star."

Too many murky clouds, too many mists of earth, obscure her horizon. She wants that purity of thought, that delicacy of feeling, that elevation of soul, which are occasionally met with in other climes, hallowing some few of the sex, and raising them above the ordinary level of humanity.

Spain, as in the days of Gil Blas, is notorious as the land of intrigue. The grand business of every Spaniard's life is love—not pure, exalted love, but a much baser passion. Love with them, indeed, is generally *passion*, rarely *sentiment;* for a more unsentimental people does not exist. The men have other things to share their thoughts; but

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the women may be said to have but one thought —*love;* which must be understood as including dress, accomplishments, and whatever tends to make them more attractive in the eyes of the other sex. All that an Andaluza does, all she says, all she thinks, has a reference to this grand end of her existence. From the cradle she seems to suck in the idea, that she is a sexual being; and the little miss not yet in her teens, dresses her hair with flowers, coquets with her little beau, and flirts with her fan, imitating the example of her mamma and elder sisters. Religion, morality, honour, domestic happiness—every thing is made subservient to this all-ruling passion.

I never was in the company of an Andaluza for ten minutes but the conversation was sure to turn upon *love,* to which she was generally the first to advert, either directly or otherwise. Nay, so much does the fair Spaniard seem to expect that a stranger, on his first introduction, should make a declaration of passion, or at least compliment her charms, that should he omit to offer this tribute—paid by all her countrymen—she will frequently, by broad hints, attempt to urge him on. Had Plato lived in Spain, and had it then been what it is now, he would never have imagined the possibility of attachment between the sexes, free from all alloy of sexual love.

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From what has been already said, it will be concluded that the Andaluzas have no reputation for chastity. Open prostitution, it is true, is much more rare than in England—though considerably increased, it is said, since the suppression of the convents, and the expulsion of the monks, many of whose mistresses have thus been thrown upon the public; but the marriage vow is lightly regarded, and even the unwedded ladies are said to be often no better than they should be. It is, of course, impossible for the mere traveller to ascertain the full extent of this state of things; he must content himself with the information he receives from the natives, and from those who have resided long in the country. His own cursory view, however, will not much incline him to discredit their testimony, for he will read "innumerable adventures written in the eyes" of the Spanish fair.

The general immorality of the females is to be attributed to the prevailing system of early marriages—marriages of policy or convenience—and to the low standard of morals, rather than to any extraordinary depravity of natural disposition. The Andaluza is most passionate, it is true—too passionate to be either a prude or a coquette; but her attachments are in general as firm as ardent; when she is unfaithful, it is seldom

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to the object of her love. But in Spain, women, for the most part, marry first, and love afterwards, and conjugal fidelity is consequently a rare virtue, especially as neither religion nor education interposes to check the fervid passions of a southern clime. Again, neither forgetfulness of the marriage vow, nor departure from maidenly propriety, is punished with loss of caste. It is deemed no heinous immorality for a married woman to have her *cortejo*, though, on the other hand, inconstancy or infidelity in this unlawful love is branded by public opinion. Nor does the señorita, who yields to her seducer, become thereby an outcast. She is not driven from her parents' roof, to sink still lower—into the frightful abyss of prostitution, into a life of infamy and misery; she may be upbraided and punished, but her offence is soon forgotten, and she mixes again with her circle of acquaintance. Nor does the baseness of her betrayer lower him in public estimation. I have often heard young Spaniards say, that on being admitted to the *tertulias* of a family, they made a point of at once laying siege to the virtue of its females. I have heard them glory in their success. They seem to be utterly devoid of all sense of honour and virtue in this respect. It is astonishing that Spanish husbands and

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fathers, knowing this well, keep so negligent a watch over their wives and daughters.

I do not pretend to assert that there are no exceptions to these rules. There may be many. Yet, though I have heard the general worthlessness of the females denied, even by some English residents, I am induced, from the concurrent testimony of many, both natives and foreigners, as well as from personal observation, to believe that conjugal fidelity and purity of behaviour in either sex are rare virtues in Andalucia.

Notwithstanding the defective morality of the Andaluzas, it must be admitted that their grace, the simplicity of their manners, their frankness and freshness of feeling, their amiability, their natural wit and unbounded vivacity, render them peculiarly fascinating. The high and loud tone in which they speak, however, shocks the Englishman's notions of lady-like propriety. The great freedom of speech of both sexes will also astonish an Englishman, happily accustomed to the modesty of his countrywomen, and ever careful of offending their delicacy. In Andalucia, women speak unreservedly of matters that never escape the lips of English ladies; and men say things in the presence of females that would not be tolerated in our land. We may, or may not, carry our modesty too far; but of the two ex-

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tremes—for heaven's sake! let us steer as wide as possible of anything, though it be but a word, that may tend to blunt the delicate sensibilities of our females!

This reminds me that blushing is by no means common in Andalucia. The want of the visible blush may in a degree be accounted for by the prevalence of dark complexions; not so, that of the inward, invisible blushing of the soul; for women will sit and listen—ay, and laugh, too, at things that would drive any modest Englishwoman from the room.

The cause of the low standard of sexual morals must be referred to the defective system of education, and to the want of any proper religious principles to control the ebullition of passions, which partake of the fiery nature of the climate.

As to education, there is something like a government system, by means of which every peasant may learn to read and write; and there are no less than seventeen universities in the kingdom, many of which are open even to the poorest classes; but in all these seminaries the peripatetic philosophy is still adhered to, in spite of its rejection, ages since, by more enlightened nations—knowledge is doled forth in scanty morsels—freedom of thought is not, or was not till very lately, allowed—and education is thus so stinted and starved by bigotry, as scarcely to deserve the

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name. Little more than a tolerable knowledge of Latin, with the art of conversation in that tongue, and a love of sophistical disputation, is thus acquired.* Can it then be matter of wonder that there is little love of study, little desire of mental improvement in Spain?—that literature,

* The evil results of the peripatetic system are clearly set forth by a modern Spanish writer, from whom I am induced to give the following extracts:—

"This scholasticism errs in its aim, and in its mode of action. In its aim, because it always employs itself in frivolous or useless speculations, such as are above the comprehension of man, or such as are unsubstantial, and without practical utility, even were they capable of demonstration. It errs in its mode of action; for instead of seeking truth by simple and mathematical means, it pretends to find it by a logic involved, captious, and full of sophisms, which obscure the understanding, accustom it to false reasonings, to wander from the truth, and to content itself with verbiage, and with distinctions which are deemed subtleties; and to such a pitch has this error attained as to have conferred the name of acuteness on this constant delirium of the imagination. Thus is it that the studies of the Universities set out by perverting the understanding, and the first evil which they do to every student is to compel him to lay aside that true and natural logic which is the birthright of every man endowed with moderate capacity. Hence comes it that the scholastic spirit has issued forth from the Universities, and spread itself abroad through the whole land, infecting all professions and orders of the people. From this source has arisen the false taste which in all subjects governs the nation. Consequences of this same spirit are the many bad sermons which are preached, in which, losing sight of the solemn eloquence

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the arts, the sciences, find few worshippers?—that ignorance should beget superstition and bigotry? The whole thoughts of the people seem given up to sensual enjoyments of every kind save those of the palate.

The accomplishments of the Andaluz, of every rank, are nearly similar. They seem limited to

which the majesty of the pulpit demands, all the endeavour of the preacher is confined to setting forth a subject absurd, paradoxical, and improbable, in order to urge it scholastically with strained quotations from Scripture, and with all the formality which accompanies the *ergo* of the schools. Engendered of the same spirit are the bad comedies and wretched verses, in which everything is made subservient to sophistry, to equivoque and play upon words, and nothing to truth or reason. From the same source proceed the imperfection and grovelling character of the arts among us; for, kept down by a false spirit, they cannot rise to the luminous principles which cause them to make progress. And, above all, thence arises the detestable abuse of religion, even of its morality, the corruption of the simplicity and purity of the Gospel precepts; since, under the shadow of scholastic distinctions and chimerical restrictions, the aim has been to elude the force of the Divine commands, by substituting loose opinions, and making the holy morality of Jesus Christ the theme of scandalous or puerile controversies. This bad spirit, not content with vitiating philosophy, and corrupting theology, converting them into sciences of vain words and futile speculations, has also infected jurisprudence, which, from its design (no other than to seek the moral truth of things for the administration of justice), might have been imagined secure from that danger: but it has involved in confusion matters of civil right. Stranger than all is it, that medicine,

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riding, for which he has the passion of an Arab; cloaking the bull; strumming the guitar;* and dancing.

If the education of the men be defective, that of the women is much more so. Such a course of training as is requisite for a lady in

a practical science, whose object can be no other than to understand diseases, in order to cure them, which can have no other fundamental principle than experience, has abandoned itself to the same vicious influence, has delivered itself up to frivolous wranglings, to false reasoning, and has become a science of chimeras, probabilities, and sophisms. The result of all this is, that the studies of the Universities are useless—that, on the conclusion of his courses, no student comes forth skilled in philosophy, theology, jurisprudence, or medicine—that every one finds himself compelled to commence a new course of study before he can in any way practise his profession. And, would to God these studies were useless alone! The worst is, that they are injurious; for young men leave the Universities with their reason perverted, their taste vitiated, and their judgment accustomed to false ratiocination—impressions so tenacious, that when contracted with early education, they usually continue for the remainder of life." La España bajo el poder de la Congreg. Apost., p. 156—160.

* Englishmen are accustomed to regard the guitar as an instrument peculiarly Spanish. Not so the Spaniards themselves, who ridicule the Portuguese for their attachment to it. They say that in some battle in which they defeated the Portuguese, the only spoils reaped were twenty thousand guitars, the number of the enemy who entered the field, but who with characteristic cowardice fled at the first charge.

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England is not known in Andalucia, nor in any other part of Spain. The education of the women of all classes is essentially the same. The upper orders, as might be expected, display superior refinement of manners, but as to acquirements, the extremes of rank are pretty much on a par. The principal difference is that the upper classes dance foreign waltzes, quadrilles, &c., while the lower are content with the *fandango* and *bolero*: the guitar and castanets are the musical instruments of the one; the piano or harp is added by the other. The upper classes have, besides, a smattering of French, but of useful information they are as destitute as their inferiors.

A solid education and cultivated intellect being rarely sought for, and still more rarely found by the Spanish Cælebs in search of a wife, the strong line which in England separates the educated from the uneducated does not exist in Spain; and the man of rank and wealth, though he might have scruples of marrying poverty, would not think himself degraded by a union with ignorance or stupidity. In fact, give the Spanish woman but a few lessons in dancing and music, and she is set up with a stock of accomplishments, which, together with her natural beauty and grace, vivacity and humour, enable her to enter advantageously on the market of matrimonial speculation.

I was amazed to discover the profound igno-

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rance of the Andaluzas on the most common topics. Their knowledge of geography seldom extends beyond their own province, except that they believe "El Morisco," or Africa, lies to the south. England they have heard is very cold compared with Spain, and there is bounded their knowledge of our land, for they are generally guiltless of knowing where it lies or at what distance. The French they know were at war with their country some five-and-twenty, and again some thirteen years ago; and therefore they think they ought to cherish a hatred of France. The wife of a high official in the city of Ronda, asked me if London were not "the Court" (or metropolis) of Paris, and thought that Antwerp was in "the land of the Moor;" while her sister was confident that the English were fighting against Queen Isabel at the present time, though in what quarter of the country, or of the world, she professed herself unable to determine. Similar proofs of the ignorance of Spanish females daily met my ear. The fact is, that in Spain woman is still suffering an oriental degradation; she is still regarded rather in the light of a being created to contribute to the sensual gratification of man, than to be his companion, his friend, his counsellor. Prejudice against Blueism, or any approximation to it, is in no country stronger than in Spain.

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"*Mula que hace hin,*
Muger que habla Latin,
Nunca tienen buen fin!—

The she-mule given to neigh,
The wench that in Latin can chatter away,*
Never will turn out well—they say!"

I have heard Spaniards say, that the reason why their females are kept in such ignorance, as often (even among the middle classes) not to be able to read or write, is, that they may not be too forward in maintaining amatory correspondence. The consequence of this prejudice against female education is, that the Spanish woman, ever desirous of pleasing the other sex, is contented with her limited stock of knowledge—contented that in *love* she is an adept, that in every thing relating to that passion she is deeply versed.

Yet are the natural powers of the Andaluza of no mean order. She possesses, like the other sex in this province, a more than ordinary share of acuteness, imagination, wit, and humour; but her mind, through want of cultivation, is a wilder-

* To speak Latin is, in Spain, no extraordinary accomplishment, for it is the usual language of conversation among priests and students.

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ness, overrun with weeds, whose very rankness proves the natural richness of the soil.

A *rara avis* is occasionally met with,—a Spanish woman, who has broken through the trammels of prejudice and fashion, and has bestowed some portion of her leisure in improving the powers and graces of her mind, as well as those of her body. She, who thus adds the charms of a cultivated and refined intellect to the ordinary attractions of beauty and elegance, is almost too fascinating.

But to come to the primary cause of all the evils above-mentioned. It is the Church. It is the Roman Church with the Inquisition that has imposed these shackles upon knowledge; that has arrested the progress of science, and has bolstered up a system of philosophy long since exploded by other nations. Who can read the works of Doctor Geronimo Feyjoo—a Benedictine monk, but the most learned and enlightened Spaniard of the last century, and the greatest philosopher Spain has ever produced—without being satisfied that it is the Church, which, like a weighty incubus, has crushed all freedom of thought in Spain? Feyjoo himself, though evidently thoroughly convinced of the truth of the grand systems of Copernicus and Newton, even refuting in detail all the arguments of the

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Ptolomeists, dared not avow his belief, but was driven to declare that though his reason was satisfied, the Holy Scripture (or, as he elsewhere makes it appear, the interpretation of the Spanish Inquisition) prevented him from adopting the opinions of those great men as his own.*

Nor could the worthy Friar repress his indignation at the infatuated bigotry of his countrymen in adhering to the antiquated system of Aristotle, when all the nations around were making such wonderful advances in natural science. "We," exclaims he, "we who call ourselves Aristotelians, are all this while splitting our heads and making our halls totter with our cries of whether entity is univocal or analogical, whether it transcends differences, whether the relative is distinguishable from the fundamental, &c."†

Again, he ridicules the Spanish Scholastics,

* Cartas Eruditas, ii. cart. 16 and 23; also iii. cart. 20 and 21.

Father Alvarado, professor of philosophy in the College of St. Thomas, in Seville, in 1784, publicly declared from his chair, "We would rather err with St. Clement, St. Basil, St. Augustine, or St. Thomas, than attain to truth with Descartes, Gassendi, or Newton!"

† Cartas Eruditas, ii. cart. 16.

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and inveighs against their terror of "the infected airs of the North," against their absurd and hypocritical fear "lest from countries infested with heresy, there should come some theological poison muffled in the cloak of Philosophy,"—in other words, lest the doctrines of Leibnitz, Boyle, and Newton, should endanger the Holy Roman Faith.* "Those," he adds, "who would exclude knowledge on this ground are seeking to shield Religion with Barbarism, to defend light with smoke, and to give to ignorance the glorious attribute of being necessary to the security of the Faith."†

Though the good Father's invectives are urged against the Scholastics, it is not difficult to perceive, from the whole tenour of his remarks on the low and torpid state of science and literature in Spain, that he considered the Spanish Inquisition to be the chief stumbling-block to the propagation of truths, which were generally received in other Catholic countries, and even taught publicly at Rome.

If then ignorance, bigotry, and superstition abound in Spain, if the people have little appetite

* Cartas Eruditas, tom. ii. cart. 16.

† Ibid. Ibid.

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for knowledge, if they have transferred their affections to baser objects, it is the Roman Church which is to blame. More than this. It is the Church that we must regard as the author, or at least the promoter, of the general dissoluteness of morals. It is melancholy to be obliged to say this of an institution intended for the moral and religious benefit of the people; yet such is unhappily the fact, and whatever Catholicism may have done in other countries, in Spain it has undoubtedly tended more than anything else to the social and political ruin of the nation. When the facility of obtaining absolution for crime, and the notoriously corrupt example of the clergy are considered, is it surprising that the standard of morals should be low? The unnatural celibacy of so numerous a body of men, many of whom were dedicated to the church at an age when they could know little or nothing of the worldly pleasures they were resigning, could not fail, in so fervid a climate as Spain, to produce disastrous effects. Moreover, they have sanctioned the immoralities of the laity by their own example, and by too freely granting absolution to those who could pay for it. Guilty themselves, they have been willing to regard with lenient eyes the guilt of others, especially of the women, whose moral

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sense has consequently been deadened or destroyed. Where woman is corrupt, can man be virtuous?

That the Spanish clergy have of late lost much of their influence can be no matter of surprise. We in England are too apt to speak of "priest-ridden Spain," and to conceive the Church as still all-powerful there; whereas the truth is, that no Roman Catholic country in Europe is, at the present moment, more free from direct ecclesiastical influence. Italy, Austria, Belgium, Ireland, are all much more under the control of the Roman Church; and even in the Protestant countries of Europe, the pulpit is an equally or still more powerful instrument in directing public opinion than in Spain, especially than in Andalucia. The reason is obvious. In the countries referred to, the ministers of religion are reverenced, and the churches are well attended. In Spain the clergy are now but little respected, and religious duties are neglected by nearly all except women and peasants.

Enormous is the stride that has been taken by Spain of late. But a few years ago, the Church was triumphant in the Peninsula, holding the helm of worldly policy in her hands, and directing the vessel of the state whither she pleased.

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Witness the powerful influence exerted by the clergy in expelling the French from the land. By means of the pulpit and confession-box, stimulating and strengthening the love of independence and the prejudice against foreigners common to all Spaniards, they excited that spirit of dogged resistance to the invaders, which, even without British aid, might ultimately have triumphed. Yet it was, perhaps, that very war which undermined the influence of the Spanish clergy. It is notorious that, at the restoration of peace, many exchanged the sword for the rosary: and the habits acquired in the camp, of all habits the most unfitted for the cloister, and from their nature the most difficult to be overcome, may be viewed as one of the principal causes of those irregularities, which rendered the monks unpopular. The secular clergy, being in general men of some education and refinement, and having always conducted themselves with comparative propriety, have never become so unpopular as the monks, who were for the most part of low birth, illiterate, and ignorant; numbers having assumed the cowl merely to obtain a livelihood, with little or no labour—the life of all others most congenial to the indolent Spaniard. Great immorality, as might have been foreseen, was the

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result; and this engendered a feeling of disaffection towards them, which has increased and extended till it has worked their overthrow. The Constitutionalists, in July 1820, executed the bold project of suppressing the monastic institutions, and appropriating their revenues to the payment of the national debt. This measure, however, was popular only with the ultra-liberal party; the mass of the nation viewed it as an act of heinous sacrilege. When Ferdinand, three years afterwards, was by French bayonets again lifted to a despotic throne, the monks were reinstated in their possessions; the laymen, who had purchased church-property, were made to resign it without compensation, and the holy fathers displayed in their triumph the bitterest feelings of revenge.* The hostile spirit, thus aggravated, continued to gain strength during the latter years of Ferdinand's reign. In July, 1834, when the cholera was raging at Madrid, the mob blindly accused the monks of poisoning the public fountains; and Spain then exhibited the new and frightful spectacle of her clergy being massacred

* The purchasers of church-property were promised repayment of their disbursements, on their delivering to the monks the houses they had bought, but this repayment was never made.

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by the hands of her people. In Zaragoza similar horrors were enacted. Soon after this, in October, 1835, the Queen's government deemed it expedient, in order to replenish its exhausted coffers, to follow the example just set by the government of Portugal — again to expel the monks, and sell the conventual property. At the present time, therefore, there is not a cowled head in the Peninsula, save with the armies of Don Carlos, where they cluster like birds of ill omen round the battle-fields.

The suppression of the convents is far more popular now than it was in 1820. But there are still three classes in the country who are adverse to it. The Carlists naturally, as a measure opposed to their prejudices, and their notions of royal and ecclesiastical supremacy; the secular clergy, who foresee in it the decline of the Catholic religion in the land, and the consequent loss of their own influence at some future period; and the poorest classes, who used to subsist on the charity of the convents, and therefore regret the expulsion of their benefactors. But from the inhabitants of the cities and towns, the most wealthy, intelligent, and influential of the population, nothing is now heard but execrations of the monks and their excesses. Even many of the peasantry, in Andalucia at least, have a curse

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ready for the "*malditos frayles!*" who used to batten on their industry. "Now," I have heard them say, "now we can leave home securely enough; but before, there was always some fat fish of a friar in the house during our absence, tampering with our wives, and draining their pockets of all our hard-earned *reales*, now for masses, now for absolution, and now for God knows what foolery." Even the women, over whom the reverend fathers without doubt exerted great influence, express their joy—whether feigned or not it is difficult to say—at their expulsion. "*No queremos frayles, sino militares*—We don't want monks, but soldiers," is a common saying of the Andaluzas, and may be understood either in a political or a social sense.

The many secular clergy with whom I have conversed, one and all complained indignantly of the unjust conduct of the Queen's government towards the monks. On the confiscation of the conventual property, a pension of five *reales* per diem was promised to each brother, but not one *quarto*, I was told, had ever been paid. The nuns have been similarly treated. The government opened the convent doors, and allowed all to depart to their homes, promising four *reales* a-day to those who availed themselves of this liberty, and five *reales* to such as remained; but not one of these pensions, scanty though they be, has

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ever been paid. This is the more harsh with respect to the nuns, for, in the generality of instances, each sister, on becoming "the bride of Heaven," brought a large dowry to the convent; so that it is personal, not corporate, property that the government has in this case appropriated to its own necessities. Few sisters, I was assured, have left their convents; still fewer from inclination. The necessity of earning their livelihood has compelled some to quit, but, with rare exceptions, those who had means of maintaining themselves within their convents, have remained. This is easily explained. There have been few novices of late years; the majority of the sisters having passed the period of life when the pleasures of the world are most attractive—having grown old in their cells, and become habituated to the calm, tranquil monotony of a monastic life, naturally shrunk from entering upon a scene of bustle and care. The monks had not, like the sisters, the option of remaining, and rarely possessed private property; so that, through the cruelty of the government in withholding their promised pensions, they have found themselves without shelter or food. Some have in consequence turned *Pordioseros,** and live on alms; some are housed and

* "By God-ers," beggars who ask charity "By God!" or "For God's sake!"

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fed by charitable cavaliers; some try to gain their bread by manual labour; a few have become priests; and many have joined Don Carlos in fighting against the Queen, and the bitterness of their hostility must be increased tenfold by the remembrance of their personal grievances.

It is a melancholy fact, that, not content with neglecting the ordinances of their religion and despising their clergy, the people of Spain are fast tending to infidelity. Such is especially the case in the cities of Andalucia, where atheism is widely prevalent. Yet what is this but the natural transition from Romanism? If a man, having been educated in the belief that all the doctrines and ordinances of his mother Church are *infallibly* true and right—that his religion is, in fact, *the only religion*, is by some means or other brought to imagine that he has been deceived, that the doctrines and ceremonies of his faith are in reality unmeaning and absurd, and that its professed infallibility is but a trap to secure his obedience to a crafty and ambitious priesthood—it is but natural that he should renounce religion altogether as an idle dream. For the choice in his mind is not between the faith of his fathers and that of any other people, but between the *soi-disant* infallible religion and none at all. Let him become incredulous on a single point, the

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charm of infallibility is broken, and the step to utter infidelity is then but short. The assumption of infallibility cannot fail to work this effect, if the conviction of the fallacy of his mother religion be wrought in his mind by any other means than by a comparison of its doctrines with reason and revelation, inducing a gradual conversion to some other faith.

That it was the Catholic religion which induced infidelity in France, and is now working the same effect in Spain, may seem a bold assertion, but can, I think, on the grounds just mentioned, be substantiated. It is quite a mistake to suppose that liberalism in politics has been the *cause* of this evil. Jacobinism in France, and Constitutionalism in Spain, may, in great measure, have gone hand in hand with scepticism, but there is no proof that they have caused it. Distinct yet analogous causes have given rise to both at the same time. The reaction of popular independence upon despotism occasioned the tragedy of the French Revolution, and the more harmless extravagances of the Spanish liberals; these consequences were the natural results of the elastic spring of public opinion being too suddenly relieved from the ponderous weight of tyranny. So the reaction of reason upon superstition—reason first called into play by the oppression and ex-

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cesses of the Roman clergy—has in both countries produced atheism. If anarchy and infidelity were in France simultaneously rampant, it may be accounted for by the close connection of the two species of despotism, monarchical, and ecclesiastical, aiding and upholding each other, so that when one was weakened the other could not fail to suffer.

But liberalism and scepticism have not always been twin sisters, nor has the former always been the parent of the latter, as some would have us believe. The Constitutional government of Spain in 1812, made the King, on his accession to the throne, swear before the Cortes, that "by the Almighty, and by the Holy Evangelists, he would defend and preserve the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion, without tolerating any other in the kingdom." The states of America, recently colonies of Spain, are all now republics, yet in none has Catholicism lost its influence in a material degree. The great Revolution wrought by Cromwell and the English Parliament did not induce infidelity—nay, the Republicans prided themselves on their superior sanctity to the ungodly Royalists. Nor have the recent strides of liberalism in England been productive of scepticism, for never has a religious sense been so widely diffused as at present, as the numerous societies,

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only of late years established, for the extension of religion and suppression of vice, at home and abroad, abundantly testify. The cry of to-day, indeed, is not that infidelity, but that superstition is making alarming progress among us. Neither republican Holland, Switzerland, nor America, has ever been the hot-bed of infidelity. How is this? Simply because there is nothing in the character of the Protestant religion which has a tendency to beget infidelity. Germany, indeed, of hybrid faith, is the birth-place of a new school of scepticism; but German neology is essentially distinct from the infidelity of France and Spain; the former has its origin in metaphysical and philosophical speculation; the latter is little more than satisfied ignorance.

I might proceed to cite instances of notorious infidels who have been ultra-monarchical in their politics, but enough has been said to prove that democracy is not necessarily the originator of religious scepticisms, and that those which now prevail in France and Spain are the effects of Catholicism working in peculiar circumstances, not of any preceding or accompanying change in the political institutions of those countries.

The best antidote to the infidelity of Spain would be religious toleration. No other faith but the Catholic is yet acknowledged to have

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an existence in the country, in no temple may God be worshipped by any other form than the ritual of Rome. Let the government remove this dead weight on religious improvement; let it allow Protestant churches to be erected, which would, in some cities, be readily done by the foreign residents; let that religion have a footing in the land; let the Scriptures be freely circulated; and infidelity, it is to be hoped, would experience a formidable check. Those whose belief in their parents' faith is wavering, instead of casting all religion overboard as useless, would then find a creed with which to satisfy at once their reason and their conscience.*

Not only has the Church been mainly instrumental in inducing the social ruin of Spain—its influence has been most injurious to the political interests of the country. Its persecuting hand, by banishing the Jews and Moors from the soil, unstrung the sinews of industry and commerce. By means of the wealth of America it enriched itself, and enlarged its power at the expense of the popular liberty. By fettering education, pre-

* For the progress that the doctrines of the German reformers made in Spain, especially in Andalucia, in the 16th century—progress that was arrested only by the iron grasp of the Inquisition—I refer my readers to Dr. M'Crie's admirable work on the Reformation in Spain.

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venting the diffusion of knowledge, repressing the spirit of improvement, and promoting ignorance, bigotry, and superstition, it has almost succeeded in destroying the mental energies of the people, and in converting the active frame of the body politic into an inert, plastic mass, ready to be moulded and fashioned at its will.

It is not too much to assert, that to her hierarchy Spain is indebted for the present atrocious civil war. Had it not been for the aid of the Church, the monarch could never have wielded an absolute sceptre; and what but the union of their iron-handed influences has prevented the development and interchange of thought, and the consequent advance in political knowledge and freedom, corresponding to that enjoyed by nations untrampled on by tyrants?* Yet, in spite of all

* "*Tantas cabezas, tantos pareceres*—As many heads, so many opinions," says Guzman de Alfarache. The Throne and the Church have not always been considered as opposed to the best interests of the Spanish nation. Morales, the chronicler, after expatiating on the vast natural wealth of his country, on the great variety and importance of her productions, winds up his "Description of Spain" in the following words:—"Two other things must be treated of here, since they are notorious, and among those things in Spain best worthy of note; and the one is the great piety and Christianity of the whole land in general, with the houses of devotion celebrated for wondrous miracles; and the other is the Go-

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the ecclesiastical soporifics, the public mind has partially awaked to views of liberty; and it was this peculiar political state of the country at Ferdinand's death—this struggle of new opinions with ancient and deeply-rooted prejudices—that induced the present civil war. For it is allowed by Spaniards of all parties, that (except in the case of the Biscayans, who are contending for their ancient *fueros*) this is a war of *principles*, not of *disputed succession* that—Isabel and Carlos are personally nothing, but merely the representatives respectively of constitutional, and despotic or clerico-monarchical, governments.

But the Spanish hierarchy has been in a more direct manner the originator of the present civil war. The light of political freedom dawned upon Spain at the close of the last century, when the cry of "Liberty and Equality!" startled the monarchies of Europe. That a desire for popular

vernment, with so many Councils, and Chancceries, and Magistracies. But as these two things are well known to all, there appears no need to write of them in particular, although they be more excellent than all the other advantages.

"It is well thus to have mentioned all these great natural advantages of Spain, to the end that Spaniards may know them, and avail themselves of them, and give praise to God for them, and that He was pleased to give them birth in a land which He, with the most bountiful and liberal hand, has sought to make so abundant in things of such importance."

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institutions rapidly gained ground is evident from the promulgation of the Constitution in 1812—a measure which, though apparently premature, was to be accounted for by the people having been left without a sovereign for four years previous, and having been obliged, during their struggle with French usurpation, to rely upon their own resources. Having thus learned their strength, of which they had never before been conscious, they sought to consolidate and preserve it by a representative system of government—by a constitution of so democratic a character that it left the monarch but a shadow, a mockery of power, and made him a mere puppet in the hands of his subjects. The despotism and Inquisition re-established by Ferdinand on his accession to the throne, disgusted those who had been most forward in supporting his cause against the usurper Joseph; and from being the idol of his people, he soon became odious as a weak and priest-ridden tyrant. Yet the people were already acquainted with liberty; and they became daily more and more impatient of their government, seeking only an opportunity of shaking off its yoke, and satiating their cravings for liberty. The torch once lit by Riego, the whole country was soon in a revolutionary blaze; and though the ill-contrived and worse-administered Consti-

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tution, revived in 1820, was soon overturned by French bayonets, the spirit which had established and supported it was not extinct—it rather extended and acquired force during the latter ten years of Ferdinand's reign. On the death of that monarch, the triumph of the liberal party seemed for the moment complete, through the alteration of the law of succession and the favouring auspices of the Queen Regent. And that party would in all probability have been in a few years firmly established, had not the Church (finding the reins slipping through her fingers by the accession of her enemies, the liberals, to power) already been urging on the absolute party, still formidable in numbers and influence, to exert all their energies in the effort to regain their lost ascendancy. The alteration of the succession by Ferdinand in favour of his daughter, served as the pretext for revolt, and "the King Carlos V." as the watchword but there can be no doubt that, had this pretext been wanting, some other would have been found equally available in promoting the struggle for sustaining the falling power of the Church.*

To me it seems no less evident that the civil war arose from the peculiar political condition of

* Ferdinand used to say of himself—"I am the cork of the beer-bottle; when I fly out, all will fly too."

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the country at Ferdinand's death, and that that state of things was the result of ages of ecclesiastical oppression and misrule—than that the clergy were the direct instigators and abettors of the Basque insurrection in the first instance, and have ever since by their wealth, influence, and counsel, proved the most powerful auxiliaries of Don Carlos.

In no part of Spain is the liberal party stronger than in Andalucia. Whether this arise from the great commercial intercourse with foreigners, from the vicinity of Gibraltar, or from the naturally independent spirit of the inhabitants, the fact is certain. There may be exceptions among the natives of the north of the province, and among the peasantry in general, but the large majority of Andaluces are undoubtedly liberals, and, in the cities, of the *exaltado*, or radical party. Many are disaffected to the government of Christina in particular, and to the principles of monarchy in the abstract, desiring to build up a republic on the most democratic basis. Many would willingly see the throne of Christina firmly established on a constitutional footing, in order that the bigot Carlos may be effectually excluded from power. But the majority, as far as I could learn, are indifferent about persons, and would hail any system that would ensure peace, and

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security from tyranny and ecclesiastical domination. In fact, every change that promises for the better is welcomed with joy. The Constitution of 1812, the proclamation of which I witnessed at Cadiz in 1836, was thus received; yet, though I conversed at the time with many Andaluces of different ranks, I could not learn in what it was superior to the Royal Statute which it had superseded. "It will protect and reward the good, and punish the bad," was the general reply I received to my queries. The truth is, that the people had suffered so many evils during the existence of the Royal Statute—evils quite apart from that system, but arising from the distracted state of the country—that they were eager to catch at any other system of government which they considered to hold out a prospect of relief.

The many Spaniards with whom I have conversed on the subject, have all confessed their inability to foresee any conclusion to the present horrible civil war, except in the speedy triumph of one or other of the parties, which none but the warmest partisans on either side are sanguine enough to expect. On the contrary, the prevailing opinion is that torrents of blood must of necessity flow before Spain can again enjoy a state of peace and tranquillity.

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"*Ha de correr mucha sangre, muchisima!*" is a frequent expression, and the tone with which it is uttered is strongly indicative of the low estimation in which human life is held by Spaniards. Supposing that Don Carlos were either killed or taken, the war would not consequently be at an end; the bandit chieftains, who now rob and murder in his name, would never lay down their arms and acknowledge the authority of the Queen, as long as they could bid defiance to her forces. Nor in the event of Carlos gaining possession of Madrid, would the war be nearer a conclusion than at present, when it is in the hands of the Queen; for the provinces would be still unsubdued, and Madrid is, in effect, but the chief city of Castille; it is politically no more the metropolis of Spain, than Hanover is of Germany. Moreover, the Liberals have so committed themselves, that they could never hope to be pardoned by Carlos, and this would stimulate them to maintain a resistance to his authority as long as practicable. They have, also, from fatal experience, too little confidence in the promises and oaths of the other party, to regard proclamations of amnesties otherwise than as traps to ensnare and destroy them.

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A compromise between the contending parties, however desirable it may appear, would, from the wide dissimilarity and natural hostility of the antagonist principles, be most difficult of accomplishment. Were it effected, it would be grating beyond measure to the stern pride of Spaniards, —it would not disarm the lawless bands who on either side now ravage the country for plunder, rather than for the advancement of the cause they have nominally espoused,—nor would it quench the rancorous feelings of hatred between those who have inflicted the most deadly injuries on each other, which would be ever bursting forth in a way that such an ill-consorted government would find it almost impossible to repress.

Were the authority of the Queen more firmly established; were there less faction, less corruption, mistrust, and paltry jealousy among the members of her government; were there more energy, more hearty co-operation on the part of her generals; in short, more patriotism and unity among her partisans, there might be some hope of her ultimate, nay, even speedy triumph; for the large majority of the wealth and intelligence of the nation is arrayed in her favour. But without a patriotic unity of purpose, without a merging of all private interests in the public welfare, her government must continue

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feeble, and tottering on the verge of impotency.* In vain is the adoption of constitution after constitution—in vain is the eternal shifting of minis-

* This division and subdivision of interests is a striking feature in the present state of Spain. It exists, not only in the political sphere, but amongst all classes and orders of the people. The natives of the various kingdoms into which Spain is divided have little community of feeling, so little as scarcely to regard each other as fellow-countrymen. They know one another as Andalucians, Aragonese, Castillians, Navarrese, but not as *Spaniards* The jealousy of former ages, when these provinces were separate kingdoms, is not yet extinct. What they have in common of interest and feeling, is forgotten,—the points of difference alone are remembered.

"Spain," says a modern anonymous author, already quoted, "is, as it were, a body composed of many little bodies, distinct from, and opposed to, each other, ever at variance, oppressing and contemning one another, and maintaining an unceasing war among themselves Each province forms a distinct body, which interests itself only in preserving its own inviolability, though it should be to the injury and depression of the rest. Each religious community, each college, each society, separates itself from the rest of the nation to re-concentrate itself within itself. . . . . Every man is a soldier, an ecclesiastic, a collegian, &c., so exclusively, that he despises those not of his order. No one is a Spaniard. The love of country is extinguished—it enters into the idea of none, for each is as cold and indifferent about the welfare of his country, as ardent and interested for the good of his peculiar profession. . . . . A man in power directs affairs as he pleases. Sometimes official stations are conferred on the natives of one province, to the exclusion of

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ters, and change of measures—in vain is the extension of the popular liberties. All this can only tend to weaken the cause it is intended to support. The more liberty is granted to the people, who as yet are capable properly of enjoying a very small portion, the more power is lost to the government, and the more relative strength is acquired by its enemies. Spain at the present time stands in need of a government powerful and vigorous, but not rampant in tyranny—a government which, forbearing to put forth all its energies on ordinary occasions, would be ever ready to exert them in crushing faction,—which would relax its chain as the people stretched it in their progress in political knowledge,—which would act on the conviction that a gradual enlightenment of the public mind to views of liberty is far less to be dreaded than the sudden outbreak of feelings smarting under a sense of oppression. Not a military despotism like that of Napoleon, as has been erroneously recommended, for little substantial improvement could be effected under such a system,—rather an "enlightened despotism," like that of Zea, or like that of the reigning monarch

all others. Sometimes the land-service is exalted, and the marine totally neglected, and *vice versa*. . . . . Thus is it that Spain of to-day is a body without strength or energy, because it is composed of members which have no union.

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of Prussia, who, while he both makes and executes the laws, is training up his subjects for the enjoyment of constitutional freedom.

The only hope for Spain—the speedy termination of the civil war—must be looked for in foreign intervention. A combined intervention on the part of the five great powers of Europe would be practicable, were the contest really one of disputed succession; but is almost impossible in a struggle of principles, especially as an intervention to be effective must be armed. In an intervention one of the contending parties must be recognized, and the other crushed; and the wider influence exerted through the country by that of the Queen, the fact of its having almost the entire aristocracy, with the vast majority of the wealthy and intelligent in its favour, and of its bidding more fair for the regeneration and future happiness of Spain, mark it as the one to be upheld, in preference to that of Carlos, supported by few beside the clergy and peasantry. This intervention should be undertaken by one or more powers favourable to constitutional liberty. It should be not on a puny—a British Legion—scale, but with a force sufficient to overwhelm at once the party to be suppressed. Such a force should be spread through the disaffected provinces to

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crush in the bud all spirit of revolt, and be there retained till the government had acquired strength enough to take the reins entirely into its own hands; and, in the mean time, it would have the effect of restraining the authorities from making an unjust use of their power, and vindictively oppressing their conquered enemies.

I give these opinions, not because they are my own, but because I have heard them expressed by many intelligent Andaluces.

Armed intervention, it has been urged, would be excessively galling to the feelings of a people so notoriously jealous of foreigners. It might be, at first. But that excitement would in a short time subside, and all the well-disposed in the community would eventually be thankful for an interference which had enabled them to enjoy the blessings of peace and security.

Whether foreign intervention be the means by which Liberty will triumph in Spain,—whether her present troubles are soon to cease, or there are greater horrors in store for her,—whether the demon of Anarchy is to glut himself with blood at the scaffold as his twin-brother, of Civil War, has already done in the battle-field,—is not to be foretold. Yet the cause of Liberty, however it be thwarted in its outset by its fierce

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adversaries, however it be injured by the ignorance of its professed friends, must eventually triumph;

> "For Freedom's battle once begun,
> Bequeath'd by bleeding Sire to Son,
> Though baffled oft, is ever won!"

Its march is ever forwards; the public mind is already awakened, and must daily gain more energy; it cannot relapse into its former torpor, —the day of the Inquisition is past,—the reign of despotism is at an end.

Should it be asked, "What has Liberty yet done for Spain?" it may be replied, that the several Constitutional governments of that country have found themselves in the position of persons suddenly called on to take into their own hands weighty and involved affairs with which they had no previous acquaintance; and if they have erred, their errors have been the natural results of the peculiar circumstances in which they were placed, not of the system or principles on which they acted. Novel, untried duties can never be discharged with a total freedom from error: an unwonted exercise of liberty naturally induces a disposition to extravagance of behaviour. Besides, the Constitutional system has not hitherto had fair play in Spain. It has come

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into operation in times of anarchy and civil war at home, or of invasion from abroad: the constant opposition they have encountered has often driven its supporters to have recourse to measures inconsistent with their professions. Their errors cannot be chargeable to their system, for until this shall have worked for several years during a period of peace, it cannot be said to have been fairly tested. At the first moving of the machine there will ever be grating and jarring sounds; it is only after several revolutions of its wheels, that it can glide on smoothly and in silence.

Do we admit then that Liberty has hitherto conferred no benefit on Spain? Far from it. Have not the Constitutional governments weakened, almost destroyed the political power of the Church? Have they not wrenched off the fetters from knowledge? Have they not left the people at liberty to *think*, and opened ways for the effective expression of opinion? And is this no step towards the regeneration of a people long sunk in abject slavery, in the depths of ignorance and superstition?

But let us not rest content with an answer to the question, "What has Liberty yet done for Spain?"—rather let us ask, "What may it reasonably be expected to do?" If the government be in advance of the people, we may expect that by

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the diffusion of knowledge, it will ere long raise them to its own level. If it have already unshackled thought, liberated the press, and bound their long-rampant jailer, the Church, we may expect that the public mind will soon awake to the value as well as to the consciousness of its liberty. If the government take a further step, and allow religious toleration, we may hope to see superstition and infidelity, with all their consequent evils, give way before the rational and heart-satisfying doctrines of Protestantism. If it gain wisdom by experience, and alter the present absurd system of fiscal regulations, we may reasonably expect, providing peace be obtained, that foreign capital and intelligence will flow into the country, and aid in a speedy development of its vast internal resources; that enterprise and industry will revive; that commerce will again unfurl his broad flag upon its shores; and that Spain will resume her proper and natural station among the powers of Europe.

In the existing state of affairs, it is to the Constitutionalists we must look to effect this regeneration. To the absolute party it were absurd to look. What can be expected from Don Carlos, with bishops for his counsellors, inquisitors for his magistrates, and the Virgin Mary for his generalissima? Equally vain were it to expect

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the regeneration of Spain from the Republican party, who would fain introduce a system of government, for which no kingdom of Europe is yet ripe, and which, for Spain, where monarchical institutions are deeply and firmly rooted in the prejudices of the people, and interwoven with the very texture of the body politic, would be an outrage upon feeling and common sense.

The Constitutional quarter is the only one in which a ray of light gladdens the political horizon of Spain. In every other are dark, lowering clouds, pregnant with tyranny or anarchy.

THE END.

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