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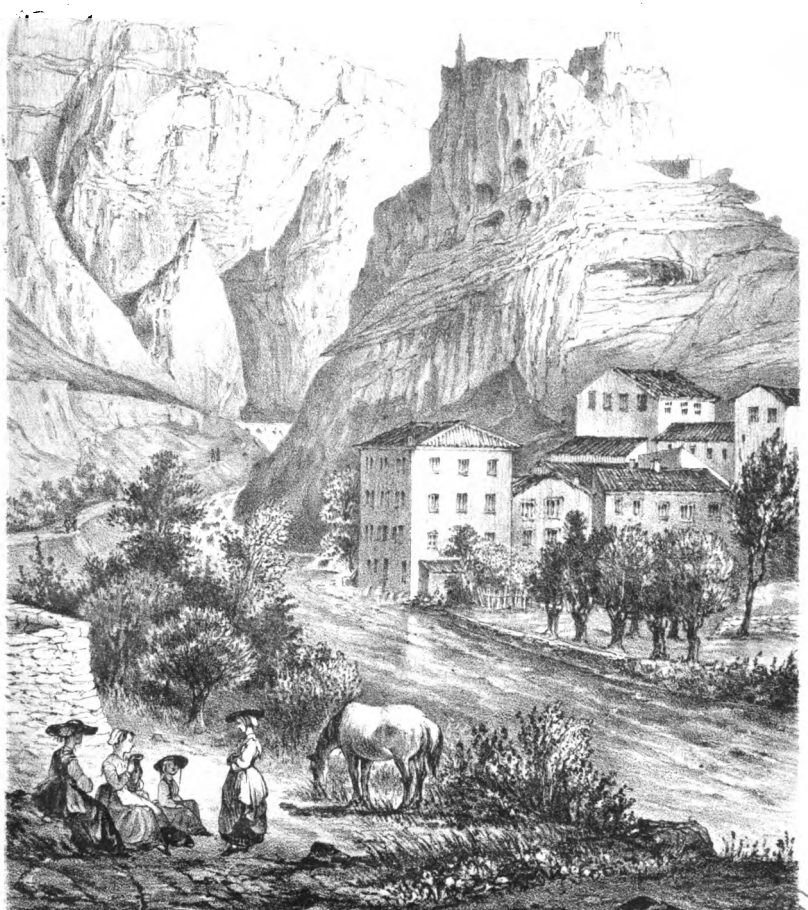

Thos Oakes Jun.r Engr. Crown Ct Threadneedle St.

PETRARCH'S HOUSE AT VAUCLUSE

London. Richard Bentley. 1843.

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THE RHONE, THE DARRO,

AND

THE GUADALQUIVIR;

A SUMMER RAMBLE IN 1842.

BY MRS. ROMER.

AUTHOR OF "STURMER," ETC.

SOCIÉTÉ DE GÉOGRAPHIE DE LYON

"Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia!"—*Hamlet*, Act. iv. Scene 7.
"I am too much i' the sun."—*Hamlet*, Act i. Scene 2.

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INTRODUCTION.

If I could have made up my mind before I left home as to the precise bourne to which I am bound, I think I should have adopted the praiseworthy precedent set by the travelling Fellows of the University of Cambridge, who, being required during their peregrinations abroad to write home one Latin letter to their College, descriptive of all they have seen in foreign lands, concoct the said letter before they quit the precincts of the Quadrangle! Like them, I might have penned the commencement at least of my wanderings (not in Latin, for the very best reason in the world!) *à tête reposée*, at home—in my boudoir, surrounded with maps and books of reference, from which it is, I suppose, allowable under *such* circumstances to beg, borrow, and steal, *pro bono publico*. But a formidable obstacle has opposed itself to this easy manner of proceeding; namely, uncertainty as to my whereabouts beyond the port of Mar-

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seilles: so, I am forced to write as I run; and, although I must inevitably be less eloquent and *moins soignée* in my style than if I were taking mine ease in my home, my hurried sketches dashed off by the road-side may perhaps make up in truth and graphic power for their deficiencies in elegance and artistical composition:—some author has remarked that "rough notes dotted down on the spot with the coarsest lead pencil are worth a cart-load of recollections refurbished in the closet."

A propos to pencils. While the horses were putting-to this morning, preparatory to my departure from Paris, I stepped across the boulevard to a bookseller's shop, in order to purchase some odd volume of light reading to put into the carriage-pocket. "Give me," said I to the shopman, "something that will amuse me on the road, and yet will not interest or absorb my attention too completely."—"Voici quelque-chose qui ne fatiguera ni l'esprit ni les mains de Madame," he replied, putting into my hands a dozen tiny volumes, which I afterwards found to be the last numbers of *Les Guêpes* and *Les Nouvelles à la main* — a piquant *résumé* of the last *on dits* and *cancans* of the place I was quitting. So much for my travelling library! Not a Handbook—not

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a Guide de Voyageur—not even Mrs. Starke to teach me the way I ought to go, and to prompt me into observation, admiration, or explanation!

As I quitted the bookseller's shop, my attention was arrested by one of those delightfully absurd *marchands ambulans* who are peculiar to the boulevards of Paris, and certainly nowhere else attain to the same triumphant perfection of volubility. The man in question had before him a little portable deal table, upon which were arranged sundry packets of black-lead pencils, tied up in dozens and half-dozens: one of the pencils, a sample of his merchandise, he held in his hand; and, in order to demonstrate its extraordinary qualities of solidity, and what he termed "its miraculous powers of resistance," he inflicted with its finely-cut point such vigorous blows upon the little deal table as caused splinters from its surface to fly in all directions, and the perspiration to flow in streams down his face, while the pencil and its point remained uninjured.

"Messieurs," he exclaimed, apostrophising the numerous bystanders, "vous voyez les qualités merveilleuses de mes crayons! Quand je dis merveilleuses, je n'exagère point, car je suis véridique, moi; je ne mens pas, comme un arracheur de

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dents!" (A furious blow; after which he held up the point of the pencil.) "Pas le moindre petit dégât! jugez en par vous-mêmes, Messieurs. Que c'est solide!—que c'est beau!—que c'est indestructible! J'en pleure, Messieurs, car mon crayon me rappelle l'homme juste resistant aux coups de l'adversité!!"

Who could resist the moving pathos of such an illustration? I could not; so I took out my purse. But the man had not yet exhausted his eloquence.

"On parle de la plume de l'Histoire—plume tirée de l'aile de l'aigle ou de quelqu'autre volatile aussi distinguée, disent les uns—plume de bronze, disent les autres—(et, soit dit en passant, les plumes métalliques ne valent rien du tout—or, défiez-vous du marchand qui en débite vis-à-vis!) Eh bien! si l'Histoire se presentât devant moi à l'instant même, je lui dirais, '*Madame,*' (car on pretend que l'Histoire est femelle,—voilà sans doute pourquoi elle est passablement médisante et cancannière,)—je lui dirais donc, '*Madame, jetez votre plume et prenez mon crayon! griffonnez un peu avec, et vous m'en donnerez des nouvelles!*'" At the same time (having interspersed this part of his tirade with various blows upon the table, in the guise of notes of admira-

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tion) he proceeded to scribble upon a scrap of paper a few words with the same identical uninjured pencil, and handed it round for the inspection of his auditors.

"Vous voyez, Messieurs, comme c'est soigné; pourtant je ne suis pas très fort sur l'écriture! c'est donc grace à mon crayon que je produis tant d'effet sur le papier pour le quart d'heure. Je garantis le même succès à toutes les personnes qui voudront s'en servir—ça va à tout le monde; c'est bon pour l'artiste, pour l' homme de lettres, pour l'homme d'affaires, pour le voyageur, et surtout pour les dames, qui peuvent écrire tout ce qui leur passe par la tête sans salir leurs jolis doigts avec de l'encre. Et puis, autre mérite, cela ne coute presque rien—cinquante centimes la douzaine pour ces amours de crayons!—vingt-cinq centimes la demie-douzaine—cinq centimes la pièce!"

This exposition of the manifold merits of his pencils appeared so irresistible to me, that I only waited the conclusion of the vender's harangue to lay down a ten-sols piece upon his table and take up a dozen of his pencils in exchange. "I shall try their merits on the road," said I to myself, as I hurried off with them to the carriage; "I suppose I must write a journal, and

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they will do well enough for that purpose. Who knows but that they may transmit to me a little of the talent of their persuasive *patentee*?—who knows but that I may become as *eloquent* and *veracious* as he is?"

In a few moments afterwards I was on the road to Fontainebleau.

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FONTAINEBLEAU.

Uninteresting general appearance of France. — Comparative inferiority with England. — Irish servant's judgment of a mountainous country. — Frenchmen's ideas of beautiful scenery. — Superiority of the Germans, the Italians, the Dutch, and the English, in that particular. — The French character eminently anti-rural. — Palace of Fontainebleau. — Diane de Poitiers. — Henri Quatre. — His quarrel and reconciliation with Sully. — Louis Quatorze and Mademoiselle de la Vallière. — Queen Christina of Sweden. — The murder of her equerry Monaldeschi. — Louis XV. and his predilection for cookery. — Louis XVI. and his talent as a locksmith. — The Palace of Fontainebleau converted into a state-prison during the reign of Napoleon. — Abdication of the Emperor. — Puerility of the elder branch of the Bourbons. — Superior wisdom of Louis-Philippe. — Marriage of the Duke of Orleans at Fontainebleau.

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FONTAINEBLEAU.

NEXT to the *ennui* of making a journey through France, I can imagine nothing more tiresome than perusing a journal of one. I have traversed "la Belle France" in all directions, and have found, not indeed "that all is barren," —for it is a land teeming with corn, wine, and oil,—but that, with very few exceptions, the face of nature is unlovely and unpicturesque. From my earliest years I have been looking in vain for the realization of every French person's boast of the beauties of their native land; *les beaux sites, les vues pittoresques*, about which they exclaim, are nothing more than vast tracts of corn-fields, or vineyards, whose stunted appearance cannot bear the test of comparison with the beauty of a Kentish hop-ground. In short, that which constitutes their ideas of a *beau pays*, is the fertility of the soil, and the richness of the various crops it yields (and in that respect, indeed, France is almost unrivalled); but, as to

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beauties of scenery, the judgment of the French may be compared with that of an Irish servant who was travelling with a friend of mine in the most romantic part of the Highlands of Scotland, and, being asked by his master if he did not think it a beautiful country, replied, "Troth it would, sir, be a mighty fine country *if it was not for them thieving hills!*" In short, France, artistically speaking, is, in its northern, western, and midland provinces, one of the least interesting countries in Europe to explore. The south is, indeed, a redeeming point; nothing more beautifully wild in Switzerland than the Pays de Bearn and the Pyrenees, nothing more soft and refined in Italy than the district that lies between Lyons and the Mediterranean! and yet, speak to a Frenchman of their beauties, and he will hold them cheap in comparison with the fat pastures of Normandy, or the monotonous plains of Touraine, which latter he will tell you is "le jardin de la France." The truth is, that the French possess all the *verbiage*, and none of the *sentiment*, of the picturesque. Read their descriptions, and you will fancy them enthusiasts of the beauties of Nature; look at their châteaux, their country-houses, their hamlets, bourgs, and village churches, and you must

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perceive at a glance that their constructors are destitute of that creative talent and appreciation of everything that constitutes rural beauty, which in more barren countries enables the inhabitants to make for themselves a paradise where Nature perhaps only created a desert; and you are forced to conclude, that, in proportion as the French exceed all other nations in their knowledge of the refinements and luxuries of a town life, so are they inferior to all others in those arts which render a residence in the country agreeable, or even tolerable.

In Germany the taste for landscape gardening has become a passion among the upper classes; and a perception of the beauties of Nature is so inherent in even the lower orders, that in the most remote villages you will find, in every spot from which a romantic point of view is to be obtained, that trees have been planted, benches placed under them, and walks laid out to procure the quiet enjoyment of it.

The poetical imagination of the Italian cultivator is discernible throughout the whole arrangement of his agricultural economy; and, happily blending the *dulce* with the *utile*, the chief sources from which he derives his means of existence are converted by him into objects

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of ornament. No theatrical decoration can exceed in elegance the effect produced by the luxuriant festoons of vines which form the boundary of his fields of Indian corn, and which are trained to, and supported by, the mulberry-trees from which his silkworms are fed; and there is something classical in the appearance of his yoked oxen, as they return from their day's labour with garlands of wild flowers suspended from their horns, like the victims of antiquity adorned for a sacrifice to propitiate the gods. Such images recall to one's memory the pastorals of the ancient poets, and convince one that their beautiful descriptions of rural life were not creations of the imagination alone, but pictures, sketched from the life, of tastes and habits which have survived the convulsions of empires and the vicissitudes of twenty centuries, as though to establish an identity between the antique races who then peopled the land, and its present generations.

Look at the amphibious Dutch, who have snatched a precarious territory from the encroachments of the ocean, and have converted their fens into blooming gardens and clustering bowers! Every little habitation has its flower-bed and its shrubbery, devised with the most

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exquisite taste as to rural effect; and the pleasure-grounds of the wealthy inhabitants are to be equalled only by those with which the British empire abounds.

In England, every class, from the highest to the lowest, is deeply imbued with a sentiment of rural beauty and picturesque embellishment. If the palace and the castle possess their parks and *pleasaunces*, the lowliest cottage has its porch overgrown with clustering woodbines and roses, and its little garden gay with red-runners and sunflowers, which mask the homely array of cabbages and potatoes planted beneath. The villages are generally placed in the most admirable situations; their ivy-covered church-towers and old parsonage-houses, with their trim gardens and antique sun-dials, imparting an air of homely and venerable beauty to the scene;—and then the innumerable country-seats, with their rich varieties of Saxon, Norman, Elizabethan, and Palladian architecture,—their noble parks and wooded chaces! In France one looks in vain for anything of the sort; there is no taste for rural embellishment perceptible in any class of the nation. Their villages are rambling streets bordering the paved high-road, with no vestige of a garden to be seen,—

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not even a vine, the common produce of the country, trained over the walls; and yet, under their clear skies, and with their fertile soil, how beautiful might a very little trouble render all their rural districts! Their châteaux, "few and far between," look as though they had fallen (certainly not from heaven) upon the spot where they stand, and, frightened at their own loneliness, would gladly run away from the long straight avenues of trees and the melancholy *pièce d'eau* which form their only accompaniments. I can imagine nothing more dreary than a residence in one of those *vieux manoirs;* indeed, my recollections of short visits formerly paid in more than one of them serve to convince me, that a genuine taste for country pleasures forms no prominent part of the French character. They would fain make you believe otherwise, and persuade you that the unbounded hospitality with which they do the honours of their châteaux springs less from that amenity and *fine fleur de politesse,* which are their distinguishing characteristics, than from the zest with which they enter into the spirit of their *rôle de Châtelain.* It is easy, however, to perceive that, when in the country, all their thoughts tend towards Paris: the *commérages de Paris* form the principal topics

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of conversation; the arrival of the post, that brings the letters and papers from thence, is the pleasantest part of the day; and, even when hunting or fishing, their thoughts will wander from those sylvan pastimes to the purlieus of the Palais Royal, and a *naïve* exclamation will perchance betray their conviction, that the chevreuil and salmon from Chevet's shop are, after all, incomparably better than that in the pursuit of which they are toiling!

In former journeys to Marseilles I have always taken the *route de Bourgogne*, in order to avail myself of the steam-boat on the Saone from Châlons to Lyons; but in this instance having decided upon going by the Bourbonnais, which is less uninteresting than the other road, I have stopped some hours at Fontainebleau to visit its Royal Château, which I had not seen since the present King of the French has caused so much to be done for its restoration and embellishment. It is truly a regal pile, and considered either as a monument of the restoration of the arts and their progress in France, or as a course of historical souvenirs, is equally interesting.

The palace of Fontainebleau was commenced under the reign of St. Louis (Louis IX.), but François Premier was the first monarch who

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directed its embellishments; and under the superintendence of the Italian artist, Primatice, it received the stamp of artistical refinement, of which Italy was at that period the focus, and which François Premier was the first to transplant across the Alps, forming an epoch in the history of the arts in France which is commonly designated as *la Renaissance.* The presiding divinity of this palace appears to have been Diane de Poitiers, the beautiful Duchesse de Valentinois, who was successively the object of adoration of François Premier and of his son, Henri Deux, the husband of Catherine de Medicis. A full-length picture of her, represented with the attributes of Diana, but less modestly draperied than the chaste goddess is generally depicted, is still to be seen in a panel of one of the apartments, and represents a beautiful *blonde* in the garb of nature, and exquisitely proportioned. Her emblematical device, the crescent of Diana, is everywhere prominent in the splendid gallery of Henri Deux, entwined with the cypher of her royal lover, as though to perpetuate the memory of her frailty and of his infatuation.

Of the no less beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrées, the haughty Duchesse de Beaufort, no trace remains; but the memory of her lover, Henri Quatre,

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seems identified with the very walls of Fontainebleau. His son, Louis Treize, was born there, and the chamber in which he came into the world (la chambre-à-coucher de Marie de Medicis) was converted by his father into a state-room to commemorate the auspicious event. Over one of the doors is the portrait of the infant prince, who is allegorically represented mounted on the back of a dolphin.

In the pavilion, which is in the centre of the *pièce d'eau* in one of the courts of the palace, Henri Quatre is said to have signed the death-warrant of Marshal Biron, the only circumstance calculated to throw a stain upon the reign of that great and good monarch. One of the *allées* which border this sheet of water recalls a more beautiful and characteristic trait of the great Henri, whose *bonhommie* captivated the affections of his subjects as completely as the generosity of his heart and the greatness of his soul commanded their admiration. When the uncompromising frankness of Sully had led to a rupture between his royal master and himself, the king, unable to prolong the semblance of a rancour which his heart disclaimed, contrived to give his minister an opportunity, while walking alone in the *allée*, of seeking an explanation with him.

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That explanation speedily produced a reconciliation; and Sully, throwing himself at Henri's feet, testified his submission and gratitude for the gracious pardon he had received, in the presence of the whole court, who were assembled at the windows of the gallery overlooking the scene. "Lève-toi bien vîte, Sully," said the king, resuming his ancient familiarity of manner, "tu vas faire croire que je t'ai pardonné!"

In the early part of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth Fontainebleau was one of his favourite residences, and, amidst the romantic splendours of which it was the theatre, commenced his amours with the loveliest and most interesting of his mistresses, the fair La Vallière. Later in the same reign, when the King had deserted Fontainebleau for his magnificent creation, Versailles, it was allotted by him to Christina of Sweden as a residence during her stay in France. The cold-blooded murder of her favourite equerry, Monaldeschi, was perpetrated by the Queen's order in that part of the palace called the *Galérie des Cerfs:* the gallery has now disappeared, having been converted under a later reign into chambers for the royal attendants; but the spot where the foul crime was consummated—a crime as disgraceful to the wo-

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man who ordered it, as to the sovereign who permitted it to pass with impunity under his government—is recorded by an inscription placed in the window of the room which formed the identical part of the gallery where the life of the unfortunate Italian was sacrificed to his royal mistress's vindictive rage.

Louis the Fifteenth was married at Fontainebleau; and his son, the Dauphin, father of three kings (Louis the Sixteenth, Louis the Eighteenth, and Charles the Tenth), was born there. But in the reign of Louis the Sixteenth, Fontainebleau was altogether deserted by the court, although preparations for the reception of Marie Antoinette were commenced under the directions of her unfortunate husband, who himself executed the beautiful iron fastenings to the windows destined for the Queen's dressing-room, and which remain to this day as a monument of his extraordinary skill as a locksmith; that branch of mechanics, so eccentric a pursuit for a monarch, having been as much a passion with Louis the Sixteenth, as cookery was with his royal predecessor, Louis the Fifteenth. There was, however, an immense difference evident in the result of their respective labours; the locks and keys of the royal martyr having been as admirably

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workmanlike in their execution as the *omelettes* and *ragoûts* of the old voluptuary were detestable: *il fallait les avaler pourtant*, and not only swallow them without a grimace, but laud them right royally to the skies; and it was a by-word among the privileged few who were admitted to the honour of sharing in the repasts prepared by the King's hand, "*Le Roi veut nous empoisonner ce soir!*"*

During the Empire, Fontainebleau became successively the residence of two illustrious personages, Charles the Fourth of Spain, the father of Ferdinand the Seventh, and Pope Pius the Seventh. But perhaps the most interesting event in modern history took place within its walls—I mean, the abdication of Napoleon Buonaparte in 1814. The room and the table that were used for that purpose have been left precisely

* It was when Louis the Fifteenth was making coffee for Madame du Barry, that that *sans-façons* lady first fascinated him by the *naïve* application of her coarse phraseology, so different from the respectful elegance to which the monarch had ever before been accustomed, that the mere force of contrast rendered it not only acceptable, but charming, to the *blasé* old man, whom in their *tête-à-têtes* she was accustomed to designate as "*La France.*" The King having in the course of conversation negligently allowed the coffee to boil over, his fair enslaver directed his attention to it by exclaiming, "*La France, ton café fiche le camp!*"

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in the state in which they were twenty-eight years ago. Many erroneous accounts of this table have been circulated by different tourists, and descriptions of the gashes inflicted upon it by the Emperor with his penknife have been the medium of the most poetical transcripts of his supposed feelings in that trying conjuncture. The fact is, that the gashes exist only in the imagination of the said tourists, a class who generally fancy that *reality* is too tame for the pages of a circulating library; the table is quite uninjured: it is a little common round *guéridon*, upon a claw, and was brought from one of the attendants' apartments (there being no moveable table in the room at the time) for the Emperor to execute the deed upon. A brass plate has been affixed to it, commemorating the circumstance; and a *fac-simile* of the act of abdication is framed, and hung up in the room: the writing is almost illegible, full of erasures, and defaced by a most unsightly blot; and I should be tempted to suppose, that, if the Emperor had at that moment held a penknife in his hand, he would have used it to mend his pen rather than to have spoiled his table.

One of the puerile littlenesses of the elder branch of the Bourbons is chronicled together

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with this important act, as though they feared that posterity would have no other opportunity of comparing the compulsory descent of the eagle, winged in its loftiest flight, with the powerless and clumsy attempts of the fatted barn-door fowl to raise itself into the air, and soar into those regions which had so long been the exclusive domain of the imperial bird. The act of abdication was signed in the cabinet of the Emperor, contiguous to his bedchamber; on the brass plate affixed to the table already specified it is stated that the event took place "in the apartment adjoining the *King's* bedchamber, on the 3rd of April 1814, and in the twenty-first year of the reign of his Majesty Louis the Eighteenth." The reign of Napoleon, then, was but a dream! Certainly, in that case, his most Christian Majesty had had a very long night-mare, for which the indigestions produced by the good cheer of Hartwell, in Buckinghamshire, can scarcely account! The folly of that other doomed race, the Stuarts, never went so far as to think that by a stroke of the pen they could obliterate all recollection of the Commonwealth, and assume that they themselves had, during the whole period of Cromwell's protectorate, held the sceptre of the land that had driven them

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into exile. The wisdom of Louis-Philippe has risen superior to all such pitiful manœuvres; and under his impartial directions every dynasty has met with its due quota of praise or blame, every trait in the history of modern France has been set before the country in its proper light.

Louis the Eighteenth never visited Fontainebleau, except upon one occasion, when he went there to receive Caroline of Naples, the bride of the ill-fated Duke de Berri. The last occurrence of any note that took place within its walls was the marriage of the present prince-royal, the Duke of Orleans, with the Princess Helen of Mecklenburg; which auspicious event was celebrated with regal pomp and hospitality in May 1837. On that occasion nine hundred guests, who were bidden to the feast, were accommodated within the apartments of the palace. The Duke of Orleans* occasionally hunts with his brothers in the forest of Fontainebleau, and afterwards dines at the palace. Those strangers who have been permitted to participate in the prince's sport, and have afterwards become his guests,

* Little did the author contemplate, when tracing the above observation by the road-side, that the illustrious object of it, then so full of life and hope, would in a few short months be snatched from his family and country by a deplorable and unlooked-for catastrophe.

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are unanimous in their praise of his sportsman-like *savoir* and affability, and of the *bonne grace* and hospitality with which he does the honours of the royal table: and such is the charm of his royal highness's manner and address, that even those who are opposed to the house of Orleans in politics are willing to concede to this member of it the merit of being the most amiable and accomplished gentleman in France.

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LYONS.

Reminiscences of Sterne's Sentimental Journey.—Moulins.—Tomb of Henri, Duc de Montmorenci.—Devotion of his widow.—Improved appearance of the country near Lyons. — Filth and discomfort of Lyons. — Bad Hotels. — Conveniency of the Steam Navigation of the Rhone.

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LYONS.

Who can drive through the fertile provinces of the Nivernois and the Bourbonnois without thinking of the exquisite episodes of Sterne's Sentimental Journey? But where are the eloquent postilions, the interesting maniacs, and the graceful peasant-girls that peopled his pages? If ever they existed elsewhere than in his prolific brain, they have, alas! left no successors in the land. Oh, rare privilege of genius! what a redeeming grace canst thou cast over objects the most homely! The pipe of Maria, and those sweet querulous notes which she drew from it—the stray handkerchief which she washed with her tears and dried upon her burning heart, must ever cause the bosom to thrill, and the eye to moisten, as her graceful image rises up before the imagination, evoked by the magic of *words* that are *hues* caught from the rainbow of genius. Her woes have

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been embalmed for posterity in the most exquisite language that talent and feeling ever combined to produce; and no English traveller will ever approach Moulins without remembering that magical description which invested the vulgar sorrows of the forsaken peasant-girl with an ideal grace and pathos unequalled in any language. But let him not seek for the type of Sterne's Maria in the actualities of Moulins! Rousseau, after publishing his Nouvelle Heloise, wrote à propos to Vevay (the native place of Julie) and its female inhabitants: "Allez à Vevay—visitez le pays, examinez les sites, promenez-vous sur le lac, et dites si la nature n'a pas fait ce beau pays pour une Julie, pour une Claire, et pour un St. Preux; *mais ne les y cherchez pas.*"

And so might Sterne have said of his Maria; for, like Julie, her charm was purely ideal.

During the few hours I remained at Moulins, I went to the Eglise du Collège to visit the tomb of one of Cardinal Richelieu's victims, Henri, Duc de Montmorenci, who was beheaded at Toulouse for conspiring against the state. His real offence, like that of a subsequent victim to the same sanguinary minister, (the young and chivalrous Cinq Mars,) was devotion to the King's

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person, and an ardent desire to emancipate him from the thraldom of the terrible cardinal; whose absolute policy tended to isolate the feeble-minded Louis from every affection, confidence, or dependence except upon himself; and whose Satanic manœuvres were so deeply laid, that the royal favourites were drawn in through the agency of Richelieu's own emissaries to conspire against the existing order of things, denounced to the King as traitors to his person, and sacrificed through the imbecility of the monarch to the vengeance of his minister. The monument of the murdered Montmorenci is a record, not only of the weakness and ingratitude of his royal master, but of the devoted affection of his widow. After the duke's execution, the duchess retired to Moulins, where she entered into a convent of which she ultimately became the abbess; and having caused the remains of her husband to be transported thither from Toulouse, and interred in a vault under the church of the convent, she directed this magnificent monument to be erected over the spot. The most celebrated Italian artists of the period were employed in the pious work, the accomplishment of which occupied twenty years. The conception and execution of it are

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beautiful; the sarcophagus is of black marble, surmounted by the effigy of Montmorenci in white marble, larger than life, in a warrior's dress, half reclining, in the manner of the Dying Gladiator at Rome. The countenance is exquisitely beautiful—at once noble and melancholy; one of those predestined faces in whose touching lineaments are prophetically stamped a history of baffled aspirations and early and violent death. The effigy of the duchess is represented rising from a recumbent posture by her husband's side, her head veiled, and her clasped hands raised to heaven, as though appealing against the injustice of that bloody sentence which had caused the sun of Montmorenci to set "*while it was yet day.*" She lived to see the completion of this splendid memorial of her enduring love and grief; and, then dying, was buried in the same tomb with him for whose loss she had renounced the world. The convent no longer exists, having been suppressed at the period of the Revolution of 1789; and it is almost marvellous that the emblazoned tomb of the noble Montmorenci, one of the most ancient aristocratic illustrations of France, should have escaped the fury of the democratic mob, who scrupled

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not to violate the tombs of their princes, and scattered their dust to the winds.*

The country beautifies as one approaches Lyons; but Lyons itself, the second city of France, is in my opinion so detestable a *séjour*, that, even before I enter it, I am always devising the quickest possible means of getting out of it again.

* Such an attempt was in fact made during the Reign of Terror, when a troop of those *fanatics of destruction*, whose vocation consisted in not only sweeping the living nobles from the land, but in effacing every vestige of the illustrious dead from the country with which their names and their deeds were identified, rushed towards the Eglise du Collège armed with every implement best calculated to ensure the speedy demolition of Montmorenci's tomb. But, while yelling forth in concert their senseless execrations upon the whole race of aristocrats, dead as well as living, and regretting that it was only upon *marble* and *dust* that their actual vengeance could be perpetrated, their fury was suddenly arrested by the ingenious observation of a person present, who, while apparently inflaming the passions of the mob, contrived to render them the medium of rescuing the ashes of Montmorenci from desecration. "Citoyens!" he exclaimed, "savez-vous qui étoit l'individu dont vous cherchez à détruire le tombeau?"—"Un sacré aristocrat!" thundered a hundred voices at once.—"Oui, il étoit né aristocrat," replied the first speaker; "mais pourtant c'étoit un fameux sansculotte! Mes amis, il a eu la tête tranchée pour avoir conspiré contre le Roi!" This announcement turned the tide of popular fury in favour of the murdered duke; and, instead of demolishing his tomb, the mob covered it with civic crowns.

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Beautifully situated at the confluence of two fine navigable rivers, and in the midst of a lovely country, Lyons, notwithstanding its splendid quays and noble public buildings, its wealth and flourishing commerce, bears about it the stamp of the most comfortless, dirty democracy. The population, undergrown and unhealthy-looking, as is ever the case in large manufacturing towns, may *literally* be termed "the great unwashed;" the houses have a miserable aspect of uncleanliness, and inattention to repairs, about them; and the Place de Belle Cour, which is one of the finest squares in Europe in point of space, and has some noble buildings around it, is, from the same absence of good order, a melancholy, degraded-looking spot.

Nothing can exceed the uncleanliness and bad attendance of the hotels: in short, in the midst of riches and abundance, travellers are worse off at Lyons than they would be in an obscure *bourg* in the least-frequented part of the kingdom; and so fully have I been impressed with the discomforts and *désagrémens* of the place in my various visits to it, that I should for evermore forswear passing through it, were it not for the convenience of the steam-boat navigation from thence on the Rhone, which is so delightful a medium of

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visiting the various interesting sites situated on either side of its banks. For this reason, I shall, on the present occasion, merely sojourn here a few hours, and depart by the first steamer that leaves Lyons for Avignon,—that is to say, at four o'clock to-morrow morning.

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AVIGNON.

Admirable scenery of the Rhone.—Its historical associations.—The Mistral.—Sunrise.—Pont du Saint Esprit and its dangers.—Approach to Avignon.—Its former possessors.—Avignon sold by Joan of Naples to Pope Clement the Sixth.—Tragical death of Marshal Brune.—Destruction of the public monuments of Avignon during the Reign of Terror.—Chapel of the Invalides.—Comtesse de Villelumes.—Musée Calvet.—Unpicturesque environs of Avignon.—Cheapness and plenty of provisions.—Merits of Avignon as an economical residence.

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AVIGNON.

GENTLE reader! art thou a lover of the beauties of Nature? Does admiration of the Arts lead thee to delight in tracing their origin, their progress to perfection, and their *décadence*, in those splendid monuments of antiquity which the Romans have left scattered here and there over the face of the Old World as land-marks of their prowess and their glory—as though they would have forced succeeding ages to believe that the words of Holy Writ, "*and in those days there were giants in the land*," had been intended specifically to apply to them? If so, and that the sight of smiling valleys and

> "Gently swelling hills,
> On which the power of cultivation lies,
> And joys to see the wonders of the land;"—

if the grey olive and the blushing vine bursting into ripeness under the blue sky of the south can gladden thy heart;—if the majestic arena wreathed with

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"The garland-forest which the grey walls wear,
Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head,"

and more imposing in its crumbling and desolate grandeur than the most finished and elegant structures of our own pigmy times, can awaken thy soul to thoughts more exalting, and, carrying them back to past ages, lead thee to meditate and to moralize upon the nothingness of human ambition in the sight of Eternal Wisdom;—then I would say to thee, Take up thy pilgrim's staff and don thy sandal shoon, and follow the windings of the rushing Rhone from Lyons to Arles, pausing on thy way before many a shrine worthy the devotion of a classic mind. There shalt thou read the history of the land chronicled in its mutilated relics. There stand the stately amphitheatres of its first conquerors, the Romans, still bearing traces of the barbarian devastations which impotently strove, four centuries later, to raze them from the face of the earth;—the fortifications of the Saracen;—the watch-towers of Charles Martel;—the ruined donjons of many a noble knight and crusader:—the palaces of the minstrel king, René of Sicily;—Tarascon and Aix, cradles of the Troubadours;—Avignon with its papal towers, "birth-place of deep love!"—Say, in the pages of what Historian couldst thou find

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the vicissitudes of the Past traced with the same magnificent eloquence as in those silent stones? What saint could preach—what sage philosophize upon the vanity of human grandeur—the instability of territorial conquest, like those grey crumbling walls?

And for the Present—Go, look around thee, and behold with what a lavish hand Nature has there scattered her gifts! Are not the fruits of the earth in richer profusion, its flowers more odorous, its skies more intensely blue, its rivers more transparent there than elsewhere? And still does a perfume of poesy linger in the atmosphere of that sunny clime!—still does the laurel planted by Laura's lover flourish in unfading verdure by the cold clear waters of the fountain which his verse has immortalized!—still do the remains of the sweet "*langue d'oc*," the language of song, which gave its name to the land, breathe musically upon the ear in the syllables of the Provençale tongue!—still does the *beau sang* of its daughters shew in their finely moulded limbs, and speak eloquently to the heart in the dark beauty of their eyes—eyes formed to wake the poet's sigh, and to warm new Petrarchs into deathless lays of love!—still are wit and valour the distinguishing characteristics of its sons!

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Yes, Nature has lavished her fairest gifts—Art has bestowed its most enduring monuments upon that sunny land, the rival of resplendent Italy!—Gentle reader! if thy enthusiasm has, like mine, been awakened by the aspect of its glories when steeped in the golden hues of early autumn, thou wilt acknowledge that the rapid notice here sketched has not been overcoloured! If not, again I say to thee, Go, and follow the Rhone in its southern wanderings at that season of the year when the vineyard is ripe for the wine-press; when "earth, sea, skies" have deepened into the warm-toned gorgeous tints of autumn; and thou wilt feel how cold and colourless are mere words when applied to delineate the beauties of scenes so fair, so soft, and bright!

But everything in this world has its drawback; and the scourge of Provence, the climate of which would otherwise be so enchanting, is the *Mistral*, that icy wind peculiar to the country, which every now and then, when least expected, makes its blighting, searching, shrivelling influence felt amidst the heats of autumn, like cold cutting sarcasm chilling the glow of generous enthusiasm.

* * * * * *

The stars were fading away from the sky

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when we embarked in the Lyons steam-boat for Avignon; and, as the carriage had been put on deck, I got into it and slept soundly until sunrise. That sublime spectacle is one which the dwellers in cities rarely behold; and as I, alas! belong to that class, I never forego gratifying myself by looking upon it whenever an opportunity occurs. At such moments, the ancient worship of the Persians appears to me to be not only natural but rational, and to adore the sun would seem to me the first impulse of every untutored mind that dares to form to itself an idea of *God assuming a visible shape to the eyes of man;* for what image is so calculated to convey an idea of the wondrous attributes of the great Creator of the universe as that glorious luminary, which dispenses light, warmth, and vitality to the whole earth?

The Rhone is a considerable river even before it reaches Lyons; but at that place its volume is much increased by its confluence with the Saone, and the two streams are there blended into one noble river, which empties itself into the Mediterranean below Arles. Nothing can be more charming than the whole tract of country between Lyons and the *débouchement* of the Rhone; and, although at this season of the year,

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when the earth is clothed in spring's tenderest verdure, the general effect is less imposing than when tinted with the gorgeous hues of autumn, (as on a former occasion I beheld it,) yet still it is eminently beautiful. (And here I must remark, that it is a mistake to suppose that hot climates ought to be visited at a cool season of the year, for unquestionably they are seen to the greatest advantage when the sun's influence has developed to the fullest luxuriance the rich variety of their produce, and its ardours have imparted to the landscape that warm tone of colouring which is the peculiar characteristic of southern latitudes.) Hills, rocks, and crags, rise from the margin of the river, crowned with many a noble ruin, the relics of feudal France; and every winding of the stream is commanded by the remains of some old baronial castle, which played its part as an important fortress in the days when Provence was a separate sovereignty governed by its counts, and perpetually at warfare with some one or other of the petty dynasties into which France was then divided.

Vienne, Tournon, Valence, and Pont du Saint Esprit are the most considerable towns situated on the immediate banks of the river,

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which we passed before reaching Avignon; and they gain much by being seen thus *à la distance,* with their fine backgrounds of vine-clad hills, producing the rich vintages of Hermitage, Côte-Roti, St. Peray, and Nerthe. The passage of the river under the bridge of Saint Esprit has ever been considered as very perilous, from the extreme rapidity of the current and the narrowness of the arches; and even with the assistance of steam navigation, which has overcome so many difficulties, an expedient is frequently resorted to for moderating the speed of the vessel at that particular point; which is effected by means of a cable, one end of which being fastened to the prow of the vessel, and the other coiled round a wooden pile on the bank of the river, causes the boat to swing round, and go through the arch stern foremost, gradually as the cable is veered out from the shore. The necessity for this operation depends upon the height of the waters, for on some occasions I have passed through without its having been resorted to; but in former years, before steam had been introduced, it was no unfrequent occurrence for passage-boats to perish there.

As the steamer approaches Avignon, the many

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windings and doublings of the Rhone are calculated to deceive travellers as to the actual distance which yet separates them from the town; for at one moment it appears close to them, while at others it is shut out by a sudden turn and quite hidden from their view, and it is only when within a few minutes of reaching the landing-place that a full and satisfactory view of this ancient and interesting city is to be obtained. The fine old turreted wall, and the massive towers of the Papal palace,—mementoes of its former strength, importance, and grandeur,—render the approach to Avignon from the river extremely imposing; but the interior of the town does not answer to its external appearance, and most certainly its principal attraction *now* lies in the undying recollections associated with its name.

The tomb of Laura, nay, the very church in which that tomb was placed, has disappeared from the face of the earth; yet the laurel planted by Petrarch still flourishes verdant and vigorous as when he first watered it with those "melodious tears" which were wrung from his heart by the death of her to whom he had consecrated it. Thus does mere Beauty perish, and the very spot where it mingled with the

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dust become forgotten; while Genius, surviving the lapse of ages, endures for ever in the memory of man.

Avignon, alternately ravaged and possessed by the Romans, the Goths, the Burgundians, the Austrasians, and the Saracens, (from which latter it was taken by Charles Martel,) became, under the Carlovingians, a part of the kingdom of Arles, and shortly afterwards was raised into the capital of the marquisate of Provence. The Counts of Toulouse and of Barcelona both asserting their right to it, and neither being willing to cede to the other entire possession of a place so important, divided it between them. After more than two centuries of prolonged internal dissensions and ruinous warfare, it devolved solely to the *partage* of Charles, the second King of Naples and Count of Provence; and the celebrated Joan of Naples,—that Mary Stuart of the South, who became heiress, after the death of her husband, of the Kings of Naples and the Counts of Provence,—sold Avignon, in the year 1348, to Pope Clement the Sixth; previous to which, the papal court, under the pontificates of Clement the Fifth, John the Twenty-second, and Benedict the Twelfth, had sojourned there. In short, it became the seat of the pontifical

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government from 1309 until 1403, and remained in possession of the holy see until the year 1664, when, under Louis the Fourteenth, the parliament of Provence issued a decree declaring that the city of Avignon and the Comtat-Venaissin should be reunited to, and form a part of, his majesty's dominions. A century later, under Louis the Fifteenth, Avignon was again ceded to the sovereign pontiffs; under whose dominion it continued until the French Revolution dissolved all pre-existing laws and governments, and substituted, in their stead, anarchy, terror, and violence.

Let us drop a veil over the atrocities of that period. The fierce passions and inflammable natures of the inhabitants of this southern province, ever ready to rise to fever-heat, tended to increase the horrors of the struggle; and many were the tragic episodes that marked the progress of the popular delirium in Avignon. At a later period, during the early days of the Restoration in 1815, party spirit and political feuds again produced a lamentable effervescence in the public mind, and the unfortunate Maréchal Brune was sacrificed to the fury of a populace, whose mad excitement could only be allayed by human blood. I am writing these lines in a room adjoining to

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the one in which he was murdered, (in the Hôtel du Palais Royal,) and have just heard from an eye-witness an account of the fearful catastrophe.

The facts are still too recent for the motives that induced them to be dispassionately discussed in a place where party spirit runs so high; but the summary of the affair is, that Brune, who was one of the marshals of the empire, being in this part of the country just after the Hundred Days, and having occasion to pass through Avignon, had been forewarned of the violent feeling existing there against the fallen Emperor and all his party, and had been recommended in consequence not to travel without a strong military escort. He complied with the advice given him so far as to cause himself to be accompanied by a party of dragoons to the entrance of the bridge of Avignon, and, there dismissing them, rode into the town accompanied only by his aides-de-camp, (one of whom was the afterwards celebrated General Allard,) and put up at this hotel. The rumour of the marshal's arrival soon spread throughout the place, and the house was quickly surrounded by a ferocious mob, loud in their imprecations against him. The proprietor of the hotel implored him to disguise himself in a servant's dress, with which he offered

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to provide him, and to endeavour to effect his escape at the back of the premises; but the marshal, unwilling to believe that his murder could be contemplated, refused this expedient, while his aides-de-camp, who gladly availed themselves of it, escaped unhurt.

The unfortunate Brune, perceiving the extent of his danger when too late, rushed into a room at the back of the house, and approached the window to ascertain whether its height from the ground would admit of his escaping from it: but the blood-hounds were there also waiting for their prey; and, the moment he appeared, one of them scaling the wall fired at him *à bout portant*, while the others, rushing into the house, seized upon his still breathing body, and threw it from the window into the court, where it was kicked about with every indignity until life became extinct.

As the tumult increased every moment, the authorities of the town, who had been unable to prevent the crime, felt the necessity of putting a stop to the horrible scene by causing the murdered remains to be rescued from the mob and buried. A bier was brought, and the body of the old warrior was laid upon it and dragged away amidst the vociferations and insults of the

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multitude, who insisted upon accompanying it; and, with a fiend-like derision, they caused a drummer whom they met to walk before it and beat the *farandole*, while, taking hands, they formed a long chain and danced around the lifeless body. When the horrid procession reached the bridge over the Rhone, the crowd stopped short, and, vociferating "*A l'eau! à l'eau!*" seized upon the corpse and precipitated it into the river. The current bore the mangled remains to about a league's distance from Avignon, where they were washed upon the bank; and a lady, residing near the spot, with pious care rescued the body from further indignity, and caused it to be buried at her own expense and at her own personal risk.

On the morrow which followed this dreadful tragedy, an unknown hand traced upon the parapet of the bridge, at the very spot where Marshal Brune's body had been precipitated into the Rhone, these significant words, "*Tombeau d'un Maréchal de France.*" Such were the obsequies, such the epitaph, of a man who, had he died under other circumstances, would have been followed to the grave with all the pomp and veneration due to his high military rank and his long and honourable services!

As I have already stated, this catastrophe is

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still a sore subject here; for, from the fact of Marshal Brune having been a Buonapartist, that party wished to throw the odium of his murder upon the Royalists, whose political opinions were not only the prevailing ones in this province, but whose party was then triumphant throughout France. The Royalists of course indignantly rejected any participation in so foul a deed; and it is but fair to suppose that the version which they give of it is the true one, namely, that it was the act of a sanguinary mob thirsting for plunder, and anxious to create a general disturbance under the banners of *ultra-royalism.* But, be that as it may, all parties now agree in speaking of the massacre of Marshal Brune with the same unmitigated execration.

Avignon, which formerly boasted of so many splendid churches, chapels, and convents, has now no architectural monument worthy of attracting the traveller's attention except the Papal palace, the exterior of which alone remains uninjured. That noble pile, from which issued for nearly a century the thunders of Rome, has been transformed into prisons, barracks, and storehouses; and nothing but the thickness of its walls, the spaciousness of its courts, the loftiness of its chambers and corridors, and the dim remnants

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of half-effaced paintings and frescoes which once adorned them, remain to attest to its former grandeur and importance. The best view to be obtained of the Papal palace is from the opposite side of the Rhone, near the fine old fortress called Château de Villeneuve les Avignon, which is in itself a most noble and picturesque object, and forms a stately *pendant* to the palace. The old Bridge of St. Benézet, only half of which remains standing, adds to the antique appearance of the scene.

The greater part of the churches of Avignon, with the fine mausoleums which they contained, were destroyed during the Reign of Terror; and the pilgrim who would visit the tomb of Laura and the cenotaph of Crillon—he whom the good Henri Quatre delighted to call *le brave des braves*—must now bend his steps to the spot where the church of the Cordeliers *once* stood; and let him tread reverently on the dust, for it may be that some particles yet remain there of that which was once animated by the spirits of the beautiful and beloved Madonna Laura, the brilliant and brave Louis de Crillon.

In the Chapel of les Invalides is a simple monument, far more interesting, in my humble opinion, than the magnificent tombs of the

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several pontiffs which once adorned the churches of Avignon. It contains the heart of the unfortunate Comtesse de Villelume, better known as the celebrated Mademoiselle de Sombreuil, the heroine whose filial piety and devotion during the worst period of the first French Revolution has rendered her name familiar to all ears and dear to all hearts. She it was who, amidst the horrors of the prison massacres by the Septembrizers, shielded her father's body with her own slight frame from the fury of his assailants, and at last obtained from them that his life should be spared, provided that she complied with the horrible conditions imposed by them upon her, and drank a glassful of human blood reeking from the victims' bodies who had just been butchered in her presence. She accepted the dreadful alternative, and her father's life was spared for the moment; but it was only to be sacrificed at a later period of the Reign of Terror, when both he and his elder son perished by the guillotine.

Mademoiselle de Sombreuil married General Comte de Villelume, and died at Avignon in 1823, beloved, revered, and regretted by all who knew her. The Invalides, or old military pensioners, to whom she had constantly been the

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most generous and charitable protectress, (possibly no less in remembrance of her father, who at the breaking out of the French Revolution was Governor of Les Invalides at Paris, than in compliment to her husband, under whose direction were the Invalides of Avignon,) erected a monument to her memory in their chapel, and on the marble which covers her heart are inscribed these simple and touching words:

> " Sur la terre elle étoit notre mère,
> Elle est dans le ciel notre protectrice."
>
> *Les Invalides.*

There is, of course, a museum at Avignon. The Musée Calvet, founded in 1810 by a distinguished physician of that name, contains many interesting antiquities which have been discovered in the neighbourhood, as well as an admirable library, and a good collection of pictures, some few of which are by the old masters, and several by Mignard and Vernet, who were both natives of this place—a just subject of pride for the Avignonnais!

The country immediately surrounding Avignon is flat and unpicturesque in appearance, but fertile and rich in reality, and cultivated like a garden. Every sort of fruit and vegetable is produced in the greatest perfec-

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tion; and cows' milk and butter are also in plenty here, which is not the case a little further south, where goats' and sheeps' milk, and the tasteless colourless butter made from the latter, supply their place at the breakfast-table, and olive-oil is made to do duty for butter in every dish of which that ingredient ought to form a component part. In short, the luxuries as well as the necessaries of life are plentiful and reasonable here, and it is a matter of surprise to me that my own country-people, whose Arab propensities lead them to wander about the Continent and pitch their tents in so many out-of-the-way places, should have wholly overlooked a town possessing so many natural advantages as Avignon does for an economical residence. Possibly the distance from home may have deterred many from trying this part of the world; and that others, having got thus far, thought that they might push on a little further and proceed to Nice, which possesses such manifold attractions for the English, that not only do health-hunters annually congregate there, but pleasure-hunters follow in their wake and fill the place to overflowing. Certainly, in point of climate, beauty of position, cheapness and abundance of provisions, excellent houses,

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and good provincial society, Avignon is immeasurably superior to many of the French country-towns which have been colonized and enriched by English residents since the peace: and yet there is not a single English family living here, with the exception of a mercantile house or two connected with the *Garance* and silk trade, whose commercial affairs oblige them to fix themselves in this place; and General L., who commands the district, told me this day, that year after year passes by without any of our insular birds of passage being induced to perch here for a while. My country-people are like *les moutons de Panurge*,—where one takes the lead, thither will the others follow, merely for the sake of following.

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VAUCLUSE.

Magic of poetical associations.—Tribute of respect paid by the French Revolutionists to the memory of Petrarch.—Hôtel de Pétrarque et Laure.—Petrarch's motive for secluding himself at Vaucluse.—Apparition of Laura to the Poet.—Petrarch a Magnetizer.—Ruins of the Château of the Bishops of Cavaillon.—Petrarch's house.—His Laurel-tree.—Unsentimental appetites of travellers.—The Fountain of Vaucluse.

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VAUCLUSE.

ABOUT five hours' drive from Avignon, in a romantic and sequestered valley, surrounded by wild rocks and watered by a silver stream, are situated a village and a fountain, which, notwithstanding the natural beauties of their position, would never have possessed attraction sufficient to induce the traveller to turn out of his course to examine them, were it not for the spell that lies in their name, and the magical associations which that name calls forth. Who has not heard of Vaucluse? and who could pass through Avignon without consecrating a few hours to that sylvan solitude which was for so many years the favourite retreat of the immortal Petrarch?

When revolutionized France was divided into departments, the French nation, with admirable taste and discernment, marked its sense of the importance which the poet's predilection had conferred upon this lonely nook, by giving the name

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of Vaucluse to the whole department. They have had the judgment to leave this most interesting spot in the same state of simple wildness that characterized it during the lifetime of Petrarch; and with the exception of a little inn, bearing the pompous appellation of "Hôtel de Pétrarque et Laure," which has been constructed for the accommodation of those sentimental *gastronomes* who divide their enthusiasm between *concetti* and cray-fish, madrigals and melons, sonnets and salmon-trout, (for the place is celebrated for all those delicacies,) Vaucluse remains just as free from the incursions of utilitarians as it did five hundred years ago, when Petrarch thus described it in one of his letters:

"Here," said he, "my eyes, which have so often deluded me, behold neither gold nor gems, nor anything calculated to dazzle or seduce them. They are fixed only upon the firmament, the rocks, and the waves. The only woman that approaches me is old and infirm, black, and dried up as the deserts of Libya. My ears no longer drink in those delicious strains of music which have so often transported my soul into Elysium; they now hear nothing but the song of the wild birds, the bleating of sheep and goats, and the monotonous murmuring of the fountain. Alone

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from morning till evening, there is none here to converse with me upon those literary labours which once were my delight, or upon the affairs which interest and absorb the worldly-minded."

The motive, however, which had induced Petrarch to seek the retirement of Vaucluse failed in producing the desired effect, for in another of his letters he complains that seclusion and meditation, instead of detaching his thoughts from Laura, or even weakening the impression she had produced upon him, had convinced him of the impossibility of ever separating her image from his heart; and that, alone in the solitude in which he had buried himself, in order that he might wrestle with and overcome his unfortunate passion, it had mastered him, and made him more than ever its slave. Waking, the haunting image of Laura appeared ever to hover near him; sleeping, it visited his dreams, as though to forbid the possibility of every other impression, and to triumph in the tyranny which it exercised over his imagination; and to this struggle between love and reason the world is indebted for some of the most beautiful, and at the same time most metaphysical, effusions that ever flowed from the heart of a lover or the pen of a poet.

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It was at Vaucluse that Petrarch beheld the shadowy semblance of Laura which caused him such fearful misgivings on her account. The plague was at that period (1348) ravaging the whole country; and possibly the anxiety he felt for the safety of one so beloved, and the unceasing dread that beset him lest she should fall a victim to the dreadful scourge, produced an illusion of his senses which he mistook for reality. Certain it is, however, that the death of Laura immediately followed the apparition which he asserted had visited him in his solitude; and her lover never ceased to believe that her spirit had appeared to him, to forewarn him of the event which so speedily followed, and which was to cast a veil of mourning over the whole of his future life.

That Petrarch should have allowed superstitious fancies to govern him,—that he should have believed in supernatural warnings, and have imagined that he had witnessed supernatural appearances,—is by no means extraordinary when we take into consideration the dark age in which he lived, and the faith which, at that period, such matters generally elicited; but, even supposing that the rest of mankind had in those days been sceptical upon such subjects, it would in no way

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be surprising that one, possessing the exalted imagination, the subtile organization, and the passionate feelings of Petrarch, should have diverged from the beaten track of received opinions, and have indulged in any theory, however at variance with probability, that was calculated to bear out more fully his belief in the strong sympathies which mystically bound his soul to that of Laura, and involved that identity of feeling and perceptions—that mysterious intercourse of the spirit, independent of material *rapprochement*, which he fancied to be the peculiar privilege of a love so absorbing and etherealized as his own; which his historians have attributed to the vagaries of an overheated imagination and a poetical temperament, but which may, perhaps, with more justice and probability be placed to the account of magnetic influence.

Undoubtedly many persons will smile in pity at this inference, for I am aware of the contemptuous incredulity which the mere name of Magnetism is calculated to elicit in the larger portion of the community, who refuse to entertain the subject altogether, *because they cannot comprehend it.* But shall I not be hailed with a shout of derision when I declare, that I verily believe Petrarch to have been (all un-

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known to himself, and, as innocently ignorant of his powers as Molière's Bourgeois Gentilhomme was, who had been making prose all his life *sans s'en douter*) a most expert magnetizer? I ground my belief upon a passage in his life, which has been dwelt upon by one of his biographers as demonstrating the errors into which a romantic imagination will hurry even a mind like Petrarch's, and the fond credulity with which he made complete abnegation of his powers of reasoning whenever any chance incident occurred of a nature to corroborate his assertions of a mystical sympathy existing between himself and her to whom his affections were exclusively devoted.

The anecdote sets forth, that, one day at Avignon, Petrarch, who was in the habit of reciting his compositions to Laura, read to her a poem, in which, under supposititious names, the history of his passion, and the misery which the inflexible virtue of its fair object had inflicted upon him, were described with a truth and pathos which left no possibility of misapprehension in the mind of his listener. Laura understood him but too well, yet she abstained from uttering any remark to that effect. When the poem was finished, a long silence ensued; during which

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the eyes of each were fixed upon the other with an expression of tenderness so intense that their very souls appeared to have become transfused in that absorbing glance. At that time Laura was suffering from a slight ophthalmia; and it so chanced, says the biographer, that, on the following day, her eyes were completely restored to a healthy state, while, by an extraordinary coincidence, those of Petrarch were painfully attacked by the distressing malady under which she had suffered. Her lover, however, firmly believed that the force of sympathy, and, more especially, the ardent desire he had felt, while gazing upon her the preceding day, to relieve her from her sufferings, had given him the power to transfer them from her to himself; for such was his faith in the strength and purity of his love for her, that he believed it capable of performing miracles in her favour.

Was not this miracle, however, the simple agency of Animal Magnetism, directed by those two most powerful engines, *the eye and the will?* I have no doubt in my own mind on the subject; and I have so frequently seen magnetizers affected by the identical symptoms from which they had relieved their patients, that the circumstance of Petrarch having gained the

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ophthalmia of which Laura had so suddenly been cured is to me an additional and convincing proof, that the occurrence which he had fancied to be a miracle, and which his historian has attributed to the delusions of an overwrought imagination, was neither more nor less than one of those physical phenomena of which I have seen more than one example in the practice of Animal Magnetism, and which form the most extraordinary and perhaps inexplicable characteristics of magnetic attraction and sympathy in the human frame.

We all have our hobbies, and Magnetism has been attributed to me as mine; I must not justify this accusation, however, by allowing the subject in the present instance to *prendre le mors aux dents*, and run away with me from Vaucluse! So, let me use the reins in time, and hasten to return to the beaten track and jog-trot of journalizing.

Upon the summit of a rock which commands a full view of the romantic valley of Vaucluse and of a large tract of surrounding country, stands a ruin to which the appellation of *Château de Pétrarque* has been erroneously given. It is, in reality, the remains of the Palace of the Bishops of Cavaillon, who in former ages were Lords

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of Vaucluse; and Petrarch's friendship and intimacy with the prelate who filled that see, during his own residence in the valley, have probably led to the mistake of attributing to him the possession of a castle, where he never had appeared in any other character than that of a visitor. His habitation in the narrow *gorge*, closed in by sheltering rocks, and watered by the clear Sorgues which wandered under its walls, was of a much humbler description; and, although crowned heads visited the poet in his retreat, he was never tempted to indulge in an abode of more luxurious dimensions than the humble tenement which now stands upon the site of Petrarch's house, and which the ciceroni of Vaucluse—believing, no doubt, that *enthusiast* and *dupe* mean one and the same thing,—would fain persuade the pilgrims of the valley to contemplate as the identical one inhabited by the immortal bard. One is successively led into his sitting-room, bedroom, and kitchen, by the old woman who is its actual occupant, and whose dark and withered countenance bears a singular resemblance to the description given by Petrarch of his old female attendant five hundred years ago; and, lastly, one is ushered by her into the little garden where flourishes the laurel

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prophetically planted by the poet's hand, as though symbolic of the fame which was to surround his name with imperishable lustre to all succeeding ages. Whether this be the identical laurel, or only an off-shoot from the original tree, is a matter of controversy into which I feel no inclination to enter: on such occasions I am always disposed to exhibit as much reverential credulity as characterizes a Catholic devotee in presence of some wonder-working reliquary; and I therefore gathered a few of the leaves from the tree sacred to Love and Laura in the spirit best befitting a worshipper at the shrine of Genius, and shall religiously preserve them as relics whose authenticity has never for a moment been called into question.

For the sake of the sentimentality of some of our party, I am sorry to add, that, besides the laurel-leaves, we brought back to Avignon other evidences of our visit to the fountain of Vaucluse, which were discussed by us *con gusto* at our late dinner to-day, and gave rise to no controversy whatever. I allude to a bag of live eels, another of cray-fish, and a basket of trout, which I saw being packed behind our carriage at the door of the little inn at Vaucluse, and which, thanks to the talent of

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the *chef de cuisine* of the Hôtel du Palais Royal here, appeared in such tempting guise upon our table, that they have been pronounced, without one dissentient voice, to be as immeasurably superior to all other fish of their kind, as Petrarch is superior to every poet who either preceded or succeeded him in that most difficult *spécialité*—the Sonnet, the composition of which requires such care, that, as an old author has quaintly observed, *it ought to be opened with a key of silver, and closed with a key of gold!*

This is but an unromantic conclusion to a day passed at Vaucluse: but travellers, however sentimentally inclined, will sometimes crave for something more solid than rhymes and reminiscences; and the air of the valley, freshened as it is by the rapid rushing of the waters, is peculiarly calculated to call forth vulgar sensations of hunger. I have forborne to attempt a description of the celebrated fountain, for two reasons: first, because those who have beheld it can require no such remembrancer; and lastly, because it has been made known to the untravelled by so many graphic sketches, so many eloquent and poetical delineations, that the subject has been fairly exhausted, and any revival of it through the medium of a pen so ineffi-

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cient as mine, could appear only "flat, stale, and unprofitable."

I shall merely observe, that the fountain of Vaucluse ought to be seen at two distinct periods of the year, for at those epochs it presents characteristics wholly dissimilar. I mean, at that season when the waters, swollen by autumnal rains, completely overflow the basin of the fountain, and, masking its cavern-like reservoir, rush foaming like a cataract over the broken rocks that lie scattered before it, and dash wildly through the valley into the Sorgue. And again, when the droughts of summer have reduced the waters to their natural level, and that they lie cold, still, silent, and apparently unfathomable in their rocky cavern, leaving every picturesque sinuosity of it so perfectly developed, that then, and then only, can the form and size of the fountain be accurately distinguished, and all its wild, yet tranquil, beauty seen to the utmost advantage. In this state it is, indeed, the Helicon worthy of a muse so gentle, so tender, and so refined, as Petrarch's; and, while gazing upon its calm surface, one is involuntarily tempted to repeat those exquisite lines which have immortalized it:

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" Chiare, fresche e dolci acque,
Ove le belle membra
Pose colei che sola a me par donna;
Gentil ramo, ove piacque
(Con sospir mi rimembra!)
A lei di fare al bel fianco colonna;
Erba e fior che la gonna
Leggiadra ricoverse
Con l'angelico seno;
Aer sacro sereno,
Ov' Amor co' begli occhi 'l cor m' aperse;
Date udienza insieme
Alle dolenti mie parole estreme."

Perhaps we are also led to wonder that, amidst sufferings so intense, the unhappy lover was never induced to anticipate the desperate resolve of one as passionate but less pure than himself, and to exclaim like St. Preux, " L'eau est profonde, et je suis au désespoir!"

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BEAUCAIRE.

Beaucaire.—Suspension-bridge.—Tarascon.—Palace of King René.—Church of St. Marthe.—Tomb of the Saint.—St. Marthe and the Tarasque.—Annual Processions of the Tarasque established by King René.—Legend of St. Marthe and of Mary Magdalen.—The modern Magdalen, and the Sainte Baume. — Railroad to Nismes. — Appearance of Nismes. — Its Antiquities. — La Maison Carrée. — The Arena.—Courses de Taureaux held in the Arena.—Public Garden, and Temple of Diana.—Return to the Railroad.—The absent gentleman. — His matrimonial adventure. — Return to Beaucaire.

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BEAUCAIRE.

SINCE I last opened my note-book, we have been loitering in various parts of this charming country, having taken the steamer at Avignon, and proceeded by the Rhone as far as this place, and established ourselves at the Hôtel du Grand Jardin, which is a very tolerable *gîte* for a short time. Unfortunately for us, this is not the period of the fair of Beaucaire, (which is as celebrated in the South as that of Leipzig is in the North,) or we should have seen the place in all its glory, crowded with dealers and purchasers from every part of the Midi of France, and presenting the most curious and brilliant variety of national costumes. But, as in its normal state Beaucaire possesses very little to interest or attract, we have passed our time principally in the environs.

About two years ago, after recovering from

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a long and painful illness in Paris, I was recommended by my physicians to pass the autumn in the south of France. I had already more than once travelled through those fertile provinces, but always literally *post-haste* on my way to more distant climes. In the instance to which I allude, however, physical debility precluded any but the most leisurely movements; short days' journeys and long halts were the order of the day; and I shall ever rejoice in the temporary absence of strength which compelled me to creep through a country whose natural beauties and historical interest had hitherto escaped my observation in more rapid journeys. As I had then no object in view but the restoration of my health, and had not been tied down by my medical advisers to any prescribed residence, I felt at liberty to consult only my own convenience and caprice in the shaping of my wanderings; and occasionally took up my head-quarters in some of the towns that lay in my route, making excursions from thence to the various interesting sites around. And thus I visited in detail, and with a leisure that enabled me to analyze the gratification they afforded me, the gems of antiquity that are scattered over the beautiful provinces of Languedoc and Provence.

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This detail of former proceedings will account for my having passed over in my present journey places so interesting as the Pont du Gard, and the various beautiful Roman remains at Orange; but there are other monuments in this country so exceedingly attractive that I have not been able, when within reach of them, to resist the desire of revisiting them. I allude more particularly to those at Nismes and Arles; and, to procure myself the gratification of once more examining these *beaux restes*, we have halted here for a day or two.

A splendid suspension-bridge over the Rhone forms an easy and pleasant communication between Beaucaire and the opposite town of Tarascon, and it is pointed out with great pride by the inhabitants of both places, as being not only the most beautiful one of the kind in France, but as having been begun and finished in the incredibly short period of ten months. We yesterday crossed over it to visit Tarascon, which place has lamentably degenerated from the importance it enjoyed in former ages as the residence of King René of Sicily, who, in his quality of Count of Provence, held his court alternately at Tarascon and Aix. His palace, a massy square building, has been converted into a prison, and looks as

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though it had always been intended for one; but, rude and ungraceful as is the architecture of this once royal residence, it forms a picturesque object when seen from the river, and seems still to frown defiance at the opposite ruins of the once strong castle of Beaucaire.

"Voulez-vous voir ce qu'il y a de plus beau à Tarascon?" said the guide, who had attached himself to our steps the moment we entered the town: "Il faut aller à l'église de Sainte Marthe; vous y verrez le tombeau de la sainte, et des tableaux superbes."

To the church we accordingly went, and were shewn, in a subterraneous chapel or crypt, the tomb which contains the remains of the holy Martha. On it is placed a beautiful marble effigy of the saint, which was presented to the church by Louis the Eleventh, and is apparently the work of an Italian artist; for it is so exceedingly well executed that I could not help regretting that it had not been placed in the church above, where it would have been seen to full advantage, instead of being shewn, as it now is, in a damp cavern-like vault by the light of two flickering tallow-candles, which the old crone who acts as guardian of the tomb flourishes about with no regard whatever to the garments of the visitors,

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or the finely chiselled marble draperies of the recumbent saint.

The pictures in the church represent various passages in the life of Martha, who, according to a monkish legend, was the sister of Lazarus and of Mary Magdalen, and with them visited Provence, where she died *en odeur de sainteté*, and was elected patron of Tarascon on account of the miracles she had performed in delivering that place from the ravages of an aquatic monster called *la Tarasque*, which every day rose from the Rhone and carried off either a youth or a young girl, whom it devoured in its den in the bed of the river. So says the legend; and, as the faith of the Tarasconians is strong in its veracity, woe be to the unlucky stranger who should dare to question its possibility! He or she would certainly be looked upon as the worst species of *esprit fort*, deserving only of excommunication in this world, and predoomed to an eternity of purgatory in the next, where the lightest part of their punishment would be to be devoured and resuscitated once in every twenty-four hours by the Tarasque!

In the church, over the altar, there is a picture of the monster, painted upon a gold ground, and offering an interesting resemblance to the sign

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over the door of the Green Dragon Inn at Harrowgate; for the body of the Tarasque is represented of a beautifully verdant hue, while its devouring jaws, claws, and tail are picked out in the most vivid scarlet. The artist has chosen to delineate it in the characteristic act of demolishing one of its victims, as the naked legs of a youth in the ancient Roman dress are protruding from its mouth, much in the fashion in which I have seen outside of a booth at Greenwich fair the representation of a crocodile of the Nile swallowing at one gulp a Highlander in full costume, broad-sword, target, and all; the latter accompaniments being of course intended to serve as *sauce piquante.* In former years there were annual processions at Tarascon in commemoration of the deliverance of that place from the devastations of the river-monster; and no fête in the whole country could compete with them in point of magnificence and *bizarrerie.* The monster was represented by an enormous machine of wooden frame-work, covered over with painted cloth, and having a formidable tail of wood, which was made to lash from side to side by the united efforts of the several men who were concealed in the interior of the body. When the movements of this colossal tail killed two or three persons, and

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broke the limbs of a dozen more, in its passage through the densely crowded streets of Tarascon, the applause was immense, and the Tarasque was said to have "*bravement joué son rôle.*"

These processions were instituted by the good King René, in order to divert the mind of his wife, Isabella of Lorraine, who was suffering from hypochondria; and it is averred that the remedy proved efficacious, and that, for once, the Tarasque was known to have cured instead of killing. It is only in latter years that the regular annual celebration of the ceremony I have alluded to has been discontinued; but the Tarasconians cling too tenaciously to the superstition of their ancestors to abandon it altogether, and every now and then the recollection of St. Martha's miracle is revived by a procession such as I have above described, and in which it would be difficult to pronounce which is entitled to lay the greatest claim to the epithet of *béte*—the Tarasque, or — the population of Tarascon!

While Martha fixed her residence at Tarascon,* Mary Magdalen, according to the same

* The monkish tradition relates that Lazarus, Martha, Mary Magdalen, Maximin, and Marcellus were, on account of their fidelity to the Saviour after his crucifixion, placed

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tradition, is said to have secluded herself for some years in a wild solitude near Marseilles, now known by the name of *La Sainte Baume*, and which is a favourite excursion of the good citizens of Marseilles, who are in the habit of resorting there *en pique-nique* during the fine season.

In the present century it became the scene of penitence of a modern Magdalen, whose beauty and whose frailties were as remarkable as those of her celebrated prototype, while her repentance was no less genuine.

The Countess of —— had been one of the ornaments of the court of Charles the Fourth, at the period when Napoleon's army first entered Spain. She was married to a man many years her senior; and her great beauty and exceeding vivacity and love of admiration kept her husband in a perpetual state of jealous inquietude, which her subsequent conduct but too fully justified.

Among her numerous admirers was a young

by the Jews in an open boat which was pushed off to sea in a storm; but that their faith and their prayers to Jesus saved them. The boat outlived the tempest, and drifted to the shores of Provence; and the holy crew landed at Marseilles, and spread through the province, preaching the doctrines of Christ, and converting to Christianity. Marcellus became the first bishop of Marseilles.

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French officer, whose vanity, not satisfied with having obtained the affections of the most admired woman of the day, aspired to the *éclat* of carrying her off from her husband. The Countess's infatuation led her to accede to this culpable project, and in the disguise of a man she fled with her lover to the French army, remained with him during the whole campaign, and subsequently accompanied him into France. The *liaison* proved an unhappy one, for the conduct of the paramour more than avenged the wrongs of the husband she had abandoned for him; and, after a stormy domestication, they separated, and the unfortunate lady established herself at Marseilles. There, however, she made no attempt to atone for her past misconduct by a life of retirement and self-mortification, but recklessly plunged still deeper into the abyss of guilt; until, forgetful of her noble birth, of the principles in which she had been brought up, and of that high station which she had once held in society, she became notorious as the most beautiful and the most *recherchée* of that class of unfortunate females who make a profession of gallantry and a traffic of their charms, and for a while she lived contented in a maze of thoughtless, heartless vice.

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One day a party was proposed to La Sainte Baume by some of the gay men who frequented her house; a few of her female companions were included in the excursion; and all was licence and hilarity in that spot which was said to have been sanctified by the repentance of her whose tears had washed the feet of her Saviour—of Magdalen, to whom our Lord had said, "that much should be forgiven her, because she had loved much." At last, the conversation turned upon the tradition connected with La Sainte Baume, and the history of its former holy occupant was discussed according to the various feelings and dispositions of those assembled. The Countess was the only one who remained silent; the history had sunk deep into her heart, and, producing a reaction not unusual to persons of her strong feelings and weak judgment, caused her to recoil in sudden disgust and horror from the vicious career in which she was plunged, and to grasp at the idea that an abnegation of all worldly pursuits, and a life of solitude and mortification, such as that to which the Magdalen had devoted herself, and passed upon the self-same spot, would procure for her remission of her sins.

Her determination was quickly taken. She

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returned to Marseilles with her friends, but on the following day she disappeared from thence, and was seen there no more. After a few days of idle speculation as to what had become of her, the beautiful Spaniard ceased to be spoken of by her vicious associates. None of them knew—perhaps none of them would have believed, had they been told it—that she had sold her jewels and all her worldly possessions, and had distributed the amount she had received for them to the poor, reserving for herself only just sufficient to procure her the humblest clothing and the coarsest food; and that she had retired to the solitude of La Sainte Baume, where her ostensible occupation was to take care of the rude little chapel dedicated to the Magdalen, but her real one was meditation, penitence, and prayer.

For many years—indeed, until recently—strangers visiting La Sainte Baume remarked a woman, apparently of the meanest and most miserable class, whose garments bespoke the extremes of poverty, seated upon the steps of the altar of the Magdalen's chapel. She never asked for alms or accosted any one, but, when spoken to, answered with gentleness and civility; then it was noticed that her countenance bore the remains of great beauty, and that her language and

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manner betrayed a familiarity with the usages of good society, strangely at variance with her miserable appearance. Yet there was something in her aspect that silenced idle curiosity, and no one ever questioned her as to her former position; although occasionally some compassionate being would furtively lay a small offering for her upon the steps of the altar, and glide quickly away, lest their spontaneous charity might wound the spirit of one who had known better days.

At last she disappeared; and, when the earth had covered her remains, it became known that the noble Countess of ——, whose beauty had been the theme of praise in the court of Charles the Fourth,—the brilliant Spanish courtesan, whose adventures had scandalized the whole city of Marseilles,—and the silent, withered, indigent penitent of the chapel of La Sainte Baume, were one and the same person!

* * * * *

There is an excellent *chemin de fer* from Beaucaire to Nismes, which enables one with the greatest facility to go and pass the whole morning among the antiquities of the latter place, and return here to dinner, in time to take advantage of the Lyons steamer, which passes in the evening to Arles. And although the *waggons* (as

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the first-class carriages of the train are denominated) are not of the most luxurious description, it is such an advantage for travellers, who have not too much time for loitering on the road, to meet with a conveyance which whirls them so rapidly over uninteresting ground to a most interesting spot, that, albeit no great admirer of railroads in general, I was exceedingly glad to profit by the one in question, in order to revisit the admirable antiquities of Nismes; and at that place we have passed the whole of the early part of this day. Our start was almost at cock-crow; and I was agreeably surprised, on descending into the court of the inn, to find there an *equipage* to carry me to the station, in shape of an osier cariole, to which was harnessed a little shaggy old pony, apparently as intelligent and familiar as a house-dog; for the younger part of the family were gathered round and making much of him, an attention which he acknowledged by affectionately rubbing his nose against them all in turn. This, I found, was the good-natured fat hostess's own equipage, which she had most considerately ordered to be got ready for me this morning; for, having heard me yesterday bitterly complain of the execrable pavement of Beaucaire and Tarascon, which had caused me to return to the house

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in an agony, with my feet blistered and my thin shoes cut through, she had kindly taken means to spare me a repetition of such misery; and I felt doubly grateful for the attention, as it had been wholly spontaneous on her part.

I really believe that I should at any time prefer a wheel-barrow conveyance to walking; and most certainly in this instance my landlady's primitive cariole, guiltless alike of springs and of cushions, was an absolute God-send in a place where *voitures de place* and *fiacres* are unknown, and where pavements appear to have been laid down in order to test the powers of the human frame in enduring daily torture. So, we were jolted merrily over the sharp, crooked stones of Beaucaire, and, arriving at the station just as the train was going to start, ensconced ourselves comfortably in a vacant waggon, and were conveyed in moderate railroad pace to our destination.

There is something quite Italian in the aspect of Nismes; and this observation does not merely apply to the magnificent relics of Roman splendour that enrich the town, but to its modern features,—the form and architecture of its houses, their shallow roofs and projecting eaves,—the tone of colouring that prevails in the atmosphere,

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—and the nature of the vegetation that surrounds it. If I were compelled to fix my residence in a French provincial town, I think I should give the preference to Nismes over many others that enjoy a much more brilliant reputation; for there is an air of quiet refinement about it that compensates in my opinion for its dulness, and a freshness and cleanliness apparent throughout, which are by no means characteristic of southern cities, and are rarely to be met with in them. The climate also is delicious, although the great heats prevalent during the summer months render it at that period extremely enervating; but, *en revanche*, the fruits and flowers matured by that ardent sun are not to be surpassed in any other country, and the winter is so short and so mild, that it may be considered merely as a prolongation of the autumn.

The ancient Romans marked their appreciation of the natural advantages of Nismes by making it the capital of their colony of Transalpine Gaul, and enriching it with such numerous and incomparable monuments of art as to have obtained for it in that age the well-merited epithet of "The Second Rome." Italy does not possess a gem of antiquity more perfect than the famous Maison Carrée. Its peculiar form and dimen-

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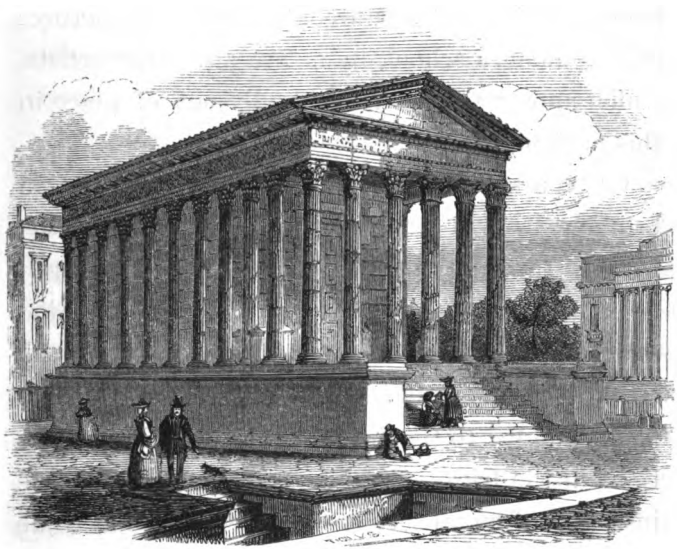
sions, the delicacy of its sculptures, and the magnificence of the ornaments that adorn it, combine to render it a *chef d'œuvre* of art; and so little has



it been injured by the lapse of ages, that, while gazing upon this unique structure, one longs to put into execution the idea of Cardinal Alberoni, and place it, if not in a golden *étui*, at least under a glass shade. The Maison Carrée has been so often and so accurately described that I shall here avoid entering into any minute details of its peculiarities, as such an attempt would only lead me into long and tiresome repetitions of what

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others have said so well. The interior of it is at present devoted to the purposes of a museum, where several interesting fragments of antiquities, discovered in the city and its neighbourhood, have been deposited; there are also some few pictures of the modern school, by native and other artists, which appear to me to be sadly out of place in this antique temple.

Of course, controversy has had *beau jeu* in bringing to light the original destination of the Maison Carrée; but the question has at length been decided, thanks to the patient and scientific research of Monsieur de Séguier, who, by the aid of some mutilated traces of letters on the façade, added to the disposition of certain perforations in the frieze of the architrave made for the insertion of metal letters into the stone, has come to the satisfactory conclusion, that the Maison Carrée was a temple consecrated to Caius and to Lucius, the adopted sons of Augustus, designated as the Princes of Youth; of whom one was a consul, and the other designed to be one. According to Monsieur de Séguier's version, the inscription must originally have been thus:

"*C. Cæsari Augusti F. cos. L. Cæsari Augusti F. cos. designato principibus juventutis.*"

The dedication of this temple to Caius and Lucius must have taken place in the year of Rome

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754, and of the Christian era 1, which was the first year of the consulate of Caius Julius Cæsar, and of the designation of his brother for the consulate.

In consequence of extensive excavations which were made near the Maison Carrée in the years 1821 and 1822, and the nature of the remains which were then brought to light, it was ascertained that this beautiful structure had been the sanctuary of a temple, — the principal one of the colony,—the form of which, its spacious colonnade, and its immense porticoes appeared to favour the belief that it must originally have formed a part of the ancient Forum of Augustus. According to a *Précis Historique* which has been published on the subject, and which is curious and interesting, as shewing the various uses to which the Maison Carrée has been successively devoted, and the political vicissitudes which have determined those uses—and *abuses*, it appears that this exquisite edifice was constructed by M. Agrippa about eighteen years before the Christian era, and was first consecrated to Augustus, and afterwards (about the year 1 of Our Lord) to his adopted son.

The early Christians destroyed the colonnades of the forum, and transformed the temple into a church.

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It is presumed that it was used as a mosque by the Saracens during their invasion; but from the period of their expulsion until 1050, (that is, for more than two centuries,) a cloud of obscurity appears to have enveloped the Maison Carrée, nor can any historical mention of it during that space be discovered.

It then became the Hôtel de Ville of Nismes, and so continued until 1540, when a private individual, named Pierre Boys, purchased it of the town on the stipulation of giving in exchange an old house, upon the site of which a new Hôtel de Ville was to be constructed. The Duchesse de Crussol of Uzés had wished to purchase it when this extraordinary barter was effected, intending to make of it a mausoleum for her family, but the Intendant of Languedoc interfered to prevent the sale.

Soon afterwards, Pierre Boys sold it to Felix Bruzés, Seigneur of St. Chaptes, who turned it into a stable, and actually filled up the interstices between the columns of the peristyle with a brick wall, and caused mangers to be affixed to the exterior of the building, lest those which he had placed in the interior should not be sufficient for the accommodation of cattle upon market and fair days.

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In 1670, the Augustin monks of Nismes, whose convent was contiguous to the Maison Carrée, purchased that building with the intention of turning it into a church: the mangers and corn-lofts were then transformed into chapels, choirs, and galleries; and in that state it remained until the suppression of all religious confraternities in 1789, when the Augustin convent was metamorphosed into the office of central administration for the department, and the Maison Carrée was occasionally used for its sittings.

During the stormy period of the Revolution, and for many years afterwards, it was successively devoted to the purposes of a granary and a public storehouse: but finally a worthier destination was given to this exquisite monument; and, in 1824, it was thrown open to the public as a museum for the precious fragments of antiquity which had from time to time been discovered in the vicinity.

Thus has this matchless structure survived the revolutions and ravages which have destroyed so many empires and dynasties; and, although bearing the traces of some of them in the absurd restorations which from time to time have been attempted, it triumphantly maintains its own individual characteristics of antique beauty; and,

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notwithstanding those barbarian touches, may proudly assert its claim to stand unrivalled among the monuments of antiquity for purity of style and excellent preservation, — in a word, and according to the expression of a celebrated French author, to be "le chef d'œuvre de l'architecture antique, et le désespoir de la moderne."

The Amphitheatre is also exceedingly fine; but my idea of *the suitableness of things* was considerably shocked by seeing the centre of it obstructed by a wooden *baraque*, which we were informed had been erected for the convenience of a strolling company, who occasionally give theatrical representations there. This desecration appears to me nearly as bad as the Vandalism of hearing, on a still moonlight night, the echoes of the Roman Colosseum awakened by the popping of soda-water corks, and the senseless gabble of those who, because Byron went there at that hour to meditate, think it incumbent upon them to go there too, to flirt, misquote poetry, eat, drink, and be merry! I never could fancy a party of pleasure in a place so fraught with sublime and solemn recollections, the dust of which has been sanctified by the blood of the earliest Christian martyrs, who died there in attestation of the Truth; — I should almost as soon

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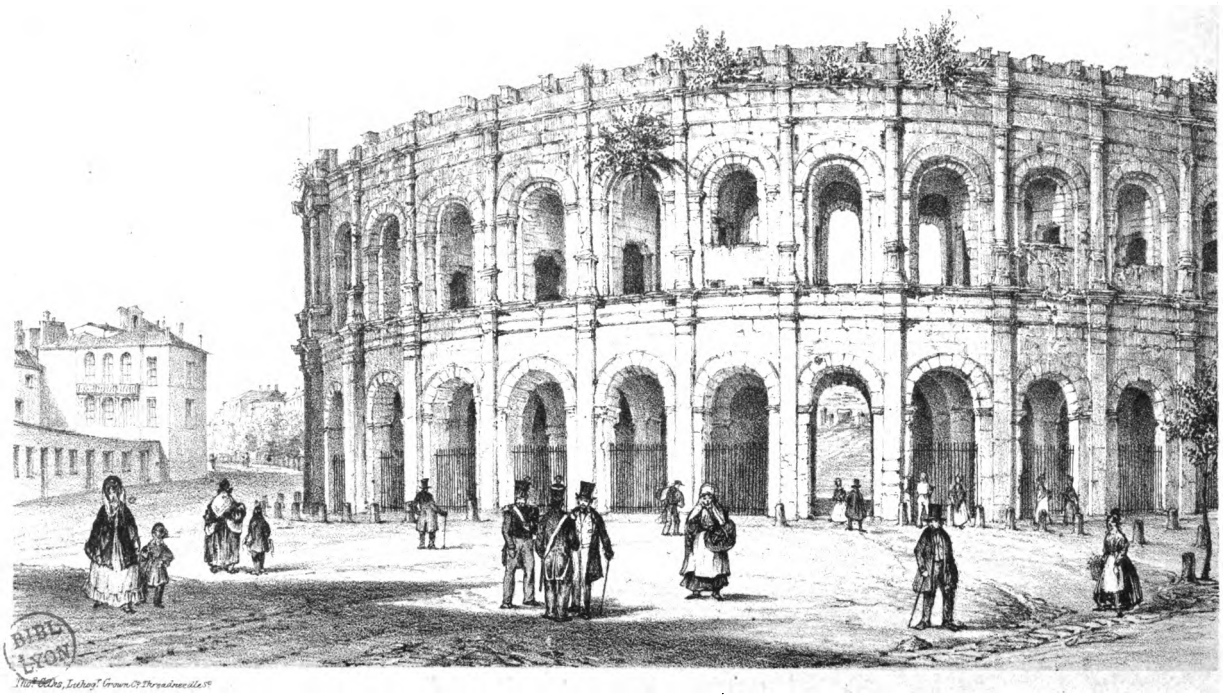

THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE AT NISMES.

London: Richard Bentley, 1843

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think of holding revels in a church-yard! And yet I have heard some of my friends expatiate *con amore* upon the merry parties they have had in the Colosseum, and the delight of dancing quadrilles and waltzes there by moonlight!

But to return to the Amphitheatre at Nismes. It is occasionally used for a purpose which in some slight degree recalls its original antique destination, as being the theatre for combats between human beings and animals; I mean, the *courses de taureau*, which is a favourite amusement of the young men of the lower orders in this part of the country, but in no way resembles what I have read of the bull-fights of Spain, being not only less exciting in its details, but less barbarous in its consequences — no death ensuing, unless some unlucky wight, less agile than his comrades, fails in clearing the barrier, which is the last refuge of those who are too closely pursued by the angry animal, in which case he is inevitably caught upon his horns. One or two deaths having occurred in this manner, the *courses de taureau* have of late years been discountenanced by the authorities of Nismes; but I remember going to see one of them when I was last in this country, and finding it a very tame affair indeed. The bull struck me as look-

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ing exceedingly like a quiet well-mannered cow, and appeared to regard with such contemptuous *sang-froid* the badgering of the troops of men and boys who attempted to goad him into a passion by shaking hats and handkerchiefs before his eyes, (and their prowess went no further,) that he did not think it worth while to pursue those whom a shake of his head sufficed to put to flight; or, if betrayed into making a demonstration of giving chace, he did it in a manner to prove that he knew exactly how many—or, rather, how few—steps would be necessary to clear the course of his noisy tormentors.

The Amphitheatre of Nismes is perhaps the best-preserved of the many that remain to attest to the luxury and magnificence of the ancient Romans, and which were not merely confined to the heart of their empire, but were prodigally scattered through every colony of their wide-spreading dominion. It is infinitely more perfect than the Colosseum at Rome, or than the Amphitheatre at Verona, or even than that of Pola in Istria, (although I give the preference to the latter, not only over the one at Nismes, but over every other one I have seen in Italy or elsewhere). Neither the lapse of

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seventeen centuries, (for the Amphitheatre of Nismes was terminated under Titus, in the year 82,) nor the fury of barbarian warfare, which bring in their train ruin and devastation, have caused any serious injury to this noble structure;

"Time here hath leant his hand, but broke his scythe:"

and so perfect does it remain in all its parts, that, in visiting it, we at once become familiar with the whole economy of the arena; and, although a taste for the games and exercises to which those edifices were destined no longer exists, it is impossible to refrain from admiring, in the vestiges of them that remain to us, the scientific perfection of detail that presided over even the minor arrangements for the popular amusements of the Roman people, and the stamp of grandeur and durability which the bold conceptions and magnificent execution of their artists conferred upon the theatres that were devoted to them.

We were much amused by the expression used by our guide in pointing out to us one of the innumerable precautions taken by the architect to ensure the comfort of the spectators, which consisted in a corridor, contrived to enable any person, who wished to leave his place during the per-

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formances, to do so without disturbing those who were seated on the same bench, or, as our guide said, "*sans déranger ces messieurs et ces dames!*" Only fancy the Fulvias and the Plautinas, the Caiuses and the Liciniuses of antiquity being designated, like the wives, sisters, and brothers of a modern French sous-préfet, as "ces messieurs et ces dames!" It appeared to me quite as good as the delightful absurdity of the man who, the last time I visited Westminster Abbey, performed ciceroni to the monuments, and, upon coming to that of Lord and Lady Monteagle, which represents the spirit of Lady M. ascending to heaven under the guardianship of angels, finished his pompous description of it with these words, "*A hangel is 'anding* HER LADYSHIP *to 'eaven!*" at the same time bowing as deferentially as though he himself had been performing the office of master of the ceremonies to "*her ladyship*," and was about to "'and" her into some ball-room.

After quitting the Amphitheatre, we repaired to the beautiful public garden, and visited the remains of the "Temple de la Fontaine," or, as it is generally called, "Temple de Diane;" one of the most picturesque ruins that can be imagined, and romantically placed in the immediate vicinity of

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the Fontaine, of the Bains d'Auguste, and of the Tourmagne, those noble relics of Roman magnificence which invest this quarter of Nismes with so imposing a character. And there we should have lingered, charmed into forgetfulness by the calm grandeur of the spot, long enough, perhaps, to have missed the railroad train, in which we had secured our places back to Beaucaire, had not a smart shower of rain come in good time to warn us off the premises; and, upon consulting our watches, we found that we had but just time to transport ourselves to the station-house before the moment fixed for departure: so, hastening to the calèche we had procured at Nismes to lighten the fatigues of sight-seeing, we drove rapidly to the *point de départ.*

Just as we reached it, an elderly gentleman, coming from an opposite direction, and running so fast as to be quite out of breath, arrived also. The rain was descending with all the violence of a passing spring shower, and the gentleman in question, in order to screen his hat from the unwelcome ablution, had spread thereon a clean silk pocket-handkerchief; which precaution appeared to us inexplicable when, on his stopping short, we perceived that he had a more legitimate means of preserving his hat at hand, in the shape of an

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umbrella, rolled up in its sheath and placed under his arm.

"Ah, mon Dieu!" he exclaimed to the *conducteur*, as soon as he could recover breath sufficient to articulate, and at the same time taking off his hat, and removing from it the wet handkerchief, "voilà mon chapeau neuf abîmé! Qui est ce qui se seroit attendu à avoir de la pluie aujourd'hui?"*

"Apparemment que Monsieur s'y attendait," replied the man drily, and touching the umbrella as he spoke, "car il s'est muni des moyens de s'en garantir."

"Ma foi! c'est vrai!" rejoined the gentleman, with the most comical expression of unaffected surprise at finding his umbrella under his own arm; "et moi, qui n'y pensais pas! Je me souviens maintenant qu'en partant de la maison tout-à-l'heure, ma nièce m'a dit, 'J'ai déjà fait expédier tes bagages à la station; mais voici ton parapluie que tu prendras avec toi en cas de

* "Good heavens! there is my new hat spoiled! Who would ever have expected rain to-day?"

"It would appear that Monsieur expected it, as he has taken care to bring with him means of sheltering himself from it."

"Faith, and that's true! and I, who never thought of my umbrella! I remember now, that, just as I left the house, my

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pluie, et un foulard que tu mettras sur ta poitrine dans le chariot, attendu qu'il y fait toujours frais, et que tu as quitté ton gillet de flanelle aujourd'hui!' Il est gentil le foulard, pour mettre sur ma poitrine!" he added, holding up the dripping handkerchief: "il parait que je m'étais trompé d'objet, et que je l'ai pris pour le parapluie."

"Il n'en fait jamais d'autres, le brave homme!" said a respectable-looking *bourgeoise*, (who was already seated in the waggon in which we had placed ourselves,) as soon as the gentleman had turned into the bureau to pay for his place; "he is so absent-minded that he would lose his head, and never know where to look for it, if it were not so well fixed upon his shoulders! *Figurez-vous* that he was engaged to be married, five-and-twenty years ago, to a charming young person: the wedding day was fixed, the friends assembled at the house of the bride's father, and only waiting the arrival of the bridegroom to proceed

niece said to me, 'I have already sent your baggage to the station; but here is your umbrella to take with you in case of rain, and a silk handkerchief for you to put round your neck in the carriage, as there is always such a draught of air there, and you have left off your flannel waistcoat to-day.' It is in a pretty state to put round my neck! it seems that I mistook it for the umbrella."

"It is all of a piece with his other doings, worthy man!"

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to the municipality and to the church for the solemnization of the ceremony; but he came not! At last, upon the remark of one of the company, who knew him well, that he was quite capable of having gone to the municipality, there to await the coming of his bride, the party repaired thither; but there he was not, either! After waiting some time for him, and sending to his house to ascertain where he was, and hearing that he had left it early in the morning *en négligé*, and had not returned since, the bride and her family, indignant at such a mystification, returned home, and the father wrote an angry letter to him, signifying that everything was broken off between them."

"Well," said I, "and where was the forgetful lover, after all?"

"He was at Clarensac, up to the eyes in an excavation which had just been made there, and as happy as a prince in the midst of the old bits of broken marble and rusty medals that had been dug up. He had quite forgotten that his wedding was to have taken place on that day, and never returned to Nismes till night-fall, when he found the letter of his *beau-père manqué* awaiting him. *Il tombait des nues*, le pauvre cher homme, on reading it, and never was despair

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like his! He wrote, explained, apologized, promised, sought for an interview, all in vain; the young lady was inflexible — her *amour propre* was stronger than her love. The engagement was broken asunder; she married in six months a man old enough to be her father, and he on his part has remained a bachelor to this day. 'Tis a thousand pities that he has, for he would have made an excellent husband: — il est bon comme le pain, cet homme-là; une femme en ferait ce qu'elle voudrait!"

Just as the voluble *bourgeoise* had terminated her history and her eulogy, the subject of it appeared, and stepped into the same waggon with us, having apparently quite forgotten the disaster that had befallen his new hat. We soon entered into conversation with him, and I have seldom met with a more sensible or better informed man on general topics, or one so profoundly learned on the individual one of the antiquities of his native province. I gathered more from him during the course of our drive to Beaucaire, than I should have done in months devoted to the perusal of all the guide-books and itineraries that have ever been written on the subject; and it was with infinite satisfaction that I found, that his intention was

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to proceed to Arles by the same steamer that was to convey us there in the evening, and I failed not to secure his kind offices as ciceroni, for the ensuing day, to the splendid antiquities which render that place so interesting to the traveller.

At the Beaucaire terminus we found the cariole awaiting us, and, having invited our fellow-traveller to join us at dinner at the Hôtel du Jardin, we drove thither; not, however, without some misgivings in my own mind that we should see no more of him, and that with his constitutional absence of mind he would forget the hotel, the dinner-hour, and ourselves, the moment he had lost sight of us.

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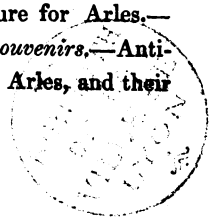
ARLES.

Dinner at Beaucaire.—Hostess of the Hôtel du Grand Jardin, and her patriarchal family.—Coquetry of the great-grandmother.—The absent gentleman's narrative of Madeleine Latour.—Interruption to the absent gentleman's narrative.—Embarkation in the steam-boat for Arles.—New proof of the absent gentleman's absence of mind.—He loses his passage in consequence.—Departure for Arles.—The Hôtel du Forum, and its *piquants souvenirs*.—Antiquities of Arles.—Beauty of the women of Arles, and their becoming costume.



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ARLES.

On our return from Nismes, the weather being extremely warm, we ordered our dinner to be served in a sort of pavilion, which has been constructed in the court of the hotel as a summer dining-room, and is less objectionable at this season of the year than the confined chambers of the *corps-de-logis*; and our new acquaintance having, contrary to my expectation, remembered his engagement, and being full of local information which he dispensed with the prodigality of a well-stored mind, our meal passed off very agreeably.

A fine plane-tree, planted near the entrance of the inn, shades that part of the court which has been allotted to the temporary *salle-à-manger*; and under its spreading branches were seated, dressed in the peasant costume of Languedoc, and gaily chatting together as they ate their

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supper of bread and salad, four generations of the hostess's family, namely, her mother, a fine hale old woman; herself, a buxom dame of fifty-five; her daughter, aged thirty-six, at whose birth the plane-tree which sheltered them had been planted; and the daughter and son of the latter, a girl of seventeen, already engaged to be married, and a boy of twelve, with one of the sweetest and most ingenuous countenances I ever beheld. In the farther part of the court-yard, the cats, dogs, turkeys, fowls, and pigeons of the establishment were taking their ease together in the greatest apparent good-fellowship; and the arrival of the little ragged pony which had conveyed me to the railroad in the morning, now driven in from the fields with a load of fresh-cut clover upon his back, appeared to be a signal of rejoicing to the old superannuated house-dog, who barked with delight as he gambolled clumsily around him, every now and then jumping up and licking the pony's nose with the utmost demonstration of affection.

The whole scene presented such a picture of tranquillity and happiness, such perfect good intelligence appeared to reign throughout the little community, such a gentle familiarity subsisted between the human members of it and

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their brute dependants, that as I gazed upon the patriarchal group beneath the tree, and their household accessories, I could almost fancy myself transported to the Golden Age, when the wants of life were supplied by the fruits of the earth and water from the spring, and man was the protector, and not the destroyer, of the inferior creation. As we took our coffee, we drew near to the family party, and, entering into conversation with them, were soon made acquainted with their degrees of relationship to each other. Upon inquiring the age of the great-grandmother, she replied that she was seventy-five; but her daughter, interrupting her, assured me that she was only seventy-two.

"Ma mère est très-coquette," said she laughing. "She was left a widow very young, and, until she had reached middle age, never could bear the idea of owning that she was thirty years old. Long after I was married, and had given her more than one grandchild, she would, if asked her age, answer that she was twenty-eight; and nothing could equal her delight when people would remark that she must have been married when quite a child, in order to be a grandmother so young. In short, she remained stationary at twenty-eight until long after I had attained that

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age! But, since she has really grown old, and has got marriageable great-grandchildren, she takes pleasure in adding a few years to her age, *toujours par coquetterie*, for she is now as much delighted at hearing people exclaim, 'But it is impossible! you cannot be as old as you tell us! you look many years younger.—What a green old age!' as she used formerly to be when she thought she had convinced every one that she was a few years younger than her own daughter!"

The old lady laughed heartily at this recital of her little weaknesses, and putting her hand into her pocket drew forth from it an old crumpled-looking paper: "I always carry about with me my *certificat de baptême*," said she; "so, we shall soon see by it which of us is in the right." And she was proceeding to open the paper containing the certificate when an unusual noise close by drew off my attention; and, turning my head, I beheld just behind me the pretty boy whose innocent sweetness of countenance had struck me so forcibly, holding in one hand a young turkey, whose cries and flutterings betrayed the greatest terror, while in the other he brandished a long knife, which but too plainly explained the impending doom of the struggling bird.

"For Heaven's sake, stop!" I exclaimed,

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starting from my seat, all my dreams of the Golden Age vanishing at this painful sight, and my natural horror of bloodshed leading me to make a very ridiculous speech about the barbarity of killing innocent poultry, which ended in a petition for the poor turkey's life, the absurdity of which was fully demonstrated to me by the hostess quietly remarking, "Madame ordered a *poulet nouveau* for her dinner to-day; some other traveller will ask for a *dindonneau* to-morrow; if we did not kill our poultry, we could not be prepared to satisfy these demands." This argument was unanswerable; but, although the boy was dismissed with a reprimand from his grandmother to despatch his victim in some more distant spot, all my enjoyment was destroyed by this glimpse of the inevitable cruelties which the *gourmandise* of mankind inflicts upon the brute creation.

"Ah! Madame," said my hostess, "if the idea of shedding a fowl's blood causes you so much pain, what would you have done, had you, like me, seen *le cou coupé* of a beautiful young girl?"

"Nothing in the world could ever have tempted me to witness so dreadful a sight!" I exclaimed indignantly; "and I should have a very bad opinion of any woman who would willingly be present at such a spectacle!"

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"Madame is quite right," returned the woman, "such sights are quite unfit for *nous autres femmes:* but I can safely affirm, that, although I was present at the execution of poor Madeleine Latour, it was *bien malgré moi;* for, when I set out that morning to attend the market at Nismes, I was quite ignorant that she was to be guillotined at noon; and, by the time I found out what was to occur, I was so hemmed in by the immense crowd assembled to witness her execution, that it was quite impossible for me to extricate myself from it, and I was forced to move in whatever direction it pressed forward, until within sight of the very scaffold."

"And for what crime did the unfortunate creature suffer?" I inquired.

"Assassination," was the reply; "but I verily believe, and so did many others at the time, that she was guiltless of the deed charged against her."

"How came she to be condemned then?" said I.

"Tenez, Madame: Monsieur que voilà," designating the absent gentleman, who was seated at the further end of the table at which we had dined, discussing his coffee, "en sait plus que moi; il vous contera tout cela."

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Apparently, however, the ideas of "*Monsieur que voilà*" were absorbed in some far distant subject; for, although his eyes were fixed upon us, he paid not the slightest attention to the words of the hostess; nor was it until she had made a more direct appeal to him by name,—"Monsieur ——, se souvient-il de la condamnation à mort de Madeleine Latour?" that he roused himself sufficiently to reply,

"Perfectly well: it is now nearly twenty years ago.—I was one of the jury, and was the only one who gave his voice in favour of her exculpation; and that was, I believe, more from a knowledge of her previous good conduct than from any legal presumption of her innocence of the crime imputed to her, for appearances were terribly against her."

"Appearances!" I exclaimed.—"But had you no proofs of her guilt?"

"We had only circumstantial evidence," he answered; "but in our criminal courts that is amply sufficient to ensure a condemnation. If Madame is inclined to listen to the history of Madeleine Latour, I shall be too happy to relate it to her."

As the half-hour that was to elapse before the arrival of the steam-boat from Avignon, that

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was to touch at Beaucaire and take us on that evening to Arles, could not be better disposed of, I eagerly accepted the proposal of the absent gentleman; and, having invited him to draw near, he forthwith commenced his recital.

"You have doubtless heard of the *beau sang* for which the women of Arles are celebrated, and which asserts itself more particularly among the lower classes, or, as they are there called, les Grisettes, (a very different class, however, morally as well as physically, from the Grisettes of Paris!) so that "les belles femmes d'Arles" have become proverbial, as well as "les beaux garçons de Tarascon;" and, in truth, it would be difficult to find a more charming type of female beauty than that which exists among the young women of that place. It is quite distinct from the character of French prettiness, or *gentillesse:* the features are finer, the complexion fairer, the countenance graver and more lofty in its expression, the figure taller, and the limbs of surpassing beauty; and the elegant national costume of the Arlesiennes, which on fête-days exhibits much richness, is admirably adapted to set off to the greatest advantage the distinguished cast of beauty which nature has bestowed upon them.

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"Madeleine Latour * was the loveliest among the lovely of her countrywomen; she was indeed the sweetest-looking creature I ever saw: but, although she was perfectly aware of the power of her charms, and possessed all the amiable coquetry which lends piquancy to beauty, she was thoroughly virtuous and innocent, having been brought up by her widowed mother in the strictest principles of religion and morality.

"A melancholy fatality appeared to have pursued the family of Madeleine: her father, a *sous-officier* in the army of Napoleon, had made one in the campaign to Russia, and, never having been heard of after the passage of the Beresina, was supposed to have perished in that calamitous affair. His widow was left with three children, two of them sons, several years older than Madeleine, who were successively drawn for the conscription; and the eldest fell at the battle of Champaubert, defending his country against the aggressions of foreign invaders; while the youngest, less fortunate than his brother, was implicated in a plot against the Bourbon government, and perished in endeavouring to effect his escape from prison.

* For obvious reasons, the names of the persons and localities in this history have all been changed.

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"The untimely fate of her husband and of her two sons produced a melancholy effect upon the character of Madeleine's mother: her spirit was broken by such accumulated suffering, her mind lost all its energy, she grew depressed and querulous, neglected her affairs, and contracted debts, which obliged her to sell the little farm which had hitherto sufficed for the subsistence of her family, and to become dependent upon a brother for support. Madeleine was at that period just starting into womanhood: she had a proud spirit, and preferred working for her livelihood with strangers, to eating the bread of dependence with her relations; and as she had received a good and useful education for one in her humble sphere, and not only could read and write well, but understood needle-work thoroughly, it was considered desirable that she should be placed in some good family as *femme de chambre*. Through the exertions of a respectable ecclesiastic who was *curé* of the parish in which Madeleine had been born and bred, a situation was procured for her at Nismes, which appeared to promise all that could be desired for so young a person on her first entering into service.

"Mademoiselle de Saintonges, into whose houes

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the young Madeleine was received, possessed what is considered, *en province*, a handsome fortune: she inhabited one of the best houses in Nismes, and was connected with some of the first families in the department; but being old and in delicate health, and of eccentric habits, she led a very retired life, giving only one or two dinners in the course of the year to the Bishop and the authorities of Nismes, and during the remainder of the time limiting her hospitalities to one person only—the Abbé de Saintonges, her favourite nephew, a man who was cited for his piety and the austerity of his life, and who was unremitting in his attentions to his old aunt. Her household consisted of a cook, a *femme de chambre*, and a gardener; everything in it was conducted with the most clock-work regularity; and, whenever the name of Mademoiselle de Saintonges was mentioned in society, it was coupled with the observation of her being '*une très-pieuse et bien respectable dame.*'

"With all these favourable appearances, however, the house of Mademoiselle de Saintonges was not suited to a young person of Madeleine's disposition, nor had any of her predecessors been able to remain in the place for more than six months, so great was the confinement to which

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it subjected them. Besides, the temper and character of the old invalid were of the most irascible, exacting, and capricious nature: more than once she had been known in the irritability of suffering to strike her attendant; and she was one of those persons who never shew indulgence or generosity to their servants, except upon selfish calculation; and who are accustomed, in the ordinary relations that exist between mistress and menial, to forget that the latter are entitled to any consideration being shewn for their feelings, health, or comfort, unless self-interest or self-gratification point out the expediency of such a measure.

"It is not surprising, then, that Mademoiselle de Saintonges should have failed in securing the attachment of her domestics, and that in the course of a long life she should have been uniformly served by them with ill-humour and want of alacrity. Indeed, until Madeleine entered into her service, she had never been able to procure any personal attendant who was capable — or, what is of far more consequence, *willing*—to discharge the manifold duties exacted by her: but Madeleine was happily gifted with much resolution of character, as well as great prudence and discrimination for one so young; and her natural

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cheerfulness and readiness to oblige, added to her wish to ingratiate herself with her mistress, led her to enter upon the arduous task of serving her with a full determination not to be too easily discouraged by that which had disgusted so many of her predecessors. She set about her new duties with a resolution to succeed, which ensured a fortunate result; and at the end of two years, to the astonishment of all who frequented the house, Madeleine Latour was still in the service of Mademoiselle Saintonges, to whom she had contrived to render herself so indispensable, that the old lady could not bear the idea of losing sight of her even for a day.

"But that state of favour had not been obtained without many a sore trial of poor Madeleine's patience, and more than one threat on her part that she must give up her place; for, although Mademoiselle de Saintonges had become selfishly attached to her maid, because her vivacity amused her, and her abilities, good manners, and fine temper pleased her,—although the Abbé de Saintonges, whose word was all-powerful with his aunt, had recommended her to make any sacrifice rather than to part with so exemplary a young person,—she had not on that account refrained from occasionally victimizing her by

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the most intolerable outbursts of a capricious and incorrigible temper.

"In fact, her temper was beyond her own control; and whenever she felt that it had carried her too far, and that her victim was about to escape from her, she was wont to propitiate her by some handsome present, or endeavour to cancel her outrages by the most humiliating apologies. On one occasion, when Madeleine had calmly expressed her determination to seek another place, Mademoiselle de Saintonges went so far as to confide to her that she had left her a legacy in her will of three thousand francs, *provided* that, at the period of her death, she (Madeleine) should still be in her service. This expedient of bribing her servant into endurance of injuries was quite in accordance with the character of one who had ever been accustomed to work upon human nature by its bad feelings, instead of its nobler ones: but the communication was an imprudent one to make to a person in Madeleine's position; for, not deeming herself bound to secrecy, she repeated it to one of her fellow-servants, who in turn spoke of it to others; and, as events afterwards turned out, that disclosure was used as a fatal engine against herself, and involved not only

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the loss of her character, but that of her existence also.

"Perhaps Madeleine's powers of endurance would not have been proof against the bribery of her mistress, had not another motive, stronger far than the love of gain, conspired to render the above-mentioned prospective liberality a circumstance of vital importance to her future happiness. In order to render more intelligible the feelings which influenced her in sacrificing comfort to interest, it will be necessary here to state, that, during the first months of her residence at Nismes, she had become acquainted with a young man from the village of Clarensac, who was only a year or two older than herself, and was the son of Mademoiselle de Saintonges' *fermier*, and that, a mutual attachment having sprung up between them, they had agreed to marry whenever they could amass a sufficient sum of money to enable them to commence house-keeping. Now, Philippe Berthand was one of a numerous family, and unfortunately was as penniless as Madeleine herself; and, as his father had not been able to give him an *état* by binding him to some tradesman at Nismes or Toulouse, he had been obliged to eke out his own livelihood by working at

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home as *garçon de ferme*, with the chances of the conscription hanging over his head, and the certainty that, should an unlucky number fall to his lot, he had not wherewithal in the wide world to purchase a substitute, and that he must consequently leave Madeleine for eight long years in order to serve his time as a soldier, which was tantamount to relinquishing all hopes of ever becoming her husband. Thus the chances of their union were very precarious; and, in this contingency, the promise of Mademoiselle de Saintonges opened a door of hope to the young lovers, which enabled them to support with courage every hardship that was to ensure their ultimate happiness.

"In the mean time Madeleine practised the most rigid economy, and although naturally fond of dress, and possessing a large share of the coquetry which is the *partage* of French women of all classes, she courageously abstained from every self-indulgence of that nature; and whatever portion of her wages was not devoted to her mother, was carefully laid apart by her to increase the little fund which she fondly hoped to amass in anticipation of Philippe drawing an unfortunate number in the conscription before the death of Mademoiselle de Saintonges

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would enable her, by means of her promised legacy, to purchase a substitute for him.

"Time passed away, however,—months rolled on and swelled into years. Philippe approached the age of twenty, at which period he must *subir le sort;* and poor Madeleine's savings did not amount to one quarter of the sum which would be necessary to extricate him from a soldier's life, should chance prove unfavourable to him. Mademoiselle de Saintonges, too, gave no signs of her testamentary dispositions being likely soon to be put into execution; her health visibly improved, and with it her powers of tormenting increased; and Madeleine, whose fine spirits and sanguine temper had hitherto kept her from taking a desponding view of the case, began to sink under the heart-sickening results of hope deferred. The conscription was to her a subject of peculiar dread: her family had been desolated by its tyrannical operation; her father and brothers had been torn by it from their homes, never more to return; and she had witnessed the chronic heart-break which had been her poor mother's portion in consequence, the blight of her happiness, and in a great measure the ruin of her intellect, which had involved the ruin of her affairs, and driven her-

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self from her once happy home to earn her bread by servitude. No exertion appeared to Madeleine too great to avert from Philippe and herself so cruel a fate; and, with a courage and devotion which proved the intensity of her attachment, she toiled on in the service of her cross-grained mistress, endeavouring by every concession to her whims, and every attention to her infirmities, to propitiate her into some considerate act that would at once place Philippe's fate in her own power.

"A loan of fifteen hundred francs was all that Madeleine required in order to obviate the chance of his being torn from her; and for that boon she was willing, not only to give up one half of her wages until the whole amount should be repaid, but to bind herself not to marry him as long as Mademoiselle de Saintonges lived. But that lady, who had never been tempted into matrimony, and who cherished all the sour animosity against other persons entering the state which animates so many ancient spinsters, would not entertain the proposition for a moment: capricious and unstable herself, she placed no reliance on the firmness of Madeleine, and, too selfish to understand the self-abnegation which formed so noble a part of that young girl's cha-

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racter, she believed her promises to have been uttered as mere pretexts to persuade herself into a concession, and felt assured that, Philippe once rescued through her intervention from the conscription, his lover would cast her promise to the winds and marry him. But to keep a married *femme de chambre* did not suit the views of Mademoiselle de Saintonges: she therefore grounded her refusal upon the extreme imprudence of such an engagement between two persons so young and so destitute; professed a general disapprobation of Philippe's character; and ended by forbidding him the house, since he came there in the character of suitor to a young person under her protection, whom she felt bound to shield from the madness of marrying him.

"This last act of rigour overcame Madeleine's powers of endurance, for her courage and spirits had latterly been sustained only by an occasional sight of Philippe; and as, in nine cases out of ten, tyranny and injustice, so far from insuring obedience, are productive only of duplicity, so, in this instance, one who was by nature open as day, in word and deed, was driven by unnatural harshness into a system of dissimulation: she feigned obedience to her mistress's commands, but through the connivance of her fellow-servants

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she contrived to see her lover occasionally in the garden at night after Mademoiselle de Saintonges was in bed.

"About that period an extraordinary change took place in Madeleine's demeanour towards the Abbé de Saintonges, and became evident to every individual in the household. Hitherto her manner had been regulated by a respect and admiration for him almost reverential, and she was eloquent in her expressions of gratitude for the condescension and kindness with which a man, so eminently learned and pious, manifested his interest in the well-being and improvement of a poor ignorant girl like herself, and for the humanity and justice with which he had often interposed his authority to shield Madeleine from the violence of his aunt. Nothing could exceed the proud gratification which his notice and approbation had heretofore elicited in her; and as far as became a modest and well-conducted girl, who was perfectly aware of the distance which existed between her mistress's nephew and herself, she had ever marked an eagerness to be advised and admonished by him. But suddenly those demonstrations not only ceased, but were replaced by the most repulsive coldness on her part, and a palpable desire to avoid all contact

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with the Abbé: no want of respect characterized this change of manner, for, whenever he addressed her, the most guarded but brief civility dictated her answers; neither was she ever heard to speak of him with the least disrespect or dislike; but it was manifest that Madeleine, if not influenced by the most unjustifiable caprice towards the Abbé de Saintonges, had something weighing on her mind of a nature to change all her former good feelings for him into a rankling and suppressed antipathy.

"Nothing, however, in his bearing appeared to justify such a suspicion; he remained apparently unconscious of Madeleine's altered manner, and not only evinced towards her the same dignified kindness he had ever shewn, but, in speaking of her, expressed the same solicitude for her welfare which in former days had been such a source of pride and gratification to her.

"The Abbé de Saintonges was at that time thirty-two years of age, of a noble stature, and possessed of a countenance of great intellectual beauty: his mouth denoted extreme strength of mind and resolution; his deep-set dark eyes betrayed, in their occasional flash, the ardent passions which had been controlled—not extinguished; his pale brow and somewhat ema-

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ciated cheeks denoted a life of studious contemplation and mortification of the flesh. Nevertheless, it was a physiognomy calculated to inspire admiration more than affection; one which imposed awe, rather than awakened interest or sympathy; and there was in it a peculiarity which has ever created in my mind distrust of those possessing it,—namely, when he spoke to any one, his eyes were averted from the countenance of the person he addressed, as though he feared to allow that which was passing in his own mind to be guessed at through those mute interpreters. He was habitually silent and reserved; but, whenever he conversed, his expressions struck you as being dictated by reason and reflection: nothing ever uttered by him appeared to have been the impulse of his heart. Such organizations are calculated to acquire an immense empire over minds of a more ungovernable and expansive nature; for coldness and self-control ever inspire an extraordinary respect in those not naturally gifted with those qualities, and unable to acquire them: and in that consisted the great secret of the Abbé de Saintonges' influence over his weak-minded and intemperate aunt; who, unable to comprehend the principle of self-government, and unaccus-

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tomed to repress the manifestation of temper or feeling, looked with veneration upon one who had acquired that most difficult science to such a degree of perfection.

"Surmises were afloat in the household of Mademoiselle de Saintonges as to the motives which influenced Madeleine in her demeanour towards the nephew of her mistress; but the most extravagant of these suppositions never hinted at the possibility of the Abbé de Saintonges having so far forgotten his sacred calling as to have incurred her dislike by making improper overtures to her: his reputation for austerity and sanctity was so firmly established, that he had reached to years of maturity without the breath of scandal ever having dimmed the spotless lustre of his fame. No suspicion of that nature was therefore hazarded; but the cook, who was jealous of Mademoiselle de Saintonges' preference for Madeleine over herself,—and the gardener, who could not forgive her for having rejected his own addresses, —both agreed in declaring that the young girl's dislike of the Abbé was occasioned by his having interfered with her mistress to prevent her from eating at the same table with that lady; and that her policy was to induce an estrange-

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ment between the aunt and the nephew, which would lead to his absenting himself altogether from the house: in which case, Madeleine's influence would become paramount there; and she would end by being mistress of it,—marry Philip, who would immediately be raised to the post of gardener,—bring her mother into the establishment as cook and housekeeper,—and, of course, cause both of themselves to lose their places. So true it is, (and this observation applies to all classes of society,) that, when shallow and vulgar minds once give the reins to idle conjecture, there are no bounds which their extravagance will not overleap: and they recklessly advance as facts that which has never existed but in their own imagination; specifying names, dates, and places, with chronological precision; and never pausing to reflect, that, although this redundance of inventive faculty may enable them to be the circulators of most piquant and scandalous histories, it may also involve, not only the happiness and reputation, but the very existence, of their dearest friends and nearest ties.

"I feel that I have already, in the course of my narrative, dwelt upon details and trifles in a manner that cannot but appear to you puerile and

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irrelevant; but as I know that they bear upon the *dénouement* of Madeleine's history, and are necessary, in order to bring out into their proper light the individuals involved in it, I have not scrupled to draw upon your patience in thus enlarging upon my subject; and I must crave a still further exercise of it, if, for the same reason, I find myself compelled to persist in the same fault. But, as you will perceive, these details are indispensable for the better elucidation of the catastrophe; and, as it possesses sufficient tragic interest to merit your attention, I have preferred being tedious to appearing obscure in my relation of it.

"I now come to the crisis of poor Madeleine's fate. It was the custom of Mademoiselle de Saintonges to give a dinner to Monseigneur the Bishop and the high clergy of Nismes at Easter; and the decoration of her table on that occasion,—above all, the beauty of her Dresden damask table-linen, reserved for those *dîners de cérémonie*,—were subjects to her of equal solicitude and vanity. Madeleine, as femme de chambre, had especial charge of the house-linen, and had hitherto acquitted herself to her mistress's complete satisfaction in that particular: but, at the period to which I allude, the anxiety

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of her mind about Philippe's impending fate had occasioned her to become negligent; and, when the linen-press containing the Dresden services was opened for Mademoiselle de Saintonges to select that which was to be used at her dinner to the Bishop, it was found that the rats had effected an entry into it, and had gnawed into pieces the most valuable of its contents: and it was quite evident, from the extent of the mischief done, that they had been for a length of time suffered to remain undisturbed denizens of the press; and, consequently, that Madeleine had for months neglected to open it, and air the linen.

"Now, it was a well-known fact that the house of Mademoiselle de Saintonges, like many others of the same ancient date, was infested, in its cellars and basement story, with rats, which might easily have been extirpated had she consented to the proper means being adopted. But, like the generality of weak-minded persons, she was credulous and superstitious: it had been predicted to her by a fortune-teller in her youth that she would perish by poison; and, from that day forward, she had forbidden that poison, in any shape or for any purpose, should ever enter her house. Several servants had

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been dismissed by her because they had insisted upon the necessity of using that mixture of arsenic called "*mort-aux-rats*," for the destruction of the rats on the premises: she obstinately rejected every means of ridding herself of the nuisance, except by rat-traps baited with cheese; and, that slow process not sufficing to exterminate the enemy, they had grown bold through impunity, and had made incursions into the uninhabited rooms on the ground-floor, in one of which was the linen-press they had ravaged in so destructive a manner.

"To describe Mademoiselle de Saintonges's anger at the discovery of the damage done, would be impossible. At all times irritable and passionate, her temper on this occasion overflowed its usual limits, and led her so far to forget herself as for the first time to strike the person whose negligence had caused the mischief. Madeleine also was warm-tempered when aroused by injustice or injury; and, indignant at the blow she had received, she fled from the presence of her mistress, slamming the doors violently after her, rushed into the kitchen, and, throwing herself into a chair, gave full vent to her outraged feelings in tears and invectives, careless of whether she was overheard or not. Among

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many angry expressions then used by her, one, which was remembered and repeated, told fatally against her afterwards; it was this:

"'Et de dire qu'une méchante vieille comme celle-là, qui n'est bonne qu'à *galerer* et rendre malheureux tout ce qui l'entoure, vivrait, tandis que sa mort pourrait assurer le bonheur de braves gens!' ('And to think that a wicked old creature like that, who is good for nothing but to ill-treat and torment every one near her, should live, when her death would ensure the happiness of worthy people!')

"When her first burst of passion was over, Mademoiselle de Saintonges repented of the violence she had been guilty of towards Madeleine; and fearful that she would quit her service in consequence, but, above all, dreading that she might do so in a moment when her presence was indispensable, (for her dinners to the Bishop were an *affaire d'état*, and Madeleine the most efficient coadjutrix she had ever had,) the old lady sent for her offended maid, apologized to her in the humblest manner for the outrage she had committed, and, entreating her to forget and forgive it, placed in her hand a handsome present of money. Poor Madeleine's generous spirit was mollified by the humiliation

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of her mistress, and she promised to remain with her, but resolutely refused the money tendered in compensation for the blow she had received; and her expression in so doing was again noted and brought in evidence against her.

"'Non, non, des choses pareilles ne se payent pas avec de l'or," said she; "toute marchandise a sa valeur, et Mademoiselle saura dans peu de jours le prix que j'ai mis à ses coups, et la manière dont je veux me les faire payer.' *

"As there was nothing of menace in the tone with which these words were pronounced, and that, when required to explain their meaning, Madeleine, whose serenity of temper was completely restored, declared that in a very few days she would be explicit, they occasioned no alarm in the mind of Mademoiselle de Saintonges. But as, *after* a calamity, every word that *preceded* it from its suspected author is weighed and sifted to extract from thence materials on which to found premeditation, this expression of Madeleine's was afterwards discovered to envelope a dark revengeful threat, which subsequent cir-

* "No, no, such things are not to be paid with gold," said she; "every merchandise has its value, and Mademoiselle shall know in a few days the price which I have put upon her blows, and the way in which I intend her to pay for them."

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cumstances apparently rendered but too intelligible.

"Two days afterwards Mademoiselle de Saintonges' dinner to the Bishop took place, and on the following one she was taken ill with an indigestion, which was the consequence of her *gourmandise*, and was a practical illustration of the popular saying, '*Il n'y a pas de fête sans lendemain.*' The old lady's *lendemains* were so unfailing a result of her episcopal repasts that it was never deemed necessary to send for medical attendance on those occasions, as her servants knew perfectly what remedies to apply, and that a few days of *tisane* and sick-diet never failed to restore her to her wonted state. Madeleine had always been both doctor and nurse with the happiest results in all former recurrences of these indispositions, and in the instance in question she appeared to have redoubled in zeal and attention, as though to compensate for the previous negligence which had involved the destruction of her mistress's Dresden damask linen. She suffered nothing to be offered to the invalid that had not been prepared by her own hand, and never quitted her room except to go into the kitchen to concoct her *tisanes* and *bouillons*.

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"But, contrary to custom, Mademoiselle de Saintonges, instead of getting better under this careful treatment, grew worse. At the end of the day some alarming symptoms supervened; she complained of a burning sensation in her throat, and violent retchings followed it, which evidently increased each time that she drank of the lemonade presented to her by Madeleine. Her physician was then sent for, who, believing this sort of affection to proceed from the irritation of an over-loaded stomach, prescribed accordingly; and left her for the night, persuaded that in the morning he should find her quite relieved. But before the morning he was again sent for, and, when he arrived at Mademoiselle de Saintonges', he found her sick chamber the theatre of a most appalling accusation; the old lady was in the agonies of death, and with her last breath accused Madeleine, in the presence of the Abbé de Saintonges and of the other servants, of having poisoned her, and charged her nephew to bring her murderess to justice.

"These startling words, added to the suspicious character of the sufferer's malady and the suddenness of her death, rendered a *post-mortem* examination necessary; and accordingly the body was opened, and, upon the contents of the stomach

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being submitted to a chemical analysis, they were found to contain a sufficient quantity of arsenic to occasion death. Some of the lemonade prepared for Mademoiselle de Saintonges, which had remained in the bottom of a glass, was tested in the same manner, and found to contain the same deadly ingredient; and the residue of powdered sugar that still adhered to a glass sugar-bowl, which stood upon the chimney-piece in a cabinet adjoining Mademoiselle de Saintonges' bed-room, and from which Madeleine had sweetened the drinks she had prepared for her mistress, was in like manner ascertained to be adulterated. At these incontrovertible proofs of a dreadful crime having been committed by some individual in the household, every eye turned towards Madeleine, and every tongue repeated the last incriminating words of the victim; but the Abbé de Saintonges sternly forbade that any such random accusation should be repeated until the examination of the whole household by the Procureur du Roi, who had been sent for, should have thrown some light upon the real perpetrator of the crime.

"One and all, the servants boldly protested their innocence, but none with such solemn earnestness as Madeleine: nevertheless, fatal proofs of guilt

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appeared to accumulate upon her head; for, when her chamber came to be examined in the presence of the Commissary of police, a small box filled with white powder was found in the pocket of an apron which she had worn on the preceding evening; and, upon being questioned as to its nature, she declared it to be powdered gum-arabic, which she was in the habit of putting into the *tisanes* prepared by her for her mistress; but, when the powder was submitted to a chemical test, it was found to be two-thirds arsenic. But the most suspicious circumstance of all was this: a servant of the Abbé de Saint-onges came forward to state, that, on the evening of the day but one before the dinner given by the deceased to the Bishop, having happened to step into a druggist's shop for some *papier chimique*, a little ragged girl came in while he was there, and asked for so many *grammes* of arsenic; the shopman refused to weigh out for her the quantity specified, unless she stated for whom it was intended, and for what purpose required; she replied, that it was to make *mort-aux-rats;* and upon the man again insisting upon knowing, before he would serve her, who had sent her to purchase such an article, she told him that she had been sent by Mademoiselle Madeleine, the femme de

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chambre of Mademoiselle de Saintonges, and that the arsenic was to destroy the rats that infested that lady's house. The man then weighed out the quantity of arsenic applied for by the child, wrote '*poison*' upon the paper containing it, and made an entry in his book of the quantity sold, the names of the purchaser, and of the person for whom it had been purchased, and the date of the occurrence.

"When this circumstance came to light, Madeleine, who saw at once how awfully it would weigh against her, lost her presence of mind, and became stupefied with consternation; and her extreme agitation was naturally enough attributed to a consciousness of guilt, and confusion at being detected. When asked to explain the occurrence, she went into an incoherent detail of the destruction of her mistress's property by the rats, of the violent reprimand she had received in consequence, and of her own determination to prevent the recurrence of any such mischief by clearing the premises of the vermin in the most effectual manner; that, as Mademoiselle de Saintonges' prohibition against arsenic entering her house was so strict, that to have proposed it to her would have been sufficient to forfeit her place, she had taken upon

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herself to procure it unknown to her mistress, and had employed the child of the washerwoman to do the errand for her, because she had not had time to go herself. When asked why she had not sent one of her fellow-servants to purchase the arsenic, she replied, that she had not done so because she feared that they would have repeated it to her mistress, which would have got her into great trouble with her.

"The deposition of the druggist's shopman, who was immediately summoned to attend, exactly coincided with the statement given by the Abbé's servant; and, moreover, he brought with him a corroborating proof in the shape of the book in which he had made an entry of the transaction. The testimony of the little girl increased the conviction of poor Madeleine's guilt in every mind. She deposed that, on the morning of the day in which the arsenic was purchased, she had carried home some linen from the wash to Mademoiselle de Saintonges's; and that Madeleine, after receiving it, had taken her into the garden and had promised her *vingt sols* if she would go to the druggist's and purchase some arsenic for her to make *mort-aux-rats*, but told her not to mention a word about it to any person, as, if it came to her mistress's ears, it might cost her her place.

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She especially cautioned the child to go to the druggist's in the dusk of the evening, and on no account to let him know that the arsenic was for her (Madeleine); adding, that, if she mentioned her name in the business, the *vingt sols* she had promised her should be withheld. She had also directed her to bring the paper of arsenic to the garden-gate at nine o'clock in the evening, when she would be there to receive it from her. This the little girl said she had done; but added, that she had not told Madeleine of the druggist having insisted upon knowing who the arsenic was for before he would sell it to her, and of her having, when thus pressed, given him Madeleine's name; as in that case she should have forfeited the *vingt sols* promised to her for the commission. The examination of the cook and gardener elicited the history of Madeleine's engagement with Philippe Berthaud, of the want of money on both sides which prevented their marriage, of Madeleine's dread of the conscription, and of her ineffectual attempt to borrow money from Mademoiselle de Saintonges to avert its probable consequences from Philippe. And lastly, (and this appeared to produce the most profound impression of her culpability,) the fact of her having openly spoken of the legacy made

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by Mademoiselle de Saintonges in her favour, and of the conditions upon which her receiving it depended; adding, that it was that consideration alone that tempted her to remain with Mademoiselle de Saintonges, as, if she were to quit that lady's service before her death, she must forfeit the three thousand francs bequeathed to her. Then followed a detail of the recent quarrel between Madeleine and her mistress, of the blow she had received, and of the ominous expression which she had immediately afterwards made use of in alluding to that lady's death as an event that would facilitate the happiness of deserving people,—nor was her other expression, addressed to Mademoiselle de Saintonges herself when she rejected her money, omitted; and, although Madeleine eagerly attempted an explanation of that implied threat, by saying that what she meant by it was her intention to ask Mademoiselle de Saintonges, in the event of Philippe drawing an unlucky number in the conscription, to become security for the money he wished to borrow in order to purchase a substitute, her words seemed to go for nothing in weakening the mass of evidence that weighed against her. It was clear to all present that motives of interest had influenced her

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to take away the life of her mistress; the death of that lady would, she knew, put her in possession of more than sufficient to accomplish her wishes; the recent outrage she had received from her hand had added the stimulus of revenge to that of cupidity; and the artifice and concealment she had employed to obtain for herself the means of putting her horrible intention into execution, as well as her address in taking advantage of a natural indisposition of the old lady as the moment most likely to avert suspicion of violent means having accelerated her death, betrayed a depravity of mind and depth of cunning as revolting as they were inconceivable in one so young. It was in vain she protested her innocence of the crime imputed to her; appearances were too fatally strong against her; and no sooner was the *procès-verbal* of the preceding examinations drawn up and signed, than Madeleine Latour was committed to prison, charged with the wilful murder of Mademoiselle de Saintonges.

"Five or six days afterwards, Philippe drew for the conscription, and got a lucky number; but the poor fellow was so broken-hearted by the accusation that had consigned Madeleine to the cell of a murderess, that, in an agony of despair, he offered himself as a substitute for a

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fellow-villager less fortunate than himself, and quitted Nismes, never again to return to it.

"Months of imprisonment, and the prayers and arguments of the ecclesiastic attached to the prison of Nismes, who was indefatigable in his efforts to induce Madeleine to avow her guilt, produced no alteration in her asseverations of innocence. Even when he would have taken advantage of the prostration of mind and heart to which she was reduced at hearing that her mother was dead, (the poor woman had sunk under the heavy visitation of Madeleine's disgrace,) and that he supplicated her by a timely confession of the truth to shew that her heart was not utterly hardened, and by a thorough repentance of her crime to propitiate the Divine clemency, so that, although all was lost for her on earth, she might still hope to be re-united to her mother in the world to come, she unshrinkingly replied, 'I have nothing to confess—I have told all that I know, so help me Heaven! And if, as you say, there is no hope left for me on earth—if I must be sacrificed for the crime perpetrated by an unknown assassin—I shall die with the certainty of going straight to Paradise, for I shall die a victim and a martyr. You see, sir, that I

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have no fear of being separated from my mother to all eternity; for, although the condemnation of man may consign my body to an infamous death, it cannot, thanks be to God, cast the guilt of murder upon my soul!'

"At last the period of Madeleine's trial arrived, and to describe the excitement that prevailed in the public mind would be impossible. The station which the murdered person had occupied in society, and the youth and beauty of the accused, seemed to lend a new zest to the curiosity and interest which, in all cases, trials for murder call forth; and the atrocity that had characterized this one seemed to sharpen that unaccountable craving appetite for the horrible which pervades all ranks, and will induce people even of humane and tender dispositions—those who would turn out of their path that they might not crush a worm—to seek with avidity the dreadful excitement of beholding a fellow-creature condemned to death;—so that, at an early hour on the morning of the trial, the Cour d'Assises of Nismes was crowded with the largest concourse of well-dressed persons that had ever been known to assemble within its walls upon a similar occasion.

"I regret to state that the case of poor Made-

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leine Latour had been prejudged in the public mind: the magnitude of the crime for which she had been arraigned had created such an universal feeling of horror against her, that, in canvassing the subject in society for weeks previously to her trial, not a voice had been raised in favour of her acquittal—not a doubt had been ever entertained of the sentence that would be pronounced against her—not an objection was advanced to the opinion generally advocated, that, for the prevention of similar crimes recurring, she ought to be made a public example of. Yet, when she appeared in court, clad in deep mourning for her mother, pale and attenuated, yet still eminently beautiful, the decent dignity of her deportment, the candour and sweetness that breathed in every line of her youthful countenance, as abashed, but not daunted, she stood up to answer the interrogatory of the president, created a sudden revulsion in her favour in the minds of the auditory, and a general buzz of admiration and pity (which was sternly silenced by the court) attested to the effect she had produced.

"It would take up too much time were I to enter into the details of the trial, which was conducted throughout with extraordinary ta-

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lent both for the prosecution and the defence. The examination of the Abbé de Saintonges excited much interest; and the apparent candour with which he deposed to his opinion of the excellence of Madeleine's character and disposition, founded upon three years' knowledge of her, and the unwillingness which he evidently felt to admit the possibility of her guilt, even in the face of unquestionable evidence, appeared to create an universal impression of the generosity of his feelings towards her. One particular called forth general approbation. The counsel for the accused questioned him as to whether his servant, after having met at the druggist's shop the little girl who had been sent there by Madeleine to purchase the arsenic, had repeated the circumstance to him; and, upon being answered in the affirmative, he further asked him whether such an occurrence was not calculated to create suspicion or apprehension in his mind as to the purpose to which poison thus questionably obtained should be applied, and whether he had not felt himself called upon to communicate the circumstance to the deceased, in order to put her upon her guard. His answer was, 'Had the arsenic been thus obtained in the name of any

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other person than Madeleine Latour, I might perhaps have felt alarmed by it: but you will remember that the child had no hesitation in giving up that person's name; and not only was I aware of the confinement to which she was subjected in my aunt's house, and the difficulty she had in ever obtaining permission to go out, (which rendered quite intelligible her having commissioned another person to make the purchase for her,) but I had such an opinion of her principles and character *that I would as readily have suspected myself of contemplating injury to my poor aunt, as I would have suspected Madeleine of such an intention!* I therefore felt no uneasiness whatever on the subject, and dismissed it at once from my mind.'

"Madeleine, who had been weeping bitterly with her head sunk upon her bosom during the Abbé's examination, raised her eyes at these words and turned them upon him with an expression of deep gratitude. But that mute acknowledgment was lost upon him, for he had studiously averted his eyes from her during the whole proceeding; and the moment his deposition was concluded he hurried from the court, paler even than usual, and evidently suffering from suppressed emotion, and never cast a glance

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towards the *Banc des accusés* where the wretched girl was seated.

" The young *avocat* who was counsel for Madeleine was silenced by the Abbé's uncompromising reply; — he was, however, indefatigable in his endeavour to sift every occurrence which was calculated to turn suspicion from his client into any other quarter, and in his defence rose even to sublimity in his efforts to save her — but all in vain! Poor girl! she had come into court so convinced of her own innocence as to feel persuaded that an acquittal *must* follow this public investigation of her case; but as the trial advanced, and she found how fatally every circumstance was made to tell against her, and how difficult, nay impossible, it was for her to prove a negative to facts that were to all appearance such damning evidences of her guilt, hope gradually died away in her bosom, and gave place to the most torturing apprehension: and never shall I forget the appealing look of agony which she directed towards the jury-box at the conclusion of the *résumé* of the case, which the president of the court addressed to the jurors, (certainly in no spirit of mercy towards her,) preparatory to their retiring to decide upon the verdict they were called upon to pronounce.

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"I have already told you that I was one of them, and the only one who attempted to save Madeleine's life by negativing the question of premeditation. My own conviction was, that she had administered the arsenic to her mistress by mistake, but I was singular* in my belief; for the proofs adduced by all the witnesses summoned of the concealment she had had recourse to in obtaining possession of the deadly drug,—the fatal result which so immediately followed,—and her total silence *even then* about having procured poison for the alleged purpose of destroying the rats, (which it was evident she never would have divulged had not the Abbé de Saintonges' servant been accessory to that fact having been brought to light and clearly proved,) formed so conclusive a chain of circumstantial evidence, that after a very short deliberation the jury decided upon returning a verdict of guilty, without even the saving clause of '*avec des circonstances atténuantes*,' which would have rescued her from the guillotine and consigned her to a prison for the rest of her days.

* Trial by jury in France so far differs from the same legal process in England, that, whereas in the latter country *one* obstinate juror can neutralize the decision of the remaining eleven, in France the verdict is carried by a majority.

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"You are, of course, aware that it is the practice of our courts for accused persons to be removed at the moment when the verdict is about to be delivered, and to be subsequently brought in to hear their sentence communicated to them. When Madeleine returned into court for that purpose, she was so blanched with emotion as to resemble a corpse more than a breathing being; and the tremor that pervaded her limbs obliged her to grasp at the bar behind which she stood, to prevent her from sinking to the ground. There was such a profound silence throughout the auditory, that the falling of a pin might have been heard; and the awful words appeared to sound doubly distinct, from the death-like hush that reigned around. Madeleine involuntarily closed her eyes as those dread accents fell upon her ear; but, in a moment arousing herself, she raised them to Heaven, and, with a gesture which I shall never forget, exclaimed, 'Et pourtant je suis innocente; tu le sais, mon Dieu!' She had nothing more to hope from *man:* she appealed in that last dreadful extremity to the Divine Reader of all human hearts to register her energetic protest against human decisions! There was a murmur of grief audible throughout the

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court at this exclamation; some of the ladies wept aloud, others shrieked: as for myself, I was blinded by the tears which, I am not ashamed to own, flowed fast down my cheeks. When I recovered from this temporary weakness, the court was clearing, and the condemned prisoner gone.

"As time wore on, the nervous terror of death, which had overpowered Madeleine during the first days after her condemnation, vanished; and, no hopes having been held out to her of her appeal to the Court of Cassation obtaining a reversal of her sentence, she had with great courage and resolution set about reconciling her mind to the dreadful doom that awaited her; and all her anxiety then appeared to be, that she might go through the last trying scene with decent composure and fortitude. That she might not be taken by surprise, she had exacted from the gaoler a promise that he should not, from a mistaken kindness, conceal from her the day on which she was to suffer; and, having ascertained it from him, she prepared herself accordingly, and sent on the day preceding the fatal one named for her execution an humble request, through the ecclesiastic who attended her, to the Abbé de Saintonges, praying that he would afford her the consolation of allowing her to

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see him for a few moments. The Abbé would have declined this painful interview; but upon being urged by the ecclesiastic to accede to Madeleine's request, upon the grounds that she might perhaps in that last extremity intend to make a full revelation of her guilt to the nephew of her murdered mistress, he reluctantly consented, and allowed himself to be conducted to the prison, and introduced into the cell of the unfortunate convict.

"The Abbé appeared to be more painfully affected at this meeting with Madeleine than she did herself, for she was the first to speak; while her visitor, in painful embarrassment, silently occupied the chair placed for him opposite to her by the gaoler.

"'Monsieur l'Abbé,' said she, laying her hand upon her heart, 'if I had been guilty of the crime laid to my charge, this moment would be one of most overwhelming pain and confusion to me; but the sentiment of my own innocence enables me not only to thank you without a pang for your condescension in coming to see me, but to look at you steadily in the face as I protest to you my entire guiltlessness of the crime for which I am about to suffer."

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"'Mon enfant,' replied the Abbé, averting his eyes from the earnest gaze of the poor girl, 'God, who reads all hearts, best knows whether you are speaking the truth, or not—'

"'He does,' interrupted Madeleine; 'and perhaps the time may come when He shall see fit to make the truth known, and to clear up the dreadful mystery which has made the perpetrator of it *doubly a murderer!* Oh! may He give to the destroyer of my poor mistress in his dying hour the grace to absolve my memory from the detestable stain which has blackened me in the judgment of man!'

"'Think not of the judgment or opinions of man in this moment,' interposed the Abbé, 'but think only of making your peace with God, for you have done with the world, and eternity awaits you.'

"'True,' replied Madeleine; 'yet there is one earthly consideration which weighs upon my mind,— one which has led me to seek to see you, sir,— for my mind would be relieved beyond expression, could I be assured that my wishes with respect to it would be faithfully executed when all is over.'

"'If it be anything which I could consci-

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entiously charge myself with,' said the Abbé, 'be assured, my child, that your wishes shall be fulfilled.'

"The sunken eyes of Madeleine for a moment lighted up with some of their former brightness, and a flush of emotion tinged her pale cheeks as she answered, 'It is but a legacy, sir, which I would place in your hands to be delivered to the friend for whom it is destined.' Then, resuming her former composure, she proceeded: 'I have obtained permission to cut off my hair, and to dispose of it, before that, and all else belonging to me, becomes the property of the executioner. There is but one person living to whom such a relic could be of any value, and I would fain place it in your hands to be conveyed to him.'

"The Abbé assured her that her wishes should be faithfully executed; and Madeleine, unbinding the broad velvet fillet, which, like all the Arlesiennes, she wore round her head, and letting down her luxuriant dark tresses, beckoned to the gaoler to draw near, and requested that he would sever them from her head. The man, taking a large pair of scissors from his pocket, silently obeyed her; and, as the cold steel

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passed over the back of Madeleine's neck, she could not prevent a shudder betraying the dreadful anticipation associated with its touch. One stroke of the scissors severed the growth and pride of years from that lovely young head; and the gaoler, holding up the glossy tresses in one hand, while he drew them through the fingers of the other, and displayed their extraordinary length and beauty, brutally exclaimed, 'Voilà une chevelure qui vaudroit bien soixante francs à Monsieur de Nismes!' *

"'Monsieur l'Abbé,' said Madeleine, regardless of this coarse observation, 'I beg of you to convey this hair to Philippe Berthaud, the son of your *fermier*, who, you know, was to have been my husband; and tell him from me, that, had I been guilty of my poor mistress's death, never would I have sent him such a pledge,—never, oh never! would I have prayed him to wear the hair of a murderess upon his honest heart!'

"There was a solemnity in Madeleine's voice

* The English reader is perhaps not aware that it is the popular custom in France to designate the public executioners of the different departments by the name of the *Chef lieu* at which they officiate, such as "Monsieur de Paris, Monsieur de Rouen, Monsieur d'Amiens, Monsieur de Nismes," &c., &c.

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and attitude, as she thus expressed herself, which rendered her not only touching but sublime. The Abbé grasped at the hair, which the unfortunate girl had enveloped in the velvet she had taken from her head; thrust the packet into his bosom; and, after an ineffectual attempt to master his emotion, he arose and staggered towards the door.

"'Pray for me to-morrow, Monsieur l'Abbé,' said Madeleine in a low voice, and raising her joined hands towards him; 'and oh! pray that God may pardon my murderer, and turn his heart! *I would not now change places with him*, —no, not even to be spared to-morrow's doom!'

"The Abbé's only answer was a hollow groan: and the goaler, in describing to me the above scene, remarked, 'Excellent man! his kind heart was so moved with pity at this last sight of the unfortunate young creature, that, when the door of her cell closed upon him, he was forced to lean against the wall for support, while drops of perspiration burst out upon his forehead in his efforts to control his feelings; and, when at last he was able to leave the prison, he looked like a man walking in his sleep, his eyes were fixed and haggard, and his lips moved tremulously, as though muttering to himself.'"

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At this part of the absent gentleman's narrative, we were interrupted by the sound of the bell that announced the arrival of the steamer at Beaucaire; and, as soon as our various preliminaries for departure were settled, we walked to the quay (not a hundred yards distant from the hotel), and embarked. As all the passengers and merchandise for Arles had not arrived when we took our seats upon the deck, the absent gentleman, at my request, taking up the thread of his recital where it had been broken off, continued in these words:

"Madeleine's last moments were consoled by the presence and support of a true friend,—one whom she had known and looked up to with reverence and affection since her earliest childhood. That friend was the Curé of the parish in which she had been born; and who, upon hearing the fatal result of the trial, and the persistence with which, to the last, she persevered in her protestations of innocence, made a journey to Nismes purposely to see her, and to try whether his former influence over her might not be successfully exerted in persuading her to divulge the truth.

"He arrived late in the evening of the day previous to her execution; and, consequently,

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could not obtain admission to see her that night: but early the next morning he was at the prison-gate, waiting patiently until it should be opened, and permission granted him to visit the condemned criminal; and, the moment that could be effected, he caused himself to be conducted into her presence.

"Madeleine was already up and dressed; having attired herself in the white gown that had been worn by her at her *premiere communion*, and arranged her neck-handkerchief in such a manner as to obviate the necessity of that dreadful preparatory ceremony being gone through, called *la toilette du condamné*, which is performed by the executioner previous to condemned criminals leaving the prison for the place of execution, and consists in cutting the hair close, and arranging the upper part of the dress so as to leave the throat free to receive without impediment the deadly stroke of the guillotine. She was standing upon a chair close to the high grated window of her cell, distributing the remains of her last night's repast to some sparrows, which, during her long captivity, she had succeeded in rendering so familiar that they never failed to gather round her prison-bars, and even fearlessly to flutter within, at the hours

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when she was accustomed to share her meals with them. As the gaoler unlocked the door of her cell, and, throwing it open, stepped in before the Curé, the birds, scared by the noise, flew swiftly away: the eyes of the poor captive followed them wistfully as, revelling in their liberty, the happy creatures quickly disappeared in the free blue air; and the deep sigh that burst from her bosom was perhaps called forth no less by the painful comparison, forced upon her, between their joyous state of freedom and her own sad captivity, which death only was to terminate, than by the natural regret felt by her at beholding for the last time the only living things whose companionship had broken the dreariness of her long solitude.

" 'Les voilà partis,' said she; 'et je ne les reverrai plus! Demain ils reviendront me chercher, mais ils ne retrouveront plus la pauvre Madeleine!'*

" 'Et moi donc, Madelon!' said the gaoler; 'demain aussi je ne vous trouverai plus ici; et ça me paraîtra tout drôle et ben triste, car je

* " They are gone," said she, " and I shall see them no more! To-morrow they will return to seek for poor Madeleine, but they will not find her."

" And I, too, Madelon," said the gaoler; " to-morrow I shall

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m'étois si bien accoutumé à vous voir tous les jours que j'ai le cœur tout gros, rien que de penser que ça va finir.'

" 'Merci de votre bonté, Monsieur Nicolas,' replied Madeleine; 'mais il ne faut pas vous attrister pour cela. Songez que je vais retrouver ma liberté, tout comme mes petits oiseaux!' and she looked upwards at the clear blue heavens.

not find you here either: and strange it will appear to me, and sad enough too; for I was so accustomed to see you here every day, that my heart is quite heavy at the thought that all is about to end."

" Thank you for your goodness, Monsieur Nicolas," replied Madeleine; " but you must not allow that to depress you. Remember that I am about to regain my freedom, just like my little birds!" and she looked upwards at the clear blue heavens. " When I shall be no longer here, you will be kind to my poor sparrows, won't you?—they are so tame, they have been such good company to me in this gloomy place. Feed them sometimes in memory of me; and, above all, do not allow the prisoner who may succeed me here to harm them."

" Well, well!—yes, I will take care of them for your sake, Madelon. The devil take me but this girl will make me blubber like a fool if I listen to her any longer!—But is it possible that one can be so tender-hearted for a mere sparrow when one has poisoned one's fellow-creature?" he asked himself aloud, as he turned back into the corridor to usher in the Curé; and then, conducting him into the cell, he exclaimed, " Walk in, Monsieur le Curé; there she is, dressed like a bride, and quite ready to receive you."

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' Quand je ne serai plus ici, vous serez bon pour mes pauvres moineaux, n'est-ce pas?—ils sont si gentils, ils m'ont si bien tenu compagnie dans ce triste endroit! Donnez-leur à manger quelquefois en souvenir de moi, et faites que le prisonnier qui me succédera ne leur fasse pas de mal.'

" ' Eh ben, oui, je les soignerai à votre intention, Madelon. Diable m'emporte mais c'te fille me fera pleurnicher comme une grosse bête si je l'écoute plus long-temps!—Mais est-ce qu'on est bonne comme ça pour les moineaux quand on empoisonne son semblable?' he asked himself aloud, as he turned back into the corridor to usher in the Curé; and then, conducting him into the cell, he exclaimed, ' Entrez, Monsieur le Curé; la voilà habillée comme une mariée qui va à l'église, et toute prête à vous recevoir.'

" At these words Madeleine sprung from her chair to the ground, and, catching a glimpse of the countenance of her old friend, she flung herself impetuously upon her knees at his feet, unable to restrain the agony of feeling elicited by that unexpected meeting, and which burst forth in a paroxysm of tears and hysterical sobs.

" The good old man wept too, as he gazed upon the prostrate sufferer; then, tenderly raising her,

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'Malheureuse enfant!' he said, in a tone where sorrow prevailed over anger, 'est-ce ainsi que je devrais te retrouver?'*

"'Oh, mon père!' exclaimed Madeleine, raising her streaming eyes and hands towards him, 'je suis innocente!—*Je vous le jure sur l'âme de ma mère!*'†

"The few hours that intervened between that painful moment and the last scene of the tragedy were successfully employed by the Curé of Arles in the fulfilment of his sacred ministry. While listening to his pious exhortations, the mind of the unfortunate Madeleine gradually regained the calm which for a moment had deserted her; and, when at last she kneeled down to lay bare her inmost thoughts and feelings to him in confession, there was such a composure and collectedness in her aspect and voice that no one who beheld her would have supposed that she was to rise from her knees only to be conducted to the scaffold.

"The execution of criminals in this part of the country is attended with religious ceremonies, which are calculated to impart an increased

* "Unfortunate girl! is it thus that I was to find you?"

† "Oh, my father! I am innocent!—I swear it to you by the soul of my mother!"

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horror to scenes already so awe-inspiring in themselves as to require no such adjuncts; and among the most solemn is the attendance of the various confraternities of Penitents, Black, White, and Grey, which abound in the south, who, clad in their spectral-looking costumes, bearing lighted tapers in their hands, and chanting the seven penitential psalms, follow the criminal on foot from the prison to the place of execution, and, surrounding the scaffold, continue their lugubrious psalmody until the ear for which it was intended has become dulled in death. A more than usually numerous assemblage of those confraternities had gathered together upon the occasion of Madeleine's execution; and so considerable was the procession they formed, that the short distance that intervened between the prison and the place of execution in front of the amphitheatre was completely lined with them. As the clock of the Hôtel de Ville struck eleven, Madeleine issued from the prison-gates, having on one side of her the Curé of Arles (who, in compliance with her earnest request, remained with her until the last), and on the other the ecclesiastic I have already alluded to. She was pale, but collected; and, as she walked slowly onward, her hands bound behind

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her back, and her eyes raised to Heaven, she looked more like a saint going to receive the martyr's palm, than a malefactor about to expiate an atrocious crime by an ignominious death.

"Arrived at the foot of the guillotine, Madeleine knelt down, and prayed fervently for a few moments; as she arose, the executioner and his assistants quickly surrounded her, but, stepping aside from them, she exclaimed, 'Wait a moment, I entreat!'

"'Courage!' said one of the men to her; 'don't be so terrified—you will not suffer at all.'

"'Monsieur le Bourreau,' replied Madeleine, in a voice so firm and clear that she was heard distinctly around, ''t is not fear that makes me pause, but I have something to say to my confessor.'

"At these words they fell back; and Madeleine, turning to the Curé of Arles, embraced him with effusion, and whispered something in his ear.

"'She is going to confess her crime at last!' flew from mouth to mouth in the crowd; and then a death-like silence followed that universal murmur as the old man mounted the steps of the scaffold with the unfortunate girl, and, advancing

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to the front of the platform, addressed the assembled multitude in these words" —

"Tron de Diou! my watch has stopped!—can any lady or gentleman tell me exactly what o'clock it is?" exclaimed the captain of the steamer, in his loudest Provençal accent, and bustling up to the spot where we were seated. The thread of the absent gentleman's narrative was rudely snapped asunder by this noisy interruption; and, like every other person present, he immediately put his hand into his waistcoat-pocket to draw forth his watch, but it was not there;—every other pocket in his various garments was visited in succession by him, but no watch was forthcoming.

"Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed, with a countenance of blank dismay, "I must have forgotten my watch somewhere—my famous Breguet that cost me two thousand francs! I would not lose it for the world.—Put me on shore, captain," (the paddles had just been put in motion) "and I will run to the hotel to see whether I left it there, and be back again in five minutes!"

"Impossible de vous attendre, Monsieur," replied the captain; "j'en suis désolé, but, if you go on shore, you must lose your passage."—But, before he had finished his sentence, the

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absent gentleman had sprung upon the quay, and was running in all speed towards the hotel.

"And will you not wait for him?" I inquired of the captain, as the steamer continued to move quickly from the shore.

"Oh ma foi, non, Madame! I shall take good care not to do that; I know Monsieur ——— too well to think of waiting for him. In his search for his lost property, he will forget all about the steamer; and, if I were to wait here until midnight for him, it would probably be only to hear, for my pains, that he had gone back to Nismes to look for his watch, where he has in all likelihood left it."

Two hours brought us to Arles, the approach to which was rendered almost indistinct by the deepening shadows of evening. We repaired to the Hôtel du Forum, the best in the place, where the sleeping-rooms are fitted up with *beaucoup d'apparence;* but certain *piquante* recollections of what I had endured in the large scarlet-and-white draperied chamber, when last here, from the blood-thirsty propensities of a host of lively marauders encamped in the mahogany bedstead, who by their personal assiduities seemed determined that I should share in their wakefulness, made me decline the honour of *la plus belle*

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chambre being again conferred upon me; and, having solicited a simpler one, I directed a *lit de sangle* to be put into the middle of the room, and the bedding placed thereon for me. With these precautions I contrived to elude the scourge of this hotel, and to pass a tranquil night, although the serenading in the Place before the hotel until a very late hour (which reminded me of Italy) effectually "murdered sleep."

Were it not for the abominable nuisance above alluded to, the Hôtel du Forum at Arles would be one of the best in this part of the country, for it possesses an excellent *chef de cuisine*, good rooms, and a most obliging host and hostess; all of which inducements to make a prolonged stay in the house are neutralized by the nightly martyrdom to which unfortunate travellers are there exposed. But there appears to be no chance of seeing the evil remedied, for the proprietors obstinately refuse to admit that "such things are" in their house; and even in the teeth of conviction, when shewn, after one of those sanguinary night-attacks, not only the *wounded* but the *slain* that remain on the field of battle, they persist in asserting that travellers must have brought them with them, for

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that every bed in the house is perfectly exempt from such animated accessories.

This morning has been agreeably passed in visiting the *beaux restes d'antiquité* which Arles contains; but, while exploring them once more, we sadly missed the antiquarian lore of our absent-minded acquaintance of Nismes, whose enthusiasm and science would have rendered him a valuable acquisition to our party, and a most desirable substitute for the ignorant cicerone who does the honours of the place. Some idea of the antique splendour of Arles may be formed from the remains of its Amphitheatre, which in beauty and magnificence surpasses that of Nismes. There are also fragments of a Roman theatre shewn in the cloisters of the Convent of La Miséricorde; and the extensive excavations that have been made, have brought to light some portions of the Forum, and numerous other mutilated relics of monuments that attest to the former luxury and importance of this Roman colony.

This being Sunday, we have had an ample opportunity of judging of the beauty of the female inhabitants of Arles, the whole of its population being out in the streets, *s'endimanchés;*

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and, truth to say, *le sexe est très-beau ici.* There is something quite distinguished in the style of their beauty; and the elegance of their forms loses nothing by the very becoming costume worn by them. I never saw finer outlines, or so many pretty ankles, or a more decent coquetry in the manner of displaying them; it would be a thousand pities that long petticoats should conceal such pure contours, and therefore it is to be hoped that the exaggerated length of drapery, and the ungraceful monstrosity denominated "crinoline," at present the fashion in Paris, will not find favour in the eyes of the fair Arlesiennes.

We shall take an early dinner here, and proceed by post in the evening to Aix.

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MARSEILLES.

Aix and its dreary environs.—Party spirit of its inhabitants. — Cheerful approach to Marseilles. — Bastides. — Arrival at Marseilles.—Bad hotels.—The Port of Marseilles and its pestilential effluvia. — Oriental aspect of the Port. — Indecision as to my further movements. — Theatre of Marseilles. — Its performers. — Hôtel de Paradis.— Prado.— Restaurant of La Muette de Portici.—Simon Courty and Alexandre Dumas.— Decision to visit Spain *viâ* Barcelona.— The Mistral.— Cours Bonaparte.— The Quarantine Office, or La Santé.—Pictures.— The Bird-fanciers of Marseilles.—The absent gentleman present once more. — Drowned Watch.—The absent gentleman resumes his narrative of Madeleine Latour. — Conclusion of the history of Madeleine Latour.

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MARSEILLES.

THERE is something inexpressibly dreary in the aspect of the immediate environs of Aix; the dry arid nature of the soil, and the absence of all shade or vegetation, except innumerable olive-plantations, (which constitute the principal riches of the place,) whose melancholy grey foliage, so far from embellishing the scene, seem to add to its gloom, render the approaches to that extremely pretty and Italian-looking town anything but inviting. Even the olive-trees look stunted, as though the exceeding dryness of the atmosphere had checked their growth; and they are so different in their appearance from those of Lucca, whose luxuriant dimensions impart a grove-like character to the districts where they are planted, that one can scarcely believe them to be of the same species. The want of pasturage accounts for the want of cows at Aix: goats are substituted for that most necessary of all domestic animals; and mules do duty

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for horses. The town itself, once of such importance, when, under the old *régime*, the Etats de Provence assembled and held their parliaments there, is pretty and well-built, but wears the mournful aspect of a *has been*. Politics and party spirit run very high there: the provincial *noblesse* and the town's-people are, with very few exceptions, Carlists, — the authorities and the military are, of course, Louis-Philippists; hence great schisms in the society. Altogether, Aix is one of the least attractive séjours in the Midi; and therefore, having on a former occasion visited under the guidance of a cicerone all that it contains worthy of notice, I this time merely slept there, and left it early on the following morning for Marseilles.

Very different is the approach to the latter place. As you draw near to that focus of French commerce with the Levant, innumerable indications of the wealth and *bien-être* of its inhabitants impress you with an idea of the mercantile importance of the place, and the luxury and civilization which are the concomitants of successful trade. But the prettiest feature in the vicinity of this bustling city is the colony of white *Bastides*, (as the country-houses of the Marseilles

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merchants are denominated,) surrounded with their blooming little gardens, and looking at a distance like a pack of cards scattered upon a green cloth: there they pass their Sundays *en réunion de famille;* and such is the passion of the Marseillais for these *maisonnettes*, that even the shop-keepers devote their first hard-earned gains to the construction of two or three rooms *extra muros*, which they dignify with the appellation of Bastide.

I have forsworn the Hôtel Beauveau, where on former visits to Marseilles I always lodged; its immediate vicinity to the port rendering a prolonged *séjour* there intolerable, from the "villanous compound" of stenches that emanate from the harbour, and give to the magnificent port of Marseilles the unenviable distinction of being the most offensive-smelling place in Europe. How the inhabitants can endure such an abomination, I cannot conceive; but some idea of its foulness may be gathered from the fact, that the barnacles encrusted upon the keels of ships arriving from long voyages in distant seas drop dead from thence the moment they enter the putrid waters of the harbour. As there is no tide in the Mediterranean, and the ample basin containing shipping from all parts of the world is con-

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sequently always full of water, no natural means exist of carrying off part of the accumulation of filth deposited there by the ships in harbour; and artificial means, such as are adopted in other sea-ports, would necessarily, for the same reason, be rendered more difficult of accomplishment: but nothing of the kind has been even attempted, and the Marseillais seem quite content to retain under their noses this marine *cloaca* in all its stagnant luxuriance of nastiness. When spoken to on the subject, they either affirm that the smell does *not exist*, or that it is *extremely healthy!* and then, as a set-off to it, triumphantly boast of the inestimable advantage of possessing a harbour from which vessels can depart, and where they can enter, at all times, without waiting for high or low water,—most undoubtedly an advantage which no one would attempt to controvert, but which is dearly purchased, I think, by the above-mentioned nuisance. One gentleman, an officer in the French Navy, and a native of the place, when I alluded to the nauseous effluvia from the port rendering it impossible for me to ever walk there under pain of sea-sickness, opened his eyes in amazement, and exclaimed,

"You surprise me! what smell do you speak of?"

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" The smell of the harbour," said I.

" C'est singulier," he replied. " Je ne m'en suis jamais apperçu, et pourtant jamais je ne me promène ailleurs que sur le port."

Would that my olfactory nerves were as insensible as those of my Provençal friend, for then I could enjoy the (in all other respects) most agreeable and amusing lounge afforded by the port of Marseilles, where the costumes and languages of all nations are to be seen and heard; with such a preponderance, however, of Oriental dress and idiom that one might almost fancy oneself transported to some great mart of commerce in the East, an illusion which the blue and sunny sky and the glowing temperature are calculated to strengthen.

Now that I am housed for a few days in the Hôtel de Paradis, I am called upon to decide as to which part of the Mediterranean shores my summer wanderings are to be directed this year. I confess that my own wishes have hitherto pointed to Sicily, but those of others of my party lean towards Spain; and, as great facilities for such an excursion offer themselves at this moment, there being a regular steam-packet communication organized between Marseilles and Barcelona, and as, moreover, the season is

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precisely that which is most favourable for an expedition into Spain, I think it very probable that I shall be persuaded to acquiesce in this latter plan, and relinquish Sicily and its antiquities for the present: but nothing is as yet decided on, for we wish to go to so many places before returning home, that it is somewhat difficult to determine by which we are to commence. In the mean time we are resting a while here, and enjoying the lovely weather as much as possible out of doors.

Dramatic representations are a passion with the inhabitants of Marseilles, and consequently there is a good theatre here. At present, *on y chante l'opéra;* and I was much amused with the wording of the play-bill sent to me yesterday, in which the *prima donna* was designated as a *chanteuse à roulades*, and the Rubini of the troop as *un tenor léger*. We went in the evening to judge of their respective merits, and heard Aubert's charming opera of L'Ambassadrice performed with much pretension. The *prima donna* fully justified her right to the qualities so pompously ascribed to her in the printed *affiche*, being quite a vocal arabesque,—all unmeaning flourish; while the tenor, with becoming humility, proved himself to be so excessively "*léger*," that to cri-

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ticise him would be tantamount to "breaking a butterfly upon the wheel."

It is singular, in a city of such wealth and importance as Marseilles, and one which, from the constant influx of strangers, requires so much good accommodation in the shape of public hotels, that those establishments should, one and all, be comfortless and badly organized to a degree that would be inexcusable in a third-rate country-town. Never was anything so execrably bad as the *attendance* in these houses, except it be the *table*, which is of a description to make one doubt the fact of being in that province of France the most famed throughout the kingdom for the plenty and luxury of its indigenous comestibles and the *recherche* of its *cuisine;* and this I have found, without a single exception, to be the case in all the old-established first-class hotels in Marseilles. We were induced to try the Hôtel de Paradis, from the strong recommendation of the proprietor of the Hôtel du Palais Royal at Avignon; but we find it to be, like all the others I had previously sojourned in, so exceedingly bad, that, to avoid starvation in the midst of plenty, we have preferred dining at a *restaurant* rather than face the execrable repasts that we were expected to put up with

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in this hotel; and we have actually driven out two miles daily to dine at a place called Prado, on the sea-shore, at the *restaurant* of "La Muette de Portici," kept by Monsieur Simon Courty.

Tourists of both sexes often think it incumbent on them to dwell at length and minutely upon the bills of fare of their various repasts, as though their readers could feel any sympathetic interest in the good or bad dinners that may fall to their share; in male writers this habit rarely fails to be tiresome, and in females to be disgusting. However, there are cases where an observance of the rule I have been just deprecating may be pardoned; and a page devoted to such an artist as Monsieur Courty may serve to point out to future travellers not only the very best specimen that can be met with of the *cuisine Provençale*, but, in the person of the artist himself, a character so deeply impressed with the importance of his profession, and so enthusiastically devoted to its improvement, as to render his name worthy of a place near that of Vatel, Carême, Laguipière, Lasnes, and the two brothers Robert, in the gallery of artists who have distinguished themselves in that science which has been designated, more

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expressively than elegantly, as "*La science de la gueule.*"

I have, during my long residence in France, always observed that the living for travellers is better at the inferior inns that one finds on the road-side, than in the hotels *à prétention* in the large towns, where the system of the *chef de cuisine* appears to be less to give the best repasts he can prepare for travellers, than to test with what bad ones they will be satisfied. Almost every province in France has its peculiar *cuisine*, each of which is good in its way; and so long as inn-keepers are content to supply you with what their provincial experience suggests, —in short, with the fare which they would set before their own *petite bourgeoisie*,—you are sure of getting wholesome and palatable food. Arrive at the smallest *cabaret de village*, and ask for something *sur-le-champ*, and if you can only set "*La Bourgeoise*" in motion, she will soon serve you up something *appétissant* from her *pot au feu*, or a *côtelette à la minute*, a fresh-gathered salade, *des pommes de terre frites*, and the never-failing omelette: but it is not so in the large towns; there they think it necessary to have a *soi-disant chef de cuisine* from Paris, who, in nine cases out of ten, is an *empoisonneur*, and who, for the dignity

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of the house, deems it requisite to send you up what is classically called "*un dîner composé*," with its *hors d'œuvres* and *entrées*, which are generally concoctions of rancid sauces and stale *coulis*, all bearing so ominously strong a family flavour as to convince one that these *plats à prétention* must be the *réchauffés* of the *table d'hôte*.

In no place is this observation more fully borne out than at Marseilles. I have been in all the principal hotels there, and, although served with the greatest ostentation, have fared infinitely worse than I should have done in the smallest bourg on the road. And yet Marseilles is the capital of that district which is not only celebrated for its comestibles, but takes high rank in the history of gastronomy. Who has not heard of the *Cuisine Provençale?* who has not dined at Paris at the Trois Frères Provençaux, purposely to eat of those eccentric dishes which are peculiar to that branch of the *sublime art*, and which form no part of the orthodox, or, as it is termed, "La Grande Cuisine"? But at Marseilles you must not look for these *spécialités;* you are overwhelmed with the dishes of the *grande cuisine*, but it is the *grande cuisine manquée!*

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At Prado, however, the case is quite different: there the notabilities and the bons-vivants of Marseilles, the foreign consuls, "la Chambre de Commerce," &c. &c. &c., repair to feast upon the Provençale delicacies of Monsieur Simon Courty, the owner of the restaurant of "La Muette de Portici;" and those who have once gone there are sure to return, for no "*remords d'estomac*" ever follow the repasts served up by that *savant* artist. Like the Rocher de Cancale at Paris, the interior of Courty's establishment is quite destitute of embellishment, as those who frequent it go for the gratification of their palates, and not of their eyes: but the house itself is very prettily situated in a large flower-garden, containing trellised arbours and *cabinets de verdure* for those who like to dine *al fresco;* and the immediate vicinity of the blue Mediterranean, which gently laves the pebbled beach not a hundred yards from the house, tempers the air with a delicious freshness and elasticity not to be found in the crowded streets of Marseilles.

Whenever we dined at the Muette de Portici, we left the choice of the bill of fare to Monsieur Courty himself, and certainly never was confidence better placed; although to describe

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any of the dishes of which it was composed would be impossible, as to this moment I am ignorant of their names or their ingredients, except indeed the *Bouillabesse*, the famous Provençale fish-soup, which I had previously seen in Paris, but very inferior to that prepared by this *roi des cuisiniers*. The great variety of shell-fish found on the coast of Provence gives infinite scope to the inventive talents of Courty; and the elegant disguises in which he dresses his *plats* lead to a hundred guesses as to what their ingredients may be.

But, excellent as are his dinners, I have no hesitation in avowing that I relish the artist's conversation even more than his most *savant chef d'œuvre;* and, while the other members of my party are lingering over their coffee, I always seize upon the opportunity, afforded by Monsieur Courty bringing me a bouquet of his most beautiful flowers, to enter into conversation with him. I confess that I love an honest enthusiast in his calling, whatever that calling may be; and, even if a dash of coxcombry be intermingled with it, perhaps so much the better in point of amusement. Monsieur Courty is the *beau-idéal* of an enthusiast, and discusses his science with all the grave energy which one would suppose

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could alone be called forth by some sublime pursuit. "Quand j'ai inventé un nouveau plat," said he to me, "je suis tout aussi fier que Monsieur Arago lorsqu'il a decouvert une nouvelle planète!"

I asked Monsieur Courty why he did not visit Paris, which led to the sensible observation that he thought it better not to risk the certain for the uncertain; and he then detailed the numerous solicitations to that effect which he had declined, shewing how all the notabilities who had visited his restaurant had urged him to repair to the capital, where he would be sure not only to *faire fortune* but to *faire époque*. The greater part of these names were of course unknown to me, but he dwelt upon them with enthusiasm as he discussed their various gastronomical talents; and the description did not a little gain by the peculiarity of the dialect and strong Provençal accent of Monsieur Courty.

"Monsieur un tel," said he, "est un gastronome de la première force;—un autre avait un goût exquis;—un troisième avait le palais un peu blasé, quoique de temps en temps il eût des momens lucides," &c. &c. &c. But some high civic authority at Marseilles at once constituted, he said, "sa gloire et son désespoir,"

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for not only was his opinion law amongst the bons-vivants of the city, but he was so *exigéant* as to novelty, that he at times nearly drove our artist mad. "Voyez-vous, Madame," he continued, "quand il s'agit d'un dîner pour la chambre de commerce, Monsieur —— vient toujours deux ou trois jours d'avance consulter avec moi, et puis il n'est pas toujours raisonnable. J'ai beau lui dire que le moment n'est pas propice—que la saison est ingrate—c'est égal! il faut que je me surpasse—il faut que j'invente. Ce Monsieur est malheureux si je ne trouve pas toujours des plats nouveaux, car pour lui il faut absolument *differenter!*" (I confess the verb with which Courty finished his sentence struck me as entitled to the honours of originality as much as any of his dishes.)

Besides the long list of names famous in Marseilles, but all unknown to me, which he recapitulated the other day, in the full persuasion that they must be as familiar to me as to himself, he also expatiated with no little self-importance upon the testimonies and tributes to his talent which he had received from persons whose names are known to all the world, and whose reputations have become European. Among them was prominent that of Monsieur Alexandre

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Dumas, who, in his frequent transits from Tuscany to France, is a regular habitué of Courty's restaurant, and between whom and the worthy artist a mutual admiration appears to have sprung up, founded upon a just appreciation of each other's respective *savoir* and talents. Alexandre Dumas is unquestionably the Magnus Apollo of the *Muette de Portici;* the arbour in which he has dined, the dishes which he prefers, the sea-fishing in which he has joined with Courty, are dwelt upon by the latter with mingled pride and pleasure; and the sayings and doings of the *homme de lettres* are relished by the simple-minded Provençal with a *gusto* no less keen than that which his own most successful culinary improvisations never fail to excite in the author of Henri Trois, of Antony, and of Caligula.

"The last time Monsieur Dumas dined here," said Courty, "he ordered the table to be laid, as usual, in one of the arbours. The weather threatened a storm, and I ventured to suggest the prudence of dining in the house. 'Eh! mon cher!' he exclaimed, 'croyez-vous que nous sommes des hommes à reculer devant un orage? Servez-nous ici—qu'il pleut, qu'il tonne, qu'il grêle, cela nous est fort égale—nous dînerons quand même!' Force fut de l'obéir. Before the

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coquillages and bouillabesse were despatched, however, flashes of lightning betokened the commencement of the storm; the *hors d'œuvres* and *entrées* were introduced to the accompaniment of thunder; and the *premier service* was concluded amidst the pattering of heavy rain-drops, which penetrated through the thick foliage of the arbour and completely destroyed the economy of the table, without, however, influencing Monsieur Dumas to yield to my entreaties and remove to the shelter of the house. His wife sat shivering in her thin muslin dress, and almost started out of her chair at every flash of lightning; and even his friend Monsieur Mery, the poet, ventured a doubt as to the *agrément* of dining in a shower-bath, without producing any effect upon him. Seeing that he was proof against persuasion, I changed my tactics; and, desiring the *second service* to be served in the house, I went and announced to the party that it awaited them there. 'Monsieur Dumas,' said I to him, '*il s'agit de ma réputation comme cuisinier* de ne pas céder à votre fantaisie; et *dans l'intérêt de mon art* je me vois obligé de ne plus exposer mes plats à l'intempérie de l'atmosphère. Le second service vous attend à la maison, et je suis décidé à ne pas vous l'apporter

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ici!" The fact is, that it was not so much for the sake of my *plats*, as *par égard pour le sexe*, that I took that decided tone; and, luckily, it succeeded. Monsieur Dumas se rendit à mon raisonnement, et le dîner se termina joyeusement à la maison et *à sec*. Oui, Madame," he exclaimed, as he wound up a long eulogium of the object of his admiration, " l'approbation de ce grand littérateur m'est acquise, je peux m'en flatter; et non seulement il m'honore de son estime, mais il m'a consacré une page entière dans ses '*Imprections* de Voyage!' "

Honest Courty! I suppose he thought it admissible to take with the simple word *impressions* the same liberty that he permits himself to take with the aliments that pass through his hands; and fancied that, in dishing up the title of Alexandre Dumas's book *à la Provençale*, and in his own peculiar manner, he would render it quite as palatable, and infinitely more *piquant*, than if he had merely introduced it to our notice *au naturel*.

It is a thousand pities that the *locale* of the Muette de Portici does not admit of its being turned to the purposes of a hotel as well as a restaurant; for its charming position, commanding a view of the lovely line of coast stretching

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towards the maritime Alps, the immediate vicinity of the sea, and of the bathing establishment of Prado, and the delicious purity and softness of the atmosphere, would render it a most delightful resting-place for travellers who are sojourning in this part of the world. I told Courty so; and added, that, had his house afforded suitable accommodations, I should not only have been tempted to make a long stay there, but that I should never again go to any hotel in Marseilles.

"Madame," he replied, "that is exactly what Monsieur Alexandre Dumas has told me a hundred times. 'Courty,' says he, 'if you will only fit up a hotel here, I will come and live in your house for months.' Unfortunately, however, this house is not mine, and the proprietor will not consent to have it enlarged; and, as for building one at my own expense, I am not yet rich enough to undertake such a speculation."

Madame Courty, however,—the most obliging, vivacious, and *accorte* little Provençale that ever wore fawn-coloured stockings, whose good-will I fancy I have gained by the friendship suddenly formed between her favourite perroquet and myself,—has undertaken that, whenever I again

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visit Marseilles, she will "faire l'impossible," (or, to use her own expression, "*tutta qui dependa de moi*,") to arrange two rooms for my use in her house, provided I will be satisfied with the homely furniture it affords. So it is settled that, whenever I again sojourn in this part of the world, I am to be located in the rustic habitation of the worthy Simon Courty and his good-natured, lively little wife; a most desirable exchange from the noise, bustle, heat, and stench of Marseilles.

* * * * * *

At last the important question of our whereabouts is definitively settled; and, after many pros and cons, it has been decided that we shall proceed from this place—not to Italy—not to Sicily — but to Spain. Three steamers each month leave Marseilles for Barcelona, and ply from thence along the eastern coast of the Peninsula, touching at Valencia, Alicant, Carthagena, Malaga, Gibraltar, and Cadiz; which latter place they profess to reach on the eleventh or twelfth day. Of these three vessels employed in this service, the Rubis (which is the next in turn to depart) is incomparably the worst, not only as to the accommodation she affords, but as a matter of security, for she is worked by one of the old

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high-pressure engines; these considerations induce travellers to shun her, and she is almost exclusively devoted to mercantile purposes. The officials at the *Bureau de l'administration des bateaux à vapeur* have urged us to wait for the Phocéan, which they represent as a splendid steamer: nevertheless, rather than be detained here for twelve days longer, we have secured our passage in the Rubis; and the day after to-morrow, "wind and weather permitting," we are to commence our voyage towards the land of the Cid.

The advice to postpone our departure is quite disinterested on the part of those who have given it, inasmuch as there is no "opposition coach *what* runs that road:" the three Spanish steamers in question belong to the same company, and so much the worse; for, as in the case of all monopolies, the public are the sufferers, and are obliged to put up not only with occasional irregularities as to sailing, &c., but to submit to their exorbitantly high charges. Eleven hundred francs—the amount of two first-cabin passengers' and two servants' fare to Malaga, independent of eating or drinking—is proportionally rather higher than our best English steamers, and infinitely more so than the prices of those which leave the

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same port of Marseilles for the Italian coast, merely because that on that line the competition is immense between the rival French, Tuscan, and Neapolitan companies. I hope that I may be pardoned for this grumble, which even to myself almost appears unreasonable; five-and-twenty years ago, who would have ever dreamt of four persons getting from Marseilles to Cadiz in twelve days, and for the sum of FORTY-FOUR POUNDS?—But everything is relative!

Our decision in favour of this Spanish expedition has necessitated a change in our packing arrangements: the carriage and its commodious appendages, which would be worse than an embarrassment—perfectly useless to us in our approaching excursion—are to be left here; and we have provided ourselves with portmanteaux and leather *sacs de nuit*, calculated to resist hard knocks, wherein to stow away our travelling wardrobes, and the indispensable adjuncts of a breakfast canteen and a medicine chest.

No sooner was our passage-money paid than, as though to put my courage to the severest of all tests, the *Mistral* set in with a steady violence that has suddenly changed the atmosphere from the most genial summer-like temperature to wintry bleakness. Clouds of dust whirled into

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the air at the corner of every street threaten to blind or to choke those who have the resolution to face the blast; the port is nearly unapproachable, and tiles and flower-pots are flying about from the upper stories of the houses, while the *jalousies* of all the windows in exposed situations are flapping backwards and forwards in the most comfortless disorder. Yesterday I could not bear a shawl out of doors; to-day I have been obliged to put on a winter *douillette* in the house, and was compelled to order a fire; but such are the freaks played by the Mistral in the chimney, that the smoke, instead of ascending, is beaten down into the room in suffocating puffs, so unbearable from that pungency, peculiar to wood smoke, which causes the eyes to smart and water, that, after balancing the comforts of having a fire with all the windows wide open, or no fire and the windows closed, we decided in favour of the latter, and are looking exceedingly blue upon our decision. I am told that the Mistral scarcely ever lasts above eight-and-forty hours, when it dies of exhaustion; and that consequently, before the period of our embarkation arrives, all will be serenely smooth once more. I am also told, that, even should it not have expended its fury by that time, we shall

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feel nothing of its fearful influence when once out of the harbour, for that the one that is now blowing such great guns is confined to the city and port of Marseilles, and is unfelt a league out at sea: this appears incredible to me—*mais nous verrons*.

Had the weather calmed, we should have visited Notre Dame de la Garde to-day,—that spot so dear to the mariners of Provence, and which is so piously visited by their wives; and also the Château d'If, rendered interesting from having been the place where Louis-Philippe's brother, the Duke de Montpensier, was imprisoned during the terrors of the Revolution, and where, in endeavouring to effect his escape through a window at a considerable height from the ground, the captive prince broke his thigh. We made an attempt to get there, but were driven back by the tempest, and forced to confine our perambulations to the town.

One of the prettiest promenades Marseilles boasts of is the Cours Bonaparte, which is beautifully shaded with fine trees, bordered by magnificent houses, and conducts by a gentle ascent to the gates of a garden-like mount rich in flowering shrubs and exotic plants, and intersected with spiral paths; from the summit of

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which a splendid panoramic view of the city, and the sapphire-tinted Mediterranean, and the picturesquely broken coast of Provence, is to be obtained, *provided* the Mistral does not interfere with the enjoyment of it, and compel one to *baisser la tête* and hold one's bonnet on with both hands, as was the case to-day.

Before returning to the hotel, we looked into the *Santé*. This is an office existing in all the sea-ports of the Mediterranean; and the commander of every vessel arriving in port is obliged to repair thither, either to obtain free *pratique*, or to have the period of his quarantine decided upon by the officers appointed to administer the sanitory laws. The one at Marseilles is a fine oblong building placed at the extremity of the port, and provided with a gallery railed off, called the *parloir*, which is accessible from the water by stairs, where boats bearing the yellow quarantine flag convey those persons who have to communicate with the authorities; a vacant space separates the interlocutors and renders contact impossible.

In one of the rooms on the ground-floor are some pictures by the best masters of the modern French school; the subjects of them are analogous to the purposes to which this esta-

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blishment is devoted, and serve to illustrate in the most striking manner the scourges from which its operations are intended to protect the city. Among these are, "La Peste de Marseilles," by David, *horriblement beau!* the Cholera at sea—and the Plague at sea. These paintings present such awful combinations of human sufferings, moral and physical, and appear so truthfully to delineate the fearful episodes of still more fearful histories, that my heart sickened as I gazed upon them, and I was glad to escape into the open air from the painful emotions called forth by these images of misery, despair, and death.

I never can pass along the port without lingering before the bird-fanciers' shops that are there collected together, and wasting my time in covetous admiration of their feathered tenants. The illustrious Shahabaham* could never have dawdled away half an hour more satisfactorily to himself over his "bocale de petits poissons rouges" than I do in examining the contents of the great dirty cages filled with singing-birds from the tropics that are hung in all directions outside of the shops, and display the most beau-

* In Scribe's inimitable burlesque of the "Ours et Le Pacha."

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tiful varieties of brilliant plumage and fairy forms; or in trying the conversational powers of the parrot tribe, of which every variety is here to be seen, from the gorgeous Maccaw to the diminutive Lovebird.

I was thus employed to-day, putting the patience of my walking companion sorely to the test, who had nothing better to do than to inhale the perfumes of the port, while I consulted with the bird-fancier about the best method of conveying some of his merchandise to Paris for me, when a gentleman, apparently as great an amateur of the feathered tribe as myself, stopped to accost a pragmatical-looking grey parrot, who, with the gravest and most dignified air, strangely at variance with his words, was indulging in the repetition of some of those energetic Provençale *jurons*, which are neither suited for "ears polite" to listen to, nor pens polite to transcribe, but which, with that quickness which equally characterizes *children* and *parrots* in learning what they ought not to know, he had apparently picked up from the sailors on the port.

Something in the accent of the new-comer caused me to turn round and take a survey of his countenance, when to my surprise, and, I will add, pleasure, I recognised in him our

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casual acquaintance of the Nismes railroad, the proprietor of the lost watch, from whom we had so suddenly parted company a week ago in the steamer at the moment of its departure from the quay of Beaucaire. I lost no time in making inquiries for the missing Breguet, and was not a little amused at finding that the surmise of the captain of the steamer had literally been realized, and that the absent-minded gentleman had actually returned to Nismes for his watch! "Hélas! Madame," said he, "vous allez bien rire à mes dépens quand je vous avoue tout—but I have the misfortune to be absent-minded to a degree that is always leading me into dilemmas." Of the truth of his observation we had had convincing proof on the morning of our rencontre at the Nismes station, and I was therefore by no means astonished at the new evidence of his infirmity, which, with grave simplicity, he imparted to us in detailing the adventure of his watch. It appears, that, before leaving home on the morning of our first meeting, Monsieur —— had taken a warm bath, and that the moment before stepping into it, intending, as was his custom, to place his watch upon a chair by the side of the bath,

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he had, in the preoccupation of his thoughts, made the slight mistake of depositing it in the water, where it had lain like Truth at the bottom of a well until late in the day, when his servant, having gone to empty the bath, found the valuable Breguet *au fond du bain*, pulseless and silent as a drowned man!

I would not again lose sight of Monsieur —— without endeavouring to obtain from him the sequel of Madeleine Latour's history; but as the place in which we had met was the worst-calculated in the world for anything like sustained discourse, and as the few sentences we had already exchanged had been interrupted by cries of "Bon jour, Jacko!"—"As-tu déjeûné, Cocotte?"—"Portez ar-r-rmes!"—"Ram-plam-plam, ram-plam-plam!" reiterated with all the shrill volubility of parrot *caquetage*, and mingled with the whistling screams and horse-laughs of the less-accomplished birds, whose education is not yet sufficiently advanced to allow of their putting a word in for themselves,—and who, like all ignorant people, seem to think it necessary to make up for the absence of knowledge by emptiness and noise,—we escaped from the *tintamarre* of the bird-fanciers to the comparative

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quiet of the streets; and, *chemin faisant* to the Hôtel de Paradis, Monsieur —— resumed his narrative.

"Où en étions-nous?" he asked.

I told him he had been interrupted at the moment when the Curé of Arles, mounting upon the scaffold with Madeleine, had advanced to the front of it to address the crowd assembled.

"True," he replied; "and this was the substance of what he said to them: 'My friends, I have known this unfortunate young woman from her earliest infancy, and have ever found her exemplary in her conduct, and incapable of an evil action. I have this morning, in the solemn act of a last confession, been permitted to read unrestrictedly every thought, feeling, and action of her life since her removal from my spiritual direction; and my firm conviction, after this severe examination of her conscience, is, that she is innocent as the child unborn of the crime for which she is about to suffer. Some inexplicable mystery, which time will too late discover, has involved her in the appearance of guilt. I do not, in thus expressing myself, wish to cast any blame upon the judges who have condemned Madeleine Latour; but, as I

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know that it will be a consolation to her in this awful moment, when about to suffer a shameful death, that I should make this public attestation of my solemn belief in her innocence, I have not hesitated to do so!' Then turning to Madeleine, and embracing her, while tears rolled down his venerable cheeks, 'Va, mon enfant,' he said, 'le Paradis t'attend!' and, hurrying down the steps of the guillotine, he fell in a swoon at the foot of the ladder, at the very moment that the dead, heavy sound of the falling axe, followed by a universal groan from the assembled multitude, proclaimed that the victim had been immolated.

"The Abbé de Saintonges, who was the nearest as well as the favourite relative of his deceased aunt, had, by her will, become heir to all her property, with the exception of a few insignificant legacies: consequently, the house at Nismes devolved to him; and, as soon as the legal forms verifying the *acte de succession* had been gone through, he had removed his residence to it.

"On the day of Madeleine's execution the Abbé absented himself from the town, and did not return home till the evening. That night, long after the household had retired to rest

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and were buried in deep slumber, his man-servant (who slept in a room immediately over the bed-chamber occupied by the Abbé) was suddenly awakened by an unusual noise proceeding from that direction; and, starting up from his bed, distinctly heard cries, as of a person in sharp agony, issuing from the Abbé's room. Without pausing to do more than to strike a light and to arm himself with a broomstick, the only weapon of defence that was at hand, the man hastened to his master's room; and, as he reached the door, the words 'Mercy! mercy! spare me, oh God! spare me!' repeated in accents of terror and supplication, struck upon his affrighted ear. He burst into the chamber, fully expecting to behold the Abbé struggling in the grasp of one or two murderous assailants; but one glance, on entering, sufficed to convince him that his apprehensions had been unfounded:—no interloper—no midnight assassin was there; but, through the half-closed curtains of the bed, he beheld the Abbé de Saintonges seated upright on the couch,—his open eyes glaring in horror upon vacancy,—his hair standing on end,—his face pale as a corpse, and covered with cold perspiration,—his clenched hands grasping the bed-clothes,—

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and every indication of mortal terror and agony evident in his countenance and attitude. The noise made by his servant in entering seemed to dissolve the horrid spell; for, after gazing upon him in bewilderment for a few moments, and then recognizing him, the Abbé slowly gasped forth, 'Did I speak?—did you hear what I said?' and, upon the words which he had uttered being repeated to him, he drew a deep breath, as though a suffocating weight had been removed from his breast, and, muttering 'A dream!—a dreadful dream!—a horrible nightmare! don't leave me!' fell back upon his pillow in a state of complete exhaustion.

"Again and again did these fearful paroxysms revisit the Abbé de Saintonges at the midnight hour; yet with the most unconquerable pertinacity he persisted in rejecting the offer of his servant to sleep in a room adjoining his bedchamber, and even expressly forbade the man on pain of his displeasure to come near him during those visitations: it was a nervous affection, he said, which would wear itself out; but it soon became evident that it would wear *him* out first. The most extraordinary change became visible in the whole appearance and demeanour of the Abbé: his form wasted away to a fearful thin-

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ness; his countenance, always pale, became cadaverous in its hue; the deep-set thoughtful eyes assumed either a vacant restlessness, or betrayed in their furtive glances symptoms of vague terror; the jaw dropped, and the character of the firmly compressed mouth and intellectual smile degenerated into an idiotic, drivelling expression. Always cold and reserved in manner, he now became gloomy and repulsive, and evidently shunned society; or, when unable to emancipate himself from its outward forms, betrayed such a strange preoccupation of thought, that it was easy to perceive some all-absorbing idea had taken complete possession of his mind. What hidden cause had produced such sudden ravages in that superb organization? What untold moral agony was eating like a cancer into his soul? Was it merely bodily disease? Was it grief? Could it be remorse? None could tell: for that proud and stubborn spirit, disdaining the relief which softer natures find in complaint, wrapped itself up in impenetrable silence, and never breathed to human ears a syllable that could infer a consciousness of suffering. Whatever had been the cause of this mysterious change, the result was madness.

"Then, in the ravings of frenzy, fearful glimpses

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of the drama, that, had commenced in his aunt's house and ended on the scaffold, were disclosed by the maniac. Sometimes he would apostrophize Madeleine, as though she were still living and present, and conjure her in the most passionate terms not to reject his love;—at others, fancying himself to be once more in the court of justice, and interrogated by the judge, he would make an incoherent confession of his own guilt and of Madeleine's innocence, declaring that he alone had been the murderer of his aunt; then again he would take from his bosom a pacquet enveloped in a fillet of velvet, and, unfolding it, draw from thence the long dark glossy tresses of a woman's hair, spread them out before him, and contemplate them for hours with clasped hands and haggard eyes. Any attempt to deprive him of that cherished possession would throw him into the most violent *accès* of fury. 'They are mine—they are mine!' he would shriek; '*she* gave them to me!—I will not give them up to him! *He* never loved her as I did! I sacrificed my soul for her! I murdered her that she might never be his!' But in the more terrific paroxysms of his frenzy he would dash himself upon the ground, and with cries of agony call upon Heaven to rescue him

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from the fiends who had dragged him down to hell, and were strangling him with the long tresses of Madeleine's hair.

"Although these startling scenes passed in the interior of the mad-house in which, as soon as the Abbé's mental derangement became confirmed, he had been confined, rumours of them transpired beyond the walls, and were circulated throughout the town, giving rise to suspicions and surmises which were rendered doubly painful and distressing from the impossibility that existed of establishing how far they were well-founded. Some persons hesitated not to attribute the madness of the Abbé de Saintonges to the workings of a guilty conscience, and boldly declared that they placed implicit confidence in the truth of his ravings; and in that opinion I confess myself to have participated: while the majority (with perhaps a greater show of reason on their side) exclaimed against the monstrous folly of giving credence to the assertions of a lunatic, as it was well known that one of the peculiarities of insanity was to lead its victims to invest themselves with characteristics, qualities, and attributes wholly foreign to their nature or position in life. If nothing were more common than for madmen to fancy themselves kings

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—even deities,—nothing could be more likely than for one to fancy that he was an assassin, and to attribute to himself an active part in the lamentable catastrophe which, in depriving him of a beloved relative, had naturally made a profoundly melancholy impression upon his mind. But the possession of Madeleine's hair (which it was well known she had, on the eve of her execution, confided to the Abbé to be conveyed by him to her betrothed lover) seemed to carry evidence to the most incredulous that a guilty passion had been entertained by him for the unfortunate girl; and the indulgent and romantic-minded part of the community placed exclusively to the account of that baffled passion the ruin of the Abbé's intellect. That which is alone certain is, that the ravings of the maniac were ordered to be hushed up, and no persons, save those in immediate attendance upon him, were admitted into his presence; and thus, after a time, the excitement caused by the repetition of his fearful self-accusations subsided, and his existence became almost forgotten.

"Some few years after the above occurrences had taken place, the steam-boat from Lyons to Arles having one summer evening stopped as usual to deposit and take up passengers and

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merchandise at Beaucaire, one of the passengers, an old man, miserably clad and crippled with rheumatism, who was going on to Arles, went on shore during the half-hour it remained stationary at Beaucaire, and walked into the court-yard of the Hôtel du Grand Jardin, where, having seated himself under the plane-tree beneath which I first commenced this recital to you, he modestly called for a crust of bread and a glass of *vin du pays*. It was the commencement of the fair of Beaucaire, and the court-yard was filled with people in their holiday suits from the neighbouring towns and villages, who had come to pass the day in the place, and were taking their evening repasts before returning home. The new-comer placed himself near an elderly woman, wearing the costume of Arles, who appeared to belong to the class of wealthy *fermières;* and, while he moistened his dry bread in the glass of *piquette* that had been handed to him, he ventured to accost her and inquire whether she had lately been at Arles.

"'I came from thence this morning, and am going back to-night, mon brave homme,' replied the woman; 'I live close to the town.'

"'Then,' rejoined the stranger, 'doubtless you know many people there, and can give me intelli-

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gence of some of whom I have lost sight for many years—ever since I was last at Arles. Do you know anything of the family of Joseph Latour, of Les Tilleuls?'

"'He who went to Russia with the Grande Armée?' inquired the *fermière*.

"'Himself,' answered the stranger.

"'It must be a long time since you have been in this part of the country, if you do not know that Joseph Latour never came back; he perished in the passage of the Beresina.'

"'Ah!' ejaculated the man.—'And his widow—did she—marry again?'

"'Who?—Marguerite Latour? No; she loved her husband too well to give him a successor; and, although she was young and handsome enough to have more than one suitor after his death, she refused them all, and devoted herself entirely to her three children.'

"'Excellent woman!' burst from the lips of the stranger; and, passing the back of his hand across his eyes, he brushed away a tear that had gathered there.

"'Yes, truly,' pursued the Arlesienne, 'she *was* excellent, and deserved a better fate!'

"'Did her children not turn out well? Did not they reward her for her devotion to them?"

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asked the man in tremulous accents. 'Her sons—'

"'Were both of them the best youths that God ever formed, but they were torn from her by the conscription.'

"'Well?' he exclaimed interrogatively.

"'Well,' she continued, 'François, the eldest, died gallantly, like his father, on the field of battle at Champ-aubert, the year in which the Emperor was betrayed and France conquered. Pierre, the youngest, who was a Bonapartist in his soul, joined in some conspiracy against the King's government, and was tried for it and condemned to die; but, in endeavouring to effect his escape from prison, he fell from a great height upon a heap of stones, and was killed on the spot, which was better, after all, than passing through the *bourreau's* hands.'

"The Arlesienne, in her voluble eagerness to detail to her listener, in the most eloquent terms she could command, the misfortunes of Joseph Latour's family, had paid no attention to the start with which he had received this last piece of intelligence, nor did she remark the mute consternation that followed it. At last, putting a violent restraint upon his feelings, the man slowly articu-

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lated, 'Both dead—*both!* Poor mother!—poor, poor Marguerite!'

"'It would appear that you knew her well?'

"'Yes,' he replied, 'formerly. But let us go on with your story. If I remember rightly, she had another child, a little girl with large black eyes and long chestnut hair — a beautiful creature — they called her little Madeleine; she at least—'

"'Better it had been that little Madeleine had never seen the light!' interrupted the *fermière*; 'she broke her mother's heart outright, *la coquine!*'

"'Woman! what do you mean?' exclaimed the man, violently grasping her arm; 'is Marguerite Latour dead too?'

"'Alas, yes!' she answered, struggling to extricate herself from his hold, and, terrified by the excitement of his manner, endeavouring to draw her chair further from his. But he anticipated her intention, and, seizing hold of her dress with his other hand, forcibly detained her near him.

"'And Madeleine,' he gasped forth—'Madeleine, where, where is she?'

"'Let me go, or I will not answer you,' said the Arlesienne in no very gentle accents; 'you are spoiling my gown, *malotru!*'

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"But the man, heedless of her displeasure, and overcome by the intensity of his feelings, shook her arm violently as he reiterated in a hoarse voice, 'Speak, woman, speak! Madeleine, Madeleine! where is Madeleine?'

"'Go and ask the *bourreau* of Nismes!' exclaimed the *fermière*, indignant at the force which the unknown had presumed to use towards her, and suddenly giving way to the violence of her southern temperament as she tore her dress from his grasp. But, in the next moment, she would have given worlds to have recalled her words; for no sooner were they uttered, than the stranger, relaxing his hold, carried his hands slowly to his eyes, as though in a state of helpless bewilderment, and, after breathing two or three heavy convulsive sighs, fell from his chair to the ground in a state of utter insensibility.

"The cries of the woman soon attracted a number of persons to the spot; and the unconscious sufferer, having been raised by them, was carried into the house and laid upon a bed, where restoratives were quickly administered to him: but his swoon was so long in yielding to the remedies applied, that the innkeeper, beginning to fear that he should have a dead

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body upon his hands, searched the man's pockets for his papers, that he might ascertain whence he came and whither he was going. An old worn-out pocket-book was drawn forth, and, upon its contents being examined and read aloud, an exclamation of surprise was uttered by all present, and a cry of regret broke from the lips of the Arlesienne. 'Joseph Latour!' she exclaimed, wringing her hands — 'who could have imagined such a thing! Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! why did he not tell me who he was? I would sooner have eaten off my tongue than have been the first to tell him what I did!'

"The aged, way-worn traveller was indeed no other than Joseph Latour, the gallant soldier of the Grande Armeé, the long-lost husband and father of Marguerite and Madeleine Latour, who had risen, as it were, from the dead, and, after unheard-of hardships, had returned to his native land to learn on the very threshold of his home, that his best ties were in the tomb—that treason and murder blackened the memory of two of his children—and that infamy clung like a blight to his dishonoured name! In one of the compartments of the pocket-book had been discovered his certificate of baptism, almost worn to shreds, but carefully enveloped

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in a coarse paper, together with the cross of the Legion of Honour, which he had nobly gained at Wagram. In the other was a paper, duly signed by the French consul at Archangel, attesting that the bearer, Joseph Latour, formerly sergeant of artillery in the French Imperial Army, who had been taken prisoner by the Russians at the passage of the Beresina, and sent into Siberia to labour in the mines beyond Tobolski, had, after undergoing the greatest hardships, during a captivity of seventeen years under ground and deprived of the light of the sun, contrived to effect his escape, and to find his way on foot to Archangel, where, having claimed the protection of the French consul, that official had procured for him a passage in a merchantman bound from that port to Havre-de-Grace, from whence it was his intention to proceed to his native place in the South of France. To this was added a simple and brief account, written by Latour himself, of his strange adventures, from the moment of his capture by the Russians to that of his landing at Havre; and, thanks to that affecting narrative, he had travelled free of all cost from the sea-coast to Lyons, where charitable souls had collected together a sum of money more than

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sufficient to defray the expenses of his journey on to Arles—the haven of all his hopes. Alas! how cruelly were those fond hopes, which had sustained him through years of misery, dashed to the ground and converted into despair! and how bitterly did the wretched man lament that death had not closed his eyes under the *glaçons* of the Beresina, or in the gloomy depths of the Siberian mines, and thus have mercifully spared him the knowledge of that which was to bring with it a pang worse than death!

"Grief-struck and helpless, poor Latour remained for many days under the kind care of the people of the hotel at Beaucaire, almost unconscious of where he was or what was passing around him. During that period, the report of the miraculous return of an old soldier of the Imperial Army from the deserts of Siberia after a captivity of so many years, had spread through the country, and created so extraordinary a sensation, that people crowded from a distance to the inn at Beaucaire to see so interesting a person, and hear from his lips a repetition of his strange adventures. Among those inquisitive personages was the worthy old Curé of Arles who had accompanied Madeleine to the scaffold, and who, attracted by

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more praiseworthy motives towards the unfortunate Latour, had hastened to Beaucaire, that he might sustain him in his unprecedented misfortunes, and bring to the father's heart the only consolation of which it could be henceforth susceptible, namely, his own firm conviction of Madeleine's innocence of the crime for which she had suffered,—his unshaken belief that, although Madeleine had died a murderer's death, she had been unstainedly free from a murderer's guilt.

"But for the broken-hearted old man there was no consolation even in that assurance; and to speak to him of resignation was like a mockery of his woes. He listened to the Curé's details of poor Madeleine's condemnation and of the Abbé de Saintonges' madness and ravings, the nature of which had more than half absolved Madeleine in the public mind, with clenched hands and quivering lips; and a flash of savage joy lighted up his eyes as he eagerly inquired where the Abbé was to be found. The Curé's answer quenched that fierce emotion; the Abbé de Saintonges was dead: he had passed from this world without having recovered a glimmering of reason, and the tomb had enveloped in its impenetrable darkness the mysterious question

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of the maniac's guilt and Madeleine's innocence, over which his ravings had thrown sufficient glimpses of light to bewilder human judgment, and too little to solve the fearful problem.

"'Vengeance even is debarred me!' exclaimed Latour, striking his forehead wildly; 'if I could but have torn that demon's heart from his bosom with these hands, I should die more happily! But even that is denied me. Nothing now is left for me but to look once upon Madeleine's grave, and *then*—'

"The Curé, fearing that suicide would be the result of feelings so overwrought, resolved not to lose sight of Latour; and endeavoured, by every argument that Christian charity and kindness could devise, to induce a less exasperated state of mind, and to persuade the unhappy man to return with him to Arles, where he offered him an asylum in his own house. After a stubborn and gloomy resistance, Latour at last promised to accompany the good ecclesiastic home, provided he made no opposition to his wish of going first to Nismes; and the Curé, to gain his point, not only consented, but agreed to accompany him thither.

"In those days there were no railroads; the journey took several hours to accomplish, and

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was performed in *pataches* or in the diligence. To avoid publicity, which could not but be painful to Latour, the former conveyance was chosen: and the Curé and his unfortunate charge, after arriving at Nismes, and putting up at a quiet little inn in one of the suburbs, where they were to pass the night, walked out of the town to the place set apart for the interment of malefactors; and there, having ascertained the spot that covered the remains of Madeleine, (for the good Curé had himself seen her laid in the earth, and planted over her remains a little wooden crucifix bearing her initials and the date of her death,) the heart-broken veteran knelt down by the weed-covered mound, and, with trembling hands scooping out a hollow in the earth, buried his *croix d'honneur* at the foot of the dishonoured grave of his unfortunate child.

"'And where have they laid her assassin?' he inquired. The Curé could not inform him; but Latour, determined to gratify his exasperated feelings by trampling upon the dust of the man whom he believed to have caused his daughter's perdition, rested not until he had found some person who could lead him to the spot. That was easily done: the Abbé had been interred in the burial-place of the Saintonges family

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his surviving relatives had raised a handsome monument over his remains, and upon the white marble urn that surmounted it was pompously set forth an eulogium of the virtues, piety, and learning which had rendered the deceased so remarkable in life and so lamented in death!

"'Lui *ici*, et elle *là-bas!*' was the only remark of the unhappy father, as he gazed upon the sculptured tomb.—'Et vous dites qu'il y a un Dieu, Monsieur le Curé!'

"'Yes, my friend, a just and righteous God, whose ways are inscrutable to the limited comprehensions of poor short-sighted mortals like ourselves, and who, although He may sometimes suffer crime to triumph, and innocence to be trampled upon in this world, will, at the latter day, allot to each the place they have by their actions upon earth merited in eternity, and mete out with unerring wisdom punishments and rewards proportioned to their deserts—endless torments for the guilty—never-fading glory for the just! Madeleine's triumph will be THERE!'

"Latour made no reply, but, absorbed in his gloomy reflections, suffered himself to be led back to the inn. As they were to leave Nismes for Arles at day-break on the following morning, they retired early to rest; and the old Curé, fatigued by his day's journey, soon fell into a heavy

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sleep, from which he did not awaken until the *garçon d'écurie* knocked at his chamber-door to inform him that it was six o'clock, and the *patache* was ready to start. The room of Joseph Latour was contiguous to his; and the Curé had no sooner risen from his bed than he gently opened the door, and, calling his friend by name, told him it was time to prepare for departure. No answer was returned; and the old man, alarmed by this silence, stepped in, and perceived that the chamber was empty, and that the bed had not been slept on that night. A dreadful suspicion flashed across his mind that Latour had made away with himself; the house was searched, the well in the yard examined, but no trace of him was to be discovered on the premises. Messengers were despatched in various directions to seek for him, for many hours without effect; but late in the day one of them returned to announce that he had discovered the lifeless body of Joseph Latour, stretched upon the grave of the Abbé de Saintonges. The unfortunate man had, with a penknife, opened the veins in both his wrists, and traced with his blood upon the spotless marble of the monument these words:

"'*Here lies the body of Madeleine Latour's assassin. The blood of her Father cries to Heaven for vengeance upon his soul!*'" * * *

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BARCELONA.

Stormy weather.—Embarkation on board the Rubis steamer. Fellow-passengers. — Sea-sickness. — Agreeable réveil.— French ideas of cleanliness.—First view of the coast of Catalonia.—Tender inquiries of the old Portuguese.—Bad breakfast.—History of the French Engineer.—Appearance of Barcelona, and its suburb Barcelonetta.—Mont Juich.—Arrival in port.—Negligence of the authorities of Barcelona.—Catalonian Facchini.—Landing.—Vexations at the Custom-house.—Drive into Barcelona.—Spanish Fiacre.—Arrival at the Fonda del Oriente —Ambitious coachman, or "pride will have a fall!"—Spanish Hotel.—Italian Opera.—English Tract Societies.—Citadel of Barcelona.—Chapel of the Fortress.—Military funeral.—The faithful mourner.—Cathedral.—Cloisters. — Diputacion Provincial. —Archives.—Court of Civil Justice.—Village of Gracias. —Commerce of Barcelona.—Public buildings.—The Rambla.—Theatre of the Liceo.—Spanish Comedians.—National Dances.

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BARCELONA.

DURING the last four-and-twenty hours of my stay at Marseilles, the Mistral never ceased blowing with the utmost violence; and, to my no small discomposure, I found that the Rubis would take her departure for Barcelona (upon the day previously specified) *quand même* secure of finding calm weather outside of the port. Although this assurance appeared to me so incredible that it struck me as being uttered merely as a tranquillizer to my apprehensions, I was nevertheless obliged to abide by the captain's decision—*to look* convinced, even if I did not *feel* so—to screw my courage up to the sticking-place—and to embark on the morning which had been advertised for the departure of the steamer.

As the Rubis lay at the farthest extremity of the harbour, we were compelled to traverse that receptacle of filth in an open boat, exposed for about twenty minutes to the complication of abominable smells exhaled from it; and although

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we endeavoured by the aid of vinaigrettes, and handkerchiefs closely applied to our noses, to inhale as little as possible of the infected atmosphere, yet, so subtle and so powerful is its pervading influence, that it defeated our precautions; and, when I stepped upon the deck of the steamer, I was so overcome with deadly nausea as to be unable either to speak or to stand.

Our embarkation took place at ten o'clock in the morning, and we had been assured that at half-past ten the paddles of the Rubis would be set in motion; but two hours passed away and we still remained stationary, and still passengers and merchandise continued accumulating, although the capabilities of the steamer to accommodate such a freight with any comfort appeared to us very problematical. Private cabins were, we found, luxuries unknown there; a small cabin, called *la chambre des dames*, containing eight berths for lady-passengers, and the common saloon in which the repasts were to be served, and on either side of which were arranged double that number of berths for the gentlemen, constituted the whole of the Rubis' accommodations for first-class passengers. One glance at those dingy close-smelling dens, in which the odours of bilge-

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water and oil from the machinery struggled for preëminence, decided me upon not attempting to go down stairs at all; and I had made up my mind to pass the night *à la belle étoile* upon deck, in preference to encountering the certain misery that would be my portion below, when the captain, moved by my actual and prospective suffering, very politely made over to me his own little private cabin to sleep in, which, being situated on the after-deck, afforded me the double advantage of breathing the fresh air and of being alone.

As yet, the only female passengers on board consisted of myself and my maid; and, when the bustle and confusion incidental to the arrival and stowing away of the male voyagers and their baggage had subsided, we were enabled to ascertain that the first-class gentlemen-passengers were far less numerous than we had at first apprehended, and were composed of Doctor C—— of London, (who was proceeding to Madrid upon a professional visit to the Regent,) accompanied by a friend; an elderly Portuguese gentleman, resident at Florence, and bound for his native city, Oporto; a celebrated Roman guitarist, going to Barcelona to give concerts; and two or three South American Spaniards:

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the throng that had alarmed us belonging exclusively to the second places. At last, about noon, the steam was got up, and we prepared to clear the harbour; when lo! just as the paddles began to revolve, a signal was made from shore to arrest our progress, and we again became stationary. One of the Tuscan steamers had just reached Marseilles from Genoa; and, a family on board of her being desirous of proceeding without any loss of time in the Rubis to Spain, we were condemned to another stand-still, while the indispensable ceremonies and formalities were gone through by them of getting their passports *visés*, their passage-money paid, and their luggage transferred from one vessel to the other. A full hour was consumed in this manner; and so completely had our patience been tried to the utmost by the previous delay, that we felt anything but courteously disposed towards the authors of this supplementary one. That feeling, however, did not survive the installation of the new-comers on board, and, before the day was over, we rejoiced in the delay that had procured for us fellow-passengers so eminently calculated by their amiable manners and accommodating dispositions to lighten the *désagrémens* of a comfortless voyage; for, in a vessel like

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the Rubis, whose accommodations (or, more correctly speaking, whose want of accommodations) render it an impossibility to keep one's self to one's self, and where, *bon gré, mal gré*, one is obliged for the time being to exchange the courtesies of acquaintanceship with the individuals with whom one is thrown into such close contact, it is an actual piece of good-fortune to meet with persons like those who have fallen to our lot in this instance: they are returning from a tour in the Levant, and are bound for Gibraltar, where the gentleman holds a high military command.

The assertions of the weather-wise at Marseilles, to which I listened so suspiciously while the roaring of the Mistral appeared so ominously to refute them, have been verified in the most satisfactory manner; for no sooner did we clear the harbour, and stand out for the Gulf of Lyons, than we found ourselves in the most placid of atmospheres and smoothest of seas: no sign of the raging of the elements that had disquieted my nerves at Marseilles was visible, and, as far as weather goes, we commenced our voyage under the most favourable auspices. But the *trajet* of the odious port of Marseilles had produced its effect upon me, and, although

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not prostrated, I was completely *démoralisée* by the nausea it had occasioned. I had one companion in suffering, the old Portuguese gentleman, who, seated on one side of the deck, with his head sunk upon his bosom, and his face concealed in his cloak-collar, made an excellent *pendant* to my woe-begone figure on the other side, gathered up into the smallest possible compass, motionless, and holding a handkerchief steeped in the strongest essence to my nose, not so much to exclude the smell of the steam-engine as to preclude the possibility of being spoken to, for I felt that if I moved, or opened my lips, all would be over with me. After enduring all the well-meant but mistaken attentions that are inevitable in such conjunctures, and having obstinately resisted the various and contradictory counsels of "Rouse yourself and walk about the deck a little"—"Go down stairs and lie down upon a bed"—"Try a cup of hot tea"—"Take a glass of bottled porter"—"Nothing so good as a Seidlitz powder with a little brandy in it; I never go to sea without them; pray let me offer you one"—"If you will only force yourself to eat something, the nausea will disappear," &c. &c. &c., I was at last given up by my kind tormentors as impracticable, and, I

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dare say, as unreasonable also; for, like those "who jest at scars that never felt a wound," the fortunate mortals that have never suffered from sea-sickness set down those who do, as victims, half the time, to a vapouring imagination. So, rolling myself up like a hedgehog, I remained absorbed in my own wretchedness, and recognising with shame and compunction the truth of what Lady Blessington has observed in her charming "Idler in Italy," (where everything is described with so much truth and talent,) that, of all the painful inflictions to which human nature is liable, sea-sickness is the one which renders us not only the most physically uninteresting, but, from the unconquerable egotism it induces, the most morally disagreeable. I actually detected myself forming the selfish wish that those who had been so kindly endeavouring to devise means of reviving me, might themselves become sea-sick, in order to incapacitate them from approaching me!

In what manner the dinner passed off on this our first day's navigation, I have never ascertained, as I had previously stipulated that the word even was not to be mentioned in my presence, and the thing itself not to be thought of. But at seven o'clock there was a

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gathering together upon deck of the English passengers, and some most agreeable and interesting conversation passed among them, which I enjoyed with my eyes closed, and, to all appearance, fast asleep. At last, Dr. C—— mentioned the name of a countryman of his, whose genius and talents are no less a source of admiration to me than his esteem is a source of well-founded pride and self-congratulation — a name which electrified me into unclosing my eyes and lips; for, if I had died for it the next moment, I could not resist joining to the echo in the praises of the reverend Padré that followed Dr. C——'s repetition of some of his good things. And, verily, the exertion cured me; for I suddenly felt quite revived, shook off all remains of the torpor that had benumbed my energies for so many hours, and silently made a note in my memory to this effect, that, of all the remedies for dispelling the vapours caused by sea-nausea that had hitherto been adopted by me, none could be compared in efficacy to a dose of *Esprit de Prout*, applied through the judicious medium of Dr. C——.

I have seldom met with any one who possesses *l'art de causer* in greater perfection than Dr. C——: his conversation is scientific with-

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out being pedantic, witty without being caustic, playful without degenerating into levity, and characterised by a buoyancy of spirits that happily stops short precisely in the right place, and never oversteps (as is the case with so many of his excitable countrymen of the sister island) the limits of the most refined good-breeding. Nor does he fall into that fault, so common to fluent talkers, of engrossing the whole conversation to himself, and egotistically excluding all present from a fair participation in it. If such a proof of ill-manners could be excusable in any person, it would be in one so gifted as Dr. C—— is with the power to amuse and instruct: but I have always observed that intellect of that high order is endowed with a nice tact, that effectually acts as a safeguard against such a violation of good-breeding; and that the most inveterate egotists are those persons whose conversation is the least worth listening to—the greatest talkers those, who, if their words were all sifted, would be found to have said nothing. I could have remained upon deck all night listening to the interesting topics that were severally discussed by the little group of which Dr. C—— formed the centre; but the night-dew fell so heavily that my clothes were quite saturated with it, and

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I was compelled to retreat to my little den before I became thoroughly chilled.

And such a den! the ceiling too low to admit of my standing upright in it—the space which is not occupied by the bed too small to allow of my maid coming in to undress me—and the bed itself too narrow to permit me to turn in it: but a sliding pane of glass, opening upon the sea, admitted the fresh air (a blessing denied to the ladies' cabin below); and some thoughtful person had placed by the bedside a large bowl full of beautiful fresh flowers, whose delightful fragrance neutralized the compound odours of pitch, tar, and oil, peculiar to steam-vessels in general, and to the dirty, ill-conditioned Rubis in particular. The *Administration des Vapeurs* at Marseilles was quite right in recommending us not to go by her, and to wait for the next steamer in succession; and *we* were quite wrong in not profiting by their advice: but repentance comes too late, and we must now make the best of a bad bargain, for we have paid for our passage as far as Malaga.

Early in the morning I was aroused by the slushing of water outside of my door; and, starting up, I saw a dark-coloured stream pouring in underneath it, and threatening an immediate

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inundation. I had scarcely time to snatch up my slippers and *sac de nuit*, and throw them on the bed, ere the whole floor was submerged; and in the next moment the door was unceremoniously pushed open, and a dirty cabin-boy entering, with a sponge in one hand and a bucket in the other, established himself in the middle of the puddle, and began to mop away right and left in such a manner as to splash every thing in the place. "For Heaven's sake, what is the meaning of all this?" I inquired angrily.—"On lave le pont, Madame."—"But," said I, "cannot the deck be washed without inundating my cabin?"—"Si fait, en y faisant attention! mais, toutefois, vous avez l'avantage d'avoir votre plancher nettoyé."—("Oh yes, with a little precaution! but, at all events, you have had the advantage of getting your floor cleaned.")—"Merci de l'avantage!" said I, as I pointed to the filthy fluid, black with particles of coal and all the other impurities that had soiled the deck; and the boy's ideas of cleanliness made me think of the Irishman's exclamation of "There 's nothing like clean linen!" when he turned his shirt.—"And now," said I, "go and fetch a bucketful of clean sea-water (il n'en manque pas ici) and throw it over the floor, and then rub

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it dry with a clean cloth: if my cabin is to be inundated, it shall be to some purpose."

The boy opened his eyes and stared at me as if he had not heard me a-right, and it was only upon my twice reiterating the injunction that he gathered up his cleaning apparatus and departed; but, as he did not return, I take for granted that he found my expectations so extravagant as to savour of insanity, and deemed it judicious to treat me accordingly—and neither to contradict my wishes, nor to fulfil them.

Upon emerging from my cabin and taking my place upon deck, my eyes were greeted with a view of the beautiful coast of Catalonia, so distinct that we could discern the various little towns and villages that were scattered along the shore, and even those that lay more inland, and appeared to nestle among the deep gorges of the picturesquely broken mountains. We had during the night run across the Gulf of Lyons, and had, en pleine mer, caught a breeze that tossed us about a little; but towards daybreak, as the Rubis got under the coast of Spain, the movement ceased, and she sailed along under the shelter of the land like a duck on the water. Never was anything more enchanting than the weather; the sea was smooth as a mirror, and

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of that crystal transparency, that deep ultramarine blue, which is peculiar to the Mediterranean, and which I have never seen equalled in any other waters; the brightness of the cloudless skies was softened, not dimmed, by that pearly-tinted haze which is the precursor of intense heat at noon-tide; and the capricious outlines and soft purple shadows of the beautifully undulating hills of Catalonia shewed through it as though shaded by a thin gauze, and seemed melting into the pure ether that steeped the earth and the waters in its subdued yet warm tints.

There is something exhilarating in the wild freshness of the morning air, that produces its salubrious effect upon the *moral atmosphere*, braces and invigorates the mind as well as the body, and infuses into it elasticity to support the vexations and discomforts that would depress us at other moments—at least so I have ever found it; and, as the passengers, one by one, made their appearance upon deck, I thought I could perceive the same result evident in the countenance of each. The old Portuguese gentleman, my fellow-sufferer on the preceding day, was quite another being; and his fine benignant face lighted up with smiles as he remarked to

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me in his extraordinary *baroguinage*, which was composed of very excellent Portuguese (I take for granted) and most incomprehensible French, "Je vois que vous êtes comme moi, Madame, *un po meliore*." — "Beaucoup mieux," said I, "avez-vous bien dormi la nuit, Monsieur?" — "No," he replied; "*ne pouvait* dormir, *porque j'avais un lit bien méchant!*"—Every one present had the same complaint to make; added to which, graver accusations were uttered as to the total want of attendance upon the passengers, the difficulty in obtaining the commonest necessities, such as sufficient warm water to wash with, and clean towels, &c. &c. &c. As I had brought my own linen with me, I was independent of the sordid regulations of the Rubis in *that* respect; but, in every other particular where she had been "weighed in the balance and found wanting," I fully subscribed to the anathema pronounced against her of being the very worst organized steamer on the face of the waters. We found that she was not originally destined for this line of navigation, but had been built to ply between Marseilles and Toulon; which, being merely a few hours' sail, accounts for that absence of accommodation in the sleeping arrangements which renders her so unfit for a prolonged

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voyage like the one we had undertaken in her: added to which, her high-pressure engines are calculated to create an uneasy sensation in one's mind respecting the dangers to be apprehended from those perilous pieces of mechanism.

The assurance given us that at one o'clock we should be landed at Barcelona, gave us spirits to laugh at the bad breakfast that was served to us under the awning on deck, and which, had our appetites been as good as our spirits were, would not have sufficed to satisfy them; but fortunately some of us still made "la petite bouche,"—in other words, were still *a little squeamish,*—which enabled the remainder to get a sufficiency from the scantily served table to allay the cravings of hunger. What rendered this shabby treatment towards the passengers doubly inexcusable, was the proof afforded to us an hour later that the restaurant of the Rubis afforded not only an abundance of viands, but a variety of *plats* of a much better description than those that had been served to us; for when the captain, the mate, and the engineer sat down to breakfast precisely on the spot where we had broken our fast, (and literally we did nothing more,) an excellent déjeûner à la fourchette, followed by dessert, coffee, &c. &c., was

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placed before them, to which they did honour in the spirit advocated by the learned in gastronomy, viz. *lentement et copieusement !*

I took this opportunity of thanking the captain for the beautiful flowers I had found the night before in my cabin; but I discovered that I was indebted for them to the engineer, whose appearance, as he sat in his shirt-sleeves, bare throat, and long beard, begrimed with smoke, certainly gave no indication of the refinement that had suggested to him this delicate attention. "J'ai bien pensé que Madame se trouverait incommodée par l'odeur de la mécanique, et qu'elle serait bienaise d'avoir des fleurs auprès d'elle," said he. And when I expressed my surprise at their beauty and freshness, and the symmetry with which they were arranged, he replied, "Figurez-vous, Madame, que ces fleurs sont venues de Gênes! Les femmes de peuple de cette ville-là ont une spécialité pour la confection des bouquets; elles les arrangent avec un goût qu'on ne trouve pas ailleurs:—ce sont de vraies Mosaïques! Aussi j'en fais venir souvent par le bateau à vapeur pour ma petite femme; et lorsque j'ai su hier qu'il y aurait une dame parmi les passagers sur le Rubis, je lui ai demandé un de ses bouquets pour en faire hommage à Madame."

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This man, whose tastes and whose expressions are so elegant as to have caused me for a moment to suppose that he must have been born above his actual station, is nevertheless *un homme du peuple*, a stern uncompromising republican, an apostle of that *Jeune-France* school of levellers which is bound by a sort of *Tugendbund* pact to pursue royalty to the death, and which has trained for the scaffold the Pepins, the Alibauds, the Meuniers, and *tutti quanti*, in whose names and memories they glory, as having been the martyrs to their soi-disant righteous cause. He had been employed as a journeyman to some artisan in Paris at the period when the *émeute* consequent upon General Lamarque's funeral took place, (in June, 1832,) and had formed one of the party of sturdy malcontents who on that day attacked the military, and caused the pavé of Paris to redden with human gore. While fighting like a desperado in one of the narrow streets into which the mob had been driven, he received a severe wound in the thigh, fell, and was trampled upon by the combatants, who scrupled not to make their way over the prostrate bodies of their fellow-creatures. In attempting to rise, he found that he could not walk, and therefore leaned against a door for support until the

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faintness that assailed him should have passed away; but he had scarcely placed his back against the door when it opened, and some person from within dragged him in, and closed it after them.

The house in which he had thus found shelter was that of a baker, who not only acted the part of the good Samaritan by him, but facilitated his escape from Paris at the very moment when the police were on the alert to discover, and bring to justice, every individual implicated in the popular outbreak. He was smuggled outside of the barrier in a large bread-basket; and, having thus taken *la clé aux champs*, he made the best of his way to his native place, Granville, from whence he lost no time in crossing over in a fishing-boat to Jersey, where he was safe from all pursuit. While there, his trial and condemnation *par contumace* took place in Paris, so that all hope of being able to return to his own country was thus closed upon him. He went to England, and applied himself to the study of engineering in one of our manufacturing towns, where he remained until the marriage of the Duke of Orleans, in 1837, having occasioned an amnesty to be granted for political offences, he was enabled to return to France, and be reinstated in all the civil rights which he had forfeited five years be-

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fore by his active participation in the *émeute* of 1832.

Such was the outline of the adventures of the engineer of the Rubis; but although, after detailing them to me, he added, that since his return from exile, and his marriage, he had relinquished any active participation in the stormy politics of his party, yet the opinions he enounced were of a character to impress upon me the belief that a man so familiar with the machinery that is ever silently at work, and the secret springs that every now and then set in motion the puppets of the republican drama, would not be suffered quietly to withdraw *sans retour* from the sphere of action;—in short, that he knows too much to be lost sight of by those whose secrets he possesses—and might betray. He alluded unreservedly to the fact, that there is a chosen band who have been bound down by some dreadful compact to do the work of blood; that they are numbered for precedence; and that as one fails in his attempt, and falls into the hands of justice, the next designated in the list succeeds to him, and, when the moment for action is again judged propitious, is called upon to sacrifice himself to the common cause: should they refuse to obey, they would be put to death by their fellow-con-

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spirators. These men are the "forlorn hope" of the republican party, destined to open a passage, and effect a victorious entry for the new order of things which is besieging the old in its last stronghold—predestined to perish, whether defeat or success be the result of their *dévouement!* "And it is wonderful," said he, "how extensive are the ramifications of this secret society, how deeply it has taken root in the land, and how vain are all efforts either to discover its mysteries or to give it an exterminating blow. Repeated checks have not brought discouragement to its members, *et c'est ce que les fils du Roi apprendront un jour!*"

As he expatiated upon the *beauty* and *holiness* of a cause which exhibited such proofs of fixity of purpose and of indomitable courage, I could not refrain from telling him that no cause could be beautiful or holy which had for its *primum mobile* treason and murder. He remarked that they were not considered in *that* light, and that the shedding the blood of Royalty was looked upon as a painful necessity,—the taking away the life of one man in order to insure the happiness and dignity of millions a necessary condition for the working out of that order of things to which a certain party had devoted themselves: that many of the individuals who

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had enrolled themselves in the list of regicides were men of the most humane dispositions, who sacrificed their individual feelings to the general good,—Alibaud, for instance. (Alibaud is the saint and martyr *par excellence* of the republican calendar; he died, and made no sign; he compromised no name,—made no revelation,—carried the secret of which he had been the chosen instrument intact to his bloody grave!—while Fieschi is execrated by them as the hired bravo, the mercenary assassin, the infernal machine incarnate, which exploded in the hands of its employers and blew them to destruction!) "As for myself," he continued, "although my political creed teaches me to look upon all kings as tyrants, and therefore to be put aside, yet I confess that I could not raise my hand in cold blood to do the deed which Alibaud and others have attempted. I have no personal enmity to the King; and I both respect his *private* character and admire his domestic virtues. I do not wish for his death; and the *résumé* of my political *profession de foi* may be made in the words of one of our most eloquent writers: 'Périsse la royauté, mais Dieu sauve le Roi!'"

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Towards noon a few clouds, which had appeared floating about high in the horizon, gradually gathered together, and dissolved into a brisk shower; which would have driven us to the shelter of the cabin, had not our curiosity to see the port and mole of Barcelona induced us to brave the inconvenience of wet cloaks, that we might lose nothing of the first view of them from the sea. The appearance of the city, with its suburb of Barcelonetta, which is of an oblong form, and occupies a plain upon the immediate shore of the Mediterranean, is seen to great advantage thus approached. The houses, with their shallow roofs and ranges of balconies,—many of the façades being painted, like those of Genoa, in *fresco*,—impart a certain air of elegance and regularity to the town, which recalls to mind some of the great maritime cities of Italy. To the left rises an abrupt and rocky eminence, of a reddish colour, called Mont Juich, crowned with a formidable fortress, which doubtless did good service during the war of succession, when the celebrated Lord Peterborough laid siege to, and got possession of, Barcelona, by one of the most surprising *coups de main* in the annals of warfare: and in the back-ground a tract of woody and culti-

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vated hills stretches far away, dotted here and there with white buildings, and forming a most smiling *fond de tableau.*

At one o'clock — precisely at the hour predicted by the captain, and just twenty-four hours after our departure from Marseilles,—the Rubis touched the quay of Barcelona: a bell, suspended to the roof of a little *bureau d'octroi* thereon, was furiously rung; and two custom-house officers immediately jumped on board to prevent any person quitting the vessel before she should have obtained pratique. A messenger was forthwith dispatched to the Sanidad, requiring the presence of the officers of health, that we might be passed in review, in order for them to ascertain that no death had taken place during the voyage, and that our general state of salubrity was such that we might be let loose upon the town without risk to the health or lives of its inhabitants. Those worthies, however, although perfectly aware of the hour at which the Rubis' arrival was expected, were not forthcoming: they had quitted the Sanidad, and we were quietly enjoined to take patience, as it was shrewdly suspected that they had gone to dine and take their siestas; and, to judge from the appearance of the port (ge-

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nerally the most animated part of a maritime town), everybody else was asleep too. Certainly our patience was grievously put to the test, for not until half-past three did the authorities of the Sanidad make their appearance; and during those weary two hours and a half that we were doomed to pass upon the deck waiting for that absurd ceremony to be gone through, and *travaillés* by that natural curiosity which renders one so eager to tread for the first time upon new ground, no specimens of animated nature presented themselves to our eyes in this "Sleepy Hollow" of a place, save a line of *facchini* lazily lounging over the side of the quay, ready to pounce upon our luggage and convey it to the custom-house the moment it should be liberated from the steamer.

These Catalonian *facchini* are a fine, picturesque, wild-looking race, with more of the bandit and the smuggler than of the plodding porter in their dark expressive countenances and dare-devil mien: long red woollen caps hang like a resilla from the backs of their heads; a sort of striped blanket is thrown over the left shoulder in such graceful folds that one would imagine an artist had arranged the drapery for a study; and sandals, like those worn by the Italian brigands,

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supply the place of shoes, and complete their costume.

While a clean bill of health was being made out for the Rubis, a message was despatched into the town to procure carriages to convey us to the hotel. Another formidable delay ensued, and at last the man returned with a solitary *fiacre* drawn by one horse, which the other lady-passenger and myself took possession of for ourselves and our maids; while the gentlemen, marshalled by what Geoffrey Crayon denominates "a rabble rout" of facchini—in short, more porters than there were packages to carry—proceeded on foot.

Most unquestionably, this our first introduction upon Spanish ground, characterized as it was by such vexatious and unpardonable delays and detentions, was not calculated to produce upon us a very favourable impression of the regularity and alertness with which public business is transacted in this country. Nor were we long in discovering that if, on the one hand, we had been doomed to considerable annoyance through the negligence of the servants of the Government; on the other, by way of *contrepoids* or compensation, I suppose, —or perhaps to convince us that *all* the authorities of Barcelona were not asleep,—we were subjected to the most frivolous and vexatious

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visitations. We were stopped at two custom-houses on our way into the town, and, although our *sacs de nuit* and dressing-cases had been previously opened and examined by the custom-house officers who had come on board the steamer, they were at both these places re-opened and ransacked, each article being separately examined; and thus it fared with the whole of our baggage. Fortunately we had nothing with us that could raise a difficulty respecting its right of entry; but Dr. C——'s case of surgical instruments was the source of most solemn puzzle to the enlightened functionaries at the customs. They had evidently never before seen anything like it; they peeped into it with the sapient curiosity with which a magpie peeps into a marrow-bone, and apparently with the same results; they drew out each particular instrument with as much apprehension as though it were some new-fangled infernal machine intended to blow up the citadel; while the doctor made a learned Latin discourse to them (as a substitute for Spanish), descriptive of their uses in general, and of the benefit they were to confer upon the Regent in particular. Of course, they did not comprehend a word that he said to them; and, not being able to make up their minds as

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to what denomination of goods the surgical instruments were to be classed under, they came to the sage resolution of detaining them until that knotty point should be settled: and the doctor was compelled to leave them at the custom-house; secure, however, that they would be restored to him the next day, through the intervention of the Captain General of Catalonia, General Van Halem, to whom he has letters of introduction.

Well, at last the rummaging was concluded, our passports duly conned, the coach-door closed, and the coachman desired to drive on; and we felt that, business being over, we had a right to indemnify ourselves for past vexations by as much enjoyment as possible. Everything that one sees for the first time in a strange land is a subject of interest and curiosity, of exclamation and inquiry; and so, with our heads out of the windows, we were driven along several esplanades, and silent streets, and open spaces, wondering to see so few people in circulation in so considerable a looking city, when a sudden turn brought us upon a fine public walk, bordered on either side with handsome edifices, and shaded by rows of beautiful trees, beneath whose spreading branches throngs of loungers paraded backwards and for-

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wards with that leisurely pace which evinced that to see and be seen was the only business that had drawn together such a numerous assemblage. Here were to be remarked groups of officers exhibiting a variety of uniforms and military decorations; there, clusters of priests wearing the identical costume, the black cassock and grotesquely shaped hat, with which the personage of Don Basilio in the Barbiere di Siviglia has rendered every one familiar;—dandies, of a description similar to *les flaneurs des Boulevards de Paris*, with *moyen age* beards, renaissance flowing locks, moustachios, and *royales*, (absurd accompaniments to the unbecoming male costume of the present day,) lighted their cigarillos from small earthen pans of live embers that were hawked about for that purpose by ragged little urchins. But the striking feature of the scene—that which stamped upon it such a character of nationality, and rendered it unlike every other gathering together I had ever before seen, was the sprinkling of women scattered throughout. Clad in the graceful garb of Spain, which is at once the most dignified and the most *agaçante*, the most simple and the most elegant female costume that ever was devised, black from head to foot, yet the very reverse of mournful, the Señoras glided along, the folds of

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their mantillas coquettishly gathered together under the chin with one hand, while with the other the large outspread glittering fan was held above their flashing eyes, to protect them from the rays of the sun, which had just burst forth with unwonted effulgence, as though to colour for us in the most appropriately glowing tints this first *coup d'œil* of a scene so truly Spanish, and which was rendered doubly striking from the contrast it afforded to the silent streets through which we had previously passed.

The Fonda de l'Oriente, the hotel here which, while at Marseilles, we had been recommended to put up at during our stay at Barcelona, is situated upon the Rambla, (the public walk above alluded to,) in the very centre of all that is most gay and desirable in the town; and being quite a new establishment, (having only been opened to the public on the first of the present month,) kept by Italians, and superior in accommodation to Spanish inns, which are said to be the *beau-idéal* of discomfort, it is at present quite the lion of the place, a theme of encomium for all tongues, and a point of attraction for idlers to hover about, as they would at the door of some fashionable café. Our driver seemed to think it incumbent upon him to dis-

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play his best coachmanship on approaching the gates of the gay-looking hotel, and, like the Irish postilion, had evidently "kept a canter for the lawn" to create a sensation in the by-standers; for he squared himself consequentially upon his seat, whipped his steed, and, making a prodigious sweep as he turned his equipage out of the road under the *porte cochère*, dashed through the great gates into the court. Happy had it been for us had his vanity been satisfied with that one feat; but he was doomed to exemplify the poet's beautiful metaphor of "vaulting ambition that o'er-leaps the mark, and falls on t'other side!" Instead of at once drawing up at the door of the house, which was on the right hand as we entered the court, and on the steps of which were assembled the Padrone and all his waiters to receive us, he made a great circumbendibus to the left, regardless of their cries and signs, took the whole length of the oblong court, and in attempting to round the furthermost corner of it, so as to make a grand sweep in drawing up to the entrance of the house, he left himself so little room to turn that the wheel became fast locked, and it was manifest that if he did not immediately pull in the reins we must be upset. The people in

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the court shouted to him not to advance; we, who were in such jeopardy inside, implored that he would let us alight: but all in vain. The more he was entreated, the more he shewed himself determined to scorn advice and abide by his own skill; turn the carriage, he would; and the consequence was that he did more—he overturned it!—and that so effectually as to lay it flat upon one of its doors, while the other, which became for the time being its roof, could not be opened to extricate us. Never was anything at once so absurd and so alarming as our situation. It was but the work of a moment; but in that moment we felt the carriage swerve ominously towards the side at which I was seated—saw a confused vision, through the front glasses, of the driver falling from his box, and the plunging of the unhappy horse on the broad of his back, et les quatre fers en l'air—heard a loud cry from the by-standers—and then felt ourselves shot like rubbish into the nethermost part of the carriage, every person and thing in it being flung upon me; so that for a moment I remained in utter darkness, with every prospect of being smothered, if I escaped being smashed.

No bones were broken, however, although a second attempt to that effect was made by the

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coachman; who, being uninjured by his fall, but deeply wounded in his pride, from the prostrate and humiliating position of his equipage, insisted upon the carriage being righted with us still in it, and began flogging and kicking his poor helpless horse to make it get up and thus help to replace the vehicle upon its wheels. But main force was interposed by the people of the hotel to prevent this mad attempt, which must inevitably have broken some of our necks; and the persons who were lying upon the top of me profited by that momentary interposition to scramble through the window over our head, which they were enabled to do by stepping upon my body. When, however, it came to my turn to gather myself up, not only did I feel so sorely bruised that I could scarcely move, but nothing remained in the carriage for me to step upon,—not the least protuberance upon which I might rest my foot while I raised myself sufficiently high, through the aperture above, to be lifted out by some one of the many whom this rumpus had attracted from the street into the court-yard of the hotel. One of those, a Spanish officer, perceiving my dilemma, jumped upon the uppermost side of the carriage, let himself down through the window into the interior,

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and, lifting me up in his arms like a child, raised me so effectually through the aperture that the master of the hotel without difficulty achieved my extrication, and carried me into the house. Such was the triumphal entry we made into the Fonda de l'Oriente; and I believe that never before did accident, which *might* have terminated fatally, produce so much merriment in its victims, although those who had witnessed it had been too much terrified for the consequences to be able to share in our hilarity. It was all so ridiculous,—from the stolid conceit and wrong-headedness of the coachman, to the dignified silence with which the *culbute* was achieved, (for not one of us screamed,)—the look of consternation we exchanged as we felt ourselves precipitated heads downwards in the most absurd attitudes, to the driver's simplicity in thinking that, if he could only right his vehicle upon its wheels again, we should be safely shaken back into our places,—that for hours afterwards we could not allude to it without laughing until the tears ran down our cheeks. Fortunately no person was hurt but myself; and when I think how very nearly we all were being crushed into annihilation, like snails in their shells, I am too thankful for our providential escape to com-

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plain at having received the whole brunt of the accident in the shape of a few painful bruises.

A warm bath, good rooms, and an excellent dinner served up by a chef de cuisine Français, proved to be such admirable restoratives that I felt sufficiently recovered in the evening to go to the Italian Opera, where, however, I was not gratified by hearing Italian music. Herold's opera of Zampa, one of the most charming productions of the modern French school, was the piece given; but the performance did not soar above mediocrity, the Italian companies that come to this country being composed of third-rate artists, unknown to fame, and hopeless of ever attaining to higher celebrity than that conferred by the favour or indulgence of a Corfu or a Malta public. The theatre of Barcelona is very handsome, but justice is not done to the interior by the manner of lighting it. Half of the pit is laid out in stalls, which are occupied by ladies as well as gentlemen: the audience in the pit were a most ruffianly-looking crew; and the mingled odours of garlic and tobacco, that rose in a rich steam from that part of the house, gave strong token of the delicate habits indulged in by that portion of the community. I was disappointed at seeing

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no Spanish costume among the female part of the audience, the ladies who occupied the boxes being habited just as the same class of persons would be at the theatres of Vienna or Milan. The mantilla is said to be declining in Spain, except for walking costume, and the *basquina* has entirely disappeared—*tant pis* for the fair Spaniards: they cannot but lose by the change; for the inventive genius of France even, pre-ëminent as it is acknowledged to be in the science of female adornment, can never hope to produce anything that can compete in grace and elegance with those two simple garbs,—nothing that can display to the same advantage the symmetry of Spanish *contour*, or the mingled dignity and *abandon* of Spanish bearing. The box of the Ayuntamiento (municipal authorities), which is highly decorated, occupies, like that of royalty, the centre of the dress-circle, and was filled with shabby, ignoble-looking men;—in short, it struck me that all the male part of the audience (including the military, who are under-sized and ill-dressed), were plain and ungentlemanly in appearance, while the women were decidedly pretty and distinguished-looking.

There is no ballet at the Italian Opera here, consequently the performance is over at an early

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hour. At the door of the theatre the audience quietly dispersed to their different destinations on foot; and, the night being lovely, we did the same, stopping by the way at an ice-shop—the Tortoni of Barcelona—where, in a room up stairs, with a sanded floor and deal tables, a tray of tolerable ices was served to us together with a small *réchaud* of live embers. One of our party gravely inquired whether the latter accompaniment was for the purpose of keeping the ices cool, and was as gravely answered that it was intended to light our cigars. We were already aware of its destination; a similar machine, together with a parcel of Havannahs, having been introduced after dinner with our coffee, and some surprise evinced, upon their being summarily dismissed from the table, that none of our party should indulge in that description of *chasse café*. Cigars seem to be as much "the staff of life" to the men of Barcelona as is their daily bread: they are in the mouths of high and low; every masculine visage is seen through a thin curling vapour, that causes their mustachioed lips to look like the craters of so many tiny volcanos. You tread upon half-consumed cigar-ends indoors and out-of-doors; you cannot escape from the smell of tobacco anywhere; the beggars in

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the streets have paper cigars (called cigarettes) in their mouths; you are offered a cigar as you would be offered a pinch of snuff, and they are served up as a conclusion to every meal; but as yet I have not seen any sign of feminine smoking,—not even with the delicate cigarillo which the *Lionnes de Paris* have adopted as being so eminently Spanish and piquant, and which George Sand's example has rendered an object of veneration and imitation to her admirers, and of ridicule and reprehension to her detractors.

When I retired to my bed-chamber last night, I found upon my toilet-table, together with pens, ink, paper, and preparations for *eau sucré*, which had been placed there by the house-attendants, a small printed pamphlet, in the form of those papers distributed by the Tract Societies in England, laid upon my pincushion; and, upon examining it, I saw that it was a Spanish translation of a discourse upon Evangelical doctrine, so anti-Catholic in its spirit that I could not but wonder at finding it in a Spanish house, and put forward so ostensibly as to leave no doubt that it was intended as an appeal to the religious feelings of any person who might occupy the room,—a call to conversion. This morning at breakfast I asked the Milanese head-

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waiter where the tract had come from, and who had placed it on my table. He told me that he had done so: that the "Duchessa Inglese," who had come over to Barcelona in the last French steamer, had, during her *séjour* at the Fonda de l'Oriente, caused copies of the tract in question to be distributed throughout the establishment; and that, after her departure, the proprietor, not knowing what else to do with them, had desired them to be gathered up and kept for the chambers of any English travellers that might arrive, supposing their distribution to be in observance of some English custom, which the natives of that country would be glad to find in usage in a foreign land. The pious intentions of the Duchess of G———, whose aim is manifestly to direct the attention of the Spaniards to those points of Christian doctrine (a knowledge of the Scriptures) which the Catholic priesthood carefully exclude from their flocks, and supply by the writings of the Fathers of the Church, have thus been frustrated through the inability to understand, or to appreciate her motives, of those among whom her first efforts have been directed. The question of whether such a mission be judicious, or likely to produce any beneficial results at this particular juncture, is one which it would

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be presumption in me to attempt to pronounce upon.

I know that the belief prevalent in Evangelical circles in England is, that Catholicism is on the decline in Spain, and, *therefore*, that the public mind must be prepared for the admission of other doctrines: but, from all that I can gather on the subject, Catholicism is on the decline in Spain at this present moment just as it was on the decline in France during the *tourmente* of the Revolution; that is to say, *Religion* in general, and not Catholicism in particular, has lamentably fallen into disrepute. Amidst the political convulsions that have so long torn this distracted land, and caused so many of her ancient laws and institutions to be shaken to their foundation or to fall in ruins to the ground, the altar and its ministers have not escaped the general *ébranlement;* they have been shorn of their splendour, and have ceased to impose upon the imagination of the masses; priests have been murdered by scores, and no cry of sacrilege has been raised! An immense reaction has taken place in the religious feelings of the people: from having put their faith in absurdities, they now think it absurd to have any faith at all; and, from the most ignorant and slavish

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superstition, they have leaped *à pieds joints* to the most daring incredulity, or to complete apathy. It was not precisely such a state of feeling as this that preceded the reception of Protestantism in England: impatience of the abuses of the Catholic clergy had exasperated the public mind, but had not produced irreligion; and although the Reformation of the ancient faith proceeded from a foreign source, yet those who first preached it in England were natives of the land. The interference of strangers and foreigners is always likely to create resistance, and the very best intentions may thus defeat themselves. It is much to be feared that, desirable as are the objects in question, neither the moment nor the circumstances are propitious for such an attempt; that it would be looked upon with jealousy and distrust, and, instead of making proselytes, would cause the mass of the people to rally round their ancient standard, and make common cause with their priests against a foreign crusade. For, supposing that the smouldering embers of religious feeling could by the breath of zeal be once more fanned into a flame, is it not to be supposed that the old prejudice would blaze up simultaneously, and the ancient horror of heresy militate against the recep-

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tion of doctrines which have, under that anathema, ever been held up to the execration of all good Catholics by the Church of Rome?—doctrines too, which, being calculated to appeal to the heart and the understanding only, are not likely to make much progress with an uneducated and excitable people, whose religious feelings are more assailable through the medium of the imagination than through the calmer and colder process of reason and reflection; whose ignorance excludes them from the possibility of comparing and investigating the opinions that have emanated from learned casuists on both sides of the question; and whose romantic temperament is calculated to render them more susceptible to the dazzling pomps and poetry of the Catholic ritual than to the simpler, sterner, and more prosaic forms of the Reformed faith.

Some of our party being desirous of visiting the citadel, we drove there after breakfast, and found it in that state of half-ruin which was effected by the orders of the Ayuntamiento, who, after the last year's disturbances, wishing to use the advantage they had obtained by releasing the town from the check it must ever be held in from a garrison occupying the citadel, authorized the demolition of that part of it which commands the city:

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however, the task of dilapidation was never completed, and the fortress contains a good barrack and a spacious barrack-yard, also a handsome chapel for the service of the troops in garrison there. As we crossed the barrack-yard to visit a tower at the further extremity of it, we passed by the open doors of the chapel, and the sounds of the organ, touched by a skilful finger, and mingled with the solemn chants of choristers performing the beautiful and impressive service for the dead, induced us to pause, and look in; and as I felt no curiosity about the tower to which we were bound, and have, besides, an invincible antipathy to ascending steps when they count by the hundred, I at once decided upon remaining in the chapel while the rest of the party proceeded on their exploring expedition.

A coffin, placed upon a catafalque, occupied the space before the altar; and upon the black pall that covered it were laid the sword and military decorations of the deceased. The melancholy ceremony had not drawn together many persons in the interior of the edifice: a group of thirty or forty officers — the *compagnons d'armes* of the deceased — stood on the left, while about half that number of females covered with black veils occupied chairs on the

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right; and behind these latter I took my seat. But the only real mourner present appeared to be a dog, who had taken his station near the head of the catafalque, and crouching upon the pavement with his nose resting upon his fore-paws, seemed to watch the coffin with an expression of restless, sorrowful vigilance in his eyes that rendered his physiognomy quite touching, and contrasted strangely with the immobility of his attitude.

That dog's face made me weep;— ay, and it forced my heart into momentary misanthropy too, as I compared it with the careless indifference exhibited in the human countenances around, and found myself arriving at conclusions by no means flattering to human attachments. The scene before me would have formed an admirable pendant to Landseer's exquisite picture of the Shepherd's Mourner: the same eloquence of dumb sorrow was pourtrayed in the poor animal's anxious eye, fixed upon that closed bier that had shut from him his master's face,—the same sentiment of watchful fidelity evident that had led him to guard, *unbidden*, those lifeless remains!—I would have given a great deal to have ascertained what was to become of the poor faithful creature when the earth should have hidden from

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him the last vestige of his dead master: but, in the midst of my cogitations, I was startled by a priest approaching, and placing in my hand a lighted *cierge;* and, looking round me, I saw that all the women among whom I was seated had been similarly supplied, and were preparing to carry them in procession round the catafalque. There would have been such a violation of the decencies of the place and the circumstances, had I, a stranger, having obtruded myself among these persons, hesitated to follow their example, that I immediately arose and accompanied them in their progress: but I was not sorry, on resuming my seat, to see one of my party at the chapel-door beckoning to me to join them there; and so, watching my opportunity, I stole quietly away before the sprinkling of the coffin with holy water (in which I should have also been called to participate) had taken place, and getting into the carriage, we drove to the cathedral.

To what saint that Gothic pile is dedicated, I know not: it is gloomy and vast; contains no pictures of any merit; but, *en revanche,* is enriched with gorgeously tinted windows of stained glass, which cast a dim religious light upon the spacious aisles and their innumerable lateral chapels. From the cathedral we were taken to the cloisters,

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with which I was charmed. They are of fine proportions, and are adorned with frescoes, which, although executed in a questionable style, and faded from long exposure to the open air, are nevertheless ornamental, and reminded me of the pictured cloisters of Italy. Several chapels in a neglected state, their lamps long since extinguished, their shrines deserted, impart a ruinous and by-gone appearance to the spot, in harmony with the half-effaced "*Hic Jacets*" over which one treads, and which shew that the ground beneath those broad slabs is peopled with the dead. In the centre of the cloisters are planted a number of orange-trees of such luxuriant dimensions that they far exceed the finest specimens I have ever seen of that lovely tree either in Italy or Provence. The boughs were laden with clustering snow-white blossoms and golden fruit, peeping forth from among the dark glossy leaves; the ground beneath was strewed with the ripe abundance which had been suffered to fall unheeded; and the air was impregnated, almost to heaviness, with the delicious odours breathing from those exquisite flowers;—but it was such a luxuriant heaviness that I could have lingered for hours within its subduing influence, lost in that dreamy enjoyment which is neither melancholy nor medi-

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tation, but partakes of both; and which the sunshine resting upon the old grave-stones, the fragrant atmosphere, the silence, and the solemn character of the place, were calculated to inspire.

But sight-seeing allows of no such loitering by the way. I was hurried off to the *Diputacion Provincial*, where the archives of Barcelona are kept, and was carried through the several rooms in which they are deposited and classed with the strictest attention to chronological order, by an archivist so fully impressed with the importance of his charge, and so zealous to impress it upon others, that I began to fear he would unroll every parchment in the collection for our inspection. These chronicles date from the early period when Barcelona was governed by its sovereign Counts, and continue up to the time when, after having by the marriage of one of those princes with the house of Aragon, become consolidated with that kingdom, it ultimately merged, with the other sovereignties into which the Peninsula had formerly been divided, into a part of the kingdom of Spain, and sunk to the subaltern rank of capital of the province of Catalonia. Of course, the archives shewn to us were quite unintelligible—*to me*, at least; some of them being in the Provençale language, (which, with a very trifling infusion of

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Spanish, is still the language of the lower orders in Catalonia,) others in Latin. One of the most curious manuscripts pointed out to us was the original transcript of the trial of a Knight Templar, in the thirteenth century, for denying Christ, spitting upon the cross, selling himself to the Devil, sorcery, and malefice; for which accumulation of crime he was, of course, sentenced to be burned alive. There are also some splendid missals; one of them the work of an English monk, whose name, and the date of his labours, have, however, been lost. Another thing worthy of remark at the Diputacion Provincial is, that neither the archivist, nor any of his underlings, although obsequious in the extreme in their attentions to us, and indefatigable in taking down manuscript after manuscript for our inspection, would accept of any remuneration for their trouble. They, one and all, refused, with that uncompromising but civil determination of manner which shewed that to press the offer would have been an offence to the personal dignity of those *employés* who content themselves with the emoluments awarded to them by government for the official duties they perform, and seek not to increase their profits by levying a tax upon the curiosity of strangers;—an example that it would be well, for the sake of

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our claims to public-spiritedness and national dignity, should find imitation in England, where the rapacity and exorbitant charges of the attendants who are deputed to shew the national monuments and public exhibitions, act as an interdict to their being approached by any except the wealthy classes, and are a subject of surprie and of reprehension to all foreigners visiting the country.

As we were about to quit the Diputacion Provincial, our cicerone proposed taking us into the Court of Civil Justice, where a trial was at that moment in course of progress, and we acceded merely for the sake of the *coup d'œil*; for, to render a trial interesting to unconcerned spectators, it requires that they should be not only *au fait* of the circumstances which have occasioned it, but familiar also with the language in which it is carried on — neither of which necessary conditions were possessed by us. The hall in which the court sat, with its antique ceiling curiously carved and painted, its old portraits of the Counts of Barcelona in their massive frames bending forward from the dark panels, its lofty narrow casements and sombre draperies, which shed a subdued light upon the living objects within, and the disposition of the

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judges, counsel, &c. &c. reminded me of some old Venetian painting I have seen of a sitting of the Council of Ten. The judges, who were three in number, were not seated on an elevated bench, as in our courts of justice, and in those of France, but were placed before a long table covered with scarlet cloth: the counsel for the contending parties were seated opposite to each other, a little in advance of the table; and one of them was delivering his exordium with grave emphasis, while the court hung upon his words with the most decorous attention. Behind the judges was suspended a full-length portrait of Isabella the Innocent, painted when her majesty was only seven years of age. The youthful lineaments present an unattractive *mélange* of the least pleasing characteristics of both her parents' physiognomies; they blend the somewhat common and irregular features of Christine, divested of their comeliness and agreeable expression, with the *sournois* aspect of Ferdinand the Beloved, unaccompanied by the distinguished outline which in a measure compensated for his faulty countenance. Altogether, the face of the youthful Queen is of that description which does not prepossess one in favour of the moral qualities of its possessor: it is wanting in that frankness

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and sweetness which are the loveliest characteristics of childhood, and gives no evidence of the quickness of parts for which her majesty is said to be remarkable. Outside of the court, in an open corridor, were assembled the lawyers of the city, discussing law, politics, and the news of the day, as our "gentlemen of the long robe" do in Westminster Hall; and so densely were they crowded together, that we had some difficulty in making our way through them, in order to regain the principal entrance where we had left our carriage.

To vary the pleasures of the morning, we were then driven to the pretty village of Gracias, in the vicinity of Barcelona, and situated in the most beautiful and garden-like country. The road to it is charming, bordered the whole way by hedges of China roses, and exhibiting a variety of vegetation which mingles the characteristics of Africa with those of Europe. One of the peculiarities that struck me was, the partition of the fields by hedges of cactus, (or prickly pear,) instead of fences, which form a natural barrier infinitely better calculated to prevent the trespasses of cattle than the best wattled fences or quickset hedges.

Aloes, too, which are such a rarity with us

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that they are only to be seen in hot-houses, here grow in profusion in the fields; their tall stems, crowned with a cluster of slender stalks terminating in large green buds, give them the appearance of antique candelabra. The history of the aloe blossoming only once in a century is fabulous; the peculiarity attending its flowering is, that it only takes place once in the life of each plant, the appearance of the blossoms of the aloe being the signal for its death.

The village of Gracias resembles some of the *paesi* in the environs of Genoa,—the same style of gay fresco-painting on the exterior of the houses, the same profusion of flowers in the gardens, the same absence of cleanliness in the single street of which the village is composed; the broad expanse of blue sea in the distance, and the intense azure of the skies, serve to strengthen the similarity. Gracias is a favourite resort of the citizens of Barcelona on *fiestas* and Sundays; there is a well-kept public walk (which in a few years will be beautiful, the trees being yet too young for ornament,) extending from the skirts of the city nearly the whole way to Gracias. The trees are planted in double avenues, beyond which are seen the delicious hedge-rows of roses, which, added to

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flowering orange-trees scattered here and there, literally embalm the air; and beyond the roses, again, is to be seen on one side the dark blue Mediterranean sparkling in the sunbeams, as though spangled with gold, a few white sails appearing in the distance like a flock of swans majestically floating upon the bosom of some calm lake. On our way back into Barcelona we passed by a garden, within the precincts of the city, so exquisitely arranged that it looks as though its name ought to be Eden: besides a profusion of the loveliest flowers, every species of graceful garden-tree is there planted in the happiest manner for producing effect; and near the entrance is an immense aviary, in the form of a kiosk, filled with singing-birds of all sorts. This garden, one of the most elegant resorts of the *beau monde* of Barcelona, is open to the public at stated hours; and, in such a climate as this, is the most delicious resource that can be imagined for a people delighting in the open air, yet so little addicted to carriage exercise that they are necessarily restricted to the slender capabilities of a town for out-of-door enjoyment.

Barcelona is the Manchester of Spain, and is the great impediment to the treaty of com-

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merce with England, as the admission of English cottons into the country would be its destruction. So they struggle to protect their own manufactures, which are abominable, but are in a great measure defeated by the extensive system of smuggling that is carried on all along the coast; by which means English goods are introduced into the market, and, besides being far superior in quality, are sold at lower prices than those at which the native manufactures can be offered.

Another branch of trade carried on to a considerable extent here, is gold and silversmiths' work, especially in that particular branch which relates to church ornaments. We dismissed our carriage in the town, that we might walk through the street called the Plateria, exclusively devoted to the shops of these artisans; whose wares looked very tempting and brilliant as we drove past them, particularly the display of large and costly ear-rings worn by the Catalonian women, which are composed of gold set with garnets, topazes, amethysts, or diamonds, and are of a very original and becoming form. These rich materials, however, are not done common justice to; for, upon a near examination, we found the stones to be badly polished,

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the setting clumsy, and the whole workmanship to be so coarse as to give us a very mean opinion of the skill of the Barcelona jewellers, and to determine us against making any purchases. Here, as in the East, each street in the commercial quarters of the town is devoted to a distinct trade; and none of that mixture of shops, which gives such a gay variety to the appearance of the *quartiers marchands* in the generality of European cities, is to be seen here. The smallness of the shops, the narrowness of the streets, and the long monotonous lines of magazines exhibiting only one species of merchandise each, irresistibly recalled to my recollection the bazaars and khans of the East; nor was the similarity lessened by the perpetual recurrence of stoppages by the way, caused by some lumbering cart or train of loaded mules, who, seized by a fit of constitutional obstinacy, chose to stand still and completely obstruct the narrow causeway, as I have so often seen the beasts of burthen do in Constantinople, to the imminent danger of life and limb of those luckless pedestrians who suddenly find themselves run to the wall.

The other parts of Barcelona contain some fine buildings, among the most remarkable of

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which is the Palace of the Captain General of Catalonia, which is situated in a handsome square; and the town is still improving, as some new streets are now being constructed on the plan of the Rue de Rivoli at Paris, the houses of which are regular and lofty, with handsome stone arcades and shops beneath them. But I prefer the old Spanish architecture of the houses in the unimproved quarter of the town, with their ranges of projecting square balconies reaching to the topmost stories, and their long blinds of rush matting, which, as the sun descends in the horizon, are slowly furled up, and discover groups of black-eyed *Señoritas* leaning over from amongst the cases of flowering shrubs that adorn them to breathe the evening air, and looking coquettishly indifferent to the admiring glances that are cast upwards at them from the street; for there is something in the aspect of those balconies, those flowers, those bright eyes, that call up images of guitars and moonlit serenades, and all the poetry of Spanish life and customs, such as romance-writers have depicted them, perhaps with more grace than truth,—perhaps, by filling our imaginations with bright illusions, to prepare us only for the disappointment and disgust which so often follow, shadow-like, upon

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reality, when expectation has been too highly raised. At all events, these old houses *look* very romantic; and it requires no very great stretch of imagination to people them with beings partaking of all the characteristics requisite to eke out a Spanish love-tale in the most approved circulating-library form: every balcony seems as though it ought to have its Rosina, every interior its Bartolo, and as for Don Basilio, one meets "the very moral of him" (as an Irishman would say) at every second step one takes.

The Rambla was very brilliant after dinner,—a military band at the lower end of the promenade, which executed some of Bellini's beautiful melodies very agreeably, having attracted a greater concourse of loungers than usual; among which were to be seen so many *agaçante* faces peeping forth from their mantillas, that our friend the doctor protested, if the fair creatures looked so killing, he should begin to call out "murder!"

As there was to be a Spanish comedy represented at the Teatro del Liceo, we repaired thither after the promenade; and I confess that I was not a little surprised at hearing that this theatre had been established within the walls of one of the recently-suppressed convents, and

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not a little scandalized at finding ourselves walking through monastic cloisters to the ill-contrived and worse-lighted *salle de spectacle*, which, from its form, must have originally been a refectory. This desecration of religious structures in Spain is by no means unusual, since the suppression throughout the kingdom of all monkish communities has left so many spacious localities at liberty to be turned to other purposes. That these abandoned hives, from whence the holy drones have been driven forth to toil for their existence, should be devoted to purposes of utility, such as manufactories or public institutions, is most rational and laudable: but there is something revolting in the idea of transforming them into playhouses; substituting tinsel and rouge for the cowl and the scapulary, licence for meditation, and buffoonery for prayers. But, as I have already observed, religion has lost its sacred *prestige* in Spain, and such transformations appear to shock no one here.

Judging from the specimens of native talent which we witnessed at the Liceo, I should say (if it be allowable to pronounce a decided opinion upon such slender grounds as are afforded by one isolated opportunity of forming one's

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judgment) that the dramatic art is ill-understood, nay, at the very lowest ebb, in this country. It is rare to meet with a troop of comedians in which not an individual symptom of excellence is to be detected; yet so it was here: and, as the same vicious method pervaded the whole company—the same emphatic monotony in the dialogue (whether the author had intended it to be familiar or exalted)—the same parrot-like delivery—the same tame and passionless action—the same *wooden* aspects—a combination which rendered it altogether impossible to gather from the gestures or countenances of the performers any elucidation of the sentiments they were delivering—I concluded that the general conception of the art must be a faulty one, and that the national taste and talents do not lean towards the stage. By far the most interesting part of the evening's entertainment was the *Bayle Nacional*, which succeeded the comedy, when the Bolero was performed with all that fire and *entraînement* which Spaniards alone can throw into it, and which render their execution of that most charming of all characteristic dances not merely a talent, but a passion and a sentiment. What a contrast between this animated performance and the sleepy drama,

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mouthed in defiance of all sense and feeling, that had preceded it! The audience, who appeared to have been half-somnambulized by the play, were suddenly roused into enthusiasm by the click of the castanets, and a loud salvo of applause at the conclusion of the dance caused it to be repeated. For my own part, I was so unreasonable as to hope that a second *encore* might follow; but, as the spectators rose to depart at the moment that the silver flounces of the baylarina vanished with a bound through the side-scene, we saw that nothing more was to be expected, and therefore made our exit through the ci-devant cloisters, upon which the moon was shining with that glorious brightness peculiar to southern latitudes, as though to shame by its calm and holy splendor the meretricious glare of the theatrical oil-lamps that were affixed here and there to the walls, and looked sadly out of character with the scene.

"What business had they there at such a time?"

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VALENCIA.

Embarkation for Valencia. — Arrival there. — Fresh delays in landing.—Tartana Drivers.—Approach to Valencia.—Costume of the Peasantry. — Posada of Valencia. — Decayed aspect of the City.—The fête of Pentecost.—High Mass in the Cathedral.—Disappointment of the old Portuguese.—Spanish Dinner.—Return to the Steamer.—New accession of Passengers.—Marie Christine at Valencia.—Her Marriage and her Abdication.—Espartero and the Reyna Gobernadora.

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VALENCIA.

Two days glided swiftly away at Barcelona in the enjoyment which novelty always affords, and on the morning of the third we were summoned to return to the Rubis, which, from the force of contrast with the solid comforts of the Fonda de l'Oriente, appeared to us even more objectionable than we had before found it. The weather, however, was in our favour, and was so delicious as to compensate for the absence of other advantages; and, although some of our senses were doomed to mortification, that of *seeing* was certainly gratified to the fullest extent by a succession of the most beautiful scenery that can be imagined, extending along the whole line of coast that we sailed under from Barcelona to Valencia. We passed before Tarragona, and descried in the distance the mouth of the Ebro, which divides Catalonia from Aragon; and, with

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our maps open before us, we traced upon them the line of march pursued by Hannibal when he traversed Spain on his way to Italy, and compared it with the territory that lay before us—the actual ground over which his conquering legions had passed.

Twenty hours brought us off the city of Valencia, which lies at the end of the gulf of the same name; but, as it possesses no port, vessels are obliged to anchor in an open roadstead, and the landing of passengers, &c. &c. is effected in open boats. As it was only six o'clock in the morning when we came to anchor, we naturally contemplated breakfasting on shore; but the delays, (which are as capricious as they are useless,) that arise from the irregular and unbusiness-like habits of the Spanish authorities in according liberty to land, were so protracted, that we decided upon taking our breakfast upon deck, while the same formalities which had preceded our landing at Barcelona were being carried into effect by the officials of the Sanidad of Valencia.

Meanwhile the steamer was surrounded by a swarm of boats, waiting to convey the passengers on shore; and, the moment that liberty was given us to land, she was boarded by their crews, who scrambled in upon us in all directions like maniacs,

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pushing one another down, and fighting among themselves for precedence in securing us. To protect ourselves from the importunate violence of these savages, we desired the garçon who officiates as steward on board the Rubis to arrange with the necessary number of boatmen for conveying us on shore, and to rid us of the supernumeraries; but the old Portuguese, who overheard the settlement he was making with those men, immediately accused him, with the utmost indignation in his voice and countenance, of concerting with them to impose upon us by charging double the customary fare, and volunteered to settle the business himself, which we thankfully accepted. Thereupon the accused party fired up, and exploded indignantly against the charge made against him, ending his *tirade* by slapping his breast violently, and then shaking his fist at the old gentleman as he exclaimed, "Et si vous êtes passager et grand seigneur, vous; moi, je suis garçon *restaurateur*, et homme d'honneur avant tout: entendez-vous?"

"Vous êtes un insolent," replied the Portuguese; "je n'ai rien autre à vous dire ici. Vous avez *manqué à moi tres voltes* depuis Marseilles; vous avez voulu faire *une males affaire* à moi tous les jours! Eh bien! je *fairai une males*

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affaire à vous à Gibraltar une volte *por* tout, *porque* vous appreniez à ne manquer *plous* à les voyageurs!"

And then, turning round, the old Portuguese assured me that the garçon in question had not only neglected our servants shamefully during the voyage, but had been very insolent to them, for which he had more than once reprehended him; and, upon my observing that it was *par excès de bonté de cœur* that he thus embroiled himself with a rude menial in order to redress the grievances of those who were quite able to assert themselves, he replied with a *naïveté* which gave an additional zest to his almost unintelligible French, "Je ne sais si c'est por bonté de *corazon* (heart), o si c'est una maladia de *los nervos*, ma je ne puis jamais voir manquer à les *servitors* et rester de sang froid!" I am quite persuaded, however, if countenance may be depended upon, that kindness of heart had more to do in producing the anger of which he spoke than mere irritability of nerves, for never did I see a face more truly indicative of benignant temper and benevolent feelings than that of the old Portuguese major: it was just the sort of physiognomy one could fancy had belonged to "my uncle Toby" (that matchless conception of child-

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like simplicity and manly feeling); and the manner corresponded with the countenance to a degree that enlisted all my sympathies in his favour, and caused me to abstain from joining those who scrupled not to amuse themselves at his expense: so that, while his blunders convulsed every one with laughter, which they sought not to conceal, I maintained the most imperturbable gravity in listening to him; and actually never relaxed into a smile, when, having inquired of him what sort of house he inhabited at Florence, his reply was, "*Je suis un Palais!*" (meaning, of course, that he lived in a palace, not that he himself was one)—an announcement which produced such a general burst of hilarity that I saw the speaker's cheeks flush as he glanced distrustfully at the laughers.

The landing at Valencia is a most unpleasant operation, owing to the swell which is caused by a bar between the anchorage and the shingly beach; and it was not effected by us until ten o'clock,—three hours at least later than it ought to have been. No sooner had we set foot upon shore than a repetition of the scene of confusion that had been enacted by the boatmen on the deck of the steamer previous to our landing was given, for our edification,

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by a legion of Tartana drivers, who had assembled to convey us into the town (which is more than a league distant from the landing-place), and who appeared to expect that each person among us would occupy at least two Tartanas for his or her individual share. These vehicles bear a close resemblance to the Turkish covered Araba,—of the same form, and, like them, without springs, and painted with the same rude attempt at finery: but the occupant, instead of being seated in the bottom of the carriage upon well-stuffed chintz cushions, which break in some measure its rude joltings, is here obliged to put up with hard deal benches, upon which he is exposed to universal dislocation; as the driver (like the same class in Turkey) invariably gets over "a bad step" in the road by charging furiously at it with a noble contempt for the injury that might ensue either to wheels or bones, he himself being seated upon one of the shafts, and therefore exempt from the cruel pounding that is the *partage* of inside places.

The approach to Valencia is enchanting, and fully justifies the epithet that has been bestowed upon it of "the Garden of Spain." The road lies through a continuous avenue of stately

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trees, whose branches, meeting, like the Gothic arches of a cathedral, over head, protect the wayfarer from the ardent beams of the sun: beautiful gardens spread out in blooming variety on either side; and not only do the orange and lemon tree flourish in rich profusion among them, but palm-trees—those children of the sun —rear their tall stems and tufted heads proudly above their clustering *entourage*, and harmonize admirably with the warm tones of a sky almost African in hue and temperature. The costume of the peasantry whom we overtook flocking into the town (it being the fête of Pentecost, and, consequently, a great holiday for the lower orders,) struck us as being exceedingly picturesque, and bearing the Spanish stamp infinitely beyond that exhibited by the people of Barcelona. The smart embroidered jackets of the men set off their light forms to great advantage; and the conical hats and rude sandals, which are universal here, impart to them an *air de brigand*, which the flashing of their dark wild-looking eyes, and the proud independence of their demeanour, are not calculated to neutralize. All the women we met on the road had their heads covered with bright-coloured shawls, thrown over them in the fashion

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of a mantilla; and this veiling of the head out of doors—a graceful fashion which is peculiar to all classes of females in Spain—is, doubtless, a remnant of the Mahometan customs introduced into this country by the Moors. The women of Valencia are reckoned amongst the most beautiful in the entire Peninsula, and are said to shew traces of the Moorish blood still among them; they enjoy the reputation of being as fascinating as they are beautiful: but these are *on dits* which birds of passage like ourselves can have no opportunity of verifying. All that we can attest to is the *physical* charm (which the eye comprehends at one glance)—unconnected with the *moral* beauty—which constitutes the essential claim to fascination, and is a quality that eludes the eye only to appeal more forcibly to the heart.

Our first care, on reaching the hotel, was to secure the only sitting-room it contained, and to order dinner; our next, to go out and perambulate the town: for the aspect of the inn was such as to determine us upon passing no more time within its walls than would be absolutely necessary for us to dispatch our repast, such, in short, as to justify all that we had—ever before heard of Spanish hostelries, and to

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lead us to conclude that since the days of Cervantes there has been no progress towards improvement in the business of inn-keeping. A great stone-paved room, dimly lighted by windows placed at a distance from the ground, and the panes of which had evidently never been cleaned since their insertion into the heavy frame-work, gave all the gloomy, comfortless appearance of a dungeon to this withdrawing room; and a compound of the most offensive smells (among which the least objectionable were those ascending in garlic steams from the kitchen) completed its *agrémens*. When I peeped into the best bed-room adjoining it, I thanked my stars that the departure of the Rubis in the evening would inevitably snatch me from the martyrdom which the appearance of the bed and bed-clothes promised to whoever should become its luckless occupant; and, by the force of contrast, I positively became reconciled to my tiny den on the deck of the steamer: so true it is, that, in little as well as in great things, there are no means so efficacious for procuring to ourselves a contented state of mind, as by comparing our lot with that of those to whom Fate or Fortune has been less beneficent,—by looking beneath us

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in this world, instead of looking at those who are placed higher than ourselves;—in the one instance, we become not only contented with our own destiny, but charitable and tolerant to our less fortunate fellow-creatures; in the other, we are too often driven into foolish competition, "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness!"

The city of Valencia contains very little to interest in the way of public buildings, and nothing to admire in its general architecture. The streets are mean, paltry, and crooked, the shops of an inferior description, and the pavements execrable; there is throughout an *air déchu*, superimposed upon what never could have possessed an *air noble*, which stamps the town with a paltry character of decay and stagnation —a mean description of misery, which creates distaste without exciting pity: the fact is, that it has never recovered its commercial prosperity since it was sacked by the French in the War of Independence. There is a public garden, called the Glorieta, which is charmingly laid out with the graceful combination of fountains, weeping-willows, orange-trees, and marble-benches; but, when we saw it, it was deserted, the hour for the promenade being that of sun-

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set. The réunion at that hour is said to be very brilliant, from the great display of female beauty which it exhibits. As we were obliged to be on board the Rubis at six o'clock in the evening, we were compelled to forego the pleasure of judging for ourselves of the far-famed attractions of the fair Valencianas *en grande toilette*; but we had an opportunity of forming some general opinion of their appearance at the Cathedral, where we just arrived in time to be present at the grand *funcion* that took place in celebration of the *fiesta* of Pentecost, and where, in addition to seeing the best specimens of the population collected together, we heard a much finer mass in music than I ever heard in the churches of Italy, (always excepting St. Peter's!) where the music performed seldom possesses the character of sacred harmony, but is generally selected from the fashionable operas of the day. *Here* the mass performed was genuine church-music, solemn and elevating in its character, and admirably executed both as to singing and instrumentation. One of the choristers, the bass, possesses a voice of the most magnificent compass and quality; and so good a method, that, if transferred to the Opera, he might almost compete with either of those princes of

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bassi, Lablache or Staudigl, the former of whom he resembles strikingly in person. The Cathedral of Valencia, although a fine edifice, is inferior to that of Barcelona, being of the Grecian order of architecture superimposed upon the Moresque, the structure having originally been a mosque. The vast concourse of people that filled it, and the length of time that the service lasted, prevented our visiting its lateral chapels, &c. in detail; but, for the *coup d'œil*, we could not have obtained a more advantageous view of the Cathedral of Valencia than under the circumstances of so solemn a festival, when its grand altar was decked out in all its riches, its priesthood clothed in their splendid stoles, its sacred banners displayed, and its aisles crowded with a motley multitude, all picturesque and new to us in appearance, from the dark-eyed Señoritas with their veiled heads, to the shrewd-faced, scrubby-headed, little beggar-boys, who, from their dress and physiognomy, looked as though they had just stepped out of the frames of some of Murillo's pictures. The other churches that we visited offered nothing remarkable enough to repay us for our trouble; and, as the hour approached at which we had ordered our dinner to be ready, we returned to

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the inn, intending to resume our perambulations afterwards.

Our old Portuguese, who in his travelling costume was clean and *soigné* to a nicety, had, previous to landing, dressed himself with a care and elegance that betokened some visiting projects during his stay at Valencia: his travelling cap was exchanged for a fashionable white hat; his frock-coat for a Newmarket; an elegant black satin neck-cloth, fastened with Siamese diamond studs, a gold-headed cane, an amethyst ring, and new gloves completed his costume; and as there was no affectation of youth in his dress or manner, no foppish concealment of the grey locks that assimilated so well with his placid countenance and *posé* manner, his whole appearance was that of not only a *well-looking* but a *respectable* gentleman of sixty, who, although conforming in his outward man with the fashion of the day, seeks not to play off the ridiculous part of a *ci-devant jeune homme.* At the door of the hotel he had, with a face beaming with smiles, let us into the secret of his extra toilette. Some five-and-twenty years ago he had sojourned for three years at Valencia, and had formed an ardent attachment for one of its fairest daughters; and now, after an absence and a silence of more

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than twenty years, he was going to seek out his *ancienne belle*, (or, as he designated her, "sa maîtresse de *vent annos*,) and to pass with her the few hours that we were to remain at Valencia. We parted from him, charging him not to forget, in the pleasure of talking over old times with his old friend, that the hour of our embarkation was fixed for six o'clock; and he promised faithfully to meet us at that hour on the beach. We were therefore somewhat surprised to see him walk in just as dinner was placed upon the table, with a countenance very different from the one with which he had parted from us:—our inquiries were briefly answered by him; "the lady of his love" had been dead five years, and, instead of the warm reception he had anticipated in the house which had been as a second home to him in days of old, he had been to look at her tomb. I thought of the Eastern poet's idea, of which this incident was so completely an illustration: "I came to the place of my birth, and cried, 'The friends of my youth, where are they?' and an echo answered, 'Where are they?'"—Poor fellow! he appeared to have entirely overlooked the probability of such an occurrence, for I never saw any one more depressed than he was by it: he could neither eat nor speak, and sat in melan-

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choly abstraction during the whole time that the repast lasted.

As this was our first introduction to the genuine Spanish *cuisine*, we were very curious about the different *plats* that were served, but they were all perfectly unintelligible to us, and looked even less tempting than they tasted; although I found the flavour of all bad enough, as I have an antipathy to *saucisson* and *boudin noir*, one or other of which was introduced as a seasoning into every dish. Simon Courty's feeling apostrophe to me the last time I dined at Prado involuntarily recurred to my recollection as I looked suspiciously at the several messes of nastiness that successively appeared, wondering of what garbage they were composed:—"Ah, Madame," said he, "que je vous plains! vous allez dans le pays le plus arrièré de toute l'Europe *pour la gastronomie!*"

I was so knocked up with heat and fatigue, that, instead of resuming with the rest of the party our perambulations after dinner, I was forced to stretch myself upon the abominable bed that had occasioned me such disgust in the morning, and endeavour to procure a little rest before delivering myself up to the tender mercies of the Tartana driver, who was to convey us to the place of embarkation.

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Punctual to the hour appointed, we were packed into one of these *casse-cous* in the court of the hotel; and there, much to our regret, we bade adieu to our agreeable fellow-traveller Doctor C———, who, with his friend, is to proceed by the diligence from Valencia to Madrid. Our embarkation was even a little more disagreeable than our disembarkation had been in the morning, inasmuch as we were all obliged to be carried on men's shoulders through the shingle and shallow water of the landing-place to the boats that were to take us to the steamer; and, the weather being fresh, and the swell in the bay considerable, our little cockle-shells were tossed about dreadfully. However, at a little after six we were safely deposited on the deck of the Rubis, where we found an accession of first-class passengers in the persons of a Spaniard, a member of the Cortes, and a man of great information and of most elegant address, bound for Alicant; and a young German from Leipzig, apparently in very delicate health, who is making precisely the same tour that we have commenced.

By one of those remarkable coincidences that assume the character of fatalities, Valencia is identified with the two most important events in the life of Marie Christine,—the Alpha and

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Omega of her queenly career. It was there that she landed when arriving in Spain to be married to her uncle, Ferdinand the Seventh; and it was there, too, exactly eleven years later, that she signed her extraordinary abdication previous to embarking from thence for France. The Spanish gentleman who was on board with us told us that on the first of these occasions the authorities of Valencia had prepared for her reception by purchasing sumptuous furniture, which was placed in a private residence that was set apart for her *séjour*, there being no government palace at Valencia. After the departure of the royal bride for Madrid, this rich *ameublement* was purchased by our informant himself, who was then fitting up his house previous to his own marriage, and could find nothing in the place to equal it in taste and splendour. At the period of the Queen's last visit to Valencia, the authorities of the town had solicited from him the loan of the same furniture for her majesty's use;—"And it is a remarkable fact," he added, "that the toilette made by Christine for the ceremony of signing her abdication was performed before the identical dressing-glass at which, eleven years before, the nuptial crown and veil had been placed upon her brow."

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It may not be inappropriate to give here a summary outline of the crisis that led to Christine's abdication of the powers of Regent.

Barcelona was the theatre upon which was enacted in 1840 "le commencement de la fin" of her political career. To trace it through its different sinuosities would puzzle the most consummate historian: but, to sum up the whole by a *phrase*, it is evident that the most conspicuous personage in the drama (Espartero) *voulait mettre la Reine dedans, afin de la mettre plus sûrement dehors;* and that the opposition he evinced in this crisis to the measures that the Queen Regent was anxious to adopt, proceeded less from his conviction of their inexpediency than from his determination to force her into unpopularity. To use a homely expression, he had determined to make the place so much "too hot for her," that in her dilemma he would be enabled, under the guise of friendship, to tender that advice which she no longer would have it in her power to reject, and which, once adopted by her, would throw into his hands the reins of government which her own had become too feeble to retain.

La Reyna Gobernadora had endeavoured to steer a course which was not to be effected in so retrograde a country as Spain; in other words,

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to establish that party which in France has obtained a political classification — "Le juste Milieu:" but such an undertaking could neither be attained nor maintained by her, for she was equally torn in different directions by the aristocratic and democratic parties; and, in order to curb the excesses of the latter, a bill was brought before the two chambers to restrain the privileges of the municipal bodies (known under the designation of the Ayuntamientos), which were of great antiquity in Spain. This bill, the object of which was intended to throw a considerable part of the power hitherto enjoyed by the municipal bodies into the hands of the government, had passed the two chambers, and, at the period of Christine's visit to Barcelona, only required the sanction of the executive to make it a law. Its operation was intended to render impossible the formation of the provincial juntas, which, acting like so many conflicting powers, each in the peculiar interest of its own province, neutralized the national policy by turning it into too many channels, and prevented the possibility of condensing its strength into a government of centralization.

When the time for the royal sanction being accorded to this measure arrived, the Queen,

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aware of the difficulties she had to contend with, decided upon going to Barcelona to meet Espartero, in the hope not only of obtaining his support and that of the army, but of propitiating the turbulent people of Catalonia, and bringing them round to her views. Such was the real motive of her visit to that place; the pretext assigned was to join her children, who were there for the benefit of sea-bathing.

Espartero, who had just achieved the expulsion of the last of the Carlists from the Spanish territory, was then the popular idol, and came to the rencontre of her Majesty, carried, as it were, upon the shoulders of the multitude, and covered with the laurels he had gathered in the Basque provinces. It is said that the Queen Regent depended much upon her well-known powers of fascination to win over the conquering hero to her views, and that no blandishments were spared by her to obtain that result: but it was a game of *fin contre fine;* Espartero had already made up his mind as to the course he should pursue, and was proof against the efforts of Christine to mould him to her wishes. The conference between them took place about the middle of July; and Espartero, having failed in inducing the Queen to withdraw her sanction

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to the municipal law, declared his resolution of leaving Barcelona and retiring to Sans, a short distance from thence, where he had a strong *état major* entirely devoted to his interests. It is said, that, in his interview with Christine, he permitted himself to use very strong language towards her, and even went so far as to accuse her of breaking her word ("*Falta á su palabra*").

The same evening an *émeute* broke out, and compromised the safety of Christine, who was insulted by the populace: Espartero was in consequence induced to return to her, when, in the exigency of the moment, he obtained the withdrawal of her sanction to the unpopular law, and her consent to form a new ministry, which was organized under the presidency of Ferrez, but afterwards, on account of a slight difference of opinion, changed for that of Oniz; and the former ministry (that of Perez de Castro) were obliged to seek for safety in the French brig of war, the Méléagre, from whence they were transferred to a Marseilles steamer which conveyed them to France.

Interminable dissensions sprung up after this apparently amicable arrangement between the

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conflicting parties of the Moderados and the Progressionists, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the new ministry could be kept together; daily differences arising between its members, which were invariably followed by the threatened surrender of their office. As it was wished by both parties that Christine should withdraw from Barcelona, she determined upon going to Valencia, and arrived there on the 23rd of August; whither she was followed by the new French ambassador, the Count Mathieu de la Redorte, who had reached Barcelona in the commencement of the disturbances.

After the Queen Regent's arrival at Valencia, the Ferrez-Oniz ministry tendered their resignations, finding her disposed to retract from her engagements with Espartero, and to relapse into her former determinations respecting the Ayuntamientos. This it is supposed she was induced to do from feeling herself strong in the support of General O'Donnell, who was at Valencia at the head of an army of eight thousand men, and who, from his personal devotion to her, was willing to support her in any line of policy that she might choose to adopt.

This inconsistency of the Queen Regent created

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much uneasiness at Madrid, from the apprehension entertained that she meditated a *coup d'état* by throwing herself into the retrograde party. The same apprehensions and distrusts spread rapidly through other towns, and deputations were sent from Madrid to remonstrate with her upon her conduct.

Meanwhile Espartero, who had remained at Barcelona, became so uneasy at the tergiversations exhibited by the Reyna Gobernadora, that he conceived it necessary to publish a manifesto declaratory of the conditions upon which he would adhere to his loyalty: in substance, these conditions were a recapitulation of his former stipulations; viz. the revocation of the municipal law, the dissolution of the Cortes, and the dismissal of the Queen's partisans in the ministry. In this conjuncture Christine was driven, on the 16th of September, to appoint Espartero prime minister, with full powers to form a cabinet; and from that moment her power as Regent was virtually dead. Amidst the daily arrival of deputations from Madrid suggesting untenable propositions, (among which was that of adding four co-regents to her authority,) Espartero suddenly arrived at Valencia, under the

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pretext of assisting the Queen in the formation of the government at the head of which she had placed him; but, in reality, his mission was to receive from her hands the power she could no longer wield.

His entry into Valencia was that of a triumphant conqueror: a crown of silver laurel-leaves was presented to him at the gates of the city; and the horse upon which he was mounted was raised from the ground by the enthusiastic multitude, and carried with its rider in triumph to the habitation that had been prepared for him, from the balcony of which he harangued the people. He was met at Valencia by the ministers from Madrid, who submitted, or rather dictated, various propositions to Christine, which it would appear had been pre-arranged that she could not accept. Finally, on the 12th of October, after dissolving the Cortes, she declared her intention of abdicating her powers of Regent, founding that decision upon various reasons, one of which was the impaired state of her health; appointed Espartero guardian to the young Queen Isabella and the Infanta Maria Louisa; and, having announced that it was her intention to travel incognita for some time in France and

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Italy, her Majesty's passport was made out under the name of Comtesse de Vista Alegra, and, within a few hours after signing her act of abdication, she embarked at Valencia on board a French vessel bound for Port Vendres, from which latter place she proceeded by Marseilles to Italy.

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ALICANT AND CARTHAGENA.

Departure for Alicant. — The mountain fortress of Morella. — Cabrera. — Roman Ruins at Dennia. — Bay of Alicant. — The Town. — The Cathedral. — St. Patrick in Spain.— Departure for Carthagena. — Arrival there. — Fine natural Harbour. — Former maritime importance of Carthagena. — Its actual insignificance. — Departure for Malaga.

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ALICANT AND CARTHAGENA.

After standing out to sea so as to clear the Gulf of Valencia, we had a lovely sail along the coast, whose picturesque irregularity produced the most varied and beautiful effects seen through the changing hues of sunset. The celebrated mountain fortress of Morella was pointed out to us, the fastness of the famous Carlist leader Cabrera, who, after having taken it by an extraordinary *coup de main*, held out with almost fabulous daring and good-fortune, not only against the whole of the Christinos' force, but against the feelings of the entire population of the district; for their united efforts were insufficient to dislodge him from thence. After the complete discomfiture of Don Carlos, he effected a regular retreat from Morella with an army of ten thousand men, and, crossing the Pyrenees at their head, passed into France.

Cabrera was the *beau idéal* of a Guerrilla chieftain; bold, daring, prompt in decision, and not

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to be deterred from carrying those decisions into effect either by considerations of humanity or motives of self-preservation. The cruelties that marked the late civil war in Spain were such as would have better befitted the enmity of savage tribes than the struggles of a chivalrous and civilized nation; and the page of history, red with blood, upon which those deeds shall be registered, will, when the conflicting passions that now agitate the country have subsided, and left the possibility of calm reflection, cause the cheeks of the succeeding generation of Spaniards to glow with shame and indignation as they peruse the list of atrocities perpetrated by their fathers in the much abused names of Religion and Liberty.

Even when the Carlists and Christinos were not engaged against each other in the field, their virulence was marked by the most barbarous and cold-blooded massacres of their respective adherents. Among the most revolting and disgraceful of these bloody deeds was that perpetrated by the Governor of Tortosa, and sanctioned by Mina, (then Captain General of Catalonia,) upon a defenceless woman!

The mother of the Carlist chief, Cabrera, being at Tortosa in 1836, the Brigadier Nogueras,

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who had more than once boasted of having dispersed all the bands of Cabrera in Lower Arragon, wrote to the Governor of Tortosa, recommending him to avenge the atrocities ascribed to the Carlist leader, upon the person of his mother. The Governor replied, that he was willing to accede to the suggestion; but that he must first obtain the sanction of his superior in command, the Captain General of Catalonia. Mina scrupled not to grant it; and the mother of Cabrera was shot, and his sisters thrown into prison, together with the nearest relatives of the other Carlist chiefs and officers, in order, as was said, to check those barbarians in their career of atrocities, by shewing them the fate that was reserved for those most dear to them. Upon learning that his mother had been thus cruelly put to death, Cabrera, accustomed as he already was to spread terror and destruction wherever he appeared, did not remain behindhand in this race of execrable ferocity. He published a decree, in which, mixed up with the most horrible imprecations and cries of vengeance, he declared that every prisoner taken by him should be immediately executed; and that furthermore, by way of reprisal for the

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assassination of his mother, four women already in his power should be forthwith shot: a threat which was instantly put into execution; for those hapless victims, as innocent of the horrors that ravaged Spain as she to whose manes they were sacrificed, were mercilessly led out to execution, and shot by his soldiers!

Our attention was also directed to the ruins of a temple of Diana, situated at the southern extremity of the Gulf of Valencia, at a place called Dennia (a corruption of its antique denomination); but the night was closing in so fast when we passed that headland, that we could only fancy we distinguished those remains of Pagan worship.

In the morning we found ourselves anchored in the bay of Alicant, and surrounded by scenery of completely an opposite character to any that we had hitherto seen; the mountains being more sterile, but still most picturesque in their forms. One of them in the back-ground presents an extraordinary appearance,—like "the Devil's Bit," in Ireland,—just as though a piece had been scooped out of it; and is, of course, identified with some of the fabulous feats of Charlemagne's famous Paladin, Roland, as it is known by the name (as translated to

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me by our Spanish fellow-traveller) of "le coup de couteau de Roland."

As our stay at Alicant was to be very short, —in fact, only just long enough to take in coals and provisions,—we did not on landing go to a hotel, but merely walked about the town, which contains so little worthy of remark as to have left us no regret that the arrangement made by the Rubis admitted of so short a stay there. The town itself, although far less considerable than Valencia, is much more to be admired: the streets being not only more regular, but infinitely cleaner; and the public walk, which is ornamented with fountains and acacias, is really very pretty. But, apparently, the whole place was asleep: scarcely a human being was to be seen in the streets, and the few that were visible were of the lowest order; neither carriage nor horse appeared to be known in the place; and the windows and blinds of all the houses were hermetically closed. The heat, indeed, was sufficiently intense to justify such an arrangement, and such a desertion of the out-of-door regions; but, however rational the motive, its result was such as to impart the most languid and desolate appearance to the whole place.

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The Cathedral of Alicant is considered fine, but has a cold, unfinished air about it which did not please me: it was built by the artist who constructed the Escurial, and is supposed to be a miniature copy of the church belonging to that royal residence. There are no pictures worth looking at in it, but in the cloisters are some curious old frescoes of half the saints in the calendar; and an Irish gentleman of our party was amused at finding among them a colossal full-length one, bearing in one of its corners the inscription of "San Patricio, Patron de Irlanda." The town of Alicant is fortified, but, to all appearance, uselessly so; as it is completely commanded by two hills, upon which are fortresses, either of which, in an enemy's hands, would blow the town to atoms. The gentlemen set out to visit these fortresses, but were driven back mid-way by the overpowering heat; and, in their search for something more satisfying than oranges wherewith to quench their thirst, they stumbled upon a depôt of Alicant wine, which, upon tasting, was pronounced to be so delicious that we determined upon taking some of it on board with us. A bottle, containing half a gallon, was quickly prepared for us; and, upon paying for it, together with

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what had been previously drunk, the charge was found to amount to less than a shilling. At Alicant there is a foundery, (or, fonte de métaux,) established by an English company, which has given an immense impulse to the industry of the inhabitants towards working the abundant silver and lead mines in the neighbourhood, which have hitherto been suffered to remain untouched and unexplored. But, whether the natives will allow this productive branch of industry to remain very long under the direction of foreigners, is a matter of much doubt.

We left Alicant about two in the afternoon, and arrived about half-past nine in the bay of Carthagena (pronounced here *Cartahena*), but too late to land. The harbour of Carthagena —in form something like that of Falmouth— is one of the finest in the world, being completely sheltered from every wind; and an island placed at its entrance forms a sort of natural breakwater, which ensures the smoothest water within, however stormy the sea may be without. It is, perhaps, the only harbour in the world for which Nature has done everything, and Art nothing; as such is the natural depth of its basin, that, up to the very shore, the largest vessels can ride at anchor in safety, and unload

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their freightage close to the very houses. In the days of Spain's prosperity, when she counted as a maritime power, Carthagena was a place of considerable importance; as is evident from its splendid, but now deserted, arsenal and dock-yards, which sent forth their navies to all parts of the Old and New Worlds. The harbour is strongly defended at its entrance, and from the surrounding heights, by powerful batteries; and on a hill at its eastern extremity are the ruins of an old castle, said to be of Roman origin, but upon which, in later times, the Moors had superstructed a fortress, which in their days must have been both a splendid and a powerful stronghold. Beyond these objects, (for the Cathedral is too paltry to specify, and the Alameda or public walk, situated under the town-wall, very inferior to any of those we have hitherto seen,) there is nothing worthy of remark in the town; which, although beautiful in its situation, depresses the mind by an indescribable air of dreariness and desolation,—not, like Alicant, the quiet of *repose*, but the saddening quiet of *decay*. We landed in the morning, but were glad, from the appearance of everything on shore, to return to the Rubis for our breakfast; and the old Portuguese, who had gone on shore

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in quest of three things, viz. a breakfast, a bath, and a barber, was obliged to return with none of his wants satisfied save the trimming of his chin, which it would appear he is unable to accomplish with his own hands.

Altogether, the impression produced upon us by the appearance of this once flourishing place was most melancholy, and it was in no degree diminished by the account afterwards given to us by a party of residents who came on board the steamer in quest of news, eager to diversify the monotony of their existence in a place wholly destitute of resource, by half-an-hour's intercourse with travellers. Among these persons was a nice intelligent little English woman, whose father and husband are at the head of a glass manufactory which has been established within the last two years at Carthagena, and, under their direction, is likely to prosper. She told us, that since her arrival in the place no rain has fallen, and that, in consequence of this great drought, neither fruit nor vegetables are produced in the district. Milk and butter are unknown, and their food is chiefly composed of fish, which is here both excellent and abundant. The natives are quite uneducated—for it would appear that at Carthagena there is no resource either for mind or body; but my English in-

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formant, who has lived in many parts of Spain, represented them to me as unquestionably the best disposed, the most tranquil and orderly, among the people of the Peninsula, possessing all the finer parts of the national characteristics, without any admixture of those darker traits that have in a manner identified deeds of violence and cruelty, and lawless pursuits, with the reputation of the mass of the Spanish peasantry.

We left Carthagena with an accession to our freight of some Spanish passengers, chiefly females, and coasted on towards Malaga with a fresh but contrary breeze, which produced most lamentable effects upon the new-comers, who, poor things! had come on board all fun and laughter, in anticipation of their voyage passing off quite like a party of pleasure: but it was curious and painful to observe the gradual transition that came over them, from smiling jokes to silence, and then to groans,—and, finally, still worse,—until, one and all, they were obliged to be carried below; and we heard and saw no more of them, until, upon reaching Malaga, they ventured from their confinement and crawled upon deck, looking more like ghosts emerging from "the shades below" than living creatures.

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MALAGA.

Beautiful coast scenery.—Velez Malaga.—Approach to Malaga.—Horrors of landing.—Savage character of the Malaguenos.—Aduaneros.—Hôtel Ladanza.—Anglo-Spanish dinner.—Malaga.—The Alameda.—The Malaguenos and their costume.—The Cathedral.—The Moorish Castle.—Rafael Leon.—The Rubis and our fellow-passengers depart for Gibraltar.—Tender adieus *à la Portugaise*.—Italian Opera.—Merits of Moonlight.—Exercise of the Fan.—Teresa Ladanza.—Murderous propensities of the Malaguenos.—Venality of the Judges.—How to get rid of an incorruptible Judge.—Torrijos.—Boyd.—Their capture and execution.—Suppression of the Convents for Monks.—Persecution of the Monks.—Francisco Montes, the first Matador in Spain.—Contemplated journey to Granada.—Lanza and Samora.—Discussions upon the best method of travelling.—Decision in favour of the Diligence.

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MALAGA.

NEVER did I behold in any clime so splendid a line of coast as that lying between Carthagena and Malaga, or so striking and romantic a diversity of scenery as the whole intervening stretch of country presents, thus seen from the sea. What a rich mine for the artist to explore! and what romantic associations for the poet and the historian are called forth by the first view of those snow-crested mountains, the mountains of Granada, the very region of chivalry and romance, lying far inland, and towering in almost Alpine grandeur above the lower ranges of hills that undulate down to the sea-shore in the foreground! Over these latter are scattered the remains of many a Moorish fortress and watch-tower, to each of which is attached some stirring legend or plaintive *romancero*, descriptive of the

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heroic courage or the anguish of spirit with which that singular and most interesting people, the Moors of Spain, fought inch by inch for, and vainly struggled to retain, the beloved territory, which was so pitilessly wrested from them by their Christian foes and conquerors. About an hour before reaching Malaga, we passed by Velez Malaga, a small town, placed in the centre of a most fertile and smiling district, and having opposite to it a just-perceptible view of the coast of Africa. In the days of the Moorish dominion in Spain, Velez Malaga was a place of considerable importance, as may be inferred from the remains of its strong castle; but Malaga itself was the great point of communication between the Moors of Spain and their brethren of Fez, Tunis, and Tripoli, the mart of commerce for the produce of Egypt and Syria, the principal seaport of the Moorish states in Andalusia, and therefore denominated the Hand and Mouth of Granada. Originally belonging to the caliphate of Cordova, it next became incorporated in the Moorish dominions of Seville; and, lastly, was annexed to the kingdom of Granada, of which it continued to form an important integral part until wrested from the Moors in 1487 by the victorious armies of Arragon and Castile, after a

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siege of three months, which reduced its valiant defenders to the most unheard-of extremities.

Malaga looks well from the sea, although little of it is to be discerned besides the old Moorish town and castle, placed upon a steep hill, and the modern Spanish cathedral, built upon the site once occupied by the principal mosque of the Moors; but that little is advantageous and attractive, presenting, as it does, the strong contrast of ancient and modern, Moslem and Christian, architecture: the Spanish town is situated more inland, and at some distance from the port.

If our previous landings at the different places at which we had touched during the course of our voyage had been *disagreeable*, the one effected by us at Malaga was absolutely *terrific*. No sooner did the steamer cast anchor than she was boarded by a hundred screaming, ferocious-looking Andalusians, who ran in upon us like a horde of pirates, each savage endeavouring by force to appropriate to himself some person or thing to carry away, all roaring and threatening at once, and *no one* listening; and as there were three times as many boats, and six times as many men, as were required to disembark the passengers of the Rubis, and as each of these clamorous applicants appeared determined to have his indi-

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vidual share of the spoil, we ran some risk of being quartered alive in order to satisfy their expectations. There are no regulations that can be appealed to in order to put an end to this intolerable nuisance; and the captain of the Rubis (who, to my infinite surprise, had looked on in unconcerned quiescence while the deck of his vessel exhibited a scene that can be likened to nothing but Pandemonium) told me, that, having once attempted to interfere, and to establish something like order in the preliminaries for landing, the whole set of lawless ruffians fell upon him and very nearly assassinated him, since which time he has carefully eschewed any demonstration that might again place his life in jeopardy.

A French *laquais-de-place* attached to one of the hotels here, who came on board in the midst of the *bagarre*, was useful, not in establishing order, but in interpreting for us with those wild Malaguenos, compared with whom the Lazzaroni of Naples are *lambs;* and, putting ourselves under his guidance, we quitted the Rubis, to return to her no more, and effected our landing at four o'clock in the afternoon under a burning sun, wondering whether anything of the sort in *this country* could be accomplished without

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those annoyances which occasionally transform the pleasures of travelling into an absolute painful toil.

Our doubts on that head were not destined to be satisfactorily resolved at Malaga; for no sooner had we emancipated ourselves from the inevitable services of the boatmen, and set foot on shore, than we fell into the jaws of another shoal of sharks, the custom-house officers, who, in order to spare themselves trouble, would not suffer us to clear our baggage, or get our passports examined, until the passengers and merchandise of another steamer (which had arrived from Gibraltar just after the Rubis) had been landed, that they might make one job of the two vessels. They would not even allow us to place ourselves and our packages in the shade, or remove to the shelter of the vine-covered trellis in front of the custom-house; but established us, bag and baggage, in the very sunniest and dustiest spot they could select, and turned a deaf ear to all our remonstrances, expostulations, and threats. As it soon became evident that there would be no termination to the affair under two hours, I deputed my friends to act for me with the *Aduaneros* (the custom-house officers), and, taking the French *laquais-de-*

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place for my escort, proceeded into the town to secure apartments at the hotel to which we had been recommended, the Casa Ladanza, in the Plaza del Moro, where, with much difficulty, I obtained accommodation for our party; some of the rooms required for us being still occupied by two English gentlemen, who were to leave Malaga at eight in the evening for the fair of Ronda.

The Hôtel Ladanza, the best in Malaga, is what is denominated in Spain a Casa de pupilos, literally a boarding-house; that is to say, a public table is provided for travellers, and no private meals are served: nor are private rooms to be had save bedchambers, which, although small and very scantily furnished, are perfectly clean; and, as our recollections of Valencia have taught us to suppose that cleanliness is a rare luxury in this country, we are more than commonly thankful when it falls to our lot.

At six o'clock our travellers and baggage were released from the custom-house, and made their appearance at the hotel; and a plentiful but heterogeneous repast was served to us, in which the homely English dishes of a boiled leg of mutton, beef-steaks and onions, and pancakes, were interspersed with the national ones of *sopa*,

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olla, and *puchero*. The olla podrida, which is the standing dish of the Spaniards, and forms a part of the daily meal of all ranks, is composed of fowl, beef, fat bacon, and sausage stewed together with French beans, garbanzo peas, large pieces of pumpkin, lettuce, tomatas, and saffron; the meat being served up in one dish, and the vegetable part, garnished with sausage and bacon, and floating in a greasy yellow sauce, in another. English cheese, and salt-butter from Cork (the only butter known in these latitudes), were introduced afterwards; and with the excellent dessert appeared the never-failing accompaniment of cigars and live embers. But the wine of the country (dry Malaga), which was served to us as table-wine, was quite undrinkable, even by the gentlemen, who pronounced it to be excellent as alcohol, although execrable as wine. The natives, however, drink this liquid fire without diluting it with water; no wonder that it should madden them into the deeds of violence and ferocity that are attributed to the men of Malaga, with whom, if report says true, blows precede words. By way of compensation, the water is as delicious as the wine is exceptionable here; and it is placed upon the table in porous earthen bottles called *alcar-*

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razas, which keep it as cool as though it had been plunged into ice.

Malaga lies in a hollow enclosed by high hills, and, from its position as well as its latitude, the heat must be intolerable at Midsummer; for even now, in the month of May, it is quite overpowering in the middle of the day. The streets still bear traces of the Moorish dominion, for, like those of Eastern cities, they are narrow, crooked, and ill-paved, and the Plazas (or squares) are very small; but some of the private houses are exceedingly handsome, many of them having terraced roofs adorned with *miradores*, or kiosques, and at each story large balconies filled with flowers and creepers. The shops are excellent, and, to all appearance, commerce does not languish here as in other parts of Spain; for there is a thriving, animated look throughout the place, which I did not observe even at Barcelona. The annual exports are very considerable, particularly to the American States (with which the trade of Malaga is principally carried on), and consist chiefly in the delicious sweet wines of the country, and in dried fruits, lemons, and brandy.

The Alameda, or public walk, is very pretty;

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it is planted with borders of oleanders and acacias, and has on either side a line of splendid houses, which are quite Italian in their proportions, and admirably calculated in their interior arrangements for a climate so ardent as that of Andalusia. We visited the Alameda on the evening of our arrival, and there caught a general view of the various classes of which the population of Malaga is composed. There were to be seen, all equally bent upon displaying themselves, the dark-browed *Dama*, with her Moorish eyes and complexion set off by a damask-rose or deep-tinted carnation placed over one ear beneath her lace mantilla; and the gay *Muchacha*, screening her mahogany-coloured visage under a bright yellow or crimson *pañuelo*, or shawl; the elegant *Caballero*, clad in his jacket and trowsers of snowy-white linen, with a large grey felt *sombrero* lined with green; and the dashing *Majo*, half buck, half bully, the true type of the Andalusian swaggerer, with his close-fitting jacket and short *unutterables* garnished down the seams with silver buttons, embroidered *bottines* of untanned leather open at the sides like long gaiters, crimson sash, and conical black hat lined with velvet and adorned at one side with two large tufts of black silk. But, as we are

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to rest a few days at Malaga previous to journeying inland to Granada, we were satisfied with this transient *coup d'œil* of the Alameda on the first evening of our arrival, and, without extending our ramble beyond its limits, returned to the hotel early to bed.

On the following day we visited every part of the town, beginning with the Cathedral, which is quite modern, having been built within the last eighty years. It is handsome and spacious, and has two fine organs opposite to each other, and two octagonal pulpits of red marble, which are exceedingly beautiful in form and materials. There is not a single good picture in the church, but there are several specimens of figures in sculptured wood painted; a species of church decoration which appears to be in great favour in Spain, but which possesses none of the dignity and beauty of statuary, or the glowing charm of painting, and, however well executed, seems to me to partake too much of the character of colossal toys to be applied to the grave purposes of monumental adornment. Close to the cathedral is the Episcopal Palace, a fine structure, but uninhabited; as, since the death of the last bishop, four years ago, the see of Malaga has remained vacant, the Pope having refused to consecrate

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a Constitutional bishop, and the government not choosing that any but a Constitutional churchman should be raised to the episcopal dignity: so that, while the court of the Vatican and that of Isabella the Second continue at variance, the cathedral of Malaga is condemned to remain *veuve de son Evêque.* From the summit of the cathedral tower the view is magnificent, embracing not only the whole of the city, with the Alameda, the port, and the mole, but the adjacent hills and vineyards, and the blue Mediterranean stretching away in the distance. But the most picturesque object in Malaga is unquestionably the old Moorish castle, or fortress, which is of such extent as to cover the whole side of the hill on which it is built; and, although in ruins, yet what has been spared by those two ruthless destroyers, Time and War, is quite sufficient to attest its former strength and power. The fortress is divided into two castles, called the Gibralfaro and the Alcazaba, the latter of which covers the lower part of the hill, and mingles with the buildings of the city; and these upper and lower structures communicate with each other by a strong line of walls bearing upon their summits the remains of ruined towers. Some of our party went to visit the

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fortress; but, as the ascent to it is both difficult and dangerous from the robberies that have been committed within its precincts, I was quite satisfied with the distant view I had obtained of it, especially as I hear that there is nothing in its interior remains to repay me for the effort of scrambling up the hill under a burning sun.

From the cathedral we repaired to the *attelier* of Rafael Leon, the celebrated Escultor, whose beautifully executed clay figures, representing the national costumes and sports of Spain, have obtained for him an European celebrity. Three generations of Leon's family have been celebrated for their skill in modelling these spirited delineations of Spanish life; and we found his handsome children, a young boy and girl, employed in the same manner, and evincing a talent and intelligence in their performance that bid fair to ensure the name of Leon long retaining its unrivalled preëminence in the art to which the family has devoted itself. Some of the groups we saw were most exquisitely executed, with a boldness in the design, and a minute exactness in the finishing, which render them quite worthy a niche in the cabinets of the curious as *objets d'art:* all of these were already disposed of, and were about

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to be packed up for their several destinations; for Leon never keeps on hand any of his first-rate productions *finished*, but lets his customers select any subjects they wish him to work upon from a collection of models of an inferior quality, which he keeps by him for the purpose, and which he then executes in his best style, and at a proportionably high price. I made choice of some figures to be finished for me, and am promised that they will be completed by the time I return here from Granada: but as Leon had no representation of a bull-fight sufficiently advanced to ensure its being ready for me by that time, and I am very anxious to bring one away with me, I was obliged to seek for a group of that description at Jose Cubero's, another artist, who has very nearly attained Leon's excellence in the execution of his figures; and there I found what I wanted, and at a much more moderate price than Leon charges for his work.

As the Rubis was to depart in the evening for Gibraltar, we after dinner received the adieus of our fellow-passengers, all of whom, with the exception of the young German, were to proceed in her to that place. The old Portuguese was quite concerned to find that we should stop short

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at Malaga without going on to see the far-famed rock of Gibraltar, which he pronounced to be "una des choses *las mas curiosa* de *toda* l'Europa;" and he would fain have persuaded us to go on to Oporto, his native place, that he might have the satisfaction of doing the honours of it to us. However, we satisfied him that we should visit Gibraltar after returning from Granada; and, instead of receiving his civilities at Oporto, we have promised to renew our acquaintance with him at Florence, which is his permanent residence, and where he has given me the direction of his "palais," and the assurance withal "qu'il sera là pour être mon *servent*."

* * * * *

Having seen by the play-bills in the morning that there is an Italian company here, and that Ricci's opera of the Prigione d'Edimbourgo was to be given by them in the evening, we desired the head-waiter of the Ladanza Hôtel (who is a Gallego, but speaks English fluently, and is the best and most intelligent servant I ever saw), to secure a box for us. The observation with which he accompanied his assurance that our order should be obeyed, somewhat surprised us:—"Very well," said he, "I shall get you a box; as there will be moonlight, you can very

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well go to the Opera to-night." We could not conceive what the moon had to do with our going, or not going, to the theatre; but, when the time arrived for us to repair thither, his remark became half intelligible to us, as we found that we must go on foot: and when the performance was over, and we set forth to return to the hotel, we completely comprehended the good-sense of his observation, for there is not a single lamp in the city of Malaga; and the narrow, tortuous description of its streets (not to mention the crooked pavements, which threaten to sprain one's ankles at every second step,) is such as to render it difficult for persons even who are familiar with the localities to find their way through them without the assistance of the moon. Even brightly as that beautiful luminary shone, we found that our French *laquais-de-place*, who was in waiting for us, had provided himself with a lantern, which was absolutely necessary to guide our footsteps through some of the narrowest streets, where the height of the houses shut out the moonbeams. Besides, he assured us that it is highly dangerous to be out late at night without a light in the streets of Malaga, from the lawless and violent character of the lower orders, which renders the

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recurrence of midnight outrages very frequent; and the impunity with which the perpetrators of them escape is such as to render the evil an increasing one, and in the month of March alone no less than thirty-six assassinations were committed within the town of Malaga, and not one of the murderers suffered for his crime!

The performance of Ricci's opera was not good enough to please us, or (what is perhaps next best) bad enough to divert us by merging into the burlesque. Half of the troop were Italians, the other half Spaniards; and these latter did not scruple to substitute Castilian for Tuscan whenever they were at a loss in their parts, which was rather frequent than otherwise. The interior of the theatre of Malaga is quite unornamented; and its two tiers of boxes, accommodated with rush-bottomed chairs, are of a simplicity that borders upon the beggarly. The *living* decorations, however, that enlivened with their animating presence those undraperied walls were of the most admirable description, and fully justified all that had previously been told us of the charms of the fair Malagueñitas; *fair*, however, is not the epithet that best applies to their style of beauty, as they are invariably brown—darker than I ever saw any Europeans,

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with eyes and skins that proclaim that, after a lapse of more than three centuries, the blood of the Moors still asserts itself in the veins of their Andalusian descendants. Black dresses and lace mantillas were universally worn by the ladies at the Opera; and this somewhat sombre costume was relieved by the glitter of the large outspread fans which Spanish women manage with a grace and dexterity peculiar to themselves, going through all the evolutions that have made the exercise of the *Abanico* a science with them — a regular system of telegraphic communication — with a nonchalant coquetry that formed a piquant text to the restless glances of their bright eyes.

Apropos to Spanish beauties, one of the prettiest young creatures I ever saw is the daughter of the proprietor of this house, Teresa Ladanza. There is more softness in her countenance than is the general characteristic of the women of this country, and it possesses a modesty of expression that renders her pretty features quite captivating. Her figure is beautiful, tall and slender, but most harmoniously proportioned; and there is a natural grace and dignity in all her movements, and a refinement in her whole appearance, that, were she trans-

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planted to the most elegant salons in Paris or London, would ensure her not appearing *déplacée* among the high-born and the high-bred. The *habitués* of the house agree in pronouncing her to be as amiable and as well-conducted as she is lovely; and, from what I have already seen of her, she appears to be a most able coadjutrix to her mother, the *Viuda* Isabella Ladanza, in the excellent management of the house. This afternoon, as I passed by the door of their apartment, I heard the rattle of castanets and the thrumming of a guitar; and, upon inquiring of the Señora Isabella the meaning of those sounds, she told me that her daughter was taking her evening dancing-lesson, (she is attended by a master twice a-day,) and invited me to walk in and judge of her talent. Of course, my appearance was the signal for the master to make his pupil "put her best foot forward," (and they were both very pretty little feet,) by shewing off in those dances in which she was already perfect; and, accordingly, the fair Teresa was immediately put through all her paces in the Bolero and the Fandango, which she performed very gracefully, although her natural diffidence prevented her throwing all that fire into her gestures which belongs

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especially to the spirit of those pantomimes (for such they are, rather than dances). Upon my asking for the Cachucha, the mother shook her head gravely as she negatived the supposition that her daughter could perform *that* dance; and by her air I at once comprehended that the Cachucha lies under the same reprobation in Spain with very particular ladies, that the waltz does in England, and that the porcupine quills of propriety are ready to bristle up at the mere mention of participation in anything so "pleasant, but wrong."

* * * * *

To-day, at dinner, upon mentioning to an intelligent French gentleman, who has long been a resident at Malaga, what the laquais-de-place had told us on the preceding evening of the frequency of assassinations in the town, and the impunity with which such crimes are treated, he fully corroborated the statement, adding, that such is the known venality of the judges here, that no capital punishment ever follows the commission of those murders; for the assassins, when discovered, invariably buy themselves off, being merely for the sake of appearances (a cruel mockery of the ends of justice) thrown into prison for a few days, at the end

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of which period they are let loose upon society again, to recommence the same lawless courses. A year or two ago, however, the public safety became so endangered by this system of bribery and corruption, that a complaint of the state of affairs reached Madrid; and the consequence was, that a judge from thence was dispatched to Malaga to supersede the local authorities. The person thus appointed was a most conscientious and upright man, and he set about reforming the judicial abuses, that had turned Malaga into a den of cut-throats, with severe impartiality: but such a course did not suit those who had been accustomed to take the law into their own hands; and as they were determined, *coute qui coute*, to get rid of the new official, they adopted a daring and most original method of ensuring that wished-for event. Some of the persons to whom his presence was the most obnoxious wrote a letter *in the judge's own name* to the minister at Madrid, stating that the air of Malaga had produced such an alarming effect upon his health, that he begged to be allowed to resign his office there, and return to Madrid with as little delay as possible. This communication, which was received at the seat of government

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in the firm conviction that it proceeded from the judge himself, produced the result that had been anticipated: he was immediately officially recalled to Madrid; and the Malaguenos, triumphing in their *ruse*, resumed the reckless system of bloodshed which the jurisdiction of that upright man had for a period interrupted.

Malaga was the scene of the wholesale execution of the unfortunate Torrijos and his ill-fated companions. In the month of January, 1831, Torrijos, at the head of some refugee Spaniards, who after the failure of Mina and Valdez in the preceding year had sought safety at Gibraltar, landed on the coast of Spain; but, having met with unexpected opposition, they were obliged again to take refuge at Gibraltar. Torrijos made another attempt in the month of March, by going over to the troops in the Isle of Leon, in the expectation that they would be seconded by a general insurrection; but that attempt also failed, and all that was achieved by their party was the murder of the Governor of Cadiz. General Quesada arrived with troops from Xeres and put down the insurgents, who fled in the greatest disorder towards Tarifa, defeated in all directions; and as many as fell into the hands of their pursuers were shot in the most summary manner.

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Undaunted by this double defeat, Torrijos still meditated another expedition. The English authorities at Gibraltar would not allow him to remain there after his hostile attempts against a friendly power; accordingly, on the 28th of November he quitted that place with fifty-two followers, among whom was an Irish gentleman of the name of Boyd, a young man of the most respectable connections, whose admiration of the adventurous character of Torrijos, and sympathy with his cause, had led him to join heart and hand in his rash undertaking. They sailed for Malaga, where Torrijos had reason to suppose that he would be favourably received by the governor: but, that he had been betrayed, soon became evident; for the Spanish authorities were on the alert to give him a very different reception from the one he had anticipated, and no sooner had he and his party landed and hoisted the tri-coloured flag, than they were immediately surrounded by a superior force, disarmed, and brought prisoners into Malaga. This took place on the 2nd of December: the ill-fated band were one and all condemned to be shot, and their execution followed immediately upon their sentence. The body of the unfortunate Boyd was the first that was interred in the Protestant

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cemetery which the Spanish government had but just allowed to be established at Malaga for the burial of British subjects; and the firmness with which he met his untimely death, so terrible under all its circumstances of violence, suddenness, and isolation in a foreign land, increased the universal commiseration which his fate had excited. The infamy of having treacherously entrapped Torrijos and his little band of confederates belongs to the Curé Mereno.

Alas! how many of these bloody episodes have marked the course of political events for the last thirty years in this unhappy country! Where the struggle is to end, is a question which even the most prescient cannot venture to answer, for every succeeding government appears to have done its utmost to stir up the elements of discord that have been let loose upon the land; and the cruel imbecility of Ferdinand, the savage bigotry of Don Carlos, and the errors of the Reyna Gobernadora, have occasioned the supreme authority in Spain to lose much of its influence and all of its *prestige*. The sacred character of royalty—the "divinity that doth hedge a king"—has ceased to impose upon the minds of the people; everybody thinks himself as clever as those by whom he is governed,

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and this illusion has caused the developement of an overweening ambition in all classes of society, which every now and then finds vent in some popular outbreak.

I have already alluded to the revolting fact of one of the suppressed monasteries of Barcelona having been travestied into a theatre. Malaga has its *pendant* for that desecration in its Plaza de Toros, or arena for the exhibition of bull-fights, which has been erected upon the site of a Franciscan convent. In the month of March, 1836, the Queen Regent issued a decree, in virtue of which all convents, colleges, congregations, and communities of monks throughout the Spanish dominion were to be suppressed, and the convents for nuns reduced to the minimum indispensable for the accommodation of those members of the establishments who wished to remain in their monastic seclusion. The monks of these suppressed convents, as well as the nuns, who were emancipated from their vows, were to be allowed five reals a-day from government, with the exception of those individuals of both sexes who had already, or should hereafter acquire, the means of obtaining a sufficient subsistence for themselves through their own exertions. The

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revenues of these abolished communities became the national property, and were ordered to be applied to the liquidation of the public debt; but the sale of these church-lands, like everything in this country, where negligence and corruption reign paramount, was made an abominable job. Had a bonâ-fide sale taken place, an enormous acquisition of wealth would have poured into the treasury, and a great portion of idle property would have been beneficially dispersed; whereas all those convents and church-lands fell into the possession of a few capitalists, or mercantile companies, who virtually purchased them for less than a third of their value, by paying the purchase-money in government securities, which were at a depreciation of at least thirty per cent. from their ostensible value.

The reverses of the Spanish clergy during the vibrations of the false-hearted Ferdinand between Absolutism and the more liberal views of the Constitution, up to the moment when his widow adopted the latter line of policy, were very great, and the popular hatred against them was not altogether unwarrantable; for although in the first changes they were fully indemnified for the church property that was sold, yet upon the return of the Absolute order of things, when

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they were re-established in their ancient possessions, they gave no indemnification to those who had given valuable considerations for that property. This flagrant injustice was severely visited upon them afterwards; for, in 1837, the most dreadful massacre of the monks took place in several parts of the country. In Malaga similar disasters were in a great measure averted by the philanthropy and intelligence of our worthy consul Mr. Mark, who, having ascertained that an organized plan had been formed to massacre all the monks in that district on a certain day, urged the authorities to measures of protection for the unfortunate objects of public odium. The consul fitted up extensive outhouses on his own premises for their shelter, and, in concert with the authorities, he effected the escape of several hundred ecclesiastics in various directions. Many of them went and joined the Carlist troops in the Basque Provinces with Cabrera, and were of course heard of no more; others retired to the more useful occupations of husbandry; whilst some few, fearing that there was no permanent safety for them in Spain, embarked for South America. Well may it be said that "extremes meet"! for this country, once the hotbed of religious fanaticism

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—the native soil in which that upas-tree, the Inquisition, flourished—the stronghold of monkish power, does not now contain a single convent for any male confraternity, and the abandoned monasteries have been converted not only to secular purposes, but, as I have already observed, even to profane ones.

* * * * *

We have just heard that the celebrated Francisco Montes, who is the first Matador in Spain, and consequently in the world,—and is now at Ronda for the fair,—is to be here, with his band of Toreros, in a fortnight; when two bull-fights will be given for the delectation of the Malaguenos, whose passion for that diversion is not to be described. We intend to time our excursion to Granada so as to be back at Malaga in time for Montes's exhibition; for, to be in Spain without seeing that most national of all sights—a bull-fight—(albeit repugnant to English tastes,) would be as bad as to be in Italy without going to the Opera: and, to carry on the comparison in the same sense, the prowess of Montes creates the same enthusiasm, the same *furore*, in this country, that the talent of Paganini, or the genius of Malibran, ever did in Italy. Whenever he makes his provincial

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circuit, crowds of people of all classes throng from all parts of the country to the town where he is to exhibit; every place in the arena is engaged for weeks beforehand; ladies prepare new dresses for the occasion; in short, there is but one idea, one theme of conversation, in the whole district, — Montes and his sanguinary calling! He it is who is the great man of Spain,—the hero of the multitude,—the individual upon whose merits no difference of opinion exists, — the only one who unites the suffrages of high and low, Carlist and Christino, Absolutist and Constitutionalist! Montes, although in the prime of life, wishes to retire from the arena, having realized a handsome independence, and purchased an estate near his native place Chiclana; but the nobility of Madrid will not hear of his quitting the scene of his triumphs yet a while, and possibly his compliance may entail upon him the fate that befel his celebrated predecessor, who, notwithstanding his extraordinary skill and address in the bull-ring, at last fell a victim to an infuriated animal at the moment that he was about to give it the *coup de grace.*

We have already desired a *palco* (or box) to be secured for us, on the shady side of the

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arena, for the first day of Montes's performance: and, that point settled, we are endeavouring to settle another and more difficult one, namely, the best—perhaps I ought to say the *least bad*—way of achieving our journey to Granada; and, from all I can learn on the subject, an achievement it may well be termed, for to approach Granada—the desideratum of all travellers in Spain—is surrounded with difficulties almost amounting to impossibilities.

Ever since our arrival here, we have been taking opinions upon that subject from those more experienced in such matters than ourselves; and we find, from what we have gathered from them, that there are but two practicable methods of performing the journey; that is to say, one must choose between the alternative of the diligence, or riding on mules. The state of the country is such, and the administration of its domestic policy so defective, that scarcely any carriage-roads exist, and, until within the last very few years, Granada was accessible to equestrian travellers only; and, from the reckless and lawless propensities of the lower orders, encouraged, as it were, by the laxity of the government, and the absence of all legal restraint, the roads were so infested

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by banditti that *not* to be robbed in such an enterprise was looked upon as little less than miraculous,—unless, indeed, a traveller availed himself of the periodical caravans of muleteers, which then, as they do now, conveyed *live lumber*, as well as merchandise, from Malaga to Granada. These caravans are conducted by two celebrated guides, Samora and Lanza, whose understanding with the hordes of robbers that frequent the roads is perfectly and undisguisedly notorious; for they have frequently been known to say to travellers,—pointing out a suspicious-looking personage who had passed by them,—"Do you see that man? well, he is a *ladron* scout on the look-out, and, if you had not been with me, you would have fallen into the hands of his band." To such an extent is this security established, that the merchants of Malaga and Granada prefer making their mutual remittances in specie through the medium of those two individuals, Lanza and Samora,—paying them a considerable per-centage, —to entrusting their pecuniary transactions to bills of exchange through the post; and the fact is, that at each trip they are laden with considerable sums of money. Their exemption from the casualties which overtake all other

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travellers being so clearly established, it is only reasonable to infer that Lanza and Samora pay, out of the profits which they receive from this traffic, a sort of "black mail" to their allies, the gentlemen of the road. The great point of safety established, however, who would think of questioning the means by which so great a blessing has been secured?

Within the last two or three years, civilization has taken one step, inasmuch as that a diligence has been established to run between Malaga and Granada, and, as far as exemption from robbery goes, has hitherto been carried on with as much security as the muleteer system; and which, no doubt, is likewise effected by a similar tribute being paid to the banditti, although the ostensible protection consists in a self-constituted police, which is carried on all along the road by armed peasants, who accompany the diligence, and relieve one another in their guard over it. The roads, we are told, are so execrable that no vehicle constructed upon ordinary principles of mechanism could venture to encounter them, so that private carriages are out of the question: but, even if it were possible to employ them, there would be no safety for travellers adopting such a mode of

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conveyance, and they would inevitably be rifled and carried off to the mountains by the brigands; who, when they do not find booty sufficient to satisfy their expectations in the baggage or on the persons of their victims, have recourse to that method of extracting ransom for their lives, if they do not murder them on the spot. I confess that these details are not very encouraging, and that to shrink from encountering the difficulties of which they are made up might be pardoned in a weak woman; but Granada has been one of my day-dreams for many years, and a pilgrimage to it is in my opinion well worth the possible perils and the certain fatigue that such an undertaking involves.

Our consul recommends the diligence as being the most feasible mode of conveyance, the extreme heat of the weather and the hard paces of the mules rendering the riding plan dreadfully fatiguing for a woman; so, we have decided upon going that way, and have sent to secure the whole coupé, and two places for the servants in the interior, in the first diligence that departs, which is to be to-morrow night at one o'clock after midnight.

To-day, at dinner, the French gentleman I have already alluded to, who is a strenuous supporter

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of both of the famous muleteers, Samora and Lanza, used all his powers of persuasion to induce us to put ourselves under the care of one or other of them, and ride to Granada. He represented the diligence as being the most execrable conveyance that ever was contrived for jolting unfortunate travellers to death; the roads too are so bad, and the drivers so careless, that no one can feel a moment's security with them; and he wound up his protest against that mode of travelling by telling us of the accident that happened to one of the diligences going to Granada two years ago,—the driver paid so little attention to his business that he fell asleep upon his seat, and his team, left to their own devices, ran so close upon the edge of a precipice that the wheels went over, and the whole concern was precipitated to the bottom. The height from which it fell was so great, that diligence, passengers, driver, and mules were all, not only dashed to pieces, but reduced to such fragments that not one of the bodies was recognisable when found. A German traveller present immediately took up the theme, and recounted how he was travelling in a diligence last year from Barcelona to Valencia, which was stopped by banditti, and every soul in it pillaged; he himself was mistaken for

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an Englishman by the robbers, who, not finding as much money about him as they supposed would be carried by one of our nominally wealthy countrymen, treated him very roughly, wounding him in the face with a knife, the scar of which he pointed out to me, and finally detained him prisoner until he obtained money from Barcelona to pay for his ransom. I listened to these stories with all the trembling eagerness that children give to some goblin tale, which, while it frightens them nearly out of their senses, fascinates their attention to such a degree that they would not for worlds lose a single word of it; and I contemplate the moment of my departure for Granada with precisely the same sort of courage with which the said children contemplate the hour of going to bed, and being left in the dark, after having heard the tales of terror that have made them tremble at their own shadow. What an agreeable impression to commence one's journey with!

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JOURNEY TO GRANADA.

Departure from Malaga.—Delights of the Diligence.—Spanish driving.—Guardias de Camino.—Venta.—Loxa.—Posada.—Night scene in a Spanish Inn.—Half-way house.—Approach to Granada.—The Vega.—Custom-house.—French Cicerone.—Rudeness of the Granadinos.—Approach to the Alhambra.—Gate of Judgment.—The new Hotel in the Alhambra.—Philosophical resolves.

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JOURNEY TO GRANADA.

" Quelles sont ces tours qui brillent comme des étoiles au-dessus d'une verte forêt ?"

" C'est l'Alhambra," répond le guide.

" Et cet autre château, sur cette autre colline ?" dit Aben Hamet.

" C'est le Généralife," répliqua l'Espagnol. " Il y a dans ce château un jardin planté de myrtes, où l'on prétend que l'Abencerrage fut surpris avec la Sultane. Plus loin vous voyez l'Albaycin, et plus près de nous les Tours Vermeilles."

CHATEAUBRIAND.

IT was half-past one in the morning, the moon had disappeared, and the atmosphere was unusually close and warm, when, after threading the narrow dark streets of Malaga on foot by the light of a lantern, we arrived at the Diligence-office, in front of which the vehicle was stationed, with its mules still unharnessed, and their noisy conductors apparently very busy—doing nothing. Having made up my mind to brave the difficulties of a journey to Granada,

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I was resolved to *m'exécuter de bonne grace*; and, nothing daunted by the unorthodox appearance of the carriage, I scrambled into the coupé, there to await the last preparations for the departure, in preference to standing amongst the stable gentry in the street—for there was no temporary accommodation for travellers in the Diligence-office. The glimmering of an approaching lantern announced the arrival of more passengers, and the English accents that immediately afterwards reached my ear proclaimed the new-comers to be my own country-people. I really felt quite thankful for this unexpected acquisition; for, with that instinctive confidence which leads us to look for support from those of our own nation (albeit they should be total strangers to us) in a foreign land, I felt a sort of additional security in the knowledge, that, whatever perils might befal us on the road, we should not be quite isolated amidst the wild inhabitants of this wild country. A Calesa, or rude sort of cabriolet, was drawn up near the diligence, and this latter vehicle was intended to convey our German compagnon de voyage, the young Leipziger, to Granada, who, not having been able to procure a seat in the diligence, had decided, neverthe-

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less, upon taking advantage of its protection to perform the journey thither in the only description of carriage that Malaga affords for the accommodation of single gentlemen travelling.

At length, all the preliminaries for departure being completed, off we started, just as the clocks of Malaga told the second hour after midnight. To describe this indescribable diligence, so as to do justice to the perfection with which discomfort has been realized in its whole arrangement, would be impossible; so that I shall only say that it is constructed upon every plan the best calculated to ensure misery to its occupants. The coupé, which I had secured, is at once so shallow and so narrow, that it is equally impossible to lean back, or to stretch out one's feet in it; neither the sides, back, nor front are stuffed; every jolt threatens to throw one out of the windows (which, luckily, are not large enough to admit of such a mode of ejection); and one feels thankful for having escaped that contingency, at the expense of the lesser evil of having one's elbows and knees broken against the hard deal-boards covered with calico which compose the interior decoration, the whole appearance of which reminded me of an old trunk set upon wheels. The coupé is intended

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to contain three persons, but certainly is not roomy enough for two of any bulk; and the body of the carriage is arranged for eight individuals, who are placed in *omnibus* fashion, and are packed as closely together as anchovies in a basket. This diligence is drawn by eight mules, tackled in pairs with ropes to a pole of moderate length, the two wheelers only being guided by reins, although the whole eight are driven by one coachman; who certainly is, to do him justice, an admirable whip in his own way, and appears to effect as much by verbal admonition to his mules as by the short-thonged badge of office. As we toiled up the steep, hilly road that leads from Malaga, the grey dawn slowly broke, and gave us just light enough to remark these particulars; and we then became aware that a supplementary coachman accompanied the vehicle on foot, whose duties were to keep the heads of the reinless mules straight, and to throw in an occasional and encouraging crack of the whip to any of the lagging team that were beyond the reach of the driver's short thong; he also occasionally relieved his superior, by taking his place upon the coach-box, whenever the latter felt inclined to perform the running accompaniment for his deputy. Both of these men

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were shrewd, mahogany-faced, dried-up-looking little Andalusians, with black peering eyes that expressed both cunning and ferocity: but the chief was infinitely a greater beau than his deputy, having on a fine Majo jacket, the back



of which exhibited a large flower-pot worked upon it in pieces of different bright-coloured cloths, and the sleeves ornamented with numerous stripes of the same gaudy-tinted materials,

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plush breeches, buff leggings, and a very smart hat indeed, the rim of which was turned up all round, and exhibited its black velvet lining, while the manner in which it was set upon one side of his head was calculated to shew off to the best advantage its complement of black tufts and the equally black hair and whiskers beneath; a crimson handkerchief loosely tied round his bare throat completed his dress, which appeared to be so *soigné* that I could not but fancy it must have been intended to charm the eyes of some expecting Maritornes on the road.

Sunrise found us still wearying upwards among the steep acclivities that surround Malaga, and which are well entitled to be dignified with the appellation of mountains. Up to their very summits they are covered with vineyards of that particular quality of grapes from which is produced the celebrated Malaga wine known in England as "Mountain"; and not an inch of ground is lost, so closely are the vines planted together, and so economically are the intersecting foot-paths arranged. Along the road-side our eyes were greeted with a display of tropical as well as meridional vegetation that attested to the richness of the soil; sugar-canes, aloes, cactus, orange and lemon trees, dwarf palm-trees,

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pomegranates, and geraniums of such magnitude that they served as hedgerows, were growing promiscuously together in all the unpruned exuberance of wild nature: but, as we proceeded, these evidences of the fertility of the earth became gradually more rare, and, by the time we made our first halt to rest the mules and breakfast, they had entirely disappeared, and the whole face of the country had assumed a stern, wild, melancholy, yet romantic character, which looked ominously in keeping with bands of robbers and deeds of violence. We, however, were regularly escorted and protected by the *guardias de camino*, or armed peasants, whose province it is to accompany the diligence; which they do at a quick trot on foot, relieving each other from time to time, and, as they are relieved, claim payment from the passengers for their services. The tone of this claim, coupled with their appearance and their accoutrements, conical hats, close jackets, and belts stuck full of cartridges, rush sandals, long *escopettes* or firelocks, and dark wild-looking faces, savours so strongly of Gil Blas' famous beggar, that to refuse the demand would be to ensure a less agreeable rencontre at no distant period, when the traveller would undoubtedly become the supplicant; so, we thankfully paid whatever was demanded of us.

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As to the state of the roads, no language can do justice to their execrableness: I thought that I had already travelled over the worst bit of road in all Europe, (that which leads from Hamburg to Lubeck, and which a Russian gentleman graphically declared to me was paved with the fragments of broken carriages,) but this Andalusian specimen beats the Holstein dislocator out of the field, and ought to be placarded in all directions with the Irish finger-post lucid announcement of "No way this way." Nevertheless, the driver makes *his way* through these roads in a way quite incomprehensible to the unhappy souls within, when, after a particularly *bad step*, they find that neither their own bones nor the diligence-springs (I beg its pardon, it has no springs, only wheels) have been fractured in the desperate encounter with rocks, ruts, and ravines. The more alarming became the state of the road, the more fearless the coachman appeared of its possible consequences: for, upon the Irish principle of the best way of *avoiding* a difficulty being to *meet it* full-plump, he always made a charge full-gallop into the middle of the most alarming-looking places; and when the mules had scrambled out of them,—Heaven only knows how!—and that a chaotic jumble of the vehicle and its contents had once more subsided into the ordinary pace,

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and shaken us back into our places, he would turn round upon his seat and grin triumphantly in our faces, without the least compunction for the terror which he saw depicted there, as though he would have said, "Have you any such whips as that in your own country?"

The whole distance from Malaga to Granada is only twenty Spanish leagues, that is, about seventy-five English miles: yet the diligence takes two days to perform the journey, as it proceeds the whole way with the same mules; and, of these two days' journeying, one is of seventeen hours' duration and the other fifteen! Each of these days is divided into two parts by a couple of hours' bait at a lone *posada*, where travellers are told they may eat—provided that they find any edibles, ought to be added. But I warn my compatriots against putting any faith in such assurances, or trusting to the hospitality of these Spanish half-way houses, unless they can brace their appetites up to encountering an omelet, out of which the embryo chickens may be picked with a fork; for the same admonition which Lord Byron addressed to a friend, whom he was inviting to join him in Greece, may be here serviceably applied as a timely preventive against disappointment, namely, that "they must

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not think that they are coming to rough it upon a beefsteak and a bottle of port." We had so far distrusted the fare we should meet with as to have brought with us a cold chicken and wherewithal to make tea, so that at our first resting-place we were not badly off: but I was so thoroughly done up with the horrors of the diligence as to be unable to sit up or to eat, and all the refreshment I sought for was a mattress to lie down upon in a private chamber, if such the house afforded; which was problematical from the appearance of the lower part, a large stable-like room, paved with round stones, having a kitchen fireplace at one end of it, and one or two deal-tables, with benches to match, at the other, and all round it places for the accommodation of mules and their furniture. Into this room the passengers and the drivers of the diligence were ushered; and there they were expected to fraternize amicably together at the same table. I escaped from it to climb up a ladder with the woman of the house into a tiny square room, having not a single vestige of furniture in it: but the whitewashed walls and the brick floor bore evidence that it was occasionally occupied; for upon the latter were strewed sundry ends of half-consumed cigars, and the

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former retained a multitude of suspicious stains, the marks of nocturnal strife between man and his bloodthirsty persecutors, which latter had apparently met an untimely end while swarming down the walls to the fierce encounter. The woman presently dragged in a mattress from an adjoining room, and spread it on the floor for me; but the appearance of it was quite sufficient to deprive me of all inclination to lie down: so, giving up the idea of rest in despair, and contenting myself with the simple refreshment of soap and water, I descended to the lower regions, and found that our servants had managed to secure a table for us apart from the omnibus one, at which the coachman presided; and the two English travellers (an officer attached to the medical staff at Gibraltar and his wife), the young German, and ourselves, breakfasted there together.

On comparing notes as to the miseries we had severally endured during the preceding part of our journey, it was found that the least sufferer of all had been the German, whose light open calesa, drawn by a single mule, *betasselled, befringed,* and decorated with a score of jingling bells, bounded over the ravines and ruts which our ponderous vehicle floundered heavily through

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or threatened to stick in the middle of; and so strenuously did he recommend me to make a trial of its merits, that, when we again set forward, I availed myself of his polite offer: but, although I actually found his carriage more tolerable than the coupé of the diligence, the fear of being occasionally pitched out of it over the mule's head obliged me to beat a retreat back to the coupé.

Neither our English compagnon de voyage, Dr. S——, nor the young German, suffered any remarkable point of view to escape them, and with their sketch-books or journals in hand they dashed off a view or a description *à la hâte* with the zest of true lovers of Nature and discriminating judges of her beauties. Never did I see so lonely a tract of country; not a village, not a habitation was to be seen; nothing but rocky mountains without a blade of grass upon them, and precipices descending in fearful abruptness from the roadside, with neither hedge nor parapet to prevent those who ventured too near the edge rolling over into the deep abyss below: and, as for living creatures, an Irishman would have said, "Devil's luck to the Christian we saw, barring the bulls!" herds of which, of the wild Andalusian race, occasionally came down the hill's side to look at us.

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We reached Loxa, where our first night was to be passed, at seven in the evening. This place, famous in Moorish story as having been defended with such desperate bravery against the Christian arms by the fierce Ali Atar, the father-in-law of Boabdil, the last Moslem king of Granada, appeared to us as we approached it like an oasis in the desert. Surrounded by luxuriant vineyards and verdant groves, and watered by the silver Xenil, its site has been chosen with that exquisite taste and judgment which directed all the creations of the Moors in this country. The ground about it is most picturesquely broken; and the ruins of an old Moorish castle, placed upon an eminence which crowns the town, give a finishing touch of interest to the scene by adding the dignity of historical associations to the wild romance of nature. The vineyards that abound in the neighbourhood produce the finest grapes for preserving in the world; and those dried raisins which are everywhere known as "Malaga raisins" are the immediate growth of Loxa, and constitute its principal source of commerce.

Our approach to the *posada* was through a steep narrow street, the whole appearance of which forcibly reminded me of an Eastern town; and, as the

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diligence alternately sunk and rose over its crooked pavement, we might, without any extraordinary effort, have shaken hands right and left with the persons who were attracted to the windows of their habitations by the rumbling of our carriage-wheels. But the *posada* itself defies all comparison, for never in any part of the world did I meet, in the accommodations provided for travellers, with such a levelling system (not only of ranks, but of the dignity of human nature to a footing with the brute creation,) as directs the arrangements of the house in question. "Entertainment for man and beast" ought to have been written over the great gateway into which we drove, and, having entered, found ourselves *au beau milieu* of the best inn's best room, one end of which served for coach-house and stable, the other "for kitchen, parlour, and hall." In short, it was precisely such a hostelry in all respects as Don Quixote and his faithful squire were wont to put up at in the course of their adventurous wanderings. The mules were unharnessed and led to their mangers; the vehicles left standing where they had stopped; and we were expected to do the same, while frying-pans were put into requisition, and a great steaming caldron of

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sopa de pan prepared for the evening's repast, not to mention fried eggs and tomatas, black-pudding, and other equally tempting dishes, the odour of which was quite sufficient to blunt the edge of the keenest appetite.

As we were only to rest at Loxa until two o'clock after midnight, at which hour we were to resume our journey, my chief anxiety was to be shewn into a sleeping-chamber with as little delay as possible; but I soon found that a room to myself was in the judgment of mine host one of those preposterous expectations which the regulations of the posada at Loxa could not for a moment entertain, and that the two or three small chambers furnished with two beds each, that opened into a corridor looking down upon the *caravanserai* I have already described, were intended to accommodate more persons than they contained beds. The luxury of a truckle-bed to myself was at last achieved; but I was obliged to allow my maid to occupy the other one in the same room, as otherwise she must have been condemned to the *outside places*, that is to say, the lower department of the house, which at nightfall exhibited a scene worthy of being made the subject of one of Cruikshank's powerful delineations. Muleteers

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and country-people of both sexes travelling with them, the proprietors of the inn and their servants, various Spanish travellers who had arrived in the diligence coming from Granada, which had met ours at this half-way house and served to increase the confusion, were stretched about upon the hard stone floor and staircase, merely wrapped in their cloaks, and sleeping like dogs; some of them having a saddle-pack under their heads in lieu of a pillow, others without even that apology for ease: while a large lamp suspended from the roof shed its flickering light over these recumbent forms, bringing out into strong relief the countenances of some, while others buried in deep shadow appeared only like dark, indistinct masses encumbering the floor. A snoring noise, accompanied by most audible scratchings, led me to suppose that one of the watch-dogs of the establishment must have stationed himself at my door; but upon rising to ascertain the truth of my surmise, and to get rid, if possible, of the noisy sentinel, I found to my no small confusion a man and woman buried in the most profound slumber, and lying in their clothes at right angles to each other upon the same cloak, which garment they had spread out upon the threshold

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of my door,—so that, had I wished to leave my room, I must have stepped over their prostrate bodies to effect my exit.

At a little before two we were roused; a cup of chocolate (which, by the bye, was very well made) was brought to each of us; and, as soon as we were dressed, we resumed our weary journey: but so little had we been refreshed by the night's halt at Loxa, that we actually fell asleep in the diligence; a fact which I really consider to be nearly as great a physical phenomenon as the occasional slumbers of the Cherokee Indian war-prisoners in the midst of the slow tortures which their captors inflict upon them.

As we advanced, however, a little improvement in the road, and exceedingly fine weather, rendered our progress more tolerable than on the preceding day; and at half-past ten we reached the posada where we were to breakfast, while the mules rested for an hour.

I had thought that the preceding day's half-way house could not be outdone, and that it filled up the measure of all I had ever heard of Spanish ventas and their unbounded wretchedness; but that establishment was the Star and Garter at Richmond compared with this day's hostelry, and, as I set my foot within the doorway, I actually

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shrunk back in dismay at the interior view disclosed to me,—but, there being no other choice left me but to advance, if I did not retreat back to the diligence, which was left standing in the burning sun, I was forced to proceed. The house was composed of but one room, adjoining the stable, and, like it, paved with sharp pebbles; and the smoke of the fire, which our arrival had been the signal for lighting, instead of ascending the chimney, revolved in dusky clouds through the room, and then, Irish-cabin fashion, escaped through the open door and the single small casement that admitted a very dubious light into the gloomy interior. In this room were assembled all the passengers of the diligence, the two drivers included; the master and mistress of the inn, and their dirty Maritornes; two pigs; four gaunt dogs, the genuine representatives of famine; two cats, curtailed of their fair proportions of tails and ears; a tame partridge, in a cage; and a ragged little beggar-boy of eight or nine years old, a real *descamisado*, having on no garment, save a soldier's old coat "a world too wide" for his young limbs, and an old foraging-cap stuck knowingly upon one ear, who had accompanied the diligence on foot from Loxa, apparently for no other object than the questionable

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pleasure of trotting alongside of it, for he never asked for alms, and was the merriest roguish-eyed little urchin I ever saw.

Our hopes of finding the larder of this lone venta productive of something that might furnish forth a breakfast for us, were somewhat damped by seeing our coachman pull out of his pocket a dirty newspaper parcel, containing something that looked very much like a roasted crow, but turned out to be a cold duck, and a piece of beef so long cooked, and apparently so often recooked, that it might have passed for petrified horseflesh. These he began to cut up with an old rusty knife as long as a *couteau de chasse*, while the maid broke up some eggs (the only provision which the house afforded besides bread) for the eternal omelet; and, while she was occupied in beating them up, preparatory to their being fried, one of the dogs performed his part of the household business, and saved her the trouble of cleaning the frying-pan, by licking it with all his might! At the same time the scene was agreeably diversified by the mules, which the supplementary coachman had just unharnessed, being unceremoniously walked through the middle of the group on their way to the stable; and the driver of the calesa, who had sprained his ankle in the

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course of the morning, set himself down just within the door, and was operated upon by an old crone, who, holding his naked leg in her lap and planting her foot against his stomach, tried to reduce the sprain by pulling the limb with all her strength; which novel mode of treatment extorted screams of pain from the luckless patient. We had brought with us tea, bread, and oranges, which rendered us independent of the delicate repast in preparation; but the Spanish portion of the diligence party were not so nice as we were, and did ample justice to the above-mentioned viands, to which was added a preparation of eggs, which, I am very sure, is not included in the two hundred methods of cooking them, already cited in the *Almanach des Gourmands*, and is therefore worthy of being particularized as the *two hundred and first.* It consisted in breaking a number of eggs into a large earthen vessel filled with boiling water, to which were added a quantity of bread crumbled by the dirty fingers of the hostess, and a seasoning of salt, pepper, and garlic; the whole mess being stirred up, until it assumed the appearance of a curdled soup. It was then placed upon the table in the identical vessel in which it had been concocted, and the assembled party partook of it, without the addi-

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tion of plates being deemed necessary; each individual in turn dipping in his spoon and carrying it brimful to his mouth, just as I have seen Turks fraternize (minus the spoon) round a smoking bowl of pilaf; or precisely as French soldiers partake of their meals, *mangeant à la gamelle.*

Meanwhile our ragged swarthy-faced little Flibertigibbet earned his share of the repast by singing for us sundry Andalusian songs, all ending with that peculiar droning howl which the Spaniards of this part of the country are said to have derived from the Moors: the monotony of the melody was compensated by the expression which he gave to the words, which one of the Spanish gentlemen declared were full of *double entente;* and the little imp never failed to impress upon his auditors that he thoroughly comprehended their humour, by winking with the utmost effrontery at the gentlemen whenever he uttered anything that he ought to have been whipped for understanding.

When the pleasures of this breakfast had been fully discussed, we again set forward on our journey, and in less than an hour a joyful cry from the driver's lips of "Granada! Granada!" apprised us that we were within sight of this (to me) long wished-for goal. But although

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I strained my eyes to the utmost, in a state of excitement and expectancy which I have never during the course of my long wanderings experienced in the same degree upon approaching any spot, except upon two occasions,—when I first beheld Rome in the distance, and when Constantinople first burst upon my view,—I could discern nothing but what appeared to me to be a mist lying upon the mountain side. That mist, however, was the city of the Moor,—romantic, chivalrous Granada; whose splendours and whose reverses have been such a fertile theme of inspiration to the poet and the historian of so many climes; whose regal towers and deserted halls are as a shrine to which the pilgrims of the Old and the New Worlds direct their steps, and bend the knee in sorrowing admiration over this monument of the departed glories of a race which has ceased to count among the nations of the earth! and which, after having given civilization to Gothic Spain, became engulphed and finally lost in the barbaric tribes of Africa.

The far-famed Vega, or plain of Granada, lay stretched before us in all its unparalleled richness, bounded by a chain of lofty mountains, preëminent among which rises the magnificent range of the Sierra Nevada, its snowy crests

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glistening brightly against the deep blue sky. To the left of the road appeared in the distance Santa Fé, the town built by Ferdinand and Isabella upon the site occupied by their encamped army during the period that Granada was besieged by the Catholic forces; and near to it is Sota de Roma, that rich morsel of the rich Vega, which the Spanish government presented to the Duke of Wellington as a suitable accompaniment to the honours of Grandee of Spain with which his valorous deeds in the Peninsula were recompensed. But it was not until we approached within half an hour's drive of Granada that we could discover the towers of the Alhambra, that last stronghold of the Moorish kings; and its exterior, like the architecture of all Mahometan nations, by no means gives an idea of the almost fabulous elegance and refinement which characterize its interior decorations, for it looks infinitely more like a fortress than the palace of a voluptuous race of kings. The situation, however, is admirable, crowning the summit of the hill upon the sides of which the city of Granada is partly built, and commanding a view of the whole lovely Vega, and the chain of the Sierra Nevada.

It is provoking, when one's mind is in all the

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delightful excitement of hope just about to be realized, and one's memory is busily occupied brushing up dimly recollected histories of bygone times, to be rudely aroused from those pleasant mental revellings, and required to give all one's attention to some of those vulgar everyday realities which are a tax upon the patience as well as the purses of travellers, and have often made me threaten to forswear my wanderings altogether. The annoyance I allude to in this instance was the Aduana, or custom-house. We were stopped at the gates of Granada, and obliged to submit to our baggage being thoroughly ransacked in the street by the custom-house officers; a vexation unlooked for by us, and unknown in other countries, where *one* examination at the frontier suffices for the whole kingdom. But in Spain travellers are liable to have their trunks examined at every town in which they intend to sojourn a few days: if they pass through it without stopping, they are exempt; but otherwise they cannot avoid this nuisance: so, we were obliged to submit to it with as good a grace as we could command.

The entrance to Granada is by no means imposing; and until reaching the Diligence-office, where we descended, we perceived nothing to

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admire in the streets wanting space, and the houses wanting elegance, of which the part of the city we had passed through is composed. At the office we were accosted by an old French laquais-de-place, one of the cicerones of Granada, who was in waiting there to attach himself to the service of whoever might require a guide. This man, whose name is Louis, and who, in countenance and manner, resembles Odry, of the Théatre des Variétés in Paris, in some of his buffoon parts in the most ludicrous manner, is a deserter from the French army which occupied Spain during the War of Independence, and, having married at Granada, has inhabited it for the last thirty years; but although speaking Spanish fluently, and wearing the national costume, there is that in his countenance, and in the very manner in which his *capa* (cloak) and Andalusian hat are put on, that betrayed his origin, and at once revealed the old French *farceur* under the disguise of the Spanish Majo.

The English consul at Malaga had recommended us to lodge here at a new hotel which has recently been established within the jurisdiction of the Alhambra, and possesses the double advantage of cleanliness, and of sparing travellers

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the fatigue of toiling up the long ascent that separates the Moorish palace—that magnet of attraction to all who visit these regions—from the city of Granada. We accordingly placed ourselves under the guidance of Louis, and proceeded thither; and a weary walk we found it under the ardent beams of a five-o'clock sun, ascending by the steep street which leads to the Alhambra, and followed by a long train of idlers, many of them extremely well-dressed persons, who had assembled round the diligence to see us alight from it, and seemed to have no better manner of passing their Sunday afternoon than by attaching themselves to our footsteps, and following us whithersoever we should go. It was in vain that, to mark our displeasure at this annoyance, we occasionally stopped short, and looked at our persecutors in a way which they could not mistake: they, too, would stand still, and provokingly wait until we resumed our march; and, if we spoke to each other, they would lean forward and peer into our faces as if to catch our words. Many and vain were the angry remonstrances addressed to them by Louis; it was as though he spoke to the winds—or, far worse: they laughed in his face with the utmost insolence; and, mortified by the derision he met

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with at their hands, he apologized to us for the little effect which his rhetoric produced upon these ill-bred intruders, by assuring us that the population of Granada was composed of " la plus abominable canaille, les plus fichues bêtes de l'univers," and that he had found to his cost what a hopeless task was the attempt to civilize them and reform their manners.

At last we emerged from the steep narrow street of Los Gomeles, and, entering the gate known as that of Las Granadas (the Pomegranates), we found ourselves within the precincts of the Alhambra; and beautiful indeed was the demesne that opened upon us. Groves of luxuriant trees intersected by noble avenues, and narrower pathways bordered with parterres of flowers, greeted our view; the whole refreshed by fountains casting their bright waters into the air, and murmuring rills stealing through the emerald turf, and producing a fresh verdure in grass, and flower, and tree, which I never saw surpassed in the gardens of England. Still ascending by one of the narrower paths, we sauntered onwards beneath the clustering shades, admiring the perfect order and nicety with which these beautiful pleasure-grounds are kept; when suddenly we found ourselves before a heavy-looking tower,

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of a reddish colour, near to which is a large fountain, which was constructed by Charles the Fifth, and is adorned with imperial eagles and *bassi rilievi*. Here we were made to pause for a moment by our guide, who, pointing out to us a lofty arched gateway in the tower, adorned with arabesques, and bearing upon it the engraved form of a hand, and, upon a lower arch within, that of a key, informed us that we had reached the great entrance of the fortress of the Alhambra, and that the arch before us was the famous Gate of Judgment, with its Moslem symbols of Doctrine and Faith, devices which have given rise to such various interpretations—even to the wild popular superstition that it was the outward and visible sign of the magician's spell to whose enchantments the Alhambra owed its existence, and still owes its preservation from decay. Many writers have dwelt upon the supposition that those figures were believed by the Moors to be not only talismanic, but destined to convey hieroglyphically an idea of the impregnability of the fortress, by the somewhat impossible assertion, that, *when that hand should grasp that key, the Alhambra would fall!* The Alhambra *has* fallen—the spider weaves her grey pall in the gorgeous halls where monarchs once revelled—the royal

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race by whom those halls were created has passed away like a vision of the night, "and their own place knows them no more"—the image of the mother of the Christian Saviour has for centuries asserted the dominion of the Cross over the fallen Moslem power: yet the hand has remained *stationary*, silently to confound the fallacy of human pride, which dared to form and to promulgate so presumptuous and vain-glorious a boast.

Through this gateway we passed, and observed upon its inner arch an image of the Virgin, which appears to be strangely out of character with the rich arabesques, mixed with short sentences from the Koran, that surround it. A few soldiers were lounging within, as though the purposes to which the Gate of Judgment is now devoted are those of a guard-house: and here our officious retinue finally took leave of us, apprehending perhaps that we might appeal to the guard to rid us of them, and left us to pursue our way unmolested to the new posada; which we however did not reach until we had traversed the large square that precedes the vast unfinished-looking pile of yellow stone, erected by Charles the Fifth, in the vain expectation that his Christian palace would cast into the shade the wonders of the

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"Arabian house" (as the residence of the Moslem sovereigns was familiarly called). Some other Plazas and Puertas were passed by us; and then, turning into what looked like the court of a farm-house, we found ourselves at the entrance of a low mean-looking habitation, which Louis informed us was the new hotel.

Of the passengers in the diligence, only Doctor and Mrs. S—— and my own party decided upon trying this establishment; the young German had gone to the Fonda de Commercio in Granada, and the Spanish travellers had probably proceeded to their own homes: but, although our demands for accommodation were not very unreasonable, (only stipulating for four best bed-chambers and two servants' room,) we found considerable difficulty in obtaining compliance with them. The posada has been so recently opened to the public, that it is as yet almost destitute of the commonest necessaries of life; and the fact of two of the best apartments being already occupied by an English colonel and a German from Hamburgh, appeared to the proprietors to be a very legitimate excuse for the remaining rooms being completely stripped of furniture. The windows even were unglazed; but the cleanly appearance of the newly white-

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washed walls and brick-floors seemed quite inviting to us after our two last days' experience of the manifold abominations of Spanish inns: and when we had managed to get prepared for each of us a separate sleeping-chamber whose whole *ameublement* was comprised in a stretcher and single mattress, two rush-bottomed chairs, and a little rough deal-table, we all agreed that, although our accommodations wore very much the appearance of an inferior lazaret, they were infinitely to be preferred to what we had heard of the older established posadas of Granada and their concomitants of filth and animated nature. Besides, there was a *prestige* in the mere idea of being domiciled within the precincts of the Alhambra which caused us to overlook all the material discomforts with which that attainment was taxed; and, although our pleasures were as yet only those of the imagination, (for not a vestige of the palace is to be seen from the inn,) yet the romantic associations inseparable from its name were in themselves sufficient to make us contemplate with indulgent complacency the less than unpretending simplicity of our abode. True it is, that one dressing-glass was made to do duty for the whole establishment, and was carried

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from room to room for each individual successively to make his or her toilet by;—true it is, that the freshness of the evening air, which is here tempered into delicious coolness by the vicinity of the Snowy Mountains, caused us to shiver under the infliction of unglazed windows; and that, when we had hermetically closed the unpainted window-shutters and called for lights, those that were brought to us (two such slender, sallow, visionary-looking tapers that they must have been the ghosts of defunct wax-candles, their spectral appearance being increased by the characteristic appendage of what are vulgarly called "winding-sheets" guttering down from the drooping wicks,) served only to render darkness visible; — true it is, that wearied as we were, and aching in every bone, no dinner was forthcoming to refresh us, the day's provisions for the posada being exhausted when we reached it. Yet what of that? We had attained the long wished-for goal — we were in the Alhambra! Who could murmur at feeling a little cold or hungry under such a delightful certainty? We flattered ourselves that our souls were above such grovelling considerations as mere "creature-comforts" involve; and, bearing up bravely against these inevitable privations, we retired joyously

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to our hard pallets, resolved to rough it with philosophy and good-humour, and promising ourselves much future amusement in laughing over our Spanish expedition *au coin du feu* at home, and causing some of our dainty friends to open their eyes in amazement at the recital of our adventures.

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THE

ARAB DOMINION IN SPAIN.

Tradition of King Roderick, the last of the Goths.—Count Julien and his daughter.—Vengeance of Count Julien.—First descent of the Saracens into Spain. — Expedition thither under Tarik.—Battle with the Goths, and defeat of King Roderick. — Further successes of Tarik. — Musa's Conquests. — His death.—Count Pelayo. — First Moorish Sovereign in Spain. — Western Caliphate established at Cordova.—Division of the Caliphate into petty kingdoms. —Dissensions of the Moors. — Increase of the Christian power in Spain.—Arrival of the Sultan of Morocco in Spain.—Battle between the Christians and Moors.—Supremacy of the Sultan of Morocco in Spain.—Rival Moorish Dynasties.—Establishment of the Kingdom of Granada. —The founder of the Alhambra.—Seville taken by Saint Ferdinand.—Granada the sole remaining Moorish possession in Spain.—Prosperity of Granada.—Invasion of the Kingdom of Granada by the Castilian Sovereigns.—Fall of Granada. — Fate of King Boabdil. — Arts and Manufactures of the Spanish Moors.—Conclusion.

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THE

ARAB DOMINION IN SPAIN.

" Ay España!
Perdida por La Cava!"

Spanish Ballad.

" Mataste los Bencerrages,
Que eran la flor de Granada;
Cogiste los tornadizoz
De Cordova la nombrada.

" Por eso mereces, Rey,
Una pena bien doblada;
Que te pierdas tu y el reino,
E que se pierda Granada.

" Si no se respetan leyes,
Es ley que todo se pierda;
Y que se pierda Granada
Y que te pierdas en ella."

Moorish Ballad.

THE illustrious Shahabaam, in Scribe's vaudeville of L'Ours et le Pacha, declared, " Je n'entends jamais rien au spectacle sans avoir lu le programme;" and, as I fully participate in the remark thus sapiently enounced, I have paused,

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while upon the very threshold of the Alhambra, to collect together some account of the singular people whose *chef d'œuvre* of art I am about to visit; in order that, by classing in my mind, with something of chronological precision, the most important features of the Arab conquest of Spain, I may steer clear of the confusion that random historical recollections inevitably create, when either referred to without order or admitted upon the hap-hazard authority of *ciceroni* or guide-books. In short, before viewing the picture, I wish to know, not only who was the painter, but from what school he sprung; and, in the supposition that the abstract I have traced out for myself might prove useful and acceptable to future tourists, I trust that I may be pardoned for now prefixing it to my account of the Alhambra.

It would take up far too much time and space were I here to attempt even an abridged account of who and what had originally been the Saracens, who, in the seventh century, spread themselves like locusts over so vast a portion of Asia; not however, like locusts, to destroy, but to carry with them refinement, science, and letters whithersoever they went, and victoriously to rally round the standard of their new Prophet the

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inhabitants of the countries they had conquered. My only business is with the precise period of their first having turned their eyes towards the shores of Spain, and the manner in which they effected their conquest of the Peninsula,—an event which produced such important results to the whole of Europe; for there is no doubt that to the incursion of these Oriental tribes it was indebted for the introduction of those arts and sciences of which the Saracens were at that time the only possessors.

The tradition of the crime that led to the reverses of Roderick, the last Gothic king of Spain, has been discredited by many authors, as being at best nothing more than a poetical fiction; but, as I am not competent to decide upon the merits of the controversy, I shall at once assume the version of it that has been generally received throughout the Peninsula, namely, that the king's outrage to the family of one of his nobles led to the treachery and subsequent defection of a large portion of his subjects, cost him his throne and his life, and made his kingdom a prey to the Moslem invader.

There is a tradition current, which affirms that at the period of Roderick's election to the

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Gothic kingdom of Spain, of which Toledo was the capital, there existed in that city a house which had been shut up from time immemorial, and forbidden under heavy penalties to be entered; and it was the custom, at the coronation of each of the kings, for the guardians of this mysterious house to petition the new sovereign for a lock to be placed upon it, in addition to the numerous ones by which it was already secured. At the period of Roderick's accession, however, he, when thus entreated, peremptorily refused not only to furnish the accustomed lock, but announced his intention of opening the house and personally solving the mystery it involved; and, although solemnly warned against attempting the violation of a place which had been held sacred by all his predecessors, he obstinately persisted in satisfying his curiosity at the expense of the superstitions of his people, and, forthwith repairing to the house, caused its innumerable locks to be removed, and ruthlessly entered. Nothing in the mysterious tenement met his eyes, save a chest carefully locked up; and that chest, having been broken open, was discovered to contain only a scroll of parchment, upon which was traced the figure of an Arab warrior in battle-accoutrements, and underneath it an

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inscription signifying that, whenever the house and chest should be opened, and the figure on the scroll brought to light, a people resembling that figure would enter Spain, conquer, and possess it. It is said that Roderick was painfully distressed by this inexplicable omen, and, hoping to repair the error into which his obstinacy had precipitated him, he forthwith ordered the house to be closed, the locks to be replaced as heretofore, and the whole to be committed to the charge of its former guardians; and that, entering upon the government of his kingdom, he soon forgot, among the cares of the state and the licentious pleasures into which he plunged, the extraordinary warning he had received.

At that period Ceuta, upon the African coast, belonged to the Spanish Goths, and had successfully maintained itself under its Gothic governor, Count Julien, against the attacks of the Saracen army commanded by Musa, which had been sent from Syria by the Caliph Alwalid to conquer and to convert the northern states of Africa to the Mahometan faith, and had been successful in making themselves masters of nearly the whole line of coast up to the shores of the Atlantic. It was at that time the custom of the Gothic noblemen to send their children to

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Toledo, where the court was held, there to receive their education, and to be afterwards given in marriage according to the king's pleasure. In conformity with this established rule, Count Julien's daughter, the too famous La Cava, was sent to Toledo; and her extraordinary beauty, as she grew up into womanhood, having attracted King Roderick's admiration, he scrupled not to make such dishonourable overtures to her as were not consistent with the modesty of a high-born virtuous maiden to listen to, and were therefore indignantly rejected. Foiled in all his arts of persuasion, the king scrupled not, licentious and unprincipled as he was, to have recourse to violence; and the injured lady immediately communicated her wrongs to her father, entreating that he would lose no time in removing her beyond the reach of further outrage.

Count Julien repaired immediately from Ceuta to Toledo: but as an ordinary vengeance upon the destroyer of his daughter would not have satisfied his honour, or have been deemed sufficient to wipe away the insult he had received, he determined to dissimulate to the king his own knowledge of what had occurred, the better to facilitate the execution of his meditated

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revenge; and, therefore, merely requested permission to remove his daughter to Ceuta, upon the pretext of her mother being then dangerously ill, and requiring her presence,—a request which was unsuspiciously complied with by the sovereign. But no sooner had Count Julien returned to Ceuta, than he opened a communication with the Saracen general, Musa, who was then in possession of Tangiers; and after describing to him in the most glowing terms the beauty and riches of the Spanish territory, and the internal dissensions that distracted and weakened its Gothic rulers, and would render the whole country an easy prey to foreign invasion, he at once proposed to Musa to effect a landing there with part of the Saracen army. The artful Moslem, however his appetite for conquest was sharpened by the tempting description of the bribe held out to him, was in the first instance determined to gratify his taste, like the monkey in the fable, who took advantage of poor puss's mingled complacency and *gourmandise* to draw out of the fire, through the medium of her paws, the chesnuts which he himself intended to devour; and, consequently, Musa only acceded to Count Julien's proposition upon the understanding that he, the rebel Goth, was to commence the ha-

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zardous enterprise, by making in person the first attack upon his countrymen.

This condition was complied with: and Count Julien, heading the Gothic troops under his government, effected a predatory incursion upon the Spanish coast at that spot upon which the town of Algesiras is now built; and returned to Africa with a sufficiently rich booty to awaken the cupidity of the Moslem general, who immediately expedited one of his own captains, named Tarif, with a small body of troops upon a similar undertaking. Tarif (who must not be confounded with Tarik, the famous conqueror of Gibraltar,) effected his landing with the same facility that had characterized Count Julien's essay, and disembarked at a place not far from Algesiras, which has ever since been called Tariffa, and effected from thence an expedition up the country, which was productive to him of so much plunder, that, upon his return with it to the African coast, the whole Saracen army became impatient to gain for themselves a footing in a country which yielded such riches. It was after this second experiment that Musa empowered Tarik, who held the next rank to himself in the Saracen army, to proceed to Spain with a large force composed partly of Saracens

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and partly of Berbers (the natives of the African possessions recently conquered by the Moslems).

Tarik chose for his point of landing one of the Pillars of Hercules, the Mons Calpe, now the Rock of Gibraltar, which had from the earliest colonization of the Peninsula up to that period been entirely overlooked, either as a military stronghold, or even as a habitable spot, and was in fact a barren and deserted rock; and under the direction of Count Julien, who was thoroughly acquainted with the various passes of the country, the Mahometan force penetrated towards Xeres, where Roderick, having been apprised at Toledo of their approach, had marched out to oppose their progress, and met them at the head of his army of Goths. The two armies encamped in face of each other on a plain in the neighbourhood of the spot now occupied by the town of Xeres; and, commencing the battle with great fury on both sides, they continued the contest for seven days, when it was terminated by the total discomfiture of the Gothic army and the disappearance of King Roderick, whose magnificently caparisoned war-horse and part of his regal accoutrements were discovered in the muddy bed of a neighbouring river; and, as the vanquished

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monarch was never more heard of, it is supposed that he must have perished there. And with him perished the Gothic dynasty in Spain!

No sooner had the Saracens in Africa heard of the success of their expedition than they hurried across the Straits to join their victorious countryman, and, spreading throughout the country, they forced the Gothic Spaniards to retreat northwards from the plain and entrench themselves in their mountain-fastnesses. Tarik and his army successively subjugated Xeres, Carmona, Seville, Ecija, Cordova, and Toledo, causing the Goths to pay tribute to him wherever he suffered them to remain in any of those places.

When Musa heard of the victories of Tarik, his jealousy was aroused; and, determined to emulate such great achievements by his own personal prowess, he without loss of time crossed over to Spain at the head of a large army, and, joining his forces to those of his conquering captain, they speedily overran the Peninsula from Cadiz in the west to Barcelona in the east, and from thence penetrated to Narbonne in France, beyond which place they at that time did not attempt to extend their conquest.

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The defeat of Roderick, the last of the Goths, occurred about the year of our Lord 711; and the subjugation of the remainder of the Peninsula followed that event with wonderful celerity. Musa, having established his son, Abdul Aziz, (who had married the widow of King Roderick) in the government of the newly conquered country, returned to Damascus, where the Arabian Caliphs then held their court, to render an account of his exploits to his sovereign. But, alas for the gratitude of princes! this great general, who had effected the conquest of Africa and of Spain — who had annexed both of those important possessions to the Caliphate—and had planted the standard of Mahomet in the West, returned to his native land—not to be covered with honours, but to be involved in the most signal disgrace. The enemies of Musa had accused him to the Caliph of peculation, and their accusation had been eagerly listened to and credited. Treated with the utmost obloquy by his royal master, Musa was commanded to pay so heavy a fine that it far exceeded all his resources, and he was reduced to the extremes of beggary, and died in want and in exile five years after his conquest of the Peninsula; not, however, until the measure of his misery had been com-

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pleted by beholding cast at his feet the head of his son, Abdul Aziz, who had been executed in Spain by order of the revengeful and ungrateful Caliph.

In 718 the power of the Goths, who had entrenched themselves in the northern parts of Spain, began to revive under Don Pelayo, a prince of the blood-royal, who had headed the fugitives that had retired to the mountains after the fatal battle of Xeres. The place where he first laid the foundation of his government was in the Asturias, a locality favourable to his purpose from its protected situation among enormously high mountains, which rendered it inaccessible to an attacking army, and easily to be defended by a handful of men. The Saracen governor of Spain was no sooner informed of this attempt to revive the Gothic dynasty than he despatched a large army to exterminate this irreconcileable foe. But Don Pelayo was prepared to receive him; he stationed his followers among the precipices and defiles of his mountain retreat, so that they could not be perceived by the Saracens until these latter had entered the passes. The Goths then immediately attacked them by rolling enormous stones and masses of rock from the mountains upon their assailants, who, thus hemmed in,

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and thrown into confusion by this unexpected attack, were incapacitated from offering any resistance, and fell victims to the successful manœuvre of the Gothic chief. More than one hundred thousand Saracens perished on that occasion; and scarcely one of the invading army survived to carry back the history of their disaster to the seat of government. This first defeat, however, did not prevent their making a second attempt, which proved equally abortive, for their army was then cut to pieces; and Don Pelayo remained from that time in undisturbed possession of the Asturias. This little band of Goths formed the germ of the Christian dynasties which afterwards established themselves in Leon, Arragon, and Castille; and from Don Pelayo descended the race of Spanish sovereigns in whom the designation of Goth merged, and whose descendants, nearly eight centuries later, rescued their country from the Mahometan sway.

After the murder of Abdul Aziz, the son of the unfortunate Musa, Spain continued to be ruled by various Mahometan governors, called Lieutenants of the Caliph, who were nominated and sent over by the Saracen regent of Africa. For nearly forty years after the conquest, the intestine disputes of the Moslem masters of

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Spain tended to enfeeble their power, and to afford occasional advantages to the remnant of Goths who had maintained their footing in the northern provinces: but a Mussulman descendant of the royal house of Ummaiya, named Abdurrahman, who was the contemporary of Charlemagne, united under his sway the conflicting parties of his countrymen; and, establishing himself at Cordova as the head of the Moslem dynasty in Spain, emancipated himself from his allegiance to his Syrian master, claimed the supreme dignity of Commander of the Faithful, and established the Caliphate of the West.

Abdurrahman was the founder of the famous Mosque of Cordova, which was terminated by his son and successor Hisham, and which ranked in consideration as the third Mahometan temple in the world, equalling in splendour those of Damascus and Jerusalem. The dynasty of the house of Ummaiya in Spain continued for the space of two hundred and ninety years, when it became extinguished in the person of a Caliph, also bearing the name of Hisham, who was deposed by his army, and died in exile.

A period of contention for the Mussulman throne followed, which ended by the Mahometan power in Spain becoming divided into several

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petty kingdoms, such as Seville, Granada, Valencia, Murcia, Toledo, Badajos, and Almeria. These Moorish kingdoms were not only constantly in a state of warfare amongst themselves, but occasionally sought the assistance of the Christian Spaniards against each other, and not unfrequently called in the aid of their Moorish allies of the Barbary shores. The Saracen blood in Spain was thus replenished from many and various sources; and the Mahometan race, which had been hitherto indiscriminately termed Arab, Saracen, and Moriscoe, at last became distinctively known as *Moorish*, from the name of the inhabitants of those provinces of Africa from which the greatest number of settlers had flocked to Spain.

The continual dissensions of those petty Moorish kingdoms tended fatally to the downfall of the Arab supremacy in Spain, for every new warfare that broke out among themselves enabled the Christian Spaniards to wrest from them some new territory. Thus, after the downfal of Cordova as head of the Mahometan dominion, Toledo was seized upon by Alphonso the First, King of Castile, in 1080, and annexed to his own kingdom as his capital; and Madrid

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(now the capital of Spain, but then a very inconsiderable place) speedily shared in the fate of Toledo.

The Moorish kingdom of Saragossa, under its sovereign Saifuddaula, fell into the hands of Alphonso the Second of Castile, by right of conquest, in the year 1118; and the vanquished prince, having been removed with his family to Toledo, the seat of the Castilian government, died there in captivity.

Very soon afterwards, Ibn Abbâd, who had united under his own sovereignty the kingdoms of Cordova and Seville (then the most considerable of the Moorish monarchies in the Peninsula), having engaged in a dispute with Alonzo of Castile on the subject of the tribute which he paid to the Christian king, and alarmed by the progressing victories of the Spanish arms, despatched an embassy to the Sultan of Morocco, Yusufu-bn-Tasafin (the founder of a powerful dynasty in Western Africa, under whose reign the cities of Morocco and Tilimsam were built), soliciting his assistance against the Christian sovereign. Ibn Abbâd sent a fleet from Seville to Ceuta to act under the Sultan's orders; and the latter, having acceded to the request of the

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King of Seville and Cordova, set sail for Algesiras, where he landed his troops and established a depôt for his stores.

No sooner had Yusufu-bn-Tasafin arrived on the Spanish territory than all the Mahometan princes of the Peninsula flocked to his standard; while, on the other hand, King Alonzo rallied round him all the inhabitants of Gallicia and of the Basque provinces, and was speedily surrounded by the Catholic clergy of those districts, who, displaying their crosses and missals, preached a crusade against the Moors to the Christian population. The two powerful armies marched against each other, and, after several ineffectual *ruses de guerre* on both sides to effect the destruction of their adversaries by stratagem, they met face to face near Badajos, where a tremendous battle ensued. The Christian historians triumphantly assert that victory favoured their arms upon that day, while the Moorish chronicles as unhesitatingly proclaim that the Moslems alone were the conquerors; in proof of which these latter state, that of an army of three hundred thousand men, which Alonzo led against them, but very few escaped to tell the tale of their defeat, and that the Moorish victors raised up a lofty tower with the heads of the

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Christian warriors slain that day, piled up one over the other in the form of a pyramid, from the summit of which the Muezzim announced the hours of public prayer! If the Christians were really victorious on that occasion, they failed to take advantage of their success; and if, on the other hand, the Moors carried the day, they forgot to profit by the lesson which union in force had afforded them, for they immediately afterwards relapsed into their own internal conflicts, and thus slowly and surely prepared the way for the ultimate triumph of the Christian cause.

After this expedition the Sultan of Morocco returned to his own dominions; but a year or two afterwards he revisited Spain, and during his short stay took possession of Granada, leaving an African army of occupation in the Peninsula under the command of one of his Emirs. But the Maroquite general soon perceiving that the Moorish princes of Andalusia left all the fatigues and dangers of frontier warfare to be carried on by their African allies, while they themselves were entirely given up to luxurious and effeminate pleasures, represented to his master the Sultan the hardship and injustice of such a proceeding, and claimed that the grievance

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should be redressed; whereupon Yusufu-bn-Tasafin ordered him to send the whole of the Moorish kings from Spain to Africa, to place the officers of his own army in the different governments, and to expel by force of arms whoever should dare to oppose this severe measure.

In conformity with this command, Ibn Abbâd, king of Seville and Cordova, (who had been the primary cause of the Sultan of Morocco's coming to Spain,) and the remainder of the Andalusian princes, were carried captive to Africa, where the former died in confinement near Morocco. And thus Yusufu-bn-Tasafin became master of Cordova, Seville, Badajos, and Granada; in which possessions he was at his death succeeded by his son Ali.

It so happened, however, that the dynasty of Matuna in Africa, of which Yusufu-bn-Tasafin and his son Ali were the successive representatives, was subverted by Muhammad Almahady, an African prince who founded the dynasty of the Muhadites, made himself master of Morocco and all the dominions of the fallen Sultan in Africa, and consequently caused the greater part of Andalusia to submit to his supremacy. The divided sovereignties of Moorish Spain

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had been united into one dynasty under their African masters of the house of Matuna; but under their new possessors, the Muhadites, they once more split into the same disunion that had originally thrown them into the power of the Sultans of Morocco.

The seat of empire of the Muhadite princes was Morocco, but they constantly crossed the Straits of Gibraltar into Spain, to carry on their warfare against the Castilian kings; and the different governments in Andalusia were appropriated among their own adherents. It would be impossible to follow with anything like distinctness the petty warfare that was carried on between Christian and Moslem in the Peninsula during the supremacy of the Muhadite Sultans. Towards the latter period of their sway, Merida fell into the hands of Castile, and the island of Majorca followed.

On the decay of the Muhadite dynasty in Spain, two competitors for the chief dominion sprung up among the Moors: one of whom was Ibn Hud, who acknowledged the supremacy of the Abbasian Caliph,* and therefore deferred

* The sacred rights of Head of the Mahometan church passed successively from the first four Caliphs to the Ommiades of Damascus; from them to the Abbassiades of

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receiving the allegiance of the Spanish Moors as their sovereign until the arrival of his patent from Bagdad; and the other was Mohammed Ibnu-l-Ahmar, of the illustrious race of Nasr, who, in opposition to the family of Ibn Hud, caused the name of the sovereign of Ifrikia to be mentioned in the public prayers as Commander of the Faithful, and thereupon without scruple claimed the allegiance of the people. Ibn Hud fixed the seat of his government at Murcia, and annexed to it the possession of Seville; while Mohammed Ibnu-l-Ahmar, to whose dominion Jaen and Xeres had immediately submitted, became master of Granada in the year of our Lord 1237, and caused the construction of the Alhambra to be commenced for his own royal residence. Mohammed Ibnu-l-Ahmar was the first king of Granada, and the founder of the extraordinary prosperity of that beautiful kingdom. The acquisition of Malaga soon followed that of Granada: eight years later he took Almeria, and twenty years afterwards the people of Loxa gave him their allegiance. Mo-

Bagdad; and from these latter to the Caliphs of Cairo, who were ultimately conquered by Selim the First (the ninth Ottoman Sultan), in the commencement of the sixteenth century; and ever since, the standard of Mahomet has remained with the Ottoman Sultans at Constantinople.

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hammed Ibnu-l-Ahmar, at the commencement of his reign, entered into an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the Castilian sovereign, Ferdinand (afterwards the Saint), for the purpose of strengthening by that powerful assistance his newly acquired sway; while his rival, Ibn Hud, endeavoured to bribe Ferdinand, by the cession of several fortresses, to desist from favouring the king of Granada, and to assist himself against the Moorish king of Cordova. Ferdinand, however, remained loyal to his alliance with Mohammed Ibnu-l-Ahmar, and in 1235 the Castilian king took Cordova from the Moors; which important conquest was followed, in the course of two or three years, by that of Valencia. King Ferdinand then directed his arms against Seville, and, in accordance with the treaty that had been entered into between him and the king of Granada, the latter was obliged, not only to furnish him with a subsidy to carry on his undertaking, but to attend him in person to the siege of Seville. That city capitulated to the Castilian arms in 1248; and the Moors who were driven from thence repaired to the kingdom of Granada, and enrolled themselves among the subjects of Mohammed Ibnu-l-Ahmar.

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As for Ibn Hud, he was assassinated through the treacherous machinations of his own Vizir at Almeria; and his successor, after the loss of Seville, fell back upon his other possession of Murcia, which was, however, eventually wrested from the Moors by King Ferdinand. And thus the kingdom of Granada became the sole Moslem dynasty that remained in the Peninsula; and, in order to deprecate the thirst for conquest of Ferdinand, and to avert from Granada the fate which had befallen all the other Moorish states in Spain, Mohammed Ibnu-l-Ahmar entered into an agreement to pay a heavy annual tribute to the Castilian sovereign, and thus he in a manner became his vassal.

Mohammed Ibnu-l-Ahmar, and his son and successor, who bore the same name, were among the most enlightened and accomplished of the Moorish princes that reigned over Granada; and under their liberal protection and encouragement of learning, science, and all the arts of luxury and refinement for which the Spanish Moors were celebrated, their capital became what Cordova had been in the days of its pristine glory. We have thus, through this complicated and confused enumeration of Mahometan sovereigns, and their warfares, dis-

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sensions, and alliances, arrived at the distinct race of Granada kings. The dynasty sustained itself through a period which embraced the reigns of twenty sovereigns, the last of whom was Abu Abdallah, commonly called Boabdil el Rey Chico, under whose dominion the kingdom of Granada was distracted by civil wars and internal dissensions which were fomented by the family of the Moorish monarch himself, who had dethroned his father, Abul Haçan, and was in a state of open warfare with him and with his uncle El Zagal. The Catholic sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, who had long contemplated the reduction of the last Moslem power in Spain, took advantage of the deplorable internal disturbances of Granada to attack it on its frontiers, where a sort of border warfare between the Christians and the Moslems, consisting of occasional skirmishes and maraudings into each other's territories, had long been kept up. Religious zeal and an ambitious desire to aggrandize their dominions were incentives equally powerful to Ferdinand and Isabella in inducing them to undertake this crusade against the Moors; and provided with a bull from the Pope, Sixtus the Fourth, authorizing the expedition, they entered the kingdom of Granada.

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The first blow struck by the Christian forces was the taking of Alhama, one of the strongest Moorish fortresses in Andalusia; and the despair which this occasioned to the whole Moorish population of Granada has been beautifully described in the ancient and well-known ballad of "Ay de mi Alhama!" which was composed soon afterwards, and affected the minds of the Spanish Moors so painfully that it was at last forbidden upon pain of death to be sung in their presence. Alhama fell in the year 1482; and the next important undertaking of the Catholic forces was the investment of Malaga, to which the sovereigns in person laid siege, and which, after a most courageous defence, succumbed to them in 1487. Baza, Guadix, and Almeria were successively captured in the same manner; so that, having reduced one after the other all the important strongholds of the kingdom, the Catholic army laid siege to the city of Granada itself. Boabdil had thrown himself into the Alhambra, and conducted the defence of that important place with the most desperate gallantry; but the Castilian troops having cut off all communication with the country, and no possible hope of relief remaining to the besieged, they capitulated after a siege of eight months, upon an

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understanding that certain conditions should be observed towards them, some of which, however, were not afterwards adhered to. Among these, the Moors had stipulated that such among them as chose to remain in the country should retain the undisturbed possession of their houses and inheritances, the use of the Mahometan laws, and the free exercise of their religion.

The victorious achievements of the conquering sovereigns of Arragon and Castile, Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic, are eloquently registered in the pages of two distinguished American authors, Washington Irving and Prescott, and to those delightful works, "A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada," and the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," I would refer my readers for a detailed account of the romantic and exciting events that attended the annihilation of the Arab dominion in Spain, after having maintained its sway there for eight centuries.

Boabdil, after the capitulation of Granada, received the permission of his conquerors to remain in Andalusia, and to inhabit a small territory which had been allotted to him and his followers in the fertile passes of the Alpuxarra mountains. But the intrigues and perfidy of

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Ferdinand (who, notwithstanding his assumed protection of the conquered Moors, was internally determined to expel every one of them from his dominions,) soon rendered his position there intolerable; and the unfortunate Moor crossed the Straits to Africa, and fixed his residence at Fez, where he built a palace in imitation of the beautiful and beloved structure that had been the cradle of his infancy, the prison of his childhood, and the paradise from which, while still young in years, although matured in affliction, he had been driven forth, vainly to regret, like our first parents, the faults and follies that had cast him upon a world which has neither pity nor sympathy for the fallen.

Boabdil died in the territory of Morocco about the year 1533, leaving two sons, whose descendants were seen at Fez by one of his Moorish chroniclers, about a century later, reduced to such a state of abject indigence, that they subsisted upon the charity of the public, and were contemplated in the light of avowed mendicants!

At the period of the Arab conquest of Spain, learning and science were confined to the East, and the seat of government of the Caliphs of Bagdad was the point from which letters dawned

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upon the West, then wrapped in the darkest mists of Gothic ignorance and superstition. The golden age of Arabian learning commenced about the middle of the eighth century; and no sooner had time and successful policy strengthened the position of the Moslem invaders in Spain, than the Caliphs of Cordova applied themselves to the enlightenment of their adopted country, and with such happy results, that, in an incredibly short period, their capital became the rendezvous of Eastern sages, and the source to which the Christian as well as the Saracen inhabitants of Spain flocked to imbibe the pure stream of civilization and learning that flowed from thence and fertilized the human intellect. The Arab Caliphs of Spain endowed all the great cities of their empire with noble libraries, to which were attached professors of theology, rhetoric, poetry, &c. &c.; and they encouraged the diffusion of knowledge in every shape and through every medium, for no people ever existed in which a reverence for learning was so innate as the Arabians. One of their favourite maxims fully demonstrates the importance attached by them to it: "Equally precious," say they, "are the ink of the Doctor and the blood of the Martyr."

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The Moors were profoundly learned in mathematics, algebra, trigonometry, and all the other exact sciences; they were also excellent astronomers, and the modern followers of that science are indebted to them for the introduction of astronomical observatories. They have, however, been accused of confounding astrology with astronomy, and alchemy with chemistry; yet their knowledge of the latter science was so complete, as not only to open to them the wondrous secrets of the book of Nature, but to enable them to apply them to the necessary and homely arts of life—especially agriculture, which, from their scientific knowledge of climate, of the nature and properties of soil, and of the whole economy of the vegetable kingdom, &c. &c., they understood more thoroughly than any other people of that period. It is an undisputed fact, that Spain was never in so flourishing and prosperous a condition as when the greater part of the territory was in the possession of the Moor, for that remarkable people were endued with an industry and spirit of improvement which can never fail of producing the happiest results; and, while deeply imbued with those elegant tastes which rendered them the most romantic, the most chivalrous, and the most accomplished

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race in Europe, they did not disdain to prove themselves, at the same time, equally skilled in agriculture, commerce, and manufactures—those homely arts by which alone the natural resources of a country can be rendered justice to. In the time of the kings of Granada, the Vega, that beautiful plain watered by so many rivers, formed a garden of nearly thirty leagues in extent, rich with every variety of Southern vegetation, and interspersed with hundreds of beautiful country-houses, villages, and mills; and, during the Arab dominion of Cordova and Seville, the banks of the Guadalquivir were fringed with twelve thousand villages, and the lands lying in its environs were as highly cultivated and embellished as the enchanting gardens of the Alcazar or of the Generalife.

The Arabs were the inventors of rhyme, and it is said that from the Moors of Spain the Troubadours of Provence first derived that art. They are equally supposed to have been the originators of the Solfeggia system of teaching music, and to have introduced into Europe various musical instruments which were before unknown there—especially the mandoline and guitar, the latter of which has ever since remained the national instrument of Spain.

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Among the manufacturing arts introduced by them into the West, the most remarkable is that of paper made from cotton; an invention the honour of which is due to the Chinese, but which the Arabs made themselves masters of when they took Samarcand, the capital of Tartary, and which in their ardent thirst for improvement they immediately introduced throughout their dominions. The invention of gunpowder has been attributed to them; but this is a strongly disputed point, the Chinese being supposed to have been the original inventors of that murderous composition. Certain it is that the Arabs introduced gunpowder into Europe, having in all probability obtained a knowledge of it through the same medium (namely their conquest of Tartary) from which they had derived their first ideas of paper-making;—and is it not possible—nay probable—that Friar Bacon, who, in common with all the learned men of his age, had recourse to the works of the scientific Arabs, then the first chemists in the world, should have been indebted to them for those ideas which led to the results that have identified his name with the invention of gunpowder.

Among other arts possessed by the Moors in

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Spain in the greatest perfection, was that of preparing leather, from the first process of tanning to that of dyeing it (in the manner since adopted in England, and called Morocco); and that of manufacturing the beautiful porcelain glazed tiles with which the Moorish palaces and dwellings have been so profusely adorned. In a word, they were the most scientific, the most accomplished, the bravest, and the most brilliant of all the nations that flourished in the middle ages; and their expulsion from the soil of Spain (although that kingdom had then opened to itself the incalculable riches of the newly discovered world) gave a check to its internal prosperity, from which the country has never since recovered.

To-morrow I shall have an opportunity of judging how far the realities of their most exquisite monument agree with the almost fabulous descriptions which have been lavishly given of the arts and the imagination that could devise such a structure for their kings — to-morrow, then, I shall see the far-famed Alhambra! I feel as though I were about to visit a costly tomb from which the precious ashes it once contained have been sacrilegiously torn and scattered abroad

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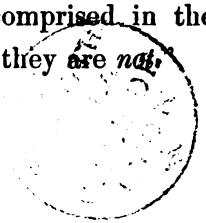
to be confounded with the ignoble dust—yes, a tomb beneath whose sculptured ornaments lies buried that brilliant dynasty whose strange eventful history may now be comprised in the sad epitaph of "They *were*, and they are *not*."



END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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