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THE RHONE, THE DARRO & THE GUADALQUIVIR

BY MRS. ROMERS

VOL. II

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THE RHONE, THE DARRO,

AND

THE GUADALQUIVIR;

A SUMMER RAMBLE IN 1842.

BY MRS. ROMER.

AUTHOR OF "STURMER," ETC.

"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.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



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THE ALHAMBRA.

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THE ALHAMBRA.

There was crying in Granada when the sun was going down,—
Some calling on the Trinity—some calling on Mahoun!
Here passed away the Koran—there in the Cross was borne,—
And here was heard the Christian bell,—and there the Moorish horn.

Te Deum laudamus! was up the Alcala sung;
Down from the Alhambra's minarets were all the crescents flung;
The arms thereon of Arragon they with Castile's display;
One King comes in in triumph,—one weeping goes away!

LOCKHART'S *Spanish Ballads.*

I HAVE seen the Alhambra—I have seen the Generalife,—and words are wanting to express the wonder and admiration with which they have filled me. For once I have found that reality has exceeded expectation! All my fatigues, all my sufferings, were forgotten as my dazzled eyes wandered over the exquisite details of the Arabian palace; or, if remembered, were only thought of as having been well worth undergoing to attain such an object, and more

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than repaid by the unmixed gratification which that attainment has conferred.

Ever since the graphic sketches of that most delightful of all chroniclers, Washington Irving, have rendered the history of the Alhambra (both in the time of its pristine glory and in its actual desolation) a subject familiar to all English readers, it has been the first aim of all English travellers arriving at Granada to secure to themselves the attendance of Mateo Ximenes, that "Hijo del Alhambra," who, thanks to the descriptive talent of his distinguished patron, has become known to fame not only as the best cicerone of that most interesting spot, but as the best authority to appeal to for all the legendary lore and "Old-world gossip" that are identified with its deserted halls and towers. We were, therefore, naturally desirous of placing ourselves under the guidance of the celebrated Mateo, and lost no time in taking the necessary steps to that effect; but, to our infinite disappointment, we found that we had arrived just too late to appropriate his services to our party, for the English colonel had already secured him to attend upon all his perambulations during the whole period of his sojourn at Granada. Mateo being thus out of the question, and no choice left to us, we were

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fain to put up with the attendance of Monsieur Louis, who, if his own assertions are to be depended upon, is in no degree inferior to the "Son of the Alhambra" in local knowledge; and who, it is easy to perceive, is at all events quite enough of a *hableur* to make up in *verbiage* for what he may lack in science,—and, should historical reminiscences fail him, is capable of drawing upon his imagination for some ingenious substitute wherewith to satisfy the cravings of ignorant curiosity.

I must, however, do him the justice to allow that he displayed considerable skill and discrimination in the method adopted by him of introducing us to the wonders of the Moorish remains, beginning by their least striking and important features, and leading us on by degrees from the beautiful to the sublime—from surprise to amazement,—until we remained lost in speechless admiration of the wonders that every new step disclosed to our view. In accordance with this plan, he first took us to the Generalife, the summer residence of the Moorish kings, which occupies a part of the Monte Santa Elena, and, although apparently contiguous to the Alhambra, is separated from the hill upon which that fortress is built by a deep woody ravine

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feathered to its very summits by luxuriant fruit-trees. In the palmy days of Moslem supremacy the Generalife was more celebrated for the beauty of its groves and gardens — marvels of luxury and refinement which the poets of that age loved to liken to the bowers of Paradise — than for the splendour of the habitation itself; and even now, in its deserted state, the grateful verdure of its clustering shades, the delicious freshness diffused around by its gushing fountains, the exquisite scenery which it commands, and the romantic recollections that cling to the spot, render it one of the most charming and attractive retreats that can be imagined — one in which I should delight to loiter away a whole sunny summer.

From a path ascending the ravine already mentioned, we were introduced through a small door into the domain of the Generalife, and found ourselves in a garden adorned with a profusion of blooming shrubs, fountains, and murmuring rills, intersecting the flower-beds: this garden is the one celebrated in the legends of the land as having been the favourite "trysting place" of the last Sultana and her lover, the unfortunate Aben Hamed; and at its gate stands the stately and antique cypress under whose shade the enemies of the royal lady surprised

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her with the Abencerrage, and which has ever since been designated as *the cypress of the Sultana Queen.* Three others—doubtless offshoots of the same tree, and evidently much less aged—stand close to it, and tower with their dark boughs in lofty supremacy over every other tree in the domain. I was of course very anxious to obtain a branch from the cypress of the Sultana, but the exceeding height of its naked trunk made me despair of being able to gratify that wish: one of our party, however, who had overheard me express it, contrived to obtain a ladder, which enabled him to ascend to the lower branches; and, thanks to his exertions, I bore away a relique from the venerable tree sacred to romantic recollections, under whose shade the Eve of this Paradise is said to have listened to the accents of the tempter.

Whether the accusation made against the Sultana's chastity was merited, or whether it was only a calumny devised by the powerful tribe of the Zegris, those fiery descendants of the monarchs of Fez, to accomplish the ruin of their great rivals in the state, the Abencerrages, who were descended from the ancient kings of Yemen, has never, I believe, been satisfactorily ascertained; although poets and romance-writers

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have not scrupled to give as historical facts whichever version of the incident it has pleased them to build their own fictions upon. All that is certain is, that the charge made by the Zegris against the honour of Boabdil's queen led to the famous massacre of the thirty-six Abencerrages (of whom her imputed lover was one) in the halls of the Alhambra, and was the note of preparation for the civil war which broke out in Granada immediately after that barbarous act of vengeance had been perpetrated, and which, after reducing the strength of the kingdom by internal dissensions, left it powerless to cope with the ambitious designs of the Castilian sovereigns.

Washington Irving has vindicated the memory of Boabdil from the stain of cruelty with which preceding writers had, by their account of the persecution which his unhappy queen met with at his hands, aspersed it; and has shewn him to us weak and irresolute, but neither barbarous nor vindictive. Thus the whole romantic fabric, or fabrication, as it would appear, is overthrown, of the calumniated Sultana's condemnation to be burned alive for her alleged infidelity with the Abencerrage, and of the noble part taken in the drama by the Christian chivalry of Spain,

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represented by Don Juan Chacon, governor of Carthagena, and three of his brother knights, who gallantly stepped forward as the champions of the persecuted fair one's innocence; met her four Zegris accusers in the *combat à l'outrance*, to which these latter had challenged whoever should gainsay their slander; vanquished them, and forced them with their dying breath to retract their foul calumny: thus causing the honour of the Sultana to be triumphantly re-established, and rescuing her from a dreadful death. The cicerones of the Alhambra, however, sturdily maintain the truth of the story, with all its romantic and chivalrous details; and they point out the different localities, in the two palaces identified with the adventure, with as much precision as though it had happened within the last few years, and that they themselves had been eye-witnesses of it.

As I have already observed, the Generalife, which was merely a summer country retreat for the Moslem monarchs of Granada, was more celebrated for the voluptuous character of its pleasure-grounds than for the magnificence of the palace itself. Nevertheless, to those who have not seen the halls of the Alhambra, the chambers of the Generalife must appear charming,

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from the remains of Moorish fretwork and tracery which they still exhibit; and, still more, from the delicious views which are commanded from all the windows and open arcades, the position of the building being so elevated as to overlook the "ruddy towers" of the Alhambra, which, in their turn, rise in proud preëminence above the spires of Granada. In one of the apartments of the palace is a collection of portraits, of little or no value as objects of art, but invaluable to the curious, as offering the lineaments of some of the most interesting historical personages connected with the latter period of the Moorish dynasty. Of these, the most remarkable is the portrait of Abu Abdallah, commonly called Boabdil, the last Moslem king of Granada, surnamed by the Moors El Zogoybi (the unlucky), and by the Spaniards, El Rey Chico (the little king), who is represented as a fair-haired and effeminate-looking youth, wearing a regal crown, and clad in most unbecoming robes of yellow mixed with black. The portrait of El Zagal, the uncle and rival of Boabdil, is also there, with the golden circlet of royalty on his brow; and looks as stern, fiery, energetic, and uncompromising as his unfortunate nephew is made to appear feeble-minded, soft, and irresolute.

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Two other portraits represent two celebrated scions of the Moorish blood-royal, who, after the conquest of Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella, embraced Christianity, and were baptized by the names of Don Pedro de Granada and Don Alonzo de Granada, and are said to have eventually become the most cruel persecutors of those professing their ancient faith. The turbaned head of a Moor is placed at the feet of one of them, and has given rise to a controversy respecting the *real* original of the portrait; some asserting him to have been a Spanish cavalier, others the above-mentioned converted Moor. Among the portraits of the Christian sovereigns of Granada are those of its conquerors, Ferdinand of Arragon and Isabella of Castile, neither of them attractive; Isabella of Portugal, wife of Charles the Fifth; Philip the Second, when a boy, (and a very ugly and ungainly boy he must have been—how unlike Titian's delineation of him, when a man, in the Barbarigo palace at Venice!); Philip the Third and his queen; and a goodly array of less conspicuous individuals, "smiling grimly" in their royal robes, as though they were trying with all their might to look as little forbidding as possible.

We ascended to the upper grounds of the

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Generalife by a path shaded with luxuriant verdure, and rendered less fatiguing by flights of steps which lead from the Patio, communicating with the apartments already designated, to the most elevated part of the gardens. The great luxury of hot climates, running waters, are here met with in profusion; gurgling fountains play upon each platform that separates the different flights of steps, and clear rills meander in all directions. The view from this eminence is enchanting; but we were driven from it much sooner than we wished by a shower of rain, which compelled us to descend, and seek for shelter under the arcaded gallery that forms one side of the flower-garden in which stands the cypress of the Sultana Queen. From thence we proceeded, as soon as the transient cloud had expended itself, to the Palace of the Alhambra.

All our enthusiasm was reserved for that wondrous pile; but to attempt a minute description of the inimitable style of architecture, and the endless variety of decoration exhibited in those deserted halls, which, after having remained uninhabited for more than three centuries, still appear as fresh as though they had been the work of the present generation, would be a hopeless task. All that the most exquisite and re-

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fined taste could devise, and the most faultless workmanship execute, are there combined in such lavish profusion that the eye aches with the intensity of admiration excited by them, and the mind becomes bewildered in its vain endeavour to class the innumerable *chefs d'œuvre*, fraught with interesting associations, that crowd upon one in quick succession. No words can convey a just idea of the fairy-like beauty of the Alhambra:—nor do any of the drawings and engravings I have ever yet seen give a correct representation of it, for they invariably produce the effect of greater vastness of proportions than the palace in reality possesses; whereas its characteristics are not grandeur and space, so much as grace, elegance, and the most luxurious refinement, combined with an unearthly sort of beauty and airiness which fully justifies the popular superstition that the halls of the Alhambra were not the work of mortal hands, but sprung up into being under the touch of an enchanter's wand.

Like all the royal residences of Oriental nations, the exterior of the Alhambra is rude-looking and unadorned, resembling the fortress of a mountain chieftain far more than the palace of a voluptuous monarch, and giving not the faintest idea of the wonders of its interior arrangement;

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but enter, and a world of wonders breaks upon your dazzled gaze. The extraordinary preservation of all within, the spotless purity of the slender marble columns that support the arcades of fairy lightness, the splashing of alabaster fountains, the verdure and bloom of the trees and flowers that adorn the several courts, and the perfect order in which the whole is maintained, so effectually destroy all ideas of abandonment and desolation, that one almost expects to catch a glimpse, through some archway, of a veiled beauty reclining by the margin of a murmuring fountain, and surrounded by her attendant handmaids—some of the Moraymas, the Alfaimas, the Zoraydas, and the Lindaraxas, who once gave life to the scene, and for whose presence alone these luxurious halls and bowers appear to have been adapted.

The walls of the several halls are covered with a rich tracery of arabesques of every imaginable and unimaginable design, intermingled with sentences from the Koran, and appropriate verses in the Cufic and Arabic character; the whole being moulded in some white composition of the hue and consistency of marble, and raised upon grounds of the most vivid colours, amongst which the richest ultra-marine predominates: so that

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these exquisite mouldings produce the effect of costly guipure laid over coloured satin. The interior of all the arches (beautiful alone in their Moorish form of the horse-shoe, even if they had no decorations,) are ornamented in the same manner, no two arches exhibiting the same design or colouring, and each separate one appearing to the stranger's admiring gaze as a miracle of art: and that which increases one's difficulty of conceiving the extraordinary and endless variety displayed in these rich and delicate decorations is the circumstance of the representation of all living objects being excluded from them; and, indeed, I should have said from *all* Moorish works of art, were it not that the presence of the twelve marble lions, supporting the famous alabaster fountain in the centre of the Court of Lions, forms an exception to the rule, and is in itself the most irrefutable contradiction to such a general belief. But, in the fanciful tracery and fretwork with which the walls and arches of the Alhambra are covered, the creative powers of the artists have drawn upon their own imaginations alone for the capricious combinations they have there so prodigally exhibited; and, although all the designs are characterized by the most exquisite delicacy and harmony, not one of them

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can be traced to have been modelled from nature—not a flower, not an insect, not a bird, are to be detected among them. The ceilings of the principal halls are raised in the form of fretted domes, and look as though hung with stalactites, madrepores, and clusters of coral carved in the most delicately white marble; through whose elegant masses are to be caught brilliant glimpses of the groundwork of dead gold, blue, and vermilion, which relieve, with such indescribable richness and elegance, these fanciful decorations. Others are formed of dark carved wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl and ivory, and bearing in their different compartments the escutcheons, cyphers, and devices of the various Moorish sovereigns who held their court in the Alhambra; which devices are repeated in the party-coloured glazed tiles that form the sur-base of all the apartments, and produce the effect of gay Mosaic work.

The first part of the palace into which we were introduced was the Patio del Alberca, or Court of the Fish-pool, sometimes designated as the Patio de las Arrayanes, or Court of Myrtles, from the compact hedges of myrtles which border with verdant masses either side of a large oblong reservoir of running water, filled with gold and

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silver fish, that occupies the centre of the marble pavement, and was, in its original destination, the bath for the menials of the royal establishment. At either extremity of this Patio, which is about one hundred and thirty feet long, and about half as wide, is an elegant Moorish arcade, supported by columns of white marble, and enriched at each end by recesses, the domes and sides of which are highly ornamented with fretwork and arabesques, in the style I have already described; and between the arcades and the two extremities of the reservoir are the spaces where two fountains formerly threw up their waters into the sunny air—but they have long since ceased to play.

The Court of Myrtles leads to the celebrated Patio de los Leones, or Court of the Lions, which is without doubt the most interesting spot in the Alhambra, not only from the dream-like beauty of its architecture, but from the romantic associations inseparable from its name. Here it was that the sanguinary finale to the feuds of the Zegris and the Abencerrages—the Guelphs and Ghibellines, or Montagues and Capulets of Granada—was consummated in the treacherous assassination, by Boabdil's order, of the thirty-six noble Abencerrages; who, all-un-

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conscious of their impending doom, were summoned to the royal presence, and one by one ushered into that luxurious retreat, to receive amidst its fountains and its flowers the headsman's deadly stroke. The celebrated Fountain of the Lions, which occupies the centre of the court, has been too often and too well described to render any new detail of its beauties and its defects necessary. Its large and shallow lower basin, formed out of a single piece of alabaster, still bears upon its rim the engraven Arabic characters of its consecrating inscription, and still receives into its bosom the sparkling waters, which are forced upwards high into the air through a slender white marble tube, and, after overflowing the smaller and deeper upper basin, fall into the lower one, and, descending through it into the bodies of the twelve supporting lions, pass through their open jaws into marble channels that irrigate the garden in all directions. Still are the senses charmed, as in the days of the Yusefs, the Ismaels, and the Abouhadjeds, by the musical monotony of those falling waters, the fragrance of those clustering flowers, the grateful coolness diffused through the sunny and perfumed atmosphere by the winged breeze circulating through those marble colonnades;—

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but the voluptuous monarchs for whose enjoyment the luxuries of that fairy palace were devised, where are they? Past away like shadows when the sunshine has disappeared from the earth, not a vestige of them remains; not even that last receptacle of mortality which kings cannot escape—*a tomb*—is to be seen in the Alhambra! It would appear that even their dust has been exiled from the scene of their ancient glory. While standing by that alabaster fount, in the midst of that silent court once so brilliantly peopled, now so desolate, I thought that never before had I beheld a scene so sad and fair, or one more calculated to impress upon me the vanity and worthlessness of human grandeur; and as I pondered over the brevity of human life,—which, like the fountain overflowing its basin, runs quickly into eternity, but, unlike it, cannot be renewed,—the words of Saadi, the moral poet of the East, involuntarily recurred to me: "Many, like me, have viewed this fountain; but they are gone, and their eyes are closed for ever!"

The Arabic verses engraven upon the rim of the alabaster basin of the Fountain of the Lions, although partially defaced, have been elegantly

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rendered into English by one of our most distinguished professors of Oriental languages,* and are interesting as abounding in the imagery and metaphor that characterize the poetical effusions of Eastern bards, as well as the spirit of devotion and thankfulness which shed a chastening halo over their most imaginative compositions. Some of the allusions are necessarily obscure to even the learned of the present generation; but the whole is so beautiful and so characteristic, that I do not hesitate herewith to insert it.

"Blessed be He who gave our sovereign, Mohammed, a mansion that in beauty surpasses (all others of) the delightful mansions.

"But if not (so), yet this bower unfolds wonders, to which Heaven forbids that in the two sanctuaries even anything comparable should be found!

"With a pile of dazzling pearl rising over a surface on which the gem(like bubbles) receding dance.

* Mr. John Shakespeare.—Vide Murphy's illustrated work of "Arabian Antiquities of Spain," for this and the other translations of Arabic inscriptions which are introduced into these pages.

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"In a circle of silver flowing among jewels which it resembles in beauty, pure and contending with them in splendour.

"Flowing, indeed, it appears to the eye as the solid (mass), so that we are at a loss to distinguish which it is that really flows.

"Seest thou not how the water runs confusedly together, whilst various currents appear descending from above?

"Like the lover, whose eyelids gush with tears, and who restrains them when afraid of an informer.

"But is it in fact any other than a bright cloud, from which supplies are poured out abundantly to the Lions?

"Resembling the extended hand of the Khalif, when engaged in imparting benefits to the furious lions of war.

"Then, O thou, who beholdest the lions which are at rest, (assure thyself of safety:) life is wanting to enable them to rush forth!

"And, O thou, who inheritest the glories of the sons of *Nasr!* to the most noble of families belongs that possession of greatness which princes rightly claim.

"On thee be the constant blessing of Hea-

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ven! Mayest thou restrain the extravagancies of thy subjects, and subdue all opposers!"

Many years ago an interesting discovery was made, in an enclosure facing the Court of the Lions, of four sepulchral stones, bearing the epitaphs of four Moorish kings of Granada; one of which recorded in verse the violent death of Abul Haggiag Yusuf, one of the most celebrated of their sultans, he who terminated the construction of the Alhambra by causing the famous Gate of Judgment to be erected. Abul Haggiag Yusuf fell by an assassin's hand on the festival immediately following the fast of the Ramazan, while performing his devotions in the public mosque of the Alhambra. The murderer, who was either a maniac or a fanatic, rushed upon his illustrious victim, and plunged a dagger into his side; upon which, the sultan having uttered a piercing cry, the royal attendants immediately gathered round him, and, seeing what had happened, they, together with the whole congregation, fell upon the assassin with drawn swords, and, dragging him into the open air, burnt him alive without delay. The unfortunate monarch was conveyed to his palace, but only in time to breathe his last within its walls.

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The inscription upon the tomb-stone of Abul Haggiag Yusuf is as follows:

"In the name of God, the Merciful, and the Forgiving!

"May the favour of Heaven towards him who inhabits thee, my tomb, hail thee with grace and mercy whilst time endures:

"Till, in the universal assembly at the resurrection, man falls on his face before the Raiser of the dead.

"But, thou art not a tomb! Thou art in truth a bower, replete with the sweetest plants, whence odours breathe!

"Nay, were I to do justice to thee, I could not but say, O calix of the flower of beauty! O shell of the invaluable pearl!

"O recess of piety! O retreat of righteousness! O asylum of greatness! O west, in which the full moon of excellence has set!

"In thee what a prince has taken up his abode: by birth the heir of preëminence, the glory of the sons of *Nasr!*

"Yea, in thee now resides Virtue and Worth and Honour, and the Protector to whom the oppressed fled for refuge:

"He who was great among believers,—the maintainer of the defence of righteousness; and

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he who was great among the faithful,—the disperser of the shades of infidelity!

"Offspring of Saad Ulkhazrijy, son of Ubada!* thy dignity is derived from an exalted house, as well as from thy own desert.

"Were his forbearance and clemency and piety to be recounted, and wast thou to attempt a description of his greatness, thou mightest as easily define the immensity of the ocean.

"Treacherous to him was the revolution of time: but seest thou any one living that enjoys immortality, or aught that endures for ever?

"It is Time, double-faced,—day and night: and how can the double-faced be blamed for deceit?

"He departed, a martyr, in the very act of prayer,—constant in devotion,—his tongue moist with the accents of praise.

"Lo, he had respect to the sacred month, when he completed his measure of goodness, and finished his pious task!

"But the festival he observed in sadness,—inevitable the occurrence; and the cup of martyrdom was his only repast.

* Celebrated ancestors of Abul Haggiag Yusuf.

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"To Heaven must be ascribed his fate, similar to that of Omar,* on the summit of empire, and in the prime of life.

"Destined to invade him, though great in power and in renown, was one mean of birth, of soul, and of repute:

"A wretch with whom commenced his bliss; for through the most insignificant of men are the direst events occasionally produced.

"And the most exalted are not secure from the insults of the base; and beyond human comprehension are the reasons of the divine decrees.

"Thus *Ali* † was cut off by *Ibn Muljam*; and beneath the hand of *Wahshy* sunk the renowned *Hamza*. ‡

"Though we prepare the blades of *Mushraf*, and select the firmest spears, yet the decree of Heaven will overtake us when we expect it not.

"And he who trusts in this frail world, how-

* The Khalif Omar was assassinated when entering the mosque for morning prayers.

† The Khalif Ali was assassinated by Ibn Muljam, in the mosque at Cûfa, whilst in the act of prayer.

‡ Hamza, uncle of the prophet Mahomet, a celebrated Arabian chief, and a great defender of his nephew's cause and religion, was slain in battle by a black slave named Wahshy.

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ever high his state may be, will inevitably one day experience disappointment.

"Then, O Sovereign of the Kingdom which has no end! and, O Thou, who possessest the sway and dominion over all!

"Cover our errors with the veil of thy forgiveness; for by it alone can we hope that they may be concealed.

"And clothe the Commander of the Faithful in the robe of thy mercy, which shall bring him to the mansion of retribution and of joy.

"With Thee, O God, is the real, the everlasting bliss; but this world is merely a delusion to ignorant and heedless man.

"May the Almighty vouchsafe mercy to our prince, and grant his restoration to his holy ancestors in Paradise!

Four broad marble pathways radiate from the Fountain of Lions, and the intermediate spaces are planted with masses of roses, myrtles, pomegranates, oleanders, and orange-trees, whose subtile perfumes floating upon the air, which is fanned into quicker circulation by the action of the falling waters, produce a languor that invites to repose, and, if yielded to, becomes almost enervating. Indeed, everything in this delicious Patio, which in its tout-ensem-

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ble presents the perfection of Moorish art, is calculated to entrance the senses. It is surrounded on all sides by arcades of the most elegant form, supported upon slender columns of white marble, whose highly finished capitals are ornamented with pious or poetical inscriptions in Cufic and Arabic characters. The arches of these colonnades are of the beautiful Moorish horse-shoe form; and the interstices between them being of the same fine white stucco of which the interior of the apartments is composed, and *découpé à jour* in open tracery of the most delicate description, through which the sunbeams stream, produce the effect of rich lace-work held up to the light. At each extremity of the Patio, which is oblong, two corresponding square porticoes project from the arcades into the court, and rest upon marble columns of the same description as those that support the colonnades. The arches of these porticoes are still more richly ornamented, within and without, than those of the surrounding arcades; and the profusion of stalactites, of which the mouldings are composed, are finely relieved by their groundwork being tinted with brightest hues of vermilion, ultra-marine, and gold. The ceilings are of beautifully carved wood, of a

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dome-like form, and are still in high preservation, although the marble pillars that support them have partially yielded to the shock of earthquakes, (which are sometimes felt in this part of the country,) and in some places have lost their perpendicular regularity. Fountains occupy the centre of each portico; but, to all appearance, their waters have long ceased to play.

It would be in vain to attempt to describe the sensations of wonder and delight that crowd upon one's mind at the first view of the Court of Lions; there is such graceful harmony in the combination of those light arcades with their delicate open-work sculptures—those porticoes so richly and fancifully wrought—those elegant marble columns and fretted arches—those long lines of sun-lit colonnades opening out in perspective on every side, like the aisles of a cathedral, and surrounding the garden-like enclosure, whose sparkling jets of water, and dark masses of verdure and of bloom, are in such perfect keeping with the voluptuous conception of the architect and the warm tones of the sky, that, whether they are examined in detail, or viewed as a brilliant *coup d'œil*, the effect produced upon the senses by this triumph

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of Arabian art is that of enchantment — the impression left by it on the mind, that of regret, tempering the admiration it excites, that a people so exquisitely imbued with a sentiment of the Beautiful and the Sublime, so preëminent in all the arts and accomplishments of the most refined civilization, so finely organized by nature for the culture and developement of science, as were the Moors of Spain, should have been driven forth from the Paradise they had created, from the country they had by their industry enriched and reclaimed from Gothic barbarism, to sink into oblivion among the ignorant tribes of Africa, to be dispersed and lost like the sands of the desert which a Simoom has lifted into the air, and no one heeds where their scattered particles may have fallen.

From the colonnade on the right side of the Court of Lions a large open archway leads to the Sala de los Abencerrages, or Hall of the Abencerrages, so called from the marble basin of a fountain (which is sunk in the centre of its pavement) having been selected as the receptacle into which were thrown the heads of the thirty-six noble victims of that tribe who fell beneath the executioner's stroke in

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the Court of Lions. The fountain is now dry, and we were therefore enabled to examine a large brown stain in its beautiful marble basin, which our cicerones assured us was the ineffaceable mark left by the Abencerrages' blood. As travellers are bound to believe all they are told—in short, to be as credulous as they expect to find all who listen to their stories when they return home—I just put as much faith in this assertion as I did in that of the guide at Holyrood House when he pointed out to me the stain of Rizzio's blood on the floor of Mary Stuart's boudoir, or of the person who called my attention to that of Becket on the pavement of Canterbury Cathedral — each assuring me with the same solemn emphasis that no water had ever yet been found that could wash away those accusing evidences of most foul treachery and murder.

The Hall of the Abencerrages is a perfect gem of costly elegance: its ceiling, rising in the form of a cupola, is adorned with a profusion of snow-white stalactites relieved by the most gorgeous touches of colouring; its pavement is of white marble; and its walls display the most fanciful variety of raised arabesques, interlaced with pious sentences from the Koran,

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and Arabic verses in praise of the building and its founders. Two little niches in the wall, on each side of the arch of entry, formerly intended for depositing the slippers of those who were about to enter into the presence of royalty, excited my covetousness in no ordinary degree; the ornaments were of such extraordinary delicacy and beauty that they looked as though the fingers of fairies had executed them. What would I not have given to have been allowed to appropriate one of them to myself! and what an exquisite boudoir chimney-piece might have been formed out of this miniature epitome of the beauties of the Alhambra! Two spacious alcoves at the sides of the Hall of the Abencerrages are partitioned off from it by light, open arcades: they are paved with glazed tiles of various brilliant colours, forming a gay mosaic corresponding with a sur-base of the same materials that runs round the lower part of the walls of the hall itself; the ceilings are of dark inlaid wood beautifully painted with escutcheons and other devices. The light is introduced into this luxurious chamber through long narrow openings in the lower part of the cupola, and also by the open archway already described, through which are to be caught beautiful glimpses of the

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Fountain of the Lions, the white marble columns in its court, and the rich verdure that relieves their brightness.

The eastern side of the Patio de los Leones is occupied by the Sala de Justicia, or Hall of Justice, the alcoves of which, as well as parts of the roof, are ornamented (but not improved) by coloured frescoes, which have given rise to great controversy: some travellers asserting them to be the work of Moorish artists; others maintaining that they must have been added after the conquest, and were therefore executed by Spaniards. But the fact of their being painted upon wood, which is encrusted in the stucco of the cupolas, and forms part of their original construction, proves that they could not have been subsequent additions, and that they must be coeval with the building. I should think it most probable that these frescoes were the production of Christian slaves. (The Moors were in the habit of making their Christian captives work in the gardens and fortifications of the Alhambra; and why not, therefore, in the palace?) They contain representations of men, women, and animals,—subjects which are forbidden to Mahometan pencils,—and are quite out of keeping with the peculiar physiognomy of the place,

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and its Moresco decorations. Indeed, it is the only instance in which the exquisite harmony that characterizes the embellishments of the Alhambra is departed from; and this deviation from the inimitable taste that reigns throughout appears as though it had been placed there for no other purpose than to demonstrate the immeasurable superiority of the Moors of that period over their Christian contemporaries in all the lighter arts, as well as in the learned sciences, and in luxury and refinement of manners. The character of the Sala de Justicia is graver and more sombre than that of the other halls: its proportions are long and narrow; but the awkwardness of such a form is rectified by six arches charmingly decorated, which divide it at regular intervals, and produce a beautiful effect when seen in perspective. The ceiling is much injured, and looks in danger of falling in; but the colours with which the panels of inlaid wood, of which it is composed, are tinged, still preserve their brilliancy; and our cicerones assured us that *earthquakes*, and not *Time*, had caused the damage.

On the side of the court opposite to the Hall of the Abencerrages is the Sala de las dos Hermanas (Hall of the Two Sisters), supposed to

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have been so named from two enormous slabs of white marble which are inserted in the pavement on either side of the now idle fountain that adorns the centre. This is perhaps the most beautiful, the most faultless, and the best preserved of all the chambers in the palace; its dimensions and decorations being much in the style of those of the Sala de los Abencerrages, but still less injured by time. Communicating with it is El Gabinete de las Infantas, or Dressing-room of the Princesses, a perfect *bijou*, combining in miniature all the beauties of all the other apartments: its exquisite little arched windows look into the lovely garden of Lindaraxa, with its alabaster fountain and orange bowers; and, beyond that charming enclosure, they originally commanded a complete view of the Albaycin, the old Moorish quarter of Granada, which lies on the opposite side of the valley of the Darro; however, that view is now entirely masked by a barbarous white-washed wall built up by the Spaniards of the conquest, who, although they refrained from pulling down the Alhambra, did all they could, short of that, to exclude its Moorish associations. Thus, in the Court of Myrtles, the wall of the Palace of Charles the Fifth (which, although it would be a handsome struc-

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ture anywhere else, looks odious and intrusive where it stands,) is made to abut against, and overtop, the beautiful double range of Moorish arcades that forms one end of it; so that the principal original entrance to the Arabian palace is closed up by the ill-conceived vicinity of its Spanish rival, which is said to have been constructed solely with a view to *écraser* the beauties of the Moorish residence. It is, however, only just to say of the present government, that, although shamefully negligent in every particular bearing upon the advancement and civilization of the nation, (at least in all that has fallen under my observation,) it has shaken off its sloth with respect to the preservation of the Alhambra; for, in those parts that have either begun to yield to the devastations of time, or have suffered from elementary convulsions, innumerable workmen are employed in anticipating further ruin by precautionary measures, and in carrying on repairs which are executed in great harmony with the original style of architecture and decorations. The whole of the Albaycin quarter is subjected to a tax of three per cent. upon the house-rent, whatever it may be, the proceeds of which are devoted to repairing and keeping in order the Alhambra Palace and its

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gardens; and truly the task is most conscientiously performed, for never did I behold greater perfection of neatness than in those beautiful grounds.

The above enumerated Salas complete the quadrangle of the Patio de los Leones, and comprise that portion of the structure which is termed by the cicerones of Granada the Abdali Palace; a designation derived from its last unfortunate Moorish possessor, Boabdil the Unlucky, whose misdeeds and reverses have conferred such tragic interest upon the halls and courts immediately identified with some of the sanguinary episodes of his turbulent reign.

From thence we ascended by a flight of steps to an isolated little Mirador, or pavilion, supported by marble columns, and round three sides of which runs an exterior open gallery of marble; this is called the Tocador de la Reyna (the Queen's Dressing-room), and in its original state must have combined all the luxurious accessories to ease and enjoyment which were so thoroughly understood by the Moors. Some remains of them may be traced in the antechamber preceding the Tocador, where in one corner of the pavement is a large marble slab perforated with holes through which the vapours of

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the perfumes burned underneath ascended and embalmed the whole atmosphere. But, alas! here the Spaniards have again exhibited their vicious taste; for the interior of this exquisite pavilion, so eminently Moorish in design and architecture, has been painted by them in vile frescoes, representing a collection of the Olympic deities upon a red ground—not badly executed, but so sadly out of character with the place that one turns from them with disgust. This incongruous decoration was added to the Tocador de la Reyna by order of Philip the Fifth, preparatory to bringing his bride, the beautiful Elizabetta of Parma, to sojourn in the Alhambra; and the execution of it was entrusted to Italian artists, who were brought from Italy for that purpose. Travellers have done their utmost to ruin and deface it: for, while the rich arabesques of the lower apartments have escaped the profanation with which reckless individuals of that class sometimes permit themselves to treat the edifices they visit, the walls of the Tocador have been converted by them into a complete Registre de Voyageurs; and names the most insignificant, and dates which no one cares to examine, are scrawled, scratched, and cut upon its frescoes in such destructive abundance that it is difficult to

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decide whether such Vandalism could have been perpetrated in the idle school-boy spirit of mischief which loves to deface merely for the pleasure of destroying, or from the equally idle vanity which leads some persons to fancy that a register of their names, residences, and the dates of their visit to such or such a monument of art, can prove a subject of interest to succeeding pilgrims to the same shrine. The distance from England, and the difficulties attending a journey hither, preclude the preponderance, among these evidences of Scriblomania, of English names, which generally asserts itself in similar desecrations in those parts of the Continent within the range of the ordinary migrations of my countrymen. Still there are sufficient attestations of the Johnsons and Thompsons of Cockney life having occasionally made an apparition here; and, from the nature of the inspirations to which they have given vent, one is tempted to ask what business they had here at all? for it is very evident that the vicinity of Jack Straw's Castle, or Eel-pie Island, would have been more congenial to their tastes and feelings than the Vermilion Towers of the Alhambra, or the Cypress Groves of the Generalife.

A Russian prince, deprecating this system of

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making the stones prate of one's whereabouts, which has transformed the Tocador de la Reyna into an unsightly collection of autographs, provided a *livre de voyageurs* some few years ago for the use of those persons wishing to record their visit to the Alhambra, and placed it in the custody of the gate-keeper, who duly presents it for visitors to inscribe their names and nations therein. A few judicious lines written on the fly-leaf by the Prince himself advocate the cause of the much-injured Tocador, and suggest the propriety of travellers transferring their sign-manual from its walls to the white leaves of his book. One of the first names that caught my eye in the opening page was that of Washington Irving, and, if I could have reconciled such a proceeding to my conscience, I would gladly have torn out the leaf to have possessed myself of his autograph; but my honesty overcame the temptation, and I left it behind me with a sigh of regret.

The view commanded from the open horse-shoe arches of this Mirador is not to be surpassed—scarcely to be equalled—by any in the world. From the vast height upon which it is built, the eye embraces in the distance the whole of the splendid Vega, with its boundary of wild snowy-

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crested mountains; and nearer, in the foreground, the valley of the Darro, the picturesque and antique Moorish quarter of the Albaycin, with its terraces and gardens, and the more Spanish-looking city of Granada, stretching towards the plain. Nearer still is the famous Tower of Comares, rising abruptly from the steep hill-side, and lording it proudly over all the other towers of the Alhambra. To the chambers enclosed within its massive walls we next directed our steps.

Of these, the principal is the Hall of the Ambassadors, generally designated as the Hall of Comares, from a particular class of workmen, said to have been Persians, who were employed in its construction. It is more spacious than any of the other saloons in the palace, and has less of that fairy-like airiness about it which characterizes Arabian architecture; but this heavier aspect is owing to the lofty cupola and ceiling being composed of dark inlaid wood, beautifully painted indeed, and encrusted with ivory and mother-of-pearl, but less elegant than the delicate grotto-work with which the other cupolas are frosted. The arabesques of the walls, the mouldings of carved wood which surround the upper part of them, and the *encoignures*

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of this magnificent hall are beyond all praise, as they are beyond all description. The windows struck me as being exactly placed like those in the hall destined for the reception of ambassadors in the Seraglio at Constantinople: they are in the upper part of the walls, close to the cupola; and the cupola itself is so lofty that we were unable to distinguish the designs of its paintings and incrustations with the naked eye. In the centre of the floor remains entire a large square of its original pavement in mosaic work of beautiful glazed Moorish tiles of the most brilliant hues, bearing upon them devices in Arabic characters, and escutcheons of the different Moslem kings who had reigned over Granada; the remainder of the pavement having been destroyed, has been most inappropriately replaced with common bricks, and the same Vandalism has been observed with respect to the doors. The original Moorish ones were of fine panel-work in dark wood; those that have been substituted are of deal coarsely painted, of a glaring light blue colour!

It has been with truth observed, that no sovereign, whether Christian or Infidel, ever possessed a more splendid apartment than the Hall of the Ambassadors; and it appears to have been

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the especial care of the enlightened monarch under whose reign it was constructed, to render it an epitome of all that Oriental art could imagine of sublime and beautiful, without violating good taste by too lavish adornment, or falling into the defect of exaggerated magnificence. The execution of the mouldings and tracery, and their endless variety of design and brilliancy of colouring, as well as the profusion of consecrating verses in Cufic and Arabic characters, beautifully illuminated, that are introduced into the decorations of the friezes, architraves, and bands that run round the walls of this superb hall, are truly marvellous. The inscriptions are in verse, and some of them have been thus translated.

NO. I.

"I am the ornamented seat of the Bride, endowed with beauty and perfection.

"Dost thou doubt it? look then at this basin; thou wilt be fully convinced of the truth of my assertion.

"Regard also my tiara; thou wilt find it resembling that of the crescent moon.

"And Ibn Nasr is the sun of my orb in splendour and beauty:

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"May he continue in the noontide altitude of glory, secure from change whilst the sun sets and disappears!"

NO. II.

"I am the glory of the oratory, which surpasses the zenith of felicity.

"In it thou mayest imagine the basin to be as one constantly engaged in devotion;

"No sooner has he once performed his adoration, than he hastens again to repeat it.

"And through our lord, Ibn Nasr, has the Almighty exalted his creatures;

"Who claims his descent from the tribe of Khazrij, Saad Ibn Ubâda."

NO. III.

"The most beautiful I surpass in my robe and tiara, so that the luminaries of the zodiac are descending to me.

"The water-basin which I enclose seems as a worshipper who stands in the Kibla of the sanctuary, performing his devotions.

"Secure against the current of time are my generous deeds to the thirsty; and they are the desire of those so oppressed.

"So that in my effects I seem to be liberality

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itself proceeding from the hand of our lord Abul Haggiag:

"May he never fail shining, the bright luminary in my hemisphere, as long as the full moon continues to dispel the shades of night!"

NO. IV.

"Delicately have the fingers of the artist woven my drapery, after the jewels of my crown were set:

"So that I resemble the throne of a bridegroom; may I excel it in this, that I fail not of securing the felicity of those who enjoy me.

"If he that approaches me complains of thirst, the aid I afford is a cool grateful liquid, unmixed and undefiled!

"As if in comparison I was the bow of the clouds, when it appears the harbinger of rain; and the sun, on whom I depend, our lord Abul Haggiag.

"Never may his abode cease to be under the protection of Heaven, as long as the house of God shall continue the resort of the faithful!"

The four foregoing inscriptions surmount four of the windows of the Hall of Ambassadors; the two following surround the four sides of the apartment.

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NO. V.

"By me be thou saluted, both at morn and at night, with the tongues of happiness, blessing, prosperity, and joy!

"This is the sublime dome, and we (the several apartments) are her daughters; but to me belong excellence and dignity above all my kindred.

"Members are we of the same body, but I am indisputably the heart in the midst of them; and from the heart springs the energy of soul and life.

"Granted that my fellows are the constellations of the zodiac in the heaven of this structure; yet in me exists, over what they possess, the preëminence of the sun.

"Me, my august sovereign, Yusuf, has adorned with the robes of glory, and of preference without disguise:

"And he has constituted me the throne of empire; the eminence of which be upheld by Him to whom belongs the divine glory and the celestial throne."

NO. VI.

"The splendour which I possess is derived from

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my lord and sovereign, Muhammad, the most excellent of those that shall be and that have been.

"At night, the five Pleiades attend on him; and, at morn, the feeble gale becomes a charmer for him.

"In my splendour, too, the bright stars of heaven desire to be fixed, and to be no longer wandering in the regions of the sky;

"But to stand before my sovereign, obedient to his commands; for they, who serve the most exalted, gain the highest honours as their rewards.

"How many in the expanse of this hall are the arches raised upon columns, shining with a brilliancy that illumines all around!

"Here is the polished marble, whose dazzling splendour beams forth so that every shade is dispersed which intervened before.

"Never have we beheld a bower more delightful to the sight, whose borders are more fragrant and whose fruits are more sweet.

"Even the stones (forming the pavement) of it reflect among its branches the sun's rays as coins of gold to complete its ornaments."

Underneath the Hall of Comares are some other apartments, of a very different aspect,

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and once destined for a very different purpose. The dungeons where Boabdil, and his mother, the Sultana Aixa la Horra, were imprisoned during the boyhood of the former by order of his father,—the window from which, when his life was threatened by the same unnatural parent, Aixa facilitated his escape by tying the girdles of her female attendants together, and letting him down by them to the hill-side immediately under the casement, where a horse and faithful attendant waited to convey him to Guadix,—the Carcel (or prison) in which it is averred that Boabdil's unfortunate Sultana was confined after the charge of infidelity brought against her by the Zegri faction, — compose part of that sombre suite. These are the *shadows*, as the brilliant courts and halls above are the *lights*, of the Moslem dynasty, and serve to bring into evidence the darker and fiercer traits of the Moorish character, which one is beguiled into forgetting in the contemplation of the many proofs they have left of that elegant refinement of manners and high civilization which appear to be incompatible with deeds of violence and blood.

Besides these gloomy chambers, are others in the same vicinity, opening from the Court of the Prisons, which awaken less melancholy ideas.

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One of them is a long low-arched chamber or passage, called the Treasury, at the entrance of which are two very ordinary marble statues representing females seated, with their heads turned backwards, looking over their shoulders into the vaulted passage of which they appear to be the guardians. Whether they are of Moorish or Christian origin has never yet been decided, but it is averred that the Spaniards found them in their actual position at the time of the conquest. Possibly they are the offspring of the same chisel that created the twelve lions of the fountain in the Patio de los Leones, for their merit as objects of art appears to be very little superior to that of the above-mentioned somewhat doubtful-looking quadrupeds. Washington Irving has converted them into the "Two discreet Statues" of one of his charming sketches.

The suite of Bath-rooms, which are beautiful, and precisely like some that I saw in the Seraglio at Constantinople, opens from the Court of Prisons, and consists of El Baño de los Reyes (the Baths of the King and Queen occupying the same room); El Baño del Principe, the Prince's Bath, from its dimensions evidently intended for the royal children; and the Sala de la Reyna, or Hall of the Sultana, where the ladies of the

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royal Harem retired after bathing. A fountain occupies the centre of the pavement, and at opposite sides of the hall are two alcoves raised from the ground and ornamented with coloured tiles, intended for the couches upon which the fair ones were wont to repose, while musicians, placed in a gallery which surrounds the upper part of the room (and is now in such a crazy condition that it threatens to fall very soon into the middle of it), lulled them to sleep with the soft strains of some Moorish love-ditty chaunted to the cadenced murmurs of the fountain.

The Whispering Room, or Chamber of the Secrets, a small low-arched apartment constructed upon the principle of the whispering gallery at St. Paul's, which the cicerones of the place appear to consider the greatest wonder in it, completed our investigation in that part of the Alhambra. There are some other chambers, which I have not specified; as they are manifestly not of Moorish construction, but must have been modern additions made after the conquest for the accommodation of the Christian sovereigns who chose to take up their temporary abode in the Casa Arabe. The style and title of Charles the Fifth, and his well-known motto "Plus oultre," are so repeatedly intro-

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duced into the ornaments of these European-looking apartments as to infer that they must have been arranged at his especial command. I looked in vain for some consecrating trace of his grand-parents, Ferdinand and Isabella, but not even their cyphers could I detect amidst this proud display of his imperial honours; nor was it until I ascended to the Torre de la Vela, the lofty watch-tower of the Alhambra, that I discovered some lasting memorial of the conquerors of Granada affixed to its walls. After the conquest of the Moors, this tower was converted into a belfry; and immediately beneath the great bell is affixed an inscription recording the triumphant entry of the victorious sovereigns into the palace of their vanquished foe, in the following terms:

"El dia 2 de Enero del año de 1492 de la era Cristiana, a los 777 de la dominacion Arabe, declarada la victoria y hecha entrega de esta Ciudad a los SS. Reyes Catolicos, se colocaron en esta torre, como una de las mas elevada de esta Forteleza, las tres Estandartes insignia del exercito Castillano, y enarbolando el Cardinale Gonzales di Mendoza y Don Gutierre de Cardenas los santos Pendones, se tremolo el Estandarte Real per el Conde de Ten-

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dilla, diciendo en alta voce los Reyes de armas: 'Granada! Granada! por los inclitos Reyes de Castilla, Don Fernando y Doña Isabel!' "*

Beautiful as is the view discovered from the Tocador de la Reyna, that which is commanded from the battlements of the Torre de la Vela far exceeds it in extent and diversity, and is one of the most enchanting panoramas that mortal gaze ever rested upon. From the summit of this lofty tower the eye wanders over the city of Granada, lying five or six hundred feet below at the base of the three hills that overhang it, all its plazas, churches, convents, palaces, and alamedas distinctly visible as though traced out upon a map; the valley and groves of the Darro; the hill of the Albaycin; that of the Generalife with its white palace and embow-

* On the second day of January of the year 1492 of the Christian era, and in the 777th of the Arab domination, victory having been declared, and this city having been delivered over to the Most Sacred Catholic sovereigns, the three standards of the Castilian army were placed on this tower, as being one of the most elevated in the fortress; and the two banners of the Holy Faith being planted thereon by Cardinal Gonzales de Mendoza and Don Gutierre de Cardenas, the royal standard was unfurled by the Count de Tendilla, while the Kings at Arms proclaimed in a loud voice: "Granada! Granada! for the illustrious sovereigns of Castile, Don Ferdinand and Doña Isabella!"

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ering gardens — the venerable Torres Vermejas, or Vermilion Towers, whose origin is lost in the night of ages; the rude outer walls and towers of the Alhambra, entirely encircling the vast crest of the hill upon which it stands; and, far away, the sunny Vega in all its unparalleled luxuriance of fertility and cultivation, watered by the silvery Xenil, and interspersed with corn-fields, vineyards, groves, and habitations, among which the town of Santa Fé is to be discovered like a white speck glistening in the many-tinted landscape.

This admirable plain is bounded on the north-west by the hills of Elvira, behind which rise the loftier summits of the mountains of Alcalà; and on the south-east by a long range of dark, low sierras, gradually increasing in altitude until they terminate in the magnificent chain of the Sierra Nevada, whose white crests gleam brightly against the clear blue sky, contrasting finely with the misty wreaths of clouds that float midway about their rugged flanks, and the deeper shadows that shroud their base. It is the vicinity of those snowy mountains that renders the climate of Granada the most delicious, and its soil the richest, in the world. The breezes, passing lightly over their fields of eternal snow,

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catch from thence a reviving coolness that tempers the glowing atmosphere of the plain into a freshness and elasticity unknown in every other part of the Peninsula. The rills that for ever flow from their deep gorges impart to the vegetation of the Vega a luxuriance of verdure scarcely ever seen in southern latitudes. Well might the Moors, in the enthusiasm of their admiration for this land of their adoption, be pardoned for fancifully asserting that Granada was placed immediately under that portion of the heavens in which is situated the paradise of Mahomet! Well might they weep tears of blood at quitting for ever this lovely territory, and exchanging its unequalled climate and its matchless fertility for the burning sands of Africa!

In the range of mountains that bound the horizon towards the south, an elevation of remarkable form is pointed out, known by the romantic appellation of *La Cuesta de las Lagrimas*, the Hill of Tears; and upon its summit is to be distinguished a spot upon which the Spaniards have bestowed the still more poetical designation of *El Ultimo Suspiro del Moro*, the Last Sigh of the Moor. It is from that eminence that the last glimpse of Granada is to be

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obtained; and there it was that the unfortunate Boabdil, when driven from his kingdom, and sadly journeying towards the temporary retreat that had been accorded to him in the Alpuxarras, reined in his horse, and, turning his eyes towards the towers of the Alhambra, lifted up his voice and wept in the anguish of his soul, as he bade an eternal farewell to its glories. His mother, the Sultana Aixa, whose sterner spirit could neither comprehend nor excuse the softness betrayed by her son, indignantly rebuked him in these bitter terms: "Well may'st thou weep for thy kingdom like a woman, since thou knew'st not how to defend it like a man!"

One of the interesting objects to be distinguished from the Torre de la Vela is the Monte Santo, in the college of which are preserved some manuscripts on lead, supposed to have been left there, about the time of Nero, by nine martyrs, contemporaries of the Apostles, who were sent by them to preach Christianity in this land, and were there persecuted and put to death. These manuscripts are said to contain most important and interesting attestations to the truth of the mission of the Evangelists, and authenticate the belief that the Gospels were *written* by them while the events they record were

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still fresh in their recollections, and not that they were afterwards *compiled from oral traditions*, as has been sometimes presumed. They are kept carefully shut up under three locks, of which the three keys are severally under the custody of the Archbishop of Granada, the Captain General of the province, and the Sovereign (now the Regent) of Spain. We made many efforts to obtain a sight of these precious tablets; but such is the chariness with which they are exposed to public view that we never could accomplish our wish, and were at last obliged to leave Granada with our curiosity ungratified.

The Arabian palace, which many persons imagine to represent the whole Alhambra, in reality forms but a very small portion of the large district bearing that name, that covers the crest of the hill. The Alhambra was, properly speaking, a fortress; and some idea of its extent may be formed from the fact, that, in the time of the Moorish kings, independent of the inmates of the royal residence, forty thousand men were accommodated within the walls of the fortress, which were then defended by one thousand and thirty towers. At present, the space comprised within the "jurisdiction of the Alhambra" contains, besides the Moorish palace and gardens,

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a fine alameda, the Court of the Cisterns, which supplies the city of Granada with the best water, several plazas, the palace of Charles the Fifth, a Catholic parish-church, an edifice which was formerly a Franciscan convent, a complete hamlet of poor little habitations peopled by ragged "hijos del Alhambra," and the newly-erected posada. The importance of the district may be inferred from its forming a distinct government. The governor of the Alhambra formerly occupied apartments in the palace, but, some years since, removed his residence to Granada.

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GRANADA.

Religious Festivals.—Political Martyrdom.—Mariana Piñeda. Anniversary of her Execution.—Statue of Mariana Piñeda. —Her funeral column.—Cathedral of Granada.—Capilla de los Reyes Castillanos.—Relics of Ferdinand and Isabella.—Cartuga.—Church of San Geronimo.—Other churches.—Museum.—Madhouse of Granada.—Interesting Maniac.—The Zacatin.—Moorish shops.—View of the Alhambra from the Albaycin.—The Albaycin.—Religious procession.—The Alamedas.—Galley-slaves.—Frequency of assassination.—The Gitanos of Granada.—Gipsy Ball. —Farewell to the Alhambra.—The Leipziger's story.—Gipsy wedding in the Alhambra.—Abstract of the Moorish dynasty of Granada.—Arabic poem on the Alhambra.

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GRANADA.

"'Tis holy ground:
A martyr's ashes now lie there, which make it
A shrine." *The Two Foscari.*

INDEPENDENT of the interesting objects abounding in Granada, that are open at all times to the inspection of travellers, we were so fortunate as to arrive there at a period when two remarkable annual *funciones*, or religious ceremonies, were about to take place, which create considerable excitement in the city for the time being, and consequently lead to a great concourse of persons gathering together from various directions for those especial occasions. One of these, the fête of Corpus Domini, is common to all Catholic countries; the other is peculiar to Granada, and has been enrolled among its sacred fiestas only within the last very few years, as it emanates from a tragical event, connected with the political distractions of this unhappy country, which took place in 1831.

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Doña Mariana Piñeda was the daughter of a respectable merchant of Granada, and had married at an early age a captain in the Spanish army, who, dying a very few years afterwards, left her a young widow with two children. She was cited for the superiority of her personal attractions in a place where, as among the fairest portion of the creation beauty forms the rule and not the exception, a woman must really be more than commonly handsome to obtain celebrity as a *belle*. There was not a more elastic form, a lighter step, a brighter eye, or a sweeter smile than hers to be seen on the Alameda of the Xenil in the long moonlight nights of summer, when Granada poured forth all her loveliest daughters to assemble beneath its spreading shades. In the winter Tertulias none could surpass her in the grace and spirit she imparted to the gay Bolero or the more voluptuous Fandango; nor could any compete with her in the dexterous exercise of the fan—that inseparable adjunct to the coquetry of a Spanish woman, which in her hands becomes an enchanted wand, dispensing happiness or despondency by an almost imperceptible flutter or sudden furl, while she herself appears unconscious of the tumultuous emotions she is exciting. Like all her country-

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women, the business of whose life is to captivate the attentions of the other sex, she was undisguisedly fond of admiration, and delighted in exhibiting in her train the willing slaves whom her manifold attractions had enchained. But, under this exterior of thoughtlessness and levity, Mariana possessed qualities of the noblest and most sterling nature—a strength of mind, a generosity of soul, and a resoluteness of purpose that are rarely united even in the graver and sterner of her sex, and that would have done honour to a man;—the courage of a heroine, the constancy of a martyr, lay masked beneath the blandishments of a light-hearted coquette, and only required a fitting occasion to assert themselves.

The French Revolution of July 1830, which produced a sensation throughout Europe that caused more than one throne to rock upon its foundation, was felt in Spain in a manner that manifested itself not in a general rising of the Liberals against their imbecile and false-hearted tyrant, Ferdinand the Seventh, but in partial conspiracies in various parts of the country, which, from the weakness and disunion of the conspirators, proved one and all abortive; and ended, as in the case of Torrijos, in the capture and death of their leaders. Among other places

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that contained elements ripe for revolt, and only required a skilful hand to direct the movement, was Granada. A conspiracy had been organized there so secretly, and with such address, that, although three hundred of its respectable inhabitants were involved in the undertaking, the government authorities had not the most remote suspicion that treason was stalking abroad and hatching under their very eyes. As a further proof of the caution that was observed in the business, although so many persons were busily employed in bringing their plans to maturity, and so many deeply interested in its ultimate success, one individual alone was entrusted with the names of all the conspirators, and that individual was Mariana Piñeda.

Devotedly attached to her country, and naturally of a sanguine and enthusiastic disposition, her feelings and opinions led her to participate in the projected movement with all the strength of her heart and mind; and to identify herself with a cause, which she anticipated would lead to the political regeneration of her country, with a zeal, an energy, and intelligence that won her the confidence and admiration of all concerned in the plot. But although devoted, heart and hand, to the cause,

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she was thoroughly feminine in her demonstrations of patriotism, and never dreamed of making proof of her courage by forgetting the dignity and delicacy of her sex, and joining the malcontents in the field. All that woman ought to do, she did: she excited the enthusiasm of the men by communicating to them her own ardent aspirations; she sustained their constancy by the admiration she manifested for their exertions; and she busied herself in embroidering a banner, upon which appeared, in large letters, the watch-word of her party, LIBERTAD, and which was to be carried before them whenever the propitious moment arrived for their appearing in arms.

Before that moment arrived, however, and even before the flag was terminated, an apparently insignificant occurrence suddenly checked the whole proceeding. Mariana's maid, having been guilty of some gross neglect in the household service, was sharply reprimanded by her mistress, and, irritated by the severity of the reproof, she took a signal vengeance by denouncing her to the government authorities of Granada as being implicated in a conspiracy against the state; in proof of which, she informed them that a revolutionary flag, which her mistress was

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embroidering for the rebels, would be found in her house.

The police immediately proceeded thither, and the most rigorous domiciliary visit was enforced: the flag discovered there was a convincing proof of Mariana's participation in the crime alleged against her; and the suspicious tenor of some papers found in her possession (but which contained no names) added further weight to the accusation. She was forthwith arrested and conveyed to prison; but, as no clue to any of the individuals engaged in the embryo revolt could be discovered by the police, an application was made to Mariana to give up their names, and a promise was at the same time held out to her, that, provided she would acquiesce, some leniency would be shewn to herself.

But, although perfectly acquainted with the names of all involved in the affair, she resolutely refused to betray them; and the government, exasperated by her pertinacity, and baffled in their pursuit of the conspirators, determined to make an example of some one *pour encourager les autres*, and sent an especial commission from Madrid to bring Mariana Piñeda to trial as a traitor to her country. By that tribunal she was found guilty, and sentenced to suffer death

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by the Garotte, the instrument now in use in Spain for carrying into execution capital condemnations.*

It is affirmed that the judge who presided on that occasion, struck by the beauty and intelligence of Mariana Piñeda, contrived to introduce himself to her in prison; and scrupled not to take advantage of her helpless position, by urging a proposal as disgraceful to himself as it was insulting to her. He undertook to obtain the reversal of her sentence, provided she would pay for the boon by the sacrifice of her honour to his lawless passion. But she rejected his alternative with horror, and spurned him from her presence with as much indignant pride as though she had been the free denizen of a palace, instead of the unfortunate inmate of a condemned cell, awaiting the execution of a dreadful doom.

That sentence—notwithstanding its iniquity, which made men think that it had only been pronounced as a threat to be held in terrorem for a while over her head, and then rescinded,—notwithstanding the excitement and indignation

* The Garotte is an iron collar of peculiar construction, which is placed round the criminal's throat, and, by means of a sudden jerk, produces instant strangulation.

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it produced in the public mind,—was nevertheless carried into effect; and, on the 23rd of May, 1831, Mariana Piñeda was conveyed from her prison to the Plaza de Triunfo, where the last scene of the tragedy was to be enacted. She was placed in a chair just opposite to the column erected by Ferdinand and Isabella to commemorate their victorious entry into Granada (from which spot a fine view of the Vega is commanded); and the accusing banner—the sole witness that had appeared against her upon her trial—was burned before her by the executioner. Her firmness did not desert her in that moment of awful expectation, for while the devouring flames obliterated the fatal word "Libertad," which her fingers had wrought in all the sanguine anticipation of beholding the prophecy realized, she deliberately turned her eyes from thence to the enchanting tract of country spread out before her, over which the sunshine and the blooms of May had scattered all their glories; and, in the intensity of her mournful but collected gaze, might be read the unutterable love she bore to the land of her birth, to ensure whose liberty she had incurred a traitor's doom,—the sorrow that filled her soul, not for her own fate, but for that of unhappy, mis-

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ruled Spain. In the next moment the deadly iron grasped her throat, and with one brief struggle her noble spirit was liberated from its tabernacle of clay.

Two hours before Mariana Piñeda was led out to execution, the judge who condemned her again applied to her for the names of the conspirators, assuring her that upon that condition he was empowered to spare her life; but she indignantly refused, exclaiming that she feared not to die, and that she preferred *death with honour* to *life with such infamy!* Nor was this a vain boast; for she met her fate with unshrinking fortitude, never betraying a sensation of fear even to the very last moment, and, as my informant (an eye-witness of that dreadful scene) assured me, dying with a firmness that would have done honour to an old soldier, and shewing herself throughout "muy valiente."

The cowardly sentence that had cut off Mariana Piñeda from the catalogue of the living, not satisfied with that vengeance, ordained that her inanimate remains should be treated with the utmost indignity. She was interred in the burying-ground reserved for executed malefactors and galley-slaves, close to the Plaza de Triunfo, with no memorial to distinguish the

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spot; which would have become irrecoverably confounded with the dishonoured graves around had not some pitying friend stolen thither at nightfall, and marked the place by planting over it two or three little stones in the form of a cross. Five years later,—long after Ferdinand had been called to his dread account, and when his widow, the Reyna Gobernadora, had accepted the Constitution,—the Liberal party, in the cause of which Mariana Piñeda had suffered, became all-powerful; and one of its first acts was to confer the honours of martyrdom and canonization upon her who had been branded with a malefactor's infamy and died a malefactor's death. Her body was disinterred, placed in a magnificent sarcophagus of mahogany, and carried to the cathedral, escorted by all the military in the city, where the funeral rites were performed over it with the utmost pomp; after which it was removed to the town-hall of Granada, where it was placed in a chamber hung with black, and left under the especial care of the Ayuntamiento. Every year on the anniversary of her execution a magnificent mass is performed in the cathedral for the repose of her soul; and the sarcophagus, being placed upon a funeral car and covered with garlands

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of flowers, is paraded through the streets of Granada, preceded by the whole of the civil authorities and the troops and staff of the place in full-dress, the drums and colours of the different regiments being covered with crape. The sarcophagus is then carried to the cathedral and placed upon a splendid cenotaph before the grand altar, and surrounded by a forest of enormous lighted tapers, where it is left under the care of the chapter until the next day; when it is again placed upon the funeral car, paraded through the streets, and finally replaced in the town-hall, there to remain until the succeeding anniversary.

This was the ceremony which, most opportunely, we arrived at Granada just in time to witness. We were accommodated with excellent places in the gallery of the cathedral, from whence we not only looked down upon the whole of the interior of the church, but commanded a full view through its great open gates of the square before it, and the brilliant coup d'œil it presented, lined with troops under arms, and a fine regiment of dragoons in bright yellow uniforms and brilliant helmets, who kept the dense multitude from intruding upon the open space that was reserved for the approach of the cavalcade. At last it drew near, and

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we could hear the strains of the Constitutional Hymn floating upon the air, performed by the military bands that preceded the car. Its entry into the square was announced by the roll of muffled drums, and a mournful blast of trumpets; and, when it drew up to the great gates of the cathedral, the troops assembled rendered military honours to the unconscious remains, by presenting arms and lowering their colours as they were removed from the funeral car.

At the entrance of the church the sarcophagus was received by the clergy, and there the military spectacle ended, and the religious one commenced. Palm-leaves were strewed before it, and clouds of incense filled the air, while the two organs pealed forth a solemn voluntary as the procession slowly advanced up the body of the church, followed by all the civil and military authorities of the place. When it had been placed upon the cenotaph, holy-water was sprinkled upon it, the *cierges* were lighted, and a splendid mass in music was performed, which terminated the ceremony.

On the following day I visited the spot where Mariana Piñeda was executed. It is now distinguished by a white marble column, bearing on its pedestal the following inscription:

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"En 23 de Mayo de 1831 fue sacrificada en este sitio, destinado al suplicio de los criminales, la joven Doña Mariana Piñeda, porque anhelaba la libertad."

The literal translation of which is, "On the 23rd of May, 1831, was sacrificed in this place, reserved for the execution of criminals, the youthful lady Doña Mariana Piñeda, because she sighed for liberty."

From thence I went to the Museum, to see the plaster cast of the statue which is now executing in marble to be placed upon the summit of the column that records her execution. The countenance is full of sweetness, the face round and playful in its expression, and the features regular and inclining to aquiline. She is represented looking upwards, with her arms stretched out towards heaven. The statue is colossal, and we were assured that the likeness has been admirably preserved, which, if true, must undoubtedly, as far as sentiment is concerned, render it a most interesting memorial; but, as a work of art, it is full of faults, and utterly unworthy of the purpose for which it is destined—that of a public monument.

I do not pretend to pronounce, nor am I competent to decide, whether the political views

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of Mariana Piñeda were judicious or not. In seasons of political convulsions it is scarcely ever possible to form a distinct and perfectly just opinion of what is good, and what is evil, in the elements of discord that float upon the surface; for party spirit too often confers the high-sounding epithets of patriotism and civic virtue upon actions which, if thoroughly sifted, would be found only to have been dictated by self-interest, or the mere love of intrigue. The history of Spain for the last thirty years has exemplified in the most deplorable manner the instability of public opinion in that distracted country, and the difficulty of arriving at just conclusions upon public affairs; for temporary Failure or Success alone have decided whether certain actions should be placed in the category of Treason, or in that of Patriotism. What has been termed Crime in the morning, has become Virtue in the evening; and he who at one moment has been proclaimed a popular hero, and covered with honours by popular acclamation, is liable, in the next, to be branded as a malefactor, and delivered over to the infamy of a traitor's death.

Should the party of Don Carlos ever succeed in Spain, the ashes of Mariana Piñeda will

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doubtless be scattered to the winds, the recording column razed to the dust, and the statue shivered into annihilation. But the remembrance of the extraordinary constancy and fortitude with which she met her fate, and the magnanimity with which, to the last, she refused to save her own life by compromising that of others, must render this heroic woman an object of admiration, pity, and respect to all mankind, be their political creed what it may.

* * * * *

I would recommend all travellers who have but a limited time to pass at Granada, not to allow themselves to be persuaded by their cicerones into spending much of it in visiting the various insignificant objects which that tyrannical class insist upon including in their list of notable sights, in order to increase the number of their days' employment. I particularly allude to the various churches, the ci-devant convents, and the museum of Granada; for, to those who have travelled in Italy, I can safely assert, that, with the exception of the cathedral, the city affords scarcely anything in that particular worth the loss of time a visit to them involves, and which might be so much better employed in rambling about the ever-interesting precincts of

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the Alhambra, and the romantic and memorable environs of Granada. Unfortunately for myself, I had received no previous admonition to this effect; and, in my ignorance of the *carte du pays*, I was obliged to submit to the annoyance, and to devote, or rather sacrifice, two days to the uninteresting task of inspecting objects from which I derived no gratification.

The churches, although exhibiting some good specimens of that tasteless style of architecture prevalent in Europe at the period of the renaissance of the arts (which immediately followed the conquest of Granada) are all decorated in the interior in the very worst Rococo taste, the chapels and altars being overcharged with massy gilding, interspersed with a profusion of those large painted images, sculptured in wood, of angels, saints, cherubim, and seraphim, which are peculiar to the Spanish school of statuary; but which, however well executed, produce a tawdry, toy-shop effect. Another peculiarity, which I never observed in the sacred edifices of any other country, Catholic or Protestant, is the profusion of looking-glasses here introduced into the decoration of churches. The sacristies are adorned with large mirrors suspended, like pictures, from the walls; which would argue rather

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suspiciously against the abnegation of vanity and the practical humility of the priests, were not the said mirrors for the most part placed too high to permit of any persons of ordinary stature beholding their own figures reflected in them. In one church I noticed that the entire groundwork of the pulpit was composed of plates of looking-glass, intersected with a Gothic pattern, either of wood or bronze, richly gilt, which, at a distance, produced the effect of incrustations of gold upon polished steel; and, although rich and fanciful, struck me as not being sufficiently severe for the purpose to which it was applied, and better adapted to some *Bric-à-brac* cabinet than to the pulpit of a Christian church.

The Cathedral, however, is a splendid edifice, although not of the Gothic order, which, after all, is the only truly beautiful architecture for that description of building. As this, and every place of Christian worship in Granada, was constructed after the conquest, the cathedral, of course, bears the stamp of the architecture peculiar to that period, and is therefore of the Italianised Grecian order that came in with the renaissance of the arts. The choir is in the centre, a peculiarity common to Spanish churches, which is most injudicious, as it destroys the idea of space—

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one of the finest and most imposing attributes of religious structures. Above it are the two organs of whose admirable qualities we had an opportunity of judging at the *funcion* of Mariana Piñeda—another *luxe* peculiar to Spanish cathedrals, as in other countries *one* is usually deemed sufficient. We were amused at seeing affixed to one of the pillars a threatening injunction against talking or walking with women, or assembling in groups in the aisles, under pain of excommunication, " y dos ducados para obras pias" (two ducats for pious works); a most idle threat in the present day, where the churches are attended for scarcely any other purposes than those which this inscription so authoritatively forbids.

We were shewn some pictures attributed to Murillo, but certainly presenting none of the excellencies of that master's manner; and so deficient in the subdued, yet rich and mellow style of his colouring, that we took leave to be sceptical upon the question of their originality, and to set them down in our own minds as the productions of inferior pencils of his school. Other pictures, by Cano, the great master of the Granada school, (whose celebrity, however, I fancy has not extended beyond the Peninsula,) adorn the sacristy, and possess some merit,

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but not sufficient to call for a detailed description.

The most interesting appendage to the cathedral of Granada is the Capilla de los Reyes Castillanos, built upon the site formerly occupied by the principal mosque, and containing the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella. This chapel was commenced by those monarchs, and terminated by their grandson, Charles the Fifth, who caused the coffins containing their bodies to be removed from the Franciscan convent within the walls of the Alhambra, where they had been originally deposited, and placed in a vault underneath the chapel, together with the bodies of his own parents, Juana la Folle (the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella), and her husband, Philippe le Bel of Austria. The chapel above, which is of the Gothic order, contains two splendid monuments in white marble, executed in the very best style of Italian art; one of them surmounted by the highly finished effigies of Ferdinand and Isabella, the other by those of Philippe and Juana, represented as laid out after death, yet dressed in their royal robes. Upon the tomb of the conquerors of Granada is the following inscription:

"Mahometice secte prostratores et heretice per-

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vicacie extinctores Fernandus Aragonum et Helisabetha Castelle, vir et uxor unanime Catholici appellati, marmoreo clauduntur hoc tumulo."

We descended into the vault where are deposited the unornamented coffins of black iron containing the ashes of the illustrious pair, which are only distinguishable by their initials from those that enclose the bodies of their daughter and son-in-law, Juana and Philippe. And this is all that remains of the conquerors of the Moors —the discoverers of the New World! Oh! Death! what a leveller thou art! Thou knockest at the gate of the palace with as little ceremony as thou claimest admission at the door of the hovel; and in neither can the dweller oppose thy entry, nor evade the stern summons that leads both alike to "darkness and the worm!" The highest destinies cannot soar above thy unerring dart; the dainty flesh that has been clothed in "purple and fine linen"—ermine and jewels—must, like that which has never known any covering but filthy rags, at thy touch be resolved into loathsome ashes; and the only difference that marks their common doom is, that the beggar rots in an obscure grave which the blessed sunshine daily illuminates, while the

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monarch moulders into dust in the dark and musty atmosphere of a royal vault. Ought not this consideration to disarm king-haters of their blind animosity towards the great ones of the earth, and lead them to pardon the short-lived grandeur which must come to this complexion at last?—Besides the four coffins already specified, the vault contains a fifth, of small dimensions, in which are enclosed the mortal remains of Prince Michael, a grandson of Ferdinand and Isabella, who, had he lived, would, as the child of their eldest daughter, in the course of time have succeeded to the thrones of Castile and Arragon, instead of their other grandson, Charles the Fifth. But he was killed by a fall from his horse when only seven years old; and the catastrophe, which thus changed the line of succession, is recorded by a marble pillar erected upon the spot where he perished, in the centre of the Plaza del Principe in Granada. Two large painted wooden statues of Ferdinand and Isabella in a kneeling position ornament the interior of the vault. Beneath them are some curious representations painted upon wood of the unfortunate king of Granada, Boabdil, presenting the keys of the city to his conquerors, and of the baptism of such of the Moors as were

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after the conquest converted to the Catholic faith. It would have been well for the memory of Ferdinand and Isabella, had they remained satisfied with these demonstrations of zeal in the cause of Catholicism; but the bigotry which led to the persecution of the Jews, the violation of their treaties with the Moors, (who, trusting to their good faith, remained in Spain after the Moslem dynasty was at an end,) and, lastly, to the establishment of the Inquisition, have tarnished the lustre of those deeds which have rendered their names the proudest boast of Spain.

In the sacristy of the chapel we were shewn some interesting relics connected with the history of those celebrated sovereigns; namely, Queen Isabella's missal, magnificently illuminated; the crown, sceptre, and sword of Ferdinand; and the banners that were carried by the Catholic army when it made its triumphant entry into Granada—the identical ones that were planted upon the Torre de la Vela, as set forth in the inscription I have already cited. They have been wonderfully preserved, but are, nevertheless, full of rents, worn in their tissue by the slow operation of time. I had my fingers upon a small portion of the royal standard, which

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was hanging to it by a single thread, and which it would only have required a gentle twitch to have entirely separated from thence and appropriated to myself; but I was so stupidly honest, that, instead of doing so, I pointed out the ragged fragment to the custodio, and offered him what price he chose to name for it. He gave me such a look as I should have merited had I proposed to him to set fire to the cathedral; and, gathering up the relics, without permitting us to inspect them more at length, scuttled away with them, and never recovered his *sang froid* until they were once more safely deposited in their respective drawers, and the keys which had locked them up dangling triumphantly in his hand. The splendid clerical robes in which the first Christian mass was celebrated at Granada also form part of the treasure of the chapel of Ferdinand and Isabella; but they interested me far less than the other objects I have specified, and, magnificent as they are, I would not have given the little faded fragment of crimson satin from the victorious banner for the whole splendid attire of Cardinal Gonzales de Mendoza.

The Cartuga, or Carthusian convent, is one of the lions of Granada, and is considered to be

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one of the most splendid monastic edifices in Spain. It is in every respect so immeasurably inferior to another structure of the same religious order, which is still fresh in my recollection,—the far-famed Certosa of Pavia,—that I experienced nothing but disappointment in inspecting it. There are still some fine specimens of art to be seen in it, in the way of exquisitely wrought doors inlaid with ebony, silver, ivory, mother-of-pearl, and tortoiseshell; altars of precious marbles, and chests of drawers inlaid like the doors, which were formerly used for putting away the priests' dresses, and are precisely of that description of *virtù* that would fetch any price, however exorbitant, in the curiosity-shops of Paris or London. The sanctuary of the Cartuga is extremely rich and gorgeous, but in the usual overcharged bad-taste prevalent in the churches here. The pillars that supported it were originally of massive silver; but they were carried away by General Sebastiani during the French occupation of Granada, and their place has been supplied with pillars of painted wood. That which most charmed me in the Cartuga is its situation, placed above the Plaza de Triunfo, and commanding a beautiful view of the hills of Elvira and Alcala. Since the dispersion of

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its silent community, the Campo Santo and the little gardens of the monks have been allowed to run to weeds; but, as we were told that a German prince is now in treaty to purchase the monastery and transform it into a palace, it is to be hoped that it will shortly be restored to all its pristine order, and that ample justice will be done by the future proprietor to so charming a *locale*.

In the *ci-devant* convent of the Geronymites, a simple tablet, bearing a Latin inscription, points out the place of sepulture of one of the greatest heroes Spain ever produced, whose name has added lustre to the page of History and lent dignity to that of Romance—Gonsalvo de Cordova, better known as the "Great Captain." He was the founder of the monastic structure in which is his tomb, and which contains nothing of interest, save the honoured dust that was once animated by the most gallant spirit that Spain ever numbered among her chivalrous sons.

The churches of San Domingo and of San Juan de Dios (the convent attached to which latter has been converted into an hospital) are equally devoid of attraction with that of the Geronymites, and all three are in the faulty style of ornament I have already specified. There is

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not a single picture in these churches worth looking at, although in almost every one of them the custodio has the audacity to point out one or two so-called Murillos as "all that is left of the numerous specimens it once possessed;" but the attempt to dignify such daubs with such a name is too ludicrous to cheat even the most unpractised eye into belief of their originality. The fact is, that the general sale or plunder of church property has stripped Spain of all her chefs-d'œuvre of art; and not only up to the present moment have we met with no pictures worthy of a more dignified station than that of a sign-post, but even the rich vessels of gold and silver, and the enormous candelabra, as well as the precious reliquaries belonging to the churches, have disappeared, and nothing but gilded wood and trumpery imitations remain in their stead. The Spanish gallery of Louis-Philippe at the Louvre, that also bequeathed to his Majesty by Mr. Standish, and that of the Duke of Sutherland, will account for no inconsiderable share of this spoliation; which perhaps, *dans l'intérêt de l'art*, ought not to be lamented, as the master-pieces of the Spanish school are now so much more open to the inspection and study of artists than when immured in the

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churches of Spain, which is, of all the countries in Europe, the least frequented by travellers: but still, when one sees the places in the different chapels for which those pictures were originally painted now empty, and their walls shorn of every precious specimen of native art, one cannot repress a sigh of regret for the country whose impoverishment has called for such a sacrifice.

There is a public gallery of pictures at Granada, which the natives term a Museum; but all that I shall say of it is, that I conscientiously believe the inhabitants of New Zealand would be ashamed of such an exhibition. The greater part of the collection consists of subjects setting forth with the most barbarous exaggeration the persecution of the Catholics by the promoters of the Reformation; and bluff Henry the Eighth of England is represented presiding with all his royal suite over the mutilations of his Catholic subjects, and seeing them cut up in every possible way that could make them figure as a "dainty dish to set before a king." The execution of these pictures is as barbarous as the executions they depict.

At one side of the Plaza de Triunfo is situated the public Mad-house of Granada, which of course

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enters into the category of curiosities exhibited to strangers by their cicerones in order to swell their list of sights. This is a miserable spectacle; for, without being positively inhuman in its arrangements, there is such a palpable neglect of the comfort and cleanliness of its unhappy inmates, that their physical wants excite almost as painful a degree of commiseration as their mental infirmity. We found the greater part of the male patients in a large court-yard, where they were lying in the sun like Lazzaroni, their limbs naked, and a few filthy rags alone covering their bodies. Only one amongst them shewed any symptoms of animation, for, springing from the ground the moment he saw us, he approached us, gesticulating and vociferating with the utmost violence, maintaining that a dog was greater and holier than the Virgin. In proof of this assertion, he threw himself upon his knees with all sorts of mummeries before my little spaniel, who seemed to take this unexpected glorification in very good part, wagging her tail and barking in the highest delight, while the poor maniac beat his breast with every manifestation of the most despairing self-accusation.

The women were infinitely more clamorous than the men; and, strange to say, in every one

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of them the ruling passion appeared to be a thirst for money, which had outlived every other desire. All with outstretched hands crowded around us entreating for alms, and, in their eagerness to obtain them, they nearly tore our clothes from our backs, and then actually tore each other in pieces in the scramble that ensued for the few small coins we threw among them. One of these unhappy creatures was a nun, still wearing the monastic habit, who, until the money appeared, had been knitting and talking to herself with equal celerity, but with no indications of violence; but, the moment her eye caught the falling coins, she became like a wild beast, springing upon those among her companions who had secured some share of the booty, trying to wrest it from them, distributing blows right and left, and tearing out handfuls of their hair. At last she was borne away, uttering the most frightful cries, by one of the keepers; and we gladly made our escape from the melancholy scene.

But it was to visit one still more depressing—to visit the only habitually violent maniac in the establishment. As he is a gentleman by birth, he is confined in a solitary chamber, perfectly clean, but having in it no furniture save a bed

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arranged for him on the floor in one corner; and, in the opposite one, is fixed a barred cell, very much like a large cage, nearly reaching to the ceiling of the room, in which he is confined when he becomes unmanageable. There we found him making a tremendous noise, shouting, singing, shaking the bars of his cell with the greatest demonstrations of rage, and then clambering up them with the dexterity of a cat. As he caught sight of us ascending the stairs exactly opposite to his cell, he suddenly became quiet and almost rational in his deportment, and, placing himself close to the bars of his prison, awaited our approach with every appearance of courtesy. He very readily entered into conversation with us, and, as soon as he discovered that our party was chiefly composed of English persons, he exhibited his knowledge of our language by repeating all the phrases he had ever learned in it, and which, as he had been at the head of one of the most considerable mercantile houses in Granada, chiefly consisted in the enumeration of his principal English correspondents, mixed up with general terms of affection and tenderness for the whole nation. Throwing his arms round the bars of his cell, he declared that thus would he hug every English person to his heart; then

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followed "Yes, my dear, I speak very well English,—one, two, three, four,—Baring Brothers,—Rothschild,—Lombard Street,—Cateaton Street," &c. He was a most gentlemanlike, good-looking man, apparently about five-and-thirty, with a fine expressive countenance, and dressed with the utmost nicety and cleanliness in a suit of white jean, such as is worn by the Andalusian gentry at this season of the year. Strange to say, his head had not been shaved, and his dark hair, whiskers, and mustachios appeared to be as carefully attended to as though he were still free and in the habit of going into the world, so that no disfiguring evidences of his infirmity appeared about his person; and, had we not beheld his climbing feats and heard his shouts, we never should have supposed that he was a raving maniac.

Observing that he wore a little leathern strap round one of his thumbs, I asked him the meaning of it, and he told me that it was the ring given to him by the lady of his love, who was living in Seville, and that he never would part with it while he lived. The keeper of the establishment then informed us that the gentleman in question, who was one of the principal merchants of Granada, had fallen in love with his own niece, and asked her in marriage (a con-

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nection quite *en règle* in the Peninsula); but, the young lady having declined his hand, the disappointment had taken such fatal hold on his mind as to have deprived him of his senses. As we had overheard him singing on our arrival, I requested him to resume his song. He immediately desired that an arm-chair should be brought for me; and, as soon as I was seated, he went through the dumb-show of playing the piano-forte upon the walls of his cell, and then commenced one of the beautiful airs in the Norma, but very soon left off his imaginary accompaniment, and, breaking into the most passionate action, traversed his little cell with gestures and looks that would have ensured the triumph of a lyric artist on the stage; and whose fire and pathos so inimitably harmonized with the character of the strain he sung, and appeared to be in such touching accordance with his own melancholy situation, that, I am not ashamed to own, tears rose to my eyes as I listened to him.

He appeared to be so carried away by this passionate outburst of feeling as to have forgotten our presence, even when the song was over; but our rising to depart recalled his attention, and again he drew close to the bars that separated us. An impulse of pity induced me to pass my hand

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through them that I might shake hands with the ill-fated captive, who had expressed such warmth of feeling towards my country-people; but I comprehended my imprudence in yielding to it when I beheld the sign made to me by the terrified keeper: it was too late, however, to recede, for the poor maniac had seized upon my hand with both of his, and, carrying it to his lips, kissed it repeatedly. I had sufficient command over myself neither to allow the terror I felt to become evident, nor to endeavour to disengage myself from his grasp; but I felt truly grateful when, at the expiration of a few nervous moments, he released my hand, having, to my great surprise, placed upon one of my fingers the little leathern strap—the imaginary pledge of love—which but a short time before he had so vehemently declared that he would never part with while he lived, and charging me at the same time to bear some message from him to his mother.

As we descended the stairs, the keeper explained his sign to me by declaring that he fully expected to see the maniac commit some violent injury upon my hand, as he was in the habit of breaking and destroying everything that came within his reach; for which reason it was necessary to confine him for the greater part of the

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day in the sort of cage in which we had found him. I am persuaded, however, that if the system which has been so humanely adopted in the famous lunatic asylum near Palermo, and in one or two other establishments, were applied to this unhappy man, and that employment and amusement adapted to his tastes (for instance, a piano,) were allowed him, together with a moderate degree of liberty, his unfortunate state might be considerably mitigated, if not entirely relieved; at all events, his existence might be rendered tolerable. But, as it is, there can be no hope for him; the plan that is pursued in his case is but too well adapted to aggravate and confirm the deplorable mental malady that has overtaken him.

On our return homewards through the streets of Granada, our cicerone pointed out to me, near the Hospital of San Juan de Dios, a fine house, with an escutcheon sculptured in stone over the entrance; one of the noblest-looking private residences I had noticed in the city. "That palace," said he, "belonged to the Marquis ——; he was so painfully affected by the first invasion of the French army in Spain that he went mad, and his insanity declared itself in the most sudden and awful manner. He was sitting at dinner with his mother, who lived with him, when,

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rising from table as though to help himself to something from the buffet, he passed behind his mother's chair, and, seizing hold of her, cut her throat with the carving-knife before she had time to utter a cry; he then resumed his place as though nothing had happened."—"And did his mother die of the wound?" I inquired.—"Yes."—"And the Marquis?"—"He was conveyed to the mad-house we have just quitted."—"Did he ever recover his senses?"—"He died raving mad in the identical cell now occupied by the maniac you have just been visiting. That is the cell reserved for noble patients; no one, however, ever quits it alive."

* * * * *

The Zacatin, which is one of the principal streets in Granada, is still celebrated, as in the days of the Moors, as being the *quartier par excellence* for shops of all sorts. Many of the houses are of Arab construction, and it is curious to remark the similarity that exists between the actual appearance of this long line of Spanish shops and the bazaars of Oriental cities; the illusion is increased by the peculiarity of the Zacatin being covered in by canvass awnings, drawn from the roofs of the houses on one side of the way to those on the other,

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which entirely exclude the rays of the sun, and keep the narrow irregular causeway cool for foot passengers. Part of the ancient bazaar of the Moors (the Alcayceria) still exists, and is known by the name of "the Arab shops;" but the strongest evidences of Moorish architecture are to be seen in the Vivarrambla, the large square (now a market-place) opening from the Zacatin, and the gate of which presents one of those beautiful Moorish arches which stamp every locality in which they are found with such a characteristic grace. In the days of the Arab supremacy, the Vivarrambla was set apart for tournaments, the exercise of the djereed, and bull-fights; and tradition points it out as the spot where Boabdil's Sultana was to have been burned alive, and also that where Don Juan Chacon vindicated her honour, and vanquished her Zegri enemies *en champ clos*.

Having gone through the routine of the guide's list of wonders in the way of edifices and institutions, I have at last found myself at liberty to dispose of my time as I think proper; and, accordingly, I devote a portion of each day to loitering about the precincts of the Alhambra, which affords such boundless subjects for instruction and meditation, and which appears doubly de-

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lightful to me when I am suffered to dwell upon its beauties without being, at the same time, condemned to listen to the parrot-like descriptions of them, enounced, *à tort et à travers*, in the true showman's drawl by our cicerone. I am also visiting, at my leisure, all the picturesque and historical sites in the neighbourhood; two of which have particularly delighted me, from the exquisite views they command of the city of Granada and its environs. One of these is the Capilla de San Antonio, a little circular chapel about a mile from the town, placed upon a hill overlooking the valley of the Xenil, whose silvery stream encircles the southern and most modern part of the city; and from thence the most advantageous view of Granada is to be obtained. The other is the Monte Santo, approached by the winding course of the Darro, which flows between the old Moorish quarter of the Albaycin, and the base of the hills on which are built the Generalife and the fortress of the Alhambra. From the road passing under the Albaycin, at that spot called the Puerta de los Molinos, is to be seen the best and most perfect view of the exterior of the two palaces; indeed, the only one that gives a complete idea of their external aspect and extent, as they must have appeared

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in the days of the Moors: for, in approaching the Abdali palace from the direction by which it is alone accessible to visitors, no general opinion can be formed either of its plan or dimensions, and no general *coup-d'œil* obtained of its outward appearance. The stranger finds himself in the midst of a confusion of ruined walls, public offices, barracks, modern edifices, and paltry habitations, which have been constructed, as it were, within the shell of the ancient fortress, and which cause his first impressions, on finding himself within the jurisdiction of the far-famed Arabian palace, to be those of disappointment and bewilderment. But, from the spot I now specify, the whole exterior line of tower and wall is fully developed, appearing, as it must have done, in all its imposing beauty before the devastations of conquest or of time had made themselves evident; for, as the *point de mire* lies so much beneath the object viewed, all that is modern within is shut out from the sight, and nothing is left visible but the original envelope formed by the castellated walls and the Vermilion Towers, which look as though coeval with, and forming part and parcel of, the abrupt and rocky mountain upon which they are based.

This is the point of view from which artists

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should sketch the Alhambra and its fair sister, the Generalife; for the outline of the two hills, whose summits are so picturesquely crowned by those regal piles, is here perfectly developed, and fully justifies the fanciful etymology of the word Granada having been derived from the resemblance those acclivities bear in form and colour to a cleft pomegranate. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the whole *coup-d'œil* thus viewed. The deep gorge, or ravine, that divides the two hills, is feathered to the very summit with luxuriant trees, whose dark verdure forms a brilliant contrast to the glowing hues of the Alhambra towers on the one side, and the white arcades of the Generalife gleaming through its hanging gardens on the other; while the ethereal tints of the limpid skies above, soften and harmonize the whole into the most delicious masses of colouring. At the bottom of the ravine flows the winding Darro, (whose golden sands have been the theme of many a Moorish and Christian lay,) which, after watering the valley that bears its name, falls into the Xenil; and, at some distance from Granada, both rivers empty themselves into the Guadalquivir.

But perhaps the most splendid and dazzling of all the views of the Alhambra is that which

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is to be obtained from the hill of the Albaycin, near the church of San Nicholas; as, besides the particularities I have already enumerated, it embraces a magnificent view of the mountainous region of the Sierra Nevada, which forms a majestic back-ground to the picture, and which from the low ground of the Puerta de los Molinos is lost to view, being in a manner shut out by the lofty towers, whose rocky foundations are placed so far above the level of the ground upon which one there stands.

The Albaycin itself is a most interesting relic of by-gone days, and still retains, amidst its ruined and fallen state, (being no longer a fortress, and now inhabited only by the lower classes,) a genuine Moorish physiognomy, which time and circumstances have alike failed in effacing. It was famed in the last terrible civil wars of Granada (which precipitated the conquest) as having been the retreat and stronghold of Boabdil, and his mother, Aixa la Horra, when they were in open rebellion against their father and husband, the reigning king; and, at that period, rivalled the Alhambra in the strength and extent of its fortifications. These have been long since destroyed, and nothing

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but crumbling walls remain to mark their ancient line of circumvallation.

Like Rome and Venice, Granada possesses the privilege of transporting the thoughts, sympathies, and interest of the traveller from the present times, and carrying them irresistibly back to past ages: it is so truly a place of pilgrimage, which one approaches only to seek for traces of its by-gone glory, that any attempt to withdraw the mind from those contemplations, or to replace them by participation in the actualities of the day, appears little better than a sacrilegious and profitless waste of time; it is like inviting one to throw aside an interesting volume of history in which the attention is deeply absorbed, in order to replace it by a stupid provincial newspaper,—at least, so I have felt it. Therefore, since my two days' *giro* through churches, convents, town-halls, and tribunals, I have relinquished all further perambulations in the city of Granada, and with the exception of a visit to the Alamedas, and a morning devoted to witnessing the procession of the Fête Dieu, or Corpus Domini, I have resisted every attempt to seduce me from my favourite haunts in the Alhambra and Generalife.

As to the solemn occasion just alluded to,

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I did not think it possible that a festival which in all Catholic countries has ever been held so sacred, and observed with such imposing pomp, could have suddenly fallen into, not merely an absurd mummery, but a paltry exhibition. To this day in Italy, and in the Catholic states of Germany, the Corpus Domini is most gorgeously observed; and in France, until the Revolution of 1830, it was conducted with the greatest splendour, and almost with a theatrical attention to effect. I have seen Charles X. walk bare-headed through the streets of Paris, holding a corner of the *dais* that canopied the tabernacle in which, according to Catholic belief, was enshrined the actual presence of our Lord; and I have seen the Dauphine and the Duchesse de Berri, with their respective suites,—all that was fairest and noblest in the land,—following in the procession. Since the accession of the Orleans dynasty, this ceremony has been altogether abandoned by the court in France, as savouring too strongly of the devotion of the Ancien Régime to suit the Liberal views of the day. But in this country—in Spain—where, next to Rome, Catholic observances were formerly insisted upon with the greatest solemnity and splendour,—the falling-off is still more remarkable than the

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total cessation in revolutionized France: the empty form of a procession is all that remains here of the magnificent spectacle originally peculiar to the Fête Dieu, and the *funcion* is divested of all that could confer upon it the *prestige* of dignity or the character of solemnity. Perhaps, the absence of a metropolitan head to the church may in this place have influenced this change from pomp to paltriness; for like Malaga, and for the self-same reason, Granada is now without an archbishop: but, whatever may have been the cause, the result is a most tawdry and pitiful exhibition, which it would be better to suppress altogether than to observe in a manner so devoid of all that should characterize the most solemn festival of the Catholic church.

There are no less than three Alamedas in Granada; that of the Alhambra, that of the Darro, and that of the Xenil, which latter is the most fashionable promenade in the city, and is also one of the most beautiful in the kingdom, combining all the requisite accessories of situation, space, shade, flowers, trees, fountains, and benches to render it a delightful lounge. It is situated, as its name implies, close to the Xenil, and is approached from the city by a long

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and spacious walk, planted with trees and bordered on either side by lofty houses, called the Carrera. There, in the summer evenings, "the nobility and gentry" of Granada assemble to see and be seen—the greater part of them on foot; and the Spanish women are right in thus exhibiting themselves, for they never appear to such advantage as when walking. Two or three carriages, apparently built in the reign of Philip the Fifth, and drawn by mules harnessed and caparisoned in an equally antique fashion, occasionally pace soberly along the outer avenue of the Alameda, displaying from their side-windows three or four mantilla'd heads, and as many fans, of that rococo style of ornament and dimensions that bespeak them to be heir-looms (for such *abanicos* are peculiar to the last century, and are no longer manufactured in Spain). These are the only equipages we have observed in Granada (where, nevertheless, there are several palaces belonging to grandees of the first class; among others, that of Marshal Junot's son, the present duke of Abrantes); and they always appear to create a wonderful sensation of respect among the pedestrian part of the community.

But the most beautiful Alameda (though, alas

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for the taste of the Granadinos! the least frequented of all,) is that within the jurisdiction of the Alhambra; but its very solitude gives it an additional charm, and the only drawback to my delight in having it so immediately in our vicinity has been a prohibition to walk there after sunset. The fact is, that such an indulgence involves the greatest danger; and we have been repeatedly warned against making the attempt, under pain of robbery and assassination: for the repairs carrying on in the Arabian palace are executed by galley-slaves, who all, to the number of two hundred, sleep within the precincts; and, being a most reckless and irreclaimable set of men, they are in the habit of prowling about the gardens in bands after nightfall, and, eluding the inefficient *surveillance* of their guards, (who may possibly be in complicity with them,) attack whoever they meet there, rifling those who have anything to lose, and assassinating them when any resistance is offered. Murders appear to be as common here as at Malaga: on the night of our arrival four assassinations were committed in the town, and were detailed to us in the morning by Louis with a shrug and an observation of "Que voulez-vous? il n'y a rien d'extraordinaire là. C'est une race de brigands:

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ça vous tue un homme comme nous-autres nous tuerions une puce!" The number of *cruces de muerte*—crucifixes erected upon the spot where a murder has been committed—is a melancholy attestation to the truth of his remark; but an equally melancholy consideration is, that the crime of murder does not appear to create the same horror in this country that it does elsewhere, and that among the lower orders no particular disgrace appears to attach to the fact of having an assassin in the family. For instance, Luisita, the daughter of our host of the posada, who performs the duties of chamber-maid to the whole establishment, was married seven years ago to the son of Mateo Ximenes, the celebrated cicerone of Washington Irving; and the young man, having in the first month of his marriage embroiled himself in a quarrel with some soldiers, killed his man with the stab of a knife, and was tried for the crime and sent to the galleys. He contrived to escape from thence in a short time, and has never since been heard of; and the child that was the fruit of this unfortunate marriage has never beheld his father: yet no disgrace appears to attach to Mateo as the father, or to Luisita as the wife, of a convicted murderer; nor is any mystery

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made of the dreadful circumstance which circumscribed the poor girl's wedded happiness to one short month. There is a decent gravity in her demeanour which has deeply interested me in her favour; and her affection for her child, who, poor little urchin! is always hanging upon her skirts when she is occupied in her household duties, or climbing on her knee when she finds time to "take the cool" at the door in the evening, is so strongly marked, that it is evident she would fain make up to him, by her own unlimited devotion, for the absence of a father's love and care.

Apropos to Mateo Ximenes, who certainly is a *personnage* in the Alhambra, and is a most intelligent, respectable man, both in dress and address. I saw him to great advantage the evening before the last that I passed in Granada, when he enacted master of the ceremonies to a Gipsy ball, which we had, in conjunction with the other guests at the posada, directed him to organize for us. I took that opportunity of making most tender inquiries for "Tia Antonia," and "the plump, merry-eyed little Dolores," and am enabled, from the authority of Mateo, to inform the admirers of Washington Irving's Alhambra sketches, that the former is still living, and

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resides about four leagues from Granada; and that the latter, having married her cousin, has sobered down into the careful mother of a numerous family. As for Mateo himself, the world appears to have gone well with him; and "his outward man" has undergone a notable change for the better since the day on which the poetry of his expressions charmed the gifted American into laying the foundation of his actual prosperity by selecting "this ragged son of the Alhambra" for the companion of his rambles through the haunted regions of the Arabian palace. His dress is that of a respectable Spanish *bourgeois*, with the peculiarity, however, of an English hat; his manner respectful and courteous; and the habit of attending foreigners has led him to speak his own language so slowly and distinctly that he makes himself intelligible to those persons who are only imperfectly acquainted with Spanish. Whether he is deeply versed in the Gipsy jargon, or slang, I know not; but he appeared to be on the best possible terms with every individual of the large party that he had assembled together for our amusement at the posada, and to have something facetious to say to them all.

This mysterious race of people, who, in what-

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ever clime they are found, bear the same distinguishing characteristics, physical and moral, which stamp them as one widely disseminated family having no sympathies or ties with the rest of mankind, abound in the neighbourhood of Granada, living in caverns in the rocks, and subsisting by the same trades, and carrying on the same system of beggary and plunder, that mark their habits in other countries. Like the Tchingany of Hungary, Wallachia, and Moldavia, the Gitanos of Spain excel in a wild sort of music, which they turn to a profitable account; like the Zigani of Moscow, they are adepts in a variety of characteristic dances, all having the stamp of Eastern origin, which they exhibit at private residences for a handsome remuneration; like the Gipsies of England, their ostensible trades are tinkering and horse-doctoring; and, like those of every part of the world in which they have ever appeared, they have no religion whatever.* Their first appearance in Spain

* The Gipsies must have arrived in Europe without any fixed religion, for, from their tenacity to their various customs and peculiarities, it is presumable that they would have equally adhered to any religious creed; whereas there is in them a total absence of all religious principle or devotional feeling. The Spanish Inquisition, however, which directed its persecutions so untiringly towards the Jews and the Moors,

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dates about seventy years previous to the conquest of Granada (that is to say, early in the fifteenth century); but where they came from when they established themselves in the Peninsula, has never, I fancy, been satisfactorily ascertained; nor has the much vexed question ever yet been resolved, of whether the Gipsy tribes that are scattered throughout the different countries of Europe emigrated originally from Hindostan, or were outcasts of Egypt. All that appears certain is, that they came from the East, and that their gradual progress to the West was accomplished by a Northern direction.

The popular opinion is, that the Gipsies are of Egyptian descent; and, in England the word Gipsy assimilating with Egyptian, has probably tended towards the adoption of such an opinion. It has, however, been supported by two learned Germans, Munster and Spelman, upon more plausible grounds; and they have attempted to account for the incursion of the Gipsy tribes

treated the infidelity of the Gitanos with indifference, and uniformly left the secular authorities to deal with them for their civil crimes. Some writers have affirmed that the Gitanos have some vague notions—some dim recollections, like fragments of a half-forgotten dream—of Metempsychosis. If this be indeed true, it would go far to confirm their Hindu origin.

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into Europe by supposing them to have been a part of the Egyptian population who would not submit to the Turkish yoke when Egypt was conquered by the Ottoman Sultan, and that they migrated under one Ziganeus, whence was derived their appellation of Ziganees, or Tchinganies, as applied to them in Turkey and Hungary. Being unable to maintain themselves as an organized social body, they dispersed in all directions; and, from their assumed proficiency in magic, chiromancy, and fortune-telling, they met with encouragement in the various countries they visited, owing to the great tendency existing everywhere in those unenlightened times towards credulity and superstition. The reasoning of these Germans, however, involves an anachronism, which is calculated at once to overset their supposition of the Gipsies being an Egyptian emigration fleeing from the Turkish yoke; for it is well known that their first advent in Europe was in the commencement of the fifteenth century, whereas the Turkish conquest of Egypt did not take place until a hundred years later, under Sultan Selim.

Besides, the Gipsies have preserved up to the present day, among the various nations through which they have spread themselves, the language which they originally brought with them into

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Europe; and, as it has no affinity whatever with the ancient Coptic and Arabic (the languages at that period in general use in Egypt), the assumption of their having been Egyptian emigrants is at once negatived. Moreover, the Gipsy tribes are to this day as completely a distinct and mysterious race upon the banks of the Nile as they are upon those of the Guadalquivir or upon Epsom Downs; and, although this fact in no way assists us in our inquiry as to who they *are*, it certainly is a sort of negative proof as to who they are *not;* for surely it is preposterous to suppose that a migration could have taken place from Egypt of the nature here discussed, and that a part of the population composing it should have returned there, having in their wanderings created a new language, which offered no connecting link either with the language of the mother country or with those of any of the distant lands into which their emigration had carried them.

It would appear that an affinity between the Hindostanee language and that spoken by the Gipsies has been discovered, sufficient to justify the supposition that this vagrant people are of Indian origin. This conjecture is considerably strengthened from various similarities of habits,

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pursuits, and absence of all religious rites, existing between the Gipsies of the present day and the lowest castes (such as the Parias) in India; and the most rational conclusion that can be arrived at in conformity with such a supposition is, that, at the invasion of Timur Beg, in the first years of the fifteenth century, when he devastated India, this outcast race, in order to escape the horrors of conquest, and having no national rights to defend, migrated towards the West. So far, at least, the assumption coincides in point of date; for the invasion of Timur was about the year 1408, and the first appearance of the Gipsies in Europe about ten years later.

It is a singular but well-authenticated fact, that the Spanish Gitanos have never suffered their race to be (as *they* imagine) deteriorated by any fusion with what they denominate "the white blood;" a term by which they sweepingly designate, not only the native Spaniards, but every variety of the human race besides themselves. Such an admixture would be considered by them (and, I believe, by the Gipsies of all other nations) as not only the greatest of abominations, but as something too dreadful to be possible; and to this belief, and to the incor-

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ruptible chastity of their women, is to be attributed the peculiar physiognomy which this singular race has preserved unchanged in such a variety of climes. This inviolability of caste in the midst of people whose native lands and languages they have adopted as their own—this isolation from all ties and sympathies with the inhabitants of the countries in which they have been settled for centuries—forms a strong point of similitude between the scattered Jewish people and the equally scattered Gipsy tribes; but whether this identity of prejudice in their own favour, and against the rest of mankind, which characterizes both races, originated in the reprobation which has fallen equally upon each, as outcasts driven forth from the great social compact—wanderers upon the face of the earth, unable to lay claim to any nation as their own—or whether it arises from some peculiarity of organization, is a question for the philosopher or the physiologist to decide, and one upon which my own ignorance, alas! will not permit me even to venture an opinion.

The Spanish Gitanas, especially those of Andalusia, are celebrated for their beauty when extremely young, but are said to lose their good looks at a very early age. They are darker-

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complexioned even than the native Spaniards, generally low and slight in stature, and possessing elasticity of body, and suppleness of limb, that impart to their movements all the graceful freedom from constraint that belongs to wild nature. Nevertheless, among the thirty selected by Mateo to perform their characteristic dances for us, although all the women were young and set off to the utmost advantage in their holiday finery, not one among them was absolutely pretty, nor could we detect a delicate foot and ankle in the whole *corps de ballet*. They were dressed in bright-coloured cotton gowns (either of pink, jonquil, blue, or geranium) with deep flounces, and *pañuelos*, or handkerchiefs, of some other gaudy hue, arranged with great modesty over their bosoms. Their black hair was universally worn parted on the forehead, and fastened in a knot at the back of the head with a profusion of pink or cherry-coloured ribbons, and clusters of roses and pomegranate blossoms: but I looked in vain for the *parchite*, or round black patch upon each temple, which I had understood to have been invariably worn by the Andalusian Gitanas; and, as not one of these women exhibited that distinguishing mark, I conclude that it must be peculiar only to the female Gipsies of Seville.

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To describe this extraordinary ball, or *funcion*, as it is here termed, so as to do justice to the originality of its arrangements, or to the variety of dances exhibited by the performers in it, would be impossible. At eight in the evening we were summoned down stairs to a long room on the ground-floor, which had been prepared for the occasion, where we found the whole Gipsy party assembled, and seated upon benches along the two sides of it: chairs had been placed at the upper end for the travelling guests of the posada, in all amounting to eight persons; at the bottom of the room, near the door, seats were arranged for our servants and the inmates of the house; and the open windows were crowded with tiers of dark eager faces, peeping in from the outside, and apparently taking as much delight at what was passing within, as though they themselves had been active participators in the scene. As soon as we had taken our places, the whole assembly arose, and headed by an old man thrumming a guitar, and a middle-aged one, dressed in a pink jacket, black breeches, white stockings, and Majo hat, who flourished a tambourine, and whom I soon discovered to be the Vestris of the party, they advanced in procession to the spot where we were seated,

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saluted us with a graceful gesture of the hands, and then, defiling in two divisions, one of them resumed their seats, and the other stood up in the centre of the room, where they commenced the *funcion* by dancing the Romalis, that famous Gipsy dance, the figures of which are so intricate and so complicated from the number of persons engaged in it, that it would be impossible to convey any adequate idea of it by a written description. The orchestra was composed of the above-mentioned guitar and the voices of all the Gipsies who were not engaged in the dance, led on by a young man, whose singing might be termed a prolonged howl, and who regulated the time by stamping with his feet and clapping with his hands, while the castanets of the dancers chimed in to his directing movements. Pink-jacket, who headed the male dancers, made himself very remarkable by his performance in this part of the entertainment, striking his tambourine with every part of his body, and occasionally breaking into a *pas de deux* with the *Prima Baylarina*, in which a freedom of gesticulation (to use the mildest term) was indulged in by both that contrasted curiously with the stolidity and imperturbable gravity of his countenance.

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A variety of other Gipsy dances followed the Romalis, some of them executed by four persons, others by two, some by a single dancer; and among these latter was *La Mosca*, or the Fly-dance, which is really a beautiful pantomime: but all were performed to the same measure, and partook of the same character—an *abandon* of look and gesture which assimilates them to the wanton exhibitions of the Eastern Bayadères. Colonel H——, who has just returned from India overland, was struck with the similarity existing between these dances and those of the Nautch girls of India and Persia; and I, for my part, found very little difference between them and the performances of the dancing girls I had seen in the Harems of Turkey. One of my party discovered a still more notable comparison, and maintained that the pantomime of these Spanish Gitanas precisely corresponds with the description given by Horace and other Latin poets of the libertine exhibitions of the female dancers of Gades (the ancient Cadiz), which were introduced there by the Phœnician colonists, and some remnant of which is supposed to survive in the more reprehensible parts of two of the national dances of Spain, the Fandango and the Cachucha. It is evident that the dances of

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the Gipsies are of Oriental origin, and it would be curious to trace out the connection existing between them and those of the other countries above specified, and to ascertain what grounds there are for supposing that *all* may have been derived from the same antique and impure source.

I must not, however, allow these speculations to lead me away from the gay realities of the ball-room, where, thanks to the excellent management of Mateo, everything proceeded with the utmost harmony and animation, dance succeeding dance with a celerity that was only interrupted by the occasional entrance of ices, hot wine, and confectionary, to which our indefatigable guests did ample justice. Some of the women were very anxious that the ladies of our party should join in one of their dances, but we contrived to negative their request without offending them. The young Hamburger, however, very good-humouredly allowed himself to be persuaded by them into figuring through a sort of multiplied Bolero, in which he really acquitted himself to admiration; while Mateo, to keep him in countenance, rushed into the *mêlée* too, and flourished about his tall thin form and long limbs like a telegraph in full play.

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I never saw creatures enjoy themselves so thoroughly as this Gipsy gathering did; and, although they were to celebrate the wedding of one of the young girls present on the following day, (and upon such occasions the whole night is always passed by them in dancing,) I believe they would have made a night of it too with us, had we not given the signal to disperse, by withdrawing in good time to our own apartments. They all stood up in a double range to salute us when we made them our adieus, and several of the women stepped forward and kissed me as I passed along the line towards the door. In a few moments after we had regained our chambers, the Gitanos dispersed; and for some minutes afterwards we could hear an occasional click of their castanets, or a burst of voices shouting forth one of their monotonous *refrains*, as they descended the hill in the direction of the Albaycin, growing fainter and fainter, until the last indistinct sounds died away upon the still air of night, and all around us remained wrapped in the profoundest silence.

Doctor S——, whose knowledge of music, aided by his fine ear, enabled him to commit to paper the notes of the Romalis dance at the very moment the Gipsies were performing

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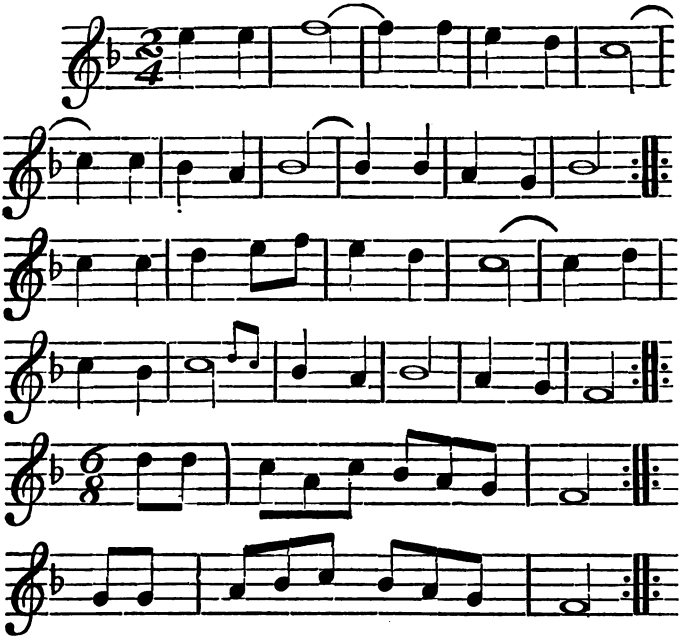
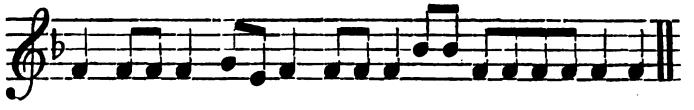
it, was so obliging this morning as to give me a copy of the air, which I herewith subjoin;



Guitar thrumming.



but in itself it possesses no harmony, and certainly requires all the accessories of the indescribable howl of the leading singer, the droning thrum of the guitar, the animating rattle of the castanets, and, above all, the dark wild faces and flashing eyes of the open-mouthed choris-

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ters and the glancing forms of the dancers, to give it that true Gipsy flavour and physiognomy which rendered it so piquant as to cheat us last evening into a belief that our ears had been gratified, when, in fact, they had only been subservient to the superior gratification of our eyes.

* * * * *

I have been taking my last look at the Alhambra this evening—*the last* certainly, for I cannot contemplate the remotest possibility of my ever revisiting this country, and, consequently, of my ever again beholding this its most exquisite monument. There is something so saddening, and at the same time so endearing, in those words "the last," that, even when applied to inanimate objects, they invest them with a momentary interest, undreamed of before, and irreconcilable perhaps with the sober dictates of the judgment, although perfectly reconcilable with the thousand and one caprices of sentiment, which never reasons, and acknowledges no law but the tyranny of sensations. I know not whether it was owing to this process passing within me, and causing me to behold everything through the prism of sentiment, or whether it was that the mournful magic of the

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hour had produced its accustomed effect upon the place, but, as I stood by the fountain in the Court of Lions, I thought that never before had that enchanting spot appeared to me so touching, so unearthly in its beauty. The golden flush of sunset still lingered in the transparent skies, and, as it gradually subsided into the serene and subdued hues of nightfall, caused the most beautiful transitions from brilliant light, in which arch, and column, and peristyle, with their fairy-like arabesques, were clearly defined, to soft purple shadows, enveloping every object in mysterious gloom, and causing the forest of white marble pillars, that opened in dim perspective around, to assume, as they now caught a last struggling ray of light, now vanished into indistinctness, the fanciful appearance of sheeted ghosts gliding from the twilight atmosphere of the long arcades into the sombre depths of the silent halls. Not a sound was to be heard in the court, save the tinkling splash of the *jet d'eau* as it fell into its alabaster basin; the rustling of the evening breezes among the myrtle and orange trees; and the sullen flight of some solitary bat, wheeling in circles above the fountain, and then disappearing beneath the colonnades. The tran-

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quil beauty of the hour and scene produced its effect upon our spirits, for we stole as softly across the court as though fearful of awakening its echoes with our footsteps; and our voices sunk into whispers as we entered the Gabinete de las Infantas, and watched from that most favourable position the singularly beautiful appearance of the Patio de los Leones gradually deepening into gloom.

Insensibly we fell into a train of thought and of conversation in harmony with the mysterious obscurity of the hour. The popular superstitions that have peopled the deserted halls and courts of the Alhambra with visitants from the world of spirits were discussed by us with as much gravity as though we had never questioned the probability of such occurrences; and more especially we dwelt upon that one which asserts that the shades of the murdered Abencerrages occasionally "revisit the glimpses of the moon," filling the air with their groans and lamentations, as they hover about the spot where they were so foully assassinated,—each of them, I suppose, like St. Denis, carrying his decapitated head under his arm. From the local traditions of the Arabian palace we gradually digressed to the question of supernatural

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appearances, and superstitions in general; and some of us sweepingly treated the subject with derisive incredulity, while others professed doubts which leaned strongly towards a belief in their possibility. Among these latter was our young German *compagnon de voyage* from Leipzig, who is strongly imbued with the mysticism and taste for the supernatural so prevalent in his own country. Not only did he argue with the seriousness of conviction upon the theory of apparitions, supernatural agencies, &c. &c., but, in furtherance of his general belief, he adduced particular occurrences, which, having fallen under his own observation, had served to strengthen the bias his mind had taken; and among them was one, savouring wondrously of romance, which struck me, from its graceful simplicity, as being not only calculated to divest the mind of all the terrors that mysterious agency is liable to awaken, but to be precisely of that character which in days of old would have been deemed worthy of inspiring the Minnesänger's lay or, in more recent times, of forming the subject of one of Uhland's exquisite ballads.

A few hours after the battle of Leipzig, a young Austrian officer, who had fallen there, was buried by his comrades on the very spot where

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he had received his death-wound; and a simple tomb was erected by them over the grave, to preserve from molestation the narrow bed where the young soldier slept his last sleep, far from his native land. On the first anniversary of the affair at Leipzig, when the battle-field was visited *en pélerinage* by thousands of the townspeople, it was remarked that the grave of the young Austrian was decorated with garlands of the most beautiful flowers; a circumstance which created some surprise, as he had been not only a stranger in the place, but had neither friends nor connections among its inhabitants. On every ensuing anniversary the same touching tribute was paid by unseen hands to his memory. Inquiries were set on foot to discover who the persons could be who thus interested themselves in adorning, year after year, that obscure spot, but nothing concerning them could ever be elicited; nor even, although people had been repeatedly set to watch over the grave at the period of the anniversary, could it ever be ascertained that it had been approached by any human being for the purpose of strewing it with flowers: yet the garlands were always to be found suspended there at sunrise on that memorable day!

After a time, popular superstition decided that

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the grave of the young Austrian officer must be under the guardianship of invisible spirits, and that to their supernatural agency was to be attributed the inexplicable mystery that commemorated every anniversary of his death; in fine, that no human hands had scattered upon it the blooms that breathed of more than earthly fragrance. "I myself," continued the young German, "accustomed as I had been from my childhood to hear the occurrence alluded to as one decidedly distinct from human interposition, was nevertheless so determined to set my own doubts at rest by a personal investigation of the affair, that I organized a party of my friends (young men like myself, to whom the subject, although familiar, was incomprehensible) to watch with me at the Austrian's grave throughout the whole of the night preceding the anniversary of the battle of Leipzig. There were six or seven of us; and in order to prevent sleep from surprising us, as well as to ensure our passing the night as agreeably as possible, we took refreshments with us, lighted a large fire, around which we bivouacked, and, stationing ourselves so near to the tomb that no one could approach it without being seen and heard by us, we spent the night in singing glees and reciting histories and legends. Thus the hours

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wore away, and not one of us had felt the least disposition to sleep; but with the approach of dawn the cheerful fire had burnt itself out, and, as the hour which precedes sunrise is always infinitely colder than any part of the night, I crouched down close to the dying embers to endeavour to dispel the stiffening chill that was beginning to pervade my limbs, still keeping my eyes steadily fixed upon the lonely grave, the object of my watch. An irresistible drowsiness at that moment crept over me, and, although I struggled against its encroachment with all my might, it finished by overpowering me, and for a space all was oblivion: I could not have slept above ten minutes, for, when I awoke with a start, the sun had just begun to appear above the horizon; and by its first rays I beheld my companions stretched upon the ground, all fast locked in heavy slumber, and having their faces, like mine, turned towards the tomb. But that short space of time had sufficed for the achievement of its miraculous adornment; a magnificent chaplet of flowers had been deposited upon the summit of the monument, four smaller ones were suspended at the corners, and the turf around was scattered with blossoms, which, like the garlands that composed the decoration, were so fresh, so thickly

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sprinkled with sparkling drops of night-dew, that they indeed looked as though human hands had never touched them.

"On arousing my companions, and questioning them as to what they had seen, they one and all described the same invincible drowsiness to have overcome them in the identical moment that I myself had succumbed to it, and they could remember nothing but their energetic and fruitless endeavours to resists its encroachments; a dreamless blank followed —— and all was told! Thus our night-watch had been made in vain. It was as though the guardian spirit of the place, indignant at, and resolved to baffle, the mortal curiosity that had dared to pry into the mysterious rites over which it presided, had cast a transient spell over our senses, and sealed up our eyelids with that charmed slumber which had lasted but a moment, and yet had been more than sufficient to defeat all our previous precautions. We returned to Leipzig persuaded that we had been—not the dupes of a human mystification, but—the sport of a supernatural intervention; and to this day the annual adornment of the young Austrian's grave remains a marvel and a mystery which human intelligence has vainly endeavoured to fathom or to solve."

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As the young German concluded his narrative, the sound of voices and of footsteps burst upon our ears, and, through the slender pillars of the peristyle that precedes the Gabinete where we stood, we beheld the Court of the Lions suddenly invaded by a band of dark, wild-looking figures, who, forming themselves into a circle, began to wheel rapidly round the fountain with the most fantastic gestures. In the uncertain light that reigned around, these unexpected visitants looked so strangely like what we had just been discoursing about, that for a moment we were half inclined to imagine they were not "of the earth, earthly," but something that would have "jumped better with the humour" into which we had talked ourselves; in fine, that the troubled spirits of the Abencerrages had obligingly anticipated the usual hour of their nightly apparition for our especial edification, and were about to initiate us into some of the mysteries of the world of shadows. No such romantic adventure, however, was reserved for us. Instead of the wailing shades of the stately Moors, a shout that manifestly proceeded from mortal lungs of the most substantial description, followed by a prolonged rattle of castanets that caused the old place to ring to the very echo,

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proclaimed that the intruders were of flesh and blood; and although, from the antics in which they indulged, it was evident that, one and all, they had figuratively *perdu la tête* from fun and frolic, it was equally evident that bodily they still carried that useful appendage solidly affixed to their shoulders. In a word, we saw before us — not a vision of headless ghosts, but the Gitano party who had been our guests on the preceding evening, and who had come to celebrate some of their wedding festivities in the deserted courts of the Arabian palace.

I cannot describe the picturesque effect produced by the songs and dances of these wild-looking revellers in the midst of that splendid Moorish architecture. Never was scenery so admirably adapted to *rehausser* all that is original and piquant in the performance of the Gitanos as the combination of fountains, flowers, arcades, arches, and pillars with which we now beheld them surrounded, and which harmonized so perfectly with the stamp of Orientalism pervading their physiognomy and gestures, that it required but a very slight stretch of the imagination to figure to ourselves that we beheld the sacred dances of the Nautch girls in the vestibule of some Eastern temple. Nor did the

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performance last sufficiently long to destroy the illusion: after one wild measure danced round the fountain, they bounded away through one of the archways, and disappeared, shouting and clapping their hands; and as we emerged from our retreat in the Gabinete, where unobserved we had been spectators of their proceedings, we could every now and then distinguish the faint sound of their voices and the measured rattle of their castanets, stationary for a moment as they occasionally paused in their progress to perform the Romalis in some distant court of the palace.

As for ourselves, we dared not linger longer on the spot. The deepening shadows of evening warned us to be gone; and the very presence of the joyous band who were holding their revels there, so far from imparting to us a feeling of security, appeared to be, from all we had heard of their lawless habits, an additional motive for distrust in that dangerous locality. One last survey of the enchanting scene was all that we permitted ourselves—one of those long, lingering looks that impress upon the memory in indelible characters every minute detail of the object gazed upon; and then, passing outwards, we crossed the threshold of the Court of

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Myrtles, and the portals closing upon us shut out for ever from our view the glories of the Alhambra.

" There can be no farewell to scene like thine;
The mind is coloured by thy every hue:
More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attracting maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of old days."

The existence of the Moslem dynasty of Granada as a distinct kingdom lasted only two hundred and fifty-four years; that is to say, from the period when Cordova and Valencia were captured by the Christians, in 1238, to that when Granada succumbed to the victorious arms of Ferdinand and Isabella, in 1492. The first king of Granada was Mohammed Ibnu-l-Ahmar, who, to save his territory from the encroachments of the Christians, formed an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the king of Castile, Saint Ferdinand, paying him tribute as a vassal prince. In that character he was compelled, not only to furnish a subsidy, but to march with the Castilian sovereign to the siege of Seville, and personally to aid him in wresting that kingdom from the dominion of his fellow-countrymen and brethren in the faith, the Moors; and it was on his return from the con-

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quest of Seville, when his subjects flocked out in thousands to hail his return as a victor to his own kingdom, that he uttered, in the sorrow and humility of his heart, that well-known exclamation, "There is no conqueror but God!" which he afterwards adopted as his motto, and which has been introduced in such an infinite variety of forms into so many of the decorations of the Alhambra. After the conquest of Seville, Granada became the last and only Moorish sovereignty in Spain; and, under the judicious government of Mohammed Ibnu-l-Ahmar, it grew into a flourishing and wealthy state. The foundations of the fortress of the Alhambra were laid by Mohammed the Second, son of Mohammed Ibnu-l-Ahmar, and the Arabian palace was also commenced by the same accomplished monarch, who was a most liberal patron of the arts and sciences. Its construction was continued by his successors during seven reigns consecutively, until the sovereignty of Abul Haggiag Yusuf, in 1346, when it was terminated by the famous Gate of Judgment, which formed the principal entrance to the fortress, and under whose portals the Moorish king publicly administered justice, according to the antique usage of the Hebrews and other Oriental nations; a custom

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which was followed by his successors up to the period of the last civil war, which led to the conquest and final expulsion of the Moors by the Castilian arms, and to the termination of the Arab dominion in the Peninsula.

Over the arch of entrance of the Gate of Judgment is the following inscription in Arabic:

"This gate, named Babn-sh-Shariat,—may God prosper through it the law of Islam, even as He has established it a lasting monument of glory!—was built at the command of our lord the Commander of the Moslems, the warlike, the just Sultan, Abul Haggiag Yusuf, son of our lord, the warlike, the sanctified, deceased Sultan, Abul Walid Ibn Nasr, whose pious deeds for religion may the Almighty recompense, and whose valorous performances in the cause of the faith may He graciously accept! And it was completed in the month of the glorious birth of Mahomet, in the year seven hundred and forty-nine. May Heaven constitute it a protecting bulwark, and record it among the lasting actions of the righteous!"

The duration of the Arab dominion, from the landing of Tarik at Gibraltar to the capitulation of Boabdil at Granada, includes a period of nearly eight centuries; yet very little is known

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of the real history of the Moors of Spain, for their chroniclers have been principally Spaniards, who wrote with the fear of the Inquisition before their eyes,—who have not failed to colour their statements according to their own prejudices,—and whose authority upon all the interesting questions of Moorish policy must consequently be received with considerable distrust. The Moors, however, have themselves written the history of their civilization and refinement in characters which bigotry, fanaticism, and prejudice have been powerless to pervert or efface; and in the enduring, but, alas! not imperishable monuments with which they adorned the land they had reclaimed from Gothic barbarism, they have chronicled their immeasurable superiority over all the nations of Christendom of the middle ages in the light arts which embellish, and the graver sciences which dignify, the existence of man. These interesting remains are all that is left of that gallant, chivalrous, learned, and accomplished race, whose extraordinary career now appears like a brilliant dream! Their palaces still endure, but they themselves have passed away from the face of the earth like a vision of the night! It is asserted, however, that, in one or two towns of the Barbary states, the keys with

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which some of the Spanish Moors locked up their dwellings in Granada, and which they brought away with them when driven from thence, are still religiously preserved, in the fond hope that the territory may one day be reconquered, and the habitations once more repeopled by the guardians of those keys. It is said, too, that in the same places the restoration of Granada to the Moors is prayed for every Friday in their mosques: and, moreover, the traditionary devotion cherished in their inmost hearts, by the descendants of the unhappy exiles, for the lovely and lost land of their adoption, has passed into one of those popular sayings, which has become touching from the sentiment and truth in which it originated; when any person appears to be unusually abstracted, or is absorbed in melancholy thought, it is said of him, "He is thinking of Granada!"

How often henceforward may that proverb be applied—and not figuratively—to myself!

* * * * *

The following is the translation of an Arabic poem descriptive of the palace of the Alhambra, and will give some idea, not only of its exquisite beauty, but of the extraordinary estima-

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tion in which that unique structure was held by the Moorish people.

" I am the Bower: truly I appear decked out in beauty: shouldst thou survey attentively my elegance, thou wilt reap the advantage of a commentary on decoration.

" Surely to God must be ascribed this perfect structure; for it exceeds the buildings of mortals in the measure of its success.

" How many are the views it enfolds delightful to the sight! In it the mind of the sage is gratified beyond all it could have desired.

" Here is the proud alcove, unequalled, where thou wilt discover beauty in every recess, as well as in the parts exposed.

" To it the constellation of the Twins stretches out the hand of salutation, and the full moon of heaven draws near to converse with it.

" Yea, happy would they be if they stood in its courts, and could contend with each other in performing that service by which his friends gratify him.

" And it would be no wonder if the luminaries were to fail in the regions above, and were to fix themselves in this alcove, the utmost goal of desire:

" Where is the portico by which elegance is

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outdone, and through which this palace surpasses the heavens in splendour.

" How many are the robes of his magnificence in which it is adorned, whose richness makes undeserving of notice the vaunted texture of Yemen !

" So that thou may'st imagine it to be the heavens, and the celestial orbs revolving to its arches, which appear as the radiance of the advancing morn.

" With columns displaying all that is exquisite, and from which the beauty of columns has become proverbial.

" When the beams of the sun illumine them, thou must imagine them to be precious gems, notwithstanding the magnitude of their size.

" Never have we beheld a palace more lofty in its outward appearance, of clearer atmosphere, or of more extensive apartments.

" In it is not only paid the debt with costs exacted by the judge of elegance, but the double of that amount is produced.

" And when the hand of the zephyr sinks under the noon-tide rays, the golden coins of light issuing from it are fully satisfactory.

" Between me and Victory there is a striking

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resemblance; observe it well: it is the brilliancy of appearance we each bear.

"Yet I am not alone to be wondered at, for I overhang in astonishment those bowers to which eye has seen no equal.

"This is no other than a palace of crystal: the beholder fancies it to be a tremendous ocean, so boundless is its extent; and he stands aghast at the sight of it.

"All this is the creation of Ibn Nasr, whose greatness may Heaven uphold for other princes to revere!"

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THE PLAZA DE TOROS.

Return to Malaga.—Passion of the Andalusians for Bull-fights.—Specimen of Spanish proficiency in English.—Bill of fare of the approaching Bull-fight.—Entry of the Bull-fighters into Malaga.—Arrival of the Bulls.—First coup-d'œil of the Plaza de Toros.—Andalusian Majos.—Picadores.—Montes.—Procession of the Toreros.—Preliminary ceremony.—Entry of the Bull into the arena.—His first attack upon a Picador.—The Chulos.—The Bull and the Picador.—Banderilleros.—The Matador.—Extraordinary skill of Montes.—Death of the Bull.—Savage delight of the female spectators.—Difficulty of egress from the arena.—The Horses.—Discussions upon Sport in general.—Peculiar barbarity of Bull-fighting.—Its pernicious influence upon the national character.—Montes and his English amateur admirer.

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THE PLAZA DE TOROS.

Once more advance upon his lance—once more, thou fearless one!

Once more, once more!—in dust and gore, to ruin must thou reel!
In vain, in vain thou tearest the sand with furious heel!
In vain, in vain, thou noble beast!—I see, I see thee stagger!
Now, keen and cold, thy neck must hold the stern Alcayde's dagger!

They have slipped a noose about his feet, six horses are brought in,
And away they drag Harpado with a loud and joyful din!

LOCKHART'S *Spanish Ballads.*

WE departed from Granada, at two o'clock after midnight, by the same atrocious conveyance that had brought us there; and our journey back to this place differed in nothing from the one thither, which I have already described, (being pretty nearly a repetition of the sufferings and privations we then encountered,) save in the increased heat of the weather, which of course did not tend to lessen the *desagrémens* of the route.

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As we approached Malaga, the whole population of the country appeared to be in movement, and all directing their steps towards this place. People of all classes, crowds of cavaliers on horseback and muleback, covered waggons containing fashionably dressed women, and *Arrieros*, or muleteers, conveying large parties of females of the middle classes, mounted upon mules and asses, and having nothing but *pañuelos* to screen their heads from the ardours of a vertical sun in a climate of tropical intensity, hurried forward, all bent upon the same pursuit; and the answer to our inquiries of whither they were going was invariably the same from all, "A Malaga, por los Toros."

"The Andalusian women would sell the bed from under their children to enable them to go to a bull-fight!" observed a gentleman in the diligence; "the very poorest among them never deny themselves that pleasure."

But, upon our reaching Malaga, we found that the irresistible attraction held out by the approaching bull-fights has not been confined to the natives of the country alone. An English government steamer from Gibraltar, filled with officers from the garrison there, and a little Spanish steamer from the same place, equally

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well freighted, have arrived here for the occasion, and the Casa Ladanza is literally overflowing with guests. My former apartment, which I had retained during my absence, has been taken from me, and made to do duty for six occupants; and I found the goods and chattels I had left in it removed to a squeezy little room just large enough to contain my bed, (all the more spacious ones being arranged for two or three tenants,) and which, I imagine, must have been recently occupied by Matias, the Gallego waiter, judging from the following billet, bearing his superscription, which I found upon the dressing-table, and which I was perfidious enough to deposit in my portfolio, deeming this Spanish specimen of "the polite art of letter-writing" in the English language a literary curiosity. Mathias himself speaks English thoroughly well, having lived for some years in the service of English families at Gibraltar; his correspondent appears influenced by a noble emulation to equal him, and to prove himself *aussi* Anglais qu'un Anglais même. The note is addressed thus:

"Mathias Balcon, *Esq*r.

Yr obedient friend,

S. M. Lopez."

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And here follow the contents:—

"MY DEAR MATHIAS,

"Being to-morrow holy day, I hope in your kind attention honored me with your agreeable company to-morrow evening at half-past three.—One or two friends more, there will besit my table for eat, with your particular attention say assistance is more request.

"Believe me, dear friend,

"Your truly,

"SALVADOR MARTIN LOPEZ.

"In your house, Espartero Street, No. 15,

"To-day, 4 May, 1842."

The first communication that was made to us, on arriving here, was that one of the best *palcos* in the Plaza de Toros had been secured for us to witness the approaching *funcion*, (for, in Spain, every gathering together, whether it be for religious or profane purposes—a funeral or a wedding—to dance or to pray—is indiscriminately termed a function;) and a printed bill of the day's entertainment was handed to me, headed with a wood-cut representation of Montes giving the *estocada* to a furious bull as large as an elephant, and the text setting forth, as follow, the names of the principal performers, and the gene-

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alogy of the unhappy victims doomed to figure in this sanguinary exhibition,—

"Butchered to make a *Spanish* holyday!"

Plaza de Toros,
Con el correspondiente permiso,
El Sr. Don Antonio Maria Alvarez, Dueño de la Plaza, a invitacion de varios amigos, ha preparado
CUATRO CORRIDAS DE TOROS DE MUERTE
En las tardes de los dias, Domingo 29, Lunes 30 de Mayo, Domingo 12 y Lunes 13 de Junio procismo
(si el tiempo lo permite).
La Plaza sera mandada y presidida por la autoridad competente.
Los Toros que se han de lidiar son de las ganaderias siguientes:

	Divisa.
29 Mayo.—Seis toros de la Señora viuda de D. Pedro Echevigaray, del puerto de Santa Maria, hermanos de los que estrenaron la plaza con el nombre de D. Jose Alvareda, por haber dividido la vacada por muerte del Señor Echevigaray.	ENCARNADA.
Lunes 30 idem.—Seis toros de D. Juan Castillon, de Veger de la Frontera, hermanos de los que se han corrido en Sevilla el 24 de Avril.	AZURY ENCARNADA.
Domingo 12 Junio.—Seis toros de la Señª Doña Geronima Nuñez de Prado, heredera de D. Jose de Cabrera, de Utrera.	VERDE Y BLANCO.
Lunes 13 idem.—Seis toros de la Señora Doña Isabel Montemayor, viuda del Señor Don Pedro Jose de Lesaca de Sevilla.	CELESTE Y BLANCO.

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PICADORES.—*Francisco Briones, Erasmo Olvera, Juan Gallardo,* y un Sobresaliente.

ESPADAS.—FRANCISCO MONTES, *Gaspar Diaz,* de Cadiz.

MEDIA ESPADA.—*Jose Redondo,* de Chiclana, y una lucida cuadrilla de banderilleros, todos bajo la direccion de MONTES.

This programme, at once minute and pompous, of the approaching bull-fights, setting forth the colours and devices to be worn by the animals, and the names of their tormentors, was placarded in all parts of the town, and cried about the streets, just as in England, upon an Epsom or Ascot day, "The correct card of the running horses, with the weights, names, and colours of the riders," is to be seen and heard in the hand and mouth of every hawker upon the course: but there the parallel between the two amusements ends, for, passionate as is the predilection of every Spaniard for the sport afforded by the bull-ring, it never leads, as horse-racing does in England, to gambling of any description; it is, indeed, a sanguinary and barbarous excitement, demoralising in its effects from the cruelty it instils, but it is wholly exempt from cupidity, which not only demoralises, but debases, the human mind.

We were also informed that Montes and his men were to ride into Malaga in the course of

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the evening, and that the bulls would likewise arrive about the same time; a prelude to the grand affair itself, which always creates the liveliest interest, and draws together a great concourse of people.

Wishing to see everything that brings into evidence the peculiarity of Spanish customs and manners, we determined to become spectators of the *grande entrée* of the Toros into Malaga; and, in doing so, we very unintentionally witnessed that also of the famous Matador and his merry men, who, dressed in the Andalusian Majo costume, rode into town upon the mules that had conveyed them from Ronda, and formed a very striking-looking cavalcade. Montes himself is a graceful, well-made man of about five-and-forty, with a grave and distinguished cast of countenance, and, like all Andalusians, rides admirably well. His nephew, a young man of two or three and twenty, now acting as his *media espada*, and who is being brought up by his uncle to succeed him in the distinguished post of *first prima espada* in Spain, rode by his side; and then came his famous Picador, (who is a Gitano, and marvellously adroit in his calling,) followed by the other picadores, chulos, banderilleros, &c. &c. &c., of the band; in short, the whole

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corps dramatique, of which Francisco Montes is the manager.

But the entrance of the bulls was one of the wildest and most interesting sights I ever witnessed. These savage animals, which never quit the mountains in which they have been bred, and where they have hitherto ranged in wild freedom, until the moment has arrived when they are pronounced to be fit for immolation in the arena, are placed under the guidance of a set of herdsmen as wild-looking as themselves, armed with long spears, and mounted upon fleet horses, who convey them to their place of destination. But, as this cannot be done by means of driving (the bulls being too savage to be amenable to that sort of coercion), a tame bull, brought up purposely as a decoy, and whose education as such is perfect, is employed to lure on his wild brethren of the mountains to their doom. This tame bull wears a large bell round his neck, and the wild ones follow blindly wherever he leads. His intelligence is such that he implicitly obeys every word and gesture of the principal herdsman, who takes especial care to keep him at a respectable distance from the savage herd; he himself leading the van, and directing the movements of his able coadjutor. As long as they are travelling

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through the open country, the cavalcade proceeds at a leisurely pace; but, as soon as they approach the place for which they are bound, the herdsman puts his horse into a hand gallop, the decoy follows his example, the wild bulls immediately obey the impulse given, and, gradually increasing their pace, the whole mad herd rush into the town at the top of their speed: and woe be to the unlucky wight who is then found lingering in their path; for, if he should escape testing the sharpness of their horns, it would only be to find himself trampled into annihilation under their hoofs!

We were fortunate enough to obtain places in the very best situation for witnessing this extraordinary scene, and were stationed as near as safety would permit to the Plaza de Toros, and to the very entrance of the Toril, or den, divided into stalls, in which the bulls are confined until the following day, when they are one by one let out to be sacrificed. Very soon after my arrival, a shout from the assembled crowd announced the approach of the cavalcade, and, almost immediately afterwards, in galloped the wild-looking herdsman, leading on the tame bull by voice and gesture; the whole forming one of those picturesque groups worthy of the

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pencil of Vernet, and to which his talent alone could do justice. At a short interval appeared an immense cloud of dust: on it came like an avalanche, the very earth groaning under the furious tramp of the savage herd; and, as it swept past us, we could distinguish nothing but a forest of horns, appearing above the dense and impenetrable atmosphere of dust in which the mad career of the animals had enveloped them. There the spectacle of course terminated for us: but we were told that considerable address is exhibited by the leading herdsman in effecting not only the entry of the wild bulls into the Toril, but his own instantaneous separation from them; which is managed by his wheeling round suddenly as he enters and ensconces himself behind the open door, where he remains *perdu*, while the excited animals, unaware of this manœuvre, rush straight forward into a small court-yard opening into the den, and the door closes immediately upon them: a word from the herdsman causes the well-trained decoy to separate himself from the wild herd; and these latter, being driven into the stalls, are secured there until the morrow, when they only emerge from the Toril to be butchered in the arena. * * * *

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"The lists are oped, the spacious area clear'd;
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round;
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
No vacant space for lated wight is found.
Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound,
Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye,
Yet ever well-inclined to heal the wound.

* * * * *

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak arrayed,
But all afoot,—the light-limbed Matador
Stands in the centre, eager to invade
The lord of lowing herds."

And precisely thus did we find the Plaza de Toros when we made our entry into it.

Long before the hour specified for the commencement of the *funcion*, every avenue leading to the arena was thronged by an eager multitude of all classes and all ages, dressed with the utmost care and elegance: the ladies with natural flowers in their hair and lace mantillas; the men invariably à la Majo, which is throughout Andalusia the only orthodox costume for high and low to appear in at bull-fights. Among the crowds pouring forth from all directions towards the common point of attraction, and of which I am certain one-half at least were females, two bonnets only were to be seen; and those were worn by myself and by the wife of one of the consuls (a French lady), whom I

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overheard, *chemin faisant*, exclaim to her son "Je fais des voeux pour que les taureaux se montrent très-feroces. Il me tarde de les voir commencer!" So far from echoing the gentle wish thus humanely expressed, I felt my courage, like Bob Acres's, oozing out at my fingers' ends as every step brought me nearer to the scene of action; and, when at last we passed through the great outer gate of the Plaza, and beheld, in an enclosure to the left of the entrance, the unfortunate horses, that were to be mounted by the picadores, picketed to the wall, and caparisoned ready for the encounter, with their high-peaked Moorish saddles and shovel-stirrups, (exactly such as are used by the Turks at this day,) and their eyes bandaged with silk handkerchiefs,—without which precaution they never could be induced to face the bull,—my heart died away within me, and I should certainly have returned back to the hotel without advancing a step further, had I not received an assurance that I should be suffered to withdraw the moment the performance became too painful for me to witness; and that the first coup d'œil and the commencement of the *corrida* were not only splendid as a spectacle, but quite unobjectionable upon the score of cruelty.

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So I proceeded. And certainly, when I was seated in my palco (which, fortunately, was on the shady side of the arena), commanding a full view of that reserved for the Ayuntamiento, or corporation, and I looked around, the *tout ensemble* struck me as being both novel and beautiful. The Plaza de Toros of Malaga, like all the bull-rings in Spain, is constructed upon the plan of the ancient Roman arenas, and is circular in form, and open at the top. It was built to accommodate ten thousand spectators; but affairs are always managed so that an extra five hundred can be squeezed in without occasioning serious inconvenience to any of the audience. There is only one circle of *palcos,* or boxes, which are, of course, exclusively occupied by the upper classes; the one belonging to the Ayuntamiento, which is decorated with flags and silk hangings, being placed immediately over the door of the Toril, through which the bull makes his entry into the arena. The majority of the spectators are accommodated upon benches elevated above the place of combat, and rising in tiers over one another exactly like the grades in the old Roman amphitheatres; and upon a level with the bull-ring is a large space completely encircling it, and partitioned off by

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strong wooden barriers, which is devoted to "standing-room" for the lower orders. The ring itself is strewed with fine sand, and is surrounded by an interior barricade of wood, in which narrow apertures are arranged to facilitate the escape of the Toreros when too closely pursued by the infuriated animals.

Upon this occasion, all the front seats in the palcos were occupied by elegantly dressed women; and, as there were besides at least as many females as there were male spectators upon the benches where the middle and lower classes were seated, the effect produced by the universal flutter of large, outspread, glittering fans in this immense circle of closely-packed human beings was most curious,—I can compare it to nothing but the rolling waves of a sunlit sea; and the buzz of so many voices, all talking at once, sounded like the roaring of the billows as they break upon the shore, and increased the illusion. The "standing-room" places were filled to suffocation with a motley throng of genuine Andalusian Majos, as smart as their smart costume could make them, with paper cigarillos in their mouths, and all armed with long wands of peeled wood having a forked end, with which they are prepared to repel the bull when, as is sometimes

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the case, he leaps over the barrier to escape from his tormentors in the ring. These men, although of the lowest class, and proverbially bullies as well as bucks, have nothing of the vulgar swaggerer in their demeanour; on the contrary, they have, like the Turks, a natural nobility about them, which, as far as appearance goes, would tend to strengthen the claim they, in common with all the Spanish people, put forward of being hidalgos, or "sons of somebody;"—and, *soit dit en passant*, I have observed in this class of Spaniards an absence of servility in their manner to their superiors, which at first strikes upon strangers as being an absence of civility, but which in fact springs from a native dignity that imparts to their manner that cool independence which so closely assimilates to a sentiment of equality.

Besides this goodly array of Majos below, the corridor that runs round the back of the palcos was densely thronged with the same description of men, all eagerly straining their necks to obtain an uncertain glimpse, through the lower extremity of the boxes, of what was going forward in the arena. Their vicinity, as may be imagined, served to raise the temperature many degrees; and the *Aguadores*, or water-venders, who circulated

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through the crowd tinkling their goblets, and drawling out "Agua—a! agua fria—a!" gathered in consequence a plentiful harvest of *cuartos*, or farthings. But if we suffered from heat in the "sombra," or shady side of the circus, (where that blessing in such a climate as this is estimated to a degree that raises the prices of the accommodations there exactly to double what they are elsewhere,) what must those persons have endured who were placed in the "sol," or sunny side,—and who had, many of them, been stationed there since two o'clock!

A military band, placed near the box of the Ayuntamiento, filled up the tedious interval between the opening of the doors and the commencement of the solemnity by the performance of various national airs; but those sweet strains were occasionally drowned in the overpowering shouts and stamping of feet which proclaimed the impatience of the multitude for the beginning of the sport. At last, just as they were growing outrageous, the clock chimes told half-past four, a flourish of trumpets was heard, and breathless silence ensued. It was the dead lull that sometimes succeeds to the raging of the tempest; one might have heard a pin drop where but a moment before all had been uproar; as

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for myself, I could distinctly hear the throbbings of my own heart, such was the excess of nervous trepidation into which that note of preparation had thrown me.



And now a door to the left of the Toril opened, and in rode the four Picadores mounted upon their blindfolded victims. These men are all dressed in the splendid jackets peculiar to the Toreros (either Picadores or Matadores), which

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are of coloured velvet covered with a profusion of gold or silver embroidery, and garnished with filigree buttons to correspond. Their legs and thighs are cased in iron to preserve them from being pierced by the bull's horns, or fractured when the horses they ride receive their death-wound and fall to the ground with them; but these iron safeguards are concealed by breeches and long *bottines* of buff leather, which double covering imparts a heavy appearance to their limbs, and renders their movements when dismounted as lumbering as those of a French postilion walking in his jack-boots. The large Moorish shovel-stirrups used by them not only shield their feet from injury, but constitute an additional weapon of defence against the aggressions of the bull. Upon their heads they wear immensely large hats of grey felt, the very low crowns of which are ornamented with a rosette of some bright-coloured ribbon on one side, and, underneath, their hair is gathered behind into a black *resille* and bag. They are armed with very long wooden pikes tipped at their extremity with a sharp iron prong, not sufficiently long to cause any serious injury to the bull, but quite enough to inflict a wound in his neck that will turn him off when he makes

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a charge at them; and therein is their great dexterity displayed. The Picadores were followed by the whole band of Toreros on foot, Chulos, Banderilleros, and Matadores, marshalled two and two and headed by Montes; the description of whose dress will serve for that of the whole troop, as his costume differed from theirs only in colour, and in the superior grace with which it was worn. Every Torero adopts a particular colour, which always prevails in his dress, and which, although he occasionally mixes it with others, he never altogether abandons; and that of Montes is light blue. His jacket was of azure velvet, lined with amaranth silk, and enriched with the most beautiful embroidery in gold; the shoulders and cuffs especially were worked in a costly manner in dead and bright gold, raised so as to produce the effect of enormous epaulets. This garment, in the side pockets of which two white silk Bandana handkerchiefs were arranged so as to allow their amaranth borders to become visible, was left open to exhibit a light blue silk waistcoat finished all round with a rich embroidery in gold, and garnished with gold filigree buttons, which, however, were only fastened at the bottom, in order that the frilled and ruffled shirt, with its collar

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MONTES THE CELEBRATED MATADOR.

Richard Bentley, London. 1843.

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turned down, that the throat might be entirely exposed, should also be displayed. His breeches were of amaranth velvet, embroidered, to correspond with the jacket, in a rich pattern of gold down the seams, which were ornamented besides with a row of gold filigree buttons closely set together, terminating at the knee with golden cords and tassels, instead of knee-buckles. White silk stockings, and very low cut black pumps, completed the adornment of his nether limbs. A broad sash of yellow silk was bound tightly round his waist, and a handkerchief of the same colour passed *en sautoir* under the turned down collar of his shirt. His hair, which was gathered like that of the Picadores into a large black *resille* and bag at the back of his head, was surmounted by a small Montera cap of black velvet, ornamented with a quantity of black silk braiding and tassels; and his equipment of Prima Espada was completed by the amaranth *capa*, or cloak, with which he attracts and infuriates the bull, hung over his left arm; his right hand was placed upon his hip, in an attitude of graceful audacity. Then followed three mules bedizened with a profusion of bells, scarlet tassels, fringes, and little flags, harnessed abreast to a sort of bar which is used for tackling to, and

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dragging out of the arena, the carcasses of the horses and bulls slain in the runnings. These mules, which, together with their driver in his elegant majo dress formed a very conspicuous group, closed the solemn entry; and the whole cavalcade having marched in procession round the ring, Montes, at the head of his Chulos, Banderilleros, and Matadores, advanced to the front of the Palco, in which were assembled the members of the Ayuntamiento (who always preside on the occasion of bull-fights); and, stepping forward from the rest, he placed himself immediately under the box. There he made the customary speech, requesting in a few words the permission of the authorities to commence the *funcion*, for which they had that day assembled. This formality legalizes any death that may happen among the Toreros in the approaching combat, and is therefore never omitted; the sanction was accorded by the key of the Toril (till then under the custody of the Ayuntamiento) being thrown down to Montes, upon which he raised the Montera cap from his head with his right hand, and exclaiming, "Long live Isabella the second, and the Presidency of Malaga!" threw it from left to right from him on the ground with a peculiar gesture, and then moved

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off to the left of the door of the Toril, at some distance from which he stationed himself.

The mules now quitted the arena by the same door at which they had entered; and the fourth or supernumerary Picador, who is termed a *Sobresaliente*, and is merely in waiting to replace any of the others who may be disabled, likewise withdrew. The remaining three took up their positions, two to the left and one to the right of the Toril, while the band of Chulos prepared for action by unrolling their gay-coloured mantles from their arms, and placing themselves at the extremity of the arena, nearly opposite to the bull-den.

And now a second trumpet sounded, the door of the Toril, towards which every eye was strained, opened—and out rushed the bull at the very top of his speed, thunders of applause greeting his entry.

Poor fellow! he thought, doubtless, when the fatal door unclosed, that he was about to escape from that dark den to liberty, and that in rushing forth thus madly from his confinement, he should find himself once more upon the wild hill-side where he had been bred, snuffing the pure air of heaven, and revelling once more in all the freedom of savage nature with

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the herd from which he had been separated. Instead of all this, he heard a roar of human voices, more savage far than his own bellowing—for they were raised in anticipation of the sport his doom was to afford them; he saw all around a dense mass of eager human faces assembled there to gloat over his dying agonies, and not the smallest opening, no possibility of escape for him! He stopped short suddenly in the middle of the arena, as though bewildered by the sight that met his eyes, backed slowly a few steps, tearing up the earth with his fore feet, and lashing his tail in all the fury of baffled hope, and then throwing down his head, rushed to the left, where two Picadores were stationed, and with the celerity of thought lifted up the nearest one, horse and rider, from the ground, and pinned them to the wooden barrier that surrounds the ring! Such was the suddenness of the attack, that the man had not time to put himself *en garde* against it; and such its force, that splinters of wood were shivered from the barricades. The bull's horns had passed under the belly of the horse, which was thus lifted from the ground upon the infuriated animal's neck; and here a remarkable struggle ensued, for the Picador, with wonderful presence of

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mind, righting himself in his saddle, caught the bull on his shoulder-blade with his pike, and held him fixed there, unable to make any further attack upon the horse, until the Chulos, running up to the bull, drew off his attention towards themselves by fluttering their *capas* before his eyes, which immediately set him off in pursuit of them.



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I did not *see* this famous *coup*, for the moment I beheld the bull charge in the direction of the Picador I involuntarily clapped my hands to my eyes in a transport of terror; but I *felt* it, for such was the concussion it produced that the whole arena appeared to be shaken to its foundation. The most frantic demonstrations of enthusiasm greeted this feat, and cries of "Valiente Toro!" "Valiente Toro!" repeated by thousands of voices, proclaimed the universal joy elicited by so notable a commencement. When I could muster courage to look up again, all was over with the poor horse! The bull in the first encounter had buried his horns so deep in the wretched animal's chest as to have touched the heart; he was lying quite without signs of life, on the very spot where he had received his death-blow, happy in having been wounded in such a manner as must have produced almost instantaneous death; the Picador, unharmed, had mounted another steed, and the bull was at the other side of the ring, busily engaged in chasing the Chulos, whose courage and dexterity in enraging and then escaping from the savage animal must be seen to be understood.

It is the business of these men to attract the

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attention of the bull by approaching as close to him as safety permits, and flapping their cloaks in his eyes; irritated by this proceeding, he immediately pursues the aggressor, who, to save himself, takes to his heels, and as he flies drops his cloak upon the ground; and while the bull, mistaking it for the man, stops to toss it, the Chulo either escapes through one of the narrow apertures in the wooden barrier, or, if very hard pressed, leaps over it at once, unless he be spared that extreme measure by some other Chulo coming in time to his assistance, and drawing off the attention of the bull.

Sometimes two or three Chulos will attack the bull from different directions at once, and, nothing daunted, he will give chase to them all, or stand at bay in such an attitude that none dare approach him; this is called *jesting with the bull*, and is the only inoffensive part of the sport, for although it involves the safety, nay the very lives of the Chulos, their dexterity and agility are such, that they always contrive to elude his fury, although sometimes so closely pursued by him that his horns touch them at the very moment they leap the barrier. But alas! this "jesting" is too insipid and bloodless to suit the Spanish taste, and after a very short space

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devoted to it, the Picadores move forward, and the horrid sport begins.

I can scarcely describe this part of the ceremony from my own observation, for the moment I saw the Picadores put their horses in movement, and ride round the lists to meet the bull in his last baffled chase after the flying Chulos, such a sickening dread overcame me that everything swam before my eyes, and I comprehended because I was told it, not because I distinctly saw it, that the Picadores had with the most inimitable dexterity severally turned off the charges of the bull as he dashed round the arena. At last he paused in the centre of the ring, panting and breathless, his eyes glaring fire, and the white foam running from his jaws. But there was to be no respite for him.—

"Non che di posa, ma di minor pena."

One of the Picadores rode up in front of him, leaving just enough vantage ground upon his own side to allow of his turning off the charge he wished to provoke. Still the bull remained stationary, looking at him irresolutely;—it was evident that he wanted to give himself a few moments' repose ere he recommenced operations. The Picador shouted out "Cobardo!" (coward,) and taunted him with every opprobrious epithet

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most calculated to wound the nice sense of honour of a gallant Andalusian toro! The bull glared upon him with ineffable disdain. The Picador, taking off his hat, cast it in defiance upon the ground at the animal's feet. The bull, stooping down his head, merely deigned to snuff the hat; then gathering himself suddenly up, he dashed forward with such prodigious force as to overcome the Picador's resistance, and buried his horns in the horse's flanks. The blood spouted into the air like the jet of a fountain, and the wretched animal, giving one desperate bound in his agony, fell heavily to the ground, and rolled over with the Picador under him. A frenzy of applause followed this new proof of the bull's ferocity, the men shouting as if they were mad, the women waving their handkerchiefs; and cries of "Caballos!" "Caballos!" (More horses!) proclaimed the determination of the spectators to furnish the bull with new victims. The Chulos again came into play, and drew him off with their accustomed manœuvre of the cloak, and the Picador, being then disengaged from his dying steed, was found to be unhurt, (a result which is never ascertained until the bull is engaged elsewhere, as the Picador's only chance of escaping being gored to death when once

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unhorsed, is to lie as motionless as if he were really dead,) and stalked over to the fresh horse that was immediately brought in to him. As for myself, I could not witness the prolongation of these horrors, and retreating to the further extremity of the Palco, and stopping my ears, that I might shut out the barbarous shout that announced every fresh deed of blood, I remained with my back turned to the arena until the slaughter of the unhappy horses should be terminated. If I could have escaped altogether from the scene, I should then have made my exit, but that was impossible, as no egress is permitted during the progress of a Corrida.

Presently a new act of the tragedy was announced: the Presidencia having judged that five horses were sufficient for one bull to despatch, ordered the trumpets to sound, and the Banderilleros to appear. These men are the inflictors of those tortures that are deemed necessary to lash the poor bull into an appropriate state of ungovernable fury for the closing scene — his duel *à mort* with the Matador. They are provided with banderillos, or darts, about a foot and-a-half in length, barbed at one end with iron, and ornamented with fes-

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toons of coloured cut paper twisted round them. Their dexterity in planting these darts into the neck of the bull is quite marvellous; one at a time, they approach him running, and holding a banderillo in each hand; the bull, putting down his head, rushes forward to meet them with a charge, and at the instant you think they must be transfixed by his horns, they raise their arms in such a manner that the bull's head passes underneath them; and at that identical moment, with the most astonishing precision, they plant the darts in his neck, continuing to run forward and save themselves, while the poor wretch, swerving to another direction under this new attack, expends his fury upon the nearest barrier. This manœuvre is repeated until his neck is literally *larded* with banderillos; and whenever the tormented wretch proves dull or cowardly, fireworks are applied to the darts, which exploding, exasperate him into frenzy. Upon the present occasion there was no need of such incentives, for the simple process of the banderillos produced all the effect required, and the poor fellow, irritated perhaps more than pained by the infliction, (for the barbed points only enter into his skin,) ran to and fro, shaking himself furiously to get rid of the annoyance, but

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thereby only augmenting the evil by causing the barbs to tear and enlarge the wounds from which they could not be disengaged. He was now a horrible spectacle to look at;—his horns were dyed in the gore of the horses he had immolated, and his ample neck was covered with his own blood, which was flowing from the wounds he had received in his encounters with the Picadores, and those which the banderillos had more recently inflicted. And now cries to despatch him arose from all sides, and the trumpet once more sounding, gave official notice for the Matador to perform his part.

Montes now stepped forward, and advancing to the front of the Palco occupied by the Ayuntamiento, again dashed his cap to the ground with the same peculiar gesture he had before used, and craved their permission to slay the bull. This being accorded, he proceeded to the spot where he had first stationed himself, and having thrown aside the cloak he had heretofore carried upon his left arm, an attendant delivered to him his long straight two-edged sword, covered with the short scarlet *capa*, or cloak, technically called *Muleta*, which he was to use in the last scene; and carrying them both in his left hand, in such a manner that the

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bull could not perceive them, Montes deliberately advanced towards him.

The power exercised by this man over the animals he is about to slaughter, appears to be magnetic; — in the midst of their mad career towards him he transfixes them with his eye, and suddenly they pause, as though spell-bound by that look. If one could, by some extraordinary mental process, divest oneself of all idea of the sufferings, both actual and prospective, of the devoted bull, this scene would be most interesting; and, in fact, it becomes quite a study from the admirable grace, science, intrepidity, and coolness exhibited throughout by this Prince of Matadores; but the knowledge of what is to ensue spoils all, and one sickens and shudders in anticipation of the inevitable finale which is approaching, and which one would at that moment give the world to be able altogether to avert.

In this instance the bull, as soon as he espied Montes' approach, advanced slowly to meet him, as though impelled onward by some irresistible attraction, but when he arrived within a few paces of him, stopped short and eyed him suspiciously. Montes then, unfurling his *capa* and holding the extreme ends of it in each hand,

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displayed it to the right of him, and full in the face of the bull, who, exasperated by the scarlet hue, immediately made a furious plunge at it. Montes stepped aside to the left as quietly as if he had been giving the wall to a lady in the street, by which manœuvre the bull rushed harmlessly past him; at the same time, with inimitable grace, throwing the *capa* over his shoulders, and holding it extended behind him, he made *volte face*, and when the animal, baffled in his attack upon the red *capa*, turned quickly round to look for it, he found Montes standing *vis-à-vis* to him, quietly awaiting his approach in that attitude. Again and again did he perform this feat, and a variety of others in which he defied the bull with an audacity that appeared to the spectators like a tempting of Providence, so impossible did it seem that he should escape unhurt; yet he invariably did, and without once quickening his pace; for in all his *combats à mort*, and in moments of the most imminent peril, Montes has never been known to run, or, indeed, to do more than to step aside, either to the right or left, with a composure that forms the most striking and beautiful contrast to the exasperation of the bull, who is lashed to the highest pitch of fury by

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his ineffectual efforts to gore the *capa*, and by the irritation which every bound he makes causes to be inflicted by the dangling banderillos that are inextricably planted into his lacerated and bleeding neck. Once Montes suffered himself to be so closely approached, that the animal's horn just touched his jacket, and we all thought he must be a lost man; but with the most extraordinary dexterity and presence of mind, he bounded over the bull's head, and, lighting upon his feet at the other side, immediately spread out his *capa*, as though nothing particular had happened; and when the animal turned short round to renew the attack, there stood his adversary *sur pied ferme* ready to meet the encounter.

But the last fatal moment arrived; and, with the *capa* in his left hand and the sword in his right, Montes prepared for the closing scene of the drama, which may truly be termed a *coup de grace* for the tormented wretch. Strange as it may sound, it is nevertheless true, that Montes does *not* kill the bull, but that the bull actually kills himself; and if a respectable English jury were summoned to hold an inquest upon the catastrophe before a certain active and enlightened Coroner, and they and he

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had given due attention to the evidence of witnesses, the said learned functionary would find himself compelled to bring in a verdict of "*Felo-de-se*," however he might incline to that of "Wilful Murder" against Francesco Montes. This proceeding of Montes is entirely an affair of accuracy of *coup d'œil;* he watches his moment, and as the bull rushes towards him, he points his sword in such a manner (remaining perfectly immoveable all the while) that as the animal precipitates himself upon it, the steel enters just behind the shoulder blade, and sheathing itself in the flesh up to the very hilt, traverses the vital part which the science of Tauromachia has pronounced to be that which produces the speediest and least painful death. Should the Matador miss his *coup*, or should he strike in such a manner that the sword meeting the resistance of a bone is snapped asunder, his own life would be in the utmost jeopardy, and many Toreros have thus perished; but Montes' eye and hand have never erred, and such is the confidence felt by himself and others in his extraordinary skill, that he acts as though he bore "a charmed life."

Thus did matters pass on the present occasion. The poor victim, although nearly *terrassé*

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by the blow, did not fall; and as Montes drew his sword forth from the wound and wiped it upon the *capa*, the bull turned off and traversed nearly a third of the ring, staggering as he went, and surrounded by the Chulos, who waved their cloaks before him. Faint and reeling with loss of blood, and dying as he was, he continued mechanically to follow the movements described by these men as they glided in circles around him; but at last dimness and confusion appeared to spread before his eyes, and, turning two or three times round giddily upon himself, he sunk upon his knees. But even in that extremity of helplessness, it seemed as though he could not consent to die—a struggle to recover his footing became apparent—he slowly raised himself upon one knee; but it was the last flicker of the expiring taper, which is followed by total extinction!—the effort was too much for him—he rolled slowly over upon his side, and, stretching out his quivering limbs, became a stiffened corse.

A savage shout of exultation from the multitude greeted his dying throes; and the mules, dashing into the arena, speedily dragged away the bleeding carcass of the bull and those of the five horses he had slaughtered; while some

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of the attendants as quickly effaced all traces of the combat by strewing sand over the various pools of blood which marked the spots where the several victims had fallen, and all was again in readiness for a second Corrida.

I seized upon this momentary cessation of hostilities to effect my retreat from the Palco. Worlds would not have tempted me to have witnessed even the entry of a second bull; and, if the truth must be told, such was the nervous paroxysm into which what I had seen had thrown me, that I was utterly unable to control my feelings; and the ladies in the Palcos on either side of mine were perfectly scandalized at beholding me cry bitterly over that which afforded such unqualified delight to themselves. One of them had her child with her, a pretty, elegantly-dressed little girl of six or seven years old, whose transports of joy were unbounded at every bloody episode of the horrid sport, and whose exclamations initiated me into everything that was passing, even when I had taken refuge in the back of my box and could see nothing. There was something quite revolting in this exhibition of *more than indifference* to bloodshed in one of so tender an age; one would have supposed that some expression of terror, or pity for the suffer-

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ings she witnessed, would have escaped her lips; but no! when she screamed, it was with delight at seeing "las tripas" (the entrails of the wretched gored horses) hanging upon the ground! and, when Montes was displaying his inimitable manœuvres with the bull, such was her impatience to see him die, that, standing up on a chair and clapping her hands, she cried out with all her might "*Matalo! matalo!*" (Kill him! kill him!) —those infantine tones forming the most discordant contrast with the ferocity of the sentiment they conveyed.

I had brought my servant with me, in order that, whenever I should feel inclined to retire, I might do so without necessitating the departure also of any of the friends who had accompanied me; but great was my consternation when, upon reaching the court of the plaza, I found that further egress was denied me, and that we were all locked in, and the key of the premises in the safe custody of the Ayuntamiento. The idea of any one wishing to quit the arena before the six bulls should be despatched, appeared to be quite unintelligible to the guardian of the gates. "Hombre!" he exclaimed to my attendant, "who ever heard of any one wishing to get out? Why, we are obliged to lock the gates

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to prevent people getting in! and on no account can we apply to the Presidencia for the keys until the second Corrida is over." And he at first strongly recommended me to return to my palco; but, seeing the deplorable state I was in, he changed his tone, and ran to procure me a glass of water and a seat, remarking at the same time, that, with such a faint heart, I should make but a sorry Andaluza.

Full half an hour was I obliged to remain seated near the gates, but, even there, unable to escape a sort of participation in what was passing within the arena; for every blast of the trumpets that announced a new act of the tragedy, every round of applause that proclaimed some fresh torture perpetrated, came to me with a distinctness that brought before my mental vision a repetition of the horrors I had fled from. Another painful circumstance was that of not being able to avoid seeing the poor bleeding horses which had been gored (but not mortally) in the Corrida then in progress, and which were led past me as they were brought out of the bull-ring to have their wounds sewed up. This operation is performed, not with any humane view of ultimately saving their lives, but merely to enable them to drag out their

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miserable existence until the morrow, when they will again be produced and *finished;* for, as the horses that figure in bull-fights are purchased for that purpose by contract, there is economy in making as many of them as possible appear a second time in the lists. Although these animals look spirited and well when caparisoned and led out to the sacrifice (being of that blood which to the last asserts itself), they are invariably diseased and condemned horses, such as in other countries would be sent to the knacker's; a fact which the Spaniards fancy justifies every species of torture that accompanies their last moments in the bull-ring: and Montes, in his work upon Tauromachia, not only asserts that there is *humanity* in thus despatching *incurables*, but even insinuates that such an honourable and glorious manner of dying, compared with the ignoble exit contrived in the knacker's yard, ought to reconcile the poor victims to any accumulation of suffering that may precede the last blow.

At last the wished-for keys appeared, and I quitted this den of bloodshed, depressed and disgusted by all that I had seen and heard within its walls; nor did I breathe freely until so many streets intervened between me and the plaza

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that I could no longer hear those horrid shouts that exultingly told of every new victim slain.

The *funcion* did not terminate until eight in the evening, when, according to the account brought me by my friends, who had remained to see the whole of it, the sixth bull was despatched by the nephew of Montes, with such science, and so entirely to the satisfaction of the public, that by general acclamation the carcase was decreed to be given to him for his own profit.* Upon this determination being sanctioned by the Presidencia, the young Matador immediately cut off one of the animal's ears, tossed it into the air, and, catching it again, transferred it to his pocket; a ceremony always observed under similar circumstances. Four-and-twenty horses were killed in this day's running, which, upon an average, is four horses to each bull;

* The flesh of the bulls slain in the ring is sold at half-price for the use of the hospitals! It is also purchased by such poor people as cannot afford to pay the current price for wholesome, good meat, and who feel no repugnance to eating this inflamed flesh with half the blood yet remaining in it. The morning after the bull-fight above described, I saw the carcases that had been slaughtered during its progress exposed for sale in the market-place of Malaga, and a crowd of miserable-looking purchasers eagerly hovering around like vultures battening upon carrion.

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however, as five horses had been left dead in the ring by the first bull, and a succeeding one slaughtered six, the prowess of all was not alike. Indeed, I am told that one of them shewed himself such a *cobardo*, that is to say, so gentle and peaceable a creature, that the *banderillos á fuego* (or fireworks) were obliged to be applied; which succeeded in working him up into a factitious ferocity, the result of agony and terror, that fully answered the desired purpose, and he ended by charging upon live horses and lifeless carcases with equal fury.

Such was the general excitement caused by this first day's Corrida, that nobody could talk or think of anything else, and I was condemned to hear bull-fighting discussed for the remainder of the evening, and even to hear myself gravely assured by a gentleman who has been some time in Spain, that, if I would only endeavour to surmount my present repugnance, I should in time acquire a taste for it that would grow into a passion as strong as that which influences the Spanish women in favour of this recreation; and English ladies were cited to me at Madrid, who had screamed, and wept, and fainted the first time they had witnessed a Corrida, and yet had eventually acquired such a relish for the

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sport that they would now go a hundred miles to be present at a good bull-running.

These assurances, however, and these precedents, have in no degree shaken my horror of the whole proceeding, nor will they tempt me to try the experiment recommended; for I should abhor myself if I thought that I could ever be brought to tolerate as an amusement that which is so eminently barbarous and reprehensible. I fear that nothing coming under the denomination of that magical word to English ears—"sport," is characterised in any country by humanity of feeling, as the destruction of life is the aim and the attainment which invariably lead man to war upon the brute creation: but, in general, the various kinds of sport which are the most popular in my own country have for their motive either the destruction of mischievous animals or vermin, as in the case of fox-hunting, badger-hunting, otter-hunting, rat-catching, &c.; or that of procuring wild game for the table, which can only be obtained in that manner, as in the instance of deer-stalking, hare-hunting, coursing, and every sort of shooting, &c. But in these varieties of sport there is, besides their alleged utility, something of a redeeming excitement in the knowledge that the natural instincts and

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antipathies of the animal are brought into play in the pursuit of the game he is set upon, and that it is as much the nature of a terrier or a hound to destroy a fox, badger, otter, or hare, as it is that of a cat to catch and kill a mouse or a bird.

But bull-fighting affords no such justifying plea for its atrocities; no natural instinct would lead the bull and the horse, if left unmolested and alone on the hill-side, to war against one another. It requires all the extraneous irritation consequent upon a confinement of many hours in the Toril, followed by the terror and exasperation that are produced by the shouts of the multitude and the provocation of the Chulos in the first moment of his enlargement from his temporary prison, to goad on the bull to commit violence upon the horse; and, notwithstanding his wildness and natural ferocity, I am satisfied that if, on entering the ring, no molestation of any kind were directed towards him, and that opposite to him appeared an open door through which he might escape, he would gladly pass through it without attacking either man or beast. Indeed, the bull cannot be looked upon as a willing combatant, as is the case in those conflicts which constitute the delight of the sporting world

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in England, where the hostile instincts of animals are encouraged and brought into play for the recreation of the lords of the creation; and although nothing can exceed the brutality of cock-fighting, dog-fighting, and the even still more debasing encounters of prize-fighters, still there is in all these specialities one redeeming point to rescue them from unmitigated reprobation, —a sort of John-Bull determination of fair play directing the whole,—namely, that, as the actors in them are voluntary combatants, *safety* as well as victory is the natural result for the conqueror. Whereas the bull really only fights because he cannot run away; and, whether in his compulsory conflict he exhibits valour or cowardice, there is no salvation for him in the end,—his life is as surely forfeited as if he had been driven to the shambles!

But the worst feature of all in Spanish bull-fights is the wanton and unnecessary sacrifice of horses, which are introduced upon the scene merely to be killed by the most horrid tortures, and are even debarred the use of their eyes, lest they should endeavour to run from the certain doom that awaits them. There is something dastardly, as well as revolting, in thus leading on these noble animals, blindfolded and unre-

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sisting, to stand the brunt of the fury which has been elicited in the bull by the provocations of the Toreros; who, trusting to their eyes and heels, exasperate him to the utmost, and then save themselves by flight, leaving the unfortunate horse, unconscious of what is approaching, to fall a victim to the charge which was intended for themselves. There is no sport in this display of undiscriminating fury on the one hand, and blind passiveness on the other. Indeed, taking it from beginning to end, a bull-fight does not afford sufficient sport (in its true acceptation of the term) to justify the dreadful effusion of blood it involves: let its most enthusiastic adherents say what they will of it, a *Corrida de Toros a muerte* is nothing but a prolonged butchery; and Montes, with all the grace, science, courage, and address which have raised him upon a pinnacle above all other Matadores past and present, is neither more nor less, after all, than an elegant butcher.

The operations of bull-fighting upon the national character are but too evident in the sanguinary propensities so unfortunately prevalent among the Spanish people; nor can it be wondered at that children, who, from their tenderest infancy, have been taught to look with

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unblenched cheeks and unshrinking eyes upon the prolonged tortures and cruel deaths of unoffending animals as the most delightful recreation that can be offered to them, should grow up into manhood with that cruel indifference to bloodshed which arms the hand and hardens the heart into spilling that of their own species upon the slightest provocation. "As you bend the twig, so will it grow," and I am convinced that the frequency of assassination in this country is not so much an inherent vice of the people as it is the consequence of the early lessons of cruelty instilled into them by the sanguinary exhibitions of the bull-ring. So long as national amusements continue to be marked by barbarity, so long will the national character incline to ferocity. It is therefore devoutly to be desired that bull-fighting should be entirely suppressed in Spain; but there is little hope that such a measure will ever be effected. Two or three years ago the question was for a moment agitated at the seat of government, but obliged to be relinquished; as, if persisted in, the whole country would have risen in rebellion against such an act of tyranny. "We have nothing left to us but our bull-fights," say the Spaniards; "why should they be taken from us too?"

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Apropos to Montes: the enthusiasm his talent excites is not entirely confined to his own country-people, but is occasionally shared in by my own more phlegmatic compatriots; and an instance has lately occurred which fully exemplifies this remark. Among the many strangers gathered together at the recent fair of Ronda, (where there were several Corridas de Toros under the direction of Montes,) was an English officer from the garrison of Gibraltar, a sporting character, who had brought with him a letter of introduction to the celebrated Matador. —Montes, *soit dit en passant*, is the idol of the Madrid dandies, whom he instructs in the science of Tauromachia; and from his habits of intercourse with these young scions of nobility, at whose tables he is a frequent guest, his tone and manners have perfectly assimilated themselves to those of his patrons, without losing a particle of the grave decorum natural to him, and the respectful bearing which marks that no familiarity with his superiors can make him forget the difference that exists between their social position and his own. In short, the eulogium that was once passed by a musical Irish knight (as celebrated for his *lazzis* as his symphonies) upon a young duke, whose native dig-

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nity of manner had excited his admiration, may *literally* be applied to Montes: "A mighty fine young man, a real gentleman! and *knows his distance, sir,—knows his distance!*"—But to return to the English amateur: such was the delight into which he was thrown by Montes' scientific manner of despatching his bulls at Ronda, that at the moment he had given the *coup de grace* to the last one, and was wiping his reeking sword upon his capa, Captain ——, in his irrepressible enthusiasm, leaned over the barricade against which he had stationed himself, and, calling to Montes, desired him to put whatever price he chose upon the weapon with which he had performed such wonders, and to allow him to become the purchaser! Montes, having removed every trace of blood from the blade, advanced, and, gracefully presenting his sword to the Englishman, requested that he would honour him by accepting it as a gift. Of course, to have refused would have been to have wounded the independent spirit of the Matador; Captain ——, therefore, at once accepted his offer, became the possessor of the invincible *espada*, and, on his return to Gibraltar, marked his gratitude by forwarding to Montes a very handsome pair of English pistols as a token of regard.

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For my own part, my admiration of the beautiful costume and graceful bearing of Montes in the Plaza de Toros has not led me to any extravagance beyond that of purchasing a clay figure of him at Rafael Leon's, which, besides its merit as a work of art, possesses that of being a most accurate likeness of the man, and a most minute representation of the Matador. His look and attitude are represented to the very life, not a button of his magnificent dress is omitted, the terrible sword is muffled in the scarlet capa; and, if this fragile trophy only reaches Paris in safety, it will form, together with a splendid group of bull-fighters, prepared for me by Cubero, the most remarkable decoration of my drawing-room there.

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CADIZ.

Departure from Malaga.—The Pillars of Hercules.—Arab conquest of Gibraltar.—Summary of the history of the Rock.—Appearance of the town of Gibraltar.—Motley population.—The excavations.—Signal-post.—Monkeys.—Europa Point.—Alameda.—Cemetery.—Embarkation for Cadiz.—The Straits of Gibraltar.—Waters of Trafalgar.—Appearance of Cadiz from the sea.—Difficult landing.—Les Quatre Nations.—Beauty of Cadiz.—View of the city from the Signal-tower.—Puerta de Tierra.—Bay of Cadiz.—Isla de Leon.—Ferdinand the Seventh.—General Riego.—Cathedral.—The Alamedas.—Costume of the Gaditanas.—Their grace and beauty.—Plaza de Constitucion.—Calle Ancha.—Italian Opera.—Teatro de Ballon.—Bayle Nacionale.—Hotels of Cadiz.—Miradors.—Cadiz sportsman.

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CADIZ.

"Fair Cadiz rising o'er the dark blue sea!"
Childe Harold.

On the evening of the day following the bull-fight I have described, I took my final leave of Malaga, and embarked in the Phocéen French steamer (a magnificent vessel) for Cadiz. We touched at Gibraltar by the way, and remained there just long enough to enable us to visit the most striking features of the rock. Our approach to that remarkable little spot of English possession and civilization interested me exceedingly, and I was out of my cabin before sunrise to obtain the earliest glimpse of the Pillars of Hercules—Abyla on the African shore, but a few miles distant, and Calpe, the celebrated rock of Gibraltar, on the Spanish side. The form of this latter was likened by the ancients to an urn, whence the derivation of its classic name Calpe; but the moderns have discovered

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another and more striking comparison, and have pronounced its outline to resemble a lion couchant. I confess that I looked upon this spot with an interest distinct from those antique and modern associations, and lying midway between them,—an interest growing out of the impressions that my recent visit to Granada have left uppermost in my mind; for this was the landing-place and first conquest of the Moors, when, at the invitation of Count Julien, they crossed the Straits from Africa to aid him in his rebellion against Roderick the last Gothic king. These Moors were under the command of a chieftain called Tarik, who bestowed his name upon the rock of which he took possession, and which thenceforward became known as Djebel or Gibel Tarik, *the hill of Tarik*, (Djebel being the Arabic for a hill,) which has gradually been converted into Gibraltar.

It does not appear that Gibraltar, although mentioned in mythological fiction as one of the Pillars of Hercules, under the name of Mons Calpe, was a place of any importance to the ancients; nor did any of the early navigators, Phœnicians, Carthaginians, or even the Romans (who founded various cities in the bay where it is situated), make any settlements on the rock.

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Not even the Goths, their successors, whose dominion in Spain lasted three centuries, attempted to utilize this barren spot; it was reserved for the followers of Mahomet to do that which all their predecessors in conquest had overlooked.

In the commencement of the eighth century the internal dissensions which distracted the Gothic dynasty were brought to their last limits of endurance by the violence offered by its sovereign, King Roderick, to the daughter of one of his most powerful nobles, who was then governor of Ceuta, in Africa. As I have, in my notice of the Arab conquest of Spain, given a detailed account of the vengeance taken by Count Julien upon his guilty master, it would be worse than useless to repeat the history here. The first irruption of the Saracens on the Spanish shores was consequent upon Roderick's crime, and with that warlike race the appetite for conquest grew with what it fed upon.

A second expedition was organized and again entrusted to Tarik, who, conceiving that Mons Calpe was an important position, took possession of it and caused a castle and fortifications to be built there, the remains of which are still to be seen, and bear an inscription stating that their construction was terminated in 725. It was on

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the occasion of this successful expedition that the Mahometans, in compliment to their leader, bestowed the name of Djebel Tarik upon the territory they had conquered.

Gibraltar, however, could not have been strongly fortified, as in the beginning of the fourteenth century it fell into the hands of the Spaniards, under Ferdinand the Fourth, king of Castile, surnamed the Adjourned, and was held by them until 1333, when it was retaken by Abomelique, son of the Emperor of Fez, who came across the Straits to the assistance of the King of Granada. The descendants of Abomelique continued to possess Gibraltar until 1410; when, during the intestine wars among the Moors of Spain, it passed into the hands of the sovereign of Granada, and of course finally relapsed into the possession of the Spaniards after the conquest of that kingdom by Ferdinand and Isabella.

Their grandson, Charles the Fifth, caused it to be fortified by his chief engineer, Daniel Speckel; but Gibraltar afforded no theatre for great events until 1704, when it was wrested from the dominion of Spain by Sir George Rooke, who was then in the Mediterranean with a fleet to assist the views of the Austrian claimant of the Spanish

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throne in the War of Succession. For many years subsequently Gibraltar was the object of various attacks from the French and Spaniards; but they received their final lesson in the memorable affair of 1782 (when Charles Dix, then Comte d'Artois, *faisait ses premières armes* as a volunteer with the Spanish army), since which period we have remained in peaceable possession of the rock.

The aspect of the rock, and the town stretching along its base, and rising in terraces of mean-looking houses, is anything but inviting, seen from the bay; nor did my admiration of them augment when we landed, which we were not permitted to do until the firing of the gun from the signal-post on the summit of the rock announced sunrise.

The interior of the town of Gibraltar presents an extraordinary *mélange* of various nations, and contains the most heterogeneous medley of Cockney souvenirs and Spanish and Mahometan associations. Its African soil and climate but ill assimilate with the English-built, sash-windowed, small-roomed houses of which the paltry-looking streets are composed: and the names of these streets (which are invariably called lanes, such as Bell Lane, Ship Lane, &c.) appear quite out of keeping with the motley population that

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throngs them, and which appears to be divided into equal parts of English military; Moors from Tunis, Tripoli, Tangiers, and Tetuan, wearing the old Turkish dress; Jews from the Barbary



states; Negroes from Timbuctoo and Fez; Andalusian Contrabandistas from the Serrania de Ronda; English grooms and English nursery-maids; here and there a Spanish lady with fan

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and mantilla; and a plentiful sprinkling of "scorpions," as the natives of the rock are termed,—the men in short jackets, with mahogany-coloured, oily faces; the women wearing large scarlet mantles, bordered with black velvet. We repaired to Griffiths's Hotel, a good sort of Plymouth or Falmouth inn, where we procured breakfast, and saddle-horses for our party to ascend the rock and visit the excavations; which we were enabled to do through the obliging attention of some military friends who had obtained for us the necessary permission, and also the ciceroneship of an intelligent sergeant of artillery, who pointed out and explained to us everything worthy of notice. These excavations, perforating the rock in every direction, and transforming this huge mass of granite into a series of impregnable batteries bristling at every point that can command the approach of an enemy either by sea or land, are a truly wonderful effort of human ingenuity and enterprise; and although I am, of course, profoundly ignorant of even the simplest rudiments of strategy, and therefore unable to appreciate the scientific merits of these splendid fortifications, I could not but admire the grandeur of conception displayed in them, and the

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exquisite order in which they are kept. We went through every one of the excavations, and then rode up to the signal-post, the loftiest summit of the rock, where there is a telegraph for the purpose of signalling vessels at sea, under the superintendence of a sergeant of artillery. Here we alighted, and rested ourselves for a while in the neat little dwelling of the sergeant, who assured me that this barren spot, beaten by the winds and scorched by the sun, is the healthiest in the world; and truly his own florid countenance and rotundity of form most plausibly bear out the assertion: but I suspect they owe some of their exuberance to the excellent stock of "Guinness's bottled stout" with which he is supplied, and of which we were very thankful to partake after our long and scorching ride.

The view we obtained from this eminence is both extensive and beautiful, and comprises the whole territory of Gibraltar, town, batteries, fortifications, bay, &c. &c.,—together with the neighbouring Spanish town of Algesiras, and Ceuta on the opposite African shore. We in vain looked for some of the aborigines of the place—the monkeys, with which the summit of the rock is still peopled; but although our

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portly host declared, that, during the prevalence of certain winds, they occasionally approach close to his dwelling, we could not discover a trace of them. The singular fact of this being the only spot in Europe where monkeys are indigenous, would favour the belief that it must originally have formed a part of the African continent, from which it was separated by some terrific convulsion of nature—probably the true version of that fabulous history which has attributed to Hercules the marvellous feat of rending asunder the two shores, and causing the sea to flow between Calpe and Abyla, and thus form a junction between the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean.

Our descent was accomplished by a wholly different route from that by which we had ascended: steep zig-zag paths, bordered with aloes and dwarf fan-palms, and so rugged with sharp flints and broken stones that our horses were obliged to pick their way along them *au pas*, brought us by Europa Point (the most southern extremity of Europe) down to the Alameda, which is, from the inequalities of the ground, and the picturesque manner in which it is laid out with a profusion of magnificent shrubs and flowers, one of the most beautiful public walks

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in this country. Near to it are to be seen the vestiges of the now abandoned cemetery, which was devoted to the victims of the yellow fever that devastated the garrison some years ago: some of the tombs are already entirely overgrown and hidden by the wild geraniums, cactus, and palmettoes that grow in extraordinary luxuriance there; others, peeping out from this tropical vegetation, shew that the soil has been fertilized by human clay. I looked upon the spot with melancholy interest; for within one of those neglected graves repose the ashes of a near relation, who was cut off in the flower of his years, and in the midst of the most prosperous career, by the dreadful scourge to which the climate of Gibraltar is occasionally liable.

We dined at Griffiths's Hotel, and very soon after the termination of our repast returned to the Phocéen, which at sunset got up her steam and progressed towards Cadiz. Our passage was propitious, although in passing from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, through that narrow strait which seamen term "the Gut," we were considerably tossed about; as, even in the calmest weather, the force of the waves rolling onward from the ocean into that confined channel occasions great movement, and produces all the

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effect upon shipping of the swell in the sea that succeeds a gale of wind. Although the accommodations on board the Phocéen are admirable, and I was moreover exceedingly tired after my hot ride over the Rock of Gibraltar, I remained on deck nearly the whole night, so anxious was I to look upon the memorable waters of Trafalgar, through which we passed when there was just enough starlight to render "darkness visible." But, what of that? Imagination very often supplies the place of vision. I knew that there lay the glorious watery space upon whose bosom such heroic deeds had been achieved; and, although I could *see* very little, I *felt* a great deal: for what English heart but must beat high with honest pride and exultation at the mere name of Trafalgar, and the recollection of all that was won — and, alas! all that was *lost* to us there! "Il y a de ces hommes élus dont la mort couronne la vie." Nelson was one of these. The vulgar depressing details of the sick-room, which, day by day, subdue the energies until the manliest spirit is prostrated by them into more than womanish weakness,—the physical helplessness, the mental imbecility, which are so often the precursors of the ordinary death-bed scene, were not for such

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as he: that gallant spirit was made to be gloriously emancipated in the full force of manhood and the flush of victory — to pass from life to immortality without being subjected to any of those dreary phases which cause the hero to dwindle into less than the man; and, although his death was looked upon as a national calamity, and blended the voice of mourning with the triumphant shouts of victory, yet who shall gainsay that it was the finale best befitting so heroic a career?

At daybreak we anchored in the roads of Cadiz, and saw stretched before us the snow-white city with its glistening turrets, looking like "a sea Cybele" contemplating the reflection of her own fair image in the dark blue sea that laves her feet. Nothing can be more freshly, beautifully brilliant than this first glimpse; it gives one courage to face the landing, which is anything but agreeable or safe, as all vessels are obliged to anchor at a considerable distance from the quay, and the harbour is so exposed that a good wetting is the least risk one runs in being conveyed on shore. The Cadiz boatmen are the most rapacious race on the face of the earth or the waters: they speculate upon the fears of travellers, and take advantage of

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the weather being fresh to make it a pretext for the most egregious imposition; and for a fare which on ordinary occasions is charged one *peseta* (about tenpence), they are capable of exacting six, eight, or ten dollars, in proportion as the wind blows. Such is the risk attending the landing here in rough weather, that very frequently the English packets, finding it impossible to put their Cadiz passengers on shore, are compelled to take them on to Gibraltar.

We accomplished our disembarkation, however, with only a moderate wetting, no fright, and, consequently, no great imposition; and were landed at the quay near the custom-house, and immediately handed over to the Aduaneros, who ransacked all our belongings before they would suffer us to proceed to the hotel to which we had been directed — "Les Quatre Nations," a French house which has been many years established here. There I obtained what I have not seen since I entered Spain — a room with window-curtains, a French bed, and a matted floor; but, strange to say, neither a private sitting-room nor a private table are to be had in the house, and we shall be condemned, as at Malaga, to dine with whatever other travellers may be sojourning in the hotel with us.

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If the aspect of Cadiz, seen from the sea, charmed us, the impression produced by its dazzling exterior has not upon a nearer approach proved fallacious; and our admiration has gone on *crescendo* since we visited the interior of the city. Much as I had already heard of its cleanliness (and it is notoriously the cleanest town in Spain—indeed, perhaps, in Europe), I could not imagine that any southern seaport could have attained to such a perfection of nicety; for never in that respect have I seen anything to compare to it, except, perhaps, in some of the towns of Holland. The streets are swept three times a day; they are, as is always the case in southern latitudes, rather narrow, but they are perfectly straight, and, consequently, intersect each other at right angles. The houses are all whitewashed, and of the most dazzling hue; and are lofty, with flat-terraced roofs, invariably surmounted by a Mirador or little tower (a remnant of Moorish architecture), where the inhabitants are in the habit of "taking the cool" in the evening. The façades of the houses are of the most admirable regularity, all of them being furnished with three ranges of bright green balconies, shaded with white or blue-striped awnings, and filled with flowers, which impart

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an air of the greatest cheerfulness to them. The green lattices of the casements are closed during the heat of the day; but, when the sun goes down, they are all thrown open, and the balconies then present a glorious display of human flowers not at all disposed "to waste their sweetness on the desert air." The basement stories of the houses still retain the stamp of Moorish taste, being composed of a large Patio, or court, which opens to the street with a grated door, and the centre of which, in habitations of a superior description, is adorned with a fountain and vases of flowering shrubs: an awning is stretched over the Patio during the noon-tide heat, and the open corridors that surround it are furnished with sofas and tables for the accommodation of such of the inhabitants as may prefer passing their mornings there.

Another luxury (besides the cleanliness) peculiar to Cadiz, and rarely met with in Spain, is the pavement, which is excellent; all the streets being accommodated with narrow trottoirs of smooth flag-stones for pedestrians. Equipages there are none—it would appear that the national taste does not lead that way; nor have I seen any equestrians among the upper classes: walking is the favourite exercise of all ranks, and in

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the evening the public promenades are thronged during an hour or two with all that is *plus marquant dans la société*, after which everybody disperses, each one to adjourn to his particular *Tertulia*.

As the streets of Cadiz are narrow, and the ground occupied by the city is flat, little can be seen beyond the spot where one happens to pass, and no idea formed of its general aspect by those who are content only to perambulate the streets: but, as I wished to obtain an advantageous view of the whole place and its immediate environs, I ascended the signal-tower, that stands in the centre of the town; and was fully compensated for my trouble by the enchanting prospect, that spread out like a map beneath me, of the town, the bay, and the surrounding country.

From this eminence, the city, with its uniform regularity of architecture and dazzling whiteness of hue, looks as if it were formed of crystallized sugar—indeed, the best comparison I can find for it is one of Gunter's enormous castellated wedding-cakes: not a soiled or dingy-looking tenement is to be discovered—no whitewash grown yellow or grey from age defaces the brilliant ensemble—not a vestige of smoke floats above the flat-terraced roofs; the only colours visible amidst

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this mass of spotless buildings are the dark outer circle of the Plaza de Toros, and the warm tones of the Cathedral walls, an immense modern structure of stone built within the last eighty years. Such is the glare produced by this vast expanse of unbroken whiteness, that, as long as the sun is above the horizon, it is impossible to look upon it for a minute together; but the propitious time for ascending the signal-tower is the moment preceding sunrise, or that which follows the disappearance of the bright luminary in the waves, when the golden glow that pervades the whole face of the heavens warms, but dazzles not.

The town is built in the shape of a triangle, one side of which presents itself to the ocean, and the two others converge towards the point that joins the narrow tongue of land connecting Cadiz with the Isla de Leon—that spot which has played so conspicuous a part in the various revolutions that have agitated Spain during the present century. The whole city is surrounded by a sea-wall—a wonderful work of art: but the great strength of Cadiz is principally attributable to its almost insular position, for it is approachable from the mainland only by the said narrow tongue of land, which is completely commanded by the formidable batteries at the Puerta de

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Tierra (or land-gate); and, although wholly unskilled in such matters, I can easily understand the impossibility of Cadiz being taken by a land-force so long as its naval resources leave it mistress of the bay, and thus prevent a simultaneous attack being made on it by sea.

At the extreme northern point of the bay is the mouth of the Guadalquivir, within whose waters is situated the town of San Lucar; and immediately opposite to Cadiz is the little town of Puerto de Santa Maria, for which place a steamboat plies three or four times a-day, as it is the great point of communication between Cadiz and Xeres de la Frontera. At the extreme end of the bay lies Puerto Reale, in the vicinity of the Trocadero; which latter, from the eminence on which I was stationed, looks like a little group of low sand-islands immediately contiguous to the Isla de Leon.

Apropos to the Isla de Leon: it was there in 1810, during the French invasion, and the detention of Ferdinand the Seventh as a prisoner in France, that the original Cortes, which had been abolished by the Austrian and Bourbon dynasties, assembled and held their sittings, and in 1812 declared the Constitution called the *Cortes*, in imitation of that declared

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by revolutionary France in 1791. On the restoration of Ferdinand to the throne by the downfal of Napoleon in 1814, he entered Spain by Perpignan, announcing that he would reign constitutionally; but, on reaching Valencia, he was met by General Elio, who, in saluting him, said, "Sire, I have forty thousand men at your disposition, to execute your will, whatever it may be!" Ferdinand could not resist this temptation to relapse into his besetting sin of Absolutism; and with this support he abandoned all his professions for the Constitution, and declared himself absolute King, and so continued to reign until the year 1820, when an expedition was organized for South America, and sent to Cadiz to embark. Upon reaching that place, an insurrection broke out amongst the troops; and, refusing to embark, they established themselves in the Isla de Leon, declaring themselves in open rebellion against the King's government. This revolutionary movement found many partisans; amongst whom was the unfortunate Riego, who, with a handful of men, marched upon Malaga, expecting to find an active support there. But he was disappointed; and he soon found himself with only three hundred followers shut up in the town, and

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surrounded by an army of more than as many thousands. However, at the head of his little band, he contrived to effect a sortie, and marched towards Madrid; and it is therefore manifest that the Royalist troops were not ill-disposed towards Riego, not only from the fact of their allowing him to escape from Malaga, but from their abstaining to pursue and annihilate him. During Riego's march towards Madrid, the Liberal party there made such progress, that Ferdinand again declared himself for the Constitution, at the suggestion of one of his ministers, who told him that he was lost if he did not immediately adopt that course; and Riego, instead of being treated as a traitor, was overwhelmed with honours. This state of affairs continued, the King *faisant bonne mine à mauvais jeu*, until the well-known active intervention of France in 1823, when Ferdinand threw off the mask again, and the struggle recommenced. It was adjoining the Isla de Leon that the French interference at the Trocadero re-established the absolute power of Ferdinand, and enabled him again to betray and forego the oath he had taken to the Constitution: for, during the operations of the French army on the opposite coast of the bay, the King re-

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mained a sort of hostage with his people in Cadiz, and on the day of the capitulation he again signed the Constitution; but on the day succeeding he crossed over to Puerto de Santa Maria, where the Duke d'Angoulême's head-quarters were established, and under the protection of foreign bayonets again broke faith with his subjects, and cast his oath to the winds. Such were the lamentable tergiversations of this feeble-minded and false-hearted sovereign, one of whose first acts of vengeance in 1823 was the execution of the unfortunate General Riego.

Cadiz contains neither monuments nor works of art. The Cathedral is spacious and fine, but of modern architecture, and is quite destitute of historical or artistical associations; some bad pictures adorn it, two or three of which are especially pointed out to one's attention by the guides, who have the assurance to assert that they are Murillos to those who are good-natured or ignorant enough to believe them: but I am told that the only genuine Murillos now in Cadiz are those in the possession of Mr. Brackenbury, the English consul. In short, the fine arts do not appear to flourish here; never was I in any place so lamentably

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destitute of resources in the way of public institutions, museums, or libraries. Commerce and gallantry are the occupation and the pursuit of the natives — politics their passion, the town being a hot-bed of Liberalism; and to the stranger, whose sympathies do not run in one of those three courses, nothing can be more uninteresting and monotonous than the séjour of Cadiz, notwithstanding its fair and cheerful aspect.

The public walks are admirable, and are three in number,—the Alameda, the Plaza de la Constitucion (formerly the Plaza de San Antonio), and the Plaza de Mina. The former of these is the most recherché, and by far the most agreeable, as its situation near the sea-shore commanding a full view of that ever-moving picture, the bay, with its shipping, and the town of Puerto de Santa Maria on the opposite side, renders it gay and animated in the extreme; and the breezes wafted from the ocean temper the climate so delightfully, that, even in the most intensely hot weather, the refreshment of cool air is to be found there. The Alameda is divided into an upper and lower walk, having stone benches and narrow plantations of flowering shrubs on either side of them; but neither the fountains nor the em-

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bowering trees that embellished the Alamedas of Granada are here to be seen. At about seven in the evening "all the world" assemble on the upper walk, the ladies at first occupying the benches, the gentlemen pacing up and down in the centre, and sunning themselves in the bright eyes of the seated beauties: but very soon these latter grow tired of their repose; the benches are abandoned, and the walk then becomes so densely thronged with promenaders of both sexes, that it is a matter of some difficulty to steer one's way clear through them. The costume of almost all these pretty loungers is the same: a black silk dress with short sleeves and long net gloves, a black lace mantilla, a natural rose or carnation at one side of the head, and a large fan never in repose in the hand, form the simple and elegant toilette most in vogue. Some few white mantillas are to be seen; but they are not advantageous to complexions so dusky as those of the Gaditanas, and are not much in favour. Here and there a would-be French bonnet and shawl of some incongruous mixture of colours shew glaringly in the dark mass of veiled heads, as though purposely to demonstrate that the great secret of a Spanish woman's beauty and grace lies in her mantilla, and that dressed like other women her personal

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superiority no longer asserts itself; for it is as true that no Spanish woman knows how to put on a bonnet, as it is an undisputed fact that none but a Spanish woman knows how to wear a mantilla. Keep them to their national dress of sable hue from head to foot, and they are the most elegant and distinguished-looking race of women that can be imagined; but let them run riot among bonnets, feathers, and colours, (which they have no idea of assorting judiciously,) and they sink to the level of the ill-dressed women of any other country. There is one superiority, however, which they must maintain, let their dress be what it may, over the women of all other nations, and that is in their walk—that graceful swimming gait peculiar to themselves, which is as happily free from the affected mincing wriggle of French women, as it is from the awkward grenadier stride indulged in by my own countrywomen. There is nothing theatrical or affected—nothing of what Addison has termed "recitative dancing" —in the *démarche* of the Spanish women; but it combines an inexpressible grace and harmony of movement, which imparts a charm to them beyond that of mere beauty—a something without which beauty is incomplete, and which Virgil has rendered full justice to, when he caused Æneas to

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recognise Venus, not by the superiority of her face and form, but by her manner of walking :

"And by her walk the Queen of Love is known."

As to the beauty of face possessed by Spanish women in general, I think it has been much overrated by travellers. Their eyes are undoubtedly very fine,—large, black, brilliant, and flashing, they overpower you with a glance; but there is more fire than tenderness in that glance —it scorches rather than melts. The greatest fault I find with the Spanish countenance is its want of softness, and the absence of that freshness of lip and cheek which imparts such feminine loveliness to even an irregular face, but which is quite incompatible with the dusky complexion—the *tez morena*—of which the Andaluzas are so proud. I am inclined to prefer the beauty of the Italian women : their eyes are equally dark, equally brilliant, but far softer and more intense in their expression, with something *velouté* in the full orb that penetrates even more than it dazzles; their features are more classical, and their skins many degrees whiter, than those of the Spanish women : but here their personal superiority ends, for in symmetry of form, lightness of limb, and graceful demeanour, the Italian cannot compete with the Spaniard, whose beauty is less the re-

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sult of regularity of feature than that of animation, grace, and elegance combined.

But this dissertation upon looks has insensibly led me away from the Alameda. *Retournons y.* At about eight o'clock the crowd disperses, and fashion exacts that the principal part of the promenaders should repair to the Plaza de la Constitucion, (a large square in the town surrounded by lofty houses, and having all round it a row of trees and of stone benches,) where the loungers do not pace up and down the centre, as at the Alameda, but make the tour of the Plaza for about half an hour; when in its turn it is abandoned, and the hour for social meetings in private houses (here called Tertulias), which nightly draw together the same particular circles, commences.

Night after night do we follow this routine (and I confess that I am beginning to be weary of it); always ending by the Calle Ancha, the finest and broadest street in Cadiz, which runs out of the Plaza de la Constitucion, and contains the best shops in the city. Of these, the most attractive are the shops of the *Estereros*, or manufacturers of mats for the floors, an article of furniture peculiar to Cadiz; and which are so beautiful in execution, so elegant in designs and colours, that I think them preferable to any

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carpets. The price of these *esteros* is wonderfully moderate: but, alas! the purchase of them is interdicted to persons residing in France, as they are not allowed to enter the country, even upon paying a high per-centage duty; otherwise I should have been tempted to send over a provision of them for summer use. Cadiz is also famous for its gloves, which are infinitely cheaper than those of France, and very nearly as good. But the shops that prove the most tempting to female travellers in the Calle Ancha are those of the Abaniqueros or fan-sellers, where every description of abanico is glitteringly displayed, from the old Sevillian *rococo* fan, with its gold inlaid sticks mended in a dozen places, to the gaudily painted modern gold and silver paper-ones, having an atrocious medallion of Espartero on horseback on one side, and Isabella the Innocent on the other. The curiosity-mongers of France and England have, however, created such a dearth of genuine old Spanish fans in Cadiz and Seville, that the price now asked for one of the right sort here exceeds that charged in Paris and London for the same description of merchandise; and the few that are still forthcoming have undergone so many repairs that they are literally *hors de combat*, and would inevitably perish in the first day's evo-

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lutions imposed upon them: still, twenty or twenty-five pounds a-piece are unblushingly asked for these *beaux restes.*

At the end of the Calle Ancha is situated the principal theatre of Cadiz, where an Italian company are now giving Donizetti's opera of Belisario almost nightly. The performance is of a description that places it beneath criticism, so that one representation has been more than sufficient to satisfy me; and the theatre itself, although more spacious than that of Malaga, is scarcely superior to it in accommodation or decoration. We have found greater attraction at the smaller Teatro de Ballon, where a Spanish company of comedians represent—not what I should prefer seeing, Spanish pieces, but translations of French melodrames and vaudevilles by Scribe; for here, as in Italy and Germany, the national theatre is forsworn for that of France. "Trente Ans, ou la Vie d'un Joueur," in which Frederic Le Maistre and Madame Dorval used to be so powerfully effective at the Porte St. Martin at Paris, has had an amazing run here; but anything so execrable as the performance of it by these Spaniards can scarcely be imagined: they have not the slightest conception of the dramatic art—no idea of suiting the action to the word—

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no appearance of even comprehending what they repeat! I have seen plays represented quite as respectably and much more intelligibly by Italian *fantoccini*, inasmuch as that the persons who pulled the wires of the puppets knew their parts, and the actors of the Ballon *do not*,—the prompter's voice being preëminent over that of the whole *dramatis personæ*. It is not, therefore, the piece that has attracted me to the Teatro de Ballon, but the Bayle Nacional, or national dances which are performed between the acts, and in which I delight so much, that I am willing to sit out five mortal acts of a melodrame murdered in the way I have described, in order to see them danced.

I was already familiar with the Fandango, the Bolero, and the Cachucha; but here I have seen the Rondaya Aragonesa, the Seguidillas Manchegas, the Nuevas Boleras, and the Jota Aragonesa,—all of the same family, but all charming, and performed with a grace, spirit, and (if I may use the term) *eloquence*, that render them perfectly electrifying. None but Spaniards can do justice to these charming dances; and not even the surpassing grace of Taglioni, the vivacity of Fanny Ellsler, or the quiet elegance of Duvernay, have succeeded in infusing into the

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Spanish dances they have introduced upon the stage that peculiar expression which constitutes their principal charm, and renders the native performance of them so fascinating, so original, and so truly inimitable.

We have found out, when too late to profit by the discovery, that the Hôtel des Quatre Nations, although enjoying the reputation of being the principal Fonda in Cadiz, is by no means the best; as there is in the same street (the Calle del General Riego) a hotel kept by an old Englishman of the name of Wall, who has been established here between thirty and forty years, and who has introduced all the cleanliness and some of the comforts of English life into the interior of his establishment. When we became aware of the existence of this hotel, it was so full of travellers that not a single apartment remained at our disposition, and we have therefore been compelled to continue at the Quatre Nations: but we have made an arrangement with Mr. Wall which enables us to avoid the most objectionable part of the French establishment—the public table, and we now go every day to dine at his house, where we are provided with an excellent plain dinner in a private apartment; and, in short, while we are under his roof, we feel

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that some of the decencies of life (which are quite as indispensable when one is on the high-ways and by-ways of Europe as when one is comfortably presiding over the fireside at home) are still within our reach.

As to the Hôtel des Quatre Nations, it is the very epitome of dirt and discomfort; and notwithstanding the delusive announcement of a French table-d'hôte, and the sounding title which the little French host assumes of *ancien chef de cuisine* to some celebrity among the French generals who were here during the wars of Napoleon, it is evident that his long residence in this country has caused him to lose all recollection of the culinary art as practised in France; and the quantity of nastiness that is daily served up at his table in the shape of olla and puchero, shew that he has allowed himself to fall unresistingly into the indescribable abominations of the Spanish *cuisine;* so that nothing can exceed the badness of his dinners except the description of guests that meet at them. The majority of these are *commis voyageurs* from France and Germany, a class of persons that answers to our English "bagmen," and of which I had previously no knowledge except through the amusing sketches of Henri Mounier, who has described *con amore*

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the self-sufficient vulgarity and ludicrous Don-Juanism that characterize that *genus* in France. I was forcibly struck by the difference of manner that exists between these French and German commercial travellers; for while, on the one or two occasions on which we were thrown into collision with them, the latter were invariably quiet, reserved, polite, and thoroughly inoffensive, the former were noisy, presuming, and vulgarly officious, — full of their own adventures, and *blagueurs* and *fanfarons jusqu'au bout des ongles*. Such *rencontres* may be diverting for once or twice, from their novelty and the insight they afford into the manners of a distinct class; and although one may smile at first at the strange phraseology that stamps their conversation with a character exclusively belonging to themselves— "Etes-vous dans les cotons?" — "Non; moi, je voyage dans les laines."— "Et moi, dans les porcelaines et les quincailleries," &c. &c. &c. — yet it becomes intolerable *à la longue;* and to those travellers who cannot resign themselves to the daily encountering a dingy dining-room filled with smoke from the kitchen, a table-cloth bearing every variety of unwashed stain from wine to mustard, waiters whose glistening faces distil dew-drops into the dishes they are handing about,

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comestibles that look as if they ought to be carried to the pig-trough, and *convives* who convert their silver forks into toothpicks, I would address this serious admonition,—Avoid the Hôtel des Quatre Nations as you would fly from plague and pestilence, and betake yourselves to the Fonda of Mr. Wall, where you will find cool and thoroughly clean rooms, a well-appointed table, plain wholesome food, quiet attendance, and the utmost civility from the respectable old host himself (who, in his Andalusian Majo dress of white jean from head to foot, looks the very personification of nicety) and his most obliging Spanish wife, the Señora Juana, whose attentions to strangers appear to be far less directed by interested motives than to be the result of the most genuine kindness of heart and benevolence of disposition. I speak from experience; for, having been much indisposed during the last days of my *séjour* at Cadiz, I have had an opportunity of judging of the thoughtful attentions of the Señora Juana, who has daily prepared with her own hands some English dish that she thought might tempt the sickly appetite of an English stranger; and, whenever the effort at dinner failed, she would recommence in the evening, and, having procured *leche de vaca* (cow's milk)

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from the only place that affords such a luxury in Cadiz, she would set out her Wedgwood tea-equipage in the delightful well-kept patio of her house, and make me as good a cup of tea as ever was concocted in England, with the thoroughly English accompaniment of thin bread-and-butter and buttered toast.

One of the pleasures of Cadiz is to *tomar el fresco* (take the cool) on the housetop at sunset. At that hour, when the dazzling luminary has just sunk beneath the waves, and the eye can rest, without aching, upon the bright masses of snow-white structures that spread around,—glowing still, but no longer glaring upon the sight,—I generally ascended to the Mirador of our hotel to enjoy, from those upper regions, the calm beauty of the hour, and to contemplate the unclouded glories of the western sky reflected upon the crisped bosom of the ocean, and steeping bay, creek, and headland in hues that would defy the powers of a Claude to transfer to canvass. From these little watch-towers one looks down upon a vast expanse of flat-terraced roofs, white as the walls they surmount, and, in many instances, gay with flowers, which gradually become animated by the presence of some of the dwellers within: Señoritas are there to be seen

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tending the blooming shrubs that impart to their terrace the appearance of a gay parterre; children at high romps; gentlemen smoking cigars; ladies fanning themselves, and stepping daintily backwards and forwards, conscious that, even there, admiring eyes are fixed upon them; while, from the streets below, ascends the hum of the busy throngs who at that hour are all directing their steps towards the Alameda and the Plaza de la Constitucion. But that which has the most amused me in the moving *tableau* which the roofs of Cadiz exhibits at sunset is a sportsman, accoutred in a shooting-jacket and gaiters, with powder-flask, game-bag, and gun en règle, and attended by a fine pointer, who actually takes the diversion of shooting over the preserves of his terrace, with all the ceremonies that would attend a similar pursuit in a turnip-field or stubble-ground in Norfolk. The dog regularly beats about the ground and points, and puts up a sparrow or a swallow, and his master as regularly takes aim and fires; and although literally "il tire sa poudre aux moineaux," and that, even should he hit his bird, it inevitably falls into the street, or upon some neighbouring roof, he appears to be as much delighted as though he had brought down the finest pheasant that

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ever whizzed out of a brake — whistles his dog to him, makes much of him, and recommences. That this ardent sportsman should like to shoot at sparrows upon the housetop is quite intelligible; but the accompaniment of the pointer is one of those solemn absurdities that defy calculation. It reminds me of the seamanship of some of our Thames-yachting amateurs, who, although they have never screwed up their courage to the sticking-point of venturing into blue water, never go on a white-bait excursion to Greenwich or Blackwall without ordering close-reefed top-sails and a storm-jib to be got ready, in order to meet the contingent perils of their cruise.

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SEVILLE.

Disappointment. — Steamers to Seville. — The Guadalquivir. — Landing. — Prescott's Hotel. — Calesas. — Houses of Seville. — Cathedral. — Capilla Real. — Murillo's St. Anthony. — The Sacristy. — The Giralda. — The Alcazar. — Museum. — La Virgen de la Servelletta. — Apotheosis of the Madonna. — Church of the Caridad. — San Juan de Dios. — Other Pictures. — The Lonja. — Archives of the Indies. — Tobacco Factory. — Public walks. — Extortion of the shop-keepers. — Las Delicias. — Paseo de Christina. —Plaza Duque. — Amusements, and state of society.

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SEVILLE.

"Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of former days:
But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,
Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise."
Childe Harold.

"QUIEN no ha visto Sevilla, no ha visto maravilla!" says the proverb. To me the wonder is that it ever should have been deemed a wonder! and I unhesitatingly own that great has been my disappointment at finding Seville so unlike what my imagination had led me to expect. So much for my first impressions; perhaps, ere I quit the place, I may discover in it wherewithal to indemnify me for my actual disenchantment.

There is a steamboat conveyance from Cadiz to Seville, and the voyage is accomplished in seven or eight hours; two of which are sea-work, and the remainder fresh-water navigation in the river Guadalquivir. The boats are good

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and clean: they touch at San Lucar near the mouth of the river, at which place those persons wishing to visit Xeres may disembark and proceed to the latter town by land; but, as I had no curiosity to see the immense depôts of sherry wine, the principal object of interest contained in Xeres, I had arranged to go on at once, and not to quit the steamer until it should land me at Seville.

The river Guadalquivir, the Bœtis of the ancients, is the muddiest and most unromantic of all streams: its discoloured waters wind through a flat uninteresting country for the space of eighty miles (the distance that separates Seville from San Lucar); and, although the land is well cultivated, neither town nor habitation are to be seen upon the banks of the river, and the whole face of the country would appear deserted if it were not for the immense droves of oxen and some herds of horses that break the monotony of the scene. But, upon approaching Seville, the prospect becomes more smiling, and the groves of orange-trees that cluster along the banks waft their rich perfumes over the waters, even before their boughs laden with golden fruit become visible.

We landed at the Golden Tower (a relique of

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the antique Roman dominion), where the custom-house is established, to whose visitations we were again compelled to submit; and then, under a burning sun, and over the most execrable broken pavement that can be conceived, we proceeded on foot through narrow, winding, mean-looking streets to Prescott's Hotel, which, although bearing an English name, is kept by a German, who speaks English perfectly. Here we have procured tolerable accommodation; and although the Spanish regulations observed in the house oblige us to dine at the public table, yet there is so little to object to, either in its appointments or the description of guests that assemble there, that we have complied without a murmur.

Perhaps, the disappointment I have experienced in the general aspect of Seville may have arisen from the overweening ideas I had formed of it, and it has suffered unjustly in my estimation because I had allowed my imagination to be biassed by all that song and story have said of it; but, in the reality that has met my eyes, I can discover no trace whatever of the aristocratic dignity and splendour that I had been accustomed to associate with that ancient city, the Hispalis of the Romans, and the capital

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of Spain until Philip the Second established his court at Madrid. The streets are narrow and crooked, and so abominably paved, that it is both painful and difficult to go on foot, and almost impossible to avail oneself of the only conveyances that are to be obtained — calesas (a sort of open, two-wheeled machine without springs, painted with rude representations of bull-fights or Bolero-dancers, drawn by a mule covered with fringe and tassels, and altogether very much resembling the equipage of a Neapolitan tooth-drawer): the houses are low and mean-looking seen from the street, and although they are whitewashed as at Cadiz, yet it is evident that the purifying operation is not so often repeated as in that spotless-looking city; and the red-tiled roofs, universal here, are but a vulgar substitute for the flat white terraces and elegant Miradores that impart such an Oriental stamp to Cadiz. Notwithstanding this unpromising exterior, however, the houses in this place are exceedingly good in their interior arrangements, and admirably constructed for the burning climate of Seville, which is the hottest city of Southern Spain, and therefore the hottest in Europe. The Moorish style of building (so well adapted to warm countries) has been

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strictly preserved, and every house has its Patio surrounded with open arcades on the ground-floor, and galleries above, and covered in during the overpowering heat of the day with canvass awnings which exclude the burning rays of the sun, and enable the inhabitants to remain in those open galleries the whole morning, listening to the dashing of the fountain that forms the centre ornament of the Patio, and inhaling the perfumes of orange-flowers, jasmines, and a variety of flowering shrubs planted in vases, with which the circuit of the basin is always profusely adorned.

I have discovered that the hotel we are living in is a genuine old Moorish house, for in a little dressing-room adjoining my sleeping-chamber my eye was caught by the inequalities of surface presented by the whitewashed walls, and upon passing my hand over them, and examining them more closely, I detected distinct traces of the same description of beautiful arabesque tracery that adorns the walls of the Alhambra at Granada, but covered with so many coatings of whitewash that the sharpness and clearness of the outlines have been destroyed, although the symmetry of the design is still visible; and I could easily make out the form of a horse-shoe arch,

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surmounted with arabesques, at one extremity of the cabinet, which has evidently been filled up by a plaster wall. What Vandalism, to bury these beautiful Moorish remains in plaster and whitewash!

Although the general appearance of Seville is disappointing, yet it contains some objects which certainly compensate for the trouble of visiting it, and are of a description to render more intelligible the exaggerated epithet of "Maravilla" which its natives have with fond partiality bestowed upon it; an epithet that really struck me, upon a first view, as having been given in derision. I must, however, limit these objects to three,—namely, the Cathedral, the Alcazar, and the Murillo Museum (the latter alone is well worth a journey to Seville, even at this hot season of the year, and that is saying not a little); for I cannot consent to include the Lonja, or Exchange, about which so much more is thought, and has been said, than it really merits.

The Cathedral of Seville is the largest and most perfect in Spain; it is of the finest order of Gothic architecture, less florid than the Duomo of Milan, but perhaps on that account more sublime and more truly in character with its sacred purpose. It was commenced in the beginning of the fif-

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teenth century, on the site of the principal mosque of Seville (which had been built by the Moorish king Jusuf Abn Jacob in the year 1171), and was terminated about a hundred years afterwards, in 1519. The exterior has nothing remarkable, being a mixture of many styles of architecture, among which the Spanish (closely assimilating to the Italian) predominates; but the interior is stupendous, although the idea of its vastness is in a manner destroyed by the faulty taste, prevalent in the cathedrals of Spain, of blocking up the centre aisle with two enormous cage-looking appendages enclosing the grand altar and the choir, which completely intercept the perspective. In the Italian cathedrals these two appendages are condensed into one of a far less cumbrous description; which, being placed at the termination of the aisle, allows an uninterrupted coup d'œil to be taken of the edifice, and leaves unbroken the uniformity of space which imparts so noble and so imposing a character to religious structures. It is necessary to visit the Cathedral of Seville more than once, and to dwell long upon its details, ere a just conception can be formed of its magnitude and its admirable proportions: it measures 426 feet in length by 234 in breadth, not including the lateral chapels, which are nu-

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merous and of exquisite beauty; and the enclosed altar and choir (of which I have already complained) are in themselves as large as an ordinary church. The fine organ which rivals that of Haarlem, the gorgeously stained windows, the rows of colossal columns formed of several pillars clustered together which divide the aisles, the lofty groined roofs whose sculptured ornaments the naked eye vainly endeavours to distinguish, the splendid high-altar, rich in marble, gilding, and sculpture, are all in admirable keeping with the vastness of the outline; the dim yet rich light that prevails throughout the interior reminds one of the subdued but mellow tints of Murillo's pictures—dark, but glowing—solemn, but not sad. There is something holy in that gorgeous gloom—something that chastens the heart without chilling it!

In the Capilla Real, or Royal Chapel, behind the high-altar, repose the mortal remains of the brave, the holy, the wise, the fair, and the frail: there are to be seen the tombs of Ferdinand the sainted king of Castile, who wrested Seville from the Moors; his queen, Doña Beatrice, and their son, Alonzo the Tenth, surnamed el Sabio or the Wise: there also are interred the bodies of Doña Maria Padilla, the celebrated mistress of

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Pedro the Cruel; of Don Fadrique, Master of Santiago, the brother and victim of that sanguinary monarch; and of Philip the Fifth, the founder of the Bourbon dynasty in Spain. These are the most illustrious tombs that adorn the holy pile: but in one of the aisles of the church a simple flag-stone in the pavement, bearing a name that has acquired for itself a distinction beyond that of royalty, arrests the stranger's attention; the son of Christopher Columbus lies buried there, and his grave is marked by the rude representation of a ship, and two lines signifying that Columbus gave a new world to Castile and Leon. A longer epitaph sets forth that Don Fernando Columbus, the son of Don Christopher Columbus, died in the year 1539, aged fifty, having spent all his life in the cultivation of the sciences, &c. &c.

The Capilla de San Antonio, one of the lateral chapels of the Cathedral, contains one of Murillo's *chefs d'œuvre*, by many supposed to be his best work,—the celebrated picture of St. Anthony of Padua kneeling with outstretched arms in adoration of the infant Jesus, who, poised upon a cloud, extends his hands towards the saint in the act of benediction. The conception and colouring of this picture are be-

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yond all praise: it is full of simple sublimity, and embodies, with the most admirable expression, the ecstatic vision of the holy man; and, although the tone of colouring is more than usually subdued, and the brown tints in which Murillo delighted are unbroken by any more brilliant hue, there is such purity and harmony in the whole, that the eye rests lovingly upon it, and "the heart would wish away a brighter glow," (had such been introduced,) as incompatible with the solemn spirit of contemplation infused into this splendid composition. There are several other pictures in the Cathedral by Murillo, as well as by Cano, Herrera, and others of the Sevillian school; but the greater part of them are so badly placed, that it is very difficult to form any correct judgment of them, and quite evident that they could not have been originally painted for the places they now occupy. One of the most beautiful of these pictures represents Saint Ferdinand mounted upon a white charger, and trampling upon the prostrate Moors.

The Sacristy is rich in treasure and relics, among the most precious of which latter are one of the thorns of the Saviour's crown, and a portion of the True Cross, the genuineness of which

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is never doubted by Catholic devotees, as miracles without end are adduced as having been performed through their agency. The vestments of the priests, and the ornaments of the church, kept here, are costly beyond description: but the objects that interested me the most in this collection were the ancient keys of Seville, which were delivered to Saint Ferdinand by the Moors when he marched a conqueror into the city in 1248; and some calices and a crucifix made of the first gold brought home by Columbus from America, and which his royal patrons presented to the church as a propitiatory offering to insure its indulgence for the avarice and rapacity that authorized those dreadful persecutions that were inflicted upon the unfortunate Indians by the first Spanish settlers in the New World in their insatiable pursuit of gold.

Detached from the Cathedral, stands the celebrated Giralda, a square Moorish tower about whose origin controversy has been very rife; but the popular belief is, that it was constructed in the year One thousand of the Christian era, as an astronomical observatory, by the famous Moorish astronomer and mathematician, Gheber, the reputed inventor of algebra. The original Moresco edifice was about two hundred and

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fifty feet in height; but, after the conquest of Seville by Saint Ferdinand, the Spaniards added one hundred feet to its altitude, and turned it into a belfry, which is surmounted by a smaller tower, or steeple, bearing upon its summit a brazen statue of Faith. The exterior of the Moorish part of the structure is of a light reddish colour, and it is pierced with beautiful arched windows, and ornamented with elegant arabesques, still in the highest preservation: the cement used in this extraordinary work was formed from the remains of the Roman edifices that had been demolished by the Goths when they overran Spain, three centuries previous to the Arabian conquest; so that the Giralda represents in its materials the Pagan, Mahometan, and Christian dominions, to which the Peninsula was successively subjected. That part of the tower which has been superadded by the Spaniards is of yellowish stone, and of a style of architecture decidedly Spanish, which destroys the harmony of the whole; but still, with this glaring defect uppermost, the Giralda is a noble and imposing monument, and is deservedly an object of great pride to the Sevillanos. The ascent of the Moorish part of it is by a series of inclined planes, so exceedingly easy, broad, and

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commodious, that I can easily credit the cicerone's assurance of its being upon record that Saint Ferdinand and his queen, Beatrice, commemorated their taking possession of Seville by riding up to the top of the Giralda on horseback. The Spanish addition is ascended by steps, and very near the summit we found a whole family domiciled in an apartment that forms the centre part of the tower round which the staircase turns. These people are the guardians of the tower, and the bell-ringers.

From the belfry the view is extensive and interesting, comprising the old city, its churches, palaces, Exchange, Alamedas, bull-circus, &c. &c., stretching round in all directions, with its white suburb of Triana on the opposite side of the river. Beyond these are the old Roman aqueduct, outside of the town, on the road leading to Cordova; and far away in the distance the site of the ancient Roman city of Italica, the birth-place of the Emperor Trajan, of which no trace now remains, except the very imperfect ruins of an amphitheatre. Near to it stands the ci-devant convent of St. Isidore, which has acquired celebrity from having been the temporary burying-place of Christopher Columbus and of the famous Fernando Cortez, whose bodies were

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subsequently removed, the former to the Havanah, and the latter to Mexico. Immediately at the foot of the Giralda is the Patio de los Naranjos, or Court of the Orange-trees, which in the time of the Moors formed the outer enclosure of the mosque where the Mussulmans performed the ablutions that precede prayer, and constitute a part of their religious observances. This court is, as its name implies, planted with orange-trees; its entrance is through a beautiful horse-shoe arch, now adorned with Catholic images, and it is partly surrounded by a Moorish battlemented wall: on one side of it is the Cathedral, the whole exterior of which is seen to the greatest advantage from the summit of the Giralda; on the other, the church of the Sagrario, an appendage to the Metropolitan, or Iglesia Mayor, as the Cathedral is termed by the Spaniards. A considerable extent of country is visible from this elevation, but of a flat uninteresting description, here and there diversified with olive-grounds and orange-groves, and watered by the broad and winding Guadalquivir, rolling its turbid course onwards towards the ocean. A vapoury line on the horizon points out the distant mountains of Ronda.

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The Alcazar, the old palace of the Moorish kings of Seville, has been a delightful surprise to me,—and that is saying much after having seen the Alhambra, which I thought had left me a bankrupt in admiration; but the truth is, that I had heard little or nothing about the Alcazar, and was therefore in no degree prepared for the gratification that awaited me. Some parts of it equal the Alhambra in beauty of design and exquisite delicacy of finish; but, as a whole, it is far inferior: and its position in the centre of the town upon level ground, and surrounded with comparatively confined gardens, takes from it that commanding character of regal grandeur which is so peculiarly the attribute of the matchless Alhambra, seated upon its throne-like mountain and overlooking the fair city that crouches like a subject at its feet. The Alcazar, however, possesses that which the Alhambra has not — a magnificent façade in the best style of Moorish architecture, adorned with arabesques and surmounted by a gallery of exquisite lightness.

The interior of the Moorish part of the palace so much resembles the style of architecture and decoration prevalent in the Alhambra, that to describe it would be merely to repeat what I

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have already written on that subject; but, as Seville fell into the hands of the Christians two hundred and fifty years before Granada shared the same fate, and as several of the Spanish monarchs made the Alcazar their place of residence, it has undergone many more modifications at the hands of its Christian possessors than the Alhambra has; and many parts of it are additions built entirely by the Spaniards, and forming a glaring contrast to the unrivalled elegance, the airy and luxurious style of building, that characterises the Arabian portions of the structure.

The Alcazar of Seville was constructed by the Moorish king Abdulaziz, son of Murza, near the close of the twelfth century. It was conceded to St. Ferdinand king of Castile in 1248, together with all the castles and fortresses outside of the city; and during several successive reigns it underwent many alterations and additions, according to the wants and tastes of its Christian possessors, until, in 1353, Pedro the Cruel undertook to make considerable repairs in the Moorish palace, and caused several new buildings to be added to it; after which, he chose it for his residence, and passed there a part of every year of his turbulent and sangui-

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nary reign. This work of construction lasted a considerable time, and was only terminated in 1402, according to the inscription in Gothic letters which is to be seen over the balcony of the principal façade, as follows:

"El muy alto, e muy noble, e muy poderoso, e muy conquistador Don Pedro, por la gracia de Dios Rei de Castilla e de Leon, mando facer estos Alcazares, e estos Palacios, e estas portadas, que fue fecho en la era de mil e cuatrocientos e dos."

It is supposed that he employed Moorish workmen in the additions he built to the Alcazar, and it is therefore possible that the façade was constructed by his order; as the Arabian taste does not lead to the outer adornment of their palaces, and the Alhambra, that miracle of Moorish architecture, is supposed never to have possessed any. The finest room in the Alcazar is the Sala de los Embajadores, or Hall of the Ambassadors; it is thirty-five feet square and sixty-six in height, measuring to the top of the cupola, which is of dark wood in curious panel-work, bearing traces of the vivid colouring and gilding with which it was originally enriched, and altogether very much resembling the dome of the Hall of Comares in the Arabian

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palace at Granada. On each side of the Hall is a small balcony looking into the apartments, and raised about midway between the floor and the ceiling of the cupola: the walls, at the same height from the ground, are surrounded by a broad band painted and gilt in the Gothic style, and containing a series of portraits of Spanish sovereigns and warriors, which has never been terminated. This addition, made by the Christian occupiers of the palace, is a complete blot upon the Oriental character of this beautiful apartment. On the exterior part of the principal entrance to it is, in Arabic characters, the following inscription, which was translated into Spanish by Sidi Achmet Elegacel, ambassador from the Emperor of Morocco to Charles the Third:

"Jalubi fue el architecto de mi obra i maestro mayor. Fue venido de Toledo con los demas maestros Toledanos a mi palacio i maestranza de Sevilla. Yo el Rei Nazar por la gracia de Dios."

The arabesques with which the walls of the Hall of the Ambassadors are adorned are of the most extraordinary beauty both in design and colouring, and are still in wonderful preservation; as are the curious old Moorish doors and

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window-shutters of dark wood, inlaid with the utmost ingenuity without nail or cement, which are still affixed to the great arch of entrance, and the casements that look into the principal court. This patio is very elegant, being paved with marble, and surrounded by a double tier of arcades of singular lightness and grace, the arches of which are beautifully indented and supported by slender white marble columns in pairs. Several halls and chambers open from the galleries of this patio, but they have for the most part been allowed to fall into decay; while other apartments in the palace have undergone such repeated repairs that the brightness of the freshly painted and gilt ceilings quite jars with the more subdued colouring of the arabesques on the walls; and others again bear no trace whatever of Moorish origin. When the emperor Charles the Fifth was married in Seville to Doña Isabel of Portugal, he ordered the Alcazar to be repaired and fitted up; and, to the great detriment of its Moorish character, caused his architect, Louis de Vega, to construct the whole of the upper corridors and the chambers adjacent to them, which are wholly out of keeping with the original building. The gardens which these corridors overlook also bear evidence of the Spanish taste,

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for they are filled with myrtles and other shrubs clipped formally into a variety of shapes, and are very different from the clustering groves in which the Moors delighted: but beyond this sample of Spanish formality are enclosures that again recall the voluptuous and elegant taste of its Moslem possessors, where orange, citron, and pomegranate trees flourish in all the unpruned luxuriance of nature, literally embalming the atmosphere with their odours; and fountains cast their silver jets into the air, and light kiosks invite to a dreamy repose.

These voluptuous halls and courts, these embowering gardens and refreshing fountains, so deliciously adapted to the burning climate of Andalusia, were successively chosen as the favoured retreat of two Christian beauties, who, although not wedded to the monarchs whose affections they had subjugated, held their court as royally in the Moorish palace of Seville as though the crowns of Castile and Leon had graced their brows. The first of these was Doña Eleanor de Guzman, the mistress of Alonzo the Eleventh; the second, Maria de Padilla, the beautiful favourite of Pedro the Cruel, the son and successor of Alonzo. What brilliant pageants graced those luxurious apartments!

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What glad strains of music floated voluptuously through those fretted domes! And, alas! what deeds of bloodshed cast their damning stain upon those marble pavements! how did those fairy-like walls echo to the shrieks and groans of the murdered! Eleanor de Guzman was assassinated by order of the execrable Pedro, whose sanguinary propensities spared neither friend nor foe, kith nor kin; Maria de Padilla's empire over Pedro was so complete, that it exempted her from the common fate that awaited all who ever placed their dependence upon that monster in human form, and she died without violence in the scene of her triumphs. Eleanor de Guzman was not the only one among Don Pedro's victims whose blood stained the regal halls of the Alcazar. His brother, Don Fadrique, Master of Santiago, was murdered by him in the Sala de los Embajadores; and Mahomet Alhamar, king of Granada, who had come to Seville in the noblest spirit of confidence to choose Pedro as arbitrator between himself and his cousin, Mahomet Farady (a claimant with himself of the throne of Granada), fell by the treacherous hand that had just been extended to him in hospitality. The revolting baseness that characterized this murder was peculiarly indicative of the disposi-

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tion of Pedro, whose cunning equalled his ferocity. After having received the Moorish king in the Alcazar with all the honours due to his rank, and entertained him and his suite at supper with every semblance of amity, Pedro caused him to be conducted from the banquetting-hall to a dungeon, from whence he was only released to be led through the streets of Seville, half-naked and mounted upon an ass, exposed to the derision of the multitude; and finally, having been compelled to witness the execution of thirty-seven persons of his suite, the unfortunate monarch was pierced to the heart by the hand of his royal host, and expired at his feet, exclaiming, "Oh Pedro, Pedro, what an exploit is this for a Christian knight!"

* * * * *

Seville, the birth-place of the greatest artist that Spain ever produced, still boasts of possessing a few of his chefs d'œuvre; and although the Murillo collection of pictures is very small (not exceeding twenty in number), yet every one of them is a gem well worthy of twenty years' study. They have been collected from the wreck of the different monasteries of Seville, and are now, by order of government, being classed and arranged in the ci-devant Dominican

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convent of Merced (Grace), which has been converted into a museum for that purpose. Among them is the celebrated Madonna, known by the name of La Virgen de la Servilleta, (the Virgin of the Napkin,) a very small picture, which was painted by Murillo expressly for the Dominican Fathers of Merced. One day that he had dined at the convent, the monks, after the repast was over, urged him to paint something for them before he quitted them: Murillo excused himself upon the plea of having no proper materials at hand; but upon being repeatedly pressed to give them any sketch, however trifling, he took up the napkin he had used at dinner, spread it out like a canvass, and traced upon it the outline of the Virgin's head in so masterly a manner, that, pleased with the beginning thus hastily made, he carefully finished it in his best style, and presented the picture to the convent, where it was ever after designated by the title of the Servilleta, in commemoration of the novel materials upon which it was painted.

There are two splendid pictures of St. Francis in this collection; also one of those full-length representations of the Virgin standing upon the horns of the moon, while garlands of cherubim repose upon the clouds beneath her feet, which

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was one of Murillo's peculiar fancies, and in which I think he always succeeded better than in his representations of the Virgin and Child; for in these latter I have generally observed that his Madonnas were wanting in dignity as well as beauty, whereas in the former they are full of majesty and sweetness, sublime in their conception, with eyes whose serene and holy expression is tempered with a tender sadness that tells of the sorrows of humanity having passed there—of the earthly struggles of the mortal mother having left a lingering trace even amidst the divine joys of the mother of God. The Madonna in question is exquisite, and quite equals the celebrated one of the same description in the collection of Marshal Soult at Paris. There is also a picture of the two female saints of Seville, who were canonized for miraculously supporting the Giralda in their arms during a violent earthquake, and preventing it from toppling to the ground. This feat is represented with all the beauty of Murillo's pencil; but even that beauty is insufficient to bestow a redeeming grace upon so absurd a subject. All of these pictures represent religious subjects, not taken from the Bible, but from the Lives of the Fathers of the Church, and of course have reference to the patron saints

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of the different convents from which they were collected.

We found several painters employed in the Museum, making copies of these master-pieces for sale: some of them really evinced considerable talent in their work; and all of them, as far as enthusiasm for the great master of the Sevillian school goes, shewed themselves to be penetrated with the *feu sacré*, without which no artist can succeed, be his profession what it may. None of Murillo's earlier productions are in this collection; nor have I seen in Seville one of those characteristic representations of beggar-boys or gipsy-girls that engrossed all the first efforts of his pencil, and which he ultimately abandoned for more exalting subjects. But, surely, no master ever painted tatters, filth, and misery with the same happy effect: he revelled in the delineation of a ragged jacket as much as Vandyke did in that of a satin robe, and poetized the scrubbed heads of his dirty urchins as truly as ever that courtly painter did the love-locks of his noble cavaliers. The steps of the Cathedral of Seville daily swarm with troops of the same description of beggars, in the self-same dress, and employed in precisely the same interesting manner, as those that Murillo has im-

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mortalized upon canvass; and I never throw a mite to these sturdy and clamorous mendicants without gathering my dress closely round me and quickening my pace as I pass on, lest, in the excess of their importunity, or their gratitude, they should bestow upon me something less acceptable than their blessing.

In the church belonging to the Hospital of La Caridad (Charity) are four or five other fine Murillos, among which the most remarkable are his San Juan de Dios (the patron saint of hospitals in Spain), carrying a sick mendicant upon his shoulders across a stream; a magnificent picture, the style of colouring of which is precisely similar to the San Antonio of the Cathedral: Moses striking the Rock, and Christ feeding the Multitude: the two last please me less than the San Juan, which is full of beautiful expression, and justly considered one of Murillo's best productions. There is also a Saint Isabel; and two large vacant places appear to mourn in blank dismay for the two chefs d'œuvre that have been removed from them to the gallery of the Duke of Sutherland. We had been led to understand that the English vice-consul, Mr. Williams, possessed a valuable collection of pictures, among which were many precious Murillos; but I have

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found upon inquiry that they are no longer to be seen as heretofore, and the reason assigned is, that he has disposed of them—whether in this country, or to English purchasers, was not explained.

There are other *lions de rigueur*, in the shape of churches, ci-devant convents, &c. &c., which the merciless cicerones of Seville *will* force upon the attention of travellers, notwithstanding the suffocating heat and the atrocious pavement that must be encountered for their attainment; and which are, after all, of little interest when seen. Among these is the Lonja, or Exchange, which one is seduced to visit by being told that it contains all the ancient archives of the discovery of America and the history of the Indies, and much valuable information relating to the first voyages to those then unknown regions, which were chiefly organized at Seville and San Lucar (in those days the great ports and commercial marts of Spain); but, when one is shewn into the vast apartment where those archives are deposited, nothing is to be seen but innumerable packages of paper carefully tied up and numbered, and placed upon bookshelves under lock and key, without a word of reference or explanation, and of course with no possibility

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of inspecting them. These, together with a bad portrait of Christopher Columbus, (how unlike the speaking one, by Parmegiano, in the Museo Borbonico at Naples!) one of Fernando Cortez, and a third, of Ferdinand VII., comprise all that is to be seen in the Lonja. The structure itself is spacious, but inelegant; the most remarkable part of it being the staircase, which is of admirable dimensions, and adorned with fine marbles. The Exchange of Seville is a monument of Philip II.'s reign, having been built by command of that sovereign in order to abolish the profane custom that existed up to his time of transacting all commercial and pecuniary concerns in the Cathedral, just as among the ancient Jewish nation the money-changers carried on their transactions in the Temple.

The government manufactory of tobacco is another of the boasted curiosities of Seville, and is certainly an interesting exhibition; for, independent of the whole process of snuff and cigar making being submitted to one's inspection, from the tobacco-leaf in its natural state until it is fit to be committed to the nose, there is the extraordinary spectacle of 3,600 women assembled in a vast *atelier*, and employed in making cigars, which they manufacture with surprising

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celerity, while their tongues keep pace with their hands, for never did I encounter such a deafening tumult of human voices as on approaching that densely thronged workshop. These women are all disciplined *militairement* (with the exception of their clamour, which is amenable to no sort of discipline), and they have *chefs de division, généraux en chef*, &c. &c., just like regular troops. They, however, occasionally revolt; and, within a few weeks of my arrival here, there was so serious an outbreak among them that their own people in authority were insufficient to bring them back to order, and the military were obliged to be called in, when, after an effort at resistance, the mutiny was effectually suppressed, and the fair viragos brought to their senses at the point of the bayonet. Fair, however, they are not, or even pretty; and, judging from this large sample of the softer sex, I should pronounce the women of Seville to be decidedly an ugly race: but I am assured that they are beautiful; and, although I have, as yet, seen less beauty here than elsewhere in Spain, I will not rashly gainsay the general voice, but suspend judgment, and hold myself open to conviction.

The public promenades of Seville are much less frequented than those of Cadiz; the more

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intense heat of the climate here rendering walking a toil instead of a pleasure. Indeed, at this season of the year, the Sevillanos rarely think of leaving their houses until night-fall; and then they repair to the Plaza del Duque, a small square in the centre of the town, planted with trees and accommodated with stalls for the aguadores, or venders of water, which are prettily lighted with paper lanterns, and altogether very much resemble those of the venders of *acqua gelata* on the mole at Naples, with their festoons of oranges and lemons, and their heaps of sliced water-melons piled up in ice. There are *Neverias*, or ice-shops, in the Plaza del Duque,—a necessary refreshment in this burning clime: but confectionary is as ill-understood in Spain as cooking; and I can only compare the ices I have tasted at Granada, Cadiz, and Seville, to a mixture of snow and mud stirred up with a little brown sugar. It is the custom to remain in the Plaza del Duque until very late at night, either lounging upon the stone benches or strolling up and down the centre walk; for here, as at Venice, night seems to be the season for waking, and in the day-time the city appears to be buried in sleep,—all the jalousies closed, the blinds pulled down, and the streets deserted

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even by the lowest classes: those that contain the best shops are covered in, like the Zacatin at Granada, with canvass awnings; and are so narrow, winding, and crookedly paved, that I could not endure the jolting of the calesa through them, and preferred going on foot when I had any shopping to do.

Apropos to shopping here: the tradespeople of Seville appear to have no idea of conscience in their dealings with foreigners, and always make a point of asking them rather more than double the usual price of the commodity they are seeking for; they will, however, come down to more reasonable terms if the imposition be firmly resisted, as I found to be invariably the case whenever I had a purchase to make. For instance, I went to order a mantilla at the best shop in Seville for that article of dress, and, having selected the materials of which it was to be composed, I inquired how much it would cost: the man named fifty douros as the price; but the person who accompanied me, and who was perfectly conversant in such matters, having whispered to me that the shopman had demanded exactly double the real price of the mantilla, I declined ordering it upon those terms. The mercer then inquired how much I would give,

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and I named twenty-five douros; whereupon he looked full of honest indignation, and declared it to be quite impossible that I could be serious, and equally impossible that he should accept my terms. But I was so serious that I walked stoutly out of the shop: the man followed me into the street, and stipulated for forty douros.—"No!" Then thirty-five.—"No!" Where did I live?—I told him at Prescott's. He was sure I would agree to give him thirty-five.—I was equally sure that I would not. How much would I give?—"Twenty-five douros."—"Impossible!" was his last word, as he turned into his shop. Nevertheless the identical mantilla was brought to me at five in the afternoon, with the bill pinned upon it,—price, twenty-five douros! The same proceedings took place in the purchase of fans; and even one day when I was attracted into the famous shop where the Toreros' beautiful dresses are made, (Seville is so celebrated for the superiority of those costumes that those worn by the bull-fighters at Madrid are always made here,) and inquired the price of a splendid blue velvet jacket then under the embroiderer's hand, a sum equivalent to eighty pounds sterling was named for the whole dress, while our cicerone assured

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me that *fifty* was the real price, and all that would be paid for it when finished.

There are three Alamedas at Seville, besides the Plaza del Duque, each of them superior to this latter, yet completely neglected, while fashion causes the least agreeable of the four to be nightly thronged with company. On Sundays, however, the Old Alameda, and those of *Las Delicias* and the *Paseo de Christina*, are resorted to previous to the hour of meeting in the Plaza del Duque. The Old Alameda and the Delicias are situated upon the banks of the Guadalquivir, outside of the town, and near to the antique Roman Tower where we disembarked on arriving from Cadiz: they are both planted with umbrageous trees; and the Delicias well deserves its name, for it is a delightful shady retreat, divided into many avenues and adorned with a profusion of flowers, and the most beautiful orange, citron, and pomegranate trees I ever saw—the latter as large as apple-trees. The Christina, however, which is merely a very broad paved terrace placed between two shrubberies of oleanders, geraniums, jasmines, and other odoriferous plants, and bordered with stone benches, is preferred to either of the two former promenades; but still all three yield to

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the Duque, which I imagine owes the favour it enjoys to its proximity to the Theatre and the Neverias, and to the little fatigue and exertion that are incurred in frequenting it,—a great consideration in such an overwhelming climate as this.

The Theatre of Seville is not at all superior to that of Cadiz, and offers no inducement to visit it in this melting season. That, and the Plaza de Toros (which is here very fine), constitute the public amusements of the place; the meetings on the alamedas and tertulias, its private recreations. The Spanish society at Seville is said to be very good, and one or two Englishmen, I am told, have settled themselves here; yet I can imagine nothing more intolerable to English ideas than the monotonous and *routinier* existence here led, combining all the dulness of country-life without its sports, and all the confinement of town-life without its luxuries and resources. I have not seen a private equipage in Seville, and scarcely any horsemen of the upper classes: rural pleasures are unknown; indeed, no such thing as country-houses are to be seen in Spain, not even in the immediate vicinity of large towns (which gives an indescribably dreary aspect to the whole face of the

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land); and, upon my one day inquiring the reason, I was answered that the state of the country, and the disregard of all laws, are such that there is no safety for dwellers in lone houses, and that, therefore, chateaux and villas do not enter into Spanish ideas of enjoyment.

It can scarcely be wondered at that so much hardness, savageness, and cruelty should enter into the national character, where none of those softening influences which cast a charm over the social relations in other countries, none of the purifying results of rural occupations, which are so healthful to the mind as well as to the body, are here known. The elegant pursuits which the leisure of country-life in England permits our women to cultivate—the study of that first and noblest of all books, the book of Nature, which it opens to their view and comprehension, from the first bright chapter which the starry heavens eloquently unfold, to the last vignette represented by the lowly field-flower—the humbler occupations afforded by the aviary, the flower-garden, the dairy, the poultry-yard—the more ennobling ones of ameliorating the condition of the ignorant and needy, of founding village schools and endowing village almshouses—the charities which bind tenant to landlord, and sur-

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round the country-gentleman in England with humble friends, are all unknown in this country. Shut up in towns, neglected in education beyond that of frivolous accomplishments, which do not tend to the cultivation of the mind, but merely serve as auxiliaries to the blandishments of the person, endued with powerful energies and violent passions, (fearful adjuncts where education has not inculcated any strong directing principle of action,) the men of this country rush upon politics as an absorbing pursuit—the women give themselves up to coquetry and gallantry. The influence which women everywhere exercise upon society is indisputable: it takes its tone from the tone of their minds; their moral superiority, or debasement, is the thermometer which causes it to rise or fall—their cultivation and refinements are the moulds which determine its form. What, then, must be the state of society in a country where the *serious occupation* of woman's life is a demoralising frivolity, and her favourite *recreation* a revolting barbarity? When lovely lips applaud, and bright eyes sparkle over the prolonged tortures and dying struggles of noble, inoffensive animals, is it not holding out a premium to bloodshed and cruelty upon a large scale? As long as women crowd to the bull-ring,

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and sanction by their presence the horrors there enacted, the prevailing tone of the public mind in this country must be sanguinary and inhuman. Hence the terrible frequency of assassination, and the indifference with which human blood, as well as that of animals, is poured forth; hence the atrocities that mark every episode of the political struggles of this unhappy land.

Among the many reforms so loudly called for in Spain, that which has reference to the moral education of its women ought not to be overlooked, for its purifying influence would undoubtedly extend to the male part of the community. I cannot but think that the suppression of bull-fights, or, at all events, the exclusion of women from them, would be a great step towards effecting such a reform: let the gates of the bloody amphitheatre be closed against them, give them gentler occupations, more exalting pursuits, and more blameless recreations, and the men will in process of time blush to be engrossed by that which the women discountenance and disapprove. But how is such a desirable object to be effected among a people who do not appear to comprehend that what they most delight in is stamped with barbarity? Discourse with whom you will upon bull-fighting in this country, and you will

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never extract a disapproving observation from man, woman, or child as to its actual cruelty or its demoralizing tendency. The other day, I was talking with an old lady here, who evinced such genuine feeling and general benevolence of heart in the sentiments she was uttering, both with respect to the human and the brute creation, that I made sure I had at last found somebody who would agree with me in my horror of the bull-ring. "I am certain," I hastened to say, "that you never go to the amphitheatre, and that you cannot bear to witness a Corrida." "Siempre, siempre!" she answered with the greatest animation, "mi gusto muy los Toros!" And her eyes actually danced in her head with delight as she went on to expatiate upon all the exciting parts of the sport, and finished by declaring that it was the only amusement she now cared for or frequented, and that she never missed a Corrida during the season. Contrasting this avowal with the tenor of her previous sentiments, I comprehended, that, in this country, notions of humanity do not extend to the brute creation, and that a person may lay claim to great sensibility and tenderness of character even while professing to delight in the wholesale slaughter of the arena. I, however, can never

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separate cruelty to animals from an utter and pervading hardness of heart towards all that lives; and I should as much distrust the kindly feeling of a woman, who can look on unconcerned while every species of torture is wantonly inflicted upon the noblest animals in the creation, as I should distrust the sensibilities of a butcher, whose familiarity with scenes of bloodshed and suffering must necessarily brutalize his character, and blunt his feelings to the physical sufferings of everything that breathes.

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GIBRALTAR.

Seville after midnight.—Return to Cadiz by the Guadalquivir. —Mock Bull-fight. — Sea-sickness *versus* Tauromachia. — Monotony of Life at Cadiz. — The Evil Eye. — Casa de Baños. — Spanish servants. — Consular fees. — Spanish steamer. — Climate of Gibraltar. — Nadir Achmet Bey. — Public Libraries at Gibraltar. — Amusements of the place. — Mr. Messiah.

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GIBRALTAR.

" Through Calpe's straits survey the steepy shore ;
Europe and Africa on each other gaze !
Lands of the dark-eyed maid, and dusky Moor,
Alike behold beneath pale Hecate's blaze.
How softly on the Spanish shore she plays,
Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown,
Distinct, though darkening with her waving phase !
But Mauritania's giant-shadows frown,
From mountain cliff to coast descending sombre down."
Childe Harold.

I HAD indulged in the hope of visiting Cordova and the remains of its famous mosque—that most interesting relic of Moorish splendour; but the daily increasing heat of the season (from which I suffered so much during my stay in Seville as to have completely lost the faculty of sleeping), added to the experience we have already had of the miseries of inland travelling in this country, where, as some French author has aptly enough remarked, " ils ont de superbes églises, et de mauvais chemins; des légions de prêtres, et pas un cuisinier; un excellent terri-

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toire, et une mauvaise culture; beaucoup de théatres, et pas une bonne pièce," were sufficient to decide me upon relinquishing Cordova; as I felt that I could not, with impunity, undertake the journey thither by either of the only two conveyances open to travellers on that road — the diligence, or riding on mules. So, after mature deliberation, I sacrificed curiosity to prudence; and, turning my back upon the wonders of the far-famed mosque, which has been Christianized into a cathedral, set out upon my return to Cadiz.

The steamer in which we were to be conveyed thither departed from Seville at three in the morning; so that, in our walk to the place of embarkation, we had an opportunity of judging of the aspect of the city during those silent hours when its inhabitants are buried in deep repose, and none but robbers and lovers are supposed to be awake and on the alert. But, in our passage through the quiet streets, we encountered no person that could be mistaken for either of those descriptions of nocturnal prowlers — no living figure met our eyes, except a solitary *sereno*, or watchman, with his lantern and staff; nor did any sound fall upon our ears, save his voice calling the hour, and the echo of our own footsteps

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stumbling over the crooked stones. In vain I looked for a ladder of ropes suspended from some upper balcony; or a figure muffled in a long capa and a large sombrero, whispering through the iron-bars of a ground-floor casement; or some tender serenader stealing home with his guitar under his arm, after having entranced his *enamorada* with a melting romancero;—but nothing of the sort could I descry: either the hour was too advanced for such romantic proceedings, and that lovers, like ghosts, disappear when they "snuff the morning air;" or Seville is more dully decorous than it has obtained credit for being.

As nothing proceeds regularly in this country, we did not, of course, begin to move from the quay until long after the time specified for our departure; and it was nine o'clock before we arrived off San Lucar, where we took in a boatful of young Majos: and, as we had emerged from the smooth waters of the Guadalquivir into the bay, it soon became evident that the breeze was rather stiff, and that we should encounter some tossing about during the two hours of sea-navigation that remained to be accomplished ere we could reach Cadiz.

The young men who had come on board at San Lucar were as dandy as the dandy Andalu-

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sian dress could render them, and so mad with spirits that nothing could satisfy them but enacting a mock bull-fight on the deck of the steamer. Their arrangements were speedily made: three of them gravely seated themselves near the steersman as representatives of the presidency; four or five others, drawing out their pocket-handkerchiefs, flung them over their arms, like the cloaks of the chulos; there was then a cry for caballos and picadores, when three of the most resolute immediately offered their shoulders, and were mounted forthwith by three of their companions, who carried their long peeled wands (the inseparable accompaniment of the Majo costume) precisely in the position that the picadores bear their pikes: he who was to represent the matador wrapped his silk handkerchief round a cane, just as Montes arranged his scarlet cloak and sword, and then, stepping up to the president, he made his speech, received the customary permission to commence the fight, and dashed his hat to the ground, according to the established etiquette of the arena. One of the by-standers then blew the trumpet through his closed hand; and, with his head down, and roaring manfully, in rushed the maddest and merriest of the whole set—he who was to enact the bull.

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The mingled fun and science with which this parody was for a while sustained rendered it most diverting; each performer was perfect in his part, and all went through it in a manner that shewed how inherent is the passion for bull-fighting in the natives of Andalusia. Picadores were unsaddled, and *horses slain to the very life!* Never did I laugh more heartily than during this representation, nor did I believe it possible that anything bearing the name of a Corrida de Toros could have afforded me such unqualified amusement. But at last the increasing rolling of the vessel, and the unwonted exercise in which they were indulging, produced a visible effect upon the joyous band. Their shouts of "A me, Toro!"—"Caballos! caballos!"—"Valiente Toro!" gradually became less frequent and more piano, their steps grew slack and staggering, their laughing faces lengthened and sobered into most pallid hues! First, the horses gave in, and with their riders were literally floored; then the chulos stole away one by one with ominous-looking countenances; and Montes, instead of stabbing the bull, was obliged to make a rush for the side of the vessel, leaving the Toro undisputed master of the field. For a moment or two this latter appeared dis-

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posed to brave the contagion of the scene, and ran to and fro bellowing "alone in his glory;" but an unlucky lurch of the vessel speedily reduced him to the level of the other sufferers. His countenance grew not only ghastly, but green: he staggered towards the spot where all his companions were stretched like corpses upon their backs, each one holding a lemon to his nose; but, unable to reach it, was fain to throw himself down close to the nearest bench, against which he leaned his swimming head, closing his eyes in utter helplessness.

"What!" exclaimed a gentleman who stood near, "is the valiant Toro at last *hors de combat?*"

The youth opened his lips to reply; but whatever he intended to have said resolved itself into what the Old Man of the Brunnens has humorously designated as "one of those heavy matter-of-fact ejaculations which are addressed to fishes rather than to men." This time, however, owing to the position of the questioned, the *réplique* fell to the ground; and the steward, who was at that moment passing by, treated it precisely in the manner that my Uncle Toby recommended should be observed towards the precocious efforts of infant geniuses—he "wiped it up, and said nothing about it."

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Cadiz looked, if possible, more brilliant, more symmetrical, and more attractive on my return to it from Seville than it had appeared to me even on my first arrival. The force of contrast with the latter place had given additional *éclat* to all its external advantages; but there my praise must end, for not a whit more interesting did I find it than before. One tires of white houses, and green balconies, and straight streets *à la longue*, as one tires of the eternal simper on a beautiful unmeaning face; and, when one finds that the fair exterior is all that there is to charm, one turns eagerly to some more homely object,—human being or town, no matter which,—wherewith to satisfy the cravings of the mind. A very few days' séjour during my second stay in Cadiz was more than sufficient to satisfy me.

Some few remains of the Moslem superstitions are still evident in this country; among others, a belief in the Evil Eye (which pervades all Eastern nations), and a confidence in the efficacy of certain talismans to avert its destructive influence. Both at Cadiz and Seville I noticed in the balconies of many of the houses a withered palm-branch interwoven among the iron railings, and even in the ca-

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thedrals similar unseemly decorations were plentiful; and, upon inquiring the meaning of this custom, I was informed that the palm-leaves had been blessed, and were considered an infallible preservative against the dangers of the *Mal de Ojos*, or Evil Eye.

It is much to be wished that other Mahometan customs had been handed down and kept in observance by the Christian possessors of the land, and that the cleanliness and frequent ablutions which form a part of the religion of Mussulmans had found favour in the judgment of Spaniards. In a climate so burning as that of Andalusia, warm-baths are not only a luxury, but a necessity, which one would imagine would be deemed by all classes of people indispensable to their health as well as their comfort. Yet in Cadiz and Seville, the two wealthiest and most considerable cities in that important province, the *Casas de Baños* open to the public are of so inferior and ill-organized a description, that the most insignificant little country-town in France would be ashamed of such want of accommodation in such a particular; and it is very evident that the bathing system is not patronized by the natives themselves. Indeed, I found myself to be the only customer at the establishment; and

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the whole service was so negligently performed, that I was forced to conclude that want of practice had caused the attendants to forget the duties of their office. Attendance, however, in *any* particular, (as understood in other parts of the world,) is unknown in Spain. Arrive at an inn, and you will find the servants lounging about the door; but no offer whatever of assistance will be volunteered by them, and they will stand by quiescently and see you help yourself to whatever you want, as though they were there merely to look on. Desire them to do your bidding, and they will indeed obey you, but without alacrity, and in what time best suits themselves,— perhaps when you have asked for the same thing three or four times. Even when you make them a present, they evince no gratitude; there is no kissing of hands, as observed by the servants of Italy and Germany towards their superiors; — none of the lively *prévenance* and ready attention which a natural desire to please instils into French servants;—still less is there any of the respectful and distant civility which marks the demeanour of English domestics to their employers. Spanish servants have apparently no idea of the distance that separates them from their masters, for they are familiar

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in manner and negligent in service towards them. Yet this does not proceed from any insolent calculation of seeing how far they may proceed in the levelling system, but from a certain independence of spirit which is the characteristic trait of the whole nation.

* * * * *

Before taking leave of Cadiz, I feel that I am only doing justice to myself as a British subject, and to my countrymen and countrywomen who may visit Spain, to protest against a taxation to which they are subjected in order to procure the consular signature to their passports, as a necessary preliminary to having them signed by the local authorities, who of course exact their own fees independent of those of which I alone complain — namely, those paid by British subjects to the British consul. I distinctly state, that in making these observations I intend nothing disrespectful to Mr. Brackenbury, her Majesty's consul at Cadiz, who I unfeignedly believe deserves the reputation he universally enjoys of being one of the most upright and honourable men, as well as polite and hospitable gentlemen, that ever was entrusted with his country's interests. I merely raise my voice against the system under which he is empowered

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to act, either by authority from his government, or a prescriptive abuse which often is construed into a vested right, and which I am persuaded must appear as irrational and discreditable to Mr. Brackenbury as to every one who gives it a moment's consideration.

On leaving Cadiz for Seville, we were, as a matter of course, obliged to have our passports *visés* by the police, which entails, as in almost every country on the Continent, an official fee. Here it is a moderate one, about two shillings; but before obtaining this *visa* we were informed that it would be necessary to have our passports signed by the British consul, and that the fee to him for so doing was a dollar and a half on each passport (about seven shillings), more than three times the amount of that which was to be paid to the local authorities. We of course submitted to this exaction; but upon our return to Cadiz from Seville within a fortnight, and wishing to embark for Gibraltar, we were told that the same formalities were to be fulfilled, and the same fees to be paid upon them, as on the former occasion. One of our party, reluctant to believe that such an irrational and oppressive contribution could be levied except by a fraud of the underlings of the hotel (who un-

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dertake to have passports prepared for travellers), waited upon Mr. Brackenbury, who most uncompromisingly confirmed the monstrous pretension; and, upon being pressed, admitted the extreme case (the only way of trying a principle), that if it were possible for an English traveller to leave the port of Cadiz three hundred and sixty-five times in the year, and return to it, he could not do so without paying the British consul a dollar and a half on each occasion, unless he chose to place himself in an illegal position, which would render him liable to detention at the moment of his departure.

Of course, remonstrance was out of the question. The proprietor of our hotel, to console us for what we considered a hardship, assured us that an English gentleman had a short time previously paid the fee in question three times in one week; viz. on his departure for Seville, from which he returned on the following day and embarked for Gibraltar, where he remained two days, then returned to Cadiz and re-embarked immediately for Lisbon. On each of these embarkations was the consular seal and signature imposed (in every sense of the word!) upon his passport, subject to the fee of a dollar and a half.

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That such a preposterous and senseless abuse has not been long since grappled with and exploded, became intelligible from a dialogue that took place at the table-d'hôte where we were dining on the day of this occurrence. One English gentleman, who was smarting under the infliction, was holding forth most vehemently and eloquently as to his intentions when he should return to England—Our ambassador at Madrid should be written to about it!—The Foreign Office and Parliament should be appealed to! &c. &c. &c.; when in the midst of his declarations of "I 'll do this," and "I 'll do that," he was interrupted by a little dried-up chip of an old Englishman (who has been a resident at Cadiz for the last thirty years) saying, "No, you will not do anything you say, although I am sure you now intend it; for you are not the hundredth Englishman I have seen in the same passion, and heard utter the same threats: but like all persons of your class, to whom money is no object, and to whom ease and amusement are everything, when the irritation of the moment is over, you will forget the annoyance, and shrink from the trouble which any one of those demonstrations you speak of would entail.—'What is everybody's business is nobody's bu-

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siness,'—and thus imperceptibly what every one complains of, every one submits to."

Is not this a most discreditable privilege? The duties of consuls are very important, and they should be remunerated in a manner suitable to the dignity of their situation, not only by the salaries they receive from their government, but by fees proportioned to the nature of the important services they have to render to their countrymen in their commercial intercourse with the country to which they are accredited. Let them also have suitable fees upon the magisterial and notarial duties that devolve upon them; but let not England shackle with an onerous expense the first and dearest right of an Englishman—that of his going where and when he likes upon his legitimate pursuits and occupations. And I ask, can there be the shadow of a reason assigned for the imposition of the tax in question beyond the expenditure of ink and sealing-wax employed on the occasion, and which might certainly be provided for in the munificence of the British government in support of its dearest rights?

I have no hesitation in saying that I think the principle applies to the smallest fee; but it becomes a glaring grievance when it exceeds in threefold proportion that which is levied by

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the country where we are only admitted on sufferance, and to whose regulations we are bound to submit, let them be ever so exorbitant. "Save me from my friends!" may, alas! with too much truth be applicable here: in other words, "English travellers, direct your peregrinations to those places where there is not the mockery of English protection held out to you by the shewy display of the Lion and the Unicorn supporting the Royal Arms of England, surmounted by the euphonious inscription of *Consulado Brittanico.**

Of all places best calculated for a night's vigil, commend me to a Spanish steamer! I would defy the most inveterate sleeper — even Boz's "fat boy" — to settle himself to repose in the dark hole dignified with the name of a cabin which forms the retiring chamber of those ill-organized locomotives. An atmosphere of which garlic, oil, and tobacco form the least offensive particles, a temperature approaching

* As a proof of how inevitably all irrational institutions defeat themselves, I found, upon embarking for Gibraltar, that a large party of English on board the steamer had run the risk of leaving Cadiz without sending their passports to the British Consulate, rather than submit to the taxation above alluded to, and were suffered to depart without let or hindrance!

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to that of the black hole of Calcutta, and a population of those specimens of "animated nature," which both skip and crawl, and infest every sofa and cushion upon which the unsuspecting voyager may stretch his weary limbs to court a moment's rest, are each one sufficient in themselves most effectually to banish slumber. At least, so I found it in my own particular case the night that I was condemned to pass in the "Andaluz" steamer, in which I had taken my passage from Cadiz to Gibraltar. We embarked after sunset; and one glance at the purgatory below (from which a human steam was ascending sufficiently powerful in itself to propel the vessel) decided me upon passing the night upon deck, albeit the heavy dews in these latitudes render such an experiment not only comfortless, but dangerous. Some other English passengers, who, like myself, preferred the single evil of being soaked through to the double one of being smothered and devoured, followed my example, and a *conversazione* was held upon deck which helped to lighten the weary hours of darkness. Towards dawn, however, everybody began to nod, and silence slowly crept upon the assembly: the gentlemen rolled themselves in their cloaks, and fearlessly measured their

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length upon the hard deck; the ladies crept to the shelter of a pile of trunks, and pillowed their heads upon carpet-bags. Just as I had contrived to forget where I was, and to be revelling in drowsy visions of a comfortable bed, (cruel mockery of my hard fate!) the paddles stopped, the signal-gun was fired from the rock, and between sleeping and waking I was conveyed on shore, chilled and wet through with the night-dew, but so thankful to find myself under an English roof after my late buffetings by sea and land, that I felt disposed to be delighted with everything around me.

Gibraltar, however, is anything but a *lieu de délices*. The climate at this season of the year is awful; and some idea of the intensity of the heat may be formed by the fact, that the Garrison hounds (which are brought out from England for the use of the officers) are obliged to be renewed every year, as, although commodiously kennelled outside of the town, they are all attacked with liver complaint in the summer months, which in almost every instance proves fatal. Indeed, in Gibraltar there is no refreshment of the atmosphere after sunset, as in other warm climates; for the enormous mass of bare rock, exposed to the ardours of an

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African sun during the day-time, becomes so thoroughly penetrated with heat — so baked through — that it retains its intense caloric during the night-season; and the consequence is, that the air one breathes from the reflected heat is very much like that which issues from the mouth of an oven: add to this, that the generality of the houses in the town, being built in the English manner, are not adapted to the exigencies of the climate, which demand space, shade, and thick walls to repel its extreme ardour; but, instead of this, the thin brick and plaster walls, shallow rooms, unprotected sash-windows, and wooden floors covered with carpet, which impart to the habitations of Gibraltar all the paltry vulgarity of little English seaport towns, are calculated to admit every ray of light and every particle of warmth. Nor is it possible to open the casements after sunset, on account of the swarms of musquitoes that fill the air, and would equally fill the rooms (were ingress afforded them), attracted by the light within. Thus it is impossible to find a cool spot either in or out of doors; and the only place where I feel that I can breathe freely, is one of the batteries overlooking the sea, and not far from the hotel, where I pass an hour

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every evening. This spot is a favourite resort of the Moors who frequent Gibraltar; and, when walking there, I could fancy myself once more in some city of the East, so beautiful are the dresses, and picturesque the groupings, of the innumerable individuals from the Barbary states who pass the evenings on that battery, seated upon the pavement under the shelter of the guns, enjoying in silence the ruminating *far niente* which makes up the summum bonum of a Mahometan's happiness. These Moors all wear the old Turkish costume, and are distinguishable from the hordes of Barbary Jews that congregate here, by their graceful turbans, yellow *papooshes*, and superior cleanliness as well as superior comeliness.

Apropos to the old Turkish dress, and its legitimate wearers: I have heard a good deal here about that mysterious personage Nadir Achmet Bey, the Turkish Pretender, whom I met four years ago in the East, and who from his extraordinary and varied acquirements excited such curiosity, admiration, distrust, and suspicion in the minds of his fellow voyagers on the Danube. It seems that, about a year and a half since, he appeared at Gibraltar, wearing the beautiful old Osmanli dress, which is now so nearly exploded

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at Constantinople, and giving himself out as Prince Nadir Achmet, the son of Sultan Mustapha (who was strangled in the revolt of 1808), and consequently first-cousin to the reigning Sultan Abdul Medjid, — and, more than that, rightful heir to the Ottoman throne.

Mustapha the Fourth was the elder brother of the late Sultan Mahmoud; they were the sons of Sultan Abdul Hamed, but, being both of them too young at his death to succeed to the throne, Selim, the nephew of the deceased sovereign, was declared reigning Sultan. The tragical death of Sultan Selim, the most amiable and enlightened of the successors of Othman, grew out of the opposition of the Janissaries to his system of reform, which aimed at substituting regularly disciplined troops in lieu of those marauding despots, who had heretofore constituted the armed force of the Ottoman empire; and to their vindictive rage was the life of the Sultan sacrificed, and, by their decree, Mustapha, the elder son of Abdul Hamed, was placed upon the throne. A counter revolution was organized by Mustapha Baraictar (or the Standard-bearer), the faithful friend and servant of Selim, in order to depose Sultan Mustapha, and to replace him by his younger brother, Mahmoud, who had been

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brought up with Selim, and had adopted his enlightened views. Sultan Mustapha was strangled in that revolt, and his brother Mahmoud (the late Sultan) placed upon the throne. According to the barbarous Turkish law, all the women of the royal Harem of Sultan Mustapha were put to death at the same time with himself, and the pretensions of Nadir Achmet Bey are founded upon this circumstance; as he asserts that one of Sultan Mustapha's Sultanas (who was *enceinte*) was miraculously saved from the general destruction—that he himself is the child which she afterwards brought forth—and that therefore, being the immediate descendant of the elder son of Sultan Abdul Hamed, he is *par droit d'aînesse* the legitimate heir to the throne.

The various accomplishments of this clever adventurer, his distinguished manners, and extreme plausibility, rendered him a great favourite here with the whole garrison; and he had the entrée of all the best English houses, except that of the Governor, who never would receive him, and who at last succeeded in causing him to leave Gibraltar, which his Excellency deemed that Nadir Achmet had visited in the character of a spy. To the last day of his residence, however, he continued on the best terms with the military

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society of the place, dining constantly at the messes of the different regiments, of many of which he was made an honorary member, and where he conformed with wonderful tact to all the prescribed usages, behaving himself in all things as though he had been accustomed to the society of Englishmen from his earliest youth. For instance, he never omitted to ask his friends to take wine with him at dinner; and some of his entertainers made me smile by their account of how, when he could not catch their eye at table, he would send round one of the mess-waiters to challenge them, and the man, touching their elbow, would say, "Sir, *that 'ere Prince* says he'd be glad to take a glass of *sham-pain* with you!" Champagne was his favourite beverage, and, as he never allowed that it was *wine*, his indulgence in it was quite reconcilable with his religious belief—at least, he capitulated with his conscience in that particular; and when asked, after dinner, what wine he would take, he invariably replied that he would take "another bottle of the *sherbet* he had drunk at dinner."

Before his final departure from Gibraltar, he crossed over to Africa to pay a visit to the Emperor of Morocco, at whose court he remained

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a fortnight; and he returned to the rock delighted with the distinguished reception that had been given to him. The emperor caused tents of honour to be pitched for him near his palace, sent a numerous retinue to wait upon him, placed a Harem of female slaves at his disposal, and, when he quitted the country, presented him with a thousand eggs, thirty bullocks, and an Arab horse richly caparisoned. With the thousand eggs Nadir Achmet paid his bill at the hotel where he had lived at Gibraltar; he made a present of one of the bullocks to the mess of the Seventh Fusileers (where he had ever been an especial favourite), sold the rest, and finally parted with the horse to a young nobleman in the garrison, by whom it was sent over to Ireland to improve the breed in that country. What became of Nadir Achmet Bey after his compulsory departure from Gibraltar, I have never been able to ascertain.*

* While this work was going through the press, the following paragraph appeared in the Constantinople correspondence of one of the London papers:

"Our readers will, without doubt, recollect an adventurer, under the name of Nadir Bey, who, a few years ago, quitted the service of the Pacha of Egypt to enter into that of the Porte, and who, in the month of March 1839, fled clandestinely from Constantinople, for the purpose of running over

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There is a splendid garrison library at Gibraltar, organized upon the most liberal scale, which is regularly supplied with all the newspapers, periodicals, and best new publications from England; for some very moderate subscription this admirable resource against ennui is open to all the officers, who are permitted to take home whatever works they choose, restricted to a certain number of volumes at a time. The English merchants have also another excellent

Europe, where he passed himself off alternately for an Egyptian Colonel, Ottoman General, Greek Prince, Polish Colonel, &c. Being everywhere watched by the police, he proceeded to the Ionian Islands, and then to Malta, where he modestly gave himself out for the legitimate son of the Sultan Mustapha the Fourth, who was assassinated in his Seraglio at the revolution of 1808, and pretended as such to have a right to the throne of the Ottoman Empire. It was known that this impostor had returned to Egypt, but people had ceased to talk of him; when suddenly a letter from Tarsus, of the 13th inst., informs us that he had arrived there from Alexandria in an Egyptian vessel of war. At Tarsus, Nadir Bey succeeded in making a few dupes with the fable of his illustrious origin; and, having assumed the Turkish dress, he set out for Adana, where he had the audacity to allow himself to be presented to the governor, Izzet Mehemet Pacha, by Harmet Bey, ancient Muzzeline of that place. Izzet Mehemet, after having interrogated him at great length, kept him in his palace for two days, and, on the 7th inst., sent him under good escort to Konieh, to be from thence conducted to Constantinople, where he will soon arrive."

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library and reading-room for their own exclusive use.

Englishmen carry their national amusements and habits with them wherever they go. I have already mentioned that fox-hunting is cultivated here in the winter months; and, notwithstanding the heat of the climate, and the want of space for such a sport, horse-racing is equally patronized. The races annually take place upon the Neutral Ground, a strip of land about half a mile in length, which separates the rock from the Spanish lines, and which is perhaps the hottest spot in Europe—and, *comme de rigueur*, a race-ball follows. The mere idea of such exercise in such a climate as this is enough to throw one into a fever! Riding, or even driving, appears to be too great an exertion at this season: I have, nevertheless, driven in the evening several times to Europa Point, the road to which is admirably kept; and have been delighted, not only by the charming views it commands of the bay and adjacent shores, but by the glimpses I have caught of innumerable pretty cottages and villas peeping out from their luxuriant little gardens, exhibiting all the elegance and good order that characterize English habitations, and looking like so

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many little Oases scattered about this burning desert of rock and sand.

Travellers touching at Gibraltar should not omit to visit the shop of Mr. Messiah, (a strange name for an Israelite, for such he is!) one of the notabilities of the place, who, besides being the Howel and James of the rock for all sorts of European merchandize, is always provided with a large stock of Moorish curiosities, Turkish perfumeries, &c. &c., and is himself one of the most amusing curiosities in his collection. He speaks nearly as many languages as my friend "that 'ere Prince" Nadir Achmet, (whom I heard converse in eleven different languages four years since in a steamboat on the Danube,) and may lay claim to being the most adroit, fluent, and agreeable coxcomb that ever stood behind a counter; for he contrives to sell you his goods at his own price, at the very moment that he is to all appearance strenuously persuading you against purchasing articles that cost so much money. "Now let me recommend you *not* to take those Turkish cushions, Ma'am; nobody will believe that they have cost so much: and, indeed, although I am obliged to have them by me, in case they are asked for, scarcely

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any one thinks of buying them, they are so very high in price. The Queen Dowager, when she touched at Gibraltar, *was kind enough* to purchase four of them from me, and I fancy her Majesty is the only person who possesses anything of the kind in England!" (Of course, one immediately feels an additional desire to become the owner of a thing so rare; and, possessed by the spirit of contradiction, the more he dissuades, the more determined one becomes to purchase the article in question.) Or, when you have just made up your mind to buy a parcel of *papooshes*, he will exclaim, "I am so sorry you have decided upon taking those slippers! Most likely you will make a trip over to the Barbary coast, and then you will like to have it to say that you bought them on the spot: you know, so few persons have an opportunity of going there, that it is something to say, 'I bought those slippers myself in Africa.'" One is astounded at the disinterestedness of the dealer, and determined to reward it: one immediately lays down the money named for the article, without attempting to drive a bargain; and thus Mr. Messiah reaps the full benefit of his novel system of dissuasion.

We have been most agreeably surprised by

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the unexpected arrival of Doctor C—o, and his travelling companion Mr. C—l, from Madrid, where the Doctor has most successfully terminated his professional visit to the Regent; and they have volunteered to accompany us upon a little excursion, which we had already organized, to the opposite coast of Barbary.

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TETUAN.

Novel method of cooling oneself, or "Out of the frying-pan into the fire."—Projected voyage to Africa.—The Heron yacht.—Arrival in Tetuan Bay.—Landing in Africa.—The Moorish governor of Tetuan.—First impressions called forth by a new quarter of the globe.—Cavalcade at Tetuan.—Halfway halt.—City of Tetuan.—Jewish quarter.—Solomon Nahon's house.—Handsome Jewesses.—The British Vice-consul.—Women of Tetuan.—Bazaars.—Sensation created by the Doctor.—Market-day.—Progress of Medicine at Tetuan.—Moorish dinner.—Vanquished scruples.—Manufactures of Tetuan.—Solomon Nahon.—Moorish population of Tetuan.—Origin of the term Moor.—Return to the yacht.

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TETUAN.

" C'était l'année de mon voyage en Russie."
" Comment ! vous avez été en Russie ?"
" Non ! je suis allé jusqu' à Bondy." *
French Vaudeville.

" LET us go to Africa !" exclaimed a friend of mine *quite promiscuously* (as the Cockneys have it) one stifling day at Gibraltar.—" To cool ourselves ?" I inquired.—" Why not ? I assure you I very often feel, after I have taken off my coat for a few minutes, that it cools me to put it on again, provided I do not continue to wear it above a minute or two."—" By which you would infer that any change is refreshing—even from hot to hotter ?"—" Precisely ; anything is preferable to inert basking."—" Very well," said I ; " let us try your experiment by all means—*allons en Afrique.*"

Allons en Afrique ! what vast projects do

* Bondy is the first stage, and at about seven miles' distance from Paris on the north-eastern road.

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those three little words appear to comprise! The labours of Mungo Park, of Bruce, of Belzoni! the burning sands of Nubia, the far-off regions of Timbuctoo, the solitudes of the Gambia, and hardships and perils without number, appear to be the natural incentives and consequences of an expedition which comprehensively refers to a whole quarter of the globe. But, on the Rock of Gibraltar, the expression of "Let us go to Africa," is of such everyday familiarity, and so thoroughly understood as meaning nothing more important than crossing over to one of the towns on the adjacent Barbary shores, that the announcement *tire aussi peu à conséquence* there, as that of going from Portsmouth to the Isle of Wight would in England. The gentle reader (all readers are gentle by courtesy), who has prepared himself for the perusal of stirring adventures upon the strength of the opening words of this chapter, is therefore now entreated to take the announcement in a Pickwickian—I mean Gibraltar—sense, and to provide against the disappointment that would otherwise inevitably ensue, at finding that the mountain had dwindled down into a mole-hill, by carefully perusing the quotation from a French farce which I have placed at the commencement

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of this chapter, and bounding his expectations to the import of those words.

To find ourselves so near the soil of Africa, and not to set foot upon it, would have indeed been arguing an indolence, or an apathy, irreconcilable with the habits of wanderers upon so large a scale as ourselves; accordingly, having talked over the matter for a day or two, we decided upon running across the Straits to Tangiers by the first government vessel that should depart from Gibraltar; when Captain P——, of the Seventh Fusileers, very kindly enabled us to put our project into immediate execution in a much more agreeable manner, by lending us his yacht for that purpose.

The day after this obliging offer had been made to us, we embarked in the morning from the New Mole at Gibraltar for the coast of Africa, accompanied by Doctor C——o and his friend, Mr. C——l, (who had just arrived on the rock from Cadiz in time to join our party,) leaving our destination on the opposite shore in the hands of the sailing-master of our yacht, the Heron, who had apprised us, on the preceding day, that the state of the wind would determine whether we should land at Tangiers

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or at Tetuan. Our own wishes leaned towards the latter place, and we were therefore gratified to find that Æolus favoured our preference by sending us a south-west wind, which fixed Tetuan as our destination; for, although Tangiers is far more easy of access from Gibraltar, it is far less interesting than Tetuan. The former place is situated immediately on the sea-coast; and being the residence of all the consuls-general for the Barbary states, and a place of considerable commerce, it presents a complete mixture of Christian and Mahometan population, like the chief maritime towns of Barbary and the Levant, and has quite lost its distinctive Moorish stamp: whereas Tetuan, which lies about three leagues up the interior of the country, and has no port, but only an open roadstead, which, during the prevalence of certain winds, is extremely dangerous, possesses no inducement for any commerce except inland trade; and the consequence is, that it is as purely and exclusively an African town as Timbuctoo itself. It was, therefore, with considerable satisfaction that we heard the captain's decision; for such are the charms of novelty and originality, and so strongly do they appeal to the

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imagination, that Tetuan, with its acknowledged barbarism, appeared far more attractive to us than Tangiers with its questionable civilisation.

We cleared the New Mole at Gibraltar in the most glorious weather; and, after a tack towards Algesiras, which afforded us an admirable view of the formidable rock, with its bare scorched summit crowned by the signal-post and by O'Hara's tower, and its base fringed with town, batteries, barracks, and alamedas, we stood right away for Tetuan Bay, lying far off to the east. Although I confess myself to be a wretched sailor, and *en principe* most cordially detest everything connected with a ship, I am free to admit that I perfectly enjoyed this trip; first of all, on account of the transition from the suffocating atmosphere of Gibraltar, which had been stifling since our last arrival there (the thermometer at 95° Fahrenheit in the shade), to the bracing sea-breeze, which, acting like an *air-bath*, seemed to infuse vigour into our whole frames, and revived us the moment we got under weigh; and, lastly, from the immeasurable difference existing between this style of navigation and that to which I have this summer been inured — but not reconciled. After going round almost the whole of the Peninsula in a variety of

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steamers, one more abominable than another—poisoned with every odious effluvium connected with those detestable but most useful locomotives, of which smoke and oil are perhaps the least offensive,—to find myself in all the comfort of a well-appointed yacht, where everything bespoke cleanliness, regularity, and even luxury; where everything was ship-shapely, from the way in which the crew wore their hats, to the manner in which the captain's Newfoundland dog paced the deck; and the whole under the direction of an experienced English seaman,—inspired me not only with confidence, but with a decided *gusto* for this mode of voyaging: and not an idea of nausea ever occurred to me, even when the yacht lay so completely on her side that what the Doctor termed "*the slantingdicular*" of our position obliged me to be secured in my place by a rope passed round my waist and fastened to the side of the vessel; or when, having shipped several seas, one of which gave me a complete shower-bath, I was driven to seek for refuge in the cabin, and to remain there until the deck should be dried.

Our course lay by Ceuta Point, which enabled us to get a tolerably good view of the town of Ceuta, and a perfectly good one of the fortress

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that commands the town. Ceuta is the only possession the Spaniards now hold in Africa; and they have converted it into a penal settlement, all their galley-slaves being transported thither. I am told that nothing can exceed the cleanliness of the town,—even Cadiz yields to it in that respect; the convicts being eternally employed in sweeping the streets. The Spaniards consider it as a sort of *pendant* to its opposite neighbour, Gibraltar, and have established a still more rigorous exclusiveness against the adjacent Moors than is observed against the Spaniards at Gibraltar. No Moor is ever seen in the town, and a line of sentries is constantly posted on the Spanish side of a neutral ground that lies between Ceuta and the Emperor of Morocco's dominions.

The next African headland that we made was Negro Point, beyond which the deep bay of Tetuan opened to us; and we then obtained an admirable view of the town, which lies seven or eight miles up the country, and is beautifully situated in the gorge of a mountain pass, behind which runs the chain of the Atlas. We brought up and anchored in the evening in perfectly smooth water at about half a mile from the shore, (as near as it would be prudent to approach),

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and having before us the mouth of a river that runs up the country towards the city. Within a few hundred yards of the beach there is a picturesque Moorish tower, well defended with cannon in all directions, and apparently well inhabited; for the approach of the yacht drew from it a throng of persons, all evincing by signs an eager wish to do our bidding. As the captain of the yacht had often conducted parties from Gibraltar on the same excursion, and was perfectly *au fait* of the preliminaries to be observed in effecting the objects of our expedition, we followed his instructions in these particulars; and one of our party wrote a letter to Mr. Butler, the English vice-consul residing at Tetuan, apprising him of our arrival, and requesting that he would cause the requisite number of horses to be sent to the landing-place on the following morning to convey us to the town. The captain despatched his boat with this missive to the shore; and a Jew, who is always on the look-out for such errands, took charge of it, and immediately set off *en courrier* to Tetuan. We then made our arrangements to remain on board until the next morning; and indeed we passed the greater part of the night on deck, enjoying the glorious moonlight and the delicious fresh-

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ness of the atmosphere—a blessing we had so long been deprived of in the suffocating towns in which we had lately been sojourning—some of our party singing duets, the remainder discussing the knotty point of whether or not we should, on landing, pay our respects to the Moorish Governor of Tetuan, an enormous individual who rejoices in the savoury name of Hash-hash.

There would have been no question raised upon the subject, had we not ascertained at Gibraltar that this great dignitary never shews himself to Christian visitors *gratis*, and that the light of his countenance is not to be enjoyed, unless paid for either by a considerable sum of money, (which Moorish etiquette requires should be—not presented to him—but adroitly slipped under the cushion of the sofa on which he is squatted,) or a present consisting of two pieces of fine European broad-cloth, two loaves of sugar, and two pounds of tea; the latter being a refreshment of which he is particularly fond. In return for these offerings, he vouchsafes to give you a cup of tea and a sweet biscuit; and, if there are ladies of the party, they are introduced to his harem, where they are regaled with a second cup of tea and a second biscuit;—and the whole set are then expected to take

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their departure. Now, one or two individuals of our party appeared to think that five pounds was rather an exorbitant sum to pay for drinking a cup of bad tea with a fat old Moor; and one of them pertinently remarked, "What shall I gain by it? shall I be happier or wiser after having seen this same Stew-stew?"

"Hash-hash, if you please," I interposed.—"Hash or stew, it is all one to me! But, seriously, I am quite of Beau Tibbs's opinion, when twenty pounds was asked him for a window to see the coronation procession of George the Third: 'Can I bring a part of the coronation away with me?' he asked of the proprietor of the window.—'No, sir.'—'Can I eat or drink it?' 'No!—'Will it clothe me?' No!'—'What shall I get for my money, then?' 'You will have the pleasure of saying that you saw the coronation.'—'That I have made up my mind to do, whether I see it or not!'—and so, if I am ever hereafter questioned about his Moorish Excellency, Hashed-beef, I shall protest that I saw him, and thought him a monstrous fine fellow!" However, it was in the end agreed, *nem. con.*, that we should all wait upon the Governor,—an attention of which he is very jealous, finding it both pleasant and profitable; and, also that in

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naming him we should take especial care to eschew every dish in the "Whole Art of Cookery," save and except his own legitimate double *hash*.

At sunrise a great commotion on shore, and a gathering of men and horses at the landing-place, convinced us that the consul had lost no time in acting upon our request; and after a hasty breakfast we were conveyed in two boats to the shore, and, although a little tossed about by the swell occasioned by a sand-bank at the mouth of the river Cus, we nevertheless effected our landing very prosperously. There is something so exciting in the mere idea of finding oneself for the first time in a new quarter of the globe, that it gives one spirits to encounter any hardships, and invests every object that meets one's eye with a strange interest, — half wonder, half hope, all delight — too often the precursor of disappointment; but, like all excitements, so exhilarating, that the sober sense of foreseeing disappointment is incompatible with it. Thus had I felt when first stepping upon the soil of Asia, and thus did I now feel when I found myself standing upon African ground. The very name of Africa calls up visions of burning deserts, Ethiopians, lions, chacals, os-

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triches, hippopotamuses, and crocodiles; and I verily believe, that, however I might have been *startled*, I should have in no degree been *astonished*, had I beheld some of the two last description of animals gambolling about in the rankly luxuriant verdure that borders the river Cus, even close to the sea-shore. Nothing so savage, however, met our eyes, although the group of horses and men that awaited our orders looked quite wild and original enough to make us feel that we were in a land of barbarians.

We were in the act of mounting our horses, when a little dilemma occurred. My maid, who is a French woman, and had never been on horseback in her life, protested that she would not ride, for that she should inevitably break her neck if she attempted that mode of conveyance, never having been able to mount a donkey "sans être flanquée par terre tout de suite." As the boats had returned to the vessel immediately on landing us, I offered to leave her at the adjacent tower until our return from Tetuan: but this alternative appeared to her infinitely more dreadful than that of risking her neck; her ideas of Africa in general are founded upon the stories which the Parisians delight to circulate

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of Algiers in particular, and her firm belief is, that all the inhabitants of Africa are Bedouins, and that their sole passion and pursuit is to cut off French people's heads.

She therefore vehemently declared that she would not remain "*pour se faire couper la tête par un de ces monstres,*" pointing to a Moor who was standing by wrapped in his white *haik* (a thin sepulchral-looking vestment, shaped very much like the bournous worn by the Algerine Bedouins); but, as we had no time to waste upon her terrors, and as she found herself forced to come to a decision between going or staying, she at last allowed herself to be lifted upon a horse, which I desired that one of the attendants should lead by the bridle, and we all set forward. Our horses were all bits of blood, but sorely galled and maltreated; and each had a running footman attached to it,—miserable-looking Jew-boys, with nothing on them but old blue tunics and little greasy black skull-caps, their arms, legs, and feet bare and begrimed with dirt, who pertinaciously kept close to their charge, at whatever pace they went, at the same time never losing sight of the main-chance, and one and all privately stipulating with their cavalier for an extra reward to be given to them

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for the excessive care they were taking of them. All of the Barbary Jews speak Spanish. The cavalcade was preceded by the owner of the horses, mounted on a grey barb, which he managed admirably, but presenting in his own person the most extraordinary-looking figure that can be imagined—quite a Moorish Robert Macaire; and whenever, as every now and then occurred, he wheeled aside and took a circular scour over the plain, he was one flutter of rags from head to foot. His under-garments were covered by an old *haik*, so full of holes that it appeared falling asunder; the hood of which was drawn over his head, and then surmounted by an immense folding-up straw-basket, (exactly similar to those used by the Irish basket-women for carrying home things from market,) which was in an exceedingly ragged state, and being tied under his chin, gipsy-hat fashion, with a tattered shawl, completely concealed his countenance from us. His arms and legs were bare; and his feet, shod in ragged old slippers, were thrust into enormous shovel-stirrups, which seemed to do double duty, and to serve him as spurs in goading on his horse. Several supernumeraries followed on foot, one of whom carried my little dog, slung on his back in a

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similar basket to that worn as a hat by the leader.

We proceeded at once to the fort already mentioned, where a sort of *droit d'entrée* of half a dollar for the whole party was exacted by the officer on duty, a fine portly Moor; and he then supplied us with a mounted soldier to escort us to the town, whose fee for so doing is a dollar. This man was an admirable specimen of a Moorish cavalier: he sat upon his red-morocco saddle as though he had come into the world on horseback; his large turban was perfect in its folds, his haik floated loosely on his shoulders like a dolman, and displayed a sort of striped dress beneath, bound round his waist with a shawl-girdle, into which were stuck his pistols and yataghan. Loose trowsers drawn round the knee left his legs bare; and his slippers were armed with a formidable pair of spurs, which he did not suffer to remain idle. Our road—no! there was no road, not even a path—our *way*, then, lay on the right bank of the river through a tract of country verdant with vegetation, for which nature appears to have done much, and cultivation nothing. Barbary figs, aloes, dwarf-palms, sugar-canes, and orange-trees are to be

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seen in abundance; but apparently as if they were the wild produce of the soil, and had sprung up where God had pleased, untended and uncared for by man. The short turf over which we trotted was scattered with a quantity of bones and bullocks' skulls, still bearing their horns and bleaching in the sun—a dreary appendage to the scene; and one of us exclaimed, "The track of the caravan across the desert is marked by the whitening bones of the dromedaries that have perished in the march! don't let that be forgotten in our journals!" No sooner had the words been uttered than we saw before us a herd of living dromedaries laden with merchandise, who were journeying towards Tetuan, and had halted to repose near a well. Some of these animals were kneeling down and fast asleep, their colour so exactly resembling that of the soil that they looked like so many hillocks scattered around; others were standing up, ready to pursue their march; others, again, obedient to the voice of their drivers, sunk for a moment upon their knees to allow them to mount, and then, rising slowly, stepped forward on their way, with that ungainly pace which must render a dromedary's back the roughest

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conveyance in the world. This characteristic group gave us a very good idea of a halt in the desert.

A little further on we came up to another well, the mouth of which was carefully covered up with a wooden plank, when our horses made just such a voluntary pause as English posters do at a half-way house; while our guides removed the lid, and drew up some deliciously cold water, which they offered to us in the shell of a tortoise that serves as a goblet for the thirsty wayfarer. This little well, consecrated to travellers, reminded me of the fountains in the East, with their bowls chained to them; which are always to be found near the tomb of some holy dervise, their founder, whose piety and philanthropy have thus supplied to the weary wanderer the two luxuries most dearly prized by pious Mussulmans, and most essential in the land of the Sun,—a draught of pure water, and the facility of performing their religious ablutions in a desert solitude.

Seen from afar, Tetuan really looks beautiful, from its advantageous position and the dazzling whiteness of the whole mass of buildings, which is rendered still more conspicuous by the deep verdure of the mountains that form its back-

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ground; but, on reaching the town, all the *prestige* of its beauty vanishes! The houses have the most gloomy appearance; nothing but whitewashed walls are to be seen, with no windows looking outwards, their place being supplied by little apertures like holes to peep through. The streets are exceedingly narrow; and the houses are only two stories high, with flat-terraced roofs, upon which the inhabitants take the air in the evening. After passing through innumerable dark and winding lanes abominably paved, and too narrow for two horses to proceed a-breast, we arrived at the Jewish quarter, which is quite distinct from the Moorish part of the town, and where the greatest industry and bustle appeared to prevail; for in the Barbary states, as throughout the Levant, commerce and business are in a great measure monopolized by the thrifty sons of Israel. The shops of these merchants and artizans are miserable little *échoppes* open to the street, but having neither windows nor doors, and not large enough to contain the vendor and his customers; the latter therefore remain standing in the street, bargaining over the shopboard with the crafty dealer. The merchandise is never exposed to view in these shops, and we could

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only guess at the various trades of their owners by seeing them employed in the manufacture of their goods in these miserable little holes, which serve them for workshop and warehouse.

At last, our leader made a halt at a little door in a long white wall, which formed one side of a particularly crooked lane; and we descended from our horses upon being informed that this was the entrance to the habitation of Solomon Nahon, the Jew, to whose house all European travellers visiting Tetuan repair. The outward appearance boded nothing very favourable to the dwelling; but, the moment we passed through the narrow inhospitable-looking gate, all our misgivings were converted into the most agreeable surprise, for we found ourselves in one of those pretty and exquisitely clean Moorish habitations of which the Mahometan remains at Granada had given us so correct an idea. A patio, or court paved with different coloured glazed tiles, is surrounded with two tiers of galleries, within which are cool-looking chambers, receiving their light through the horse-shoe arches that look into the court; and every part of the building is as clean and fresh as though it had just been newly painted and whitewashed. In the centre of the court

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stood a group of very pretty young women, (the wife and sisters of Solomon Nahon,) who, in the manner of the Jewesses of the East, stepped forward and kissed me as I crossed the threshold. As I had been told that the costume of the women of Tetuan is a remnant of the fashions bequeathed to them by the luxurious Moors of Spain when they took refuge upon these shores, I was very curious in examining the toilette of my pretty hostesses, some parts of which struck me as being very elegant. The mistress of the house wore a kaftan of green cloth lined with crimson and edged with gold twist, so fashioned as to display the sleeves and bosom of her chemise, which were tastefully embroidered in coloured silk and gold; the body was also enriched with a sort of stomacher of velvet, worked with gold thread and coloured foil, which produced a very rich effect. A striped silk scarf was tied round her waist: neither drawers nor stockings were worn by her; and her pretty little bare feet were slipped into scarlet morocco slippers edged with gold twist, and having heels as high as those which rendered our great-grandmothers *si grandement ridicules*. Her coiffure was the most complicated part of her dress, being composed of two

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handkerchiefs, one crimson, the other yellow, put on not exactly like a turban, nor even like a fillet, but something between the two; and descending so low upon the forehead as merely to shew a little of the parted hair, which was disposed in shining braids close to the eyebrows. This head-dress was enriched with velvet ornaments, embroidered in foil and gold, like those affixed to her corsage. The dresses of the other women of the family only differed in colour from the one I have described, with the exception of the younger sister of our hostess; who, being unmarried, wore her head uncovered, and her hair parted down the middle and hanging over her shoulders, braided into twenty or thirty small tresses. But the personal beauty of these fair Jewesses appeared to us much more admirable than their costume; and, strange to say, it is a description of beauty quite distinct from the Jewish type. Nahon's wife has fine dark hazel eyes, with a complexion of the clearest red and white, and neither the full lips nor peculiar nostrils of her people, but something of what the Italians so expressively term *simpatia* in her blooming face; but her less brilliant-looking sister, with her fairer cheeks, soft blue eyes, dark eyelashes, and light brown hair, attracted the

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gentlemen's admiration in a superior degree. All of them are infinitely fairer than the women of Andalusia, and possess a freshness of complexion of which I saw no instances among the Spanish beauties; but whether this advantage is universal among the women of Tetuan, I am not competent to pronounce.

To my infinite surprise, Robert Macaire, with his indescribable hat, was not only admitted into the Patio with us, but appeared to be all-powerful among its occupants; but the mystery of such an ambulatory rag-bag being tolerated in this well-appointed habitation was soon solved by the announcement that this miserable masquerade disguised no less a personage than our worthy host, Solomon Nahon himself, who had met us at the sea-shore, that he might do us honour by forming our personal escort to his dwelling. And really when he had thrown aside his riding costume, and he appeared before us in the dress of his people, which, unlike the generality of that race, was distinguished by the most scrupulous cleanliness, it would have been impossible to identify the respectable well-looking man, whose whole exterior announced a certain degree of ease and opulence, with the flying scarecrow who had headed our march to Tetuan,

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and had appeared to be the very incarnation of ragged misery. This outward display of squalor fully coincides with the policy of the Jews in all Mahometan countries, where a demonstration of poverty is but too often the only safeguard left to the individuals of that persecuted race against the injustice, extortion, and violence of the arbitrary and grasping governments under which they live, and which rarely shrink from spilling Jewish blood when gold is to be obtained by so doing.

We were conducted by the woman-kind up a flight of steps paved with coloured tiles to the upper gallery, and ushered into a long, cool chamber, opening from it, and furnished with couches and cushions, where we found a table laid out with fruit, confectionary, sherbet, lemonade, and a very palatable sort of wine made at Tetuan. The pretty Jewish damsel with her long braided hair stood by ready to enact the part of Hebe, and truly, after our burning ride, the cooling beverage she poured out for us appeared to our parched palates like nectar prepared for the gods. Contiguous to this room are others of the same form, fitted up as sleeping-chambers, with an attention to comfort and cleanliness far superior to any accommodations

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I had seen in Spain. The walls of these apartments are white washed, and the elegant Moorish arches that pierce them bear rude traces of that description of raised moulding and tracery which the Moors of Spain brought to such a marvellous degree of perfection, and which impart such fairy-like delicacy and beauty to the interior of the Arabian palaces in that country. But how has this art degenerated like all else appertaining to that singular people! The disposition and outline of their habitations are still the same as in the palmy days of their glory, but the refinements of art, that rendered their interiors such temples of luxurious enjoyment, have become irrecoverably lost to succeeding generations; the name and physiognomy of the Moorish people remain unchanged, but where is the moral superiority—where the science and cultivation that had raised them upon a pinnacle among other nations? Gone for ever! Merged into the most stupid and brutish barbarity. This hopeless degeneracy, from all that was enlightened to all that is ignorant, is scarcely less striking than that of the Greeks.

During our repose in this pleasant room, we learned from our host, that the Governor of Tetuan was absent with all his harem at a

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country palace which he possesses at some distance from the town, and was, therefore, beyond the reach of our compliments, and our piastres; and our decision of waiting upon him being thus inevitably neutralised, we turned our thoughts to other things, and, under the conduct of Nahon, sallied forth to make our acknowledgments to Mr. Butler, the Vice-Consul, for the kindness with which he had arranged our conveyance to Tetuan. *Chemin faisant*, our guide, took us into the habitations of several of his own people, and we invariably found the women of these families squatted upon the floor under the arcades that surround the Patio, busily employed in works of gold and silver embroidery: many of them were making the gold braiding with which the Moors edge their garments; and they manufacture this article with the greatest celerity, and with the aid of no machinery, save that with which Nature has supplied them. They fasten the requisite number of gold threads tied together to their great toe, and dividing them into two equal portions, the extremities of which are held in each hand, they cross and recross the threads with astonishing swiftness, and without any entanglement, each of these movements forming a chain in the work. When the piece

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is terminated they release their toe, and placing the braiding upon a smooth stone, roll it flat with a round one; it is then fit for use.

The Mahometan women, in this part of the world, cover their faces much more rigorously than Turkish females are accustomed to do, the yasmaks of the latter allowing the eyebrows and part of the nose and cheeks to be visible; but here, nothing literally is to be seen but the eyes peering out from a mass of white cotton wrappings, with which the head and person are clumsily enveloped. *En revanche*, however, they have no scruples about exposing their lower limbs; and, although their modesty would be shocked beyond endurance by allowing their faces to be unveiled before a man, they walk about the streets with their bare legs uncovered to the knees. Is modesty merely conventional? for if it be an innate and unerring sentiment, inseparable from the pure minded of all nations, how are we to reconcile the various and conflicting demonstrations of it, which we meet with in different parts of the world? Just as we reached the entrance of the Consul's house, the sound of voices on the opposite side of the narrow street arrested our attention; and, looking upwards, we perceived

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two female figures, one of them muffled in white, the other in a blue striped covering, on the terraced roof of the house, *en face*. The moment they perceived our notice of them, the one in white advanced to the parapet, and threw down a bouquet of flowers to us; which, whether accidentally or on purpose I know not, fell very à-propos at the feet of the youngest gentleman of our party. He immediately appropriated the offering to himself, and looking unutterable things at the mysterious donor, affixed it to his button-hole. The women laughed aloud, and ran off; but before they disappeared turned round and coquettishly removed the covering from their faces, to give us a parting glimpse. The one in white was a young Moor, the other a negress black as midnight. Just as they vanished, the Consular's gates opened to receive us, and put an end to our little romance. All that we could learn of the house opposite, and its inhabitants, was, that it was the residence of a wealthy Moor, who had wives, and daughters, and handmaidens; but we were cautioned against attempting any communication with its inmates, as the men in this part of the world do not treat such matters as jokes.

Mr. James Butler, the British vice-consul at

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Tetuan, who has held that appointment for the last eighteen years, was born in Cadiz of Irish parents, and is a British subject, although he has never been in England. He speaks English fluently, but with a foreign accent; his son speaks it imperfectly, and his daughters not at all. His wife died last year of a decline, after her confinement. He and his children are the only Europeans, and the only Christians, living in the whole town, the other vice-consuls being merely consular agents of the consuls-general at Tangiers, and all of them natives of Tetuan, and mostly Jews; so that the Butler family are completely without society, without a place of Christian worship, or of Christian sepulture, without the resource of medical attendance in case of illness, in fine, utterly isolated in the midst of this population of barbarians! And thus they have lived for eighteen years, yet they have not forgotten the usages and courtesies of European society, or abandoned the fashions of their own country in this obscure corner of Africa. Their reception of us was most cordial and polite; and Mr. Butler and his son immediately prepared to accompany us in our perambulations through the town.

They first conducted us to the bazaars, which

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are wretched and paltry as to shops and merchandize, but are prettily enough arranged in one particular, being covered in with awnings of trellis-work, over-run with luxuriant vines, which form the most agreeable shade. We were followed by crowds of a motley population of Moors, Jews, and Negroes, which increased at every step; and, as soon as it became known that one of our party was a *Hakim*, or doctor, the whole place appeared to rise *en masse* to escort us, so that when we arrived near the governor's palace (a huge mis-shapen pile of white-wash, with neither windows nor doors to be seen externally), Mr. Butler judged it expedient to give us the protection of one of the governor's guards, who was on duty there, a fierce but splendid looking Moor, armed *cap-à-pie*, and wrapped in a white burnous, the hood of which was drawn over his turban, and made him look gigantic.

As it was market-day, the town was in movement from one end to the other, and thé market-place was crowded with Arabs and Negroes from the mountains: their camels and dromedaries encumbered the centre of the square, and with half-closed eyes patiently ruminated; while their owners, who appeared to be instinct with

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fiery impatience, screamed out their harsh guttural Arabic, in every variety of tone, as they disputed with their buyers over the hanks of raw silk, the baskets of poultry, the jars of camels' milk, and the enormous flat cakes of bread, which they were offering for sale. C'etait l'Afrique toute pure et sans mélange! The ardent skies above, the parched soil beneath, the wild uncouth figures that surrounded us, the

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strange accents that fell upon our ears,—here a group of Arabs from the mountains, their lean sharp faces peering out from their burnouses, there a negro from Timbuctoo, his sable cheeks tatooed and scored in a variety of patterns, his head close shaven and uncovered; further on the dark and fiery-eyed native of Fez, turbaned and slippered like an Osmanli; and, towering above them all, the ungainly heads of camels and dromedaries balancing upon their long necks, completed the picture; and a wild and uncivilized picture it was! I dared not ask Mr. Butler, upon whose arm I leaned, and whose authority was scarcely sufficient to keep in check the inquisitive barbarians who pressed upon me on all sides, how he had endured existence for eighteen years in such a place? True, he has had his family with him, and a fond domestic circle must create an atmosphere of happiness around themselves independent of all external considerations, be their lot cast where it may; but the father's heart must occasionally repine at beholding his daughters waste their youth in such a desert; the Christian's soul must yearn for a return to those pious practices which sanctify the recollection of his own more fortunate childhood and youth, and from which his child-

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ren have been completely excluded! Even when his wife died no religious rite consecrated the spot where she was buried: these considerations are but too well calculated to depress the mind, and to justify repining; yet the whole family have preserved a cheerful contentment in their exile from Christian associations, and have made the most of every resource that has fallen in their way. Traces of refinement are visible in the consular residence: an old Vienna grand piano shewed us that music is cultivated there; and books, and lamps, and card-tables, give a very habitable aspect to the Moorish apartment, with its arched galleries and white-washed walls.

On our return to Nahon's we found great preparations going on for our dinner, and every member of the family busily employed in baking, boiling, and roasting, while our host himself was setting out the table with a precision worthy of the most civilized European country, and evidently priding himself upon the proof he was giving us of his *savoir* in that particular. But the Patio presented the most curious spectacle, and reminded me, both as to costume and grouping, of pictures I have seen of the Pool of Bethesda, being literally lined with the blind, the maimed, and the halt, who had caused them-

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selves to be conducted there, to await the doctor's presence, which they appeared firmly to believe would in itself be sufficient to cure them of their infirmities. His great kindness and benevolence led him to examine and prescribe for all these patients, many of whom were suffering from long neglected ulcers and tumours. One of them, who was afflicted with a tumour near the eye, finding that nothing but the knife would rid him of his evil, entreated that he might immediately be operated upon; but, unfortunately, the doctor had left his surgical instruments at Gibraltar. He, however, learned from our host that Tetuan possesses one medical practitioner—a Jew; and, tired as he was, he immediately set out to his abode, to borrow from him wherewithal to effect the operation; while the Moor, on his part, went to consult the Mufti, like a good Mussulman, upon the lawfulness of submitting to such a treatment. The account Doctor C—— brought us of the Jew Hakim's surgery and laboratory made us laugh; but the description he gave us of his instruments (which he rejected the moment he saw them), caused us to shudder at the visions of mangling called up by them. Whoever should attempt to operate with such imple-

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ments might indeed with great truth be qualified to take the title of a *Hack 'em.* Luckily for all parties, the Mufti had pronounced it to be against the Mahometan religion for the patient to submit to the knife, and the man having, in consequence, withdrawn his own consent, no disappointment ensued; the Doctor then signified his inability to perform any operation from the want of proper surgical instruments, and the patients were dismissed previous to our being summoned to dinner.

A pretty oblong room open to the Patio, and having at either extremity an arched recess, raised about two feet from the ground, and ornamented with tiling, precisely as I had seen similar recesses in some of the halls of the Alhambra, decorations of small antique Venetian mirrors, old Venice glasses, and other *bric-à-brac* odds and ends ranged upon little brackets, a temperature rendered comparatively cool by the sun having been excluded from the chamber during the hottest part of the day, were pleasant accessories to the dinner, of which we all felt that we stood very much in need; yet, notwithstanding the promising appearance of the neatly laid dinner-table, we had some misgivings, on taking our seats, as to the nature of the fare that would

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be served to us. Instead, however, of being treated to omelets of ostrich-eggs, filets de dromedaire, kangaroo cutlets, or any other such African dainty, we saw placed before us an excellent European repast, consisting of soup, bouilli, poultry dressed in a variety of ways, a highly spiced *vol au vent* of hashed meat, (meant, no doubt, to console us for the great hash we had missed in the morning,) potatoes, cucumbers, very good roast beef, and the very best plum-pudding I ever tasted. Tom Moore has hinted, in some of his rhymes, at the probability of the erratic habits of Englishmen introducing the British refection of "tea and toast upon the wall of China." But what achievement, I ask, is tea in the land of teapots—even with the addition of scandal—compared to the naturalization of roast beef and plum-pudding in an uncivilized corner of the kingdom of Fez?

While we were discussing our dessert, a Moor, whose person and dress were both magnificent, presented himself to us, requesting that we would take charge of a letter from him to Gibraltar. We offered him a glass of wine, which he refused, with many ostentatious demonstrations of Mahometan scruples against such an indulgence; but there was that in his countenance which led

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us to think he only required security against detection to make him relish the offer, and we therefore again pressed it upon him. He looked significantly over his shoulder into the Patio, at the open door of which stood a crowd of curious people watching our proceedings; our host immediately took the hint, and hastened to close the gate, when the Moor, without further hesitation, tossed off a bumper of wine with infinite *gusto*, and followed up the act by an exclamation, which the consul's son, who was dining with us, rendered into English for us: "It is not that which goes into the mouth that does harm," he said, "but that which comes out of it." A sentence worthy the wisdom of Locman or of Saadi!

During the remainder of our stay at Tetuan, Nahon's house was the rendezvous of all the dealers in the place, bringing for our inspection baskets and handkerchiefs tied up full of the various specimens of embroidery for which this part of the world is celebrated, such as morocco leather-cushions, wrought with gold and silver thread, velvet slippers, purses, and pocket-books embroidered in gold, silk scarfs, used by the Moorish women for girdles, baskets made of palmetto leaves, rose water from Tunis, &c. &c. As all of these articles pass through the hands of

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Jew dealers, the first price asked for them is double that which they intend to take. But Nahon, who is really a most conscientious person, protected us from the extortions of his own people, and we deferred to his judgment for the prices which we ought to pay for the various purchases made by us. His own charges for the excellent accommodation which his house affords are most moderate; and it is impossible to say too much of the civility and attention which are shewn by this intelligent man and all his family to the strangers who find themselves under his roof.

Of Hash-hash, and his habits and disposition, we could gather nothing from Solomon Nahon, for, with the prudence which is habitual to Jews under Mahometan governments, he avoided uttering anything that might be turned against himself; but it was evident to us that the great official is an object of trembling awe to him; for whenever an allusion was made to that personage, he appeared to shrink up to half his natural size, and to look about him suspiciously, as though to ascertain whether there were eaves-droppers near. And when we entered our names in a travellers' book, in which Nahon keeps a register of all the strangers who

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have sojourned at his house, one of our party having adverted in what he wrote to the known venality of Hash-hash, the cautious Jew, with tears in his eyes, entreated so earnestly that the remark might be expunged—there was such terror of the bastinado legibly written in every line of his face—that the author of the animadversion pitying his alarm, immediately erased the whole sentence.

The population of Tetuan appears to be made up in nearly equal parts of Moors, Negroes, and Jews. The former are a fine-looking race, with handsome acute countenances (of course I allude only to the men, the women having been—with one exception on the house-top—as a sealed fountain to us). These Moors profess to be descendants of the Andalusian Moslems, who, in the final expulsion of the Moors from Spain subsequent to the conquest of Granada, settled in this part of the kingdom of Fez, thus returning to the place from whence their ancestors had come eight hundred years before; and we were told that there is a Moorish gentleman now living in Tetuan, who asserts himself to be the last of the Abencerrages! What would Monsieur de Chateaubriand say to that?

The origin of all nations is enveloped in doubt

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and obscurity, and the fables of antiquity have become so mixed up with true traditions that it is difficult, almost impossible, in tracing their early history to its source, to separate fact from fiction. The Moors, or natives of Mauritania, (the name by which the ancients designated the territories of Fez and Morocco,) are supposed to have derived their origin from one of the Asiatic tribes (probably Arabs) which in the great emigration that progressed in the earliest ages from the East to the West, colonized the desert tracts through which they passed. They were successively subjugated by the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Vandals, and the Greeks; and finally they fell under the yoke of the Arabs, or Saracens, that victorious race who marched their conquering armies into Egypt, Persia, and the Western and Northern extremities of Africa, planting everywhere the standard of their newly elected prophet, and converting the people of those countries to Islamism. It was in the twenty-seventh year of the Hegira, and the six hundred and forty-seventh of the Christian era, under the dynasty of the first race of the Caliphs and in the reign of Othman, that the Arabs invaded and occupied Mauritania. The native Moors, whose religion had previously been a mixture of

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Christianity and idolatry, were converted by their conquerors to the doctrines of Mahomet, and the victors and the vanquished became blended into one nation, upon which the designation of *Moor* was commonly bestowed. This union was disturbed only by the revolt of the warlike Berber tribes, who for a length of time resisted a foreign supremacy, and were the last of the aborigines that embraced the tenets of the prophet.* They were, however, at last subjugated; for in the year 708 (A. D.), the Caliph Valide sent from Egypt an army of a hundred thousand Saracens commanded by Musa Ben Nazir to reduce the refractory tribes to submission. The Saracen general having pacified the whole of Mauritania, seized upon Tangiers, then in possession of the Spanish Goths; and having thus become master of an immense tract of country, and, finding him-

* A Mussulman general, named Akbar, effected the conquest of the Berbers about the year 647, and converted them to Islamism. After which, he overran the country to its Western extremity, where his further explorations were arrested by the ocean. There, full of religious enthusiasm and warlike ardour, he spurred his horse into the waves, drew his scimitar, and raising it to Heaven, exclaimed: — "God of Mahomet! thou seest that were it not for this element that checks my progress, I would still advance in search of new nations to convert them to thy worship!"

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self at the head of an overgrown army thirsting for conquest, he turned his thoughts towards the invasion of Spain. That object was soon afterwards effected, as I have already stated, through the instrumentality of Count Julian, who invited Musa Ben Nazir to join the discontented Goths in their rebellion against King Roderick. Musa despatched his greatest captain, Tárik, to their assistance; and he having effected a landing on the rock of Gibraltar, made good his footing there, and in conjunction with Musa soon afterwards conquered the greater part of the Peninsula.

The Berber tribes, who have given their name to the Barbary States, although conquered and converted by the Arabs, never became confounded with them as the bulk of the original Moorish people did. They have to this day kept themselves aloof from amalgamation with that mixed race; and their descendants still retain their antique habits of independence and predatory warfare, and their pastoral and wandering predilections. Those descendants are the untameable tribes who now inhabit the chain of the Atlas, and are erroneously and indiscriminately termed Moors, Arabs, and Bedouins; they are, in fact, the genuine representatives of the pure

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antique Moorish race. The Moors of Spain *were*, and the Moors of Morocco and of the western and northern parts of Africa *are*, the descendants of the Saracen invaders who conquered Mauritania under the reign of the Caliph Othman.

Our return to the yacht was as prosperous as our progress to Tetuan had been, and we had the gratification of finding a novel spectacle upon our road—a camp of Moorish cavalry which had just arrived from Tangiers, and had pitched their tents a little to the right of our line of march. This encampment looked very picturesque in the midst of the lovely scenery, and some of our party rode up to examine it more closely; even my maid (whose ideas of Moorish civilization have made a rapid stride towards a more liberal judgment, based upon the roast beef and plum-pudding with which she was regaled at Tetuan, and the fact that no attempts at decapitation had been practised upon any of our party there) ventured to follow us to the skirts of the camp, where we saw some very pretty horses of a small breed, and some very fine-looking cavaliers. One of them presented me with a handkerchief full of fine ripe figs, and rode alongside of our party until we reached the place of embarkation.

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We found the boats in waiting there to convey us to the yacht; and a fine light breeze having sprung up, we soon weighed anchor, directed a farewell glance to the land of the Moor, and in a few hours found ourselves safely landed again upon the Rock of Gibraltar!

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MALTA.

Departure from Gibraltar.—Polyphemus Steamer.—Mediterranean navigation.—Gozo.—Approach to Malta.—St. Paul's Bay.—Malta Harbour.—Valetta.—Palace of the Grand Master.—Origin of the Order of Malta.—Church of St. John.—Floriana.—Gardens of St. Antonio.—Calesas.—Cyclopean remains.—The various nations to which Malta has belonged.—Its climate and productions.—Walls of Valetta.—Tombs of the English Governors.—Ponsonby Pillar.—St. Elmo.—Siege of Malta by the Turks.—French occupation of the island.—Suppression of the Order of Malta.—Blockade and capitulation of Valetta.—Visit on board H.M.S. Queen.—Manufactures of Malta—The Maltese women.—Calesa drivers.

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MALTA.

Pass we the long, unvarying course, the track
Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind;
Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the tack,
And each well-known caprice of wave and wind;
Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,
Coop'd in their winged sea-girt citadel;
The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind,
As breezes rise and fall and billows swell,
Till on some jocund morn—lo, land! and all is well.

But not in silence pass Calypso's isles,
The sister tenants of the middle deep;
There for the weary still a haven smiles,
Though the fair goddess long hath ceased to weep,
And o'er her cliffs a fruitless watch to keep
For him who dared prefer a mortal bride.

Childe Harold.

GIBRALTAR is the most noisy as well as the hottest place in Europe. There is no shelter from the glare and glow of unclouded sunshine—no respite from the indefatigable military bustle that has turned the Rock into one vast scorching barrack-yard. If in the early morning you seek

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for a quiet stroll in the Alameda, you are sure to find a whole regiment under arms in the drill-ground close by; if you drive out to Europa Point in the afternoon you hear the bugle sounding the different calls for exercise among the rocks; return to the town, and you perceive detachments marching in and out in all directions, and in the evening every street rings again with "the retreat," fifed and drummed until the drums of one's ears ache sympathetically. The sun rises and sets to the roar of cannon; in short military discipline is the restless spirit that animates the place, and verily it does not perform "its spiriting gently." We had more than enough of these sights and sounds before our excursion to the opposite shores; and therefore, after our return from thence we only awaited the arrival of the government steamer that takes out the mail to Malta, to bid a final farewell to the Rock. Fortunately for us it was the turn of the Polyphemus to touch at Gibraltar, and fortunately, too, we found, on securing our passage, that there would be but one passenger on board besides ourselves (the wife of a naval officer on the Malta station going out to join her husband there), so that we had, with that solitary and most agreeable exception, the whole spacious accommodations of

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that fine vessel to ourselves. These mail packets are manned and equipped on the footing of men-of-war steamers, and are commanded by lieutenants in the navy. They are of such large dimensions that no annoyance either of heat or smell is experienced from the engines, and such irreproachable cleanliness is observed in the machinery department, that steam appears to be divested of its most objectionable characteristics, and one might fancy oneself in a sailing vessel were it not for the superior speed which constitutes the immeasurable advantage of steam over canvas, even when wind and tide favour the latter. We had an opportunity of testing this superiority in the most satisfactory manner; exactly ten days before we left Gibraltar in the Polyphemus, the Indus man-of-war sailed from thence for Malta, and reached her destination only at four o'clock in the morning of the day upon which the Polyphemus anchored in Malta harbour.

Our passage lasted five days; but to me they were days of actual enjoyment, the weather was so enchanting, the light breeze so reviving, the sea so transparently blue; and then the nights —oh! those delicious nights in the Mediterranean, what pen or pencil could ever do justice

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to them, and to their lovely transitions from the golden glories of sunset to the silver serenity of moonlight? Notwithstanding the heavy dews that fall in these latitudes, I loved to linger on the deck until a late hour, silently enjoying the solemn stillness of the scene. At that hour the dark line of African coast melted into indistinctness, and, mingling with the purple gloom of the horizon, could no longer be distinguished from the skies above or the waters beneath;—around me all was silence and space, while amidst the deep calm the vessel steadily moved onwards and "walked the waters like a thing of life," leaving in her wake a long track luminous with those phosphoric coruscations which are so common to the waters of the Mediterranean—like memory illuminating the path of life which we can never more retrace.

Nothing could exceed the attentions of Lieutenant Evans, the commander of the Polyphemus, or the politeness with which he did the honours of his well-appointed table. Each day he invited one or other of his officers to dinner; they were without exception all gentlemanly well-informed young men, and in one of them, (the assistant-surgeon) I was surprised to meet the "MEDICAL STUDENT" of one of our popular

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English periodicals, with whose powerful contributions I was already familiar, but whose incognito I am not at liberty to violate by any allusion to him under his own name.

In passing before the Bay of Tunis, we endeavoured, but in vain, to discover with the assistance of a telescope some indication either of the city of Tunis, or the site of ancient Carthage; we were at too great a distance to be able to make out anything but the direction in which they lay far inward in the curve of the bay.

The spot which is now pointed out as the site of ancient Carthage is situated at about eight miles from Tunis, and is actually occupied by an inconsiderable African village, called Melcha. The ruins which are at present shewn as those of Carthage, are, in point of fact, not those of the antique city of Dido and of Hannibal, but the remains of a second Carthage, built and colonized subsequently to the destruction of the first by the Romans, who, after sacking, plundering, and razing it to the ground, caused its foundations to be ploughed up,—thus fulfilling to the very letter the well-known denunciation of the elder Cato "*Delenda est Carthago.*" The second Carthage was founded by the Gracchi family; and

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so much was done for its embellishment, such was the magnificence at which it arrived, that it ultimately became the capital of the Roman possessions in Africa under the emperors. It shared in the vicissitudes that befel the declining empire, and the period of its duration from its second foundation embraces about seven hundred years; its ultimate destruction having taken place in the beginning of the seventh century, when the Saracens, who had overrun part of Asia, the northern shores of Africa, and some of the southern countries of Europe, became masters of it, again to destroy, to degrade, and reduce it to a heap of ruins.

On the morning of the fifth day we came in sight of Gozo, the little island that precedes Malta, and which presents so much more fertile an aspect, being covered with verdant pasturage and groves of trees, intermingled with casales or villages. Gozo is supposed to be the island of Calypso, although little in its actual appearance bears out the glowing descriptions that have been given of the enchantress's abode. It is about twelve miles long, and half as wide; and the coast is low, and indented with bays, except on the southern side, where it rises in perpendicular cliffs to the height of many hun-

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dred feet. Probably it was from that point that Telemachus precipitated himself into the waves when urged by Mentor to fly from the enervating influence of Calypso's charms. A distance of five miles only separates Gozo from its sister island, Malta, that extraordinary and important little territory, once the bulwark of Christendom against the infidels, upon which its inhabitants have, in their overweening partiality, bestowed the flattering epithet of *Fior del Mondo* (Flower of the World). Seen from the sea, it looks like a bare, rugged, inhospitable rock, whose base is beaten by the waves, while its summit is scorched into barrenness by the sun; and the first view I obtained of it recalled to my recollection the "short and sweet" description which an Irish friend of mine had written to me of it a few years ago: "Malta and Gozo look exactly like two big stones popped into the water!" But, on a nearer approach, some of the grand and imposing features of Valetta become visible; and, upon entering the noble harbour, the headquarters of the British fleet in the Mediterranean, the splendor and importance of the possession burst upon one's comprehension; and, while gazing at the little floating worlds that ride at anchor there, what English heart but

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must exultingly feel, that the galleys of the Knights of St. John, the former valiant defenders of the spot, have been right worthily replaced by our own matchless hearts of oak!

Before reaching the harbour, St. Paul's Bay was pointed out to us as being the locality where it is supposed the Apostle suffered shipwreck, when on his way from Syria to Rome, as recorded in the Scriptures. Upon the spot where "the barbarian people" lighted a fire to warm the frozen crew, and where the viper, having fastened upon St. Paul's hand, was shaken by him into the burning embers, a small chapel has been erected, which, however, is quite distinct from St. Paul's Cave, where the Apostle is said to have dwelt during his sojourn in the island. Notwithstanding the identification of the above-mentioned localities with those passages in the Apostle's life, it is by no means certain, that Malta was the spot where he was shipwrecked, for many circumstances appear to conduce to the probability of *Meleda*, an island in the Adriatic sea, near the coast of Illyria, having in reality been the place where he was cast away; and the most convincing argument in favour of this supposition, is its geographical position, which renders it more likely to have

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been the shore upon which the ship ran aground, "as they were driven up and down in Adria," than Malta, which was, comparatively speaking, out of the way, and is in the Mediterranean, and not in the Adriatic sea. Both Malta and Meleda were, at that time, known by the name of Melita. Much has been said, and more written, in support of the claims of both of these islands, to have been the haven which sheltered the Great Apostle for three months after he was cast ashore there; but notwithstanding the learning and the deep research which have been displayed *de part et d'autre* in the controversy, the point still remains, and ever must remain, enveloped in doubt, as an approach to truth can be attained only by a careful examination of the description of both localites, and a comparison of them with the narrative of the shipwreck as related in the Acts—the only record of it that exists — and deducements, however strongly they may bear upon probability, are still too far removed from facts, to be admitted unhesitatingly as such. Meanwhile, Malta has taken the benefit of the doubt, by assuming to be the Melita of St. Paul, and thus a high and holy interest has been shed over the early history of the island, which leaves but a second-

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ary place to the brilliant traditions that mark the period of its knightly dominion.

I was not prepared for the scene of beauty that burst upon me as we entered the Great Harbour. Valetta thus seen presents a most imposing and stupendous appearance, and the incalculable advantage it possesses as a naval position is at one glance understood. The entrance to the Grand Harbour, (for there is a lesser one for vessels in quarantine,) is very narrow and bristled with batteries of five tiers of guns which could blow out of the water anything approaching the city. The harbour then rapidly enlarges, and divides itself into two branches, one of which is appropriated as a dock-yard, where still remain the galley arches, under which the galleys of the Knights of Malta used to be moored; the other branch is occupied by vessels lying at anchor. Ships of war, steamers, merchantmen, and craft of all sizes and sorts crowd the blue waters, while the batteries, churches, palaces, and Italian-looking houses, with their balconies and long ranges of jalousies, closed to exclude the ardent rays of the sun, that surround the basin, impart a character of elegance as well as of grandeur to the animated picture. Nor was this first bright *coup d'œil* the precursor of disappointment; for

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upon landing I found the interior of the city even more charming than its external appearance had led me to expect, and bearing a general stamp of refinement and superiority which fully entitles Valetta to be classed among the most beautiful cities of Europe. Even the Nix Mangiare stairs pleased me from their originality, although if the truth must be told, having once ascended them I was in no hurry to recommence their ascent.

The first stone of the City of Valetta was laid in 1566 by the Grand Master, La Valette, after whom it was named, and the whole was terminated during the ensuing five years. Nothing can exceed the cleanliness and elegance of the town; the streets are airy and regular, many of them from being constructed upon a declivity are furnished at the sides with flights of steps, and, at the extremities of all, the blue Mediterranean is visible. The houses are invariably built of stone, and are provided with large projecting balconies, or gazeebos, covered and glazed, which open and close at pleasure, and are most agreeable accessories to the interior apartments in this torrid climate. The proportions and dispositions of the houses are quite Italian, and are contrived to insure to their inmates the luxury of coolness and shade; but the comfortable ar-

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rangements of England have been superadded; and this well-judged *mélange* renders a good Maltese house one of the most agreeable habitations in the world. They are all built with flat-terraced roofs like Moorish houses, a peculiarity of architecture which gives to Valetta an *air de famille* with Cadiz; but the advantage is, in my opinion, all on the side of Valetta, from the noble aristocratic air peculiar to it, which Cadiz, with all its beauty, does not possess.

The most considerable square in the city is the Piazza St. Giorgio, upon which is situated the *ci-devant* palace of the Grand Masters of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, now the residence of the English Military Governor. This structure is by no means remarkable for any external architectural elegance; but it contains some fine halls and suites of rooms, embellished with portraits of the several Grand Masters, and paintings recording the military achievements of the Order, some of which possess considerable merit as works of art. There is a very fine armoury in the palace, containing many thousand stands of English arms; but the most interesting portion of its contents is the martial panoply of some of the Knights of Malta, all that now remains of that once powerful and ambitious

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confraternity; these suits of armour, some of them black, others burnished, all of them bearing upon their shields the white cross of the Order upon a red ground, are ranged round one extremity of the armoury, and produce the illusion of a file of men-at-arms drawn up in battle array.

The origin of the Religious and Military Order of the Knights of Malta, formerly known as the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, is as follows:—Some Italian merchants who traded in the Holy Land, some time previous to the journey of Godfrey de Bouillon thither, obtained permission from the Caliph of Egypt to erect a house for such pilgrims of their own nation as resorted to Palestine from motives of devotion. For this privilege they paid an annual tribute to the Caliph. In process of time these Italians caused two churches to be constructed; and their charitable and pious example having found imitators, a church, dedicated to St. John, was subsequently founded, to which was annexed an hospital for the sick, whence the derivation of their first distinguishing title of Hospitallers, which was bestowed upon its confraternity of servitors. Shortly after the taking of Jerusalem by Godfrey de Bouillon, they assumed the black habit and cross, with

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eight points, which has ever since been their peculiar badge; and besides the ordinary religious vows of celibacy, &c., they bound themselves by another equally solemn pact, to become the champions of Christian pilgrims to the Holy Land against the aggressions of the Saracens. Their order having thus become a military one, they changed the name by which it had heretofore been designated, of Hospitallers, into that of Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

When the reverses of the Crusaders in the East had lost Jerusalem to the Christian arms, the Knights of St. John retired first to Acre (or Ptolemais), subsequently to the dominions of the King of Cyprus, and lastly to the Island of Rhodes, of which they had made themselves masters by right of conquest, and where they were established for the next two hundred years, during which period they were known as the Knights of Rhodes. But in 1522, the Ottoman Sultan, Solyman the Magnificent, having taken Rhodes, the Order took refuge in Candia, and afterwards repaired to the Papal States, where they sojourned under the protection of the Holy See, until, in 1530, the Emperor Charles the Fifth made over to them the Island of Malta, probably as the best protection he could give to

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his kingdom of Sicily, from the constant aggressions of the Turks and their piratical allies from the Barbary shores.

No persons were admitted into the Order of Malta but such as could establish their noble birth, both on their father's and mother's side, for four generations. The confraternity consisted of three estates, namely, knights, chaplains, and servants-at-arms. The knights were again divided into two classes, Grand Crosses, and Knights Assistants, the former of which alone were eligible to become candidates for the Grand Mastership, which involved sovereign powers and privileges, those of coining money, and pardoning criminals, being among them.

The Order of Malta was divided into different nations, or, as they were termed, "Languages," each of which possessed its separate palace or albergo, where the members belonging to that particular nation were lodged and fed. The languages were those of Provence, Auvergne, Italy, Castile, France, Arragon, Anglo-Bavaria, and Germany; and, besides the chapels which they owned in the Church of St. John, to each was attached a separate church in the town for the use of the knights. The superior of every language was distinguished by a title analogous to

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the functions annexed to that grade, and thus the heads of the different Alberghi were known as the Grand Commander, the Grand Marshal, the Admiral, the Grand Chancellor, the Grand Hospitaller, the Grand Conservator, the Turcopolier, and the Grand Bailly of the Order. Some of these Alberghi are splendid palaces, constructed in the best style of Italian architecture; the finest, as well as the most spacious, is that of Castile, which is a truly noble building; but since the suppression of the Order they have all been converted either into government offices, or into club-houses, or barracks for the officers of the different regiments in garrison in the Island.

The Church of St. John is one of the principal boasts of Valetta, and is a curious monument of the magnificence of the Order. The pavement is a beautiful series of sepulchral slabs in mosaic of various precious marbles, representing the escutcheons and recording the merits of the knights whose graves they cover; but the democratic Vandalism of the French army, defaced many of the tombs, and, in its senseless hatred of all that was aristocratic, scrupled not to desecrate such of these asylums of the dead, as attested to the noble lineage of the sleepers

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beneath. In the choir is a beautiful group in white marble by Bernini, representing the Baptism of our Saviour by St. John; and the ceiling is adorned with a series of paintings descriptive of the principal occurrences in the life of the saint. But the principal magnificence of the Church is displayed in the Chapels of the different languages of the order, which form the two aisles, and are splendidly decorated. They contain the Mausoleums of the Grand Masters, some of them gorgeously enriched with sculptures in marble and bronze. In the Chapel of the language of Knights of France, is the monument of Louis Philippe d'Orleans, Comte de Beaujolais, brother to the present King of the French, who died in exile in Malta, in 1808. Besides the Chapels of the different Languages, there is that of the Virgin, the altar of which is surrounded with a balustrade of massive silver, extending the whole length of the Chapel; upon the side walls are suspended three bunches of keys taken from the Turks by the Knights of Malta; to each of which is affixed a silver plate containing a Latin inscription explanatory of these Infidel trophies. The grand altar of the Church of St. John is very rich in precious marbles, like those of the churches of Italy;

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but the exterior of the structure is scarcely worthy of its internal decoration, being in the least graceful style of modern Italian architecture. Its construction dates towards the end of the sixteenth century.

My stay at Malta was so short, and the weather had reached to such a climax of heat, that I made no attempt to go through the list of sights which Cicerones and guide-books prescribe to strangers; and, having seen the Church of St. John, I declined visiting the other churches of Valetta, that I might economize my strength for the public library, (a noble institution founded by one of the Order, and containing nearly forty thousand volumes,) some of the Alberghi, the walls and gates of the city, and the Floriana; which latter possesses a garden that is much resorted to on Sunday evenings, when a military band plays there, and the Maltese belles make good use of their pretty eyes, and look as killing as they can under the shadow of their *faldettas*, (which are nothing more than black silk petticoats stiffened out with whalebone, and passed over the head like a calash). We also visited the palace and gardens of St. Antonio, situated about four miles from Valetta, and literally the only spot of shade and verdure con-

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tained in the whole island. These gardens are pretty enough, but the walks paved with flag-stones take from them all appearance of rurality; they are a resource, however, in a place where any tree (except an orange or fig tree) is a curiosity, and where the whole face of the country is one dreary expanse of rocky soil divided by stone walls, and giving one the idea of a place which had been desolated by an earthquake; but were these gardens nearer to Valetta, they would be of inestimable value as a *point de réunion* for the loungers who have at present nothing but the narrow straight walks of the Floriana, with its stunted shrubs and creepers, for a promenade. This aridity of appearance, coupled with the painful glare produced upon the eyes by the chalky soil, renders excursions into the interior of the island far from agreeable; and it also requires habit to render the bumping movement of the native carriages (calesas)—the only come-at-able conveyance for strangers—tolerable. These calesas are the beau-ideal of awkwardness; they are in shape something like the old-fashioned French close cabriolet, and are placed upon two enormous ungainly wheels in such a manner that, when they are empty, the bodies hang backwards in the most fearful looking way, and it

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is only when you step into them that your weight causes them to right themselves into a proper position. They are drawn by a single mule or horse, and driven by a barefooted driver who runs alongside on foot as long as they continue in town, but when they get outside of the gates the driver is permitted to seat himself upon the shafts.

I had not courage to attempt an excursion to Citta Vecchia, the old capital of the island, in the Cathedral of which the Grand Masters of the Order were (even to the last period of their supremacy) inaugurated, and where the Bishops of Malta are to this day consecrated; for, all my previous fatigue told upon me so forcibly during the few days I sojourned at Valetta, and the heat and glare of the place were so overpowering, that I was quite incapacitated from making any exertion. Thus, I left the island without seeing St. Paul's Cave; but I was consoled for this omission by being assured, that the antiquity of the cave has been so clearly and satisfactorily disproved, that it is quite certain it did not exist in the time of the Apostle, and could, therefore, never have been dwelt in by him, even had the much-vexed question of the identity of this island with the Melita upon

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which he was cast away been so clearly established as to leave no doubt that he had dwelt there.

But Malta contains other remains of undisputed antiquity (discovered only two years ago), of the existence of which I did not hear until I had embarked for Marseilles, otherwise I should certainly have made an effort to visit them. These remains, found near a casale, or village, six miles from Valetta, on the south-eastern coast, are vaguely called Cyclopean ruins, and are similar to some that exist in the Island of Sardinia. They consist of huge perpendicular stones which remain in their original position, and are, probably, the ruins of a temple, as traces of sacrifice have been found there, such as sacrificial vessels, some human bones, and the bones of sheep and of birds; also, seven female figures formed out of the limestone of the island, but without heads, and two *terra cotta* figures. These remains are supposed to be Phœnician—a rational inference, as the Phœnicians were certainly early settlers in Malta—and, it is presumed, that the temple, of which these are the ruins, was not destroyed by violence, but that its dissolution was natural after its abandonment by the Phœnicians, who, probably, carried

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away the heads of their divinities when they migrated into other countries. Some curious Cyclopean remains, called the Giant's Tower, are also to be found in the Island of Gozo.

It is generally believed that the Phœnicians were the earliest settlers in Malta, and that they were expelled by the Greeks after the siege of Troy, who, in their turn, gave way to the Carthaginians. These latter were driven forth by the Romans, who seized upon Malta and held it in their possession until the sixth century; when the Goths, having overrun Italy and Sicily, and sacked Carthage, possessed themselves of Malta, which, however, they retained for a very few years, as it was recovered from them by the Roman general, Belisarius, and remained under the dominion of the Lower Empire until the ninth century. At that period, the Arabs, who had already made themselves masters of Spain and Portugal, and parts of France and Italy, made an incursion upon Gozo and Malta, and took forcible possession of them. The Arabs retained these islands for above two hundred years, when they were expelled from thence by Count Roger, of Sicily, who eventually became King of Sicily and Malta. Under his successors Malta remained an integral part of the king-

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dom of Sicily, and, during the dissensions that distracted that sovereignty, it successively passed under the dominion of the Houses of Suabia, Anjou, and Arragon, remaining annexed to the kingdom of Arragon for upwards of two hundred years; at the end of which period it passed into the hands of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, the heir of all the Spanish dominions. By him it was formally ceded to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who, after they had been driven from the Island of Rhodes, had taken refuge in the Papal States, and the island remained in their possession until the suppression of the Order in 1798. The occupation of it by the French, and the obstinate blockade against which these latter held out until actually starved into terms, took up the two succeeding years, and, in 1800, Malta capitulated to the English, and has remained a dependency of the British Crown ever since. Of all its various possessors, the Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, Arabs, Normans, and Sicilians, Malta has preserved the most distinct and lasting traces of the Arab occupation, for the mother-tongue of the Maltese, the language spoken by all the country people, is a dialect of the Arabic mixed up with some few words of Italian. In the towns, however,

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Italian is in general use, and may be termed *le langue de la bonne société;* and many of the tradespeople have picked up enough of English to enable them to transact business through the medium of that language: but, in the country, nothing but Maltese is spoken or understood. Strange to say, this dialect, although in such universal use throughout the island, has never been reduced to writing, and, therefore, the Italian language is the only medium of communicating instruction in the government schools; but I am told that great efforts are making to substitute the pure Arabic for it, which, being the source from whence the Maltese is derived, and, consequently, quite intelligible to the islanders, would tend greatly to facilitate the progress of education among the lower classes who are now obliged to learn Italian as a preliminary step to enable them to learn other things.

The climate and soil of Malta are African, but its civilization is European. In Valetta the luxurious characteristics of an Italian city are happily blended with the solid comfort and cleanliness of an English town; good libraries, and an Italian opera; sunshine, and English grates; marble floors, and Kidderminster carpets; ices, and cows' milk; and such excellent hotels, that it is an absolute happiness to "take one's ease" in them

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after enduring the martyrdom of Spanish Fondas. Barren and ungrateful as the rocky soil appears, it yields an abundant vegetation of various descriptions; the cotton grown here is plentiful and of the finest quality; and the fruits are delicious, pre-eminent among which is the Malta orange, whose celebrity is European. In short, I can imagine Valetta to be a most agreeable residence during the winter months; but at present, in the full blaze of summer, the state of the thermometer is such, that any exertion during the day-time becomes an impossibility for the natives of a northern latitude; and the families of the English authorities employed here, fly from the place to seek for cool breezes in the green valleys of Switzerland. As for myself, I was compelled to relinquish all exertion during my short stay; the glare and the heat affected the nerves of my head in the most painful manner—I had been, as Hamlet says, "too much i' the sun" for many weeks, and had sickened of its splendour; a cloud, a shower, a blast of the Mistral, or even a mouthful of London fog, would have been looked upon by me not only in the light of a refreshment, but of an actual blessing, as breaking the brilliant monotony that overpowered me; but nothing of the sort came! Let

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no one who wishes to see Malta visit it in the summer; life is then only rendered tolerable by passing the morning in a warm-bath, the middle of the day stretched upon a sofa in a darkened room, and the evening in drinking iced lemonade. After sunset, however, the temperature becomes supportable, and a lounge on the crowded Piazza S. Georgio, or through the throngs that circulate in the Strada Reale, is then very agreeable.

In one of these late strolls we wandered to the walls of Valetta, one part of which has been chosen as the last resting-place of the English governors who terminated their earthly race in Malta. Sir Thomas Maitland is buried there; but the hand only of the Marquis of Hastings moulders beneath the monument that has been erected to his memory. This spot overlooks the great harbour, and commands a view of great extent and beauty, including the spacious basin, whose blue surface is dotted with shipping of all dimensions; the three towns of Borgo, Birmula, and Senglea, exactly opposite; the castles that defend the fort; the suburb of Floriana, and, beyond, a large tract of country; but the country is what is least to be admired in Malta. The spot is well befitting a soldier's grave, and I like the idea of this martial burial of the governors

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upon the ramparts which they once commanded. In one of the turrets of the castle of St. Elmo are deposited the embalmed remains of the gallant Abercrombie, just as they were brought from Aboukir: but the most conspicuous monument in the town is the column which has lately been erected by the inhabitants to the memory of the late gallant and much-beloved Sir Frederick Ponsonby; it is placed on an eminence above the Quarantine Harbour, and bears a a simple but affecting inscription in Italian.

Apropos to St. Elmo: it was the theatre of the famous siege which the Knights of Malta sustained from the Turks, under the reign of Solyman the Magnificent, in 1565, when the infidels nearly succeeded in wresting the island from them, and during which the Order lost three hundred knights and five times as many men-at-arms. When the Janissaries entered the castle, not one knight remained alive in it; and the Turkish commander, finding no living beings to wreak his inhuman fury upon, ordered the dead bodies of the knights to be ripped open, their hearts torn out, and a cross to be cut upon their breasts in horrible derision; after which, they were lashed upon planks and floated across the harbour to Borgo, where the grand-master La

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Valette had taken up his position. Alas! Christianity did not teach the Maltese commander forbearance, or even inculcate, in the reprisals he took, greater humanity than had been displayed by the barbarous Turk; he avenged the insult by ordering all his Moslem prisoners to be immediately put to death, and, causing his cannon to be loaded with their bleeding heads, fired them into the Turkish camp.

St. Elmo was, however, the only part of the island on which the besiegers obtained a footing: after the capture of that fortress, the Turks invested the two towns of Borgo and Senglea; but the knights performed prodigies of valour, and, during two months, succeeded in repulsing every fresh aggression of the enemy. At the termination of that period, timely assistance arrived to the Maltese from Sicily; and the Turkish commander, magnifying the importance of this reinforcement, drew off his troops in consternation, abandoned his conquest of St. Elmo, and returned with the remnant of his expedition to Constantinople, having left twenty-five thousand Turkish soldiers slain under the walls of the city.

Far more dreadful, because more prolonged and wearing, was the blockade or bloodless siege sustained by the French force that occupied

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Malta in 1798, and which appeared to be a just retribution upon the French nation for the animosity they had evinced towards the Knights of St. John, whose greatest crime, in their judgment, was the principle of religion and the spirit of aristocracy upon which the Order was based, and which it was sworn to uphold. The first outward manifestation of hostility towards it was declared in 1792, when an edict pronounced the Order of Malta to be extinct within the French territories, and the possessions of the three French languages (France, Auvergne, and Provence), to be confiscated and annexed to the national domains. This was followed up by the Republic, One and Indivisible, seizing upon the German and Arragonian commanderies, situated in Alsace and French Navarre; and these repeated spoliations reduced the already sinking revenues of the Order to the very lowest ebb. In 1798 the last blow against it was struck by the arrival of a French fleet before Malta, having on board General Buonaparte (then on his way with the expedition to Egypt), who demanded free admission into the port for the whole squadron. As this request was not acceded to, the applicants took "French leave," and immediately began to land their troops, who, in the true spirit

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of Republican licence, commenced laying waste the island, and carried destruction and desolation wherever they appeared. They began by making themselves masters of all the important posts in the country, and then shewed themselves under the walls of Valetta, intending there to dictate their own terms to the Maltese. The weakness and disunion that reigned within the seat of government were but too well calculated to strengthen their pretensions and forward their views: the besieged, without a struggle, yielded up the city to the besiegers; and the first act of authority by which these latter asserted their newly acquired rights was to order the expulsion of all the knights from the island within three days. As soon as this arbitrary measure was effected, General Buonaparte and the French expedition sailed for Egypt, taking with them all the precious objects contained in the treasury and in the churches of the Order,* and leaving, by way of compensation, a French general with four thousand men to maintain the possession of the island.

* It is asserted that the famous silver balustrade in the church of St. John's was overlooked by the French in this sacrilegious plunder, owing to the inhabitants having painted it over to resemble wood before the town had capitulated.

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The iron yoke of these *soi-disant* apostles of liberty, and the oppressions, exactions, and sacrilegious depredations indulged in by them towards their new conquest, soon became intolerable to the Maltese, who at first avenged themselves, as the weak ever do, by massacres and partial outbreaks. But at last the inhabitants of the country openly declared themselves against the French occupation, and cut off all communication between the interior of the island and the city, which was thus reduced to a state of blockade. In this conjuncture the Maltese were seconded by an English fleet, which appeared off the island, with some Portuguese ships of war, and demanded that the French should instantly evacuate the territory. This demand was met by a refusal couched in the most uncompromising terms of defiance, and the blockade was immediately commenced. It lasted two years; during which period, all supplies having been cut off from without by the united English and Portuguese force, the most dreadful privations and sufferings were endured within, with a constancy and heroism that wrung praises even from their enemy. But the garrison having devoured the last rat to be found in the place, and made soup of their last pair of boots, — their commander

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having lost everything "*fors l'honneur*," — they found themselves vanquished, not by superior force or valour, but by starvation; and only capitulated to the English when nothing living was left in the city, save their own breathing skeletons. Since that period Malta has remained in undisputed possession of England, and long may it continue to do so!

Among the first-rate men-of-war anchored in Malta harbour during my stay there, was the flag-ship the Queen,—that splendid vessel which so well merits the regal title that has been bestowed upon her, and which her Majesty, Queen Victoria, honoured with a visit at Portsmouth before her removal to the Mediterranean station.* Some of our naval friends, having heard me say that I had never been on board of a three-decker, proposed that we should put ourselves under their convoy, and visit the Queen; so, on the day preceding our departure from Malta, braving the ardours of the

* The graphic and characteristic pen of Captain Glascock, R.N., has enriched Bentley's Miscellany for November 1842 with an account of that interesting occurrence, written in a style that brings the whole scene home to the eyes—ay, and to the heart too—of the reader. The delightful sketch in question is entitled "HER FIRST VISIT AFLOAT."

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noontide sun, we availed ourselves of their obliging offer, and accompanied them on board. The gratification we experienced in this, to me, novel spectacle, more than compensated for the heat and fatigue inseparable from the undertaking. We were conducted through every part of the ship, from the admiral's spacious and airy cabin, with its elegant projecting stern gallery, filled with vases of flowers and shrubs, to the nethermost depths of the vast hulk; where, in the kitchen department, to my great surprise I saw a flock of sheep, happily unconscious of the fate that awaits them, and quietly reposing in a pen just opposite to the enormous fire at which they will one day be roasted. And oh! what a glorious sight is an English man-of-war!—what perfection presides over all its details!—what clock-work regularity and order!—what quiet discipline pervades every department of the great floating community, causing it to appear like a vast piece of complicated mechanism put into movement by a single spring—that spring the moral influence which one man's authority exercises over the large body of human beings committed to his charge! I did not believe it possible that so much luxury and comfort could be established afloat as were exhibited in some

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of the officers' cabins: even the guns in them were converted into ornamental furniture, and served to support pretty portable bookcases or stands of flowers; easy-chairs and cleverly contrived tables, on which were scattered toilet bottles, *sachets*, annuals, &c. &c., the gifts perhaps of friends at home, imparted to some of these little chambers quite an *air de boudoir*, and shewed that the elegancies of life are not incompatible with its sterner duties, that the brave can relax into softness without degenerating into effeminacy, and that coarseness and carelessness are not the requisite characteristics of a gallant seaman. These of course were the cabins of the senior officers. The poor middies are said to fare less daintily, although a great amelioration in the accommodation afforded to them has taken place in later years; for in line-of-battle ships, instead of being stowed away in the cockpit, where daylight never penetrated, they now are domiciled in the gun-room, which is situated immediately beneath the ward-room, the mess-place of the commissioned officers.

But the most interesting part of the exhibition to me was, seeing the men piped to dinner,—a small family-party of eleven hundred rough-faced tars, seated at once all along the lower deck,

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where their little tables were laid between the guns, each table furnished with an ample portion of soup and fresh meat, a large netful of boiled potatoes, a can of grog and plenty of biscuit, and everything looking so clean and comfortable that the sight of it was sufficient to create an appetite. The men are allowed to buy for themselves what crockery-ware they choose; and some of the tables exhibited very smart blue-and-white plates and dishes, and drinking-mugs bearing appropriate mottoes, which savoured strongly of their being "true lovers' gifts." Here also at night are slung those hammocks which serve them for a bed while they live—a shroud when they have closed their eyes in their last sleep!

One painful feeling alone militated against the general gratification which I had derived from our visit to the Queen, and that was occasioned by our having found in irons one poor fellow expiating some misdeed in solitary confinement. He was seated upon the lower deck, looking the very image of despondency; and, as he turned away his head with an expression of shame that he might avoid meeting our curious gaze, my heart smote me that we should have aggravated his punishment by the humiliation which our presence occasioned him, and I ventured a pleading word to the officer

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who stood near me in favour of his enlargement. But discipline, which is the soul of the profession, forbade my hint being attended to; and we left the poor prisoner to accomplish his penitence, which was doubtless rendered doubly bitter from having been witnessed by strangers.

* * * * * *

Malta is famous for its marble mosaic work, something in the style of the Florentine *pietra dura*, but of a less delicate description; as the objects here manufactured are principally slabs for tables, and consoles, and chimney-pieces, and the style of work is not adapted for ornaments of smaller dimensions. The coloured marbles used for the incrustations are brought from the ruins of Carthage; and one of the favourite designs for small tables is the horse, which formed the ancient device of the Carthaginians. But the Maltese workmen are very skilful in executing any design that is given to them; and I saw some beautiful chimney-pieces making for the Marquis of Londonderry, upon which his armorial bearings were emblazoned with the utmost perfection; and several large hall-table slabs destined for other English noblemen, and representing fruit, flowers, butterflies, &c. &c., executed with extraordinary skill. Another art peculiar to the island

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is the manufacture of that description of small rose-pattern gold chain known in England by the name of Maltese chains, which are made nowhere else; and a variety of gold and silver filigree ornaments, rivalling in beauty the far-famed *filigrane* of Genoa. The most celebrated artificer in this branch of *orfévrerie* is Mr. Chrêtien, whose shop in the Strada Forni merits the especial attention of strangers. There is in the Strada Reale another description of most tempting *bottega*, kept by a Levantine Jew, and exclusively devoted to the sale of Turkish perfumes, silks, and the beautiful embroideries executed by the Greek and Armenian women of Pera, where all the pretty trifles for which the bazaars of the East are famous may be obtained quite as good, and very little dearer than they would cost at Constantinople itself.

I have been disappointed in the personal appearance of the Maltese women. Perhaps I had previously heard too much in their favour from some of their enthusiastic admirers; perhaps my eye, accustomed of late to dwell upon the graceful forms of the dark-eyed daughters of Spain, had grown fastidious; but the truth is, that I found nothing to admire under the *faldetta*, — and the faldetta itself, pretty and piquant as it unques-

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tionably is, and holding a *juste milieu* between coquetry and modesty, is not to be compared to the all-attractive mantilla. This garment is in all probability a fashion transmitted to the Maltese by the Arabian possessors of the island, a modification of the Mahometan veil. Some part of the male costume of the islanders may be traced to the same Oriental origin, especially the sash of cotton or silk stuff, three or four yards long, which they wind several times round their waists, and which "girding of the loins" is common to all the nations of the East. Both men and women of the lower classes go barefoot, and, like the poor Irish, only put on shoes and stockings when they go into town; but the calesse-drivers never even there indulge in that luxury, and it is painful to see the poor fellows running at the top of their speed by the side of their horses on the burning pavements or scorched roads, and so close to the great awkward wheels of the vehicle, that, if they were to make one false step and slip down, they must inevitably be run over by them.

The calesse-driver, whom I had employed during my stay at Malta, I found to be a most intelligent man, understanding and speaking English remarkably well: he had been in service in Ireland, as groom to a nobleman, for four or five

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years, and spoke with much affection of his master; but the *mal du pays* came over him with an intensity that he could not resist. While admitting the advantages of his situation in the "first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea," he sickened and languished for his own sun-scorched "Fior del Mondo;" and, unable to contend with the longings that drew him thither, he resigned his boots and spurs without a sigh, and, hurrying back to his native rock, joyfully degenerated from a nobleman's groom into a barefooted calesse-driver.

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THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Departure from Malta.—Vapouring reminiscences.—Sicilian coast. — Scylla and Charybdis.—Approach to Naples. — Disappointment.—Neapolitans.—Cività Vecchia.—Bishop of Nancy.—Leghorn.—Arbibo's shop.—The Dey of Algiers. —Controversy.—Arrival at Marseilles.

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THE MEDITERRANEAN.

" There shrinks no ebb in that tideless sea,
Which changeless rolls eternally;
So that wildest of waves, in their angriest mood,
Scarce break on the bounds of the land for a rood;
And the powerless moon beholds them flow,
Heedless if she come or go:
Calm or high, in main or bay,
On their course she hath no sway."

Siege of Corinth.

As it was not near the period for the departure of the monthly English steamer that conveys the overland India mail to Marseilles, and as I felt that I could endure the heat of Malta no longer, we determined upon quitting the island in the first French steam-packet that should start for that port, in preference to delivering ourselves up to the uncleanliness of the Neapolitan *vapori*, which, besides being literally floating colonies of vermin, *enjoy a very bad reputation* as sea-boats. We, therefore, embarked on board

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Le Minos, a very fine vessel, commanded by an officer of the French Marine de Commerce; and, as I had been a very early applicant for my passage, I was so fortunate as to secure a small private cabin for myself quite distinct from the *grande chambre des dames*—a blessing of the extent of which I became aware when I beheld the troops of ladies that were marshalling on board the Minos on the morning of our embarkation, and who were all expected to be accommodated in the very unaccommodating ladies' cabin. These were principally English families flying from the heats of Malta for the remaining summer months; but among them was one of England's fair young duchesses, who, with her husband, had been making very nearly the same tour that I had performed, and whose good-sense and good-humour, in reconciling herself to the roughing and discomfort of a packet crowded to overflowing, and possessing in its very limited private accommodations none that could be made available for herself, were no less to be admired than the personal attractions for which she is distinguished, and which really appeared to derive a new charm from the unaffected simplicity of manners and good-nature exhibited by her. But I have ever

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observed that the well-born and *really* high-bred are always less exacting than those who have been raised from mediocrity to a high station: these latter are constantly striving, by assumptions of fastidiousness and perpetual allusions to their belongings, (which they put *en évidence à propos de tout* and *à propos de rien*,) to make people believe that they have been accustomed to grandeur and luxury all their lives; but, in every boast and every over-acted delicacy, the *parvenu* spirit betrays itself—and, wherever I find persons going out of their way to impress upon the rest of the world the superiority of their own worldly advantages, or the impossibility of their encountering like other people the vulgar "miseries of human life," I am always suspiciously prompted to inquire, "Pray, *who* was she—or who was he?" (as it may happen.) Such persons ought never to quit the luxurious atmosphere of their own houses; but there is another description of disposition—the *unaccommodating spirit*—which ought equally to abstain from encountering the hardships of travel.

I remember, some few years ago, being in a French steamer in the Mediterranean, in which was an English lady—no, she was Irish—of high rank, who, having performed her voyage out to

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those regions in an English man-of-war, where she had been treated *en reine* by every individual on board, from the captain to the cabin-boy, found great difficulty in reconciling herself to the inferior arrangements of a steam-packet; where, noble as she was, she was confounded with the rest of the first-class passengers, upon the broad principle, that, having precisely paid for her place as they had, she was entitled to the same attentions and accommodations, and no more.

But this quiet way of being passed over in the crowd did not suit the lady's humour, nor was it in her nature to encounter désagrémens with philosophic calm. By dint of qualmish airs she had obtained that a mattress should be laid upon the deck for her, and, stretched at full length upon it, she bemoaned herself — not at her ease — but to her heart's content. The captain, with that solicitude for a woman's sufferings which characterizes every sailor, was immediately attracted to her side; and, seating himself near the edge of the mattress, mixed up the inquiries and consolations he from time to time addressed to her with true French politeness.

"Eh bien! ça va mieux maintenant, n'est-ce pas?" said he; "ça va se dissiper tout douce-

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ment: c'était seulement le premier roulis qui vous a incommodée, et tout à l'heure vous vous trouverez parfaitement remise." *

The lady, however, with that want of tact and of good-taste which I lament to say so often leads my country-people abroad gratuitously to wound the feelings and *froisser* the national vanity of foreigners by ill-bred remarks and ill-timed comparisons, rejected "the soothing system" in toto.

"Oh non," she said, "cela va très-mal; cela n'ira jamais mieux; cela ne peut pas aller bien dans un bateau à vapeur—et dans un bateau à vapeur Français surtout! Oh je n'aime que les grands bâtimens Anglais à voiles, moi!"

* "Well! you find yourself better now, do you not? the nausea is going off by degrees: it was only the first rolling of the vessel that incommoded you, and presently you will be quite yourself again."

"Oh no! I am very ill; I shall never be better; it is impossible that I could ever feel well in a steamer,—above all, in a French steamer! Oh! I can tolerate nothing but large English sailing-vessels!"

"But listen, Madam,—I do not deny that sailing-vessels are more agreeable in some respects; but at least you must allow that steamers possess the immense advantage over them of speed and exactitude, for one may always calculate within a very few hours the length of the voyage."

"And what is that to me, if in the mean time I am to be poisoned with your smoke and your stench? Oh Heavens, give me the Vanguard!"

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"Ah! écoutez, Madame," replied the captain, his face flushing at the lady's disparaging reflection upon French steamers; "je ne dis pas que les bateaux voiliers ne soient plus agréables sous quelques rapports; mais du moins vous conviendrez que les vapeurs possèdent sur eux l'immense avantage de la vîtesse et de l'exactitude, car à quelques heures de près, on peut toujours calculer la durée du trajet."

"Qu'est-ce que cela me fait," returned the lady tartly, "si en attendant je dois être empoisonnée par votre fumée, et votre mauvaise odeur! Ah mon Dieu! donnez-moi le Vanguard!"

Now the Vanguard was the name of the man-of-war which had taken the noble lady out to the Mediterranean, and her exclamation was intended to convey that English mode of expressing admiration of *one* thing, founded upon depreciation of *another*, which in her own language would have resolved itself into "Give me the Vanguard!" or "Commend me to the Vanguard!" but which the correct French idiom requires should be rendered thus: "Parlez-moi du Vanguard!" As, however, her knowledge of French was upon a par with her knowledge of good-breeding—and both were open to improvement—she vented her regretful commendation in

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the literal translation of "Donnez-moi le Vanguard!"

"Plait-il, Madame?"* inquired the captain, who was "quite at sea" as to the actual drift of the lady's speech, beyond a vague notion that she had ended it by asking for something.

"Je dis, *Donnez-moi le Vanguard!*" repeated the fair discontented one.

"Mais—je ne sais pas trop ce que cela veut dire—je crains fort que nous n'en ayons pas à bord," said the poor captain, quite perplexed, and looking about him to discover whether any one near could help him out of his dilemma by suggesting what it was that his fair passenger asked for.

An English lady seated near, who had been quietly observing all that passed, with a malicious smile just perceptible in her eyes, although the muscles of her face never relaxed from their gravity, leaned over towards the captain, and said in a demure voice, "Apparemment que Vanguard est l'Irlandais pour *une cuvette*."

* "I beg your pardon, Ma'am?"

"I say, *Give me the Vanguard!*"

"Really I don't exactly know what that is—I fear we have none of it on board."

"Apparently, Vanguard is the Irish for a basin!"

"Aha! that is it! it shall be brought to you in a moment! Antoine, quick! bring a basin to her ladyship."

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"Ah!" exclaimed the captain, prolonging his interjection as though in amazement at his own stupidity in not having guessed as much before, "c'est ça! mais on va vous l'apporter tout de suite." And up he jumped, and off he ran, calling out to the steward with all his might,

"Holà, Antoine! vîte, vîte, une cuvette pour Miladi!"

The demure lady, doubtless, thought the basin would be the best medium that could, at that moment, be offered to her ladyship to assist in the exhalation of her bile. I am sure I thought so too.

Happily, the Minos presented no such specimens of want of tact and breeding: everybody on board was equally conversant with French, and with good-manners; and, consequently, everything passed off as smoothly within the steamer as upon the face of the placid waters, then unruffled by the lightest breeze.

The voyage from Malta to Marseilles is, perhaps, one of the loveliest sails that the Midland Sea, so rich in natural beauties and in classical associations, can offer. In a very few hours after leaving the island, the coast of Sicily becomes visible, and the huge outline of Mount Ætna, the forge of Vulcan, the volcano whose snows

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cool the thirsty palates of the Maltese,* is to be distinguished on the crystal horizon. Early on the following morning we found ourselves in the Straits of Messina, steaming along under shelter of land, with the Sicilian shore on one side, and the coast of Calabria on the other, and so near to the former as to have obtained a perfect view of the city of Messina as we passed before it. Beautiful it looks thus seen from the sea; the long line of white palace-like buildings and colonnades that border its Marina (the public promenade), stretching along the graceful sweep of the bay, with the stately Faro at one extremity, and the lovely outline of mountains behind forming its background. A thin blue mist floated over the waters of the bay, and recalled to my recollection the descriptions I have read of the *Fata Morgana*, the *mirage* which is peculiar to the Sicilian shores, and which Goëthe has so beautifully described in his Faust. It was too tantalizing to find ourselves so near, and yet not to be permitted to land; but the regulations of the Minos allow only of her stopping three times during her six days' *trajet* from Malta to Mar-

* The quantity of ices and sorbetti that are consumed in Malta are all made from the snow that is sent thither from Mount Ætna.

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seilles, namely, at Naples, Civita Vecchia, and Leghorn; and she only remains long enough at each of those places to take in provisions, coals, and passengers.

A little, a very little more movement of the vessel, and an angry crisping of the waves, made us aware that we were traversing the terrible Charybdis, whose perils, time out of mind, have been proverbial. On the other side of the strait lies Scylla. "Mais le diable n'est pas si noir qu'on le peint;" instead of a brawling fury, Charybdis appeared to us *tout au plus* a capricious nymph, easily ruffled into frowns perhaps, but as easily smoothed again into smiles and dimples. Were it not that the dreadful earthquake which took place in 1783, and destroyed the town of Sciglio on the Calabrian coast, burying under its ruins above two thousand of its inhabitants, is said to have acted so powerfully upon both Scylla and Charybdis as to have neutralized their most dangerous characteristics, one would be inclined to tax with exaggeration the poets of antiquity who have left such terrific descriptions of those two whirlpools. As it is, the roaring and boiling of the surf among the rocks of Sciglio still give a wild aspect to that perilous bay. So strong is the current there, that everything that falls into

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the sea is whirled through some unknown submarine passage from Scylla to Charybdis, and is again vomited forth by the latter at a distance of ten leagues further on, and cast upon the shore of Taormine at a spot to which the Italians have given the expressive name of *Immondezzaio*.

On we went, coasting along the wild shores of Calabria, and having to our left the Lipari Isles,—the asylum of the winds, as their antique denomination of the Æolian Islands would infer, —seven in number, the nearest of which to us was Stromboli, uninhabited on account of its volcano. We passed by it too early in the afternoon to see its flames, which become visible at night; but the thin curling smoke that crowned its summit gave us evidence of the subterranean fires that smoulder within. Farther on we cut across the Gulf of Santa Eufemia to Cape Palinura, leaving behind us the shores of Magna Græcia; and, coasting along by Pæstum, entered the Gulf of Salerno—the old haunt of the Sirens —on the third morning after our departure from Malta.

Nothing on the face of the earth—on the face of the waters, I ought perhaps to say—can exceed the enchanting beauty of the approach to Naples by sea. It is to the eye what the song of

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the Sirens was to the ear; it ravishes, subdues, and enthralls! Forgetful of the other "pleasant places of the earth," one could linger for ever amidst the voluptuous harmony of that scenery, wishing for no enjoyment beyond the indolent luxury of dreaming away existence in a clime so soft and bright, where earth, sea, and sky have combined to produce the fairest masterpiece that ever bore the divine impress of an Almighty hand. I had once already visited Naples by sea; and the remembrance of the delight I had then experienced on entering the bay at sunrise, and catching a first glimpse of its beauties steeped in the roseate tints of early morning, was still fresh upon my mind. And now, as I again approached it, all the newness of those first sensations returned to me; and, while gazing around at the exquisite scenery that unrolled itself to our eyes, the admiration that absorbed me partook so much of the character of charmed surprise — there was such wonder mingled with my delight—that it seemed as though those fair regions were only now revealed to me for the first time. Capri lay before us in the distance, shadowy and indistinct, like a purple mist resting upon the bosom of the waters: but, as we advanced, the form of the island gradually developed itself; its mysterious

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caves and grottoes hollowed out by the action of the restless waves, its precipitous rocks and verdant heights cleft by deep ravines, became distinctly visible; and on their summit we could trace the site of the palace of Tiberius, the imperial voluptuary, who selected Capri as the favourite theatre of those refinements of depravity and remorseless cruelty in which his latter years were passed, polluting the lovely solitude by a succession of debasing orgies and crimes that have rendered his memory a taint and an execration to all posterity. Some peasants' huts have been constructed among the ruins, and the halls that were once trodden by an emperor's feet are now inhabited by a cowherd's family.

And soon we glided by Amalfi; and then the green rocks of Sorrento, the birth-place of Tasso, opened upon us, and the perfume of its orange-groves stole insidiously over the waters, borne towards us by the winged breeze, and seeming silently to invite us to pause. Oh how I sighed to be once more among those clustering shades! but in vain; onward revolved the relentless wheels, bearing us beyond Sorrento; and we approached Castellamare, to behold it only in the same tantalizing manner, and then to exchange

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it for the long line of white buildings that are scattered along the shore between Torre del Greco and Portici. Behind them arises the dark mass of Vesuvius, "the Monte di fuoco" as the Neapolitans always term it, at once the boast and the terror of the place, and seeming for ever to threaten the towns that are built at its base with the fate of Herculaneum and Pompeii. A thin smoke, which reddens at night into a lurid flame, is just perceptible upon the transparent æther, curling upwards from the crater, and crowning the summit of the volcano with a vapoury diadem. At the bottom of the bay, the fair city, the lovely Parthenope, to which the vanquished Siren bequeathed her lyre and her name, rises from the sunlit waves, beautiful and alluring as she whose song of old tempted the wanderer of the deep from his way. Castle, convent, church, and palace rear their stately heads in that brilliant amphitheatre;— above it smiles the bluest of skies, at its feet murmurs the still bluer sea. White-sailed skiffs skim swanlike over the calm surface of the bay; and, as we approached the port, we found a noble assemblage of ships-of-war riding at anchor opposite the city. Admiral Hugon's French squadron had rendezvoused in the bay; the Prince

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de Joinville in his frigate La Belle Poule was also there; war-steamers lay alongside; and on board of one of the French vessels brilliant preparations were making for a fête that was to be given there to the prince that evening, and awnings, and flags, and lamps, and flowers were so arranged as to metamorphose the deck into a luxurious tent for dancing. The Minos fired a royal salute as she passed the Belle Poule, and presently afterwards she cast anchor.

It was now half-past eleven, and, as we were not to resume our voyage until two o'clock, all the passengers of the Minos crowded eagerly into the boats that came alongside, and were conveyed on shore, some for business, others for pleasure. At the landing-place we found a file of those jingling open carriages, drawn by a pair of skeleton horses, and driven by a dirty gesticulating Jehu peculiar to Naples, awaiting our arrival; each driver vociferating, even before we stepped ashore, the "*sta gara 'cellenza*" with which they are in the habit of accosting every pedestrian they meet in the streets of Naples. We were very soon packed into as many carriages as would contain us, and were driven off to the police for the inspection of our passports; a ceremony which is rigorously exacted even

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when a stranger's stay in the Neapolitan territory is not to exceed two hours.

As I knew that there were letters of consequence lying for me at the post-office, I drove thither the moment we were released from the police, but, alas, reached it just one minute too late! The post-office at Naples closes at twelve, and does not open again till five in the afternoon. What volumes does this arrangement speak for the way in which public business is transacted, or rather paralyzed, in this part of the world, that in the capital of the kingdom, during the five busiest hours of the day, neither a letter can be released from the post, nor one that requires post-paying be committed to it! Although the office was already closed, the officials had not yet departed to their homes, and I endeavoured to soften them by a representation of my hard case into allowing the bureau to be opened and my letters delivered to me; but no, they were inexorable, and although they knew that in two hours I must quit Naples, and that the important letters I was so anxious to receive must be left behind by me, the only answer they returned to my earnest solicitations was, "Questo non si puo,—non è possibile!" I could have cried with vexation, but that

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would not have remedied the evil; so I drove off to Messrs. de Rothschilds, the correspondents of my London banker, and empowered one of the firm to receive the letters in question and forward them to Paris. By the time this business was transacted, the two hours specified for the stay of the Minos at Naples had nearly expired; and much as I wished to go to Madame Balton's coral-shop to make some purchases of those articles which are peculiar to Naples, and are so prized elsewhere, as well as to take a flying peep into the beautiful Villa Reale, I found that both of these wishes were impossible to gratify; and we had merely time to swallow an ice upon the Chiaja, *chemin faisant* to our boat, and to hurry back on board as fast as a pair of oars could pull us, in a fever with disappointment, and half-dead from exposure to the scorching heat of noon.

But the provoking part of the affair was, that, punctual as we and all the rest of the passengers had been in returning to the vessel within the time prescribed for our doing so, no symptoms of departure were visible when we found ourselves again on board; hour after hour glided away, and still we were stationary in the Bay. How much more agreeably might we have passed

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our time on shore, in the Museo Borbonico, or in the delicious gardens of the Villa Reale, or tossing over the pretty bagatelles in the coral and lava shops. And, to crown all, just as the clocks of Naples had told the hour of twenty-three (which, according to the way in which time is computed in Southern Italy, means five o'clock) the paddles of the Minos were set in motion, and off we went. At that hour exactly the post-office was to open again, and in the very moment that I might have received my letters I was forced to depart. C'étoit la journée aux contretemps.

Beautiful as Naples is when seen from the sea, perhaps no capital in Europe possesses so little interior *agrément*, and certainly no other city in Italy is so destitute of architectural adornment as this far-famed spot, which derives its principal charm from its peerless position. When you have seen the Chiaja, the Villa Reale, and the Toledo, all is told; for the remainder of the town is composed of dirty, obscure, gloomy streets, swarming with the noisiest, filthiest, and most beggarly population on the face of the globe: and that traveller did not exaggerate, who stated, "that at every step in Naples the fairest prospect that Nature ever presented was

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masked by the outstretched hand of a ragged mendicant." Those who do not beg, steal; and the Neapolitans are second to none—not even to the London swell-mob—in the dexterity with which they pick pockets. Of this extraordinary address I had more than one opportunity of judging during a former visit to Naples, when we were so often eased of our purses and pocket-handkerchiefs in broad daylight, that at last we adopted the precaution of always leaving them at home. But notwithstanding the exceeding squalor, and the thieving and begging propensities that characterize the populace of Naples, they are by no means a miserable people; their physical wants are so few, their animal spirits so exuberant, that they appear to be insensible to privations which would render the individuals of other nations perfectly wretched. Give a Neapolitan a draught of iced water, a slice of water-melon, a sunny spot where he may stretch himself to sleep like a dog,—and like a dog make his toilette, when he awakes, with a shake and a scratch,—and he will ask for nothing more *quant au physique.* His intellectual pleasures consist in listening to Pulcinello, or to some professional story-teller on the Mole, and in dipping his hands into his neighbour's pockets.

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As for his social enjoyments, who, that has sojourned in Naples, has not observed in the poorer quarters the family groups that are seated in the evening before their doors, their heads in one another's laps, busily engaged in performing for each other those kind offices, the nature of which I must leave to the ingenuity of my readers to discover; and cracking their jokes and other things at the same time with equal zeal and dexterity? Lady Morgan has discovered a great similarity in the moral characteristics of the Neapolitans and the lower Irish; she observes, that both possess "the same mixture of fun and ferocity, mirth and misery." Alas! this great disparity exists between them, that the Irish *feel* their misery, and the Neapolitans do not!

I wonder if people can ever be out of humour at Naples; to me it appears that there is something anti-splenetic in the atmosphere and in the mere look of the place—something so bright, so happy, it seems as though God had smiled when He created this favoured portion of the earth, and that the reflection of that Divine smile had clung to it for evermore. As for myself, my vexation was not proof against the enchantment of the scene: ruffled as I had been

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by the disappointment at the post-office, and magnanimously determined to cherish my wrath, it evaporated unconsciously in the contemplation of the changing picture before me; and, ere we had glided past Ischia, Procida, and Baiæ, there was no room left in my bosom for ill-humour, or for any other feeling, save one of deep, silent, absorbing delight. I leaned over the side of the vessel, watching the lessening city and fairy-like shores as they appeared to recede from us, and the lovely islands scattered around, and the sunset blaze that had changed the sea into a flood of molten gold; and as, growing faint and fainter in the distance, headland, isle, and mountain faded into dreamy indistinctness, the brief space that in these southern latitudes separates light from darkness passed suddenly away, and the gorgeous flush of evening was succeeded by the clear-obscure of night. Thus, in the Evening of Life's chequered voyage, do we still cling to the fair memories of our Noon; and while we turn in fond and vain retrospection towards those dim, receding shores, "to which our shivered sail can never stretch again," lo! the Night which knows no Morning suddenly closes upon us, and too often finds us all-unmindful both of the dark gulf to which

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we are steering, and of the bright Land of Promise beyond!

Thirty hours' navigation brought us to Cività Vecchia, the sea-port of Rome (from whence it is distant about forty miles), and the head-quarters of filth and discomfort. The Pope's galleys are there stationed; and it is also a depôt for malefactors who have been condemned to the galleys, and who labour in the arsenal there. It is melancholy to observe the stamp of squalid and inert misery apparent in the population of the small towns in the Papal states, and the sort of moral paralysis and decrepitude that appears to negative all hope of amelioration for them through their own exertions. Every man that does not look like a brigand is inevitably a beggar; and in this latter class I comprise the mendicant friars, who cross your path in all directions, shaking their begging-boxes in your face, and levying contributions upon your purse and your piety "in nome della Santissima Madona, madre di Dio, e di San Francesco," or whatever other saint in the calendar may be their patron. Indeed, begging appears to be the only legitimate calling that flourishes among these specimens of the *far niente* genus, and any idea of shame being attached to it is unknown. That

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such a state of things should be tolerated, is most disgraceful to the powers that be: that it proceeds from some vice in the ecclesiastical government, —"something rotten in the state of Denmark," —is very evident. Whatever may be the cause, the effects are lamentable; for a moral malaria prevails more terrible than the poisonous exhalations that infect the Pontine Marshes. In no part of the Patrimony of St. Peter is this more evident than at Cività Vecchia; and so fully was every one on board the Minos impressed with the wretchedness of things on shore, that, during the two or three hours we remained there, nobody landed except one or two of the gentlemen, who went into the town to send a provision of ices to the steamer for the ladies. The most interesting and attractive object, in the estimation of travellers, that Cività Vecchia contained has lately been placed beyond the reach of public curiosity. I allude to a captive in the prison, a sort of Fra Diavolo or Pasquale Bruno, who is expiating in solitary confinement the innumerable crimes committed by him during a career of successful brigandage, and whose audacious exploits when at large had thrown such a *prestige* of romantic dare-devilry about him, that every one became desirous to see and speak

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with the hero of so many terrible adventures; and his cell was visited by all the persons of note passing through Cività Vecchia. This conferred a sort of distinction upon him flattering to his vanity, and rendered his captivity a triumph instead of a punishment; and therefore it at last became necessary to change the system, and to forbid admission to him upon any terms whatever. I believe that, had the lion's den still been accessible to strangers, I should have been tempted to go on shore to hear whether his roaring corresponds with his ferocious nature; a curiosity which, although idle and perhaps unworthy, has nothing barbarous in it, as the man is not under sentence of death. I cannot comprehend that taste for sickly and unnatural excitement which leads people to visit the condemned cells of vulgar housebreakers and cut-throats, in order to gloat over the moral agonies of unfortunate wretches, who are trembling upon the brink of an eternity which must have such terrors for them, preceded as it must be by the last painful and ignominious scene; but I can perfectly understand and sympathize with the curiosity that would attract one towards conversing with a Fra Diavolo, a Pasquale Bruno, or a Schubri,

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—men whose wild career, although criminal, has been marked with some lofty traits, and by such a spirit of bold adventure and dauntless courage that it is easy to imagine the elements of good having once existed in such natures, and that, had they not been stung by outrage and injury into crime, the lawless brigand, the avowed enemy of society, might have become the honoured hero, the idol of the multitude.

At Cività Vecchia the Minos received an accession of passengers, in the persons of Monsieur Bonnal, the Archbishop of Lyons, who had been to Rome to receive the cardinal's hat; his brother, nephew, almoner, and a train of clergymen; Monsieur de Forbin Janson, Bishop of Nancy, (whose devotion to the cause of the elder Bourbons caused him to be nearly massacred by the populace of Nancy in 1830, when he barely escaped with his life, and has never since returned to his diocese,) and several Capucins. The captain's face lengthened at the sight of this holy importation; and Monsieur de las Cases (the son of Napoleon's historian at St. Helena, who had been our fellow-passenger from Malta,) assured me that French sailors always consider the presence of such *black clouds* at sea to be certain precursors of foul weather.

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Never was there such a contrast between the priest of the *ancien régime* and he of the new order of things as was presented in the persons of the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons and the Bishop of Nancy—it was *Jadis* and *Aujourd'hui* incarnate. The Archbishop, bearing no outward marks of his rank or of his holy profession save the tonsure, wrapped in a greasy-looking old black redingote, with linen of a very suspicious hue, ungloved hands, and a most unprepossessing, ignoble exterior, might very well have been mistaken for a solemn-looking *épicier;* while Monseigneur de Nancy, in his episcopal dress of the finest materials and most admirable cut, his violet stockings, gold-buckled shoes, lawn bands, gold chain and cross, his *chapeau à trois cornes galonné d'or*, and, still more, his venerable acute countenance, bearing the stamp of aristocracy in every line, and surrounded by the white hair that escaped from his little black silk calotte, looked, not only like a prince of the church, but like a living tradition of the *Abbés musqués* of the last century. And whereas the Cardinal Archbishop sat apart from the rest of the passengers, surrounded by his retinue of priests, and addressing himself only to a sallow melancholy youth who accompanied him, and struck us as looking very

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much like a converted Jew, the Bishop of Nancy, with the high-breeding and urbanity of the old school, was courteous and amiable to all around him, entered into conversation with those who were so inclined, and appeared to think that a steamboat voyage may, like the voyage of life, be materially improved by cultivating the good-will and sympathies of those who surround us. The venerable prelate had visited many distant climes since his compulsory absence from his diocese (of which, however, he still continues to be bishop); and had, as he told me, preached on several occasions at Jerusalem and other places in the Holy Land, and above four hundred times in the Canadas. Indeed, it would appear that his extended peregrinations had been one prolonged mission of Catholicism; and it soon became evident that a zeal for conversion is the all-absorbing thought that fills his mind, the directing principle that rules his actions, and that no opportunity is lost by him that may lead to the desired end of securing proselytes to his faith. Even in the bustle attendant upon a recent embarkation, this restless desire slumbered not; and a very few hours elapsed after our departure from Cività Vecchia ere he fancied he had found in one of the English lady-passen-

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gers of the Minos a subject to reclaim from the (to him) lamentable heresy of Protestantism. Respect for the bishop's age and sacred calling led that lady to listen to him with such deferential attention, that he was, perhaps, induced by her manner to imagine that his arguments had produced a desirable impression upon her mind; for, unwilling to relinquish his fancied advantage, he contrived to *éloigner* her from the rest of the passengers, and to prolong the conference that night upon deck until eleven o'clock.

Long after every one had retired to rest, I was awakened by a sharp cry of terror uttered in a man's voice, and in the direction of the Grand Salon, into which my little cabin opened. The steward and stewardess immediately ran to the spot in the greatest trepidation; while I, still more alarmed than they were, and fancying that some dreadful accident had befallen the vessel, started from my bed, and contrived through the *persiennes* in the upper part of my door to ascertain what had happened. The author of our panic was the Cardinal's almoner, a young priest, who, as there was no vacant berth for him, had been disposed of for the night upon a mattress placed underneath the dining-table, (upon the same principle, I suppose, that

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influenced Boz's debtor to prefer that description of contrivance for his night's rest, as it produced the dignified illusion of a four-post bedstead!) It would appear that he had never before been to sea, or ever in a steamer, and he had taken it into his head, that, during the hours of darkness, the engine was not to work, and that we were to remain stationary until the morning. On the strength of that belief he had lain down in his clothes and fallen asleep; but waking in the middle of the night, and finding the engine still labouring, and, what appeared to him even more dangerous, a lamp burning in the salon, he shouted out for help in that dreadful way that had created such a panic among us. And now, in no manner reassured by the representations of the steward, he insisted, first, that the engine should be stopped, and, secondly, that the lamp should be extinguished—"A lamp at night in a steamer! who ever heard of such madness? we should all be blown up!" The poor terrified fellow evidently confounded steam with gunpowder. Of course, his first demand could not be complied with; but, as there was no possibility of making him listen to reason on the subject of the second, his whim was indulged by the steward extinguishing

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the alarming lamp, and then, and not till then, the poor almoner crept back trembling to his couch. One or two Capucins, who had rushed in upon the first alarm, *now* stretched themselves upon the benches of the salon, near the partition which divided the berths of the Cardinal and the Bishop from thence, in order to give courage by their presence to the timid voyager under the table. Oh those shocking Capucins! verily their vicinity caused us to pass the night *en odeur de sainteté* in every sense of the word.

The next morning we arrived off Leghorn. A considerable delay always occurs there before *pratique* can be obtained for the Mediterranean steamers; and the captain is obliged to present himself at the *Sanità*, and make a favourable report of the health of all on board, before any of the passengers are allowed to land. While we were awaiting his return, and preparing to be conveyed on shore the moment he should have fulfilled all the requisite formalities, Monseigneur de Nancy appeared on deck, and I was near enough to hear his morning salutation to the lady whose spiritual welfare had awakened his solicitude. "Madame," said he, "j'ai bien prié Dieu pour vous hier-soir—fasse le Ciel que mes voeux soient exaucés, et que votre âme

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s'ouvre à la vérité!" She thanked him with courtesy for this proof of interest, but I thought I could detect nothing encouraging in her countenance as she did so. All further remark was interrupted by the arrival of the captain from the Sanità; and in a few minutes afterwards we were in the boat that was to convey us to land, and devising how to make the most of the single hour to which our séjour in Leghorn was limited.

I have already passed so repeatedly through this place, that its localities are quite familiar to me, and nothing of the charm of novelty remains to attract my attention. But even to those persons to whom Leghorn is a *terra incognita*, it presents nothing to strike the imagination—none of those historical or artistical monuments that render some of the cities of Italy so intensely interesting, and carry one away from the present to revel in the traditions of the past. Leghorn is merely a thriving commercial city, and free port; possessing no poetical prestige, but many positive merits; no architectural beauties, but great capabilities of comfort; and its principal hotels, kept by Englishmen, are among the best in Italy. Like all the towns under the mild and paternal government of Tuscany, it has a prosperous

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orderly look about it: the streets are wide, well paved, and kept tolerably clean by the galley-slaves, who are constantly employed in sweeping them; and in this arrangement consists one of the most painful sights and sounds of Leghorn—the constant clanking of chains in the streets, and the sight of criminals bearing the stamp of every bad passion on their countenances, and carrying upon their backs in large letters the designation of the crime for which they have been condemned, and which form a catalogue of the blackest atrocities that disgrace human nature. To me, however, Leghorn is connected with so many delightful reminiscences (having always been visited by me when on my way to that part of Italy which I have long learned to look upon and to love as a second home), that I contemplate it with a sentiment far beyond that of admiration. Arriving within its walls has always been a foretaste of happiness to me, and I have thus identified the aspect of the place with the gracious anticipations experienced by me in it; so true it is that "l'état de l'âme donne une couleur aux objets qui nous environnent;" and, whether the reflection it casts be one of brightness or of gloom, it far exceeds in intenseness and durability the impressions that

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are produced by mere external objects, however striking they may be. This time, alas! my visit to Leghorn was to be followed by no such pleasurable results; it was to be a mere "touch-and-go" flitting—a glancing at the threshold that was not to be passed: but, even thus, it was a gratification to me to see it once more, and the hour allotted us to remain in it only glided away too swiftly.

Some of the ladies in the Minos had landed in quest of the famous Leghorn straw-bonnets; others, to purchase alabaster ornaments, for which the place is celebrated: for my part, I had been entrusted by a friend in Paris with a commission to get some articles in Florentine *pietra dura;* and I made the best of my way to the bottega of my old acquaintance, Arbibo, in the Via San Francesco, in hopes of there finding what I wanted. Let no stranger passing through Leghorn fail to visit Arbibo's tempting shop, which is a tasteful epitome of the bazaars and khans of Constantinople and Ispahan. Every costly tissue produced by the looms of Turkey, Persia, and China is there to be found, as well as the thousand and one *objets de luxe et de curiosité* which are manufactured by the artisans of the East, and are scarcely ever to be found for sale in the West.

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Besides these Oriental rarities, Arbibo has always a choice collection of Geneva jewellery, French perfumery and knick-nacks, English muslins and laces, &c., *le tout à juste prix*, for he is a most conscientious Jew; and, as Leghorn is a free port, every article of foreign manufacture enters without paying duty. But, as is very often the case, Arbibo, in his admiration of the wares of other lands, has entirely overlooked or despised the produce of his own; and, although Florence is only forty miles distant, his shop does not possess a single specimen of Florentine mosaic—nor could I procure any in Leghorn. *En revanche*, I returned to the steamer with the Leaning Tower of Pisa under one arm, and the Battisteria under the other—beautifully executed in alabaster, from the *atelier* of the artist who occupies the ground-floor of Fisher's Hotel, and who always contrives to waylay the sojourners there at the moment of departure, and to send them away with full hands and empty purses.

Apropos to Oriental rarities: when I first visited Leghorn, some eleven years ago, it contained a very remarkable one in the person of Hussein the ex-Dey of Algiers, who had in the preceding year been deposed at the capture of the Regency of Algiers by the French expedi-

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tion under Marshal Bourmont. The terms of the capitulation exacted that the Dey should quit for ever the Barbary shores, leaving, with that exception, the whole "world before him where to choose" his future residence; with a promise that he should be safely conducted thither under the guardianship of his conquerors, together with his Harem, household, and enormous treasure. Hussein professed perfect indifference respecting his ultimate destination, provided that it should not be Constantinople; where he knew full well that his head would pay the forfeit of his obstinacy in engaging in a puerile quarrel with the French in defiance of the disapprobation of the Porte, and that it would speedily be placed in that niche of the Baba Hamouyonm (or great gate of the Seraglio), consecrated to illustrious victims, as a moral and a warning to all refractory Pachas. He finally decided upon Naples as his place of banishment; but, after a temporary residence of a few months at the Albergo della Vittoria on the Chiaja, he was literally driven from thence by the indiscreet curiosity of the inhabitants of Naples (both natives and foreigners); who, in their anxiety to obtain a glimpse of the Dey's womankind, besieged and blockaded his dwelling in the most intrusive and offensive manner, rendering

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a further sojourn among such mannerless Giaours perfectly intolerable to the jealous and susceptible Moslem. He, the deposed Dey, in consequence removed to Leghorn, where he purchased a house and garden at a little distance from the town; and having caused an immensely high wall to be built all round the premises, and the windows of the mansion to be closely barricaded with iron gratings, he established himself there *en permanence.*

In this residence, dignified with the designation of Palazzo, which very much resembled a private madhouse, Hussein Dey *se tenait en puissance déchue*, and received with much courtesy such strangers as requested to be presented to him, sometimes permitting ladies to be admitted to a sight of his Harem; but this latter particular was not the rule, but the exception to established etiquette. It was there that I had the honour of an audience of his ex-Highness; and I found him surrounded by a little court, a miniature imitation of the one from which the right of conquest had deposed him in the Casauba of Algiers, but sustained with equal form and etiquette. There was his little body-guard, his master of the ceremonies, fan-bearer, coffee-bearer, black eunuchs, &c. His brother (one of the handsomest old men I ever beheld) resided with

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him, and also his nephew, whose countenance bore in so remarkable a manner the inhuman characteristics of the fox and the hyena, cunning and ignoble ferocity being indelibly stamped in every line of it, that, at first sight of him, I fancied he must have been the Dey's executioner. The sole occupation of these men was smoking and drinking coffee; their only recreation driving out in a large coach upon the high-road between Leghorn and Pisa, upon which occasions the Dey always caused his Harem to be locked up, and carried the key of it with him.

Notwithstanding that the treasures brought from Algiers by Hussein were considerable, they soon felt the pressure of European expenditure in keeping up an establishment of the nature I have described, the funds for defraying which were drawn from capital, and not from revenues; and they diminished with such alarming rapidity, that the Dey, fearing the result, and incapable of reforming his household, and equally dreading the thoughts of dying in poverty among Christians, ultimately removed to Egypt. It was during his pilgrimage to Mecca, which he had unwisely undertaken at an advanced period of his life, that he was seized by a sudden illness attributed by some to poison; and, with the passive endurance of a Turk, and the ardent zeal of a true

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believer, he calmly resigned himself to die, fixing his thoughts in the midst of the physical agonies he endured (and which were aggravated by being exposed to so many privations in the burning sands of the desert) upon the rivers of milk, the couches of amber, and the bright-eyed Houris which have been specified in the pages of the Koran as the reward which the Prophet has awarded to the souls of all good Mussulmans in his paradise of sensual delights. And, with this beatific vision unrolled to his spiritual gaze, old Hussein Dey shuffled off his mortal coil.

At Leghorn, the greater part of the Malta passengers quitted the Minos, and we received in exchange for them a motley collection of French and Italian travellers; retaining, without any diminution of their numbers, the party of priests who had come on board at Civitâ Vecchia, and were to be our *compagnons de voyage* all the way to Marseilles. Of these, the Cardinal's brother amused himself and the other passengers by playing on the piano-forte that was placed in the ladies' cabin, and upon which instrument he was an admirable performer; and the good Bishop of Nancy made the most of his time in endeavouring to advance the conversion he had so zealously taken in hand. Contrary to the predictions of Monsieur de Las Cases, no storm had

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followed the arrival of this reverend company on board; the breeze was just sufficiently fresh to render the temperature very agreeable; and as we all sat in groups upon the deck from early morning till a late hour of the night, I had ample opportunities of observing the progress of Monseigneur's pious undertaking, and watching the impression his eloquence produced upon the person to whom it was especially addressed. On the first day the lady had listened, without interrupting the Bishop, to all he had said in favour of his own religious views, and of the superiority of the Catholic faith over the doctrines of the Reformation. On the second, she had ventured some observations, and asked some explanations upon points that appeared obscure to her. On the third, she had expressed (but with deference) her dissent from much that he had advanced, and maintained her own convictions with respectful firmness; but this demonstration of unyieldingness on her part was not exactly what the zealous prelate had anticipated, and his equanimity was not proof against the check it opposed to his wishes. With a flushed cheek and sparkling eye he denounced, in terms of ironical pity, the mischievous meddlings of the early Reformers with the antique and pure faith: "Qu'avions-nous besoin de *Monsieur Luther* et de *Monsieur Cal-*

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vin?" he inquired, in a tone that caused the lady to smile,—" des hommes de mauvais mœurs, qui voulaient refondre la religion pour la rendre plus propice à leurs propres déréglemens!" And then followed such unqualified abuse of the whole Protestant clergy collectively and individually, and of their sins of omission and commission, as nothing but wilful blindness or the most unheard-of ignorance could account for. "Qui veut trop prouver, ne prouve rien," says the proverb; and the Bishop fully exemplified its truth. He had quite overleaped the mark in his intolerant outbreak against Protestantism; and his fair opponent, fearing, perhaps, that she might be drawn into the same warmth in her defence that he had exhibited in his attack of her *co-religionnaires*, withdrew from the controversy as soon as she could do so without rudeness, and endeavoured to avoid all further allusion to the subject. Conscientiously interested, however, in the important task of saving a soul, the Bishop was not to be easily repulsed. Wherever the lady moved, he followed like her shadow, and, dexterously engaging her in conversation upon indifferent topics, contrived gradually to bring round his discourse to the point in dispute. I never saw a man more earnestly and honestly interested in achieving a victory than was Monseigneur de Nancy; not, I

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am persuaded, for the sake of the triumph to himself, but for the beneficial results that he believed must ensue to the stubborn heretic. But he had lost his vantage-ground; all that he could obtain was a promise that the lady would peruse some books which he had recommended to her attention; and when, at the moment of our entering the port of Marseilles, he placed the list of them in her hand, and took leave of her, his parting adjuration was uttered with a solemnity almost startling; "Songez, Madame," said he, looking upwards, "qu'il s'agit de l'éternité!"

The latter part of our voyage was less charming to the eye than the beginning; for, after leaving Leghorn, the steamer, instead of touching at Genoa, left the Gulf of Spezzia to the right, and *faisait canal* (as the French sailors express it) across the Gulf of Genoa direct to Marseilles, keeping so wide of land that the beautiful line of coast which comprises the Maritime Alps and the picturesque shores of Provence was lost to view in the distance. This plan, although shortening the voyage by a few hours, considerably detracts from its beauty; and, often as I have already coasted from Marseilles to Genoa, I could not forbear regretting that on the present occasion that *beau morceau* should have been excluded from our course.

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It was late on the evening of the sixth day after our departure from Malta, that we arrived off the Isles of St. Marguerite (the first prison of the mysterious Masque de Fer), and the Isles de Hyères, famous for their orange-groves and their soft climates; and, darning between them and the mainland, we entered the port of Marseilles at ten o'clock. The lights from the city glimmering through the forest of shipping that fills the harbour forms a pretty night-scene; which we should have enjoyed exceedingly, could we have gratified the sense of seeing without mortifying that of smelling at the same time. The heats of July have augmented the scourge of which I have already complained as being peculiar to Marseilles; and, in the general leave-taking that took place upon the deck of the Minos previous to the dispersion of her passengers to their different destinations, there was such a holding of handkerchiefs to noses, that a cursory observer would have imagined we were all weeping at the idea of parting.

Landing late at night at Marseilles is not a very agreeable operation: the severity of the custom-house regulations forbids even a *sac de nuit* or a dressing-case being taken ashore at that hour; and, although we were permitted

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to carry our night-clothes with us, they were as rigorously examined as though the careful officials had been warned that some triumph of the art of smuggling lurked in their inmost folds. When one feels particularly strong in one's own integrity and incorruptibility of principles, such visitations appear doubly offensive: but in this particular, as in many other instances in life, the innocent are made to suffer for the guilty; and one of the drawbacks to the pleasure of roaming about from kingdom to kingdom is, that the honest, high-minded traveller is subjected to the same suspicious search that is inflicted upon the habitual smuggler, whose easy conscience feels no scruple in making a pursuit and a calling of cheating the king's revenue. A few minutes brought us from the landing-place to the Hôtel du Paradis; and, although no establishment was ever less deserving of its name, I have sojourned of late in so many hotels, compared with which this one is a heaven indeed, that I contemplated a return to it with more than ordinary complacency, and felt myself truly thankful to be once more within its walls.

And now my pleasant wanderings are over—for pleasant they have been, notwithstanding the occasional hardships they have involved; nay, perhaps on that very account they are now a

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source of greater gratification to me than had they been achieved without any sacrifice of ease; for we rarely place much value upon that which has been attained without an effort—perhaps because our pride is too much interested in the after pleasure of making light of those contretemps which, at the moment of their assailing us, were exceedingly difficult to bear with philosophy. This sentiment will be unintelligible to the dainty travellers who annually roll over the highways of Germany and Italy, to drown their ennui in some fashionable brunnen, or *frictionner* themselves into temporary excitement amidst the Anglicised coteries of Florence and Rome—who cannot entertain the idea of travelling without the accompaniments of couriers and fourgons, and to whom Naples is the *Ultima Thule* of all *possible* peregrination. Yet, even to such I would say, that there is a raciness in the rough enjoyments of travel in those uncivilized districts through which I have of late been rambling, (and which, though all but savage *now*, were *once* the cradle of European refinement,) that is calculated to give a tone and stimulus to thought which are worth all the languid enjoyments of the *dolce far niente* perambulations to which I have just alluded; nor would I exchange the peep into the past, which my recent excursion amidst the wilds of Anda-

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lusia has afforded me, for all the ease of all the inns that English gold and English love of travel have caused to start into being upon the English beaten track from Antwerp to Carlsbad, and from Calais to Castellamare.

And now, gentle reader, we must part! The last page of my note-book is filled—my pencil (the identical one sold to me by the *marchand ambulant* of the Boulevards at the moment of my departure from home) is, like the aged beggar's life, "dwindled to the shortest span;" and, in the humble hope that your patience during the perusal of these new "Pencillings by the way," may not have been reduced by me to the same extremity, I herewith close my volume, and bid you courteously Farewell!

THE END.

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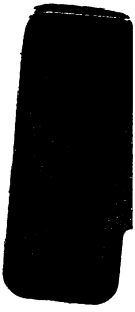

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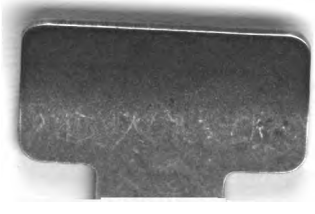

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