

Acerca de este libro

Esta es una copia digital de un libro que, durante generaciones, se ha conservado en las estanterías de una biblioteca, hasta que Google ha decidido escanearlo como parte de un proyecto que pretende que sea posible descubrir en línea libros de todo el mundo.

Ha sobrevivido tantos años como para que los derechos de autor hayan expirado y el libro pase a ser de dominio público. El que un libro sea de dominio público significa que nunca ha estado protegido por derechos de autor, o bien que el período legal de estos derechos ya ha expirado. Es posible que una misma obra sea de dominio público en unos países y, sin embargo, no lo sea en otros. Los libros de dominio público son nuestras puertas hacia el pasado, suponen un patrimonio histórico, cultural y de conocimientos que, a menudo, resulta difícil de descubrir.

Todas las anotaciones, marcas y otras señales en los márgenes que estén presentes en el volumen original aparecerán también en este archivo como testimonio del largo viaje que el libro ha recorrido desde el editor hasta la biblioteca y, finalmente, hasta usted.

Normas de uso

Google se enorgullece de poder colaborar con distintas bibliotecas para digitalizar los materiales de dominio público a fin de hacerlos accesibles a todo el mundo. Los libros de dominio público son patrimonio de todos, nosotros somos sus humildes guardianes. No obstante, se trata de un trabajo caro. Por este motivo, y para poder ofrecer este recurso, hemos tomado medidas para evitar que se produzca un abuso por parte de terceros con fines comerciales, y hemos incluido restricciones técnicas sobre las solicitudes automatizadas.

Asimismo, le pedimos que:

+ *Haga un uso exclusivamente no comercial de estos archivos* Hemos diseñado la Búsqueda de libros de Google para el uso de particulares; como tal, le pedimos que utilice estos archivos con fines personales, y no comerciales.

+ *No envíe solicitudes automatizadas* Por favor, no envíe solicitudes automatizadas de ningún tipo al sistema de Google. Si está llevando a cabo una investigación sobre traducción automática, reconocimiento óptico de caracteres u otros campos para los que resulte útil disfrutar de acceso a una gran cantidad de texto, por favor, envíenos un mensaje. Fomentamos el uso de materiales de dominio público con estos propósitos y seguro que podremos ayudarle.

+ *Conserve la atribución* La filigrana de Google que verá en todos los archivos es fundamental para informar a los usuarios sobre este proyecto y ayudarles a encontrar materiales adicionales en la Búsqueda de libros de Google. Por favor, no la elimine.

+ *Manténgase siempre dentro de la legalidad* Sea cual sea el uso que haga de estos materiales, recuerde que es responsable de asegurarse de que todo lo que hace es legal. No dé por sentado que, por el hecho de que una obra se considere de dominio público para los usuarios de los Estados Unidos, lo será también para los usuarios de otros países. La legislación sobre derechos de autor varía de un país a otro, y no podemos facilitar información sobre si está permitido un uso específico de algún libro. Por favor, no suponga que la aparición de un libro en nuestro programa significa que se puede utilizar de igual manera en todo el mundo. La responsabilidad ante la infracción de los derechos de autor puede ser muy grave.

Acerca de la Búsqueda de libros de Google

El objetivo de Google consiste en organizar información procedente de todo el mundo y hacerla accesible y útil de forma universal. El programa de Búsqueda de libros de Google ayuda a los lectores a descubrir los libros de todo el mundo a la vez que ayuda a autores y editores a llegar a nuevas audiencias. Podrá realizar búsquedas en el texto completo de este libro en la web, en la página `http://books.google.com`



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

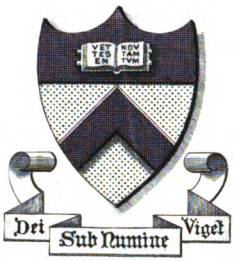
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

32101 072139213

1521
.888
v.1

Library of
Princeton University.



English
Seminary.

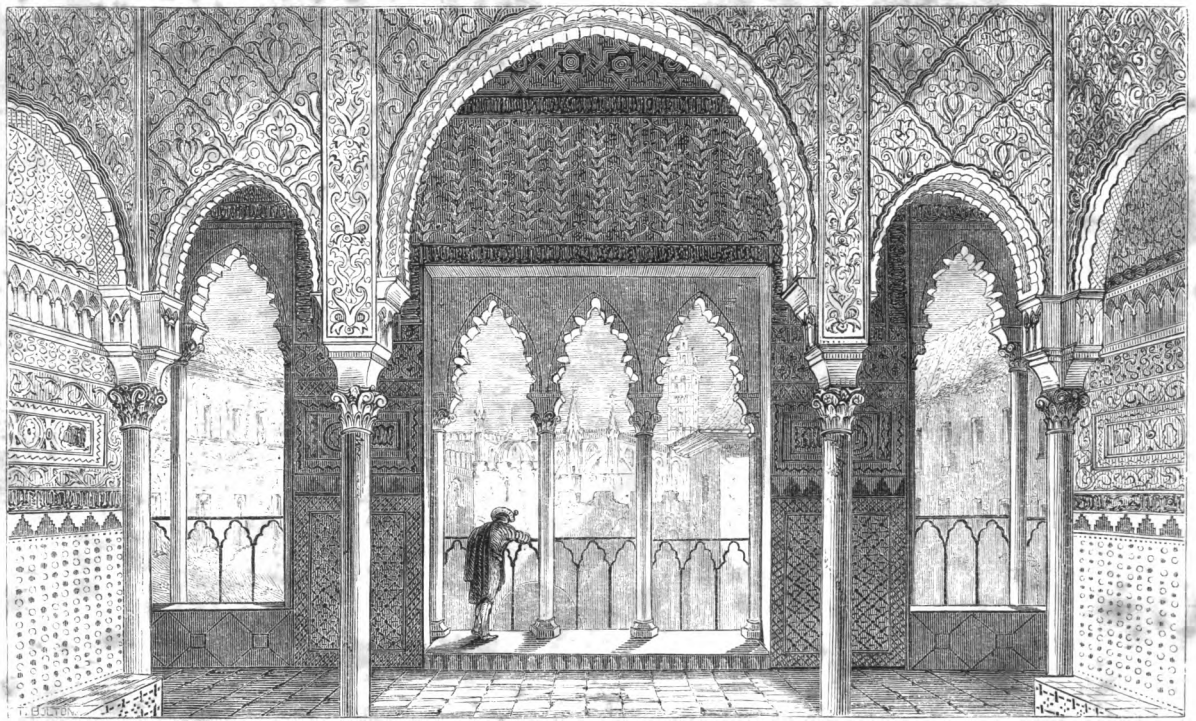


The Countess of Jersey

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



T. S. W. *del.*

SALOON IN THE ALCAZAR AT SEVILLE.

Digitized by Google

THE SWEET SOUTH.

BY THE

LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
Printed for Private Circulation,
BY
GEORGE BARCLAY, CASTLE ST., LEICESTER SQUARE.
1856.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PREFACE.

In publishing the present Work, it is only right that the relations and friends of the late Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley should be informed, that a very considerable portion of it went to press without the advantage of the Author's supervision.

April 1856.

10.29-34 Eng. Sem. Allen, 2 v.; 1.67

152.888 v.1

767395

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

ERRATA.

Page 12, line 21, *for* fury, *read* passion, and line 7 from bottom, *for* very, *read* indeed.
— 15, — 18, *for* Seville, *read* Triana.
— 15, four lines from bottom, *for* have a, *read* have thus a reference.
— 28, — 18, *for* Gauls. *Ah*, *read* Gauls. "*Ah!* and line 19, *dele* inverted commas before Miserable.
— 30, — 10 from bottom, *for* or join), *read* of a join).
— 30, — 6 from bottom, *after* August, *put* inverted commas, and also *after* in) " under.
— 37, — 16, *for* now, *read* in the present day.
— 40, — 7, *for* yet, when, *read* yet, if you ever see the reality, when you *do* see it you will declare, &c.
— 52, — 17, *for* and Jog-one, *read* ' Now, Jog-one, &c. &c.
— 53, last line, *for* you don't like, *read* does not please you.
— 58, — 19, *add* almost *before* all.
— 59, — 22, *for* desgraciada, *read* desgraciado.
— 66, — 20, *after* presented, *add* then.
— 70, — 13, *after* and, *read* there were, &c.
— 72, — 10, *for* are, *read* form.
— 78, — 18, *for* Xeres, *read* Xerez.
— 79, last line but one, *for* thirteen *read* eleven.
— 80, — 1, *for* ashamed." Says, &c., *read* ashamed," says Mr. Ford.
— 86, last line but three, *after* believe, *read* some Spanish vessels are also engaged in it.
— 118, last line, *for* you, *read* d'ye hear, Jack-in-the-Green?
— 139, — 12, *for* whom he, &c., *read* who he thinks was the founder of it.
— 152, — 13, *for moras*, *read moros*.
— 152, last line but three, *for* filings, baked, *read* filings baked.
— 168, — 19, *for* retablos, *read* retablo.
— 180, last line but 6, *for* moment after, *read* moment,—after, I think, pretending.
— 191, — 8, *for* called, *read* known by the designation of " La Gamba."
— 206, — 20, *for* vain, *read* bleak.
— 211, — 20, *for* Ye, *read* YE.
— 212, — 14, *after* truth, a comma.
— 213, last line but 1, *after* and, *read* the.
— 214, foot note, line 3, *for respal dos*, *read respaldos*.
— 250, — 22, *for* this is, *read* this traffic is a common, and line 2 from bottom, *for* highest, *read* most distinguished.
— 265, — 17, *for* teaches, *read* teach.
— 301, — 9, *for* was convalescent, *read* living and convalescent. and line 16, *after* One, *read* of these carriages.
— 302, last line but 1, *after* inscription, *put* ;—
— 303, — 3, *for* (*wick-ed*), *read wick-ed*.
— 304, — 1, *for zaqui-zami*, *read zaquizami*.
— 308, — 8, *for protégé's*, *read* the fact of his *protégé's* having, &c.
— 342, — 16, *for* foisted in the latter, *read* foisted in; the latter looking, &c.
— 364, — 12, *for* Don, *read* Du, and line 16, *for* one, *read* latter, and *for* other, *read* former.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

"THE SWEET SOUTH."

CHAPTER I.

WHO has not heard of Cadiz and its "fair white walls?" Fair, indeed, they are, almost glittering like snow-houses in the sun. An inhabitant of the tropics, on his first visit to Europe—knowing that snow falls pretty freely in her regions—might mistake them for such Lapland-like habitations. I recollect once almost as absurd a blunder occurring. We had brought a servant from Italy to England. He had never been in the "tight little island" before, but had heard a great deal of its fogs, snow, and frosts. When we crossed from Calais to Dover, as soon as he caught sight of the white cliffs of Albion, he hurried to where I was sitting on the deck, with a face of great dismay, and begged I would be good enough to tell him if those hills were all made of snow—it was the middle of July. The poor fellow's delight, when I undeceived him, was extreme; he had already almost begun to shiver in anticipation, and to improvise a chilblain or two.

Now began the not unpleasing bustle of preparing to land, after an exceedingly rough passage (from Lisbon); but it was somewhat difficult to collect all

Digitized by Google

our stray goods and chattels. Waifs and foundlings of the general floor were *porte-feuilles*, carpet-bags, and the smaller fry of the same genus. That they were somewhere on that floor we knew, but secreted, in divers cases, in nooks and corners (in company with multitudes of other parcels), whither the impetuous motion of the heaving vessel had driven them. Yes, we knew they were somewhere there, it was true. But that was being a little in the position of poor Paddy, who said he had not lost his tea-kettle for certain, "'Cause, arrah! he knew well enough where it was; and sure it was quite safe at the bottom of the say." However, being at the top of the "say," we were at last enabled to gather together our possessions; and soon after we found ourselves in a boat, speeding along to the shore.

A very smart, nautical character, was the head man in our boat—one of those amusing personages who, knowing a little of a language, delight in showing off, and talking as much as possible, to display the full extent of their — ignorance. He was an inquisitive, quick, intelligent-looking man; not one of those busy-bodies and inveterate questioners, whose voices seem habitually pitched in an inquiring key, and the very hairs of whose head seem to stand out and crook themselves into notes of interrogation,—in no soft curl, or light wave twisted; no, indeed, but sturdy, hump-backed hair, that appears to ask, "What? what?" in every direction; on the contrary, he was one who, having asked a little and heard nothing, being remarkably fond of the sound of his own voice, imagined he knew everything, and was very willing, nay anxious, to impart it to everybody.

Digitized by Google

He was desirous to assure us he knew all about the English consul; but we had not a much clearer idea respecting him, after he left off his luminous explanations, than when he began. "Ah! British; I know all about British consul at Cadiz. Ah, ah! yes, yes! you see, Señora, Sir John ——" Here he was interrupted by a voice, informing or reminding him that poor Sir John was dead. "Ah! ah! oh! ah! he was dead; yes, yes! I knew he was dead; but the British consul is here. There is a brother and his son, very nice gentlemen! I very well know all about them; and the cousin, and the son, and the brother of the son's cousin"——

"But what, then, is the present consul—son or brother of the last?"

"Oh! I know all about them. Ho! ha! *Vaya!* There's the cousin of the brother's son, that's the brother's son's nephew, and the nephew of the mother's—— No; the brother's cousin's son; or—eh! ah! oh! heigh! aye! aye! I know them very well."

"Why! you don't mean there are a dozen British consuls here?"

"No! no! yes! I know them; very good gentlemen; ha! he! the brother's son, and cousin's uncle's son, and the other son, Mr. —— Mr. —— ah! ah! haw! so! ho! hi! That was when the other was dead; and that son's father's uncle's son, you see, and the other cousin's brother, and—nay! Bah! stay! yes! no!—that cousin's nephew's father's son, that's another that helps, and this one, and that other, and he, that next one,—and *he's* the British consul now."

So he ran on; and if facts and particulars did not exactly come "mended from his tongue," yet

Digitized by Google

he diverted us. We soon found ourselves landed on the Spanish shore. For our luggage we engaged immediately the services of a splendid and elaborately-tattooed mule, drawing a capital cart, and driven by an honest-looking and picturesque *carretero*. The luggage had to go through the custom-house purgatory, of course; but the Cadiz custom-house does not seem so abominably severe and tiresome as the Lisbon one.

We were soon established in a comfortable hotel, in one of the principal streets. Everything round us looked and seemed perfectly Spanish. That most awful enemy of Spain, at least of female Spain,—not the French army, nor monarch, nor revolutionary example, nor the French marriage, but the French milliner, appeared to have no influence, and to have made no difference here. The ladies seemed all Spanish donnas from head to heel. It amused us much to look out at our window, or rather out of a glazed, covered balcony, such as they have at Malta, and to watch an innumerable array of faces, cigars, mules, mantillas, moustaches, Murillo-like beggars, be-mantled and sombreroed caballeros and aguadores. It is a bustling, noisy street; and Cadiz altogether seems a bustling, noisy place, but clean, cheerful, pleasant, and enlivened by a charming clear blue sky.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER II.

A BRIGHT morning! the white walls of Cadiz are bathed in sunshine; footsteps incessant are sounding along the street; countless carts are rattling by, drawn by fine mules generally, looking as if they had been tattooed by a New Zealand artist; the hair carefully and fantastically clipped, and cut like yew hedges, or poodles of the Pont Neuf of Paris. *Lecteur, mon ami*, will you look out of the window with me for a quarter of an hour? Silence gives consent. Well, then, there totters by one who reminds us of the famed duennas of old,—once a fair "muchacha de Cadiz" was she—an enchanting Gaditana;—perhaps (who knows?) "Childe Harold's" Inez herself! No, she is rather too young for that; she goes toddling feebly along, her mantilla carefully fastened over her bald head, furnished with a few straggling gray hairs; how she has fastened it so accurately and precisely, I cannot guess; it looks as though it was pinned to the scalp.

Another *ci-devant* "muchacha" of fair Cadiz is escorting a mischievous-looking child, at which she is perpetually clutching, convulsively, with her blue, skinny fingers, while he as perpetually escapes from her. You trace certain remains of beauty in her features and countenance; perhaps she made

Digitized by Google

some gallant English hearts ache sorely in the war-time; and, if those hearts are not stilled in the grave long ago, possibly her image at times is recalled by one or more of the now gray-headed veterans, just as she once was,—the dark-haired, deep-mantillaed, smiling, beaming girl of sunny Cadiz, with her graceful, fawn-like step—so firm and light, and so elastic; her perfect shape—her lips of coral—her snowy teeth—her lovely lily hand, armed with its irresistible murderous fan,—and such an arch look, such a brilliant smile, such an atmosphere of captivation all around her, that full well remembers the once gay warrior he was wont to be her unresisting slave. Aye! he was wont to feel he should scarcely survive to become "food for powder," but die at the dainty feet of the fair lady of his affections, and be found by his comrades with his heart pierced through and through by the teeth of a high comb, and his brains blown out by that fatal air-gun—a fan!

Alas! if he could look now on that toothless, shrivelled, bent-doubled, deeply-wrinkled, feeble form—the crutch for the fan—the cracked treble for the musical tones—Hecate for Hebe—how would he start back with sad amaze!

And she, who has long forgotten, doubtless, the Saxon stranger, who once sighed, among so many, at her feet—she little dreams how blooming an image of her still survives, all she once was, in a far-off country; and she trots after her little grandson, and tries to grasp him with her shaking hands, and looks somewhat sharply and fiercely at those two young Englishmen who are coming hastily along, arm-in-arm, and taking up a good deal of room,—for she is angrily thinking they will

Digitized by Google

push the precious little Pepe there into the gutter, a consummation devoutly to be wished by said Pepe, who has been anxiously trying to get there for the last half-hour;—and all the while one of those fair-haired English youths is the son of her lang-syne lover, the gallant and dashing young captain of cavalry, who was quartered so long in her father's house, here, or elsewhere. But there is a little spice of fancy in this—so back to reality.

Near the withered septuagenarian stalk a couple of soldiers, hand-in-hand, like the babes in the wood—the "bisognos," or bisoños,—(wanters,) as they are, or were, called; but they look well-fed, plump, and strong, and not likely to require the services of the robins to cover them with leaves, if they wander together through the shady Alameda.

Here strides the water-carrier, crying "*agua*" lustily, and steadying his huge pitcher with apparent labour. There glide past some lovely señoritas, with fans and richest mantillas, and glancing feet; Camilla, queen of the Volsci, skimming along the corn, could not have trod more lightly; flowers are in their graceful hair; the fan agitates the air around them; sweets to the sweet—airs to the airy;—embodied zephyrs—what can *they* want with extra breezes?

There saunters the driver of some hack-carriage, with a sort of gaudy, flaunting flower-pot, embroidered somewhat elaborately on the back of his jacket; another, with a queer bird-cage upon his. There goes a priest with an acre of sable sombrero impending over his brows, that looks like a black wheelbarrow full of coals, and just about the size and height of one, I should think—with a solemn gait he moves! Here comes a peasant-

Digitized by Google

nurse, with bright yellow kerchief on her head, and a gay-coloured petticoat—a brilliant costume altogether. A gentleman stops to speak to the priest, who puts a very fat purple hand out of his cloak of glossy cloth, which purple paw the gentleman reverently kisses; a brief conversation ensues, and they part; the gentleman bows respectfully; the hand of Tyrian dye is sharply kissed again, and the portly priest and gallant caballero go their different ways, with a last, leave-taking wave of the violet-tinged digits and the brown sombrero. Meantime, along the stone-paved paths, ycleped *trottoirs*, and often along the very middle of the street, march with stately step numbers of cloaked-up senõrs, apparently consisting chiefly of cloth, nose, cigar, and moustache. One of these bundles stops a soldier, and lights his cigar at the military one—a pleasanter way of receiving a soldier's fire than any other, I should be inclined to surmise.

They do not scrub and dust their rooms very much in these parts of the world. So the buxom housemaid opposite appears to have been engaged chiefly to stare out of the window, and she works extremely hard at her business, if such is the case; she is certainly taking her fill of gazing; her whole soul seems thrown into the stare, and out of the window, and along the street; up and down, and down and up again. I marvel if she is paid high wages for glueing herself so pertinaciously to that particular spot, and exerting herself so womanfully in the labour of curiosity?

Some of the much-be-cloaked gentry here, when seen at a distance, present a curious appearance; the many-hanging folds of their heavy cloaks sometimes really look almost like the thick conglomera-

Digitized by Google

tion of petticoats of a Dutch vrow: thus they seem to reverse the Bloomer fashion, and to doff the masculine for the feminine costume. Perhaps, if ever that newly-devised Transatlantic garb gains the ascendancy, such will be the case; the flounced gown, and the veil, and sweeping shawl, will be assumed by the gentlemen—exchange is no robbery—and the tailor and the milliner may continue to ply their respective trades, only the customers will be of different sexes from what they are now.

One more look-out of our pleasant window: there stalks a venerable old man, in a scarlet and white turban, and flowing robes: probably he comes from Tangier; perhaps from a yet warmer latitude; he seems to find the Cadiz climate cold: his fingers are a lively lilac, his nose a deep Prussian blue.

Not far off plod along two men, with nothing bright and gay in their work-a-day costume, carrying between them a large and apparently very heavy chest; a sort of collar goes round their heads (not much unlike the old-fashioned pudding that one has sometimes seen round a child's temples when he first begins to toddle), and supports a pole, to which hangs the huge chest; they move along laboriously with their hands pressed to their heads, which must ache "some," I think, poor fellows! What comes here?—a baker, with numerous rolls of bread,—excellent bread, too,—in his basket; these rolls, in fantastical shapes, look something like petrified crabs and lobsters—queer shapes they are!

Just look at those ladies, how well they act—how wonderfully well they act!—I don't mean an Americanism, but *bonâ fide* acting. In America that word is used somewhat oddly. A friend of

Digitized by Google

mine told me he had met a lady of his acquaintance starting from her door one day on horseback, and apparently about to take a long ride; he soon afterwards found his fair friend had dismounted, and given up her expedition; on inquiring the cause, she told him "the horse had acted so ugly" she was obliged to return. But these ladies are literally acting; and hands, faces, fans, feet, shoulders, all bear their part.

Their pantomime was so expressive, that you involuntarily felt they could be no secrets they were telling each other, as any one might surely *oversee* the whole of them, or pretty nearly; the one was in great agitation, informing the other, evidently, how exceedingly ill she had been treated by some person who had a species of authority over her—say, a mother-in-law: certain shrugs and twitches seemed to imply—"she has a right, you see—a sort of right—to rule and govern; but it is grossly exceeded, and it is an abominable shame — too bad!" and she whirled round her wrist, till her fan seemed alive.

And still, for every twitch, shrug, and twist, or pat of her foot, or nod of her head, or knitting of her eyebrow, or puff of breathless scorn, she had two from her sympathising friend. At the more stirring or affecting parts of the narrative, for a few taps and tosses, and pats, and puffs, she got at least a couple of dozen, or two dozen and a-half shrugs, starts, puffs, pats, and twitches, and curls of the lip, and whirls of the wrist, and twirls of the waist, and nips of the brows; and the expression this friend threw into her face, and into her form, and her fan, and her foot, with its small black slipper, was marvellous.

Digitized by Google

The Chinese gentleman, who objected to the English beauty because her "face talked," and her feet were large enough to walk upon, would have doubly and trebly objected to the Spanish belle, on account of the first defect, as he considered it—(the last was not so glaring, though certainly she could trip along upon those graceful extremities; but then it seemed on the air more than on the ground)—that face talked, indeed! sang, moaned, groaned, almost swore, so very strong and vehement were its expressions!—that pretty little chin, slightly raised—that delicate tip of the little nose, somewhat turned up — those cheeks, those eyes, those burning temples, each had a tongue of its own!—and such a pair of contemptuous, eloquent shoulders never shrugged before, methinks!—and then such declamatory eyelids and elbows—such emphatic fingers!

The story of the wrongs proceeds. An impertinent speech is repeated, ending with an invitation to the victim to leave the house immediately—a cutting rejoinder, and "Sarve her perfectly right, too!" exclaimed in chorus her friend's chin, cheeks, nose, eyebrows, eyelids, ankles, elbows, eyelashes, wrists, fingers, shoulders, and satin slippers. But she *would* go; and here there was a perfect paroxysm between the eyebrows, and a little storm about the haughty, distended nostril, and an epileptic fit of the collar-bones, and a fearful up-starting of all the meandering blue veins, and a collision among the pretty pearly teeth: yes, *certainly*, she will not deign to darken those doors again; "And then, perhaps, ma'am, you will repent—perhaps you will regret me; and, perhaps, you will come and ask me to return—do you hear?—to RETURN!" . . . .

Digitized by Google

but here a violent fluttering of the fingers took place, and a strong convulsion of the nape of the neck, which I could not exactly read and interpret to my own satisfaction; but I think it said something like, "And I shall have the pleasure of saying, No, ma'am; ma'am, no! I shall have flitted far enough away, and when the sky falls, perhaps you may catch larks, and me. The idea! think, just think, my Dolores, that I should return to that roof!"

Dolores thought, and besides the ejaculatory exclamations of all her features and members, and muscles and joints (as for the last, never were articulations so articulate), she actually spun half-round on one foot, with her shoulders a little above the tops of her ears, to express the horror she felt at the vile idea: the tiny heels were sent flying—into a furious frenzy; the small of the back, meanwhile, was in a state of frightful exasperation; all the impetuous hooks-and-eyes were breaking out at once—into a fury; and in a twinkling she violently made a *demi-volte* back again. Her ill-used friend continued very plaintively to describe her desolate situation—fan reversed; one hand on her heart, the other gently hitting her chin in muffled drum-beats; feet, too, very pensively tapping the ground in dead-march time; mantilla drawn closely, like a mourning veil, round her face: it was very sad!

Suddenly a thought strikes her. How tiresome! somebody steps between her and me; how can I see what she thought? But her friend's face, how surprised it is! No face could seem more astonished, and a little perplexed, too, and slightly doubtful, and *tant soit peu* disposed to remonstrate and question the wisdom or prudence of that sudden

Digitized by Google

thought. Yes; I observe a decidedly bewildered nose, a staggered chin, an agitated little jaw-bone, a sorely-amazed under-lip! These symptoms, however, soon vanish.

But see! they part, after a final, sorrowful observation from the deeply-aggrieved one, and from the sensitive *confidante* a few last expressive finishing evolutions, and manœuvres of optics, and digits, and solemn shakings of the ringlets or the braids, and half-clenchings of the tiny fists, and earnest flushings of the little ears, and then that energetic sympathiser turns, and goes lightly and softly down the street, her shoulders slowly unshrugging themselves; her face, by degrees, recovering its composure; with a last flutter or two, like a frightened bird; and her whole aspect betokening a more peaceful state of mind; while her friend, the dejected Mercedes, or Carmen, or Soledad, or Encarnaçion, grasping firmly her pocket-handkerchief, and smoothing her rather ruffled mantilla, and soothing a somewhat hysterical petticoat, and distraught sleeve, and flurried shawl, went on her way contemplative, but evidently cheered by all that superabundance of sympathy, and all the good advice, and sage and spirited recommendations and commendations, bestowed upon her by those speaking shoulders, and oratorical thews and sinews, and lines and lineaments, and eke impassioned hooks-and-eyes, giving way openly to bursts of feeling.

Female names in Spain are curious and interesting. They almost always relate, in some manner, to the blessed Virgin. In spite of revolutionary and counter-revolutionary agitations—constitutional amendments and non-amendments—and all the vicissitudes and versatilities of opinions, circum-

Digitized by Google

stances, and dynasties, that have convulsed unfortunate Spain, the external manifestations of a fanatical faith are still to be met with everywhere. Among these are the names of the people, and particularly the female names. Male names are also often of a religious character; Salvador, Santa Trinidad, St. Juan de Dios, Angel, &c., not being uncommon.

But the female names are more remarkable; they very frequently consist merely of some admitted attribute of the Virgin; and, in other cases, of the name Maria, with the chosen attribute or allusion to some event of her life attached to it.

Often the attribute selected is one by which some peculiar image or picture of the Virgin is distinguished; perhaps a favourite image or representation, much cherished by the parents. Some of these figures of the Madonna have a venerable legend belonging to them, which enhances their value and sanctity in the eyes of the superstitious: nay, some are believed to possess still the power of working miracles. Perhaps the particularly-selected quality or property of the Virgin, in some instances, is the one the parents especially wish should be bestowed upon the daughter they thus christen, or rather, in certain cases, its peculiar good and blessing — as Gracia (grace), Mercedes (mercy), Paz (peace), Luz (light), Purificacion (called Pura, for shortness), Esperanza (hope), Ayuda (help), Sucesso (success), Consuelo (consolation), Salud (health,—probably spiritual health).

One of the commonest of names seems Dolores, with its pretty contractions of Lola and Lolita. Concepçion is very common too, but its diminutive, Concha, is much more frequently heard than itself.

Digitized by Google

Among those belonging to images, and to remarkable occurrences in the history of the blessed Mary, are the pretty names Angeles, Estrella (star), Remedios, and Maria del Rosario, also Angustias (agonies), and Espejo (looking-glass). (I conclude this latter name has some hallowed derivation, otherwise it would seem rather a sly hit at the possible and probable after-prepossessions of the infant female.) There are also Pilar, Transito, Madre de Dios, Nieves, Nuestra Señora de la Cabeza, Patrocinia (patroness), Socorro, Ascuncion, Anunciacion, Candelaria, with its diminutive of Candelas, Gloria, Carmen, Piedad (both these last are very common), Maravillas (wonders), Virtudes, Belen, Ascension, Heridas (wounds), Presentacion, Soterraña, Expectacion, Caridad. Besides these there is the curious appellation of O; but this is chiefly found, I fancy, at Seville, where there is a church dedicated to "Nuestra Señora del O." There, however, it is said, numerous persons bear this interjectional, exclamatory denomination. Its ejaculatory nature must drive a lover to despair, if in poetry, or even prose, he would fain be apostrophistically eloquent. "O! O!" would be ticklishly tautological, and most *ba*thetically pathetic.

Then there is another kind of name, such as Bethlehem, with its obvious derivation. In England, how awkward this appellation might be!—"Miss Bedlam" it would be sure to be shortened into. Camino (road), Mar (sea), Zaragoza, and Africa, are names of this class.

Some of the denominations have a reference to places, but places distinguished by being blessed by the possession of some wonder-working image or reliques. Amongst these are Guadaloupe, Fuen-

Digitized by Google

santa, and Monserrate. Among men, "De los Reyes" is a very common appellation; as a second one, Maria, too, is also frequently used by them; José Maria is not at all uncommon. Among females, Amparo (protection) is a favourite name; Milagros (miracles) is met with, but not so generally, I think.

The Spaniards seem usually to admire Cadiz much; they compare it in some of their books to a palace of silver overhanging the sea, and "*primorosamente afiligranádo.*" On the other hand, say they, from some points of view, with its white, tall, slender towers, the *azoteas* of its houses, its graceful temples and domes, and all its aggregate of brilliant beauties, it looks like a splendidly shining, vast, alabaster or ivory ship, towering and floating in the midst of the blue sea! The domes and temples, I suppose, represent, rather imperfectly, the snowy wind-puffed-out sails. After all, there is not so much *ponderación* (exaggeration) in the description as there might be, considering the love of Spaniards for that Oriental style of language.

Busy and bustling as Cadiz still assuredly appears, it has declined in fortune and commerce very greatly since Spain lost her chief American colonies. Ford tells us, the Spaniards sometimes compare Cadiz (called Cales for a long time by our name-murdering countrymen) "to a *taza de plata* (a silver dish);" Arabicè, *tast*, or *tuste*— (not a bad name for a good dish). "It rises," he continues, "on a rocky peninsula shaped like a ham, some ten to fifty feet above the sea" (the dish there is on the ham, not the ham on the dish, which rather contradicts established notions). The sea encompasses this nearly around, lovingly encircling

Digitized by Google

the gleaming, crystalline city, except where a narrow isthmus joins it to the mainland.

Cadiz looks fresh and juvenile, but is the most advanced in years of all European towns. She appears like a fair and mighty pearl cast on the shore by the ocean, but, in age, might better be compared to the maternal parent of that sea-jewel—that mother-of-pearl, which is the "venerable Bead" of the riddle,—at any rate, she is the mother of mortar and stone, fairer than most of her daughters. It was founded three hundred and forty-seven years before Rome itself, 1100 B.C., by the Phœnicians; the old name of Cadiz, Gaddir, (in the Punic,) was somewhat changed by the Greeks, and the Romans turned it into Gades. Gades had the honour of falling with imperial Rome; at least of declining from a highly-flourishing condition together with that mighty metropolis.* The Goths plundered and nearly razed the city. "When Alonso el Sabio," says Ford, "the learned, not wise, captured Kádis from the Moors, September 14th, 1262, its existence was almost doubted by the infallible Urban IV. The discovery of the New World revived the prosperity of a place which alone can exist by commerce." He goes on to tell us, as I remarked before, that the loss of the Transatlantic colonies has been the ruin of this town, and that hence the Spaniards constantly sought to divert from their legitimate object, and "to expend on *their* recovery the means furnished by England for the defence of the Peninsula."

"Cadiz!" exclaims a native author, "Cadiz!

* Constantinople's rise was the signal for their fall. Those who dug her foundations, shook Rome and Gades to theirs.

Digitized by Google

the very name brings a thousand and a thousand inspiriting recollections into the mind of the stranger and the visitor. Cadiz! it was that city, so famous in the history of our political revolutions, which proved the cradle of our liberties, and the theatre of mighty and renowned events. And how celebrated and flourishing was this Cadiz in olden times, when we Spaniards were masters of the Americas!" (not quite of *the Americas*—a little *ponderación*, there, thou good Señor Autor!) "then it was, so to say, the dépôt of the universal commerce of the world, a city renowned for the culture of its citizens, for its extreme refinement of civilisation, for the beauty and grace of its enchanting women, and for the proverbial cleanliness of its streets and its houses."

This cleanliness was mainly owing, I believe, to the Irish governor O'Reilly, about the year 1784, who reformed Cadiz most carefully in this particular, and has certainly left it a model of outward purity and nicety: Governor O'Reilly conducted his ameliorations upon the British system. "It is," adds our author, "a city, in fine, with all the life and stir of one of the most busy centres of industry and opulence, imposing and severe in its exterior, as a strong and fortified place, and smiling and joyous in its interior, as a commercial and highly cultivated city; and with all the delectable beauties, and all the perils of the sea surrounding it;—that sea which serves, as it were, for its glittering setting, but which seems to threaten, on some distant day, to engulph and carry it away; yet may Heaven grant that day may never come!"

The author proceeds to remark on the immense difference perceptible between the north and south

Digitized by Google

of Spain. "What a change of decorations," he cries, "in every particular, so different are they, yet both so admirable in their distinct styles!" *There*, he insinuates, the very Nature seen around, formally fruitful, is an Art! — *here* she seems impatient of all assistance and all control, and pre-eminent in prodigality. The quiet, simple, patriarchal manners and customs of the northern provinces bear no resemblance to those of the gay, and ardent, and impulsive people of meridional Spain. Here all is impassioned, brilliant, and voluptuous! That Nature, which there is made productive by labour and skill, here spontaneously pours out her exuberant treasures at the feet of man; there, like a coy and cold bride, or haughty mistress, she has to be wooed and won, and flattered, and coaxed, into compliance and complacency. Here, on the contrary, like a tender helpmeet, or a devoted minion, she proffers smiling homage and loving service.

What "Eōthen"—charming "Eōthen"—says of the different aspects of the sea, as seen at Venice or Constantinople, may be said of Nature as seen in the north and south of Spain (or, indeed, in any other north and south). Of the blue Deep he says, "And the stormy bride of the Doge is the bowing slave of the Sultan." Nature, the stormy bride of the Northern, is the bowing slave of the Southern.

June 21st, 1596, Cadiz was sacked by the English Earl of Essex. The lion-hearted Elizabeth resolved to return the bellicose compliment the King of the Spains had paid her, when he sent to her white-cliffed shores the invincible, soon-vanquished Armada! Lord Essex thought this "silver dish" would be quite "a dish to set before the queen;"

Digitized by Google

and well and secretly was the expedition planned and carried into execution. The city was suddenly attacked by the gallant islanders, and they took it almost before the invaded took even the meaning of the invaders!

The gallant Corregidor, Don Antonio de Zuñiga, "exposed himself much at the head of his men," which, hints the English chronicler, was no great feat, as they all ran away, and therefore it shows the leader ran first. As Barham says, "he had better have exposed himself at their tail," and, at any rate, been last.

The attacking fleet numbered about two hundred ships, with fifteen or sixteen thousand men (seamen and soldiers included). The fleet was commanded by Lord Effingham, and many distinguished persons accompanied him; among them, Lord Thomas Howard, Sir Francis Vere, Sir Corniers Clifford, Sir George Carew, and last, but not least, Sir Walter Raleigh. The destination of the fleet was kept so profound a secret that it was known to none but the chiefs.

Elizabeth had given strict orders, out of affection for Essex, that he should be as little as possible exposed to any danger, and that, therefore, he should keep in the centre of the fleet.

When the gallant earl had persuaded the wary Effingham to make the attack, to his inexpressible mortification he was told of the queen's earnest wishes and injunctions. He professed to obey; but, when he beheld the brave Raleigh dashing impetuously into the inner harbour, under a terrific fire from the batteries, on either side, he could no longer command himself, and flinging his hat overboard in his excitement, he flung after it

Digitized by Google

every cold dictate of prudence, and hurried forward into the heart of the danger—into the very thickest of the *mêlée*. In that inner harbour were about forty enormous South American galleons, and thirteen ships of war. The galleons were laden with the rich and costly commodities of the Spanish American colonies, and with vast quantities of bullion. The Duke de Medina, the Spanish admiral, who had these almost invaluable, lately-arrived treasure-ships in charge, ran them on shore, and when he perceived, to his dismay and horror, that the fury, intrepidity, and determined bravery of the enemy were certain to prove irresistible, he gave orders for them to be burnt. Lord Essex quitted this scene of ruin and destruction, and, possessing himself of Puntalis, proceeded with his dauntless followers along the narrow causeway, conducting from Leon to the town of Cadiz, and, sword in hand, with reckless courage he stormed the city, heedless of the batteries of the foe that swept his chivalrous ranks. Many of the English perished: of their antagonists a much larger number fell; but, to the honour of the English, it was asserted, that none of their opponents were put wantonly to the sword. A considerable portion of the Spanish troops fought with desperate bravery from house to house. As soon as all opposition ceased, unhappy Cadiz was abandoned to be plundered. The booty taken by the heroic conquerors was of prodigious value.

The victorious English chiefs took their places in the Hall of the Municipality, and the leading inhabitants came there to do them homage, and to kiss their feet; but, I should hope, only in phrase, not in fact; for the high-hearted, courteous

Digitized by Google

Lord Essex, should not have allowed them, assuredly, to undergo such undeserved humiliation. They then set free nuns, priests, and monks, unconditionally,—while the remainder of the citizens were obliged to produce hostages for the due payment of certain stipulated ransoms.

Some writers set down the treasure then seized by the victors at the vast amount of eight millions of ducats. Six millions were lost with the fleet. This enormous hoard of wealth was embarked after the conclusion of the act of homage alluded to. A "silver dish" of ducats, indeed, was this to set before the queen.

After the embarkation of the booty, the citizens were all ordered to quit their houses incontinently, and the ill-fated town was set fire to. Very great were, naturally, the sufferings consequent on this destruction, and the losses occasioned by this terrible conflagration were immense. An almost complete bankruptcy followed, and Spain was shaken to her foundations. With Cadiz perished, it is said, a statue of Alexander, and many other tokens and traces of her olden greatness, and long-continued importance and magnificence.

Cadiz was condemned to be attacked again, by the warlike sons of Albion, in the year 1628. This expedition appears to have been as ill-planned a one as the former was admirable; besides being thus unskilfully projected, it was defectively executed, and, in short, was a lamentable failure.

In the year 1702 a fresh English expedition also failed here—a most bungled and preposterously-mismanaged affair. The hostile bands, owing to an absurd procrastination, were allowed plenty of time to collect their scattered arms, equipments,

Digitized by Google

ammunition, and men; also their scattered senses, perhaps the most widely-dispersed of all; whereas, when the fleet of the English first entered the bay, the garrison of the town amounted merely to three hundred men, whose brains, in the panic, were most likely, as we hinted, in a state of extreme diffusion and distribution; so that the place must have been taken, in all human probability, ere any real resistance was organised, had a common share of foresight and plain sense been exercised.

Cadiz for some time was looked upon as a sort of end of the world, the *ne plus ultra*, the *ultima thule*, of everything and everybody. It formerly contained a number of interesting old Phœnician, Roman, and Greek inscriptions, and curious memorials. Among its various antiquities was a singular epitaph, originally traced on the tombstone of some world-sick misanthrope, who fancied he had actually found his way to the remotest corner of the creation. Thus it said: "A Carthaginian madman, Heliodorus, commanded by his will that he should be put into this particular sarcophagus, at the very farthest extremity of the globe, in order that he might observe whether anybody, yet more stark mad than himself, would come as far as this place to see him." What Bedlamites his ghost must think the present restless, touring generation.

Cadiz boasts of possessing two cathedrals (the capital has not one), neither of them of the first order of excellence, however: they are not far apart. La Vieja, the ancient one, was built in 1597, to replace that which had been damaged at the time of the siege. La Nueva was begun in 1720, as the former one was not sufficiently grand to suit the ideas of the inhabitants; it was commenced, but

Digitized by Google

left unfinished for a length of time—an architectural abortion—a stone skeleton; for the creations of the architect begin as they end, by being skeleton forms only. The completion of it was reserved for the bishop, Domingo de Silos Moreno, who finished it in 1838, furnishing himself the greater part of the funds, notwithstanding that the time was most unfavourable to such undertakings; for it was a period of civil war and of "church sequestrations elsewhere:" but the perseverance and disinterested zeal of the good bishop overcame every obstacle, and he successfully fulfilled the task he had appointed to himself, and finished the costly building. The poor man might have finished himself simultaneously, but energetic resolve vanquished all difficulties. The cathedral is, indeed, far from being first-rate, in this land of magnificent cathedrals—so near to Seville, too. It is adorned, or disfigured, inside with very inferior pictures: amongst them is a copy of a famous picture of Murillo, (at Seville, I think,) of St. Thomas; but, in Spain, and near Seville, one does not value *copies* of glorious Murillo. You certainly do feel you have a right to expect the real Simon Pure himself here.

The principal door of this cathedral is thought to be fine; the largest columns are admired for their size and solidity. A Spanish author informs us that, after being taken from the quarry, "they were kept for fourteen years on the shores of Algesiras, till a mole was constructed. They were obliged to build a ship on purpose, to convey them to Cadiz." The other two doors are decorated with marble from Málaga.

The custodia is said to be exceedingly magnificent, "the pride," says my Spanish author, "of

Digitized by Google

the citizens, and the enchantment of strangers." He tells us, that although great diligence and despatch were used, yet that the labour of fabrication took sixteen years. It is formed like a tower, of the most florid architecture, and adorned with a profusion of devices, sculptures, images, mottoes, and numerous figures of angels and saints, and it is crowned by a statue of Faith.

There is a suppressed convent of St. Francisco (los Capuchinos), which visitors to Cadiz should go to see, principally because its chapel contains the last production of Murillo's glorious genius. It is a representation of the marriage of St. Catherine. This great master, unfortunately, fell from the scaffolding here, and never recovering from the injuries he sustained, died subsequently at Seville. There is another of Murillo's pictures here, St. Francisco receiving the stigmata: the latter is accounted the best picture in Cadiz. Los Capuchinos was in 1596 the head quarters of the victorious Lord Essex.

There is a museo here, but not a first-rate one. There are some paintings by Zurbaran, and a San Augustin, by Giordano.

Among the most crowded and busy places in this town is the Plaza de San Juan de Dios, which the *Gaditanos* liken, from its ever-full state, to the Puerta del Sol, at Madrid. Near this are some thronged and busy streets, one of which is the Calle Nueva; at every step are seen foreign sailors and captains, *patrones* of the misticoes, strangers from many lands, travellers hurrying to get their tickets for the steamers to Seville, the offices of which are in this neighbourhood, and passengers about to make little trips to the adjacent towns and villages

Digitized by Google

in a species of gondola, which ply between the different "pueblos."

There are crowds, too, of sellers of different articles, keeping up a confused jabber, a "*guirigay*" (gibberish) that distracts you, but not unpleasantly, and the loud, peculiar laughter and *tarareo* of the negroes, and their parrot-like chatter, make the air wring while they are busily cleaning boots and shoes: but if you do not like this noisy mirth and stir, pass on to the Calle de Guanteros, where begin the "Almacenes de Quincalla" (hardware), or to that of Juan de Andas, which, we are assured, is the quintessence of all that is refined and fashionable, and where you may think you are in the most tranquil and calm of cities.

But the Calle Ancha seems the pride of the good cits of Cadiz; it is a regular, and rather handsome street, in which are many excellent shops. Here you observe the *tiendas*, where the exquisite silver filagree-work is sold, and those, too, where you find the snowy kid-gloves, so good in Spain.

Various delicate knick-knackeries seem to abound in this quarter. The cabinet-work (*ebanisteria*) displayed here, also, is supposed to be very superior by the natives. The improvements made in this are pronounced to be most "portentous," *portentoso*, (the more proper interpretation of this word is prodigious;) and they declare they have customers for these choice productions of their skill from all parts of the known world. Mantillas, too, may be found in this street—that delicate *drapeau*, under whose floating shade the Spanish woman goes forth conquering and to conquer; and never did the pirate's black flag, with its fiendish gloom, and device of skull and cross-bones, portend more

Digitized by Google

mischief than the graceful folds that half-conceal, half-reveal, angel aspects.

Not always is the mantilla black, but that is the general hue, and much the most characteristic and national-looking. A fantastical bard told the dark-eyed beauty whom he admired, that her death-black eyes were in mourning for the many murders they had committed. Are the sable mantillas a delicate compliment to the manes of the martyred, too? Possibly.

In this Calle Ancha, alas! the great enemy of the whole Spanish female race has established himself, the Gallic *marchand des modes;* here, too, dwells that fearful foe, the Parisian milliner, whose troops are armed with the sharpest of weapons—needles, and bear shields, too—(on their fingers). Think of the descendants of the Cid, who scoffed at falchion and lance, falling before the scissors, the needle, and the bodkin; (yielding like cravens, without a wound—since 'tis unlikely they should suffer, even from a *stitch* in the side;) yes, falling, for if female Spain is vanquished, will not male Spain be involved in one common destruction? I am told the enemy has her head-quarters in the metropolis, and that the work of denationalisation is proceeding with a frightful rapidity. Let them beware. Let them take care of the foundations of their nationality, (beginning with patronising Spanish shoes in lieu of Parisian pumps,) foundations which those little sappers and miners, the French mantua-makers and *ouvrières*, may be cutting away while they are cutting out, and are working, perhaps, day and night to destroy. Alack! the Gallic sempstress, with a dread effusion of gore—and gusset, may yet

Digitized by Google

triumph. At Madrid — to please, probably, the fair Señoras, dressed from head to heel, *à la Française*—the glorious Spanish is thickly interlaced by the Dons with French phrases; here, too, it is the fashion among the *élite*.

They abuse the French, everywhere, it is true, but they abuse them not altogether uncomplimentarily, in their own language!—with which they thus too copiously interlard their magnificent Castilian, "de vilains gens—vraiment, ma foi!" They vow and declare they can do nothing well, and yet they copy them in everything. They laugh heartily at this inconsistency themselves, though sometimes I have heard Spaniards most seriously lamenting it. They certainly do make up to their consciences a little for the preference they show for that alien tongue, by the violent vituperations they heap on the *Franchutes*, as they nickname the Gauls. *Ah, par exemple!* "Miserable monkeys! they send here their famous artists—the best that France produces, 'tis true—*parole d'honneur*,—to kneel at our feet, *les coquins!* and black our shoes, *pauvres diables!* and humbly measure us for dancing-pumps, *les malheureux!* And they toil and slave to make us foolish-looking coats, and indifferent hats. *Bah!—Ils sont bétes comme dix mille ánes!—quelle canaille!*" (Of course the English above is translated from the Spanish.)

The poor Dons delude themselves; if they do not take care, as I before observed, of the foundations of their nationality—where the French marshals failed, the French milliners may conquer, and the frog-eating shoemakers exult. I think what was said of the Coliseum at Rome might almost be

Digitized by Google

predicated and prophesied of the Spanish costume: "While stands the mantilla, Spain will stand—when falls the mantilla, Spain will fall."

But let us return to our Calle Ancha. Here you see Spanish and French modes amicably reposing side by side; here you may admire *peluquerias*, which, we are told, are "vistosas como la de Cortés," and "*guanterias à lo Dubost; Sombrererias à lo Aimable, talleres de Sastre à lo Utrilla*, —in short, the pink of hair-dressers' shops and wiggeries, and of gloveries, and hatters' and tailors' shops. The Plaza de San Antonio is, I believe, one of the most aristocratical places of the city. The Church of San Antonio stands here, and gives its name to the Plaza. After this, perhaps, in importance and pretensions, comes the Plaza del General Mina; this is a bowery, flowery, green, umbrageous locality, and is a favourite *paseo* on summer evenings. An amusing Spanish author informs us, that one reason why this *paseo* is so great a favourite is, that in its very shady alleys the many impoverished families who have suffered from the decline of prosperity in Cadiz love to walk; conscious that a rather threadbare gown, or a mantilla with a flounce of second-rate lace, with a little patching, or superfluous open-work (of holes), is not there so visible. He brings this in with a great flourish of trumpets, evidently anxious not to hurt the feelings of those whose little stratagems he thus exposes.

Many persons, he says, in choice Spanish, who were possessed of vast opulence in times past, since the unfortunate change that has taken place in Cadiz, have suffered terribly, and had to lament the dire vicissitudes of all human affairs. Who can wonder they fly the light of the sun, and choose to eclipse

Digitized by Google

themselves, and hide their altered appearance, from the regards of those who were witnesses of their splendour and pomp? Cadiz was the very cradle of luxury, when the Spanish fleets were wont to come laden with the precious gold and jewels of America to her port. It is not what it one day was; times have changed; great fluctuations of fortune have taken place. Many families have fallen victims to disaster — wealth has made itself wings. Riches and prosperity are still to be found here, but in comparatively few houses. In innumerable establishments, frugality and a retired life have necessarily succeeded to a brilliant existence of enjoyment and ostentation; and as Cadiz was never a dissipated city," (so he says,) "but one of remarkable morality, and as luxury there was no symptom of corruption, but merely an infallible thermometer of wealth and prosperity, those families who have lost their exalted position, but not the pride that accompanied it, are apt to be a little ashamed of their changed condition; and, therefore, do not look for them in the summer evenings on the brilliant Alameda, nor on the winter mornings in the Plaza de San Antonio. Their modest costumes" (diversified by a darn here and there, or a little ornamental flourish or join) "cannot resist the *escudriñadóres rayos* (Paul-Prying beams) of a sun that does not respect misfortune: seek them, and you will find them in the Plaza de Mina, in the calm, warm nights of August (I do not know why he and Grief allow them only one month in the year to go out in) under the shade of its thick foliage, which, with its friendly gloom, and protecting shelter, conceals their humble and simple appearance."

Digitized by Google

In Cadiz, and other parts of Andalusia, persons employed as mechanics and artisans, male and female, are known by the curious name of *cursis*. An Andalusian writer tells us this expression is used adjectively also; and they say the theatre, the ball, and the *paseo* "han estado *cursis*," on such an evening, if attended only by persons not considered the "crême de la crême" of society. *Cursis* seems here to be particularly applied to those who would fain appear above their own proper station, and, according to him, who ape the habits and manners of their superiors. They, too, much affect the Plaza de Mina.

The author of the foregoing account, who so tenderly commiserates those unfortunates previously alluded to, in a threadbare state of gown, and a generally frayed condition of apparel, is not, I believe, a Gaditano, nor even an Andalusian, but a native of some other part of Spain, — however, he seems to be exceedingly smitten with Cadiz and its inhabitants, and declares they are all that is excellent; the *belles* of Cadiz, in his eyes, are not only the most bewitching and seductive of mortals, but the most unseducible and impregnable in virtue.

He gives us an enchanting account of the excessive modesty of the youthful damsels here, and talks much of the "moralidad y pureza de costumbres del pueblo Gaditano." He adduces, as a striking proof, that the señoritas, who are betrothed, go out nowhere for several months before their union with the selected "Novio" (settlements seem to take a long time to arrange in Cadiz): it is a visible eclipse of the maiden, says he; she is neither seen at the theatre, the ball, nor the Ala-

Digitized by Google

meda, nor in the Plaza de Mina,—and if there were some trifling inequalities discoverable in the quality of her gown, *that* was assuredly her favourite promenade. No; she sits at home,—"and," says our scribbling Don, "her voluntary retreat from all the world's gaieties, as a grave preparation for the serious responsibilities and duties of matrimony, reminds one of the preparation of students at our universities, in order to obtain certain high academical degrees; in short," he continues, "this plan has extraordinary advantages, for, in the first place, the *niña* is safe from all risks and temptations, and accustoms herself to the disposition and character of her affianced lover, who is selected to be the companion of her life," and, "besides this, she thus cannot compare him with others," he *naïvely* adds, "disadvantageously, perhaps" (this is not altogether so complimentary to the constancy of the Cadiz damsels as it might be), "because she is only allowed to see him, and thus she figures to herself still that he is superior, whereas, haply, he is inferior." In short, he approves of this "*Sistema celular, aplicada al amor.*" From some expressions made use of, one can perceive, too, that the gentleman's fidelity is not quite trusted to run alone.

The betrothal is made public, and is universally known, we are informed, through the simultaneous retirement and total "eclipse" of the engaged pair. Thus, evidently, the occultation extends also to the *caballero;* and therefore, as the writer observes, if he had a mind so to do, it would be difficult for that young gentleman to escape from the impending matrimonial yoke.

This perfect publicity, indeed, says our friend —a rein to governments of rather independent ten-

Digitized by Google

dencies, is a chiffney-bit—no, he does not say that, but, in sober Spanish, "*un freno*"—to fast young gentlemen. Such gay Lotharios, "*casquivanos,*" (impudent fellows,) as they are, if they change their minds, and get a little tired of that rather long-drawn *tête-à-tête,* may seek in vain to ingratiate themselves with any other demoiselles; they will not hear of him, and avenge their fair companion's injuries, by haughtily repulsing the butterfly-man (*hombre-mariposa*) who attempts thus unworthily to play off *travesuras* (pranks) of infidelity.

In fact, the Señoritas have regularly established a society for mutual protection here; and woe to the rash and thoughtless Don Whiskerandos who excites their high and mighty displeasure. Great should be his *zozobra* (uneasiness) and alarm. Let him fly from Cadiz, or he will be *cut* to pieces, and his remains scattered to the four corners of heaven by the very rude gales of a thousand savagely-disposed and indignant fans. Our Don remarks, that any little tendencies "*á la bigamia,*" (to bigamy,) are thus wholesomely corrected.

After their union, our friend proceeds to inform us, the happy couples go to pass some time in retirement still;—they really seem to consider matrimony a very dangerous and catching complaint here. Love and Hymen are sent to the lazaretto, and poor Cupid's arrows are well-aired, perhaps fumigated; still, somehow, the contagion spreads; though he may be only allowed, possibly,—while his darts are thus being purified,—to seize on hearts with a pair of tongs or pincers, or a hooked stick, he still does seize them, doubtless; and Hymen spreads *his* plague, too. However this may be, the infected,

Digitized by Google

(not the *suspected* though,) are packed off *por algunos meses*, (for some months,) without remorse. Superficial observers might be led, from these practices, into the error of supposing that the Gaditanos regard holy wedlock with small favour; perhaps, indeed, look on marriage as did the young Italian prince, who pronounced it, after a year or two of trial, *un chien de métier*. Whatever the cause is, it seems that, not content with one, they have here several honeymoons, passed in strict seclusion; and I should be almost afraid, taking into dispassionate consideration the lengthened period the lovers were previously sequestered from society, and some involuntary admissions made by our friend, that by the time they return to the gay city, these "honey-lunatics," as Sir Francis Head hath it, will be the least in life tired of each other—a mere *soupçon;* — in fact, they will have satisfactorily arrived at a "Lucy's interval," as our incomparable Dickens calls it in one of his incomparable masterpieces; and I don't think there will be much danger of a relapse.

They may be safely trusted at large in future, (with reference to this peculiar species of Bee-in-the-bonnetism—sweetened with such cloying bees' food as we have mentioned,) and they may be fearlessly charged with the entire control of their own affairs; and, I cannot help suspecting, they will have rather a distaste for moons and mooning, and every kind of solitude for all time to come. "There is reason," quoth the old dame, "in roasting of eggs."

But what does our author go on to say? That these customs and regulations are assuredly produc-

Digitized by Google

tive of the greatest good. He sensibly thinks, as I am sure the old dame quoted above would also, "that the proof of the pudding is in the eating;" and he roundly declares that the society of Cadiz is about the most immaculate in Spain. Sorry should I be to breathe a syllable expressive of a doubt as to whether that be exceedingly high praise or no. In fact, I know not, but there is no doubt that the enthusiastic visitor to Cadiz pronounces that the "*palabra escándalo, aplicada á la vida de los Esposos*"—is a word whose signification is hardly comprehended there; and an immense deal accompanies this assurance, about inflexible rigour, austerity, severity, beneficent rigidity (of manners), opprobrium, ostracism, forefathers, terrible abysses, and horrible perspectives; centres of happiness, domestic felicities, torments and tempests, seeds of shame and impassable barriers, great-grandmothers, tremendous yokes and asylums, hearths and hearthstones, temples and ties, bands, bonds, and bounds, and much besides that the reader's active imagination will full easily fill up —allowing a proper number of notes of admiration, which are indispensably necessary.

But while he thus enlarges upon a theme that is apparently a great favourite with him, it is equally certain that the Gaditanos do not give so high a character of themselves. One of their own late papers, containing an account of their "Municipalidad y Alcaldia," and various statistical details, observes, that while in the "Año pasado," the number of public crimes was very small—"en cambio, parecenos excesivo el numero de los de divorciò que llegan a setenta y dos, y que son una triste prueba del estado de las costumbres domes-

Digitized by Google

ticas;"—in short, it informs its readers, that while in the past year the number of offences, such as personal injuries, &c., was very inconsiderable, "on the other hand the number of divorces appeared excessive, amounting to seventy-two—a melancholy sign of the state of our domestic manners."

But, leaving the visitor and the natives to settle these knotty points among themselves, we will take a little turn in the Alameda, and look upon the lovely faces and forms of the Gaditanas, as they walk so airily there; and see a little of that grace which is celebrated all the world over, and "*depuis que le monde est monde,*" as says Madame d'Aulnoy in those fairy tales which describe the fairy-favoured princesses as more wondrously witching than even the beauties of sunny Cadiz. Still, perhaps, the latter are more like the spell-weaving fairies themselves! Very graceful they certainly are, and very beautiful are their glancing, dark-blazing eyes, and their smoothly-festooned locks, that shine in the sun like waves of molten jet; the flexibility of the form and elasticity of the step are alike wondrous and peculiar.

The "Piafar," the Gaditanian walk, is ever the admiration of all beholders. I will not say I was disappointed in this, for I think the Cadiz ladies in general walk beautifully; some really marvellously so. But I remember once seeing, in a remote Hungarian village, a procession of girls and women going to church, whose step and gait were yet more exquisitely light and graceful, more deer-like, and yet more stately. Their costume, too, in its own way, was as becoming and striking as that of the Cadiz *belles*. Light blue pelisses, fitting

Digitized by Google

admirably to their tall, finely-formed persons, with some different-coloured petticoat, I think, underneath, and with various embroiderings and decorations, composed the chief portion of their attire. Their magnificent hair, generally blonde, auburn, or chestnut, plaited, and hanging almost to their heels, was ornamented along the whole length by graceful streamers of glossy ribbon, that played round them in the wind, like a hundred light haloes, and, at their shoulders, like airy, glowing wings.

But back to the Alameda. The basquiña, the flowing robe of silk, was wont in past days to be cunningly festooned with rich tassels and cords, and hung with golden bells; it was also loaded with lead, to make it cling closely around the symmetrical form; but now, except, I believe, now and then, when worn by the gaudy *majas*, it is divested of all those peculiar additions.

However, nothing can well be prettier, or more characteristically distinguished-looking, than the dress as now worn on the Alameda, or going to mass; hanging in the fullest folds around them, the rich black silk gown is flounced with a similar material, or with beautiful lace up to the slender waist, each flounce bordered, perhaps, with a delicate fringe; the mantilla is exquisitely adjusted on the burnished hair, of an intense blue black; a dazzling scarlet flower, or one of some other bright hue, or a little brilliant bow of ribbon, is frequently placed near the pretty ear, and a narrow black velvet band possibly encircles the graceful throat. The shining tresses are generally laid quite smooth and flat over the polished marble brow — a thunder-cloud on snow,—and curiously wreathed

Digitized by Google

in some lovely, fantastic braid or coil near the small, shell-like, pearly ear. But I have seen some hanging in long streaming curls; however, that takes off much of the Spanish character of the head-dress. The hands are occasionally encased in the most delicately-tinted, pale lemon-coloured gloves; a tint so light as to be almost white: it is more common, I think (and more Spanish), not to wear any, but to display the taper fingers sparkling and flashing with many jewelled rings; and sometimes an embroidered handkerchief is borne in the little hand, as well as the inseparable fan.

It seems doubtful if a Spanish woman could walk, talk, breathe, see, hear, think, feel, love, or live, without her fan!—that "weapon of her weakness," that wand, that wonder-working implement, "at once her spear and shield," her sword and sceptre, the restorer and life-preserver to her, the inflicter of death and confusion on others.

The basquiña, in days yet further removed, was, I fancy, wont to be a mohair petticoat. It had better never have any further change, for it is pretty nearly perfection now; it seems at its zenith of beauty, and will probably, if it alters at all, begin to decline (even the Roman empire fell once), and the pride and glory of all earthly petticoats, with it, will have sunk and faded!

Long, long ago, were the Gaditanœ celebrated for their wonderful charms. Under the dominion of ancient Rome, their renown extended far as the sway of her imperial eagles. Then, the extraordinary fascinations of these fair daughters of Iberia proved the theme of many an helmed and togaed admirer; and so it has gone on, till from the

Digitized by Google

haughty Roman and his successors, the subject was taken up by sturdy pig-tailed British Jack, of the stirring war days, who had been partially oblivious of British Jill; and he chanted forth, when about to set sail from their syren-haunted shores—

> "Farewell and adieu to you, fair Spanish ladies,
> Farewell and adieu to you, l*adies* of Spain;"

and I know not how much more about ladies and Cadiz, so opportunely rhyming. In general, these dark-glancing daughters of the sun, and the sea, are rather tall and slight. Perhaps this applies chiefly, however, to the more aristocratical portion of them. The head is usually exquisitely set on, but probably the beautiful and beauty-aiding mantilla helps much to produce this effect. For the far-famed feet, I can say but—little, yet only in one sense that; for whereas they are commonly disproportionately short, they are frequently inclined to be sadly broad.

I observed the same thing with regard to the female foot of the Spanish race in South America, but there the brevity was more extraordinary, and the breadth less.

At Cadiz, there are very many exceptions to this rule, however. And, whatever the feet are, there can be but one opinion of the lightness and symmetry of the faultless shape of which they are the little pedestals, and which they certainly bear along, as if they had tiny invisible wings fluttering somewhere about them.

Perhaps that accounts for the slight extra breadth. The gauzy outspread pinions are unusual additions that widen the wee "piés" of these

Digitized by Google

female Mercuries. This, however, I fear, is a misnomer, for, I believe, Mercury's plumes were on his heels.

Whatever is the cause, the *aire* and step of the Cadiz beauty is something to be seen, not described. You may read fifty descriptions, gentle reader, and yet, when you *do* see the reality, will declare none ever gave you the least idea of it. So I will not run the risk of mine being included in the category, and will attempt none at all.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER III.

PATRIOTISM is to be admired wherever it is found, in small things as well as in great. It admits of many manifestations and exemplifications.

A great deal of earnest conversation goes on almost perpetually here between the housemaid, Antonia, and a nice little person forming one of our travelling establishment, whom I will henceforward call Anglia, for she is a true Briton, or Britoness, in many particulars, as I shall have occasion to show; the only drawback to the full enjoyment of these colloquies is, that neither of them can understand a single syllable the other says. But I do not know why I should say this is a drawback, for really it does not seem one in the least to the parties concerned. There, they are at it now. Chatter, chatter—jabber, jabber; both believe only in their respective tongues, perhaps individually, as well as nationally; both have the most profound contempt for foreign "lingoes" of every kind. Listen; there they are, prattle, prattle—gabble, gabble; both very eager, animated, and interested in what themselves are saying; and certainly, if there are trifling disadvantages in this mode of carrying on a conversation—on the other hand, there are some very positive advantages, as they who talk, under these circumstances, cannot quarrel or disagree;

Digitized by Google

they can blab no secrets—they can stab no reputations—they can repeat no tales—they can say no spiteful things—at any rate, to no purpose—can indulge in no biting remarks—at least, if they do, it must be with their teeth, not their tongues; it certainly has its advantages, and they seem every whit as merry and pleased with each other's society as if they clearly understood every word uttered; and then, what a charming thing! they can both talk together—and do, as fast as their tongues can rattle.

The same thing was wont to occur at Lisbon. I used to be told how pleasant Delphina was—"plenty to say for herself." I do not suppose, if I had asked my informant if she comprehended her discourse, she would have answered, like the old woman whom Southey, I think, mentions, which old woman, when asked if she had understood a fine sermon that she had very much praised, said, meekly, "Wad I hae the presumption?" but more likely, with profound disdain, would Anglia have cried, "Would I so demean myself?" But, after all, I am not quite sure about the impracticability of a little tiff arising. The quick imaginations of the damsels make them, apparently, fancy they comprehend each other's meaning, by hook or by crook. And rather high words sometimes arise, though the subject of the altercation may be utterly different. They see the sparkle of each other's eyes—catch the sharpened tone, and (if possible) more voluble utterance; and whichever has not happened to begin the little dispute, invents a *casus belli*—"*sur-le-champ*."

"Why! my goodness! now, here you've brought no water! how often I've told you to bring it before this time—so late—how stupid you are—

Digitized by Google

and so slow, Hantonia. You went to that *Alley-made-here,** *I* know."

"Ah! el espejo?"

And Antonia looks ruefully and wrathfully, at a cracked looking-glass, perhaps; all the more ruefully and wrathfully, as, being outrageously cracked, and otherwise put *hors de combat*, it presents her brown aspect eccentric and caricature-wise, not much lovelier than our concentric-wise reflexions, beheld in a spoon. "Yes," she continues, rapidly gabbling in Spanish, "'tis, indeed, cracked; my mouth's all awry in it; my nose too bad to mention; my two cheeks nowhere to speak of; my very eyes nothing to notice; but it isn't my fault, and you must have done it this morning, or made it worse; a little crack, I think, there was, but it was *chiqui-ti-ti-ti-to*. Yes, some months ago, there were a very few cracks in it."

"Well! why don't you fetch the water, instead of looking at yourself in that old broken glass? it doesn't mend your beauty—and there's room."

"Si! si! a very little crack, *chiqui-ti-ti-ti-ti-ti-to*, or four or five last August; but I can't help it; why do you scold me? Ah! well, if she understood Spanish, she'd know she did it; but, poor thing! she's only an 'Inglesa.' It's no use talking to such dumb animals."

"Why! what in the world are you at, Annatony? taking up that lace handkerchief to dust the drawers?—stop!"

"Oh! rub, rub harder; yes! the English always want you to rub harder—harder."

"Stop, stay; the more I tell you to give it me, the more you don't. Oh! the lace—ah! that's a

* *Alameda.*

Digitized by Google

good soul! Oh! you mistook, did you? In course you did—calling things out of their names, as you do. I dare say this handkerchief is something else in Spanish; shouldn't wonder if they called it huck-a-back, or wash-leather, in their tongue; it's exactly like them. Now, just you shut the door; there's wind enough to cut one in two up here! Dear me! But, I say, I know where you went, Anna ——. Well! If I ever! why!—she's gone and opened the window. What a contrairy language that is!" (the poor woman thought, perhaps, "went Anna" was "ventana"—a *window*). "Everything seems just turned inside out, somehow, and—there! all the things are blowing away! No, no, Anthony—what's your name?—No! downy, downy window; take carey."

"*Que chismografia!**—*Que quiere usted?*"

"*Cake* carey?—*Take* carey—you silly woman! you can't make decent English of your ridiculous language when you *do* try. I never see such a stupid language in my born days; for if the people themselves can't make English of it, I wonder who else can. I never heard such trash as that girl will stand and talk by the hour together."

"Hombre! ella habla tanto,—mira usted! para solo un momento, callate!† . . . . ."

"What stuff! umbrella and parasol, indeed! she's always talking something of umbrellas or umbre. For short she calls it so, I suppose. And 'mirror,' too. *That's* that looking-glass, there; *I* know that; I can tell her. Well, I'm going; you do nothing but talk; you won't let anybody else

* *Chismografia*, (tittle-tattle.)

† Man alive! how she talks! look you here, just for one instant hold your tongue! . . . . .

Digitized by Google

have a word; and then you sing that fan-dangling thing. I'm going—go-ing, Anne-too-near; do you hear that?—it's plain enough."

"*Si usted* ——"

"There—it's always 'you stay'—stay and finish her work, I suppose." Then, turning to me:—"She's a well-meaning woman enough — but it really *is* absurd the way she goes on keeping not understanding yet! Why, I've talked plenty of English to her every day, and she ha'n't learnt it at all; nor I don't know when she will; for she will keep translating it into that foolish tongue of theirs; it's nothing but a hodd noise in the throat; anybody can do it fast enough, if it was worth while; only just that, and moving the tongue about a little, as hock'ard as you please; but it's such 'orrid trash. I'm sure it's time to leave off talking those dead languages, now-a-days, as they call 'em—like the Red 'Mericans and the mummies. But I do think that, as far as I observe, this jargon's just the contrairy of everything you say. It's English turned topsy-turvy, wisay-warsay, someway. Whatever you tells them to do, they do the other—at least, so it seems to me; for whatever I bid that Much-hatch-her* go and do, she goes and does something else. Now, did you ever see a bed made like she's made that one in the other room? and just look at that table—so stupid! They copy us in having beds, and they've taken and copied our tables, and chairs, and drawers, and wash-hand-stands, too, I see—but law! they don't know how to make 'em, or where to place 'em when they've got 'em—not they."

In came Antonia.

* *Muchacha.*

Digitized by Google

"Oh! here you are, Anne-tone-higher! so you've brought the water. Ah! well! when you came to think, you made that out, did you? Now, don't go and put the candlestick on the dressing-gown—do you hear?—take it off!—quick! Such hexcuses and nonsense,—pretending not to understand; that's the way they go on from morning till night. Such donkeys! And they can't call that indewiddle, untractable animal by its own name! They must give a new-fangled name to a hass, even —every 'varsal thing; and they're as glib at it—they run on like anythink; but the donkeys know better than they do; a jackass knows that he *is* a jackass, and nothing else, for all their nonsensical palavering; the 'burrow,' they call him (better name for a rabbit); but they can't learn their brute beasts to talk their gibberish; there's one of 'em,—aye! there's a 'burrow' going by now; he brays in good sound English enough; *he* can talk in his own natural language."

"I don't think that is exactly complimentary to our country and countrymen; they can pocket that affront in Andalusia."

"Well, perhaps not; but it's sensible, though, of the poor dumb creetur; he says, 'hee-haw,' in good English, as plain as I can; and your Handy-Lucy cats, they say nothing but 'mew,' too; and their ducks 'quack,' and their sheep "baa," and their dogs, in right-hearty English, 'bow-wow.' I hear them at it, now, in the street; if that doesn't show which is the real natural language, I wonder what does."

One day Antonia, when the lamps were wanted, said she would bring "dos mariposas:" this, being duly repeated to me, full stupidly did I exclaim (not

Digitized by Google

knowing at the time that the little night-lamps were frequently called by that name), "Gone for two butterflies! why, what on earth can you mean? She must have made some egregious mistake, surely!"

"Oh, but, indeed, that's like them; if you think the most wrong thing you can, the most unlikeliest and unlikeli*estest*, out-of-the-wayest, thing possible in English, that's sure to be the right name for it in Spanish—it's the most farthest-fetched lingo."

"Well, but butterfly is not Spanish for lamps; it is mariposa that is Spanish for butterfly."

"Ah! it's all the same thing; anything to be different from our people" (with an offended air), "as if nobody knew how to talk but theirselves. I'm sure there's Anne-toniar, now, thinks I was born dumb." (If she did, she must have been born deaf.)

When Antonia appeared the mystery was, after a little explanation, somewhat cleared up.

During their long conversations, if either of them laughed, the other generally echoed the cachinnation; and even should the one be telling how her sick sister had buried five children and her husband, if the other remarked how funny "An-delusion" ways were, and began giggling, the first would titter directly; and if one of them sighed and moaned (speaking of a murder last night), the other, though talking of a merryandrew, would interlard her gay prattle with groaning and "oh-dearing" instanter.

The patriotic Englishwoman, who criticised the foreign tongue so severely, seemed always haunted by an idea that the Castilian was nothing but English run mad, and whatever word she mentioned, she invariably tried, and generally contrived

Digitized by Google

successfully, to turn it into something that sounded a little like it in our tongue. Her novel interpretations much diverted us occasionally. Great ingenuity was sometimes displayed, really, in these transmogrifications. She afforded us some amusement, too, in the subject of names, about which she was often highly indignant—"such a pack of trash—anything that comes uppermost!"

"There was that Dolphin, at Lisbon—you'd expect to see a mermaid in a tail—a fishy name, indeed, that was. Then *here* they take and turn English names upside down, anyhow—backwards sometimes, I believe. I declare I don't know them again when I hear them. There's Hawking, and Wan, and Undress, and Head-do-hard-do, and A-Cob, and Hill, and Alick-Andrew, and Call-us, and A-stale-bun, or something of that, and Hack-about, and To-mass, for George, John, Andrew, Edward, Jacob, Giles, Alexander, Charles, Stephen, James, and Thomas! so they tell me;* and there's lots of nicknames they've made up themselves, not like any human thing else, and they've the face to call them Christian names. There's Rough-file, and Pepper, and Along-so, and Loose, and Dear-go, and Cornelian, and Saint-Here-ye-go, (who ever heard tell of such a saint?) and Oh-say, and You-zany-you, and Gasper."†

"Ugly enough."

"And the women's names are nearly as out-

* Jorge, Juan, Andres, Eduardo, Jacob, Gil, Alexandro, Carlos, Estéban, Jacobo, Tomas. The pronunciation of some of these is not really *very* unlike the Englishwoman's thoroughly English and caricatured description.

† Raphael, Pepe, Alonzo, Luis, Diego, Cornelio, Santiago, and José, and Eugenio, and Gaspar.

Digitized by Google

landish; there's Won-her, and Salloo, as they call Sally (Salad they spell it, I think), and Sold-her-dad, and Marry-villains, and A-Carnation, and Low-litter, and Carman, and Louis-eat-her, and Ho-save-her, and Australia—they've heard of the gold there, I suppose; and then there's Pay-dad, and Sarah-Goosey, and A-Hamper-Oh! and A-nun's-cessation, and Balaam, and Candle-Ass."*

"Odd names, indeed!"

"But here's Joe-king come to lay the cloth; the table must be cleared."

"That's an English name, however—how came he by that?"

"Ah! that's only his name in the proper English for it—it's 'Walking' in that Cast-steel tongue."

"Walking?"

"It's almost that;" ——

"Oh, I understand; it's Joaquim."

The poor man, in that true English mouth, had a fresh appellation nearly every time he was spoken with, or to, or heard of. He was a Castilian, and no possible twisting and turning of his name ever excited a smile on his grave, composed features; though sometimes it was disguised past all recognition, and seemed to retain no shadow of resemblance to its true self.

"Now, Joking, there's room. Here, do you see this cup, Chalking? it was left from breakfast; you're so careless, Hawking. Wait, Miss, and I'll clear away all these books, or that Whacking, per-

* Juana, Salud, Soledad, Maravillas, Encarnaçion, Lolita, Carmen, Luisita, (little Luisa,) Josefa, Estrella, Piedad, Zaragoza, (Anglicised into Saragossa,—alas! poor Cæsarea Augusta! its original proud denomination,—turned thus into Sarah-Goosey!) Amparo, Anunciacion, Belen, and Candelas.

Digitized by Google

haps, may knock some of them off. Put the things down here, Wax-king; there, that's right. Now, while that Hocking is gone for the soup, I can get a chair from the other room, for I see that's got a broken leg, Jack-king is so stupid!"

"You had better tell Joaquim to take it away altogether."

"Yes; it will be best; I'll tell that Jockeying when he comes back — they're so slow — and this man, this Oilskin, — No; here he is. Come in, Whipper-in; I mean, Whopper-in, — no, Whop-her-kin ——"

"Joaquim, *Joaquim.*" *

"Oh, ah! *Walk-in!* come in, do, Old-kin; here, take this chair — this 'silly' † ——"

"No comprendes, si tal vez, ——"

"That's his bad English, milady; he tells me to call it 'seat alvays.' I've met several of them who don't know their own tongue when you talk it to them, like this War-king; and I'm sure I make it much plainer to them than they do theirselves, without that gargling fuss — the words seem sticking in their windpipe. Whoever sat down to invent such a language, I can't think. Why couldn't they keep to the plain old English? Here, All-kin, there's the fresh chair; take the other down-stairs, Hurricane; and when dinner's done, and this idle Working has taken the things away, I'll bring these books back. What d'ye want? Georgian? Whatever *is* that Jawkins saying? Eh, Jumping? What? The pewter? — Oh! the door, ‡ Joke-whim? Pewter, indeed! Never mind, Orkin, go on with what you're doing — mind the table-cloth, Jerking. I

* It is pronounced a little thus — *Whockim.*
† *Silla* (chair.) ‡ *Puerta* (door.)

Digitized by Google

think that this Jerkins is the best waiter, after all, I've seen abroad; Ben-knee-toe was good—Bent-toe, or Ben-two,* or Bent-in-two, they used to call him for short,—but Watkin here is better. Well, Jargon, I say, I'll go and see about those marry-posers now—or Hawkins, you just tell them to send them up, — now, Chucking, quick! make haste, Gee-upping, do."

"Yes, Joaquim can look after them. But how you do change the poor man's name? You give him as many names as the Portuguese princes have."

"It's such a queer, hard name to remember, that Oakum—no, Hook'em—no sense in it: it doesn't seem any settled name; some say Joey-queen, and some Joey-king, and some Ower-keen. It's a name as depends on how you like to pronounce it. He always answers, anyhow, does Hugging. Here, Oh-quin, put the shutters to. What *does* Joe-Gwynne mean now? Apollo at the door! Why! it's a chicken! a roast chicken!"

"A chicken *is* a 'pollo.'"

"Well, how absurd! one can't make English of *that* name; it sounds like the Roman play-actor. Dear! dear! that Oak-Inn will spill the gravy,—Harlequin, look—mind! Stop, Hoaxing! That's right. —Oh! wait a bit!—see! — Snore-Waking, look——"

"Snore-Waking! What's that mean?"

"Seen-your Shirking, I meant— that's Master Shaking, no, Mister Shock-em, in English, — *so* unlike" . . . . . .

Oh! "Señor *Joaquim*, you intended to say, I suppose; really, you christen that man afresh every minute."

* Benito, Bento.

Digitized by Google

"That name *does* stick in my throat a little;——Choking," (*aside*) "bring desperate-billy-dearies * here,—I always somehow get hold of the English of that name, Jalap-him, like Harry-King and Hopping, then I can think of it better;—Now, Yachting! A horror! A horror! † the Desperate-billy-doers, I tell you, Waltzing. Such candles! not worth burning. Look! what long wicks. Stop a minute, Cheering! Stay! I'll run after him."

Anglia soon returned.

"There, now! that Walloping,—What-do-you-call-him? hasn't half finished here. See those shutters, how badly Shook-'em has fastened them; here's this bolt——Why! I declare, if that Hacking has not gone and left the old chair, after all; and when I ran out after him, about those candles, I said in such good Spanish, and Jog-one, Tommy you-stick, Esther silly ——"

"What *did* you mean? *Toma usted esta silla?*"

"To be sure I did; but *I* think Aching's deaf—so tiresome! Here! Harking! don't you hear, Hearkening? I say, Hearkening!"

Re-enter Joaquim.

"This chair, here;—Tommy, Tommy,—Hopkins!"

"*Toma*, not Tommy; but Joaquim understands you now."

"I wish Wapping would mind, then; but he really does seem a little hard of hearing, does Wagging; I owl so at him;—There! Hare-king! stupid man!—how clumsy you are, Jumbling! Why, Yoking, you'll break that glass, as sure as

* *Despabiladeras* (snuffers.)
† *Ahora! ahora!* (Now! now!)

Digitized by Google

your name's Yelping. Take *cary,—queery*, I think, *they* call it, though; and queer enough their whole talk is. Now, here's Aikenses's tray on the new Man-tiller!"

"Joaquim, mira Vmd.——"

"Yes! Yoick-ins, look here, pray? To think, now, of Waggon putting his tray on this lace! Lift it off, what's-your-name?—Whopper, *directly*, d'ye hear, What-gin? I beg your pardon—I meant Verging. Well, now, I'm sure if I'd thought that Vargin would have done so, I should have put it somewhere else, out of Thwacker's way, I promise him that. One need watch Farquhar here as a cat does a mouse. Only yesterday, I says to Your-king, 'Mind this lace, John-kin;' then Jeakins says, says Jerkin, that's Gherkin, I mean ——"

"Well, it seems you *cannot* keep that man's name two minutes together the same. Jerkin! Gherkin! Really, Jacket and Cucumber would be about as much like it! Do try, now, once,—*Joaquim;* and do remember it."

"Yes. Woke-him; it's such a hodd name; it seems to turn itself about to anything, any how; so slippery, like a live heel; but, indeed, I do nothing *but* remember it; I practised it till I got it quite perfect, that Joey-cooing; but, then, it seemed to change itself till, somehow—but I'll try —Wooer-keen; no, Wargin; no, no; O'-How-quin; no, Wow-wow-kin; no,—psha!—O'Wowkin."

"Those names sound like a mixture of Irish and Chinese."

"I dare say Spanish *is*,—it's frightful ugly."

"Oh, no!" (exclaimed an eager voice); "it's a splendid language; but, perhaps, the guttural sound in it sometimes, you don't like?"

Digitized by Google

"No: and I told How-keen so; but naterally Jerry-king wasn't for a-squeezing in it."

"A-squeezing? Oh! acquiescing, eh?"

"Yes; and Gargling thinks all that guttering, and gurgling, and grumbling, so fine;—but I'll go and tell that Vargin about tea, or he'll forget the hour. I'll leave these desperate-billy-doings by those *fellows;* ——"

"Those *velas,** you mean."

"Oh! yes; whalers; very bad whalers they are; that word would suit train-oil better than candles,—train-oil, like what they cook in here."

"They cook in olive-oil."

"It's very rancid; I told Waggling—says I, now, you Walking-stick,— no,—'Walking, you-stick'—is'nt *you-stick*, you, in Handy-loose?"†

"*Usted.*"

"Ah! true. I said, Wabbling, *you stay* (that's —I mean *your*) *Ass-he-eat-he* ‡ is a *demi-sword-o* § *villain*,‖—too villanous bad;—said he, '*Porky*;'¶ to make me think it came from lard, I suppose. He does get hold of a word or two of proper Angular-Saxon now and then—that Jobbing; but, la! he's so dull, and this Spanish is such nonsense, it confuses him. It's the bamboozlingest gabble;—it *is* so stupid of them, changing *every*think! I shouldn't mind so much if they changed a few words here and there, that they couldn't get to pronounce in English,—some sense in that; but to go for to take to halter everythink,—it's so spiteful. I tell Jacobin so. Says I, 'Now, Jangling,' I says, 'I don't mind your turning a few of our words wrong side outwards, and putting them

* *Velas* (candles.) † Andaluz. ‡ *Aceite* (oil.)
§ *Demisiado* (too). ‖ *Villano* (bad.) ¶ *Porque* (why).

Digitized by Google

head foremost; but, Jingling, you might leave *some* right; that's fair, you know, Jig-jogging.' But it's time lost talking to that Javelin—that's to say, Jocund—there; for say what one may, Yahoo-him will have *his* say in *his* way; and one may as well talk to the winds as to Walk-em, that's the fact. He will go on with that Spanish; it's the farthest-fetchedest, most unmisunderstandingest talk that ever was. But I can't beat that into Joe-hopping's head. He will go and take to halter everythink, will Auger-em."

"Once more—*Joaquim*."

"Yes, Whew-hack-em; I think that man oils his name, it's so slippery; and they're so fond of oiling everythink here; but I've mastered it now,—Gauky-him!"

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER IV.

THE fandango, "that fan-dangling tune," was no favourite with the little true Briton who acted her part so Britishly in the last chapter: it gave Antonia a great advantage over her; for if ever she scolded or remonstrated, or began an interminable long story perchance, Antonia burst forth into the fandango; and, indeed, the Andalusian damsel seemed almost capable of talking and singing at one and the same time. In high dudgeon would I find her foreign companion sometimes, when the latter was superintending the Gaditana housemaid's manœuvres in the bed-room.

"That tiresome fandango! she's always at it; I'd as soon help a mad dog to make the bed, almost: for it's shocking how she will go on, owl, owl; she won't let one speak, drowning one's voice with that tune the old cow died of—such a screeching! she outs with a number of sorts of whoops, and then a twirl and twist at the end, as if she were a-going to tie them all up in a tight knot" (rather a true description); "a-quavering away like one possessed; singing out, you might think I was a-murdering her, if you didn't know their ways; and I have to yell like mad to make myself heard. Such bad manners, all that sing-song without being asked for a stave, as loud as the

Digitized by Google

town-crier. It's nothing but spite, because she can't talk English. And then she'll go looking out of the window, bawling and shrieking still as noisy as those Pure-hiss-her-mores (Purissimas),* who keep a-hollering out to people to say their prayers, as I take it, leastways the Catholics,—owl, owl, owling, just as she does. *Serene-noses,* Wake-em calls 'em."

Antonia certainly was a most determined fandango singer. She did everything almost to the fandango—sauntered about the room, made the beds, arranged the furniture, carried the water upstairs, leaned out of the window, brought up the *mariposas,* talked to her English friend, all to the fandango; she did everything, in short, to the fandango, and did *nothing* to it more vehemently still! An immense deal of nothing, which included staring into the street, dawdling in the passages, loitering on the stairs, twiddling her fingers, twirling the ends of her handkerchief, laughing good-naturedly, not at the Ingleses, but with them, admiring the London bonnets, and generally reposing herself, mentally and corporeally.

The reader, perhaps, will have perceived that our thorough true-hearted little Inglesa had slightly the gift of the gab; but a very pleasant, gay gab it was, fresh, effervescent, joyous, and good-humoured; if a little, and not a little, ungrammatical occasionally, this defect was counterbalanced by sharp, shrewd, and often original observations. I feel, if ever this book should meet her eye, she will heartily forgive these fragmentary repetitions of her amusing conversations. I won't vouch for every word being

* The serenos, (watchmen,) who begin their cry with "Ave Maria Purissima."

Digitized by Google

the exact one used, but I think she will remember the general tenor of the talk full well.

The fandango, not only as Antonia sang it, but as I also heard it sung by many and many a stout voice in Spain, struck me as one of the most thoroughly Spanish and characteristic things I met with in the country.

The tune seems pretty nearly unchangeably the same; the cork-screwing twirl that had so offended poor Anglia being almost invariably introduced over and over again. The singers frequently improvise the words; but if they do not like giving themselves the trouble, there is a plentiful choice offered to them—hundreds and hundreds of verses, adapted to that tune, are ready-made for them, many of them full of fun, some replete with the most extravagant absurdities and wild exaggerations, several strangely incomprehensible to the uninitiated, and all abounding with a piquant originality, screamingly Spanish. Listen to Antonia a moment, as she slowly comes puffing and panting up the stairs, heavily laden with sheets, towels, &c. I will take one of the verses hap-hazard, that I happen to know:—

" Si supiera, que con flores,
Te habias de divertir,
Te traeria yo mas flores,
Que tiene Mayo y Abril,
Si supiera," &c.

(If I knew that thou with flowers,
Sweet! did'st wish to toy and play,
Ah! more flowers I'd bring my Fair One
E'en than April could, or May!)

Panting and puffing do not improve singing, nor make the utterance clearer, therefore the reader is

Digitized by Google

requested to suppose the words broken, somewhat in this fashion,—

" Si-i-i su-u-pi-pi-e-era que-que con flo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-ores."

And to imagine the final flourish, jerked forth in extraordinary gasping shrieks, ended by a *monstre* shout, with variations,—screamingly Spanish, indeed!—

" Y (puff) y (blow) y (pant) y-y-ab-ba-ba-ab-bab-bab-bar-i-BRIL!"

Here's another verse,—

" Cuando dos quieren à una
Y ella quiera á uno, no mas,
El otro parece a un mono,
Que está mascujando agraz."

(When two care for one lovely damsel,
And for one of the two cares the lass;
The other looks most like a monkey,
Who is swallowing down sour " agraz."*)

Antonia proceeds, after taking a long breath at the top of the stairs, with a voice such as the Alps may have sung with, when " every mountain now had found a tongue,"—

" Mas desgraciada que yo,
No habra nacido de madre;
Que una camisa que tengo,
No encuentro quien me la lava."

(More wretched than I am below,
Say, what man born of woman can be?
One shirt I possess,—yet I know
No good soul who will wash it for me).

A very brief pause, and she breaks forth again,—

" Si te digo, sol! te ofendo,
Y si Luna, te maltrato;
Y si te digo Lucero,
Me parece que te mato."

* A very refreshing, but very acid beverage.

Digitized by Google

(Ah, me! if I say thou'rt a Sun, lady bright,
I offend thee sorely;—if Moon, I maltreat thee;
But if simple Star, 'tis to kill thee and eat thee,
At least it seems, surely, to kill thee outright!)

I plead guilty to a not very literal translation of the last, for the eating is an addition, to make it rhyme a little more easily. Besides Antonia's selection, (though hers was very voluminous,) there are innumerable verses, as I remarked, scattered all over the face of the country. And I suppose every day, every hour, in Andalucia, sees the birth of additional couplets. Here are a few more of them—some are difficult to translate into the unsympathising English, and some full of Andalusianisms:—

"Yo no le temo á la muerte
Porque es cosa natural,
Pero le temo á las pulgas,
Del campo de Gibraltar."

(No! I fear not Death! after all
'Tis a natural thing—if not charming;
What I *do* fear, alas! are the fleas
That thick in Gibraltar are swarming.)

The following is another merry absurdity:—

"El salero de mi niña,
Se lo comió un gato negro;
Que lastima de mi niña,
Que se quedó sin salero."

(Hapless damsel! behold of her gallant
The hungry black puss has bereft her;
The black cat ate him up—what a pity
The cat's dinner has loverless left her!)

I am not certain that I should not have put the salt,—the wit of the niña, instead of her "gallant;" the word, I think, may apply to either; and nothing can overdo the nonsense.

Digitized by Google

Here is a sentimental quatrain :—

" El verte me da la muerte,
El no verte me da vida;
Mas quiero morir y verte,
Que no verte y tener vida."

(To behold thee, to me is death,
When I see thee not, I revive;
Ah! better to see thee and die,
Than to see thee not, and to live.)

A very pugnacious one this next,—

" Si supiera ó entendiera
Que el sol que sale te ofende;
Con el sol me peleara,
Aunque el sol me diera muerte."

(Ah! were I to hear or to guess,
That yon sun dared offend and annoy thee;
With that proud sun I'd fight!—not the less,
That 'tis sure he would burn and destroy me.)

The following is the delight and favourite of the housemaids in general :—

" Si tus ojos tienen niñas,
Y tus niñas tienen ojos;
Esos ojos de esas niñas,
Son las niñas de mis ojos."

It may, perhaps, be rendered, very lamely, somehow thus :—

If your bright eyes have babies in them,
And if your babes have eyes likewise;
Oh! those sweet eyes of all those babies
Are as the apples of my eyes!

But the word *niñas* in Spanish means both children and the pupils of the eyes.

The next is in a different style; the songsters generally go on from one detached couplet to another, very much with the same tone and emphatic manner—the drawl, the howl, and the twirl—the

Digitized by Google

Stentorian outburst, and the quavering "dying fall." Whatever the change of subject—whether they tell how the black cat breakfasted, or dined on the maiden's beloved one; or whether the minstrel challenges the sun in heaven, that dared to tan too deeply with "amorous clutch" his fair one's cheeks, the style and expression seem the same, —

"De que sirve al cautivo,
Tener los grillos de plata?
Y la cadena de oro,
Si la libertad la falta?"

(To the anxious captive is 't a joy
To be in silver shackles flaunting?
To have a chain of rich red gold,
While sweetest liberty is wanting?)

The next belongs to Granada,—

"La campana de la vela
Se está muriendo de risa,
De ver á la catedral
Con payneta* y con camisa!"

(Ding doug! Ho! Granada's Tower-Bell
Seems dying of laughter, I vow,
To see the cathedral put on
Its shirt and its nightcap below!)

I fancy this alludes to a mist that is apt to envelope it partially at some seasons of the year.

The following one requires a little explanation. I am told the *gain* alluded to means of days of indulgence:—

"En la calle no sé donde,
Hay un yo no sé que Santo,
Por rezar yo no sé qué,
Se gana yo no sé cuanto!"

* We were told by an Andaluz this is a provincial word for nightcap.

Digitized by Google

(Know! in a street—I don't know where,
There is a Saint—I don't know who,—
Go, pray,—I don't know how much there
You'll gain—I don't know what!—do you?)

Strict grammar is not to be looked for in Andalusian stanzas, nor strict sense, as I before ventured to insinuate.

Tolerably prosy the next,—

" Como quieres, que una luz
Alumbra dos aposentos?
Como quieres que yo quiera
Dos corazones á una vez?"

(How can you expect that a candle
Can light two apartments at once?
How can you expect my affections
To two hearts can yield back response?)

But a truce to these poetical flights of the Andalusian fandango muse for the present. I may have occasion to repeat some more of its lucubrations presently.

Another style of singing in vogue in Andalucia is that where talking is introduced. I give a slight specimen, a little song of my own,—

1.

" Ah! la noche está en tu pelo
Si! y en tus ojos el dia,
Como un cielo misterioso,
Tu semblante parecia.
(*Hablando.*) ¡ Ah! la Paquita! qui gracia, sal, y sandunga!

2.

El aire si halla en tus pasos,
Y el fuego en tus labios,
Seran al describirte
Muy embrollados los sabios.
(*Hablando.*) ¡ Qué vale mas la sal de Andalucia, que todas las minas de Mejico! jui! salero!

Digitized by Google

1.

The night is in thy hair,
And the day is in thine eyes;
Thus thou art strangely fair,
Like some mystic, unknown skies!
(*Spoken.*) Ah! my Paquita! what grace! what an air! what a charm!

2.

Air in thy steps must be,—
Fire in thy lips of love;—
The sage describing thee
Would 'mazed and 'wildered prove.
(*Spoken.*) Andalusian salt for ever! 'tis worth more than all the mines of Mexico put together.

As to the sal and salero, it conveys but little—translated into English—of its true raciness and piquancy; it gains immensely in insipidity and flatness. The pause in the music in these little *cancions*, and the talking, gaily rattled off with much dramatic effect, given to the merest commonplaces, is very pretty and pleasing. But I will lay down my pen for the present, and take leave of the *cancioncitas*, and the famous fandango itself, though Antonia may be going on still with that everlasting tune, and the interminable stanzas;—

" Aquel que quiere y no puede
Gozar de su libértad,
No es menester que lo entierran,
Que enterrado en vida está!

(He who loves, and yet hath not freedom
In wandering, or wooing, or wiving,
May go quit of all funeral expenses,
For he's coffined and buried while living.)

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER V.

A FEW years ago Cadiz was the scene of brilliant festivities, given in honour of a visit from the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, and for a brief space of time it shone forth with all, and more than all, its pristine splendour.

The duke and duchess were passing the season, I believe, at Puerto de Santa Maria, and from thence came to this place. At that time the Infanta was presumptive heiress to the throne of Spain; and wherever she went she was received with great public demonstrations of joy and loyalty. Her visit to Cadiz called forth many marks and manifestations of attachment and devotion to the royal family. The duke and duchess were lodged at the Casa de Ayuntamiento, which was improvised into a splendidly furnished and superb palace for the occasion. Magnificent *funciones* were given at the theatre; but the grand affair was one of those bull-fights—those barbarous and cruel exhibitions which are the disgrace of Spain.

Bull-fights are a fatal legacy left by the Moors, and are, indeed, unworthy of Christians. Unhappily, too, it appears, from all accounts, instead of being divested of any of their original barbarity, these savage diversions have acquired yet more revolting characteristics; and far more detestable cruelties

Digitized by Google

are witnessed in the arenas of Catholic Spain than ever dishonoured those of its old Moorish inhabitants. This applies especially to the horses. In the ancient time, transcendent feats of horsemanship were displayed on powerful, spirited coursers, full of pride and vigour; now, the wretched animals employed are of the most miserable description. The Spanish knacker's yard is cheated of them; and these unfortunate creatures, half starved, and worn out by their hard work in the service of the ingrate, man, are condemned to one of the most horrible imaginable of lingering deaths, and put to tortures at which humanity shudders.

When any royal personages are present, I believe, the authorities and superintendents of the "corridas" provide better animals, and their greater speed and strength enable them to get out of harm's way more frequently; thus it is only occasionally that the dreadful spectacles exhibited at most of these fiestas are presented to the public eye. It is almost a pity it should be so; for surely, if the young Duchess of Montpensier or her august sister saw the spectacle in all its naked horror and monstrosity, they would be deeply shocked and disgusted. Even as it is, one cannot but feel it must indeed require to have been accustomed to this hideous show—(hideous when seen under its very fairest aspect)—from the earliest childhood to be able to endure it at all.

Brilliant descriptions are given of the festivities of this period. One Spanish account informs us, the princess presided in the "Plaza" with a grace and an *intelligence* worthy of all admiration, throwing the concourse of people collected on the spot into almost paroxysms of enthusiastic admiration (so

Digitized by Google

says the eager narrator, who, in a very spasmodic style, indeed, averages himself five or six of the enthusiastic paroxysms a page). These vehement raptures began, it appears, from the moment when the Infanta presented herself in the royal "palco" with a "blanca mantilla Española," a white Spanish mantilla (white is generally worn here for festive state occasions), and the customary rose in her hair. Wise Infanta! may she always resist those fearful bonnets with which, in place of brigades, the French now assail her native land! It is with bonnets and "berthes," not bombs, they now bombard her strong cities.

The duke accompanied his consort, and—that the tender twig might be bent as they wished the tree to grow—the little, almost baby princess, was taken there too.

Immense multitudes thronged the Plaza. It is almost always the case here, and, of course, the "great additional attraction," and the little great additional attraction — the royal child, in tauromachical training — occasioned the crowd to be denser than ever. What man, born of Spanish woman, but rushes eagerly to a bull-fight? What engagements are there that must not at such a time be pretermitted? The bridegroom leads the bride from the altar to the *palco;* the dead must wait for burial till the *toros de muerte* accompany them to the shades below; the new-born infant must learn betimes that life's chief joy is the death of bulls. Even papal bulls, perhaps, must give the *pas* to their bellowing namesakes.

According to my authority, the duke has a passion for "tauromáquicas fiestas," that literally borders upon delirium (or rather, most likely, he

Digitized by Google

affects this, to acquire popularity among his adopted countrymen). "On this occasion," continues the account, "he remained in a rapt state of ecstasy, contemplating all the feats performed, and all the brilliant 'suertes,' and following with eager eyes every movement of the raging bull, and of the 'lidiadores.'" At every display of skill, at every stroke of daring and bravery, he gave with fervid enthusiasm the signal for the tumultuous applause of the joy-transported multitude. In these amiable demonstrations of his high satisfaction and gratification he was warmly seconded by the lovely, ingenuous, and charming baby *Infantita* (little infanta), who with the most enchanting air and grace imaginable, eagerly beat the palms of her little hands together "with fervid enthusiasm," of course, too, drawing from the people (who by this time must have been almost light-headed) overwhelming bursts of *vitores* (vivas) and thundering shouts of extravagant delight.

Soon afterwards the duke and duchess returned to Puerto de Santa Maria, where a continuation of these splendid gaieties took place. The "aniversario de los Dias," the anniversary of the days of the duchess (the 25th of August, I think), was passed there, and this was celebrated by a superb ball.

At this time, it appears that the famous fair, called the "feria de la Vitoria," took place, and the spectacle the town and environs presented must have been gay and interesting in the extreme; crowded steamers brought half Cadiz to the Puerto, besides immense reinforcements from the other neighbouring towns. At night the spectacle offered by this busy and brilliant fair, so much more fully attended than usual, owing to the extra interest of the sojourn of

Digitized by Google

the royal visitors at the Puerto, must have been singularly lively and attractive.

My friend, the spasmodic scribe, declares that the scene was beyond praise, and left all his powers of description at a distance;—it must, indeed, have been something astonishing, then! "Nothing," cries he, "can portray the animation, the consummate air of festivity here; nothing convey the really magical effect of the spacious avenues of trees, illuminated by myriads of divers-coloured lamps; nothing can give the remotest idea of the confused cries and chattering of the hundreds of vendors, who in tents, booths, and different kinds of improvised shops, offered their chicken and turkey wares at extraordinarily low prices apparently, or proposed that the promenaders should raffle, or gamble in some way for them, still screaming to the various passers-by in a state of high excitement, while those passers-by went passing on, *bulliciosamente*,"—(in a restless or tumultuous manner,) their attention being now called to the stalls, and their energetically-anxious owners, and their thoughts and eyes now distracted by a troop of gay *majos*, glittering in all the pomp and circumstance of Andalucian finery.

A great contrast the stall-keepers at those fairs seem to offer to the ordinary Spanish shopkeepers, according to the preceding account; for they generally appear philosophically indifferent whether you buy or no.

Amongst the motley mob were, as usual, numerous *cigarreras* (women who manufacture cigars), who are described as being *desenvueltas*—a prettily sounding word, but an ugly thing—somewhat brazen-faced and forward; they are clad in long yellow mantles of *espumilla*, (which is a kind of thread

Digitized by Google

crape;) these mantles fall in sweeping folds, covering them from the head to the feet; then there were, of course, in the throng, the picturesque dresses of the peasants to charm the eye; the martial trappings of soldiers and officers; the gallant garb of contrabandistas, who seem to have the words of their dashing song written on their bold foreheads,—"Yo que soy contrabandista, yo! ho!" and the unstudied habiliments, and Oriental eyes and features, of groups of gipsies; in short, a countless assemblage of gay and bewildering objects; and, moreover, there was the starry southern sky overhead, and the pleasant and refreshing sea-breezes to exhilarate the merry-makers, softly stirring and gently waving flags and draperies, and twinkling lights. I have heard an amusing Andalusian song descriptive of the humorous drolleries and peculiarities of fairs like this one,—a rattling, rapid, dramatic, bustling song, which gives one, I think, a better idea of these blithe festivities than any elaborately formal account can do.

The ball, that was expressly given in the Infanta's honour, at the period of this joyous "Feria de la Vitoria," was, apparently, a very brilliant fête indeed. Seville, Xeres, San Lucar, Rota, Puerto Real, San Fernando, Cadiz, of course, and even Madrid, it is said, sent representatives—their "contingent of charms and beauty"—to this gay and splendid gathering.

The spasmodic author I have quoted does not get through the account of this superb. "Sarao" (ball) without several exceedingly severe paroxysms; he is evidently a devoted admirer of the fair sex; and it is a little diverting to observe the care he takes in his book not to offend any one; to please

Digitized by Google

all, if practicable, especially all the Gaditanas. Some of the latter, he says, "may be—it is not possible that it should be otherwise—fairer and lovelier than certain of their companions: but all are, Oh! so fair and lovely! Some may claim more admiration than others, but all claim so much! There is hardly one" (fie upon that "hardly one!" it must have been a slip of the pen; he must have meant to put "there are none,") "absolutely deprived of every attraction; in fact, it seems the privilege of the sweet daughters of this part of the country to bear, as it were, upon their charming foreheads, like a peculiar seal, a characteristic grace, that lights up their features and countenance, and to display a constant, natural fire, that never fails in their glances, which ever-burning flame betrays the land which gave them birth."

Their clime is not so cold as ours, otherwise how valuable would be this fire that never goes out!—gratis, too! far surpassing in economy those "four fires for a penny" which kind advertisements proffer.

The arrival of the princess was an inspiriting moment; the noble sounds of that fine air, "the Royal March," were heard, and the heiress of the most Catholic throne entered the scene with her husband, preceded by six ladies, who had received them at the portal, and by the gentlemen who had formed the committee of arrangement. A rose-coloured crape dress, with two skirts, covered with embroideries of light flowers, formed the simple toilet of the princess—who, in spite of this unpretending attire, from her loveliness, and lofty air and aspect, struck every beholder at once with admiration, and appeared to all eyes the undisputed Queen of the ball. Her ardent eulogist talks of her "ele-

Digitized by Google

vada *alcurnia.*" This word I know not, and the Spanish-and-English dictionary contains it not; but I apprehend it means *port, air, mien*—(it may be, *nobility, station;* but I rather doubt it). It is evidently of Moorish origin, as are most Spanish words beginning with *al;* such as *almizcle,* musk; *almohada,* pillow; *albarda,* pack-saddle; *albedrio,* free-will; &c. &c.

The duke was dressed in the costume of a "maestrante," of Granada. These maestrantes are a species of society, that have some peculiar office, or superintendantship, connected with the bull-fights. In Granada, their uniform, I think, is blue and silver. The corps of maestrantes is entirely composed of persons of noble blood.

My author is full of praises of "Nuestra Infanta," as he calls her with pardonable pride. He declares one of her most admirable and endearing qualities is her intense love for her children, whom she is said to adore with delirious ardour; and, continues the ecstatic scribe, as in this part of the world, all the doating mothers frantically idolise their children with the most rapturous devotion,—that quality in the duchess captivated the affections of thousands, and won all their homage.

Spaniards seem ever predisposed to love and admire their princes; the old chivalrous flame of loyalty appears to burn unquenchably in their veins through all changes. Often as hapless Spain has been torn by intestine commotions, and proved a state *in* a state bordering on distraction, (this without any reference to its Pyrennean frontiers, or borders,) that noble sentiment survives.

Almost invariably, when this illustrious lady, *la bella princesa,* presented herself in public, it was

Digitized by Google

with the "Infantita" clasped in her arms; whether in the "Palco Real," at the state festivals held in her honour, or on the balcony of the palace, when called on by loud and loyal shouts to show herself to the admiring people,—there was the tiny Infanta beheld, inseparable from the "*excelsa señora*," her august mamma, and duly taught to return the salutations of the multitude, which she is pronounced to have done with marvellous childish grace and spirit; in short, so charmingly, that the enthusiastic narrator roundly protests now that it drove the enchanted Andalucians *quite* mad. I all along foresaw this catastrophe, at least as regarded one poor patient—the writer himself—the fits became so frequent; the reason must, I felt, succumb at last; and, really, if the author is in the right, all the world, too, and his lady,—his better half, are, or were, at that time and place, insane, stark-staring, utterly incurable; and strait-waistcoats must have been at a premium.

The poor author himself, indeed, as I observed, seems to have been in a hopeless state for some time; at the slightest provocation he goes into the most awful convulsions, and his contortions and grimaces are fearful. After expressing this candid opinion I will not mention the unfortunate gentleman's name, lest, perchance, this work should meet his eye, or that of any of his relatives, and cause a pang of pain. He informs us, in his extravagant but amusing little book, that the duchess opened this fairy-like ball with the General Schelly, and afterwards danced six "rigodones" with different partners, whose names he scrupulously gives us.

It appears the theatre was transformed into a ball-room for the occasion, and the lucubrations of my amiable lunatic thereupon are of the most

Digitized by Google

animated description. The *salon de baile*, he informs us in a transport, was so arranged as to present, as nearly as possible, the appearance of a beautiful and perfectly delicious Hesperidiacal garden; and altogether the idea, and the execution of it, in the highest degree did honour to the "buen gusto" of the citizens, who offered this splendid entertainment to the duchess, and conspicuously displayed all the richness, all the fantastic exuberance, all the *orientalismo* of meridional imaginations. Innumerable long, luxuriant garlands of flowers, fell from the centre of the ceiling, and were gracefully disposed in the form of a pavilion. In rapture the second he declares, in a somewhat different strain of language, that nothing could be more brilliant, and more surprisingly fanciful, than this garden-ball-room-pavilion-theatre-fairyland. In a flowery flight he describes the dazzling carpet of scarlet, (in England we should think this an unnecessary addition, unless the ball had been only a carpet-hop,) over which glided and flitted countless sylph-like forms, clad in white and transparent robes, and full of smiles and blushes, causing raptures third, fourth, and fifth.

In the place of honour, two state-chairs were placed for the royal visitors upon a beautiful carpet —the *spécialité* of our friend seems to be carpets, —of fine white cloth; and behind the state-chairs (why not before?) was depicted, "in the most exquisite manner, a lovely scenic decoration, representing a superb garden," (a garden again!) "with a truly extraordinary effect;"—here slight symptoms of mental aberration appear, but the author recovers himself with an effort, and proceeds,—a most superb garden indeed, illuminated by a resplendent moon.

Digitized by Google

(Ah! that moon! doubtless, even in the semblance, it affected the brain-sick rhapsodist.) "Nine great chandeliers of crystal, and a number of other enormous and effulgent lamps, shed a sort of festal glory around." All this was very fine, I question not, but "scarlet carpets" and gardens do not seem to consort well together.

On all sides were "inexpressibly rich devices and great and wonderful transformations"—(a couple of leeches behind each ear might have been of service at this juncture.) The boxes of the theatre had been turned skilfully into a beautiful gallery, embellished with flower-pots, "filled with exotics and lovely, delicious flowers,"—(a little paroxysm here) —which species of ornamentation "was diversified by urns and statues."

Then come divers sublime and dizzy bursts of laudatory declamation, and various eloquent, sonorous periods, respecting the graceful "nymphs of the Guadalquivir." I should say our friend was positively light-headed now, and would recommend ice to the forehead, a composing draught at bed-time, bread-pudding, and weak chicken-broth, whenever there is a recurrence of the alarming symptoms. I should like to have tried shaving and a blister, had I been on the spot, I confess. These terrible nymphs of the Guadalquivir had no mercy on him; he describes them with their soft accents piercing his heart pitilessly, and in all the overwhelming glory of their papilonaceous paraphernalia.

Their devoted admirer becomes apparently rather hysterically affected at last at the pathos of some of his own impassioned sentences, and, consequently, potters and palavers slightly towards the conclusion. Afterwards follow a few little winding-

Digitized by Google

up rhapsodies, which embrace, however, the inspiring theme of supper, and a well-provided *buffet.* This, certainly, seems no hallucination.

But stay! behold! refreshed by the kindly theme, our enthusiast is off again, sky-high—above the very chandeliers and lustres; all is fire and fury —the pulse, say 120; temples throbbing. All was so splendid, so regal, so worthy of the "augustos convidados," so surpassing every possible idea (decided manifestations here of a determination of blood to the head), that all language fails. (Thank goodness!) However,—and this shows the truth of the old proverb, "We must not halloo till we're out of the wood,"—he concludes with a fearfully grand display of perfect fireworks of words, like the final, flaming exhibitions at Vauxhall. We will pass over transports first, second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth, (I hardly know what the subject is of seventh and eighth,) but not so transport No. 9; for, amidst the blaze, and crackling, and glare, and smoke, a wonderfully interesting object is dimly descried. "Vision of glory!" (for it is in the *singular*) "spare my aching sight!" It is, indeed, evidently intended to be the crowning glory of all these glories—the finishing-stroke of all this brilliant spectacle. The author *himself* we are requested to paint to our overpowered imaginations!

Yes, after mentioning, somewhat hurriedly and breathlessly, some fair ladies whom the writer had seen in "his circle" at Madrid, who were the ornaments of the Prado, and the Paseo de Atocha, and a brigadier and governor, or so,—also a professor of literature of some university (with the un-Spanish-sounding Christian name of Isaac—Don Isaac somebody,) and after disposing sum-

Digitized by Google

marily of some other equally insignificant individuals, and skipping over a statesman and ambassador or two, I ween, in his excitement and anxiety, he hastens to gladden our expectant souls, for, in sooth and in truth, then comes the hero himself, very modestly though, as the "*autor de estos apuntes.*" Poor author! he certainly appears to have a bee in his sombrero.

To return to the Duchess of Montpensier for a moment:—our Scribe declares that she always wears, when in Spain, the national mantilla; and, it seems, the favourite scarlet flower, in general, also.

I suppose the "tierna Infantita," too, adopts, or will adopt, the same becoming head-gear. "Tierna" the little creature may be now, by-the-bye; but I think the tenderness, in one sense at least, will not long survive a continued course of bull-fights.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VI.

THE Puerto de Santa Maria (frequently called simply "El Puerto," the port) is an agreeable and not ill-built town. Its Plaza de Toros has long been famous for those detestable spectacles, the bull-fights; and it was here that the one Lord Byron so graphically described in "Childe Harold" took place: it was given to the Duke of Wellington.

Calesas and *borricos* (donkeys) are to be procured here. The water is particularly good, and the Gaditanos pay about ten thousand a-year to drink it; Cadiz being supplied with it at that cost. It is a place flowing with wine and water both; (not mixed!) for it is one of the triad of towns famous for the exportation of the peculiar nectar of Bacchus, who chose to have a brew of his own, apparently not approving of Jupiter's table-beer, though Hebe so gracefully served it.

San Lucar and Xeres are the other two great wine-exporting towns. The *bodegas* (wine-vaults) merit notice, though surpassed in magnitude by those at Xeres.

Steamers of moderate size are continually plying between this place and Cadiz, and public carriages also make the land circuit, keeping up a perpetual communication between the twain. There is a rather pretty *paseo* here, called that of "La

Digitized by Google

Vitoria." Another is named El Vergel del Puerto, the charm of which is increased by its situation — close to the blue ocean. Ferdinand the Seventh landed here, when the French delivered him from the Constitutionalists; and here embarked the Duke of *Victory* (Espartero) on board the Malabar, when completely vanquished by his foes, and when all his hopes, plans, and projects were utterly defeated.

After this point the noble Bay of Cadiz shelves into Cabezuela, narrowing into the inner division — the mouth being defended by the cross-fires of the forts "Los Puntales" and "Matagorda."

This bay is beautiful as well as spacious and profound; the circumference may be about ten leagues. It is universally admitted to be one of the best of Spain. The anchorage in the inner part of this truly fine bay is extremely good, but the outer portion is a little exposed.

The town of Rota is situated on the opposite side to Cadiz. The distance is from five to six miles. There is a wine made here called Tintilla de Rota, (from "tinto," of a red colour) which is used in the most sacred offices of our church (tent-wine we call it).

Who has not heard of the Trocadero? The Trocadero separates a diminutive island from the main land. A dry dock has been formed in the neighbourhood not long since. The few remnants left of Fort San Luis are to be seen here; it was once a place of some importance; but Victor, in enmity, materially injured it in the year 1812; and the Duc d'Angoulême, in pure friendship, destroyed it thirteen years afterwards. "Of this day of the Trocadero, even Messieurs Bory de St. Vincent and

Digitized by Google

Laborde are ashamed." Says Mr. Ford: "The French, led on by the ardent and aquatic General Goujon, passed through four and a-half feet of water." "Les Constitutionuels prirent alors la fuite;" the assailants, "sans avoir perdu un seul homme," carried the strong fort, "sans effusion de sang. Matagorda was dismantled by Victor. A few fragments may be seen at very low water."

Puerto Real is at the head of the Trocadero, and in an inner bay. Isabella founded it in 1488.

Spanish authors praise it, but Mr. Ford calls it a tiresome place "of parallel and rectangular streets." Victor seems to have been of the same opinion, as he took care to demolish nearly a thousand of its houses before he had done with it. He destroyed the dull monotony of the "rectangular streets" very considerably, for a time, by these means, doubtless; but it is likely the ungrateful citizens did not appreciate the considerate destruction and consequent improvement. Puerto Real was the French marshal's head-quarters.

"It is a smiling town," says my little Spanish book, "distinguished for its umbrageous environs, and its highly picturesque position at the border of the sea; some parts," it continues, "are not yet finished." (I think he must have made a mistake, for Victor undertook the finishing, which, indeed, the next paragraph decidedly leads one to conclude, for it talks of "the masses of ruins still left there—ruins that speak eloquently of the horrors and abomination of desolation of the war of 1808.") However, it is worthy of remark that, while lauding the picturesqueness and the pleasing "smilingness" of this town, the traveller did not remain there, but hurried off as fast as he could.

Digitized by Google

His action, if not his words, by his own admission, thoroughly corroborated Mr. Ford's unfavourably expressed opinion.

Places are said to be assigned in this spacious bay to various vessels according to their destination; the anchorage for ships proceeding to, and coming from, European ports is opposite to the town. In the channel of the famed Trocadero, the Indiamen are generally laid up and unrigged.

To return to Puerto Real:—facing it is the river Santi Petri. This river (or canal) severs the Isla from the main land. La Carraca, one of Spain's principal naval arsenals, is on the land bank; here used to congregate the carracks, (*carracas,*) or galleons. Over the magazines, arsenals, and dockyards, a gloomy shadow is cast, and all seems to say, this once mighty empire is not what she was. Near the mouth of the Santi Petri river were discovered the ruins of the famous Temple of Hercules; till 1730* the site of this once glorious temple was unknown. These remains were unveiled to observation, at length, on occasion of an extraordinarily low tide. Some writers consider that this circumstance, together with various statements regarding the former considerable extent of Cadiz, clearly establishes the fact, that it has been materially wasted and diminished by the gradual encroachments of the sea, which forsakes slowly, but surely, the Mediterranean shores of Spain, and is perpetually creeping on, and stealthily and insidiously advancing on the side which is washed by the waters of the mighty Atlantic. The Spanish authorities allowed those few remnants of the Herculean

* Mr. Ford, I think, says 1755; it seems a disputed point.

Digitized by Google

temple, that had been respected by time and tide, to be appropriated to building purposes.

Perhaps yon smug whitewashed office, or that equally snug, smug counting-house, where Mammon is worshipped, and not Hercules, is partly built of stones that adorned the colossal pile in centuries past. Those stones must stare, if stones *can* stare, to see the changes made here since their time, before they were whitewashed, lowered, and humbled in the world; perhaps doomed to shelter some of the "*administradocillos*," who abound here,—those worse than improvident "*administradocillos*," who, says the Spanish proverb, "*Comen en plata, y moren en grillos.*"

The Isla de Leon is an interesting island, of which San Fernando is the capital. This town has picturesque-looking lattices, balconies, and miradores, and a very noble street, which the inhabitants of these regions think superior to anything in Europe, even to the great street of Madrid, the Alcalá. This thoroughfare is called Calle Real; it is longer, I believe, than the Alcalá; and if, as the *Leones* declare, it is as wide, in size at least, it must more than challenge it. It terminates in the Puente de Zuazo (called thus from an alcalde of that name, who restored it in the fifteenth century). Visitors to the Isla complain of its being exceedingly dull and deserted—"a world too wide for its shrunken" population.

This is contradicted by some, however, who state that there is quite a sufficient number to fill it residing there, or thereabouts, but that the islanders are such a stay-at-home set of people that they seldom think of passing the threshold of their doors. Whatever is the cause, the effect

Digitized by Google

eems to be the same; and San Fernando is a ather dreary, silent place—a great contrast to ustling, stirring Cadiz. "You would think," bserves one visitor, (a Spaniard,) "to judge by the solitude and stillness, that you had arrived at last at a city of impalpable shadows; and notwithstanding this hush, and gloom, and loneliness, this is in reality a place where there are not enough houses for the population."

It appears that, while the inhabitants are numerous, they chiefly consist of the superior classes,—thus we are told, "No se conoce aqui esa clase de gente á quien se distingue con la califacion de populacho." Almost all the residents here belong to the nautical profession, even from the "tierno niño de ocho años," the tender child of eight years, who is studying (a great deal too soon, poor child, if it is so) at the preparatory college in his wee jacket (*chaquetita*) of the uniform of the Guardia Marina, to the chief or head of the family, who is sure to be the captain of a frigate, or the commander of some "navio," that has often ploughed the Italian or the American waters; or who may be blessed with an appointment in one of the government offices belonging to the marine department, among those neighbouring arsenals or dockyards.

Besides these families of nautical persons, there are a few small proprietors, whose livelihood depends upon the profits of the Salinas in general. The youthful, dark-haired "daughters of the isle" are said to be usually immured very strictly; so much so, that they never go to the *paseo*, or anywhere else, nor, in short, make their appearance outside their houses, except just when they are going to mass, which, says my Spanish informant, they do

Digitized by Google

very early indeed, when but few persons are about: those who could think of going to the mass at twelve o'clock would decidedly pass, according to that authority, " por casquivanas y loquillas !"

After their religious duties are fulfilled, and perhaps one or two formal visits of etiquette paid, the doors of their own houses are scrupulously shut on these fair islanders,—many of them " preciosos pimpollos de quince á veinte Abriles" (lovely buds of from fifteen to twenty Aprils, charming flowers, that grow spontaneously without the vivifying rays of a sun that is not allowed to shine upon them)—in fact, they are shut up most carefully in their homes, where they do not employ their time, by all accounts, very intellectually, being generally deeply occupied in gossiping, or sitting at their fantastic, picturesque lattices, guarded with a formidable array of *rejas* (bars), observing and examining all who pass. Woe betide the stranger who treads the lonely streets in a toilet of unstudied negligence, and this unluckily too often happens, for—unfortunately imagining the place to be deserted, (as its appearance gives so much reason to suppose,) the casual visitor ventures frequently imprudently out, " con cierto abandono en su traje," (dressed in a somewhat abandoned manner; that is to say, carelessly,) and sad, indeed, is his doom,—if he knew it,—since, not having peeped sharply enough behind the bar, he is consequently brought *before* the bar, to be sternly judged and mercilessly criticised.

We hope the papas of the "buds" occupy better their time; but, judging from the stagnant gloom around, it would seem likely they also gossip and dawdle through their existence, and trust to *Manaña*

Digitized by Google

for somehow bringing things right. Energy and decision are rarely found in the composition of a Spaniard, and *Manaña* mends not the matter.

> " Á la noche chichirimochi,
> Y á la manaña chichirinada,"

says their proverb; which may, perhaps, be roughly Anglicised thus,—

> " Overnight shilli shalli, undecided, and mind nothing;
> Next day, willy-nilly, 'tis unprovided, and find nothing."

There are a few *reuniones nocturnas* here, that break the stillness and dullness of the place; and there have been such things in the annals of the Isla as brilliant balls in the Casino de San Fernando, when and where the " preciosos pimpollos" unfolded their coy charms beneath the sunshine of gas.

The Alameda here is nothing but a " gran plaza," surrounded by trees, situated in the centre of the Villa Real. Pyramids of salt shine in the sun, reflect themselves on the waters of the *riachuelos*, and sparkle on the green Campiña, and in the marshes, not far from the town. Religious names are bestowed upon the salt-pans, as on the mine-shafts, at Almaden; they are inscribed to the Holy Virgin, to " el dulcisimo nombre de Jesus," and to saints and angels.

A kind of small crab is produced in these marshes in vast numbers, the fore-claws of which are considered great dainties by Epicurean Andalusians; these crabs are called cangrejos. The way, however, in which these favourite delicacies are procured is revoltingly cruel, for actually these

Digitized by Google

fore-claws are taken from the poor little animals while alive, and after this the wretched creatures are thrown back again into the marsh, that the claws may sprout again, and furnish fresh dainties to the Cadiz lovers of shell-fish, and *gourmands*, (the Andalucian ichthyophiles, as Ford calls them,) and fresh horrors of dismemberment to the poor little crab. Where, but in a bull-fighting nation, could such deliberate cold-blooded vivisection be allowed? These unfortunates and the salt-heaps, the "salinas," seem pretty nearly the only "lions" of "*Leon*," the "Isla."

There is a very fine astronomical observatory here; but one of the most striking things in this part of the world is the lofty signal-tower, raising itself far above the elevated pinnacles and tall spires and turrets which distinguish Cadiz. The flags streaming from this high-reared edifice give notice of the first appearance of a sail; announce the size of the vessel, whether she is a man-of-war or a merchantman; the nation she belongs to; and, if it is an Indiaman of Spain, the port she last sailed from. The ships all make their own respective signals, the signal-tower watchman repeats them, and lists are carefully and constantly kept in all the offices.

There has been a regular steam communication established within the last two or three years between Cadiz and Cuba. An English steamer (I think one of the Cunard line) was bought by the Spanish Government to perform this service, and I believe one Spanish vessel.

There is an Academy of Arts here, but it is somewhat deteriorated and decayed. In the garden of an old convent of the Franciscans is or was a famous

Digitized by Google

tree, called the Dragon's-blood tree, which Quer has mentioned in his "Botany of Spain." The Franciscans originally established themselves in Cadiz in the year 1608. At first they were only possessed of an insignificant house, in a plaza named that of "La Verde Cruz," but they rapidly mended their fortunes, and ended by bestowing their own name on a street that they inhabited. Their speedily-attained prosperity and high renown were popularly ascribed to the protection and favour of the blessed Virgin. A French Jew, named Pierre Isaac, is supposed to have helped to enrich the convent considerably. He assumed to enter — as we are told, and as we should think with something more than unjustifiable hardihood and presumption — into partnership with the Queen of Heaven herself, and skilfully enough he conducted a business by which he amassed a sum amounting to at least fourteen thousand ducats, perhaps more. This son of Levi was deeply desirous of conciliating and flattering the Inquisition, in which, I suppose, he succeeded, as I believe the wary Hebrew escaped being dressed up in a gaudy yellow robe, thickly flowered over with infernal beings,—gay flourishes of fiends, and imps, and demons, and familiars, and every other variety of fashionable, diabolical decoration, (patronised at the peculiar fêtes given by Inquisitorial members of ton and tonsure,) and escaped, too, thereafter being made broiled bones of—regularly devilled in every sense.

It is observed of him that he conscientiously paid the share due to his heavenly sleeping partner to the Franciscans; and, at his death, he bequeathed to their convent, for the advantage of being buried in the church of the good friars, the

Digitized by Google

whole of the partnership profits; truly their worthy reverences, flourishing and wealthy, might gleefully unite in chorus, as Mr. Roscoe well remarks,—

"Sic vos non vobis."

Before I took leave of the Isla de Leon, I ought to have mentioned that there the revolution, in which figured so prominently Riego and Quiroga, took place, and the revolted troops they commanded were the very men who were on the eve of departure to South America, at the time of the colonial insurrections, where it was hoped they would succeed in fastening again on her rebellious dependencies the yoke of Imperial Spain; but suddenly, and unexpectedly, broke forth the smouldering fire of liberty in their bosoms, and they refused, not only to place shackles on their brothers' hands, but to wear them any longer themselves.

General Riego resided in a house at a little distance from the Plaza. Mr. Ford holds his patriotism, prowess, philanthropy, and pretensions all very cheap, hinting, or rather, openly saying, that the whole affair arose from a repugnance in the "ill-supplied, semi-Berber army" to undertake the projected expedition to the distant South American shores.

The curious in customs and comicalities will enjoy at Cadiz the spectacle presented on the Plaza de Mar, where provisions are sold with other wares, living and dead. Here you may chance to see a gathering of many nations, and hear a gabbling of many tongues.

Here, if you have luck, you will behold muleteers, fortune-tellers, water-sellers, gipsies, caleseros, charcoal-burners, and contrabandistas, and

Digitized by Google

mantillaed señoras and señoritas, and pañuelo'd Muchachas, all ultra-Spanish, mixed with English, French, Germans, and others.

Among other commodities offered here for sale, I understand are sometimes found grasshoppers, imprisoned in small traps or cages; and they are bought with alacrity, in order that they may send forth their exhilarating, little, merry chirp in the sleeping apartments of the fair Gaditanas. When

"Tired nature's sweet restorer"

forsakes their pillows, I apprehend, or they are sick and sorry, they like to hear the enlivening sounds that proceed from these humble, little musicians. Perhaps by the monotonous minstrelsy they are chirped to sleep. More pretentious warblers are frequently heard, also, exercising their harmonious voices here. Sweet singing-birds, caged and in nests, are exhibited to the passers-by. Sometimes these little pets are not yet fledged, and are seen waiting with gaping, songless mouths for food, which the shaggy-whiskered proprietor,—himself an uncouth representative of the hen-bird,—presents to them on an uncouth wooden representative of their peculiar kind of chop-stick, the beak—this imitative article being a little cleft stick.

Bright-coloured, plumy strangers, too, are seen here, from the glowing regions of the West Indies and Central and Southern America; in sooth, y'clad are they in richly variegated vesture,—they seem the little Josephs of Mother Nature, whom she lovingly decks in gaudy coats of many colours! but, *en revanche*, she has endowed them with sadly harsh, piercing voices,—so true it is that there is compensation in all things.

Digitized by Google

Altogether this is a merry scene. Hypochondriacism itself might put on a scanty smile here. Observe that knot of loungers, lately arrived by one of the steamers. Among the group you see a bilious-looking individual grinning from ear to ear; or rather, attempting to do so, but his mouth is so unaccustomed to the position that it has gone all awry, as if one corner, tired of the up-hill, smiling work, had jibbed obstinately down-hill, yes! down, downwards still, into the ditch of a deep wrinkle; in fact, it is all on one side, like the crooked bodice-point of that ill-dressed and over-dressed neighbour of his, who fancies herself in the pink of the fashion (she is in the crimson of it); and, indeed, the twisted mouth and diverging corsage-point recall the emphatic American expression —they both "seem looking two ways for Sunday."

That fat lady hard by makes the very air,—"thin" air, as we call it, look adipose round her. She is English to her back-bone; *that* you must see, (not the bone, nor anything else osseous, i' faith, but her being a genuine Great-Britoness; though our little Anglia could certainly find nothing "*Angular*-Saxon" about her, I wis). She, too, is laughing,—'tis an obese and oleaginous laugh,—till her very nose seems to have a great dimple in the end of it.

The whole group are utterly grinning, so amused are they at the novel scene; and so distended are their cheeks, that they make one think the Spaniards do not exaggerate so very much when they say, in fun, by way of praising a comical farce,—"Una Zarzuela muy graciosa,"—that the people laughed so, that though the theatre was only half full (it being the first representation, and its merits not known),

Digitized by Google

yet that there was not room for another soul, since the audience,

> "With their very much-broadened faces,
> Occupied double their proper places."

See you, among our knot of new arrivals, that bloated-looking personage, who really seems to have "civic corporation" written quite legibly on more than one part of his portly person—dyspeptic and disordered is he with exceeding venison and turtle? What good, *par parenthèse*, a little Spanish-venta starvation will do him! He forgets his ills and ailments in this gay, joyous place, and that hearty laugh will do him more good than a Red Sea of pink draughts, or a Black one of black ditto. By his side stands another cit and son of "famous London Town," I guess; but not in the corporation, and thin with over Mammon-worshipping. Does not that stout, London-bred lady near him (for such she evidently is, and also, I apprehend, the better three-quarters of the spare Cockney)—does not that plump partridge in cotton velvet take the contemptuous line, and laugh—but laugh superciliously? I fancy I can hear her exclaiming, "Grasshoppers, indeed, to sing to them! I suppose they keep frogs to dance to them!"

Look at the female young Hopeful beside them,—that bread-and-butter bud of promise, who actually looks as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth;—(so, if she lives on the innocent food above-mentioned, she may, perhaps, have to swallow the unctuous portion of it in whole lumps;) just watch her a little, I pray.

She has come to Spain to practise the guitar and twirl the fan, I suppose; and, with a meek

Digitized by Google

magnanimity and calm resolve, she looks philosophically prepared for the various dangers of this foreign land.

Yes; she really looks as though she had firmly made up her mind, with the greatest fortitude, to be utterly serenaded, cruelly persecuted by tinkling guitars all night, called every kind of goddess, and quite desperately adored,—and as if she was perfectly resigned to whatever bitter Fate had in store for her, though it should even be to prove the cause of uncounted suicides, and to be the be-poetised and distracting idol of many cloaked, cigared, and moustachioed grandees and señores, (for whom she seems timidly looking round,) who, in fact, will, each and all, raving mad, tumble on the points of their shiny rapiers, having first duly exclaimed, "Ah, lovely Miss of Inglatarra, for your bright eyes and yellow hairs I die!"

A few paces off, observe a sallow Spaniard, half lost in what seem primeval woods of hair and wild jungles of whisker. If Rowland and Sons could catch and show him, 'twould be better than those three illustrations of four-bottle-Macassar-oil-power which they sometimes append to their advertisements, and which you might, at first sight, take for three hop-poles, with the twining hops thickly falling round them, and mentally ejaculate,—"A merry time in Kent this season, if these hops are correct portraits; England will overflow with ale, and Sir John Barleycorn will show a proper red nose;"—but a second look, and lo! these presumed hop-poles are nymphs, hirsute nymphs,—all Rowland and ringlets,—owls in ivy-bushes; for really the ivy-bushes (or wig-bushes) have made owls of them.

Turn your eye a little on that Anglican gentle-

Digitized by Google

man near the shaggy, hairy, Spaniard. What a contrast! That much-cloaked, greatly-moustachioed Don, has a rather ferocious air, and looks as if he could happen to murder you in a reverie,—unpremeditatedly, quite,—it would come so very naturally,—like the frank, amiable character on the French stage, who assures his auditors that he is incapable of any little harshness or unpleasantness,—

> "Et c'est seulement par distraction,
> Que j'ai tué deux enfans!"

Our new English friend is a perfect picture of "the generous Briton;" if *he* ever killed a couple of children, it would be by putting a big foot on each by mistake, while he was in the clouds—of a full-foaming porter-pot. His cheeks look red and hard, like petrified peonies; his nose is of a retiring disposition, and submits to be buried alive, with a good grace, at the foot of two swelling cheeks that fill all the extensive face-scape.

Such is the aspect of our "generous Briton," which generous gentleman is usually represented, on tavern signs for instance, treating himself to a vast tankard of ale, and with half a roasted ox before him. This extreme generosity is peculiar. It does not appear to extend even to Mrs. Jenny,—the fair British heifer,—the comeliest of Anglo-Saxon kine. No, Mrs. B. must not intrude, it seems, on these sequestered jollifications. Her fair face smiles not over the board. To judge by the representations, "The Briton" is so *very* generous, he must have the huge repast all to himself. He has prospered upon it, truly. The plump ghosts of innumerable plum-puddings still haunt his cheeks, and his portly person forms a

Digitized by Google

handsome and fitting monument to the memory of departed sirloins.

Our Briton's attention seems irresistibly drawn towards the gentleman who possesses the very considerable capillary attractions I have commented on before. Our smoothly-shaven, short-maned British Lion appears half-alarmed at the unusual spectacle, as though the strange Appearance might shake from "his horrid hair, foul pestilence, and war."

Truly the unkempt Andalucian looks a singular object, as he lifts his sombrero, to cool his very much over-thatched head, and exposes to view all his black, thick, snaky, gorgon-like locks. In general, however, Andalucian hair is not at all thus twining, coiled, or "buckled," but very smooth, and hanging in rich and massive folds of deepest jet.

The tresses of the head are said to be only a modification of the skin. Scales, and plumes, and horns, are pronounced to be of the same nature. At this rate, the thick-locked Spaniard might, if he could only know how to extract it, provide himself with a little horn comb (which he seems sorely to need) to keep his "*chevelure*" neat, out of the very abundance of that forest-like, unruly hair itself! Anatomically considered, the learned inform us, hair is divided into three parts. The root, or bulb; the cortical part, or stem (in which is found the pigment); and that tubular depression in the skin called the follicle. Now, our friend's dense, wild hairs seem each to be struggling fiercely to get into its neighbour's particular follicle, preferring it to its own, and a strange confusion is the result.

What a quantity of hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen,

Digitized by Google

and sulphur, and carbon, must Nature have expended in forming that dark bush of hair, whiskers, and moustachios! — for the foregoing elements assist in perfecting and colouring the human hair. Carbon, we are told, preponderates most in black hair; and, if so, you might almost get a little lump of coal out of that sable mass, one would think!

But we must pass on, and leave behind us this gay place, with all its groups, grasshoppers, gorgon-like locks, and gabblings of many tongues, to the followers of many occupations, and to the countrymen and countrywomen of many nations collected here, including Portuguese, Englishmen, French, Italians, Dutchmen, and Moors, — the last with their sweeping robes and fine turbans,—and crowds of smugglers, nursery-maids, donkey-drivers, sailors, soldiers, and—parrots; for, without making invidious comparisons, as these last talked as much, and no more, than the human frequenters of the place, and in rather the same jabbered gibberish, too, I think they deserve to be put in the same category with them.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VII.

ALL is cheerful and smiling here now, for Peace is flourishing her olive-branch, and waving her wand—having no fan — in these white, shining streets of Cadiz; but the English visitant should bear in mind the time when the case was widely different, when Britain's great "Oak Leviathans" of battle were intercepting the horizon here, and when many a stranded, and many a shattered, disabled vessel in or near the bay of Cadiz, bore fearful evidence of the havoc and horror of one of the mightiest of modern fights—the great battle of Trafalgar. "There," says Semple, was "a large vessel, bilged and lying broadside upon the rocks; a second stranded, with all her masts gone, and a group of others, which seemed to have escaped, as by a miracle, after being so shattered by the British cannon."

In another part, he tells us he saw patrols of men purposely watching for the dead bodies that the sea continually threw up, and hastily burying them in holes they dug in the sand. This was eight days after the battle.

It is difficult to imagine these scenes of horror, where now all looks so peaceful, smiling, and cheerful. When we read of past scenes of war and bloodshed, seems it not as if man had been seized

Digitized by Google

then with some sudden, dire vertigo,—some fearful delirium,—some dread mania for destroying the works of his own hands; and, alas! the nobler works of far holier and higher Hands? and, in general, with apparently how little compunction, how little remorse! Well in sooth, it is, when a just cause consecrates, as far as it can consecrate, the awful strife!

The same writer, in speaking of Trafalgar, gives us dreadful accounts of the landing of the miserable sufferers who had been wounded in that tremendous engagement. The spectacle of woe and agony, constantly thrust before the gaze of the observer at the wharves, and in the streets, he declares to have been quite appalling to any heart not wholly hardened against human misery. At the wharves, perhaps, especially, the scenes were awfully affecting and shocking. Occasionally, through the inattention of the boatmen while bringing these poor, mutilated wretches ashore, or from a sudden violent surging of the sea, the boats would swing sharply against the stone piers, and then a terrific, piercing yell of anguish would arise from the blue, livid lips of all the lacerated sufferers on board, that made the very heart's blood run cold. He says, that many of the higher class of Spaniards rendered assistance in bringing the helpless unfortunates to shore; but, he adds, that the former were so handsomely dressed, that the act seemed to have a certain degree of ostentation about it, — which is rather unjust of our author, I think; for as it was the custom of that day to dress a little according to the class a person belonged to, and the circle in which he moved, and not like his grocer or his groom, or between both, it was not likely that the

Digitized by Google

staid and formal Dons should, before they went on their really charitable errand, go and divest themselves of their usual apparel, to accoutre themselves in second-hand, sad-coloured suits, or the garbs of pestle-and-mortar-compelling apothecary's apprentices;—*there* would have been ostentation, I am inclined to think, and affectation too.

The unhappy wretches were borne in men's arms up the stairs at the landing, to the litters awaiting them, and the slightest jerk or false step, we are told in this sad account, made them utter forth the most lamentable shrieks of agony, that caused those who heard them to shudder with horror. Even the bare remembrance of the sound long after, Semple declares, thrilled his frame with the most painful emotions. The scene was touching and melancholy, too, on the tops of the pier. On every side were wounded men, being conveyed, as fast as circumstances would permit, to the different hospitals and asylums; for the regular hospitals being all overflowingly full, churches and monasteries were appropriated temporarily to the reception of those who otherwise, in their distressing and dreadful condition, would have been without shelter, medicine, proper attendance, or the various comforts and alleviations their situation so imperatively demanded.

The town's-people looked on the spectacle with signs of sympathy, and horror-stricken interest in their countenances, while those comrades of the miserable, maimed sufferers, who had fortunately escaped uninjured, walked by the side of their litters, or aided in carrying them, with deep marks of sorrow and compassion imprinted on their rugged, weather-and-war-beaten faces, or stood watching

Digitized by Google

the different preparations and arrangements with folded arms, and eyes fixed sadly on the ground. Mournful, weeping women, sat upon "heaps of arms, broken furniture, and baggage, with their heads bent between their knees."

What a picture of desolation and wretchedness! But such is war. Such are the scenes that afford a frightful contrast to the pomp and circumstance, the glory and majesty of battle. The writer I have quoted informs us, that, as far as the eye could strain its vision, "the sandy side of the Isthmus, bordering on the Atlantic, was covered with masts and yards, the wrecks of ships, and here and there the bodies of the dead. Among others, I noticed a topmast marked with the name of the Swiftsure, and the broad arrow of England, which only increased my anxiety to know how far the English had suffered, the Spaniards still continuing to affirm that they had lost their chief admiral, and half their fleet. While surrounded by these wrecks, I mounted on the cross-trees of a mast which had been thrown ashore, and, casting my eyes over the ocean, beheld at a great distance several masts and portions of wreck still floating about. As the sea was now almost calm, with a slight swell, the effect produced by these objects had in it something of a sublime melancholy, and touched the soul with a remembrance of the sad vicissitudes of human affairs. The portions of floating wrecks were visible from the ramparts, yet not a boat dared to venture out to examine or endeavour to tow them in, such were the apprehensions which still filled their minds, of the enemy."

He gives a rather curious account of the different effect produced, apparently, on the French

Digitized by Google

and the Spaniards by this great, common calamity. The French soon began to mingle profane speeches and oaths, and threats, with occasional fits of despondency, which repeated reverses at length caused them to feel, notwithstanding their extreme elasticity of temperament, and constitutional light-heartedness. The grave and thoughtful Spaniard had become more serious, and more sedate still, and, plunged in profound and melancholy contemplation, appeared to battle silently with himself, whether he should strive to find "within his soul fresh resources against unwilling enemies, or turn his rage against perfidious allies." The French, too, according to him, indulged in large boasting, each loudly asserting, if every ship had fought like his, the English would have been entirely worsted and vanquished; and some vowing they could not even reckon the swarms of noxious British they had rid the world of! However, he says some of the French naval officers did justice to the brave English who had so signally defeated them, and treated with visible contempt the foolish rhodomontades of their uningenuous, prejudiced countrymen.

The Spaniards occasionally expressed some admiration for the prowess of the English navy; but qualified their praise by saying the British could not fight by land. "*Oh! no! por tierra no valen nada! nada!*" (On land they're worth nothing at all.)

So deep was the impression produced by this mighty victory, that Semple says, for long after, it seemed to form an epoch from which events were computed. In two things alone, says he, "did the French and Spaniards agree,—in mutually blaming each other, and in reckoning events from or before

Digitized by Google

the battle. Such a thing happened so many days before the combat, or so many days after it. This was the universal mode of expression." Some time afterwards Semple met a number of French and Spanish sailors, who had been taken prisoners by the British victors, but were liberated by them and sent to Algesiras. They were then, I believe, on their way to Cadiz. He describes touchingly their forlorn and piteous condition, travelling in the most wretched plight, many without shoes, and crippled by the roughness of the stony roads, the rain meanwhile pouring in torrents. Some of the half-despairing wretches flung themselves exhausted on the hard ground, under the dripping trees, in their drenched clothes, declaring they could not attempt to reach a habitation or better shelter that night. More of war's miseries and distresses! This was the last of the effects of the fearful battle of Trafalgar (save dismasted ships at Gibraltar,) that fell beneath his notice.

And now a word on Chiclana,—which once was a very favourite resort of the inhabitants of Cadiz, but which Spanish authorities assert is, at present, a fallen power—a dethroned idol; and they declare that the Puertos, *i. e.* Puerto Real and Puerto de Santa Maria, have inherited all the honour and profit that were once monopolised by Chiclana. The fallen favourite, however, has still some claim to the former, if it has entirely lost the latter; for this "lindo pueblo" (pretty town), say they, is the patria of the late renowned Montes and of the famous Chiclanero. Chiclana boasts of splendid gardens and "huertas" (kitchen-gardens), too, and so grows more useful stuff than bull-fighters, though not so indispensable, perhaps, in Spanish eyes.

Digitized by Google

However, it is very complimentary to Montes and the Chiclanero if their countrymen prize them far above garlic; and they might well be content with such a proud position and very rare preference. Spaniards themselves, they could, and can, best judge of all that that imports and implies. Chiclana is sometimes called the Aranjuez of Cadiz.

If you wish to visit this same Chiclana and its baths, and drink bumpers of asses' milk, as most sojourners there are in the habit of doing—and also basins of a medicine-broth, said to be of wondrous efficacy in restoring health, made of horrible, long snakes — leave Cadiz's white walls by the Pa. de Tierra, and then proceed along the causeway of Hercules, passing by the Cortadura and San Fernando, and leaving the Isla at the previously-mentioned Puente (bridge) de Zuazo. Though the greater part of the pleasure-goers have deserted Chiclana, still many resort there for the baths and the snake-soup I have spoken of. The snakes are harmless, however hateful, when alive. Probably they are equally harmless when dead, and produce no effects, either good or evil.

A truly charming walk in, or rather round, Cadiz is found on the Sea ramparts — so fresh, open, breezy, and delightful. These ramparts encircle the city entirely, and extend between four and five miles. On one side, where the rocks are loftiest, and where the mighty rush of the Atlantic is the most unbroken and powerful, and the briny deep gains on the land, the keeping the wall in perfect preservation is a constant source of care and cost. When we were at Cadiz, a considerable portion of that superb sea-wall was lying in a most picturesque, ruined state; through some im-

Digitized by Google

mense and chasmy openings you beheld the sea, and in other parts it had also been undermined and much shattered by Atlantic encroachments.

Loungers are often to be seen enthroned in state on the towering wall angling for salmonete (red mullet), of which we get quite tired, by the way, in Andalucia. You can seldom walk near the sea-walls without seeing some of these Pescadores de Caña armed with their angling rods, that are furnished at both ends, I suppose, as I think it is Dr. Johnson tells us they usually are, ("A worm at one end, and a fool at the other"). They need, and show, so much patience, that they have afforded another proverb to Spain's huge pyramid of proverbial philosophy, "*La paciencia de un pescador de Caña.*" Weary, I guess, they must be, full often. They remind one of the worthy who figures in the following lines:—

"There was a wise man on the coast,
Who placidly sate on a post,
But when it grew cold
He relinquish'd his hold,
And called loud for some hot buttered toast."*

But they could not have been Cadiz señoritas, who are the heroines of another brilliant effusion in the same lively volume, which we annex, with a slight variation from the original:—

"A *bon-vivant* there was, who liked snails,
His daughters wore bottle-green veils,
They caught several fish,
Which they put in a dish,
And sent to their Pa, with some snails."

No! Cadiz damsels are too sprightly to sit angling here, and never wear bottle-green mantillas.

* "A Book of Nonsense," by Derry down Derry.

Digitized by Google

Through those huge gaps I have described, if the wall is not repaired, the sea one day may visit the fair face of Cadiz too roughly; but for artistical and sketching purposes it should remain as it is now.

Following this high sea-wall, and going to the right at the Puerta de la Caleta, the San Sebastian Light-house makes its appearance, reared, we are informed, about one hundred and seventy-two feet above the craggy ledge which served as the protection to Cadiz from the sea at the time of the great earthquake at Lisbon. After this is seen the large Casa de Misericordia, which has a very bilious complexion outside, but is of excellent constitution within (it is painted a bright yellow). It is, perhaps, the best-managed charitable institution in Spain, and sometimes affords shelter and aid to a thousand poor people. By the Baluarte de Candelaria we turn to the Alameda of Cadiz, after passing the barracks for the artillery, and the arsenal.

This Alameda is very pretty and pleasant, and promises to be yet more so presently; for a select number of distinguished ladies of Cadiz have been entrusted, I believe, by the Municipalidad with the congenial and graceful task of superintending some charming new gardens which are to adorn this public walk. Each fair dame has a particular plot of ground assigned to her, and each is expected to do her utmost to beat the other amiable competitors. The various ladies entered in this horticultural Derby are reputed to be most eager and anxious on the subject, and a great deal of emulation has been naturally excited with respect to these flowery sweepstakes.

As spring approaches the anxiety is becoming

Digitized by Google

stronger and deeper, and each lady doubtless expects, with her blooming weapons of roses, and lilies, and auriculas, (and other treasures of Flora,) to lay her rivals low; to scatter the dust of the last on their heads, to plant the thorns of the first on their pillows, and generally to strew sackcloth and ashes on their (gravel) paths and on their (flower) beds.

This new War of the Roses will be soon decided, to judge by the activity of their field-marshals (or parterre-marshals) and *aides-de-camp*,—the gardeners, and gardeners' men, who were busily employed when we passed by the gradually-developing and unfolding *vergeles*, the other day.

Great taste seems to be exhibited, as far as we could judge, in the unfinished state of their ornamental flower-plots,—and plans, and projects, at present; and I sincerely trust none of the pleasing anticipations entertained by the fair señoras and their friends will be disappointed—that none of their hopes (or blossoms) will be nipped in the bud, and that the garden of Battle will be strewed with no dead—leaves, and, above all, not with the pale bodies of the *Flower* of their brave, opposing Armies.

When the great day for the opening of these charming haunts of delight arrives, we hope no angry feelings will have sprung up with the spring-flowers, that no nosegays will be sent hurtling through the air, no flower-pots seen overthrown in the *mêlée*. Surely 'twas a malignant rumour only, that a rival's hand had sown horse-radish in one of the fair Señoras' gardens,—so that when the appointed day comes, the vile intruder (which is, as is well known, the vegetable *bore*, "*par excellence*," thrusting himself everywhere) may poke his unnecessary nose amidst hyacinths and tulips, jessamines

Digitized by Google

and pinks, making it seem the lovely dame thought more of beef than beauty, of the banquet than of the bouquet. This pungent, practical wit and biting sarcasm, is doubtless pure invention. If it was true, the sharp sting of nettles in her garden—the canker of a worm in her best rose-bud—would not be too severe a chastisement for the offender.

Let us wish this graceful combat may prove a drawn battle, after, probably, immense dew-shed, and a tremendous brandishing of watering-pots, and many a shock of conflicting wheelbarrows. May wreaths of victory and violets crown all the combatants' fair brows! From the lowly mould that covers and crushes the triumph and pride of most mortals *their* triumphs are to spring. But, after all, there is reason to think the conflict will, in the end, be transferred to the lips and foreheads of the (white-)armed antagonists; and their much-cared-for roses and lilies will be thrown into the shade, (a shade that will utterly kill them,) by those rivals of the first, that adorn their own smiling mouths, and those challengers of the second, that grace their polished brows.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VIII.

THE chief building in the Alameda of Cadiz is called El Carmen, and it is a decided specimen of Churrigueriſmo (from Churriguera, an architect celebrated, not for his taste, but for the want of it). Here is buried the unfortunate Admiral Gravina, who had the command of the Spanish fleet at Trafalgar, and who lost his life in that far-famed battle. If you are proceeding eastward, then comes the Custom House (Aduana), disproportionately considerable in dimensions to the declining revenues and deteriorated commerce of this city. In 1823 King Ferdinand the Seventh was imprisoned here by the Constitutionalists.

I suppose it was in this place, to beguile the dull, melancholy hours of captivity, that Ferdinand used to engage in the interesting and intellectual diversion of—flying kites. I remember a son of Sir R. W——, the late governor of Gibraltar, telling me, some years since, that when his father was with that noted Prince and petticoat-embroiderer, (who was then under strict *surveillance*,) the greatest indulgence that could be shown to the august prisoner was permitting him to go up to the top of the house, and there to have his fill of kite-flying. After all, those flights of innocent kites were better than those of the vultures of bloody war. This

Digitized by Google

amusement of the late monarch and man-milliner is, or was, a favourite one here. The wealthy and the indolent still, I fancy, delight in going to the charming belvideres which surmount their mansions, and in occupying themselves sedulously and attentively, alternately with the kite and the cigar;—the beloved *habano puro* has thus, it seems, a rival.

There is a society here, called, I believe, "Society of Friends of the Country," that established, some time since, a garden, in which was to be seen, among other curiosities, the cochineal insect, so valuable from the resplendent scarlet dye it yields. Some of these singular insects were shown to us at Jamaica. I recollect that the one I saw was taken from a plant on the side of the road. The gentleman who found it had killed it, and the splendid dye,—the blood of the poor little wretch, displayed its bright hues very vividly: it seemed to me, though, more of a rich brilliant purple than scarlet; but probably it becomes the latter after some preparation. The common way of destroying the insects is, after they have attained to cochineal adolescence, and have been fed (on the prickly pear usually) into a somewhat apoplectic state, to brush them carefully off from the plant, when they are collected into some prepared liquid, that almost instantaneously ends their brief existence. They are then at once packed up, and are ready for the market.

We found the weather rather cold at Cadiz (but it was a cold time of year), and the absence of fireplaces in the hotel made it a little cheerless in the evening, when the sun no longer warmed and illumined the apartments. The wretched "*braséro*" is a miserable substitute for a comfortable fire,

Digitized by Google

though, in truth, it does warm a room considerably, if placed in it for a length of time. I believe it is in the summer that the oppressive wind blows, which renders everybody uncomfortable and ailing. This wind is sometimes called the "Solano," but whether that is its proper name I cannot positively say. I think it is Anglicised by Levanter. It comes laden with the unwholesome vapours of the sultry African wastes, and produces sensations of mingled irritability and lassitude; while the atmosphere appears like that of an oven. The sea, under its influence, generally is perfectly tranquil, and exhibits a glassy surface, and, meantime, say some writers, the water becomes so warm that the fish rise panting to the surface, seemingly sorely in need of fans to refresh them a little, and reminding one of Porson's addition to the lines of a poetic friend;—

"The sun's perpendicular heat
Had illumined the depths of the sea;——"

began the friend,—

"So the fishes, beginning to fret,
Cried, 'Good Lord! why, how hot we *shall be!*'"

added the Professor. In short, the scaly tribe, I trow, would then find more use for fans than for fins. But it is not only the fish that suffer in this tormenting wind. Cats become angry and perturbed; dogs run into corners to conceal themselves; mules and donkeys reel about, and puff and blow; pigs fall prostrate, and actually seem to lose their appetites (of them it might be said, as a wit once said to George the Fourth, who complained of a similar misfortune, "If any *poor* man finds it, he is to be pitied;") and the afflicted grunters bite the dust,

Digitized by Google

and the dust only, leaving a cold collation of the choicest garbage untasted; hens and chickens have attacks of nerves, and need smelling-bottles to apply to their beaks, or some of their own burnt feathers; and birds reverse the proceedings of the fishes, and seek relief for their evident sufferings by coming down from the higher regions of air and hovering nearer the earth. It causes a sort of intoxication in human beings, producing great tension of the nerves, and a slowness of circulation.

There is a British burial-ground here in Cadiz, for which the thanks of Protestants are due to the late Sir John Brackenbury. Formerly they were thrown into holes just scratched in the sands of the sea, beyond high-water mark, that they might not have a chance of contaminating the ground trodden by the orthodox, but become an easy prey to any enterprising fish which might have a fancy for an heretical "*hors d'œuvre.*"

Still this plan, on due consideration, seems to me to have been a singularly objectionable one. As good Catholics, the immaculate Gaditanos are supposed to eat many a meal of fish; and think how shocking for them to eat the fish that must assuredly have been eating the poor heretics, (who, on their side, have *not* been eating nearly fish enough, for which cause, partly, they are condemned themselves to be eaten by the *pescados*;) in short, it follows, terrible idea! that the true believers are feeding on the poisonous stuff second hand. It certainly seems a mistake on the part of the bigoted to become thus themselves, in a manner, the sepulchres of those to whom they denied even a grave! to say nothing of the risk they run that this venomous fare should consign them and

Digitized by Google

many a transferred pinch of heretic dust to an orthodox tomb, at last, together. However, this is all changed now, and the fish and the faithful, according to the later arrangements, are no longer to be thus poisoned.

This burial-ground is between the San José and the Aguada, and to the left of the land-gate.

As I have spoken of the fish, it may be as well to mention here, that there is a great variety of the finny tribe to be found in the Cadiz market, and some are very good. Among them are the mullets, red and grey, (Salmonetes y Bailas); John Dories (San Pedro), whose English name has been, by various writers, variously derived; some saying it comes from the French Jean D'oré, from its golden sheen; why the "Jean" I don't know; others, that it proceeds from a corruption of Janitore, in Italian, meaning the Heavenly Porter who caught that particular fish with the tribute-money in its mouth. Then there is *raia*, skate; *pescadilla*, whiting; *cavalla*, horse-mackerel; *camarones*, prawns; and *bonitos*, a kind of tunny; and many others. Among sundry fish not known to English cooks and courses is the *mero*, which has the honour of figuring in a proverb, "En la tierra el carnero, en la mar el mero," and the *El Dorado*, the lunated gilt-head, thus named from its golden-glancing eyes and colouring. Ford tells us, washed down with equally golden sherry, and softly bedewed by a little tomato sauce, it is a dish that is "some pumpkins."

The time drew near for our departure for Seville, and, after very little reflection on the subject, I decided on going by the steamer up the Guadalquivir to that famed fair city. Feeling no curiosity about Xeres and its mighty *bodegas*, and its sherries, sack,

Digitized by Google

and amontillados, its sweet "Pedro Ximenez," and "pajaretes" and moscadels, and its casks, and hogsheads, and pipes, and butts, and barrels, and binns, and bottles, I decided on not visiting it; but I was sorry afterwards, since I found the Church of San Miguel was very well worth going to Xeres to see. The interior is said to be wondrously gorgeous and rich, but, with its fantastic fretwork, and elaborately-embellished decorations, (wrought with networks of delicate, interwoven traceries,) sadly defaced by the terrible whitewash, which seems a sort of leprosy incidental to all Andalucian architecture, and is really, to judge by appearances, frightfully severe and catching, too. There are also Moorish ruins there, a gateway, and an antique castellated building.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER IX.

THE simplest and easiest way to go to Seville is undoubtedly by the steamer; but those who wish to taste the delights and wines of the famous Xeres de la Frontera, and have inquiring minds, and like imbibing learning and liquor, may just steam over to the Puerto, and there take a calesa to this same Xeres,* (there is another Xeres in Estramadura,—de los Caballeros, an un-vinous, in-famous place,) but let the travellers have a proper understanding first, as to what there is to pay to the excellent calesero. This fare ought to be a trifling one, but the calesa-driving mind, at times, labours under a slight mystification, or "obfustification," of its intellectual capacities, which occasionally renders it liable to singular arithmetical misapprehensions. The calesa-driving mind, in fact, is often affected in the same manner as the cab-driving intellect is remarked to be, frequently, by curious observers at home; it is, therefore, necessary for the passenger to guard against the effects of such possible hallucinations, otherwise he may find himself benefiting,

* The new fashion, in Spain, is to change the X into a J, in Xeres, and similar names and words, but I shall keep to the old way.

Digitized by Google

as so many do, by the wisdom of fools—experience, and thus, too late, have to confess himself a "sadder, and wiser," and a poorer man.

Having once determined on the route we intended to pursue, we kept to it. And let me here remark, for the advantage of future tourists, who may be graciously disposed to take advice, that firm decision is of almost as much utility—is almost as necessary a quality—in a traveller as in a general. While you are hesitating, golden opportunities are often lost, and time invariably wasted. Let the tourist write the excellent Spanish proverb, to which I have already introduced the reader, in his memorandum or his note-book,—

"Á la noche chichirimochi,
Y á la manaña chichirinada."

(Those who choose to stand shilly-shallying,
Long over night,
Will reap nought from their dilly-dallying,
By morning light.)

We hesitated not, and having once resolved on our route, the next thing was to have all ready for a start, and not to leave everything to the last moment—too often, by the bye, a besetting sin of "los criados." "Al salir de la posada es la mayor jornada"—(Getting away from the inn is more than half the journey). The beginning, in short, is half the battle.

Notwithstanding proverbs and preparations, we were very nearly too late, not from our own faults, but the dilatoriness of those who had to come and carry the luggage to the steamer. Joaquim was often called upon, and busied himself very respec-

Digitized by Google

tably, answering to all his thousand and one names with remarkable readiness. He had an assistant or two to help in removing the boxes.

"Hie!—look sharp, Jew-hug-'em, for goodness' sake; here, go and hurry that man; why, Zig-zagging,—I should say, Zag-zogging,—he was to have brought the cords for the trunks an hour ago: the new cords. Zoe-come, it's too bad. See after him, Scratching, pray, and some cards, too, for directions, Chop-'em,—and this box—ah! now—this new box. Well! we must use those old cords. Jargon! mind! t'aint that wants cording, it's this —*easy*—*easy*, Hoggins,"—(*ese* she intended to say.) "Now, if Hatching-'em could carry this down—it is such a comfort I've got that name something like at last—I could only get it up tempery at first—thank you, Shocking, that'll do."

Enter Jacobo.

"Come! Jack-a-beau, bring the fresh cords, do, and help Oakum there to cord *that* one;—no, no; not mine! Go to Jericho, there, *he's* doing it, Choke-him—out there—by the door, ——"

"Toma, Jacobo ——"

"Yes, Thomas Hack-about, pull hard, and help Jericho-him, and don't stand grinning, making a Hafrican baboon of yourself."

"*Que? que?*"

"K, K! like a big babby, got no further than alphabet-letters! Soaking's showing you what to do. You mind Chalking, will you! Move this away, Hoax-'em. I wish you'd answer, though it *is* in that ugly tongue,—of no use at all; if one makes a sort of a sneeze like, one speaks some of their habsurd words—A-a-chiss-ou-hem,—that's it!—Didn't know I sneezed in Spanish till I came

Digitized by Google

here, — and when you clear your throat, too, — A-haw-hack-a-*hem*, — you get some of their names —this Whew-whack-'em's, for one, plain out; beautiful! but it's too much trouble. Mind, Work-man, Wax-him, Watch-him — whatever *is* it? — that lock's bad; look here."

"*Aqui?*"

"A key! no, the lock; but, Coop-'em, come, shut *this*, Dorking, — no, no, Cochin, — pooh! Hatching; it's very full. Take care, Quacking, do, I beg. Aye! jump on it, you, War-chicken, while . . . . Stay, stay! it's wrong! Don't, What-chicken; don't you try, it's a wrong key—you give time,—Cock-and-hen. No! it an't the wrong one; but it's *so* hard, Gosling;—here, *you* try, now, Ho-ha-kin, *I* can't do it. Now, that t'other man's got the wrong card; give him this, Aha-ho-gum,—no! A-hawk-a-hack-aw-ahem! that's it! It scratches one's throat rough, talking these Spanish names; it's like swallowing the door-scraper, or half a dozen nutmeg-graters; and you'd best, if you want to talk Spanish. Here, give him this cord, All-crumb.

"*Toma, Jorge* ——"

"Tomahawk him! what a savage! there! this is right. Now, Waggoner, I mean Whooa-come, you go order the cart, or send Jackey-beau. Run, man; or you, Hawk, you, ——"

Out ran Jorge, singing fandango verses "as he went, for want of thought:"—

"La mejor Calle de Osuna,
Es la Calle de la Cruz;
Ahi estan el sol y la luna,
Y nuestra madre de la luz."

Of course Antonia, on the stairs, was sure to be

Digitized by Google

fandango-ing too, and their simultaneous stanzas echoed merrily :—

"Todo el Mundo en contra mia,
Y yo contra el mundo entero;
Todo el mundo en contra mia,
Seria porque te quiero."

There was a great deal of "contra" in their singing, since one began a little after the other; and so the twirl of this came against the howl of that, and the quaver of the first jostled the crotchet of the last, and the "Sol y la luna" and "Todo el mundo"* were all at sixes and sevens.

Jorge soon returned.

"Here, Hawker, take *this;* and Watch-'em—I mean, Orkney-him—that other; yes, Euxine, that's yours; but, York-win, you take it *at once;* and, oh! I say, Hackney, mind you come back soon. Now go, Oregon!"—(talking faster and faster, and the name getting farther and farther from all faintest trace of likeness to itself.) "D'ye understand, Uppingham? It's no use talking. There's that Hearkening never hears, and he an't gone yet! You're to be quick, you Wallachian,—no, Walcheren, and get back here in a jiffy, Ukraine; and see for the bill, Worthing, do. What *are* you doing of, Wagram?—dawdling there; moping about like a drowning man, Wolga-in; you should keep moving, I say, Clapham; I'm always a-telling you not to keep standing still, Chobham;—Go, You-stay," (meaning *Usted,*) "Who-are-king, d'ye hear?—with this parcel; and take that, too, Hugh-Kean. Oh! the other man's taken them all; that'll do. Don't touch *this,* Jack-Herring—glad

* "Sun and moon," and "all the world."

Digitized by Google

I've got that tiresome name right at last. *Leave* it, Hee-haw-quim, stupid ass! 'tain't going, I tell you, You-are-king. I've work enough, I'm sure, to make that York-Inn understand me, Wooing-him, I say, *'tain't* going, but this brown-paper one *is* to go—quick! Joey-Grinning, tie it up tighter—so."

"*Si, si!*"

"*I* see, Thwarting, fast enough,—and it won't do *so*, you Jostle'em—I mean Jockey-him—that's Jog-and-win—try again, and be sure, Jackey-Green, to take this brown parcel."

"*No comprendo.*"

"No comprehendo! Your head must be a ten-inch brick wall, then. Ah! I do wish you knew English, Wagging, only just to know how wrong you pronounce that Spanish parley-voo. Well! as the proverb says, Oh-queer-'em, 'Happy are the ignorant, for they know nothing.' I'm sure, Joke-and-whim, you know less."

"*Toma*" (giving her the tied-up parcel) "*caramba!*"

"It's always 'Tommy' and 'crammed her' with those Spaniards,—can't think what they mean! Yes, I *do* wish you knew English, Jorum, only that you might know how 'orrid bad you speak that Spanish lingo. Now, those cloaks, Coachman,—stuff! I mean Coax-'em,—tie *these* up, too, altogether, Chucking'em,—tighter, tighter, Chicken-ham,—I meant Yolk-and-ham——"

"Are you ready? Is the luggage sent on?"

(*Very fast.*) "Oh! dear no! this Hollyhock-'em an't ready; he's so slow, and keeps chattering so, does Hawk-and-hen. Now, do hold your tongue, and make haste and be quick, you Jack-in-the-

Digitized by Google

Green. Look sharp! and leave off jabbering. Come! Now, the tarpaulin covers, Journey-man. My patience! Gore-a-chin, not *that* side uppermost. Look here, Ogre-'em, this side,—and don't take *that;* this is the right cover, Charming, you stupid dolt!—if you don't follow, Hopping about, like the hounds,—no, the dolphin, after the shark, as the song says, he'll do some folly;—won't it fit, Joy-again? Then it's the wrong one, after all. Try this, Walsingham. Is this right? *Es bun—buen?* What is it?"

"*No se.*"

"No say! but you *should* say—Shampooing, if you know,—there, try this, I say, Colchicum,—not that way! See how clumsy Jog-a-Queen is! Well, that's it, I think, Judging? Pray, Miss, give Jacqueline your portfolio to fasten here, for it's so late. There, take it, Jackanapes—I should say, Jocular-hen. Oh! stay, Vulcan, you're so careless, and don't listen,—not there—not there—it's to be tied on *this* box; here's pack-thread, Jug-warm——"

At this moment, in came Antonia, singing, of course;—

"Ahi vive mi Madrina,
La Duquesita de Alba,
Quien si no ha muerto
La otra cosa la ha pasado."

"Now that shrill woman's come, fandangling here, we shall get nothing ready, I'm afraid—it puts one out so. Here, Cherokee-'em, give that yelling, screeching Anne-tone-higher, these clean towels, and that jug——"

"*Aquella?*"

"Kill her? What do you mean, stupid? No,

Digitized by Google

not kill her, give her this—*Tomb-her,*" (*Toma;*) "d'ye mind?—(I think they mean '*take it*' by that) —and do tell her, Jawing-'em, to hold her noise, and stop that 'orrid fandanger, Wampum, and make her quiet, if you can, Gagging-'em. There, now! *he's* off!—they always catch that fandangering thing of one another, as if it was a fever; and it's as bad, anyhow. They must talk or sing; they can't be silent about their work, like we English. Have done, Hulking."

But vainly she spoke; gaily he trolled the cheery stave—

"Que buena noche que hace,
Para ir al Algebillos,
Con una buena Guitarra
Y diez pares de palillos!"

Then came a musical Gordian knot Alexander could never have cut, and a fresh verse,—

"Ole con ole, con ole,
Ole del andar, andar,
Mas vale en tu cara un beso,
Que en la calle tropezar."

"There, leave off, Jack-humming, do, and finish fastening these things without that yelling, Chirping; and don't move those bonnets, whatever you do, Whampoa-ing. Look!—you must carry these umbrellas, you know, Joining-'em,—gracious! I've forgot the books; this Jack-howling singing so, quite confuses one. Leave off bawling, Coughing, pray,—and don't you go off again, War-gun; and do make that Much-hash-her" (*Muchacha*) "hold her tongue, Jaw-come. They sing that trash till they don't know what they are a-singing of. Hush, I can't abear that song, Gorgon; it makes my head ache; be still, I tell you, Hug-one, can't you?

Digitized by Google

—That Hock-wine tunes it so loud, and Anne-tune-higher worse; that . . . . .

"*Vaya, vaya*——"

"Vie-her, yes I know you're vying one against the other, Chirruping, — pshaw! War-whooping. Such a vile hooting, Owl-scream,—that is, How-come, I should have said,—it dizzies one, and she squalling ——"

"*Quiza* ——"

"Yes, and I *shall* quiz her, while she makes that hullaballoo. Come, Humbugging, that's to say, Hew-hack-'em, no, Jumble-'em, get all the things together; the steamer 'll be gone while you're both screeching, Sucking . . . ."

But he screeched on—

"Un cigarron se casó,
Con una mosca papiza ——"

"Give over, Knock-and-ring—that's Walk-and-ring—do; push that table out of the way, Jury-kine, and this deal case, Quorum,—that man knows his name, you see ——"

"It is more than you do."

"Why, I generally make Joey-gum understand; open the door, Wax-gum,—wider, now, Hook-in; how *is* this trunk to get out, do you suppose, Calking? Oh, ah! That'll do, Wax-chicken. Law! let go that cord; why do you tie it up so queer, that way, Duke-Wynne?"

"*Me lo dijo un tal,—yo* . . . ."

"Tally-ho, nonsense! tie it *this* way, Junk-wine: you know no more the right way, Joey-you-kine, than the Egyptian kangaroo in the States of Ameriky knows how to dance the soup-plate horn-pipe, Joey-Gwine. Ah! I wish you *was* a 'gwine

Digitized by Google

to run all night—gwine to run all day,' as the niggers say, John-kill-'em; but little enough run is there in you Forineeners, Wo-chicken, that's a fact,—helping one another all day to stand still, and not understanding anything at all, like *you*, Sacking; but I don't mind Huggings, so long as you don't bawl that fandanger, Ackerman; no, that I can't abide, Arcanum. Here's the money for those porters; Hang-'em, here, take it; and mind, Warping, they don't pester one for more; you know, Wigwam-ing—no, Wag-'em—how they do plague one often: but, I dare say, you're easy took in, Gudgeon, you're so slow;—and, Yoho-come, make them take care, and the carters, too, Jehu-come; they mus'n't spoil the things. Now, Jehoiachim; you walk by the side, Stalking—I mean Fork-'em; and keep an eye on them, Urging-'em, will you?"

Enter another porter, to help in carrying down the luggage.

"*Espera, Guzman,* ——"

"Asparagus-man? Why, it's the porter come for the things! wait a bit, Thatching. The carpet-bags are ready; give him *them*, Gouging. Stop! Whoo-a-ing. Is that trunk right now, Okeham? Quite? Come, that's a good thing! And what a blessing that Croaking has left off shouting the Fandanger!—I'm sure of this, to hear Jock-echoing—my goodness! Take care, Heigh-ho-kins! that cover's loose, there. That's right—we shall be late,—I heard the clock striking,—let's go, Jogging!"

At last we were happily off. It was a beautiful morning, and we had a charming walk to the steamer, while our luggage went in a cart, drawn by a splendid-looking mule, tattooed like twenty New Zealander chiefs rolled into one.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER X.

We found an acquaintance, Mr. H. C—— going by the same steamer as ourselves to Seville. We were extremely fortunate in accidentally encountering so very agreeable a companion. Since we had met in the Havana, Mr. C—— had paid a visit to California, having gone there by the difficult and rugged way of the Rocky Mountains: he has published a very interesting account of his adventurous tour; and we had the advantage of hearing many curious particulars (some relating to parts of his travels that did not appear in the work), *vivâ voce*. We had not been long on board before an English gentleman, one of the passengers, informed us of the frightful attack on Queen Isabel's life. The accounts were very bald and meagre, and though the main fact proved unfortunately true, the lesser circumstances detailed were wrong, naturally enough, in the first confusion; for we were told that the Queen had been *shot* at with pistols; that she was in a dreadful state, &c. &c. Horror was expressed, and evidently felt by every one.

After traversing the beautiful bay in the steamer, we enter the Guadalquivir, the "great river," the Wáda-l-Kebir of the old Moors, the Iberian Certis, and the Bætis of the Romans, which word came from bæth, blessedness, in some unknown tongue,

Digitized by Google

say some, and from Lebitsin, say others; "The Punic Lebitsin, the lakes or swamps of the Bætis termination," says Mr. Ford; and his sayings are always worth repeating. The Gipsies, the Spanish Zincali, call the Guadalquivir Len Baro, also the "great river;" so, altogether, this stream has almost as many aliases as "Shocking," alias "Gawking," alias "Oak-Inn," alias "Harlequin," alias Gee-upping," alias "Whooa-oing," alias, &c. &c. &c. &c.

The river rises in La Mancha, and a junction being effected with the Guadalemar, it runs to Ecija, where it is augmented by the Xenil, and the tributary waters of the Granada basin. It has a goodly number of affluents. In older times, under the Moors, and others, it was navigable as far as Cordova, but now, since, unhappily, Spain, like Falstaff, has shown great alacrity in sinking, and vast agility in progressing backwards, like a jibbing horse, down a steep hill, it no longer brings on its bosom the wealth of that region which is so rich in corn, wine, and oil. However, let us give credit where credit is due. During three hundred years, for improving the navigation of this river, there have been energetic—projects. I am not quite sure that something has not been nearly begun, or put in a fair way of being attempted, or quite finished—on paper; or, indeed, that it (whatever it is) is not going to be really partly done "mañana," or "pasado mañana," wondrous as the case may be. One thing has been accomplished;—a tax was decided on—and levied.

Before we arrive at Rota or San Lucar, let us cast back a glance at beautiful, white-walled, silver-shining Cadiz. How lovely it looks! with its cathedrals and spires, and its snowy line of mansions,

Digitized by Google

so admired for their terraced roofs, often decorated with little plantations of orange-trees, and ornamental urns and flower-pots, and with their innumerable belvideres, glittering in the sunshine, and reminding those who have visited Constantinople sensibly of the charming *kiosks* of the garden-encircled palaces and houses there, though these Gaditanian summer-houses are transported from the pleasure-grounds to the roof. Some of these additions are imposing-looking towers, others like quaint and decorated sentry-boxes; a certain number of the mansions have both large and little towers; then, where cluster the houses near the water, you glimpse the lattices and the balconies; and over all stands, like a watchful giant-sentinel, the elevated light-tower.

San Lucar is a bright, fair-complexioned town, but it is whispered it is of the whitened sepulchre order; outside, smiling and brilliant; within, dilapidated, neglected, and impoverished. San Lucar de Barrameda was taken from the Moors in 1264, and given by Sancho el Bravo to Guzman el Bueno. Magalhaens embarked from thence on his mighty expedition, the first circumnavigation of the globe. One ship only returned, Magalhaens having been murdered by the natives of the Philippine Islands.

San Lucar, according to high authorities, seems to exist by poisoning us; in other words, it is the mart of certain deleterious, adulterated, vile vintages which are "foisted off on England as sherries." John Bull, "good, easy man," swallows the affront, decanted, pockets the insult, (and an insult it certainly is to his *taste* and palate-discrimination,) and unpockets his cash, in full belief he is imbibing the real "pale old." But it is an ill wind that

Digitized by Google

blows no good; and it seems if John was not poisoned, the San Lucarians would starve. Thus it may really be said San Lucar exists by killing, or half-killing *us*.

A little way from San Lucar is Bonanza, named thus after a hermitage dedicated to N. S. de Bonanza (our Lady of calm weather), built by the Seville South American Company; dull and wretched grew the view, flat as the thrice-told tale the scenery. An English gentleman on board, who had visited Egypt, declared the Guadalquivir and its banks, in many respects, reminded him much of various parts of the Nile. No pyramids here, however, are to be seen, except sundry dwarfish ones of salt, sparkling brightly in the sun. It reminded *me* a little of the Danube and some of its sandy surroundings. It is not very unlike the glorious old Tiber in its colour and breadth, where the latter flows near the "mother of dead empires." There was some wild brushwood on the banks, and there were wild vines, and pines, also to be seen growing on the little acclivities here and there, plenty of aquatic fowl, and huge herds of cattle on the low meadows. Altogether, I am constrained to say, the Guadalquivir seemed as dull as ditch-water.

As we went onward, in spite of the gloom and monotony of La Marisma, the scene became interesting, from the number of pretty "misticoes," "lauds," and other graceful craft on the water. Far away in the blue distance, we could see the proud mountains of Ronda. Occasionally we caught sight of a peasant's hut (choza) on the banks, but few persons were to be seen on the marshy swamps. Mr. Ford tells us there are no white sails enlivening here the silent waters; but since this sentence of

Digitized by Google

his was written, a great change must have taken place, for he is too correct always for us to imagine, for one moment, that he was mistaken. However, there might be some peculiar reason for the bustle and number of vessels on the river on the day we steamed up to Seville, though we heard of none.

At length, as we approached near to this proudest city of Andalucia, orange-groves and olive-plantations began to diversify the scenery; and after passing many of these, apparently in a very flourishing condition, we hailed the first sight of the ancient and lordly city.

Below Seville, the Guadalquivir branches off into two islands of different size, "La Isla Mayor," and "La Isla Menor." The canal, called La Cortadura, is cut through the Isla Menor, by which a winding, watery distance is saved. The stream flows under the Castle of the Cleft, San Juan de Alfarache—*Arabicè*, Hisnu-l-faraj; then it bends to the right, and goes sparkling and gleaming by a beautiful and charming public promenade, that was swarming, when we arrived, with fair dames, and cloaked and cigarroed Señor Piffpaffpufferinos, and Don Whiskerandoses (this walk is called, I believe, by the captivating name of Las Deliciosas). And now we pass near a new or a restored palace, bought or built by the Duke and Duchess de Montpensier; for I know not the precise history of it; but it wears a little the air of a *réchauffé;* it appears large and rather handsome, but has somewhat of a flaunting and unsubstantial aspect about it, and looks too much like a magnified, high-painted doll-house out of a child's toy-shop. For some time past we have seen, with intense interest, the beauteous Giralda soaring up to the sky.

Digitized by Google

Not far from the Torre del Oro we disembarked, having performed our little river-voyage in about seven hours, I think. After enduring the proper amount of plaguing and pestering by the detestable aduaneros, we were allowed to proceed. The hotel we sought belonged to the same people as the one we had been staying at in Cadiz; it was the Fonda de la Reyna, and there we established ourselves, and were very comfortable, on the whole, "barring" a few inconveniences; one of which was, that the only fireplace in our apartments smoked terribly, and, unfortunately, a fire was rather needed in the evenings to warm the rooms, but not in the day-time, the sun then taking the office entirely on himself.

This hotel must be a deliciously cool one in summer, when Seville is almost insupportably hot, but was proportionately cold in winter, for it had a large *patio*, round which ran an open gallery communicating with the different apartments; these apartments were formed evidently for coolness, and the wind blew through them pretty much as it listed. Every now and then we actually found it bitterly cold there; and, after the warmth of the sunny day, the susceptibility to chilliness is, of course, materially increased. Sometimes, when it grew late, and we were really uncomfortably shivering, we adjourned, strange to say, to our balcony for warmth; for the temperature outside was far milder than within, partly owing, perhaps, to the sun having thoroughly warmed the balcony during the day. In other respects, we found the accommodation remarkably good.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XI.

THE Spaniards are well known to be a loyal people, and the sensation created by the horrible attack on the Queen's life was immense. The idolatry expressed in the papers just at that time surpasses belief. If her life was doomed to escape the traitor's knife, they seemed resolved to make her mortally sick with fulsome praises. Everything she did, and did not do, on the sad occasion, was perfection better perfected.

The details were wondrously minute, with a never-pausing, running accompaniment of rapture. The royal shriek,—the eloquent exclamation,*—the adorable pause,—the gracious tottering,—the august corsets (pierced through),—the *not* condemning and cutting off the head of the monster on the spot,—all was praised with fond enthusiasm! Good Spaniards! none who read those accounts could doubt they loved their Queen,—*then*, at any rate—and were proud of her noble conduct on that trying occasion (and her Majesty certainly behaved admirably, with true courage, feeling, gentleness, and presence of mind.) Yes. Good Spaniards! gracious and grateful should your sovereigns be to you. As to the wretch who attempted that fearful

* The exclamation was truly touching, "My child! my child!—oh! take care of Ysabel!"

Digitized by Google

crime, he was one of those half-crazy villains who are to be found—alone in their atrocity and wickedness—in all lands and times. The Spanish monarchs should assuredly return good for good, and let the first good thing they give their loving subjects be a good government. Let the people in office, too, be selected for their honesty, uprightness, and ability; for, as it is, by all accounts the reverse is the case, and hosts of official pickpockets rob the people *and* the state; they improve nothing but their own exchequer, and mend nothing but their pocket-linings, torn by being sorely tried,—by over-friction and over-weight. The statesmen are full of craft and chicanery; the judges are corrupted (verily *in*-justices are they); the functionaries of every department untrustworthy; and the governors of provinces are time-serving and tyrannical; so that, indeed, to each and all of the last, (almost without exception,) the unhappy people might gladly, if they dared, parody the words once addressed to an illustrious accused, thus,—

> " In solemn words we thee implore,
> Great ' Don ! ' to go, and sin no more;
> But if that effort be too great,
> For Heaven's sake *go*, at any rate ! "

How great a country might Spain still be, were she well governed, instead of being what she now really seems—the China of Europe !

In some things this stationariness, this retention of her national character, together with her habits and peculiarities, is rather to be admired than lamented. At least, if she has not networks of railroads, and miles of murky manufactory-chimneys, she has not run yet to cotton and calico,

Digitized by Google

brass warming-pans and buttons, and penny-a-yard bargains, and cackling and clucking, silver-spangle and saddle-hackle, and chickabiddy-glorifying poultry shows. As for the last, (so rife in our boasting country lately,) she can rub on pretty well, perhaps, without Malays, and Chittagongs, and Shanghais, and Brama-pootras, and Bantams, and other such pet-fowls. She has more of China, but less of Cochin-China, about her, just now, perhaps, than our own favoured land! People, too, are not all mashed up, here, into the semblance of one great Frankenstein monster, (or of any other *most* unnatural monster,—made, in short, by Art, not Nature,) like a mob of one man! So disindividualised, and so undistinguished from each other, are generally the inhabitants of the more progressive nations,—so utterly alike, indeed, that one would think really these component parts of a very dull whole, if left separate, must needs label themselves, to know themselves from the rest. In sooth, if not quite "improved off the face of the earth," they are, at any rate, improved into the merest nullities and nothings.

I have heard of a Persian tower of old, built of living enemies, or criminals, jammed and nailed together, with all the faces turned outside,—a tower of torture, with the whole of those horrible visages grinning in the agonies of death, swaying altogether in the wind, or in their restless, hideous anguish, and all wearing one expression,—condemned to one fate. Some such a tower seems Society in the more advanced countries, with its crushing restrictions, and confinings, and jammings, and crampings of all opinions,—and crowdings, and compressings, and conglomerations of all dissimilarities;—and, if

Digitized by Google

the hideous anguish is wanting, still what is *its life* but death? It is held to be shocking in states to curtail the liberty of the press; and, doubtless, it is so; shocking of governments to mutilate the journals of other nations on the frontiers, to cut out articles, and apply the pumice-stone to lines! But more tyrannical is it of Society, in a certain stage of civilisation, to cut away the liberty of the mind, the originality of thought,—all originality from within and without,—to come with its moral pumice-stone and rub out every free, characteristic, and characterising expression and inspiration of hearts and souls.

This assimilative process now and then seems carried to such perfection, that why people have distinct, separate names, it would be hard to say. No. 1, No. 2, would do as well; and let them be marked with indelible ink,—most clear and indelible, so that the poor people may distinguish themselves from their neighbours.

This reminds one of indignant observations sometimes indulged in by free (and easy) Britons respecting Russian peasants, who, it is said, when made soldiers, are numbered. "Turning a man into a number, indeed!" cries many a penny-a-lining John Bull,—getting up a small, private indignation-meeting, as he conceives, between himself and his reader. But, my worthy friend, pause a moment, and let not such an iota and fraction as this number distract thee! The soldier —this 8, 9, or 10—is not greatly to be pitied. Being a No. is a very negative evil. Besides this, it shows he is thus certainly not a cipher. Besides, once more, he is paid, though not at a very high figure, for becoming this number. Besides, again,

Digitized by Google

how many a free Briton has been turned thus into a mere "number" in a moment,—and has *not* been paid for the same, but required *to pay*, and pretty *high* too, for the honour! We need not go to Dickens to know "if No. 17 will like his boots now, or wait till he gets them." Were we not No. 28 a few days since, ourselves? and seeing, and, still more, being, is believing. In America, we might become more imposing; rising, perhaps, to No. 999, I calculate. And by *this* time (for, in the United States, hotels grow very fast—as fast as horse-radish everywhere, which grows at a hard gallop, particularly in ground where it is not wanted) you might positively be a millionaire — on your chamber-door! I think, then, the dispassionately-disposed will agree with me, that the outcry is a vain one. The number in itself is—nought; and I should like to know, despite all this pretended disgust and horror of "a man being turned into a number," who we all look on with more respect, and cherish more, and think more of, than that most estimable and entirely unexceptionable lady or gentleman, as the case may be—Number *One!*

No! I cannot agree that this is a case for commiseration, and think it very likely that any little chubby multiplications of a Russian military No. that may now be in existence, "lisping in numbers," probably,—are looking forward eagerly to being thus numerically designated themselves,—estimating it as a high honour, according to *their* reckoning.

And, "*selon moi*," better be worthy of a name, and called a number, than be mocked with an appellation, and be a miserable, indistinguishably-insignificant unit among units.

Digitized by Google

But I have wandered away from Spain, and her Queen, and her Señors and Señoras; "revenons à nos—*merinos*," (as, perhaps, we should say, instead of common "*moutons*," when Iberian flocks are at all in question.) At any rate we will return to them presently. And we must do them the justice to say *they* are *not* all cast in one dull mould, by any means,—not all subjected to such a process of disindividualisation, as I have remarked on,—a state of things that makes one really think Nature has given herself a good deal of unnecessary trouble in apportioning to each existence a separate set of brains and distinct reasoning faculties. Perhaps, however, the cunning Dame, foreseeing the Procrustes'-bed process that an advancing Civilisation was preparing, has taken the hint, and saved herself all such needless expenditure, (and it often appears so!)—a single set sufficing, probably, for millions of automatons, who "have no further use," or the very least possible, for any such articles. Some may be endowed with them, doubtless; but they are articles of pure luxury,—a little cotton stuffed in their place will do almost as well for the generality of persons; they are for show, not for use.

There is a story of a man who, on having secured a perfect French cook,—a veritable "*cordon bleu*,"—went straight to a dentist and had all his teeth drawn; "For now," said he, "the *artiste's* perfection is such, teeth are useless to me; mastication will be a work of supererogation." So, in a high state of civilisation, those antiquated articles, brains, may be dropped as quite *de trop*, and that old-fashioned habit, reflection,—on one's own account, abandoned as an unnecessary waste of time.

Digitized by Google

Perfectly savage races, they say, especially the warlike ones, have a muscular power of erecting the ears like a horse and other animals, when they would listen more acutely and intensely, while those living in a state of habitual safety, without the fear of the tomahawk before their eyes, or of the scalping-knife behind their ears, lose altogether this natural accomplishment. Thus, perhaps, even if Nature generously supplied us still with those organs, and that delicate matter necessary for the production of independent thought, want of practice would gradually take away the power of using them. Of the heart we may say the same thing. Nature may rest on her oars; thought for, provided with opinions, and ready-made rations of rationality, and allotted shares of sentiment, and as much feeling prescribed (to half a grain) as is desirable, and neither more nor less allowed,—what do we want with any independence of sensibility or intellect? Say! What had we better do under the circumstances? "Abdicate the sad empire of ourselves?" (as, I believe, the Trappists express it.) It would almost seem so. A proper emotion is found for every emergency. An assortment of the necessary, conventional thoughts, words, and deeds, is adapted to every contingency. Does not Society, like Death, bring every one to the same level? Her hydraulic press equalises all; no matter what we go in, we must all come out alike!

In countries like backward Spain, there is still some peculiar character to be studied, and there are some decidedly distinctive traits observable. People are not all like rows of pins, or ranks of peas. They do not resemble each other "comme milles gouttes d'eaux,"—but they do retain actually

Digitized by Google

a mean resemblance to themselves, remarkable (and reprehensible) as this may seem! they do not act, think, speak, feel, by rote; or *not* act, *not* speak, *not* think, *not* feel, by rule and to order. Society is in a ruder state here,—it is not an aggregate of nothings yet. Human beings are utterly *living*, and not masterpieces of mechanism. The fire of Heaven still burns on the hearth of their humanity.

The complete investigation of the cause of this would be out of place in these pages, and it probably arises from numerous and intricate combinations of circumstances. Climate has, no doubt, some effect on character, and its various manifestations and modifications, putting aside entirely the degree of civilisation or uncivilisation of the particular country under consideration. But we must not reduce Human Nature to a question of latitude and longitude. Customs are certainly influenced by climate, however, and they gradually leave their impression on the mind and modes of thought.

However this may be, it is assuredly and incontrovertibly true, that one of the charms of Spain for strangers consists in finding that, instead of puppets and lay-figures, they meet here with original men and women, who feel most certainly, and who, perhaps, think a little even, on occasion, for themselves, and who have not yet made an Art of Life.

We have spoken of the influence of climate; well would it be for many of the incompetent, and, too often, imbecile, statesmen of Spain, if they could lay their many faults to the charge of climate! Heavy is the account they will have to render. Never was so noble a country so preposterously mismanaged, and ruined by every species of male-administration.

Digitized by Google

Nothing, perhaps, strikes a visitor to this once-renowned land more forcibly than the many inconsistencies and incongruities discernible in the Spanish character, especially, it appears to me, in the more educated classes. Patriotism and selfishness, disinterestedness and meanness, grave earnestness and puerility, ardour and apathy, and a nice and punctilious sense of honour, coupled with a disregard of the true soul and essence of all real honour—*Truth*, and its accompanying frank straightforwardness,—are conspicuously manifested here, generally, and strangely intertwined one with another. There seems to be a kind of moral *Plica Polonica* affecting a great part of the nation, which defies disentanglement, and introduces, and spreads everywhere, the likeness of its own inextricable involvement and inscrutable confusion; the fruitful source of disorganisation and disaster; of weakness and of discord internally, and externally of humiliation, and want of consideration and influence. In general, from the Prime Minister to the least of the genus "*Jefe politico*," this inconsistency and heterogeneous admixture of opposing, and but too incompatible qualities, is observable.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XII.

SEVILLE is a very ancient town, the date of its foundation and its early history being enveloped in mists, myths, and mystery. It has been by some supposed to have been founded by Hercules, which is, no doubt, possible, if such a being ever existed; but there are counter-claimants for that honour, among whom are Hispalo, Bacchus (more likely to be the founder of vinous Xeres), the Hebrews, Phœnicians, and Chaldeans.

Whoever was the original founder, Julius Cæsar, who took a great fancy to it, was its foster-father, or step-father (I do not mean in the step-mother sense of the term); he furnished it with towers and walls, and made it his capital. Thus says a couplet over the "Puerta de la Carne:"—

"Condidit Alcides renovavit Julius urbem,
Restituit Christo Fernandus, tertius heros."

Over the Puerta de Xeres this distich is thus lengthened:—

"Hercules me edificó,
Julio Cæsar me cercó,
De muros y torres altas,
Un Rey Santo me ganó,
Con Garci Perez de Vargas."*

* Hercules built me, Julius Cæsar environed me with walls and high towers, a Saint-King reconquered me, aided by Garci Perez de Vargas.

Digitized by Google

Before "Un Rey Santo" came in the original paraphrase:—

"Un Rey godo me perdió."
(A Gothic king lost me.)

Julius Cæsar further, to show his affection for the city, called it by the endearing name of Romula—little Rome. This predilection of Cæsar for Hispalis arose from the fact that patrician Cordova, a great and powerful rival of Seville, was in favour of Pompey. Hispalis was the Roman name for Seville before Cæsar called it Romula, and is supposed by Mariana to come from Hispalo, whom he thinks founded it. There are various other derivations for Hispalis.

This city was made the capital of the Goths till the sixth century, when their king, Leovigild, conceiving it would be better to choose one in a more central situation, forsook it, and transferred himself, court, and throne, to Toledo, leaving, however, his hopeful son and heir, Hermenigildus, as governor.

This Prince Hermenigildus became an apostate from the Arian faith, and was besieged here, consequently, by his indignant father (who was joined by two famous brothers, Laureano and Isidoro, whom we will say more of afterwards): the princely rebel, indeed, had very undutifully declared war, before this, against his little-revered parent, and he was ultimately vanquished and cast into prison, where he ended his existence. To speak in the mildest terms, this disreputable young Goth was a very indifferent son; he went the length of having a medal cast and distributed, which, by an inscription, declared that a heretic, though a monarch, (and a father he should

Digitized by Google

have added,) was to be put to death; however, the unnatural wretch failed in his atrocious object.

Extraordinary as it appears, this undutiful son, and even this would-be-parricide, was afterwards, on the introduction of the Athanasian Creed, advanced to the honour of martyrdom and canonisation; and the Spanish Church set a day apart to be kept annually in commemoration of him. At this rate canonisation, like misery, must make many a worthy saint acquainted with strange bed-fellows.

The brothers, San Isidoro and San Laureano, were the leaders in these religious strifes and hostilities; they were successively advanced to the dignity of Archbishop of Seville, and now enjoy the honour of being its tutelar saints. San Isidoro was called "The Egregious Doctor of Spain," which sounds oddly, and like a very egregious title indeed, in our ears.

The king of the Goths, or Visigoths, Leovigild, did not deserve the treatment he met with from his son; he was a very liberal prince, and his government was remarkable for its religious toleration. Jews even held office under it, and Laureano himself, who was a fanatic monk, whose religion, in certain points, differed from that of the king, was sent by that sovereign as ambassador to the Constantinopolitan Court.

Subsequently to the defeat of Don Roderick, (on the Guadalete,) Seville surrendered to the Moors, after only a short month's siege. In a sectarian war, the inhabitants of this city had exhibited remarkable valour and determination; but afterwards, when assailed by the greatest enemies of their faith, they yielded after scarce a struggle: it seemed, indeed, straining at a gnat to swallow a camel.

Digitized by Google

Many Jews lived at this time in Seville, and they looked with very favourable eyes on the Moors. This fact materially tended to produce the result adverted to, and other fortunate circumstances for them facilitated the success of the infidels. It can hardly be doubted that, within the walls of the doomed city, there were treachery and discord, and all their dangerous concomitants, when we reflect that Don Roderick's wife, or widow, Egilona, shortly bestowed her hand in marriage on Abdu-l-Aziz, the son of the victor, Musa-Ibn-Nosseir. The Moslem chief and his Christian bride did not disprove Shakespeare's assertion respecting "the course of true love." The ill-assorted union excited the distrust of the Moors. Abdu-l-Aziz, the victim of some popular suspicions and jealousies, or, yet more likely, of some palace intrigue, soon perished ignominiously on the scaffold.

The Kalifs of Damascus claimed the allegiance of Seville (the name of which was changed by the Moors slightly from Hispalis to Ishbiliah, from whence the corruptions Sibilia and Sevilla) till 756, at which period 'Abdu-r-Rahmán established the western Kalifate of the Beni Umeyyah family at Cordova, under whose sway Ishbiliah continued until 1031, when that dynasty was abolished; and with that dynasty, in fact, expired the true sovereignty of the Moslems. After this, broken up into unamalgamating portions and divisions, the whole edifice of their empire was loosened and weakened. Petty adventurers and chiefs of mere factions claimed kingly power in various districts and towns,—jealous rivals of each other, and mutual destroyers and opponents. There was no consolidation, no union, no head; and that which, under these unpropitious

Digitized by Google

circumstances, yet threatened more ominously for the Moors, and foretokened the speedy extinction of their power, and the final overthrow of their dominion, was the firm union of the kingdoms of Castile and Leon, under the sceptre of St. Ferdinand, the most intrepid warrior of the time, and one of the most illustrious of the Christian princes.

This mighty captain, with his dauntless hosts, entered Andalucia, and his advance seemed more like a royal progress than a campaign. City after city surrendered to his victorious arms. The feeble rulers, isolated and without sufficient troops or means of self-defence, rapidly fell beneath his sway; indeed, so far from forming alliances for mutual help and protection, they actually, many of them, aided the Christian hosts instead, against each other, instigated by old jealousies of descent and blood—ancient tribe-prejudices, and the narrow policy of selfish expediency.

The Christian warriors were not slow to avail themselves of these fortunate and auspicious circumstances, that promised so much for their cause; and, of course, this jealousy and distrust of each other, among the Moslems, were fomented by their foes, and their selfish plottings and counter-plottings, turned to account in the most advantageous manner.

To one of the Arab chiefs, Ibn-l-Ahmar, the Sheikh of Jaen, may principally be attributed the conquest of Seville. This city had been under the dominion of the Sultan of Morocco, but, when the sovereign Arrashid died, the Sevillians or Ishbiliahians, revolted, and elected a monarch of their own; but they seem, after various dissensions and rebellions, to have got into a sort of chronic state of revolutionary disorganisation, for we find them sub-

Digitized by Google

sequently, inconsistently overturning their new, and independently-chosen dynasty.

In short, they seemed almost to apply themselves systematically to their insurrectionary agitations, ending, at last, however, by establishing a sort of limited republic, governed by a species of council or junta, and a kind of prophetic and prognosticative president, dimly—very dimly—foreshadowing the Yankee chief magistrate — one Sakkáf (or Axarafe, as Castilian historiographers have it). This chief, Mariana dignifies with the title of sovereign. Altogether this republic seems to have been one with very monarchical tendencies.

St. Ferdinand, astute and sagacious, saw how much the internal disorders and divisions of so discontented a people might contribute to his success; and, appearing before Seville, the celebrated siege that ensued, had it had a Homer, might almost have rivalled in interest the siege of Troy, for the most romantic incidents lent it an extraordinary additional brilliancy, and supernatural visions and omens,—deeds that seemed more than mortal,—apparently providential interpositions and wonders, and strange catastrophes, made it, as it was, a theme for poets and for story-tellers; the latter in the most widely-extended sense of the term, probably. If there was no Homer to indite an epic on the subject, there was not wanting in after times a bard to sing the siege of Seville, who compared himself to Tasso, whatever others might do.

This mighty minstrel was the Conde de la Roca, and his poem a sort of Ferdinandiad. Garci Perez de Vargas, and his brother, El Manchuca, performed prodigies of valour during this important struggle. The troops of Ferdinand were at one time almost

Digitized by Google

exhausted, and were disappointed and disheartened at the tedious continuance and the harassing labours of the protracted siege. Their Moorish foes were beginning to exult in the certainty of their deliverance from their enemies, when the aforesaid Ibn-l-Ahmar made his appearance, and this turbaned Blücher joined the antagonist forces at the right moment, with a numerous body of troops. This opportune succour was probably mainly useful in restoring the spirits and in re-awakening the energies of the Spaniards, weakened and outwearied by privations, and apparently insurmountable difficulties.

At length the general in command of the army, by a successful attack on the bridge that joined Triana to Seville, cut the chief source of supplies from the besieged city; and after suffering from the scarcity of provisions for a time the Sevillians surrendered, having secured honourable terms. An immense number of the Moslems left Seville; some amongst them retreating to the mighty continent whence their forefathers had originally come, and the remainder distributing themselves among various Iberian cities in the hands of the Spanish Moors. The surrender took place on St. Clement's day, November 23d, 1248.*

After the capitulation of Seville, St. Ferdinand proceeded to the partition of the houses and lands, which he divided amongst his victorious troops. The "Repartimiento" is still in existence, and numerous families are enabled to trace their present

* Seville surrendered to the French without a blow, in 1810, and was besieged in later days by Espartero for nine days, and suffered a bombardment for six. The loss of life was not frightful—twenty killed, and three or four wounded.

Digitized by Google

possessions to this original distribution;—the "Repartimiento" is the Doomsday-Book of this city.

It was at Seville that St. Ferdinand died, several years after the capture, never having recovered from the anxieties and hardships he underwent during the siege. He was canonised by Clement the Ninth, in 1668, and Philip the Fifth removed his remains to the shrine which now contains them, in the year 1729.

This city remained true, 'mid civil strifes and broils, after the sainted monarch's death, to his pedantic son and successor, Alonzo el Sabio (Alonzo the Learned). The latter bestowed a peculiar badge on Seville (which, in proving faithful to him, was "alone in its glory," all its sister cities repudiating their allegiance). This badge consisted, and consists—for it is to be seen cut and carved, and displayed in all directions in this celebrated town—of the following hieroglyphics: "No. 8 Do.:" it goes by the name of "El Nodo," and signifies, "No-m'ha dexa-Do."—The meaning of this in English is, "It has not left (or forsaken) me." In ancient Spanish, Madexa meant a knot, and so it is a sort of punning symbol.

This city still remained loyal and constant to the Spanish throne and its occupants, through many vicissitudes and fluctuations,—although that and they proved not always equally constant to it,—and it continued to be the capital of Spain for a lengthened period. Seville was particularly high in favour with Don Pedro. It wavered not when Charles the Fifth quite deserted it, transferring himself and his imperial court, with all its "properties" and patronage, to Valladolid; it stood staunch and true during

Digitized by Google

popular ebullitions,—for instance, the outbreak of the Comuneros; and its guerdon was a motto, "Ab Hercule et Cæsare nobilitas a se ipsâ fidelitas." Cheap rewards these badges and mottoes! but honorary distinctions, apparently, suited the chivalric mood of stately, lordly Seville. At last more substantial rewards were showered upon her by chance, as if blind Fortune herself had discovered and been touched by the magnanimity and fidelity of her "princely 'haviour."

When the mighty and magnificent empire of the New World was added to the Spanish dominion, the faithful city reaped enormous advantages from the discovery. The overflowing and almost fabulous treasures of the wondrous South American mines found their way to her enriched coffers. She became the splendid mart of the newly-established, and marvellously-wealthy colonies, blazing and "rich with barbarian pearl and gold."

Princely votaries of Commerce, both foreign and native, boasting of immense fortunes, at that period established themselves here. The city became more and more opulent, and was soon architecturally adorned and improved, displaying "streets of palaces and walks of state," and exhibiting in a thousand ways the pomp of luxury and the embellishments of fostered art and well-remunerated skill and ingenuity.

One of the things that chiefly strikes one, on coming direct from Cadiz to Seville, is the superior aristocratical air of the latter; there is a greater appearance of refinement, as well as more repose, even in its very movement! an indescribable something, in short, that makes one feel badges and

Digitized by Google

honours, empty but ennobling, would be thoroughly prized by such a city,—as history tells us, in fact, they were; even as stars and orders are by patricians in all times and countries.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XIII.

SEVILLE seemed very full when we were there, and certainly there was no want of stir, and bustle, and activity, in the fair city the first morning we woke in it, notwithstanding that it is said to be generally distinguished by an air of high-bred and courtly tranquillity. The number of cries, too, of itinerant salesmen and saleswomen were striking, and almost incessant. Every commodity you could want, pretty nearly, seemed brought to your door. Some of these cries appeared not a little original; and I therefore asked a commissioner of the hotel, whom we found a capital "cicerone" in the city, to write me down a select number of these multifarious Seville cries, and their English translations; for I thought I might find some of the Andalucianisms, (with the peculiar abbreviations and variations frequently affected by street-criers,) rather difficult to comprehend. He performed the task to admiration; and as I think the genuine list, verbatim, may amuse the reader, I insert it. He begins with the "sereno."

"*Ave Maria Purissima! las once y media y sereno* (*o lloviendo*)."

Watchman — "Half-past eleven o'clock. All quite and serene (or raining)."

Digitized by Google

"*Naranjas! naranjas! finas y dulces, mas dulces que la miel*" (they sometimes say, *que almibar* (syrup).

"Oranges! sweet and fine oranges, even sweeter than honey!"

"*Castañas que estan calentitas, vamos á las gordas y calientes, muchas al cuarto, venga v^d. aca, hermoso, á las tiernas y calientes, lleveme v^d. un cuartito, carita de rosa.*"

"Chesnuts! hot chesnuts! Approach them, my darlings, whilst they are tender and hot; buy me, sweet creatures" (literally, little rose-face), "even if it is not but a cuart."

"*A 'chavito los enmelaitos cerillos, cuarenta al cuarto, diez maravedis vale el ciento.*"

"All kinds of sweets for a farthing, — forty matches for a cuart,—a farthing the hundred."

"*A 'chavito y á cuarto los calentitos ¿ donde se cria esta canela?*"

"Fritters! for less than a farthing. Where is this cheapness to be found?"

"*Chochos, salaitos y dulces, almendraitos de canela, suspiros de canela, rosquetes* á 'chavito, gallitos, por un ochavo doy un campanario, cinquenta cigarreras por un cuarto.*"

"Sweet and salted lupines, cinnamon, macaroons" (this last is literally "sighs of cinnamon" in the Spanish), "cakes, and all kinds of sweet, all very cheap;—a cock and a steeple for a farthing" (not the Giralda, we will hope), "and will also give fifty female cigar-makers for a penny."

(I believe these are either the pages of the little

* I suppose this is a variation of *roscas*, rusks of a circular form; made in great perfection, as I have said, at Alcalá de Guadaira.

Digitized by Google

blank-paper-books over which Spaniards pore so assiduously—perfect book-worms with regard to *that* volume—when about to form their charming, impromptu, home-manufactured cigars,—or else they are figures in sugar or pastry of the cigarreras, —the real, true cigar-manufacturers of Seville, done thus to the life in cake or confectionary. If the first is intended, why "female" is put is a mystery; perhaps it means, in the *feminine*, to distinguish it from "cigarro," *masculine*.)

"*Esparragos, huevos, y pajaritos pelaos*, (pelados,) *¿ à quien le vendo una londra viva ?*"

"Asparagus, eggs, and peeled birds. To whom shall I sail an alive lark ?"

"*Cuchillos, navajas, tijeras, botones y espejos,—compran encajes.*"

"Knives, clasp-knives, scissors, and buttons, looking-glasses, and lace for sell."

"*Romances, relaciones, cartillas, y selabarios, y libritos de la doctrina cristiana.*"

"Ballads and romances, spelling-books and books of the catecism."

"*Babuchas.*"

"Slippers."

"*Avellanas Americanas, y cotufas de Valencia.*"

"American filberts and Valencia Fidbits" (tid-bits).

"*Te y café caliente, Dn. Gregorio ha venido, ha llegado, ha llovido y se ha mojado.*"

"Hot tea and coffee, my lads! Here is Don Gregorio; he has just arrived, and it is raining. It should not be any way strange if he should appear all over drenched."

"*La suerte de la loteria antigua, ciento y seis duros, con seis reales, de premio, a quien le vendo*

Digitized by Google

una de diez cuartos, y dos de á dos reales; jugadores, que manaña se juega."

"The good luck of the primitive lottery—a hundred and six dollars, with six reales of reward. To whom shall I sell a ticket of ten cuarts, and two of two reales each? Players, to-morrow is the chance!"

"*Cisco de pecon.*"

"Culm" (small coal—coal-dust) "for braisers."

"*Cal de Moron.*"

"Lime of Moron."

(Moron is a hill, or hillock. However, probably this may be the name of some place where the lime comes from. This *cal de Moron* furnishes the wicked white-wash that literally *pales* too many of Spain's architectural glories, and blanches the cheek of much of her decorative beauty.)

"*Componer tarros, tinajas y lebrillos ¿ á quien le vendo una ratonera.*"

"Earthen pans and jars to be mended. Who shall buy a very cheap mouse-traps?"

"*Vale dos cuartoes el parte extraordinario que se ha recibido por el telégrafo con interesantes noticias.*"

"For two cuarts, who will not get all the news?—just received by the telegraph!"

"*El Betunero.*"

"Jack de Blacker."

(This is merely a poetical way of conveying that "El Betunero" means the man who blacks shoes, and who announces himself "as sich,"—Jack, the Blacker.)

"*Paño fino, corte de chalecos, lienzos de la Coruña y toallas.*"

"Fine cloth waist-coats,—Corunna linen and towels."

Digitized by Google

"*Bellotas Serranas y buenas, tres cuartos vale medio cuartillo.*"

"Good and fine acorns from the Sierra, three cuartos for a pint."

"*Ensalada, lachuguino rabanos y sebollas.*"

"Salad, lettuces, redishes, and onions."

"*Miel de caña, seis cuartos vale medio cuartillo.*"

"Honey, six cuarts the pint."

"*Flores de veinte* (spelt viento) *y cinco mil colores,—que bonitas son!*"

"Flowers — beautiful flowers — of twenty-five thousand colours! how nice and sweet they smell!"

"*Aceytunas moras y partias, alcaparrones por libras.*"

"Cracked and murrey-olives,—large capers by pounds." (I suppose it means murrey-coloured. I am told the fresh olives here exhibit a peculiarly fine colour, but cannot vouch for the fact.)

"*Losa fina de Valencia.*"

"Fine Valencia delfts."

"*Agua fresca de la Alameda—agua!*"

"Fresh and cool water from the fountain of the Alameda."

The spelling of the above cries I have here and there slightly amended, but, in most cases, have left it—as will be seen—in its original purity.

A Spaniard afterwards, on looking over the above list, enlightened me on one or two points,—for instance, he informed me that the *betun* which the Betunero carries (and which the dictionary merely translates as bitumen) is an artificial preparation, composed of a certain quantity of ivory filings, baked honey, aqua fortis, oil, and lemon. Whether such are the component parts of the famous blacking that covers English boots and shoes with lustre, and

Digitized by Google

the world with placards, I know not. As to "cotufas," which I have seen are translated in lexicographical tomes "Jerusalem artichokes—tid-bits—" he said they are a kind of fruit that looks like wood, and from which orchata is made—one of the many refreshing and excellent beverages which flow for the benefit of thirsty Spain.

The "*moros,*" which the cicerone rendered into English, "murrey," my informant seemed to think were, probably, mulberries; (but I apprehend it ought to be "*moras;*") and the "*alcaparrones*" are, as the former styled them, a particularly large kind of capers.

There certainly is not "great *cry* and little wool" in Seville. On all sides, while the sonorous voices of the vendors rang in our ears, were to be seen wildernesses of onions and garlic, hanging in endless festoons round the bearers,—hordes of eggs, clusters of olives, clouds of "female cigar-makers," mounds of oranges, mobs of chickens, swarms of filberts, green forests of lettuces, rough stacks of matches, piles of fuel, pyramids of sweetmeats, and legions of "peeled" larks. We found these last dainties particularly good at Seville. Indeed, they were some of the best things we had at our pleasant, though rather *fresh*, hotel, and that is saying a good deal; for entertainment for man and beast—or, at any rate, for woman, as I can attest—was excellent there. As to the bread, both here and at Cadiz, it is perfectly delicious; but at Seville, I think, it is the best.

The great oven of Seville is the town of Alcalá de Guadaira, signifying the Castle of the River Aira, which town was the Punic "Hienippa"—a Place of many Springs. This Castle of the Aira,

Digitized by Google

which sounds suspiciously, like Castle of the Air, is certainly no such thing, having a great deal to say to earth, and water also, thanks to the neighbouring river—and fire, too, I should think, from the remarkable number of ovens there.

In fact, from the multiplicity of these, (there are between fifty and sixty,) the air is said to be greatly rarified, so that the "Castle" has probably, indeed, much more to do with the three previously-mentioned elements. This place is surnamed in the present day Alcalá de los Panaderos (of the bakers), a title it well merits.

People seem here only born to bake. They begin from their early babyhood. Probably it is by the roly-polies that the rolls are manufactured. The earthly existence of the Guardairians really appears hardly divided, as is that of most mortals, into weal and woe, but into crumb and crust. (We must hope the poor industrious infants, playing rather too seriously here at

> "Pat-a-cake, Baker's man,
> That I will, Master, as fast as I can,"

and almost cradled in the hot oven—as Egyptian chickens are hatched in stoves,—get only for their share the crumb, or, at any rate, the kissing-crust of so fiery a destiny.) Assuredly, if their lives are half as carefully attended to as their loaves, they must be excellent people in this place, indeed! Men, women, children, and mules, here devote themselves, their time, and all their energies, to making this famous bread. The *atahonas*, the mule-mills, and the water-mills, are almost perpetually going.

The weaker sex, and the juvenile portion of the

Digitized by Google

community, are busily employed in clearing the grain of any particles of dust and earth which may have got mixed with it during the threshing process, which is on a floor in the open air. One should imagine these people must be tired of the very sight, smell, touch, thought, and name of bread. The freshest of hot rolls must be a stale affair to them. Perhaps they never eat it, and yet, if so, they certainly do not know on which side their bread is buttered,—thus cutting their bread and butter altogether, (though not in the common sense of the term,) and leaving the most dainty of all possible food—as this is—untasted! Yes: perhaps they never eat it, when they can avoid it, delicious as it is; and it actually almost deserves some of the extravagant eulogiums of the Spaniards upon it, and seems the bread of Jove, Ambrosia itself, warm from the Olympian oven.

The "roscas" (Anglicè rusks, which they are like and unlike) are of a circular shape, having some similarity to baked wreaths; and the "hogazas" are the loaves. As "échantillons," the former are hung up, really much resembling huge rings—not of gems, but mere paste—and the latter are piled upon rough tables in the open air. Possibly, at fêtes and festivals, floury, instead of flowery, garlands are adopted here, and a light circular *rosca* may crown the maiden's fair—or brown brow. Does a tiny, delicate one, perchance, act as a ring, indeed, when she becomes a bride?

Great attention is always given to the proper grinding of the corn here, and the flour goes through several hoppers, that it may attain the desired fineness. Immense pains, in fact, are bestowed on these *petit pains*, and other loaves; the

Digitized by Google

dough is most carefully kneaded, and it is worked over and over again. Once more, I say, if their souls are as well looked after as their rolls, they must be very patterns of virtue! It is really difficult to describe the exceeding perfection and delicacy of this Spanish "staff of life."

Still, I could almost imagine that an Alcalá-de-Guadaira mendicant, instead of begging for "a bit of bread," would earnestly entreat not to be forced to eat it!—but very much prefer anything else, short of an old shoe; so much must the natives of the place have suffered from satiety and utter bread-weariness,—unless, indeed, as sometimes happens with regard to other things, where a world of bread is made, there is none to be got.

The grain of this renowned article of food is wonderfully close and fine: it is beautifully white, rivalling the fresh-fallen, stainless snow; and one might almost fear, at the first glance, that the Spaniards white-washed their bread, as they are so fond of doing everything that comes within their reach!

The Romans, we are told, were partial to Spanish loaves, on account of their lightness; but I think this epithet can hardly apply to the Iberian "*pan*" of the present day: excellent as it is, its excellence, in my opinion, does not consist in that quality. In colour and smoothness, it reminded me a little of the exquisite Hungarian kipfel, though it appeared to me to have rather more "cakey consistency" and firmness. It is brought fresh into Seville every morning, at an early hour.

Alcalá supplies the Sevillians with water as well as bread; and though it may sound and seem like step-motherish treatment and behaviour, thus feed-

Digitized by Google

ing them, like naughty children, on bread and water, yet they need not, and do not, complain when both are so excellent. Spaniards, too, are temperate and frugal; and, if it was not so, Xeres is full near, and, as far as the water is concerned, a ready remedy is thus at hand. Easily can they marry the juice of grapes to the juice of flints.

The old Castle is one of the noblest of the Arabic remains in Spain. Beneath this lay of yore the Moorish town, which is now gone, and no memorial remains of it save a former small mosque and present church. The vast, sombre donjon tower, "La Torre Mocha," should be visited by the tourist who is curious in Moorish relics of the past; also the *algibes* and *mazmorras*.*

We were attended by an excellent waiter here —not, indeed, so staid and grave, quite, as poor "Shocking" at Cadiz—(who was no Andalucian, being a serious *hijo* of old Castile;) but a most attentive and careful waiter, so civil and obliging, that we were really afraid to ask for anything, as he never rested, it appeared, poor man, till he managed to procure it. Some fantastic bard, of a century or more ago, wrote to the Dame de ses Penseés an effusion, in which he bade her not to look at the stars, because he could not give them to her; but, I think, had we at dinner-time cast our eyes through the window on any of those bright twinklers, we should have had ere long planet-patties, or, perhaps, a couple of fried asteroids, with the buttered lightning, that is so favourite a dish in America, melted down for sauce.

An old English proverb tells us, that the devil

* Cisterns and dungeons, or subterraneous corn-granaries.

Digitized by Google

dare not show his face in Cornwall, for fear of being put into a pie, so fond are the good people of that district of such dishes—I do not mean of baked Beelzebubs, (dainties it might puzzle even the Guadairians, with their sixty ovens, to produce in perfection,)—but pies. The stars that shine on fair Seville certainly never took such an idea into their light-headed imaginings, and therefore might they the more easily have found themselves in the position Mrs. Glasse recommends the hare should be in ere it is cooked; and a star-pie might have been before us, literally, in a *twinkling*, ere we knew what was happening—a very light and bright repast, assuredly.

He took great pains to please us, in short, and to give us food "*qui se laisse manger.*" He evidently thought—

> "Con pan y vino,
> Se anda el camino,"

and that travellers must not be starved. Everything was daintily and properly served, too. The first part of the following proverb he and the cook of "La Reyna" carefully attended to. "Ni olla sin tocino, ni boda sin tamborino." "No olla without its requisite bacon,—(nor wedding without a tambourine.") He did not overpraise the dishes, too, that he brought, which sometimes happens in Spain,—when they are very bad indeed:—

> "Cada ollero su olla alaba,
> Y mas si la trae quebrada."

("Every olla-maker praises his olla, and more if he brings it spoilt.") As for us, we acted also according to the wisdom and shrewd hint of a Spanish

Digitized by Google

adage, and did not refuse the various good things propounded or proffered to us, with—

"No quiero, no quiero,
Pero èchamelo en la capilla,
Ó en el sombrero."

(No, thank you—but you may just pop it under the hood of my cloak, or into my hat.)

The Hotel of La Reyna shows its loyalty, and does honour to its name, by exhibiting in the cool galleries that run round the inside of the house, large framed prints of the Queen, of her sister and husband, and others of the royal family.

Copies of celebrated pictures of Murillo adorn our sitting-room. In one of these pictures there is a group of angels, and one bright-haired little cherub is busily employed in playing the fiddle, which he holds very knowingly, stuck under his fat dimpled chin.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM the balcony of our hotel we had a beautiful glimpse—a considerable glimpse, too, it was—of some of the glorious "bearded and flame-fringed battlements" of the superb Cathedral. We had seen the exquisite Giralda looming above the houses and palaces of Seville; now we saw part of the beauteous battlements, and soon the whole majesty of this sublime edifice was to fill every sense with rapture, and every thought with awe and admiration.

The exterior of this famed Cathedral possesses the sublimity of size; it is of enormous height and dimensions, but it seems of no order—of every disorder rather—of architecture, Gothic, Moorish, Italian, Spanish, and of every date and style of the latter, from its birth and rise, onward to its mid strength and zenith, and downward to its decline and fall.

From the Moorish to the modern wanders the wondering eye — from the Arabic to the Academical—from the Gothic to the Greek and Roman —from the Antique to the Actual—and from the over-ornamented to the unornamented and bare, and low-church-looking: on one side is part of the ancient Mosque, abutting on part of the ancient Temple, and coming into a sort of amalgamating

Digitized by Google

collision with the Christian ecclesiastic fabric. It is an architectural Niagara, a reverted, solid Niagara! —a mass of mountainous grandeur, confused and overpowering; the details seem all discord, but the whole forms a kind of rough, savage harmony. Those delicate fringings, adorning the strong, substantial battlements, seem the aërial spray of this stone Niagara.

It is a cataract of a Cathedral in more ways than one. How it thunders with its majestic voice,—the mighty music of those long-resounding organs! how it seems sweeping and stooping from Heaven to earth, (even as the Giant-Fall looks as though it burst from the clouds!)—more than springing from earth to Heaven; how it appears to stir the soul and wake it to a new strength! that soul, like a troubled sea, seems to heave stormily against it; it startles and surprises, and fills the whole mind and spirit, as if it were a creation within creation.

It seems a Material Miracle; and if it has disfigurements and faults, so glorified are they, that rather than we should say, "it is a chaos," it makes the well-ordered world around it seem the chaos, and itself the harmony and the creation; partly, perchance, that we know in whose honour it upheaveth to the skies its giant mass.

A wonderful and sublime building is this towering Temple! What say the Spaniards themselves of this mighty "Ark of Worship undefiled?" They sometimes exclaim, "It is not a temple, it is a world!"—and really it almost seems so;—"And from what did it spring?"—they cry in admiration of the public spirit of the men who gave to Spain —who gave the whole world, such a new marvel

Digitized by Google

for the delectation and reverence of ages,—"from the earnest piety of a few noble-minded men!" and, in sooth, it sprang—not as did the Escurial, from the sovereign will of a powerful monarch who swayed the resources of an empire on which the sun never set, a monarch whose almost boundless dominion stretched through two worlds,—not from the religious enthusiasm of a whole people,—but simply from the energetic resolve and exalted magnanimity of the chapter of the Cathedral,—those men who said, in their lofty zeal, "We will construct a temple so marvellous and inconceivable that posterity shall exclaim, 'The men who dared to dream of building thus must have been madmen!'"

If so, what a pity we cannot seek an architect in Bedlam, and have something in our great Babylon as well worth seeing as this stupendous Temple!

Its confused architecture does not offend the eye, as one should imagine it might; you think not of orders and styles; and it really gives you a little the idea of its having tumbled from Heaven, and thus lying as it fell, in scattered and disjoined, or chance-joined, fragments!

Defects there may be in this mighty edifice, but still it boasts of consummate magnificence, and it is, within and without, a mine and museum of art. Notwithstanding all church spoliations (some of very late date), incongruities, inconsistencies, after-accessories, and other disadvantageously-influencing circumstances, how enriched it is still with priceless treasure, and how grandly swells in triumph the Man-made Mountain. Truly the men who build such glorious fanes to the Highest seem

Digitized by Google

inspired. Heaven appears to favour their work, and shower over it peculiar blessings; and I can hardly help feeling, when looking at one of these surprising structures, that though a work of art, and wrought by man, it is, if I may use the expression, yet more sublime and God-inspired than Nature herself;— made though she was, by the command of the Almighty, yet she was, as it were, the offspring of general laws. For man, He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; He made him in His own image; and the works which that more immediate offspring of the Eternal executes, and into which he throws his whole earnest soul, seem to come yet nearer to the stupendous Source — yet more closely to proceed from the actual, living, awful Presence; and more particularly when thus dedicated to the Great Author of all, and reared in His name, than when forming a portion of the common creation.

This prodigious tabernacle is erected on the site of successive fanes raised in honour of Astarte, of Salambo, and of Mahomet. Abu-Yusuf-Yacub-al-Mansúr built the mosque, in whose quadrilateral form it is constructed, in the twelfth century. This mosque stood unharmed and unaltered till the year 1480, when it was demolished, in order to make way for the present Cathedral. This was not completed till or about the year 1519, when it was finished and opened for public worship. The name of the architect of this splendid Cathedral is unknown.

Ford recommends the visitor to begin at the north side, to "observe the solid *tapia*, Moorish walls, the square buttresses, the bearded or flame-fringed battlements." These battlements have a

Digitized by Google

very rich effect; their fringes a little resemble icicles and stalactites, especially the former, when their keen, bright "daggers, shining in the sun," have been partly broken or roughened by some slight obstructing object. Altogether these indented parapets are very fine. "The elevated steps are called *Las Gradas*, the old English grees, (degrees.)" There are some venerable truncated pillars here that belonged to the ancient mosque, and before that to the Roman temple, — apostates and very rats of pillars are these, that should be ashamed to show their faces to "Gods, Men, or" other "Columns!"

As for us, we went from one side to the other, staring, stopping, and examining, and exclaiming, but finding our attention ever drawn away to the glorious Giralda: you gaze at its wondrous beauty and great height, dazzled, bewildered, and enchanted, and are almost ready, at the first glance, to believe that, like St. Cecilia's singing, it has drawn an angel down from Heaven; however, the figure crowning the top of the pinnacle is not a living angel, but a bronze representation of La Fé—The Faith.

This Faith, that should be fixed as a rock, to be at all in character, veers with every breath of the breeze; it is fourteen feet high, but looks small rather, when seen from the ground.

The exquisite, delicate, filagree belfry itself was built in the year 1568, by Fernan Ruiz, who thus added a hundred feet more of beauty to the two hundred and fifty that previously existed in the soaring, aërial tower; so fairy-like, so ethereal, is this high-spouting fountain of sparkling filagree, that it apparently weighs not in the least on the original structure, but rather seems to draw it higher and higher, as with an upward-tending at-

Digitized by Google

traction. The *ajaracas*, or Moorish sunk patterns, vary on the different sides.

A motto from the Proverbs adorns the Giralda—"Nomen Domini fortissima turris." The foul fiend is supposed to have raised a tempest to destroy it, when Saint Justina and Saint Rufina propped it up on their fair shoulders. These gentle giantesses need only have been about a quarter of a mile each in height, in order to be able to render it this trifling service! It is fretted with rich ornaments from perhaps eighty feet or more from the bottom, and there are graceful and beauteous intersecting arches. The figure was cast by Bartolomé Morel. It bears the Labaro (banner of Constantine). The Giralda is named thus from the restless vane, "que gira" (that turns round).

It is, indeed, an exquisitely beautiful belfry, and unlike every other on the European continent. It appears it was not originally part of the mosque, but was an addition erected in 1196, by the son of the illustrious Abu Yusuf, &c. &c. &c. &c.!

The Moors looked with great reverence on the matchless Giralda,—as to much admiration, "cela va sans dire." When Seville surrendered they wanted to demolish it, but were fortunately prevented by the measures taken by Alonzo the Learned, who proved himself *wise*, too, there, and who vowed (and gave them clearly to understand), that if they did, he would have the whole city delivered up to sack and pillage.

The tower was the work of Jáber, or Geber, who had the honour of having Algebra fathered upon him; but those who imagined and declared he was the inventor of it laboured under an error, we are assured, misled by the accidental similarity

Digitized by Google

of the name; Algebra, in fact, coming from the Arabic words *Al-jebre*—restoration, which are said to be in contradistinction to *Al Mok'abalah*—reduction. This tower was most likely intended to fulfil the twofold object of being the post of the 'Muezzin, when he summoned the faithful to prayers, and for serving the purpose of astronomical observations.

But I have lingered already too long outside this temple-world. Let us enter. A world, indeed,—a new heaven and a new earth seem to greet one! Behold! what a "brave, o'erhanging firmament" of stone! what marvellous effects of rainbowed light, from the many-coloured, exquisitely-painted windows! What a sheeny marble ground, that seems enamelled with mystic flowers, showered lightly round from above,—for 'tis from those magic windows the changeful semblances take their fairy birth.

Most of those jewel-like *vidrieras* are beautiful works of art, elaborately finished by Flemish artists of high celebrity, and dyed with such rich, dazzling hues, that they seem, when rosy-red, "Blushing with the blood of Kings and Queens;" (or, more appropriately here, with the fervent life-stream of glowing Saints and Martyrs;) and when of empurpled hue, they verily appear coloured by the "blue depth of seraph's eyes;" and of whatever tint, tinged by all that it owns that is most unearthly, and most august and resplendent.

Surely the cunning artists must, at the very least, have ground down topazes and rubies, emeralds and sapphires, for their colours, if they appropriated not some abstruser dyes in more mysterious and marvellous processes. One almost thinks of

Digitized by Google

the weird line—"Into paint will I grind thee, my bride!" The mighty aisles and checquered marble pavements are bathed in these gorgeous hues, streaming from the innumerable stained-glass windows I have attempted to describe, as if varie-tinted and conflicting suns were striving each to gain the mastery! And yet the splendour is a veiled, chastened splendour. The "storied panes" are enriched with depictures of Biblical history.

You advance;—and the sensation is that of being almost lost and swept away in a swelling sea of boundless beauty and majesty; you feel as if you *thought* in a whisper,—your soul trembles within you with a deep, delicious awe of admiration, which seems to absorb your whole existence, —a solemn hush envelopes your being,—mighty influences surround you,—you succumb to "divine annihilations," and yet at the same time your existence seems vaster and more illimitable than ever.

The glorious arches look like gateways of Eternity. How mysterious,—how richly sombre is the scene! how magnificently, superbly gloomy is the half-light that, laden with such unfathomably-beauteous hues, pervades this vast, roofed Space!—it seems as though the shadow of some bright, great, wondrous world rested upon it,—yea! a bright, and truly an awful shadow, as of some celestial and sublime world, instinct with adoration, bathed in beatitude, burning with living light, kindling with heavenly fire, laden with precious influences, and composed of more glorious elements than imagination can dream or compass, or enthusiasm glimpse.

It was, indeed, impossible to enter into anything like examination of details in this first visit to Seville Cathedral. It would have been a positive

Digitized by Google

pain to look even for particular beauties and separate triumphs of art and genius: the whole, and nothing but the whole, could satisfy the earnest longings of the ardent and hungering spirit.

After the first hush and pause of reverential amaze, the thoughts wandered away, scattering themselves here, there, and everywhere, like a flight of birds suddenly let loose, and hovering and soaring in all directions; or, like the piercing, labyrinthine-wreathing echoes, that I think it is Wordsworth describes so beautifully, visiting every secret nook and corner of the edifice, and filling the mighty shell with a deep, living soul of music;—a dreamy delight — a solemn, yet ecstatic, enjoyment was this.

Long I lingered there, wandering from aisle to aisle — now gazing at the pillars, so vast but so symmetrical—now at the stupendous high altar and its marvellous retablos—now at the groups of sculpture and carvings. But tell me not of compartments or intercolumniations, nor of designs, nor of proportions, nor plannings, nor mouldings; nor for a moment dwell on worth or cost; above all, while still so freshly fills the earnest mind, this stateliest spectacle. No! let us not dream of measuring majesty by the foot, or weighing mystery and terror, or reducing genius and inspiration to pounds, shillings, and pence, or valuing sublimity and awe at so much a lot, or analysing hints and tokens of angelic presences. At least, for awhile, let the new-born delight be untroubled by aught of the earth, earthly.

Long, long lingered I in that House of Heaven, and, thus lingering, one builds unconsciously, unwittingly, the whole cathedral in one's heart and

Digitized by Google

mind, in far other proportions—in a purple pomp yet more surpassing: the soul is the architect and the artist, and, like yon orb of light above, it takes the sun-pictures of the whole without effort or labour, only magnified, glorified, mystified, and etherealised!

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XV.

Let us enter the Cathedral aisles to-day by the Patio de los Naranjos (Court of the Orange-Trees), which is a charming grove of those lovely trees.

It is on the north side of the great temple, and the ancient Moorish walls surround it externally. It is four hundred and fifty feet by three hundred and fifty, and is still graced by the original fountain, at which the Mahomedans were wont of old to perform their customary ablutions, before entering the then sacred precincts of the mosque.

The Puerta del Perdon is rich as a grotto, fretted with the lavish beauty of clustering spars, and roughened with gemwork. Bartolomé Lopez modernised it in the sixteenth century. This Puerta del Perdon is nobly adorned and enriched with a superb Saracenic arch in the middle, and two more are within it. The doors are of bronze. And now we are once more in the huge building. Let us proceed towards the high altar.

As we walk onwards we see scattered about numerous dots of figures, some kneeling, some walking. How dwarfed is man by the side of the works of his own brave and strong hands! Perhaps we feel not individually thus diminished, merely because a man thinks not about himself at all here; but one cannot help observing those mites of

Digitized by Google

fellow-mortals, who, sauntering or standing about in contemplation,—in short, not busy or occupied, look like puny and rather dissipated ants out for a holiday.

But it is well, indeed, this lowering and diminishing of the outward man in such a place. In thus elevating a gigantic edifice skyward, so far above his own humbled head, man seems to signify a perpetual prostration and constant self-humiliation. There is something indescribably touching in gazing on all the massiveness, and gorgeousness, and loftiness, and sublimity, around,—on every side, and seeing man, fragile man, so petty, so shrunken, creeping along, alone, close to the grave.

And, speaking of graves, let us do homage to one here, wherein buried lies the son of one of the noblest of men—the son of Christopher Columbus. Ferdinand Columbus (Fernando Colon) sleeps in his narrow cell at the western end of the central aisle. Some singular and rude representations of the ancient caravels, or galleys, in one of which vessels his mighty sire performed his at-length-triumphantly-successful voyage, are roughly hewed in the marble slab that marks his peaceful tomb. The inscription is affecting and modest.

In one of these same caravels are two crowned figures, apparently representing Ferdinand and Isabella, so colossal compared with the very puny vessel which contains them, that infallibly, had they been in truth on board, and boasted of such huge and Patagonian dimensions, the Americas would never have been discovered! Assuredly king, queen, navigator, and all, would have gone to the bottom. And the vast Columbian eagle, that nudges the sun to keep him up to a bright look-out

Digitized by Google

and fast pace, and screams at the lazy, jibbing lightning, would never have chipped the shell; that is, if it depended on Christopher Columbus to discover the mighty continent of the West.

During the first visit to the splendid interior of the Cathedral, no faults, no imperfections seemed to check the exuberance of the deep admiration that ravished the whole soul. The second time it is not so; not that there is much to complain of, but — a but is allowed to creep in; a but or two, perhaps, are found intruding themselves somewhat disenchantingly, even as those little black, living atoms are seen creeping about on the superb and wide-stretching marble pavement. However, we must remember there are spots in the sun! The fact is, that, as usually happens in other great, sacred edifices, the majesty and beauty of the general aspect of the place is marred and curtailed by divisions and obstructions,—in short, by the ponderous interpolations, blocking up the view, that separate the choir and the counter-choir from the body of the Cathedral.

At Saint Sophia's, where no such injurious interpolations exist, how marvellous is the result of the whole! There, on entering the building, you seemed for the first time, through some strange effect of the open sweep—the unbroken, harmonious immensity — to understand the Illimitable and the Unbounded. Strange that any finite thing or place, strange that any bounded scene, should give such an idea, more than looking up into the vast depths of the blue skies; but, perhaps, it is from contrast—for how gloriously it appears to surpass all else that is checked and circumscribed, with which instinctively we may mentally compare it!—

Digitized by Google

possibly it arises from the mere force of contradiction. You know there are bounds here; but all seems so wondrously vast, and vague, and open, that the difficulty is to believe in those limits. In the other case you know there are *no* bounds, and the spirit labours with the idea and defeats its own purpose; its very effort seems an obstruction, its labour is limitation.

Nearly from the pavement to the roof, (in the Seville Cathedral,) stretches the mighty altar-screen; a whole population and nation of saints cluster about it. A certain number of steps lead up to the high altar, which is guarded by a superb, gigantic railing of wondrous height. Indeed, it is apparently as large and lofty as the wall of a fortified city! The altar itself is a blaze of magnificently-elaborated decoration and pomp.

The matchless retablo, in divisions of forty-four compartments, is indeed worthy of all admiration and wonder; it is supposed to be formed of "alerce," a very hard, durable wood. In old times there was abundance of this in the neighbourhood of Seville.

The rich, multitudinous carvings represent a variety of scriptural subjects. The precious silver work and frontage of the altar, as well as the "*atriles*," are the work of Fro. Alfaro;* the transcendant Respaldo del Altar is by Gonzalo de Rojas; and the terra-cotta figures by Florentin. Altogether this high altar is most majestic; and the effect is certainly inconceivably striking when you glimpse through the huge and superb railings, the officiating priests in their costly and resplendent vestments of dazzling scarlet, white, and gold, so profusely and elaborately embroidered with the most intricate and

* "Handbook," p. 42.

Digitized by Google

exquisite patterns, that they almost stand on end with the rich exuberance and solidity of the ornamental additions;—these marvellous splendours, and all the priceless adornments of the mighty altar, the beamy treasures of silver and jewels, the sacred and mystic emblems, the glittering reflexions, the flaming tapers, the swinging censers, glimpsed through the gilded, burnished rails, the floating smoke-clouds of the precious incense odoriferously wreathing on high,—all these seem scarce to belong to this commonplace world, assuredly.

It is impressive, too, in this grand temple, to see, when the host is elevated for their worship, the throngs of devout Catholics, at the ringing of the bell, flinging themselves on their knees, some with their faces nearly touching the ground, apparently absorbed and "breathless with adoration." The out-pealing thunders of the giant organs, too, are strikingly fine. The mighty instruments in this Cathedral are of stupendous power, as well as size, befitting the place they belong to.

The one on the epistle side of the altar, "el lado de la epistola," as they distinguish it here, is said to have 5300 pipes and 110 stops more than the great organ at Haerlem, on which I had once the honour of playing (and was rather alarmed at the noise I myself was making in the world, which is not the case with everybody). Jorge Bosch was the fabricator of the leviathan Sevillian instrument.

The decorations of these mountains of music are too ponderous, and their plantations of pipes look almost like phalanxes of forest trees. However, the tones of the "Churrigueresque Colossuses" are very fine, and go swelling like ocean-waves of harmony through the vasty aisles; there need be,

Digitized by Google

indeed, mountainous organs to fill this enormous space.

When they are played, the glorious storm of sound goes echoing and re-echoing up to the immense height of the dome, and one feels, if a thunder-tempest came sweeping down from the clouds, that hurricane of harmony would be almost strong enough to beat it back to the clouds again, and itself fill all the atmosphere still, magnificently, overpoweringly! Altogether, what a world of wonder we have before us here,—what terrors of majesty,—what mystery—what pomp—what an assemblage of glorious objects—what burning and blushing lights, deepening into a glowing, living darkness, or kindling, ever and anon, into dazzling flashes! What throbbing, quivering shadows, warming into lustrous splendours! And see you what a beaming, blazing, golden radiance is there, eating like a slow fire into yon great stately pillar, so that you might almost expect it would break and fall, with a crash, burnt through by that intense flame, like a lordly oak beneath the woodman's axe!

And how that glowing, dazzling blue is steeping yonder marble shrine in its own exquisite tint! —through and through it seems to saturate it with azure fullness,—the purple heavens of the south appear day after day, hour after hour, to have poured and imprinted all their keenest, richest hues in that jewel-like crystal whence the lovely colour streams forth; and how splendid is that deep, profound crimson near it,—the setting sun seems to have shed there the last fiery drop of his life-blood, as if he had really died when the day died!

Digitized by Google

This was all, in sooth, surpassingly fine, and then the music, the incense, the multitude of worshippers, the priceless pictures, the dreamy, hallowed calm, all combined to produce an overwhelming effect, and to influence every thought and sentiment.

One person in that vast church, however, seemed quite unawed and unimpressed,—that was an old beggar-woman, who had most pertinaciously persecuted us, (and who made her shrill whine pierce even through the rolling crash of the Mont-Blancs of organs,) but who did not excite much compassion, as she had rather an unpleasantly sinister expression, and a hardened and disagreeable look in her twinkling, twitching, sunken eyes. We found we had suddenly got rid of her. She appeared to think we were impracticable, and to have deserted us in disgust; however, shortly afterwards, continuing our lengthened saunter about this paradise of stone and marble—this mighty Eden of Architecture, where the huge pillars formed the trees, and the myriad rainbow-gleams and reflected traceries the flowers—we again encountered our ancient persecutress.

This amiable being was on her knees, praying to some patron saint, but no sooner did we advance within begging-shot of her, than in the most extraordinary manner she mingled her petitions to this saint with supplications to us, running the one into the other in a way almost irresistibly ludicrous, and squinting at us apparently with one of her sinister-looking eyes, ever and anon, while she tried to make believe to upturn her orbs as devoutly as might be to the shrine before her, almost as if she was afraid the saint would be jealous—muttering and mumbling

Digitized by Google

all the time. She managed her hands, too, very cleverly: a casual observer might have thought they were folded, and raised in devout supplication to the image she was worshipping; but she contrived adroitly to thrust the hollowed palm to us, continually interpolating (in whispers she thought the saint could not hear) her devotional murmurs, with entreaties that we would give her an ochavito.

"Only an ochavito, my good ladies,—a poor old woman, very deserving,—a vile sinner that I am;—I can't stir hand or foot,—only hear me, and I'll walk to-morrow on a far pilgrimage,"—I don't know where. "Señora! I have nothing on earth!—I'll bring to thy shrine to-night a rich gift,"—I don't know what. "Dear ladies, a little coin,—I have been sick and bed-ridden,"—I don't know how long. "I thank thee, sweet saint! yea! I thank thee for health and strength!"—I know not how much, but suspect a very fair proportion. To heretics, such as we were, it might well seem strange, remembering how bigoted the lower orders of Spaniards are, that she should put herself in communication so direct and affectionate with ourselves, while actually on her knees praying to her saint, and indiscriminately mingle thus her petitions to him, or her, and to us!

And yet this might be accounted for; though true it was, she evidently intended this little affair should be entirely on the sly, and that this same saint (whom she seemed to think somewhat touchy and irritable) should know nothing at all about the matter,—still a penny, she doubtless considered, could be nothing but orthodox. She would have joined issue with the whole college of cardinals, had they declared there was such a thing as an

Digitized by Google

heretical sixpence. Don Dinero — good Master Money, was in her eyes a "Cristiano muy viejo y rancio" — a very old and true Christian.

However, it is certain she did not wish to impart these latitudinarian opinions to her saint, for reasons of her own; so she continued half-winking at us, and making the most marvellous grimaces on one side of her face, and affecting a look of hypocritical devotion on the other, that was "impayable;" and still she kept pretending thus to be absorbed in prayer, and incessantly signing and telegraphing most indefatigably to her unorthodox friends, and clutching perpetually at the expected "ochavito" with her hungry fingers, that seemed opening and shutting like the beak of a young bird gasping for food.

The venerable dissembler appeared altogether in an askance and oblique condition, body and soul. More than this, for she was a living antithesis—her own antipodes — one part wholly devoted to the earthly coppers, the other as wholly (perhaps) to the unearthly canonised,—a Jesuitical female Janus she certainly seemed to be.

The contortions, and gibberings, and attitudinisings at last became more violent. She gesticulated at a gallop, and went hurry-skurrying over her beads, neck-or-nothing. It appeared she had a certain set form of supplications and mummeries that she considered it absolutely necessary to go through before the image she was adoring, and she was in agonies lest we should escape her before she had finished these,—for, with the cunning of her kind and class, she detected symptoms of yielding in my manner and aspect.

The fact was, I could not help feeling a sort of

Digitized by Google

pity for the wicked old creature (as I am sorry to say she seemed to be). However the case might stand, I thought her intense longing for an "ochavito" was painful to witness; and very likely she had seen better days; but, on examining my purse, I found I had nothing but an English coin with me. The rapacious crone grew half frantic when she heard Don Dinero's sweet, silvery voice, and her withered arm seemed to lengthen out supernaturally to snatch it. I told her it was useless, I had nothing but foreign coin. "Give it me, give it me, I know I can change it, señora, if it's too much, and I can pass it; *si, si;* I can pass it;" — and she began eagerly fumbling in the pockets of her ragged, old gown,—and what a gleam shot from her hollow eyes, like a torch suddenly kindled in a dusky cavern!—out came several coins, I cannot tell what, of various sorts and sizes. I know not how often the naughty old soul had vowed she had not a single farthing in the wide world!

"See, if it's too much, I can change it—give it here!" and she seized it, and examined it closely, turning it round and round, always keeping it, as she seemed to think, out of the saint's view, but prying into it with all her might and main; I am not sure she did not mutter the inscription on it amongst her prayers, as she did these *aside* conversations with us. It was a strange and sad sight; there she still knelt, half prostrating herself sometimes on the splendid black and white pavement, and then hastily crossing herself, mumbling her prayers, and grasping the coin as a drowning wretch might do a plank.

Very carefully did she keep her profile only

Digitized by Google

towards the shrine; this being rendered highly necessary by the contradictory circumstances of her double-dealing countenance,—one side all winks and tender oglings, and sheep's eyes at the lovely, fascinating "tin," and the most restless, wild, eager contortions,—the other all demure composure, and sanctified and meekest glances!

At length she rose from the ground, and hobbled along after us, asking innumerable questions about the money, and if I could not find some Spanish coin, besides, to give her.

Somewhere and somehow, just at that time, we met Mr. H. C—— and a friend of his,* to whom he introduced us. The old story-teller,—disregarding all such rules of etiquette, and introducing herself with the most ingenuous unceremoniousness, fastened upon these new victims instantaneously, and begged with renewed vehemence. I begged for her too; for I could not help feeling sorry that she had been tantalised by seeing the adored sixpence, which, in all probability, she would not be able to make any use of; and very good-naturedly Mr. C——'s friend, who happened to have some of the much-coveted effigies of Queen "Ysabel," in his pocket, bestowed a few upon her, and the *vieja* was in a state of enchantment. So inveterate a fib-teller was she, however, that almost the next moment after, I think, pretending to retire, she came with her old desponding manner, whining up to us again,—

"An ochavito for the poor *vieja*, seventy-seven years old, who had nothing, absolutely nothing, and was quite bedridden,—couldn't move a finger, or a

* The latter gentleman has, since his return, published a very charming account of his travels in Spain, "*Las Alforjas.*"

Digitized by Google

limb (!)—and seventy-eight years of age, and could not buy a morsel of bread,—not a farthing in the whole world,—eighty-nine last winter,—will be ninety-seven next autumn," and so forth. If we had not stopped her, perchance she would have beat Methuselah at last, by a few centuries, and left limping far behind her, arithmetically speaking, the courteous Spanish salutation, "May you live a thousand years."

"Why! you have just had something given you; go away contented with that; you know I have only English money;" but she wished to ignore entirely the coins she had just received from the good-natured English gentleman; and fain would have kept us in complete ignorance of the fact, as she had done the saint, she flattered herself, about that little sixpenny transaction. We could not help being amused at this old witch, who, finding all further attacks vain, at length stumped off with her spoils, very likely to importune her enshrined patron again, that fidgetty saint, as she seemed to think him, and I fear anathematising us one and all, *sotto voce*, to make up a little for her unhallowed and underhand dealings with us during the time she should have been engaged at her devotions. The poor old beggar-woman had given herself a ripe age, or, rather, several ripe ages; but if she reckoned her years by her wrinkles, she might undoubtedly have run the famous Countess of Desmond very hard, that "frisky old girl," who

> "Lived till one hundred and ten,
> And died of a fall from a cherry-tree then."

An old Spanish beldam is, indeed, generally a wonder of wrinkles. Sometimes the furrows seem

Digitized by Google

so fantastically traced, that they look not very unlike Chinese characters crossing and recrossing the deeply-lined skin; and they must resemble right eloquent Chinese, too, if the impracticability of making anything of the too complex and labyrinthine curves, and twirls, and zig-zags, is any token of the floweriness of the composition, as a Californian editor appears to consider is the case, who describes recently in his paper a page of a certain manuscript, or printed Chinese periodical, as looking most prodigiously eloquent, especially in one particular hieroglyphical flight that he remarked, in which brilliant paragraph he seemed impressed with the conviction that the celestial pothooks and hangers strongly resembled agitated centipedes weary of their lives—and legs (and dragging the latter after them in various strange and uncomfortable positions), and also demented earwigs in fierce paroxysms, varied agreeably with an occasional lively dash of tarantulas.

We left the Cathedral for a short time, to visit other places, but soon the mighty magnet drew us again to its glorious solitude—solitude even when its pavement is swarming with human beings!—for they seem to occupy so insignificant a space on the great marble plain.

In fact it was useless to attempt any other sight-seeing at present. I could not resist continually entering and re-entering the Cathedral, to see it under all aspects, in all lights; for fair changes are going on perpetually there, as on the face of Nature! The sunset lights are inexpressibly resplendent and fine in this transcendent temple, and the morning tints lovely,—and, in short, we pretermitted all other lionising expeditions, till we

Digitized by Google

had made ourselves acquainted with every nook and cranny almost, and with every point of view, and every phase, and wonder, and beauty, of this sublime edifice.

Day after day we visited the matchless fane that is the glory of Seville,—not only not tired, but admiring it more and more. It seems a kind of architectural Atlantic—or a frozen ocean of stone —and the world that we dimly glimpse beyond it is no Earthly one! A New World 'tis, indeed,—an Eternal and Heavenly one! One day, before entering the great temple, we re-examined the outside, and in going round, found leisure to look at the neighbouring buildings. The Sagrario, the parish church, joined on to the Cathedral, is elaborately decorated and florid; it is an immense pile, the interior of which displays one vast single nave. The safety and duration of this building has appeared questionable sometimes, in consequence of the huge dimensions of this solitary nave.

There is here rather too plentiful a crop of Churrigueresqueisms; not, however, that I think that all objects superciliously disposed of by the condemnatory epithet, Churrigueresque, are worthy of unqualified disapprobation and abrupt dismissal. Full of faults as were the vain, capricious man, Churriguera, and his style, the imperfections of this gaudy and eccentric mannerist have been the means of drawing down, perhaps, somewhat too indiscriminating censures and reckless animadversions on everything even *approaching* to them; and a horror of this architect's really false taste and glaring defects and mistakes has occasioned many things to be sentenced without a fair hearing, or, more properly speaking, a fair seeing,—merely because they un-

Digitized by Google

fortunately possessed some points of resemblance to that well-known unpopular standard of non-excellence. Enough to say they are Churrigueresque! Thus they are hung first and judged afterwards,—(if at all,) a rather unjust mode of dealing with either men or monuments.

From the Sagrario is a door leading into the Cathedral, enriched with sculptures, pillars, and statues. The archiepiscopalian palace is assuredly open to the charge of being Churrigueresque. Soult took up his quarters here in such close neighbourhood to the mighty church, that it might have reminded many of the old English proverb; certainly he was a bad successor to its reverend lord,—he was decidedly a very indifferent representative of the archbishop. Cast now a glance at the Saracenic walls of the royally proud old Alcazar,* and then at San Fernando's Chapel, with its semicircularly-shaped exterior, whose decorations are in the Berruguete taste. The Contaduria follows, or chapter counting-house, Plateresque and pilastered, above which ornamental style frowns, somewhat grimly, the stern Gothic.

Look at the stately Lonja (exchange) in front of the south entrance of the transept; it was designed by Herrera (the great architect of the Escurial). I cannot recollect exactly whether it was near this building—but I think it was—that our guide showed us one day (when we happened to be accompanied and afflicted by one of those necessary evils,) a kind of small monumental pile in the open air, where he said the priest, driven from the Cathedral at the time the great Lisbon

* Said to come originally from "Al-Kasr,"—House of Cæsar.

Digitized by Google

earthquake took place,—in consequence of a sensible shock being felt within the edifice, — finished the service, while the terrified congregation collected around him, striving to allay their agony of apprehension by prayer. I never heard of such a circumstance in any other way, or from any other authority; but, doubtless, the earthquake must have been felt here; so it is not unlikely that it may be true. I forget if this detached building is supposed to have stood originally there (before the event adverted to), or whether it was said to have been subsequently erected, in commemoration of it.

In the Lonja are kept the archives of the Indies (of South America). Placed here there is a portrait, said to be one of the great Columbus; however, it is problematical whether it is really what it pretends to be.

But yet, once again, we enter the Cathedral. Always, when you first enter it, its weight of gorgeous gloom strikes you much; you find it difficult to distinguish objects readily, especially coming from the bright, sunlit, outward air; but you would not have it otherwise: "a ray the more, a shade the less," would half destroy its magical effect. Look up—up—up to the far height of the centre nave*—might not eagles build there, and fancy they are lodging in their proud aerie, near the very sky? Do we not almost watch for the stars to come slowly out of that glorious cloud overhead?—call it not a ceiling. Do we not gaze upwards, dreamily expecting them to beam forth there, and shining,—shining, to pierce through this rich, heaving, heaven-loaded twilight, this

* The centre nave, according to Mr. Ford, is one hundred and forty-five feet, others say one hundred and forty-eight.

Digitized by Google

haunted and flashing darkness? But I have not yet said a word of the noble pictures here. It is, indeed, time I think of them; when here I am standing before the "Guardian Angel" of Murillo! Yes! surely Murillo's own guardian angel, for one might well dream it was inspired by his Celestial Protector.

What a lovely depth of soul lives in the eyes of the glorious angel! how evident it is those radiant orbs have looked on Heaven till its glories, and splendours, and beatitudes are reflected in them! but the child which he holds by the hand has the disturbed look of our troubled, changeful earth in *his* sweet eyes;—the angel points with solemn serenity to the realms of everlasting blessedness. It reminded me much (yet more in remembrance, perhaps, than at the time) of Andersen's exquisite story of an angel bearing upwards the spirit of a deceased child, full tenderly and gently, but with such a mighty look of calm, imperturbable bliss, that well might the infant soul marvel when, in the sequel of that charming tale, the glorious guardian spirit tells it he was once a little sickly, deformed boy on the earth.

When Murillo was painting this picture, doubtless many a lovely idea and superhuman phantasy shot through his mind—perhaps something sweetly like Andersen's delicious creation. Genius is closely akin to genius in all countries, and in all conditions and styles of development. The child clings to the Heavenly Being who has charge of him as if he were afraid to let go that upholding hand, lest he should sink back again to all the gloom and grief of Earth and of Life! But no! I am too much haunted by Andersen's delightful fiction. I must

Digitized by Google

not forget that this is the representation of an immortal guardian watching over and guiding the Living.

This painting (called the "Angel de la Guarda") is between the western doors.

In looking at the pictures you are inclined to wish there was more light, especially with regard to some of them that are rather disadvantageously placed in more than the general obscurity. One of the most renowned pictures here of the great master above-mentioned—indeed, I believe it is the most celebrated—is the "St. Anthony of Padua."

This splendid work is placed in the chapel, on the north side; it is still splendid, though it has been sadly retouched and "revived,"—generally a killing process! It cannot be properly seen, except, perhaps, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon of a sunny and clear day. The saint, attired in monkish garb, kneels on one knee; his hands are outstretched, his mouth partly open, and you seem to perceive his whole frame, even his very eyes, trembling with intense rapture and earnestness, as he hails, with uplifted looks, the infant Redeemer, who is beheld attended by a host of smiling cherubs descending to the earth, surrounded with the dazzling splendours of heavenly light.

Let the visitor contrast for a moment the expression of this pallid face, haggard and altered with long vigils, penances, mortifications, and sorrows, with that of Murillo's "Guardian Angel." The saint's hollow eye shoots forth a gleam of excessive joy—the sunken cheek almost seems to glow as you gaze upon it; but still what a difference in those two expressions!—what a difference between that tumultuous, and agitated, and ruffled happiness,

Digitized by Google

almost seeming a "joy that cannot be sustained," —(and making one feel how truly it has been said of human ecstasy, that—

> "'Tis bliss but to a certain bound,
> Beyond, 'tis agony,"—)

—what a marked and mighty difference between that disquieting delight and the peace of celestial beatitude! Aye! let the spectator contrast that perturbed countenance, I say, with the placid, deeply-quiet expression of the "Guardian Angel," —no agitation there,—all speaks of the habitual calm converse with Heaven, and its mysterious, eternal, ineffable, profoundest bliss.

This mortal happiness—what is it but convulsion?—full oft a very weight of wonder and of rapture, overburthening the feeble spirit,—a "fitful fever," such as is depicted by genius-inspired Murillo;—yes! a "fitful fever," even when suffusing the love-lighted features of a saint, blessed with a glorious vision of the holy object of his ardent adoration, smiling on him in approbation and mercy.

This "San Antonio" is an enormous picture.

There is a noble "Nativity," that is worth inspecting, by Luis de Vargas, which, if I am not mistaken, is near the "Guardian Angel."

A rather fine picture, by Roelas, is to be seen in the St. Iago Chapel. The saint, like Death, rides a Pale Horse, and is destroying and careering over numbers of Saracen warriors in Oriental guise; afar are glimpsed crowds of flying enemies, hurrying, as if for refuge, to some faintly-descried towers in the distance. The saint and his white steed have cleared a wide space as they advanced, and left an

Digitized by Google

opening behind them, where are seen the thickly-serried lances of brave Castile, and her haughty standards, hastily approaching to share in the triumph. The sainted rider is mounted on a right good steed, that looks really alive in, or rather out of, the picture,—or, at any rate half out,—for it seems to scorn being confined to the canvass, and appears ready to bound bodily into the middle of the church, and scatter the faithful in all directions with his scornful heels, as he is doing the unbelieving sons of Mahomed.

There is a gigantic picture here of a gigantic subject, San Christopher; as usual, this saint is seen near the Cathedral-door. The legend is well known; but as every reader may not at the moment recall it, and it is interesting, I will recapitulate its leading portions.

The famed Saint Christopher was originally an unbeliever, of the Canaanitish race; he was of vast stature, and stern and dread aspect. He was very anxious, however, to become a good and devout servant of the Lord of heaven and earth. He sought out a sainted man, and he earnestly asked him for his counsel, telling him he would be saved —he would go to heaven. "You must pray," said this pious adviser. "But I know not how to pray: alas! I feel I cannot pray." Then he was told by his spiritual counsellor that he must go and live beside a river, and help over the people who desired to pass, and thus serve the Lord, as he wished to do.

Christopher humbly obeyed; and one night, being asleep in his lodge, he was awakened by the sweet voice of a young child, crying—"Christopher, Christopher, come out, and bear me over the

Digitized by Google

water." And the giant arose, and went forth, but saw no one; twice he went forth thus vainly; at last he saw the child standing on the margin of the river, and he straightway took him up to carry him over the water (it is thus he is represented in the picture, bearing the blessed boy on his shoulders, and wading through the stream). As he went onward through the silvery river with the child, holding fast his staff, the rapid currents swelled up higher and higher, and the child weighed upon him heavier and heavier; and still, as he struggled on, the water rose up in more formidable and dangerous waves, so much so, in sooth, that the colossal Christopher, despite his great strength and mighty stature, was verily in peril of drowning with the living burden he was bearing over.

When, at last, he reached the opposite side in safety, and put down the child unharmed to the ground, he addressed it, saying,—"Oh, thou child, thou hast put me in great peril of my life, and thou hast weighed upon me almost as heavily as though I had borne all the world upon my back!" Then quoth that sweet and awful child, "Thou *hast* had all the world upon thy back, and Him that created it. I am He, in this world, whom thou hast sought to serve, and, for thy better assurance thereof, set thy staff upon the ground, and by to-morrow it shall bear, bud, and bring forth fruit." And, full of earnest faith and joy, he did so; and he duly found it on the morrow as had been told him; his staff was seen plentifully bearing, and bringing forth both flowers and dates.

Thus was he certainly convinced, and he with great zeal converted others; "and," adds one very quaint history of this holy man, "among

Digitized by Google

many other passages of his life, he was at last beheaded, and his blood, then spilt, cured those that were blind." A curious mode of expression is this, mentioning his "beheading" as amongst other passages of his life.

In one of the chapels there is another noted picture by the distinguished artist, Luis de Vargas, —a picture generally called "La Gamba," which was a name given to it in consequence of a painter, called Alesio (he was a native of Italica, born about the year 1550), exclaiming that the leg of Adam in that noble production of genius was worth the whole of the enormous representation of the mighty-statured San Christopher, which displayed all its huge proportions at no great distance,—the giant, in the liberal fresco devoted to him, being of the respectable height of thirty-two feet. The leg of Adam in La Gamba, in truth, is supposed to be wonderfully painted and symmetrical. I saw not the picture to which it has given the name, the chapel in which it is, probably, not being open when we were in the Cathedral, for they are apt to be too closely shut in general.

In the exquisite Sacristia de los Calices there is a pictured nun, "Dorothea," by Murillo, a representation of our Saviour, by Roelas, and a good portrait of Contreras, by Luis de Vargas. The female saints, Justina and Rufina, are in the same part of the Cathedral, and are particularly pointed out to visitors as being the patronesses of Seville.

In the Sacristia Mayor is the far-famed "Descent from the Cross," by Pedro Campaña. (This painter was a native of Brussels, where he was born in 1503.) The colouring of the four women at the foot of the cross has been found fault with, as a

Digitized by Google

little unnatural, and somewhat ghastly; but it appears very likely that the painter not unintentionally gave those livid hues, as suitable to the circumstances under which these women were placed. The Sacristia is built in the cinque-cento style.

The figures of the two men employed in removing the sacred form from the cross are marvellously painted. Murillo, it is said, was accustomed to stand before this picture, "watching," as the mighty master expressed himself, "until the Saviour should be taken down." It was before this remarkable work of art he wished his body to be laid when he slept the long and frozen sleep of death. It was at that time in his parish church, that of La Santa Cruz,—which was doomed to be destroyed by the French, who recklessly scattered Murillo's unconscious ashes.

There are many other fine and interesting pictures in this Cathedral—this hallowed, heavenly House of Art. Amongst those deserving of particular attention are, a "Maid Mother, Babe in Arm," by the charming painter, Alonzo Cano, and some noble Zurbarans. There are pieces of this excellent master in the San Pedro Chapel,—several of these are first-rate: there are various others of glorious Murillo; a grand "St. Peter," by Herrera the elder; and a sublime "St. Francisco," by Herrera "el Mozo;" some few of the pictures are by Juan de las Roelas; some by Morales; Valdes Leal; Pablo de Cespedes, Cordova's poet-painter; Carlo Maratta; the German artist, Hernando de Esturme (or de Sturmio, some of whose best pictures here were painted in 1557-8); and Antolinez, el Griego, &c. &c.

Digitized by Google

The Capilla Real almost constitutes a church by itself. It is highly interesting, as it contains the remains of St. Ferdinand, the Conquistador; the tombs of Don Alonzo the Learned and Queen Beatrix are also here; and in this chapel, too, lies the fair and notorious Maria de Padilla, the beloved of Pedro the Cruel. There are medallions here of Diego de Vargas and of Garci Perez.

San Fernando's body is preserved in an *Urna* of silver. It is almost perfect, and is shown three times a-year, (in May, August, and November.) His sword is kept here, and, on his saint's-day, a martial sermon, called El de la Espada, is preached, expounding its great qualities.

This Capilla has its own especial staff of clergy. The Sala Capitular (chapter-house), built by Riaño, is elliptical in shape, and Plateresque in style. It is adorned with Ionic pilasters. Here shines forth one of Murillo's exquisite "Concepcions," and other triumphs of his brush.

In a chapel at the eastern end, named Capilla de la Concepcion, are the remains of Gonzalo de Sepulveda, who endowed the September Octavo (in honour of the Inmaculada Concepcion) two hundred years ago. At this Octavo, and at Corpus, the Quiristers, or Seises, (six was their original number,) with castanets in their hands, and hats decorated with waving and shadowing feathers on their heads, dance before the high altar—dressed, in fact, as court pages of the olden time, and presenting, to judge from the description, as well as from some representations of them I have seen, anything but an appearance consonant with the place and occasion.

There is a noble tomb (in one of the chapels

Digitized by Google

here) of the famous Cardinal Mendoza, rich in Plateresque.

In the interesting chapel, called, I think, that of San Hermenegildo, the spectator should examine particularly the very sumptuous and grandly-executed monument of the Archbishop Juan de Cervantes, by Lorenzo de Mercandante, and a statue of San Hermenegildo, by Montañes. I confess to have observed the statues less than the paintings, and will say no more of them. I must, however, mention a marvellous "St. Jerome," in the chapel dedicated to that saint, beautifully carved, by the wonder-working Martinez Montañes, in wood. Wooden saints are not so extraordinary on all occasions, perhaps, but this is really out of the common order.

The famous Alonzo Cano was the pupil of this Juan Martinez de Montañes, who has been called by his admiring countrymen the Phidias of Seville. He had profound knowledge of anatomy and of his art, and, besides this, knew well how to invest his holy subjects with a surpassing grace and a calm, superhuman dignity; for example, the lovely, precious Virgin (however defaced by adventitious ornaments in the worst taste), in or near the cinquecento Chapel of St. Augustine. The *coro* is well worth a visit. The *trascoro* (back of the *coro*, fronting the visitor, entering from the west), has a fine decoration of Doric work, with rich and costly marbles. A couple of doors on each side lead into the choir, which is open to the high altar, and is merely railed off by a splendid *reja* (railing).

The *coro* is superbly carved and wrought with scriptural and sacred subjects, over the stalls, of which there are one hundred and seventeen. Placed

Digitized by Google

in the centre is a chair, with a high, Gothic back, which is the Archiepiscopalian Throne. There is a magnificent *facistol* (lectern) for the great books, the work of Bartolomé Morel, in 1570. During the Holy Week is put up, in the "*entre los coros,*" a very superb candlestick of bronze, of about twenty-five feet in height. This is called *El Tenebrario.*

It is supplied with thirteen lighted candles, while the touching Miserere is being sung, during Easter week, and twelve of these lighted candles are successively extinguished, leaving but one alone of pure white wax, still casting around its undiminished lustre—an affecting representation and symbol of the true devotion of the Holy Mother, the blessed Mary, faithful and unchanged when the Apostles forsook their Lord, indicated by the gradual putting out of the other lights.

Here, too, at Easter, is placed the fount candle (*cirio pasqual*), about the size of the trunk of a large tree!

Everything connected with this wonderful Cathedral seems vast and splendid. Spaniards may well call it the "grand," as that of Toledo is entitled "the rich;" of Leon, "the beautiful;" and of Salamanca, or Santiago, "the strong."

In observing the other treasures, let not the spectator of all these wonders neglect the superb and exquisite silver *custodia,* the work of the Spanish Cellini, Juan d'Arfe; it represents no less than five temples, one elevated above the other, each superincumbent one being of lesser dimensions than the *chef d'œuvre* over which it is placed, and with the various column-shafts elaborately decorated with lavish representations of different kinds of flowers and fruit. The temples are of the Ionic order.

Digitized by Google

This has been unhappily *restored* and somewhat uglified by Juan de Segura, who made here and there an alteration and dis-embellishment. There is but too much love of retouching and spoiling in Spain. This slight remodelling, however, was done in auld langsyne—1668.

In the Sacristia Mayor a costly cross,* adorned with angels, is exhibited, and also San Fernando's crown (the Conquistador.) I own I should feel more respect for this kingly saint, if it was not that we are told (as if much in his praise, of course) that he was so zealous against heretics, that he would submit to the drudgery of carrying fagots of wood for the piles where they were to be consumed! Soult helped himself pretty freely to the rich treasures that were stored in, or close by, this place, some beyond price.

In this fine, Berruguetesque† sacristy there is a jewelled crucifix shown, made of the first lump of gold brought from the virgin mines of South America. Candlesticks and virils still abound here, candlestick-loving Soult notwithstanding. Amongst the latter is one decorated with twelve hundred *soi-disant* diamonds, — whether they are what they pretend to be, I leave others more skilled in such matters to decide. Had they been what they declare themselves, however, surely the Marshal would have felt it his bounden duty to remove such glittering rubbish; but, perhaps, they were cunningly buried and covered over with precious

* The gift of Pope Clement the Fourteenth.

† The Cinque-cento style is called generally, in Spain, the Plateresco (or Plateresque) as well as *de Berruguete*, from the fine Painter-Architect-Sculptor of that name, who excelled in it.

Digitized by Google

finger-bones, and shreds, and patches, and scraps, that he reverentially shrank from disturbing.

The actual keys originally delivered up to San Fernando, when Seville capitulated, are shown, too, here, and are truly interesting relics. According to Mr. Ford, and we may well trust so correct and careful an authority, the wards of that given by the Jews, which is of iron gilt, "represent the words" "*Melech hammelakim giphthohh Melek kolhaaretz gabo,*"—"The King of kings will open, the King of all the earth will enter;" the other, of silver gilt, has the words, "Dios abrira, Rey entrara."

If you choose, you may see displayed the glittering crowns for the images (and amongst them a half-crown literally), and the gorgeous robes belonging to the ecclesiastical paraphernalia of the Cathedral, the latter so thickly broidered and brocaded with gold, and silver, and precious gems, nearly hiding the red and purple ground of the silk or satin, that the priests, when clad in them, on state-ceremonials of the church, might almost as easily walk about, one should suppose, attired in golden churns!

There are figures, emblems, and saints, too, of the precious metals, and virils, to be seen, arranged in various spacious cupboards: but, unfortunately, the peculiar cupboard-love of Soult led him to appreciate and affectionately to appropriate many, full many of these splendid stores that had been left exposed. The old bones and rags, and all such valuable and perfectly inestimable relics of saints, he very considerately, and magnanimously indeed, left behind him for the true believers.

When the consecrated wafer is exhibited (*manifestado*), it is placed under a tabernacle (*ciborio*,

Digitized by Google

or *tabernaculo,*) in a viril, or an open "monstrance," upon the high altar. These sacred objects are often very handsomely decorated.

Among the different jewels and ornaments they show occasionally to the visitor in the sacristia magnificent detached rays,—shining and sparkling, that belong to the crowns and haloes, and virils;—too gew-gawish, indeed, are they — though they make one think of the princess in the fairy-tale, who had a dress adorned with a very few and fine sunbeams, (warranted real, of course), that were difficult to procure, and of immense and ruinous cost.

The resources of this mighty structure are, or probably *were,* on a scale of grandeur commensurate with its superb majesty and vast dimensions; the archbishop's income being estimated at a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, with provision on a suitable scale of liberality for two hundred and thirty-five canons, curates, confessors, prebendaries, musicians, choristers, and clerical aspirants. I should think, including the clergy belonging to the Royal Chapel, the number must be yet greater. The number of altars at which the priests have to officiate is stated to be eighty-two.

Over, or very near the tombstone of Ferdinand Columbus, is erected, during Easter week, the grand monumento, in which is deposited temporarily the host. Antonio Florentin is the artist who designed and fashioned it. Formerly, it consisted of only three stories and a cross; but, at a later period, it was enlarged and embellished, and is now one colossal temple of wood, and a Cathedral within the Cathedral! Some think the alterations have been injudiciously introduced, and that the additions are destructive, or, at any rate, injurious to the effect,

Digitized by Google

rendering the monument out of proportion to even the enormous edifice to which it belongs. Still, when illuminated at night, during the Holy Week, (Thursday and Good Friday,) after the host is placed in the rich *custodia*, the appearance it presents is pronounced to be most extraordinarily magnificent and striking.

In the rough description I have ventured upon of some of the merits of this gigantic Cathedral, I have followed no order, any more than I did in actually visiting its almost countless attractions and masterpieces; but those who wish to do so, have nothing to do but consult the admirable "Hand-book," which will lead them by regular and easy stages through this delightful pilgrimage.

Richly gloomy as the light is here, there are no fewer than ninety-three windows; but then the sunbeams are intercepted splendidly in most of them by the stained glass. The Flemish artists, who decorated these windows, really almost did miracles. Some of them are quite exquisitely executed, in addition to the exceeding beauty of the gem-like colours. There is one very ancient painting here which claims particular mention. Historians assert, it remained even in the Saracenic mosque of the picture-eschewing infidels, before the surrender of the city, and that it was supposed to have supernaturally introduced San Fernando into Seville. It is in the Sacristia de la Antigua.

A very few more words on the exterior of the edifice. In the time of the Moors, some think the Court of Oranges was not divided by any wall from the Great Mosque. This must have had a magnificent effect. I believe it was also the case at Cordova. The walls that at present enclose this

Digitized by Google

beautiful Court of Oranges (four hundred and fifty feet by three hundred and fifty feet) in the old time formed the external walls of the Solemn Temple itself. These walls are terminated by the rich-looking, bearded, or indented parapet. The present approach to the *patio* was formerly one of the chief entrances to the mosque.

The gates help one to estimate the ample proportions and vast extent of the ancient, original edifice. They are formed, I think, of the valuable *alerce* (or *allerica*) wood, which was so great a favourite with the Moors, and deservedly so, since it had the excellent quality of resisting deteriorations from worms and other insects harbouring in timber, which never attack it. Throughout the whole kingdom, it is said, that there is not one tree left of the kind which yields that admirable wood, so extraordinarily durable and fine. Plates of copper cover the doors inside and out. There are two old Roman columns in front, and numerous others surround the stately building. Marble columns abound in and near this city; indeed, it is a boast of the citizens here, that in their splendid town alone there is a mighty standing army of eighty thousand marble pillars! It must not be forgotten, that nearly every house of any pretensions whatsoever has a *patio*, often of very large size, surrounded by a handsome colonnade, upheld by numerous marble columns.

A considerable library is attached to the Cathedral. This library is called "La Columbina," which sounds dove-cotish, but is in reality an appellation chosen in compliment to the son of the great navigator, who left the library he had collected to the canons. It contains from eighteen to twenty

Digitized by Google

thousand volumes. There may be some additions made to the original bequest, but the far greater part of the library, at any rate, (which is opened with much liberality to the public,) was the gift of Fernando Colon. There is one inestimable treasure in the Columbina,—some books containing marginal notes of high interest, written by the hand of Columbus himself — *the* Columbus. There is a manuscript production, also by the same great man, and it is one that was composed by him when in captivity, to please or disarm the Inquisition, by proving that the discovery of the Western World was the subject of a scriptural vaticination.

Let us return to the beautiful Giralda for a short time; the ascent to its summit is by "easy ramps," or a series of gradually inclined planes; the facilities, indeed, are so great, that it is said two warriors mounted on their chargers, fully armed and accoutred "*cap-à-pié*," with shield, casque, and lance, have more than once ridden to the top of this elevated tower; and they performed this feat, we are assured, without trouble or inconvenience. It has been said, too, that on one occasion the queen — which queen I know not, but think not Queen Ysabel—was drawn up to the highest summit in a little carriage; for the truth of this, however, I will not vouch.

Some imagine the Giralda was originally intended for an observatory. Its height, at present, is differently estimated; certain authors asserting it is three hundred and sixty-four feet. It is fifty feet square. The frescoes* which decorate it are nearly obliterated. A portion of them, however, have been retouched and—ruined! Originally this

* Some of these frescoes were by Luis de Vargas.

Digitized by Google

tower had three splendidly-gilded globes, (some writers say four,) which shone with so brilliant and vivid a lustre, that they are declared to have been visible at a distance of eight leagues.

Well says Ford, in allusion to the extraordinary legend which asserts that Saints Rufina and Justina propped this proud tower up with their fair shoulders when Satan raised a fierce storm to demolish it, that these damsels must have been finely-grown ones, of five hundred feet high, to be in proportion with the building they were supporting. Something of May-poles, certainly! No wonder the gawky nymphs "scared away" the Evil One, as we are assured they did. This female edition of Gog and Magog was decidedly enough to frighten the very deuce!

The huge gilded globes that once crowned the Giralda were said to be thrown down by an earthquake in the year 1395. The Santas Justina and Rufina, whom we have mentioned, and whose portraits are so frequently seen at Seville, were the daughters of a potter in Triana, the gipsy-inhabited suburbs of the present day. Potters still abound in Triana; but not many saints dwell therein, if any.

The view from the top of the Giralda is, of course, splendid. Faith as a weathercock may not be, after all, so very inconsistent as at the first idea it seems. Wherever Faith turns she beholds Heaven! It is positively difficult to linger long outside the Cathedral. The exterior is not so matchless as the interior, whose innumerable attractions draw you like so many loadstones within; and, almost unconsciously, you find yourself yet once and again glancing from side to side at its silent and stately

Digitized by Google

population of saints and images, gazing upwards on its sky of stone, downward on its smooth sea of marble, onward to its half-glowing, half-gloomy horizons of clouded rainbows and gilding, and bewildered during its many solemn functions with melody, and incense, and purple, and scarlet, and gold, and jewels, and choral voices, and broideries, and draperies, and crowns, and emblems, and haloes, and dreamy lights, and mystic splendours, and rich and tinted shadows, and emblazoned pomps, and pictorial glories. By the way, I am informed there are five hundred masses performed here on a daily average.

Walking through one of the squares of this city one day, haunted by Cathedral memories, we met a very humble funeral, doubtless that of a pauper, and followed only by paupers. I paused a moment; —somewhat contemptuously our *laquais de place*, glancing at the lowly procession, observed, "It is only the funeral of a very poor man; there is nothing to see there." It was true there was little indeed; yet in life this poor pauper had possessed that gorgeous Cathedral to worship in, with all its mighty majesty: its blaze of splendours, its marvellous treasury of beauty and glory, were open to him as to the haughtiest and highest grandee in the land. Its gorgeous and solemn functions, its majestic services, were for him as for the wealthiest and the greatest. After surrounding him with such splendours in life, it seemed almost neglectful of his holy Mother Church to leave him so poorly off, so destitute in death; but little matters that to him! His soul goes to regions either brighter or darker than any we can imagine, and his body to the vast mighty kingdom of the despotic Queen Worm.

Digitized by Google

BEYOND THE TOMB.

1.

Gaze, my free spirit, gaze beyond the tomb!
See dazzling fields of glory through its gloom;
Lo! there the loftiest Phantasy must fail,
The brightest visions seem but poor and pale;
The deep Soul, glancing towards the vast unknown,
Scorns every thought of others—and her own!
Scorns each fix'd thought, and reaps but proud content,
In dreaming some vague void magnificent,
Whose wonderous glories she can faintly feel,
But dares not to herself even half-reveal!

2.

Those dimly-vision'd regions, yet unproved,
Where none hath yet e'er moved, or lived, or loved,
Are they, indeed, to grow the real, the true?
Yes! yes! but think! how far more glorious, too!
Transcendently more vast, more fair, more bright,
Rayed with the noon-blaze of another Light;
Pure with transparence of another air—
With thousand fresh-formed elements more fair—
Imagination spurns this spherèd mass,—
As far shall *they* her loftiest flights surpass.

3.

As far? ah! how much farther! 'Twere a veil,
A yoke, that thought which owned not, it must fail,
Must miss,—when it would rashly seek and strive
To grasp those marvels—none can grasp and live.
Then Thoughts and Dreams were e'en such clogs and chains
As these clay-bonds of which the soul complains!—
And heavier, harsher, since more wide their sway,
More strong their influence than the force of clay;
Yet nobly miss, and grandly fail, proud Thought!
So that one glance at those dread heights is caught!

Digitized by Google

4.

Yon stars of glory shrink to one pale star,
When strives the soul to reach those realms afar;
Space seems but as a bridge—yon sky its arch,
To aid the Spirit on its boundless march;
But, no!—'tis by a Spirit-path alone
'Twould reach even th' outskirts of an angel's throne;
Far less, then, the awful precincts, where shall blaze
Our World of Bliss, 'midst the uncreated rays,—
Rays from the Throne of thrones, that break and beam
Where countless suns could pour not one faint gleam!

5.

Fair are the wonders of great Nature's face,
Her ever-shifting, ever-freshening grace;
Yon Deep seems now with seed of stars thick-strown
In fairy furrows,—then, more restless grown,
Lashes the Land, in storm, as though *that*, too,
'Twould rouse to heave 'gainst th' altered Sky's dimmed blue;
Fair the crown'd Mountains calmly rear'd above,
As though the *Earth*, but Heavenward climb'd in Love—
Sweet Love and Peace!—but yet more fair, more bright,
The Mind's vague visions, 'trancing th' inner sight.

6.

And most, when meekly bold and humbly rash,
That mind would snatch one fitful, lightning-flash
From those supremest scenes, where, upward driven,
Hope longs to die, who sole shall die—in Heaven!
Of such bless'd flash the least reflexion still
The o'erpower'd existence can with rapture fill;
Yet, though with dazzling universes link'd,
'Tis, from its very brightness, indistinct;
Nor can the soul that Splendour comprehend,
Which, where it bursts, bids Light and Splendour end!

7.

For nought that we call Brightness here below
Can e'er compete one instant with that Glow;
(That midst its haunts Empyreal still grows more,—
Till, self-compared, ev'n that was gloom before!)

Digitized by Google

Let thine ethereal, vast effulgence shine
Lightening into the mind,—thou flash divine!
Pierce through the seven-fold darkness of our day,
Drive thou the blackness of the noon away,—
The cloudiness of zenithed suns aside!—
Thou show'st their gloom;—*thy* ray Heaven's heights supplied.

8.

Material glories were as shadows there,
The deepest, densest,—cloud, or leaf, or sphere,
Equal in nothingness!—of Star and Sun,
Perchance the veil that hides that blaze is spun;
Nature hath mighty scenes, but nought they boast
Of vale, or mountain, forest, sky, or coast,
Can aid us to conceive what yet shall be,
When she hath melted in Eternity—
When, spiritualised and changed, shall burst and beam
That world the All-Holy suffered to redeem.

9.

Yet, courage!—dream, high soul! though vain must be
Those dreams to reach the Truth's deep mystery;
Let noble thoughts prepare the upspringing mind,—
Even flight by flight to leave vain Earth behind;
To pause not on the threshold of the tomb,—
Still to advance the way THE LIGHT SHALL COME!
Onwards to press on that majestic path,
Which leads, at least, *from* cold Decay and Death;
Thus half to rend this shroud of earth and clay,—
Prepared to meet Enfranchisement's great day.

10.

Ah! let the Spirit ne'er shrink faultering back,
Nor fail to follow on its Thought's bold track;
Too oft men launch high thoughts—all winged and proud,
And creep themselves 'midst Earth's dull, creeping crowd.
Seems thus the Soul not like the mighty Sea,
When thronged with barks the winds urge fast and free,
Thus decked, as 'twere, with thousand brave, white wings,
That lift not or its surface or its springs.
But *those* wings seek not Heaven;—the Soul, the Will,
Have wings that soar,—yet leave *them* grovelling still!

Digitized by Google

11.

Mount *thou*, my soul! on free and fearless wing;
Hear the Worlds echo what the Angels sing!—
Ten thousand hosts of worlds, that seem from far
Less than yon motes that haunt the sunbeams are;—
Soar, as the deeds of good men soar above!
Plume that vast wing with Faith, and Hope, and Love!
True, 'tis a bournless course!—each step displays
New, widening pathways, branch'd a myriad ways;
At times, with such far dreams thy depths are fraught,
Eternities seem stretch'd 'twixt Thought and Thought!

12.

Once more I bid thee forth, I bid thee rise,
Climb Dome still after Dome of the arching Skies,
Nay, past the stretch of Space unshrinking fly,
Beyond all breadth and length,—the deep, the high,—
Beyond all forms of Being glimpsed or known,—
Where dwells the immortal Spiritual alone,
That leaves all other boundlessness behind,—
To which the Immensity must seem confined!—
Still fresh immensities of mightier scope
For ever answering, greet its wish and hope.

13.

Aye, still it sees vast, new, stupendous schemes
Start to reflect each hint of opening dreams;
Consenting universes mingling flow,
And fresh creations ever burst and glow;
Not only do those clouds of systems new
Seem vaster ever, but sublimer, too;
Mysteries untried their hidden powers prepare,—
Completion here is but Beginning there;
Yea, but Commencement there is all that seems,
Perfection here—where darkening Error teems.

14.

If all that is, or hath been, were no more,—
Lost like the wave that sleeps upon the shore;
The rush of dawning wonders still would sweep
The very void they left, away, and steep

Digitized by Google

The waste in utter fullness;—We should learn
By what we know not, more!—and ever yearn
To understand how little we can know;
They know the most who blur their boundaries so,
And lean against their limits,—this brief life,
'Gainst Time and Death is but a moment's strife.

15.

And oh! though not one mote be swept away,
Still the everything and all of yesterday
Shall be to-morrow's vacancy and nought,
To that bright ruin by new glories brought;
How shall Perfection grow, and Good increase,—
In that ripe, glorious strife lies deepest Peace;
The Future's nought shall be the Past's proud all!—
Not that 'twill fade beneath Obstruction's pall,
But that sublimer Dispensations far
Shall hide it, as the Sunshine hides the star!

16.

The Faultless now shall be the All-Failing then,
Yet what is faultless in the world of men?
Beauty is but a mask—and Fame a breath,
Genius the sword that cuts its hated sheath;
Light is but Darkness—Life but Death,—and Bliss,
Dull Bane to what there shall be—and there is;
Though veil'd from us, till we can brook and bear
That blaze of triumph, ever deepening there;
That stormy blaze, that shock of vast delight,—
That strong day bursting through our rayless night.

17.

Yet, Joy! the soul even now shall, wakening, start
To view full many a misty cloud-veil part;
A hurricane of worlds seems sweeping by,
Beating upon the Darkness gloriously,
And breaking up its powers and ancient might,—
A heavenly hurricane of Fire and Light;
Space burns into one Sun,—that Sun becomes
All Soul, all Life,—nought fails but Tears and Tombs,
But Pain and Sin; while Hope's faint visions all
Stand, as new built into Creation's wall!

Digitized by Google

18.

Strong-eyed EXPECTANCY can pierce the cloud
Whose gather'd folds the coming triumphs shroud;
Rise from the slime of worms—the mire of clay,
My thoughts,—and track on high the up-springing day;
Back to the soul then glorified return,
A golden storm of stars descending burn!—
Making strange lustre of the inner life,
Thick-strewn with dust of suns from the eager strife!—
To be o'ermatched and brightly worsted there,
Excels all victories mortal arms can share.

19.

Rise, then! still soar!—Crown'd spirits of my Thought,
Where, blaze by blaze, vast lore of light is taught;
Yea! hurricanes of Worlds come sweeping by,
Beating on the angry Darkness gloriously;
Onward and upward still! Ah! those who shrink,
Who lagging act, or, retroceding, think,
Run counter to the eternal secret course
Of Nature,—more!—of Nature's awful Source,—
To crown'd Omnipotency's force sublime,
And the Heaven-fix'd tendencies of Fate and Time!

20.

Onward and upward!—See ye not how rolls
The golden surge of Destiny and Souls,
Farther and higher ever?—up!—away!—
The currents of Creation set that way!—
That way right strongly run!—*thus* evermore
Flow on the unsounded tides that know no shore;
What dare oppose the dread, resistless force
Of crown'd Omnipotency's blazing course?
Up! onward!—by each heightening, brightening Dream,
Life's doors of darkness half unclosed shall seem.

21.

Ah! well 'twere could we see, when Faith lies damp'd,
Heaven's kingliest signet on each atom stamp'd;
Which thick with endless meanings may be set,
Though too minute our visual nerves to fret;

Digitized by Google

More worlds may we inhabit than we know!—
So subtle-rare, that they escape us so;
Yon sky—illustrious-starry as 'tis shown,
May not be fraught with such bright spheres alone
As we behold,—myriads of others, too,
Unlike, may throng it, and th' air's silvery blue!

22.

And oh! let Faith ne'er fail, from first to last,
Strong Faith, whate'er may chance, we should hold fast,
Though cancell'd Systems shock'd us,—wrecks of suns,—
Pale wraiths of worlds that seem'd immortal ones!—
If, in great truths the rooted soul is versed,
It ne'er shall blench, nor yield, nor rashly burst
Those happy bonds of trust, but with arm'd will
Climb from Empyreal to Empyreal still
In its own sentient self, where reflex lies
Of gather'd lights from sever'd heights and skies.

23.

How e'en dwarf'd distances of our frail Earth
Change the aspect of high things, their seeming worth,
Their show of glory!—here, slight points of light,
Glance the keen stars,—but watch a tropic Night;
'Tis made a shadowy mountain crown'd with flame,—
These sparks, those globes—are they in truth the same?
Falling and steadfast stars have I mark'd there,
Till one seem'd Firmament and Atmosphere!
While far and near, where meteors flash'd, the skies,
Like dropping-wells of diamonds, dazed the eyes.

24.

Soon shall our new state dawn, when all shall be
For us made plain,—when we shall more than see;
And more than hear, and feel, and know, and prove,—
Aye! when our endless Morn shall break above!
Fairer, indeed, than this poor trembling Dawn,
That sheds Light-flowers o'er hill, and copse, and lawn,
When seems it as though all the stars of night
Snatching in haste their arrowy shafts of Light,
Had hurried sudden from West, North, and South,
Eastward,—to watch some mighty Power come forth.

Digitized by Google

25.

All blushing, too !—till changed, transformed ev'n, they
Grow purple, heavenly roses in his way !
Strewing themselves full lavishly about,
Till—bursts the great Sun forth and ends the doubt;
And those celestial roses—soon o'erblown,
We find were but flushed heralds of his own !—
But now our weighty cares, our hopes sublime,
Are strung upon the slight, frail thread of Time;
How slight !—yet through vast ages might be spread,
All that is crowded on that narrow thread!

26.

Our Past, our Now, o'ercrowded are, in sooth,
With dreams, deeds, facts, events, through age and youth,
And most our Future, ere 'tis born, is heap'd
With heavy burdens, since we have o'erleap'd
This narrow Present; yet as cramped is found,
That Future,—when 'tis met on mortal ground;
Our Lives, Ourselves, we still o'erflow, and seem
Reaching to vague Beyonds, far off that beam
Where, Present !—Future !—Past !—ye tyrannous three,—
Oh ! Trinity of Time !—Ye shall not be !

27.

Still, while we languish on Life's bounded shore,
Progress ! our souls should serve thee evermore;
Thou dost exalt whate'er exists with thee;
Without thee, dead should grow even Liberty,
Dumb, Genius—dull the might of Nature's strife,
The maze of Time—the mystery of Life,
The march of Fate, the majesty of Hope:
Thou never shalt surcease, shalt never droop;—
Pass on ! and still find new horizons, grey
With other morns of other Suns !—away;

28.

Pass on for ever ! thou must ne'er know pause !
To live still deeper life, thy law of laws;
Thou never must forsake us, never droop,
Or but a spectre were our mightiest Hope,

Digitized by Google

A spectre more belonging to the Past
Than the high Future, the unknown and vast;
Pass onward!—let Expectancy exult
O'er thy still lengthening race, with large result,
Gaining thy prize for ever, yet no pause,
To run the unceasing race, thy law of laws.

29.

Thou'rt our true Sun, dispelling midnight's glooms;
The Harvest of Humanity becomes
Riper for ever thy strong rays beneath,
Yet never wholly ripe this side of Death;
If thou surceased, what movement but were vain?
Day were a vague, bleak pomp, with phantom train,
While Night's pale moon—like some dead sun—should seem,
Nearest all Truth as most like Death and Dream!
But thou still gild'st the night, and crown'st the day,—
The currents of Creation set thy way!

Whoever visits cathedrals in Spain should be careful never to omit asking to see the *custodias* and other church-treasures, which are frequently very interesting and beautiful. They must examine, among other things, the choir seats (*silleria del coro*), often exquisitely carved, the *facistoles* (lecterns), and the desks (*atriles*) that support the books of the choristers. They should look also at the altar candlesticks (*blandones*), and all the *old* curiosities Fate and French Marshals may have left to Spain and her travelling guests. Some of the interesting objects in these majestic cathedrals force themselves on the notice, and there is no fear of *their* being passed over any more than of your running over St. Christopher (if the "Cœlifer Atlas" was there *in propria persona*) without seeing him.

Digitized by Google

Of this description are the *rejas* or *cancelli*, (railings, "*purcloses*," gratings,) some almost as tall as churches themselves, and the *reredos*, the screen at the back of the principal altar, called the *retablo*, which is often transcendently glorious, and is grandly reared on high, having the holy symbol of the Fé on its summit,—the crucifix with the Madonna and St. John by the side. These *retablos* are generally gilt, ("*estofado*," or "*dorado*,") sculptured, painted, and altogether most magnificently adorned and enriched. The *monumento*, though often of very considerable size, is not in general so architecturally superb as at Seville. Indeed, I believe, in some cathedrals it is only a pile of timber temporarily erected and embellished for the occasion. When they can be seen, the smaller objects, the croziers and crosses, &c., should be looked for and at, and the sacred vessels and church-plate, not forgetting the *Porta Pax*, which latter holds the reliques when presented to the true believers for orthodox osculation. Unsanctimonious salutations are, of course, neither required nor desired, therefore the heterodox may look and not touch, like good children, though bad Christians (according to the devout natives).

There are some showy additions reserved for occasions of display, which are not, I think, worth seeing, except when actually exhibited at the proper time. Of such are the *colgaduras*—draperies of silk or velvet that decorate sometimes the piers of the nave; *El terno*, the set of magnificently embroidered coverings, that garnish during particular *funcions* (solemnities) the high altar; and the prodigious petticoats, brocaded and gemmed, and rings, diadems, and countless trinkets belonging to the

Digitized by Google

images. In some cathedrals, however, they merit notice. Much besides, that is merely tinselly and gaudy, may be left uninvestigated. Visitors should avoid turning their back on the high altar; it deeply shocks and hurts the Spaniards in general, and is needlessly disrespectful. I have seen them almost writhe under this worse than annoyance, as it is to them;—if travellers enter their churches, they should try not to wound their feelings unnecessarily, putting aside all other considerations. To them the *altar mayor* is holy indeed. The right side, when looking *from* the altar in Spanish churches, is frequently called the Gospel side (*lado del Evangelio*); the left, the Epistle side (*lado de la Epistola*): the one side is appropriated to the reading the Gospel portions of the service, the other to delivering the Epistle selections.* Usually, in the great cities, the host is exhibited for public adoration in all the different churches in rotation during "The Forty Hours," and due notice of this is given in journals and almanacs. In the old granite cathedral at Lugo, and in the royal church of San Isidoro (*San Isidoro el Real*), at Leon, the host is always *manifestado* (displayed). This is a high and peculiar privilege, granted to the first because it was (falsely) said never to have been taken by the infidels; to the latter, I suppose, on account of the "egregious Doctor of the Spains" being therein buried.

* The back of the altar is usually called the *tras-altar*, as the back of the *coro* is called *tras-coro;* the lateral sides of the latter are the *respal dos del coro*. Opposite the *coro* is an empty space, marking the middle of the transept, *crucero*,—above which soars the *cimborio* (the grand dome). This space is between the *altar mayor* and the choir.

Digitized by Google

On one of our oft-repeated visits to the Cathedral, a halt was made for sketching purposes in the beauteous Court of Oranges, or rather the sketcher with her maid had gone on a little before, and I followed and joined her. I found her surrounded by a number of inquisitive children, eagerly watching the operation, and looking alternately at the Giralda and the drawing with a dubious and dolorous expression of countenance, as if they partly imagined the tower was being, by some magic, transferred bodily to the paper, by the somewhat enterprising draughtswoman,—this opinion seemed principally and powerfully to obtain with the very faithful and very believing three or four-year olds, who appeared greatly astonished after the performance, to see the building still actually standing there, as it did before. I asked a good-humoured-looking girl her name; she was carrying, or more strictly speaking, just raising an inch or two from the ground, on which his feet must have dragged, it seemed, when she attempted to move with him, a burly, sturdy, staring boy.

"Salud," she replied, (Health,) "to serve you," ("pã servir á V.")

"And what is that other little girl called?"

"Mi prima?" (my cousin).

"Yes, your cousin."

"Oh! Amparo," (Protection,) "to serve you."

"And the next to her?"

"Concha, (Shell,) Señora, pã servir á V."

"And the little boy?"

"Ántonio, to serve you."

She never forgot this polite little form. All the appellations were of the same significant description;

Digitized by Google

and the children were much edified by our amazing cleverness, in calling them by their names after they had themselves informed us of them,—a mighty effort of genius.

As to the good-tempered Salud and her little brother, she still persisted in holding him an inch or so off the ground, and he maintained a mute contention all the time with her, fighting right boyfully for the use of his limbs. As regarded the question of the Giralda being carried off, *he* cared little, as long as he was no longer carried himself. His gesticulations were so animated, and his actions so eloquent, that you understood every contortion. It was a perfect language of the limbs. While he was struggling thus vociferously,—if I may, perhaps, venture to use the expression,—every now and then he made vigorous jumps and darts to get away from his sister's sheltering wing, or, rather, pinioning arms ! and he caught occasionally in his descent on the said chubby, enfolding arms, or tightening wrists, upon his chin or nose, looking the purple "picture of" dismay, strangulation, and anger. The poor little plebeian might have reversed the grandee's exclamation, and half hung and choked, with his eyes—and nose turned gloomily up to the sky, (the latter squeezed and forced the wrong way,) might have cried out, "This comes of *not* walking on the earth !" But still the little sister would not yield; he was positively to be held aloft from the ground a quarter of an inch at the least; and so she carried her point,—*and* the poor little pickaninny still. I suppose some careful parent at home had desired her "not to let him walk;" so she obeyed, — by dragging, choking,

Digitized by Google

and hanging him, but all in the kindest spirit and with the best intentions. The young rebel's motto was not exactly—

> "He who fights and runs away,
> Will live to fight another day;"—

seeing he only fought (and valiantly too) in order to run away!—*that*, indeed, was the object proposed, and the very end and aim of these pertinacious hostilities.

The rogue was simply attired in a rather roomy bag, with small furred slippers, and a sort of French-looking nightcap,—with a diminutive cross hanging in front of him. When we got up to walk away, little Health and Shell walked after us, eagerly watching our every movement. Indeed the whole small crowd seemed to take great interest in the "Inglesas."

Will the reader be quite tired if I ask him to accompany me once more into the Cathedral, to hear the organs playing and the choristers singing? Right glorious is this storm of music; the ponderous bass rolls and thickens like a heavy darkness: and now through that tempest pierce some clear, high, sweetly-thrilling notes, like stars breaking forth from the huge, shadowing clouds;—it was a heaving mass of music—a mountain of overwhelming melody, crested with a trembling, silvery light. As sings an American poet (who signs "Lowell," I believe),—

> "Through gorgeous windows shone the sun aslant,
> Brimming the church with gold and purple mist,—
> Meet atmosphere to bosom that rich chaunt,
> While fifty voices in one strand did twist
> Their varie-coloured tones . . . ."

Digitized by Google

A little chorister, whom we had seen and spoken to before, came smiling up to us in plain clothes, soon after we left the Cathedral, and he was so strangely altered by the change of dress that we did not at all recognise him at first. Shortly after a childish comrade followed him,—a rather pretty boy, intensely dark, and if he had not squinted slightly, poor fellow! he was like a little "St. John in the Wilderness." Probably their voices had poured forth some of those lovely notes that had so sweetly pierced the heavy thunder-storm of harmony that we had lately been listening to with delight.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XVI.

THERE were none of the horrible bull-fights taking place at Seville at the time we were there. We went to see the Amphitheatre, which is of magnificent size, and must look grand indeed when filled with people. Were these spectacles less shockingly revolting, I should like much to have seen one in this splendid Amphitheatre — still, I believe, not wholly finished. The Giralda is beheld towering above, soaring toward the sky; and it must look glorious, and must add much to the splendour of the scene, (if the assembled thousands can spare time to look at it,)—rosy with the parting glow of the Andalucian sun, as the day dies, and the last bull — the first "like the dolphin," in prismatic beauty, and the second like a thunder-storm at sea (when the expiring flashes of fiery lightning warmly tinge the main) in waves of blood. I confess to having an utter horror of these tauromachian spectacles, from having perused many most hateful details concerning them, though, in order to judge impartially and truly of them, I fully intend to be present at one before I quit the country.

I have heard and read such dreadful, hideous descriptions, such atrocious accounts of the cold-blooded, unnecessary barbarities practised at them, that I dread the realisation of this resolve exceed-

Digitized by Google

ingly. All cruelty is detestable. I would not willingly hurt an insect. The Turks scrupulously pick up and put away any torn paper fragments, in case the name of the Most High should be thereon. Should not we Christians be careful not to injure, wantonly and uselessly, that on which we know the Creative finger of the Great Maker of all has been? All cruelty, I repeat, is detestable and odious; but there is something a thousand-fold more hateful in such methodical, deliberate, cold-hearted cruelty as that exercised in the barbarous Spanish bull-fights, than in any merely thoughtless, unfeeling act. What a revolting idea it is, that man should sit, complacently, delightedly, to see tortured, for his *amusement*, the noblest, the most generous of all animals, —the horse. After a life of severe labour spent in the thankless service of that hard master, Man, —it is painful, indeed, to think that this should be the reward of that faithful, docile creature!

One of the favourite excuses of Spaniards is, that the horses sacrificed are worn-out animals, that they are only fit to be killed, and that they may as well die there as elsewhere. This is not quite true, in the first place; they are weak, wretched animals, I believe, generally, but not quite in such a state of decrepitude as they are thus represented to be. And if it were so, for what cause are the poor creatures, who have grown old, and feeble, and emaciated in working hard for man, to be destroyed by the most horrible, lingering, and dreadful of deaths? If the commonest humanity was shown, —if, when the unfortunate animals were desperately wounded, they were put out of their pain by a merciful blow, it would alter the case; but no! nothing of this sort is done. They are left avowedly

Digitized by Google

to perish piecemeal, after having been forced again and again, wounded, horribly torn and mangled, to totter onwards and face the savage, bellowing foe, who, mad with rage, visits them with all his furious wrath. Their deadly fear is well known, poor, unhappy creatures! and for this reason their eyes are bandaged. Still their instinct tells them what they have to expect; and they hear, too, the awful roar that heralds the approach of their fearful tormentor.

No country has so systematically brutal a sport. It is a shame and disgrace to Spain. That such a detestably monstrous diversion should continue to flourish in this gallant land seems incredible. In almost all civilised nations, now, there are laws against cruelty to animals. France, at one time, was rather remiss, and apt to offend in this respect; but France is now redeeming her character. A law has been lately enacted of this nature; and I was glad to see, not long since, that a carter had been severely fined twice for ill-using a horse, as the following extract will show:—"The police of Paris are beginning to carry into effect the bill for preventing cruelty to animals, brought before the Legislative Assembly by General de Grammont. A coachman in the service of M. Delacour, of Belville, was sentenced on Saturday to imprisonment for one day, and to pay a fine of six francs, for having brutally kicked one of his master's horses. A dustman, living at Vaugirard, was fined seventy-two francs for having struck his horse on the head and legs; and again to eleven francs and imprisonment for three days, for having struck the same horse on the ear with a stone. The servant of the above was fined six francs for having struck

Digitized by Google

the same horse with the handle of his whip." A most useful law it must always prove, teaching the impetuous and the brutal to restrain and, by degrees, doubtless, to master and bring into subjection their impulses of rage and irritability.

Gradually, what reformation in the popular character must this effect, as regards natural brutality and want of self-control.

I was glad, indeed, to read, in an account written by a correspondent of "The Times," and published in that world-renowned journal, some time ago, that at Bayonne, where some bull-fights had been recently got up, the introduction of horses into the spectacle was expressly forbidden. I consider the account is so interesting, especially as showing how amusing and exciting a "Corrida" may be made, *without* the hideous horrors consequent on the introduction of helpless, devoted, blind-folded horses into the arena, that I will venture to present it to the reader. After some preliminary observations and descriptions, and the announcement of the arrival of a regular "*cuadrilla,*" (troop of professional bull-fighters,) this feeling, sensible writer thus proceeds:—

"There was, however, one capital omission, but which was previously acquiesced in by all—except the Spanish portion of the spectators, namely, that of the horses with the *picadores,* or lancemen. This, to all who have not become hardened by the frequent sight of the tortures to which the blindfolded and helpless horse is subjected from the enraged bull, is the most disgusting part of the spectacle; for so much confidence is reposed in the skill and agility of the human actors in the drama, and accidents to them are of such comparatively rare

Digitized by Google

occurrence, that the nerves of the unpractised are less disturbed on their account. The *horses*, therefore, and the *picadores* were *left out*, and the contest was, by common consent, left between the bull on one side, and the *chulos*, the *banderilleros*, and the *espada*, (this last the most important personage,) on the other. Seeing, however, the enthusiasm with which even this imperfect display has been received, it is more than probable, that in the event of a repetition it will, by degrees, assume nobler and more complete proportions, and in every respect rival the 'Corridas' of the larger provincial towns of Spain, where permanent amphitheatres are found.

"The spectacle that was presented on Sunday last, on the banks of the Adour and the Nive, was of the most motley and picturesque description. The earlier part of the day was cloudy and wet, with an appearance of continued bad weather; and not until near mid-day—the sport was to begin at three o'clock—were the fears of the lovers of the sport dissipated. At that hour the wind fell, the rain ceased, &c. . . . . The small steamer that plies on the Adour between Bayonne and Dax" (the Corrida took place in the little town of St. Esprit, "which, though belonging to another department, and separated by the Adour," is in reality but a faubourg of its more important neighbour, Bayonne,) "ascended and descended the river with unwonted rapidity, and arrived laden with passengers from every town, hamlet, and nook for miles along its banks. The Basque mountains, from St. Jean Pied de Port, Sarre, and Ainhoa, down to Cambo and the Pas de Roland, on the French side, and from Pampeluna down to Tolosa,

Digitized by Google

San Sebastian, Irun, and Fontarabia, on the Spanish side, sent down their populations to swell the throng.

"The dress of the neat-limbed, clean, and swarthy Basque, with the well-known *berret*, crimson sash, and velvet jacket, thrown on the left shoulder in Hussar-fashion, contrasted with the less picturesque but more fashionable costume of the provincial dandy, habited according to the latest Parisian mode; the graceful and *espiègle* grisette of Bayonne, — for in all France, including its capital, nothing can be found more graceful than the Bayonne grisette,—with the small kerchief of white, yellow, or red silk, coquettishly worn on the back of the head, and contrasting with the raven tresses it is not placed there to conceal; the shawl of white silk or of pure '*tulle*,' white as the driven snow, and light as gossamer, the slender gold chain encircling the throat; the neat silk gown, selected with the most careful regard to complexion,—all contrasted with the richer but less graceful toilette, copied from the latest number of the 'Journal des Demoiselles.'

"All who came from a distance were furnished with provisions for the day, and there was scarcely a grisette who had not her tiny basket, containing her simple repast, which consisted of a small loaf of white bread, a few apples, a luscious peach, or a bunch or two of grapes for the mid-day repast, which, with characteristic generosity, she was ready to share with her less fortunate acquaintances, male or female.

"The interest excited by the unusual spectacle of a Spanish bull-fight, *secundum artem*, on French ground, did not fail to attract bands of those gay

Digitized by Google

merry vagrants who divert the gaping crowds at fairs and markets. In various parts, contiguous to the great centre of interest, booths were established, where mountebanks of all sorts and sizes exhibited the most curious costumes, and employed the most grotesque means to console that part of the floating crowd who were unable to gain admission to the amphitheatre; or, perhaps, to tempt them to deviate from their more legitimate destination,—and all at the small cost of two sous, which, it was repeatedly and earnestly announced, were not to be paid until after the performance. The war of rivalry carried on, yet only in words and gestures, between these supplemental establishments, was as amusing as any part of the performance; and if the dexterity exhibited within the canvass enclosures was superior to what was shown gratis to the public outside, the price was not exorbitant. . . . . .

"In the meantime all was life and animation in the amphitheatre, where the sport of the day was to take place. The structure had been raised with the greatest attention to solidity, and the day previous to the bull-fight every part of it had been carefully examined by a party of military engineers. On the whole, and taking everything into consideration, it presented no mean imitation of the more imposing amphitheatres of the neighbouring country: its form was, of course, circular, and the benches, which rose gradually behind each other, were made to contain about six thousand persons. A tribune of honour was raised in the most convenient part for the civil and military authorities and their families, and was adorned with crimson hangings; the space underneath was set apart for the orchestra. An ample awning sheltered from the rays of the

Digitized by Google

sun those who occupied the first places. There were four places of entrance, which were all from the outside, by means of staircases,—one side for those who entered, the other for those who went out. The French and Spanish colours hung over the principal tribune, and the flags of many nations floated from lofty poles, placed at short and equal distances all round the structure, and imparted additional animation to the whole. An orchestra, half military and half civilian, played French and Spanish airs alternately before the performance, and during the intervals between the disappearance of one bull and the appearance of another; and to amuse the multitude still more, a clown, engaged probably from one of the neighbouring booths, performed in the arena the most extraordinary antics.

"This new feature, however, was rather distasteful to the Spanish section of the spectators, who, no doubt, thought the exhibition of such buffoonery was unbecoming in what they consider the more serious dignity of a '*corrida*.'

"Three o'clock was the hour announced for the opening of the bull-fight, and as that hour approached expectation rose to the highest point, and nowhere more than among those who were established in what I presume may be considered the more elegant and fashionable part of the amphitheatre. Many of the ladies had come provided with scent-bottles and eau de Cologne, in case their nerves failed them; but, notwithstanding these indications of delicacy, it was remarked, at a later period, that not the least enthusiastic approbation of the dexterity of the *chulos* proceeded from that side.

Digitized by Google

"At a quarter before three o'clock an omnibus arrived, conveying the bull-fighters, with the *matador*, or, more technically, '*espada*,' at their head, dressed in that costume with which all who have seen Figaro in the 'Barber of Seville' are so familiar. No two, however, had the same colours, the same embroidery, or other ornament, though the fashion was identical.

"At three o'clock all was ready, and the bull-fighters entered in files of two; each, with his mantle on his left arm, advanced in front of the tribune, where the mayor was seated, and, uncovering, bowed gracefully, and in the usual terms asked permission to commence the sport. The functionary responded with equal courtesy, and granted the permission requested. Another person, dressed in the costume of a Spanish *alguazil*, then traversed the arena, and prayed the mayor to deliver to him the key of the stall where the bulls were kept. The key, bound with tri-coloured ribbon, was thrown over the double barrier that separated the arena from the amphitheatre. The *espada* made a last inspection, and saw that nothing which could cause an impediment to the movements of himself and his companions lay on the ground, and then, all having taken their places, gave the signal for the den to be opened. It was thrown open, and a well-shaped, clean-limbed, fiery young bull, of Navarrese breed, and two years old, leaped with one bound into the arena, amid the shouts of the spectators. He was allowed to make the circuit of the place two or three times, and, tossing up his head, and gazing with an eye of fire on the assemblage by which he was surrounded, made his first rush at the nearest *chulo*.

Digitized by Google

"Bull-fights have been so often and so graphically described that it would be superfluous to give details of a sport which must be familiar to most people. Eighteen bulls—some excellent, though small in size, and young—were selected for the three days' sport, in the equal proportion of six per day. Of the six, two, however, only were to be killed on the ground. The whole of the *chulos* performed their part well; one in particular, an Alavese, named Egana, planted his *banderillas*, or darts, whether *de fuego* or otherwise, in excellent style, and generally with admirable accuracy; and the *espada*, or *matador*, killed his first bull, in what amateurs would consider the most artistic style—the animal falling at the first thrust of the sword, as if struck by a thunder-bolt. They were both applauded enthusiastically.

"The admiration expressed on the first day for the *matador*, whose name is Manuel Perez, *alias El Relojero*, (when a bull-fighter attains the rank of *matador* he has an addition to his name, taken from some previous calling, or from the place of his birth,) was such, that bundles of cigars, bottles of wine, some of champagne, garlands of flowers, and other gifts, were thrown to him; and hats, caps, *berrets*, and even canes and umbrellas, were thrown into the arena, in proof of the satisfaction he afforded; and a Spanish gold piece, of sixteen dollars, flung into his cap, testified the sincere approbation of some more wealthy amateur. The same scene was repeated on the following day, though the bulls were not so good.

"Yesterday, the last day, was a little varied. While the fourth bull was still in the arena, the same buffoon, who, as I have already said, amused

Digitized by Google

the spectators with dancing and tumbling during the *entr'actes*, introduced an empty cask into the area, and proceeded to annoy the bull in his own peculiar fashion. The chief of the bull-fighters directed two of his men to turn the mountebank and his cask out of the place. This novelty must have been presented, however, with the previous consent or approbation of the authorities, for the bull-fighters were obliged to desist, notwithstanding the angry remonstrances it gave rise to on all sides, but most of all among the Spaniards, who appeared astonished and indignant. The bull-fighters marked their sense of what they considered as a degradation, by wrapping their cloaks around them, and remaining completely passive and apart, while the loud applause of their countrymen testified approval. The mountebank remained alone, and face to face with the angry brute," (he showed real bravery, wholly unarmed, and unaccustomed, too, to the situation,) "who gazed at his dress, so different, in its grotesque uncouthness, from the graceful costume of his more legitimate and more worthy antagonists. The bull advanced, and the mountebank took his post behind the cask, which he had placed on one end, so that the animal could only catch a glimpse of his face, which was painted and tattooed in the most extraordinary fashion. It looked at its new tormentor with something like contemptuous indifference, and glanced upwards to the mayor's tribune, as if to demand why insult was added to cruelty. The worthy functionary shook his head, but gave no reply. The bull slowly advanced, and made a push with his horns at the cask, which was instantly upset; he seemed ready to bound over it, and to impale his foe on his horns,

Digitized by Google

but actually recoiled, as if in dismay, at the indescribable grimaces and contortions of his foe, who, creeping from behind his frail barricade, fell in front of the animal, put his face between his legs, and grinning in the most horrible manner, positively kept the noble brute, furious and frightened as he was, at bay for some minutes. This audacious feat reconciled even the grave Spaniards to the buffoonery, and none laughed more heartily than the bull-fighters themselves. After a few moments the bull advanced; but to again place the cask on one end, and himself behind it, was for the Frenchman the work of an instant, and while the bull was looking about for his antagonist, the supple *saltimbanque* was seen sitting at his ease on the top of the cask, and coaxing him with the most flattering epithets, or defying him with the most hideous grimaces, to render the distance between them shorter. The pantomime lasted some time, when the buffoon descended from his exalted position, and the moment he set his foot on the ground the bull rushed forward. The mountebank slipped aside with an agility the most practised bull-fighters might have envied, though it was against all the rules of the *tauromaquia*, and, catching hold of one horn, leaped lightly over him. The bull followed, and for some moments the spectators thought it was impossible for the poor mountebank to escape, encumbered as he was with the long skirts of his coat, and his loose trousers. Escape he did, however, and in excellent style; the bull bent his head, and the next moment he beheld his provoking foe sitting cross-legged on the top of the inner barrier, and coolly smoking a cigar. How he got there, and how he lighted his cigar, no one but

Digitized by Google

himself could tell. Courage of any kind generally commands respect, or excites sympathy, and though the interference of the Frenchman with the legitimate sports of the day had been received at first with reprobation, yet the audacity and wonderful agility of the poor buffoon, *unarmed, unprotected,* and *unaccustomed* as he must have been to such exercises, roused the more generous feelings of the assemblage, and overcame professional and national prejudices, and his last exploit was followed by thunders of applause. The greatest proof of the triumph he obtained was that several Spaniards warmly shook him by the hand" (but put nothing into it, I am afraid; neither do we hear of canes and champagne, bonnets and bottles, cigars and wide-awakes, flowers and umbrellas, &c., being thrown to this really intrepid, and wondrously cool and collected man; yet he beats them all in real, sheer bravery,—in a courage not springing from the mere hardihood of habit—of long-accustomed practice and the consciousness of knowing exactly the right thing to do at the right moment, and of having by heart all the various resources of a finished art,—but an innate, noble daring. We must never forget, too, that, besides this, *the regular practitioners* have their companions ever watching and ready to assist, in case of any accident and grievous extent of danger. However, I rejoice that they paid a slight tribute to the genuine valour and prowess of the dauntless tumbler). " The third and sixth bulls were those that were killed yesterday, and, at the particular request of the assemblage, became the property of the *matador.*"

Thus finishes the account of the spectacle of the bull-fight, as imported, with its most hateful,

Digitized by Google

loathsome, and savage features carefully left out. Honour to the French for the good and manly feeling they showed on the occasion! Whatever there might be reprehensible in the allowing the poor mountebank voluntarily to expose his life as he did, the responsibility in no way rested with the people,—they knew nothing of the intended exhibition, and sought to stay it at the commencement. But the man himself seemed obstinately bent on carrying through the performance. The probability appears to be, that this active, adroit clown, having a most thorough confidence in his own wonderful alacrity and powers, and not in the least intimidated or dismayed by the prospect of meeting that terrible and vigorous enemy he was about to oppose, persuaded those who accorded leave for him to appear, that there was no peril in the attempt, or, at any rate, that there was only a very trifling risk attendant on the exhibition; and the sequel showed he was partly correct in his anticipations, and had not overrated his extraordinary dexterity and capabilities. The observations with which the previously-quoted pleasant and graphic account closes are so true and spirited, that I will not deprive the reader of the gratification of perusing them:—

"It is true that much of what constitutes for Spaniards, and those who are accustomed to witness the national pastime, an additional attraction, was wanting. The grisette, all *espiègle* and charming as she is, could not, for a Spaniard, supply the want of the inimitable *Manola* of Madrid—the delight and the glory of the *torero*—with her mantilla and high comb, and her white or red rose peeping out of her hair, that is darker than a raven's wing;

Digitized by Google

the fan, which no female hand can flirt but that of a Spanish woman; the haughty glance from eyes that dart fire; and the fierce fondness of her gaze on her favourite *chulo* in the plaza, and which defies any one to hiss, or otherwise insult him, — the *Manola*, who thinks herself the equal of any woman on the face of the earth, save and except the Queen of Spain! Neither had you the calesa of the form and fashion of the days of Philip V., in which the said *Manola*—the Semiramis of the Plaza de Toros—is seated, prouder than the highest grandee in Spain. And where shall you find a servitor so obsequious as the *calesero*, who has the honour to drive to the *corrida* the robust beauties of the Calle de Toledo, and who bends his knee to the earth for the fair creature to ascend to her seat? All these things are wanting, and many more; but under all the circumstances, the *corridas* of the last three days in St. Esprit were very fair, and may be rendered still more exciting, and still more worthy the approval of amateurs on the next occasion. *Au reste*, the utmost order was maintained throughout. Sentinels were placed in all directions . . . . patrols of three or four men moved constantly about; a dozen or so of *gendarmes* were stationed here and there, and a squad of *sergens de ville* were in attendance." . . . . These remarks terminate thus: "It is stated that the official report to the government is rather against the introduction of bull-fights into the south of France, on the ground of danger to the public tranquillity, from an over-excitement of the popular feeling."

Before quitting the subject of the Bayonne, or St. Esprit, bull-fight, I must once more refer to the poor buffoon, whose marvellous intrepidity and

Digitized by Google

audacity were even the admiration of the Spanish section of the assemblage. To estimate properly how very much superior was his cool courage to the boasted valour of the *picadores*, it is only necessary to bear in mind that these men have thick plates of armour encasing their legs—where it is most likely the bull would hit them, and that the *chulos* are always near at hand, to divert the attention of the enraged brute from their comrades. When the really dauntless mountebank was in imminent danger at St. Esprit, by the way, none of these worthies seemed to have wagged a finger to aid him in escaping from the vengeance of the so oft-foiled and doubly-infuriated bull. No! their arms folded, it appears, while he was in the greatest peril, they were coolly and contemptuously criticising and contemning this truly brave man's performance, till extraordinary success, and the most astonishing nerve and boldness, extorted from them the applause they would willingly have withheld.

Another circumstance to be remembered is, that these *picadores* contrive so, that their unfortunate horses, far more than themselves, are exposed to the fierce attacks of the animal. In short, the compulsory hero of the scene is the horse; he breasts the whole of the tauricornous tempest. The *picador* almost always manages to escape the thrust; at least, with all the advantages he has, he ought to be able to do so, if not a miserable bungler, or careless (as from long custom and constant habit we see in England our railway labourers become). When any real danger threatens, the hapless horse generally becomes his screen and barricade; and no suggestions or promptings of

Digitized by Google

common humanity lead to the practice of covering the wretched animals with some species of defensive armour, however slight.

I did not go to a bull-fight while I was in Mexico, but I heard from one of my countrymen who did, that the horses there are well protected by a strong sort of housings, either of leather or metal, and that not one was injured in any of the *corridas* he saw. How easy and simple this arrangement, if they must have horses in the arena! I am thoroughly persuaded, from all I hear from every bull-fight-goer, that the *picadores* in Spain, on the whole, take most particular good care of themselves; and if every now and then they do meet with serious or fatal accidents (and by the way, to judge by accounts given by Spaniards themselves, disasters to one or other of those engaged in the arena take place oftener than we have any idea of), it is chiefly to be attributed to clumsiness on their part, or want of the real, calm dauntlessness which the Bayonne buffoon so strikingly exhibited. The *matador* is, no doubt, the most fairly and honestly exposed, and though armed with his sword, athirst for the bloody honours that are so soon to gild its blade, that functionary has, decidedly, some risk to run. No poor horse's bare, unprotected body invites the furious attack of the roaring, raging, tormented brute, or gluts his wild desire for revenge, when every obstacle at last seems overthrown before him. All the skill, all the real courage and presence of mind (except as sometimes exhibited by the *chulos*) centres in the *espada*.

The poor mountebank of Bayonne beats into fits all the *picadores* that ever forced their noble but unhappy horses to face an infuriated bull, with

Digitized by Google

their own limbs most carefully bandaged, and wrapped and enveloped in as many folds and coverings as an Egyptian mummy boasts withal,—only theirs are of metal. But to the *matador* some praise for valour must be awarded. Among the most select and best-bred *toros*, the address, cunning, and resources shown are often wonderful; it is said that sometimes to so remarkable and surprising a degree is the possession of shrewd intelligence carried in these wild creatures, as to bring them almost to a par with their human, not humane, tormentors.

A famous *espada* of this city, Pepehillo, Seville's darling and delight, lost his life in consequence of the extraordinary cunning of his brute-adversary. The animal was a Ronda bull, of a famous breed, and full of savage ferocity and ardour, with the accompaniment of almost human duplicity and treachery.

This mighty and wily animal, having received the blow intended for his "*coup-de-grace*," actually simulated death before he was really dead! And so capitally did the huge actor perform his part (though well might the poor spectator, had he known what was to happen, have begged him, like the over-anxious and interested spectator in the "Critic," to "die over again," and a little more to the purpose, too) that all were taken in, and none more thoroughly than the ill-fated Pepehillo himself, who was destined to pay severely for his credulity and want of penetration; for the fierce and revengeful animal, collecting all his remaining energies, though weltering in his blood, made a sudden and vehement attack on the then defenceless and unsuspecting *espada*, and transfixed him with a

Digitized by Google

terrible and fatal thrust. The latter had called to his attendants and subordinates,—at a distance,—for their poniards, in order to dispatch the animal, if he lingered; yet he had taken them not, for, on observing the bull, he felt thoroughly convinced the wound he had dealt him with his good sword was mortal,—and, indeed, there lay the animal before him, which such a short time ago had been struggling in agony, passive, perfectly still, breathless, and apparently stone-dead. Then it was he suddenly sprang from the crimsoned sands, as if rage and hate had electrified his so lately stark, stiff form with fresh and fiercer vitality, and rushing at the unprepared *matador*, hurled him with deadly shock to the ground; at the same time, the huge animal himself fell thundering down to the earth, a helpless, motionless mass of breathless clay! His victim perished not so soon; but after wavering between life and death for a time, he breathed his last.

The lashing hero of this tragic tale had, on that very day, enchanted the concourse assembled in the bull-ring by his surprising feats, his courageous prowess, his bounding rapidity and agility, his dauntless defiance of all and every foe. Ten wretched horses had expired, or been utterly disabled, beneath his murderous horns. He scattered the *chulos* like chaff before the wind; the *picadores* had to resort to various stratagems, to save them from sharing the fate of their poor steeds. It was after all these deeds of note, and exploits of fiery valour and horned heroism, that this boast of Ronda, and wonder of Seville, finished his memorable career, truly showing himself as astute a "*diplomate*," and as consummate an actor, as that

Digitized by Google

cunning deceiver, Man, and rivalling in this line his own glory as a fearless warrior and a formidable champion. He died; but in the last struggle of death itself he avenged himself.

One of the disgusting features of these most brutal of all public amusements is the utter want of fair play to every one of the animals concerned in it, except the greatest brute of all,—the biped one. The bull must die, it is part of his vocation on that day; it is his peculiar parting bow to the audience,—no matter the pleasure, the delight, the intense gratification he may have afforded the vast assemblage; no matter the almost super-bovine energy, resolution, ardour, and vigour he has displayed, death must be his only reward. Nay! if he has, indeed, exhibited a perfectly amazing amount of noble audacity, a strikingly grand defiance and disdain of his formidable and well-prepared foes, a truly magnificent furor of rage, and lofty scorn of pain, so as to enrapture the whole concourse, and if he has again and again returned to the charge, confronting his enemies at every point, baffled oft, sore beset, stung with their sharp weapons, maddened by their ingenious devices and manifold torments, and in every way contributed to cause the keenest enjoyment to the gathered thousands looking on—what is the result? why, this!—That those magnanimous and generous thousands are all the more wildly anxious to see him die!—there is a vastly increased curiosity to behold how he will conduct himself in the last closing scene;—in a perfect transport of generosity and of sympathy, they desire to attend at his execution and agony,—to count all his last pangs and struggles, and on no account whatever to let him ignominiously escape;

Digitized by Google

that would be mean and ignoble indeed, and—deprive them of fun and amusement. Seriously, no kindly impulse of charity, pity, or gratitude for the delight they have experienced, and the interest he has excited, thrills their bosoms.

And yet I beg pardon of the bull-fight goers.

I remember *one* case that I heard of,—one single, solitary instance in which the better feeling triumphed. A bull of the most undoubted courage and high breeding was at Madrid confronted with a tiger, and conquered him. Señorito (the name of the bull) was lauded to the skies, applauded to the echo, and actually not sent to the shades, not butchered, as a guerdon for the pleasure he had afforded! It was partly the Españolismo, I fancy, that saved the gallant Señorito's life; for the tiger was a foreigner, and for an outlandish tiger to beat a Spanish bull, would have been a kind of national degradation, which they shuddered to think of. They were proportionately charmed at his victory. After all, it must be confessed, from what I heard of the singular encounter, Señorito displayed great courage and spirit.

The tiger was hardly, however, a *bona fide* tiger, as he had been tied up, cabined, cramped, and confined in some travelling or stationary menagerie. The consequence of this was, that when the venturesome brute made his spring at his fearless and fiery adversary, the want of exercise had so much diminished the power of his thews and sinews, that they did not second his efforts, and with the best intentions to do poor Señorito a mortal mischief, he did him none, but himself much; for he actually fell, after his bound, half-impaled on the horns of his foe. Taking the bull by the horns,

Digitized by Google

thus by his own chest and side, was unpleasant for the unfortunate tiger,—in this manner saving his bellowing enemy the trouble of charging, and apparently coming to be killed, like "Mrs. Bond's Dilly-dilly-ducks," with singular promptitude. However that was, the tiger failed, the bull succeeded; the four-footed foreigner died; the four-footed native lived. Yes! and continued to live! It must have been very much to his own astonishment and almost consternation, (if he knew anything of the previous history of bull-fights,) after having lashed and tossed in a tauromachical amphitheatre, to find himself alive, and lashing, and tossing (if he chose it) still!

Charles the Third, one of Spain's best kings, earnestly tried to check and ultimately to eradicate this evil,—for with all its glitter and false excitement, and real barbarity, brutality, and atrocity, I can look upon it as nothing else than a positive evil,—and, in fact, he succeeded. The public had become habituated to doing without this hateful diversion, and its unnecessary revival was as absurd as reprehensible. Charles the Third, very much to his credit, had a horror of these debasing, bloodthirsty, abominable sports.

Florida Blanca, his minister, agreed with his royal master, either from policy or conviction, and they sought gently and gradually to wean the people from what the monarch so justly considered a lowering and a vitiated taste. They commenced, as I observed, gradually; first reducing the number of the odious spectacles, then taking from them all that adorned them and constituted their chief charm. This sensible mode of procedure naturally produced the desired result; and as attraction after attraction was lopped away from the spectacle, the

Digitized by Google

people by degrees became sickened of it; and bull-fights would never again have been in the ascendant in Spain, nor would they ever have been revived, had not Charles the Third's less worthy successor formally re-established them, with all their gaudy attractions.

Nothing, I should think, can be more demoralising to a people, nothing teach them more sedulously, and in a more masterly manner, all a government should most anxiously wish a people *not* to learn,—ferocity, violence, the savage joy of ungovernable excitement, the debasing love of blood and horror,—in fact, all that should be repressed and eradicated by every possible means, instead of fostered and encouraged.

It is positively unfair on the naturally noble feelings and disposition of Spaniards, to expose them to such dire temptations; as to the abomination itself, it becomes a legacy of brutality, transmitted from father to son, and it is looked upon as a kind of duty to admire it. What can one expect of the people, when from childhood they are taken to these loathsome spectacles, laughed at if they express disgust, and carefully initiated in the unspeakable cruelty and sanguinary ferocity, which are thus adorned with all that charms the senses, and bewilders and impresses the imagination,—patronised, too, as these vile, unseemly, exhibitions are, by the highest and best-educated in the land (or those who ought to be so); made, in fine, the national festivals, which to disparage or dislike is looked upon as unpatriotic, affected, and absurd?

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XVII.

THAT there are many, very many, Spaniards who, in spite of all the allurements that surround the bull-fight, all the pomp that bedecks it, and all the excitement that attends it, entertain a deep-rooted aversion for the sport, avoid it, and utterly condemn it, I am well aware. But, so long as it is held up and patronised, as, unfortunately, it is, I feel there is little hope of these just and merciful sentiments extending far and wide. Those Spaniards who defend it, tell us generally, among other things, that the bull-fight is not more cruel than the English sports patronised by the highest in the land, usually commencing their list with prize-fighting.

Talking with sensible and cultivated Spaniards, I have asked them whether they thought really that our Queen, in full pomp and state, and the highest duchesses of the land, and the *élite* of our female nobility and aristocracy, attended these revolting exhibitions (as is the case with the bull-fights in Spain); whether they imagined, indeed, that any gentlewoman, or respectable woman of any class, was ever, by any chance, present at these spectacles?—they "did not exactly know,"—they evidently *had* imagined it! Perhaps they believed the fair dames, in their enthusiastic ardour, are sometimes induced to have a little amateur boxing-match of their own!

Digitized by Google

Fancy our Queen and her court, and all the "rank and fashion" of mighty London, passing straight, perhaps, from an innocent flower-show, or some refined and exquisite morning concert, to assemble at the "ring," (of course, imposing, they conceive, and grand in its way, as *their* ring!) in order to see some "pet," or "chicken," or whatever they are called, sparring against some other "chicken" or "pet," with their subordinates, their attendant "bottle-holders," decked out, doubtless, in splendid court-suits, brilliant and dazzling as the *banderilleros* and the inferior *toreros* are, in the arenas of Spain's own magnificent amphitheatres! Imagine the lovely Duchess of M—— and the captivating Lady C——, habited in a dress expressly devoted to these réunions of the "fancy,"—of course held in magnificent amphitheatres, too,—as the "bellas Duquesas" and "encantadoras Condesas" are to be seen, apparelled as *majas* in their splendid *palcos* at Madrid or Seville!

Horse-racing is another sport they are fond of introducing, as equally chargeable with inhumanity, equally reprehensible, in point of barbarity, with the bull-fight! This accusation is almost as utterly ridiculous as the last. However, they have more excuse in one particular, for this retort, as ladies *do* attend these sports, though they do *not* appear dressed up as female "jockeys" for the occasion. The Spaniards, mayhap, think they do;—I do not mean entirely in the Bloomer style; but with the small cap of some glaring, staring, striking colour—say scarlet, and the whip, the spur, and the boot;—the silken or satin bodice, perhaps, of one bright colour—(yellow, let us suppose,) and the sleeves another—(green, maybe, or crimson-and-orange

Digitized by Google

stripes,)—to show how thoroughly they enter into the sport, not content with merely looking on!

Then, as to the comparative cruelty of the two sports. Heavens! "look on this picture and on that." That occasionally punishment, more or less severe, takes place is true, but for a brief space of time, and nothing, of course, is permitted that can be of any permanent injury or suffering to the animal,—that petted, carefully-tended animal, who, the moment the race is over, is surrounded with every possible attention and care; soothed, smoothed, watched, cooled, led gently away, rubbed down, clothed up, camphire-juleped; — everything but killed with kindness and assiduous good offices! What mercy, what commonest pity, is ever shown in the Spanish amphitheatre to the bull and the yet-more-to-be-compassionated horse?

I have seen a race-horse, often and often, after the race, brought up to the carriage where the owner's wife or daughters were seated, fondled, petted, patted by their hands most tenderly, (while the noble creature, arching his neck, has seemed to understand their approval of his exertions, whether successful or otherwise,) and with every mark of kindness showered upon him. I only mention this, however, to show the difference of the *feeling;* but, in short, it is simply ridiculous to compare the two diversions for a single instant. One thing I will say, *en passant,* that little real, decided cruelty as there is in English horse-racing, I believe there might be less, and without any deterioration of the sport,—on the contrary, indeed, for I think punishment often defeats its own end, and that many a race is lost by *swerving,*—fairly lost, in fact, from exceeding fear of the discipline, and positive ner-

Digitized by Google

vousness, which must actually diminish the ability of great exertion, however much the desire for it may be increased. Fear is a paralysing, weakening feeling; and it is no absurdity to talk of a horse being thus, for the time, debilitated and incapacitated for severer efforts by apprehension. Of course I am putting on one side any necessity there may occasionally be for urging on an idle or stubborn horse.

I distinctly remember the case of a capital race-horse, who, not many years ago, achieved some shining victories; but being, in consequence, (and unjustly and to excess,) heavily weighted on one important occasion, was most wrongly and injudiciously, as well as cruelly, subjected to severe punishment by his jockey; and in vain, too!—for the generous animal could not accomplish the task, which was evidently beyond his powers, and would have done it most likely if he could, without such heavy chastisement; (such is the eager spirit of emulation and rivalry excited in these gallant creatures.) Well! what was the consequence? On the next occasion of importance, fear, sheer fear, incapacitated the noble horse from doing his duty; he might be very likely of a somewhat more excitably nervous nature than most of his race,—of course, there are differences in the lower animals as well as in human beings,—but such was the case. The jockey declared, when he mounted, he felt the horse tremble, and his heart thumped and knocked violently. This jockey, probably a more sensible man than the former, felt convinced from that moment the horse *must* lose the race, and he did lose it; when there would have been every fair chance of success this time,

Digitized by Google

had he not too accurately remembered the discipline he had suffered from in the former struggle. The opinion of one, who was a good authority on such matters, was thus figuratively expressed (having reference to the former race): "The weight broke his back, the punishment broke his heart, and the horse was ruined."

But this is an exaggerated instance, and may be, indeed, a very rare circumstance,—or a totally exceptional case; and if I have dwelt slightly on it, it was the more to illustrate my own conviction, that all such pitiless severity is usually a complete mistake, and it is an unnecessary part of horse-racing. Cruelty and wrong may be unhappily introduced into any and every circumstance of life, without forming a necessary, perpetual, standing part of it, as in the case of the inhuman bull-fights. Cruelty may be shown to a favourite dog —to a child; it is the systematic, methodical, received, recognised brutality, that I condemn in these popular exhibitions. Yet I do not think that it proves that Spaniards are naturally a ferocious people; they are brave, and the brave are ordinarily "merciful." Let them think well, that cowardice and ferocity usually go together. They are, however, from their earliest years, habituated to these horrors, and they are hardened to them. The spectacles themselves have gradually become more and more disgusting; and the inhumanity that pervades them now has crept in by degrees.

Even under the Moors (from whom the Spaniards got their favourite *national* diversion), it was not nearly so repulsive and savage as it now is. Fine horsemanship constituted then one of the noblest, and certainly must have been one of the most inte-

Digitized by Google

resting, parts of the stirring show. This continued to be the case long after the expulsion of the Moors from Spain; but gradually the sport became deteriorated,—gradually in place of the noble, spirited chargers, who, swift as the wind, could wheel and turn, and execute rapid and brilliant manœuvres, were substituted miserable, worn-out skeletons, drafted from hired vehicles, discarded and sold by ungrateful masters, who think that thus they may make a little more money of them,—a better profit, than by continuing to work them. Even then, their naturally gallant spirits are often affectingly shown, though ill seconded by their tottering limbs, their enfeebled, slackened muscles, and their altogether weakened, wearied, and broken-down frames. An account of one of these spectacles (in "The Landscape Annual") mentions, that the "patience" of the poor, jaded coursers, and "their courage and docility under the most desperate and cruel circumstances, are truly astonishing."

I am very happy to see that a late author, Mr. Drummond Wolfe, mentions that he observed the horror exhibited by a Spanish woman at a bull-fight: "To counterbalance the brutality, I was delighted to see my fair neighbour shudder at the sight. Her feelings of disgust, I am happy to be able to state confidently, are universally shared in by the ladies of Spain, many of whom reprobate the entire spectacle, and all of whom agree with me, that this act, at least, might be dispensed with" (the horrible *picador* display): "the nation, however, at large think differently," &c. I, too, met with Spanish women who expressed themselves entirely averse to this most revolting part of the fight: many Spanish women, I believe, always avoid

Digitized by Google

it. I have been told by one or two, before I hinted my own opinion in any way (so that no considerations of civility led them to appear to agree with me), "I never go to the bull-fights; they are *too* horribly cruel; it makes me sick."

I heard but *of one* woman, indeed, not of the lowest order, who could gaze throughout on the hideous sight without a sigh or a shudder—without the uplifted fan, which is generally interposed between the female part of the assembly and the most revolting and awful details of the sanguinary conflict — and she was no true Spaniard, but a Gibraltar Jewess!

Yet, would that the more feeling ladies whom I have alluded to might learn to reflect, that while the timely interposition of the fan, or the embroidered handkerchief, saves their delicacy, preserves their equanimity, and prevents that shock to their nerves which would otherwise affect and discompose them, it alleviates not in the slightest particular one pang that the mutilated horses are suffering,—spares them no throb of agony,—hinders not the monstrous brutality of the unfeeling men, who are urging on dying, lacerated, agonising creatures, to exert themselves still in their service! Would that, instead of raising thus their fans, they would raise their sweet voices in behalf of humanity and mercy, and this shameful disgrace must surely be put an end to! Would even that the gentle and kindly among them—(and yet does not this include all, though custom, and the want of a little reflection, may make some exhibit less of this feminine delicacy than others)—could venture once to confront the sight of these appalling horrors from beginning to end! How earnestly I wish that they *would once*

Digitized by Google

thus gaze on this most sickening spectacle, and use their blessed influence — as woman's influence should ever be used—in the cause of pity and good feeling!

When Spaniards enter on the task of justification of the monstrosities of their beloved diversion, and compare it with other national sports, they do not confine themselves only to racing and prize-fighting—(when talking with the English): cock-fighting is also brought on the *tapis*. Again, I ask them if they think the Queen goes and takes the Princess Royal to witness the combats of the cock-pit? (the infant Princess of the Asturias, the heiress of the Spanish Crown, has already been carried to the bull-fight;) if they think it is even one of the fashionable, favourite diversions of our vast metropolis? for, of course, to compare them, there must be some similarity in the estimation in which a sport is held. They did not quite know that.

Never having been to such an exhibition, nor having read on the subject, I can give a very imperfect opinion of these combats; but at least, I suppose, and indeed feel sure, the principle of fair play is carried out, and one bird has an equal chance in every respect with the other; the rest must depend on his own skill, courage, and spirit. How different is the case of the helpless, unarmed, passive, docile horses, and the wild, powerful, raging bull, who, stung to frenzy by the ill-usage *he* has received, too, wreaks his vengeful fury on the innocent animals who bear his hated tormentors to the charge!

Driven from one point to another, there is nothing too absurd for a Spaniard to advance in

Digitized by Google

proof that his country is not behindhand or wanting in refinement and humanity, when compared to others. His arguments, however, are generally based on the degradation and faults of others, not on any virtues and distinguishing good qualities of a kindly nature of his own; and there is hardly anything too extravagant for him to believe of the shortcomings of other nations; and he eagerly fastens on any rumours that may tend to prove that their defects and gross imperfections of the same kind may be instanced as a set-off, and act as a foil to the immaculate Espãna.

Not only do the gallant *Caballeros* insinuate, or occasionally aver, that the British female aristocracy and gentry frequent the prize-ring, and the cock-pit (and *all* the most distinguished men of the country—that, of course !), but they are inclined to believe any English nobleman or gentleman may remove the diamond necklace from his fair wife's neck, quietly substitute for it the halter, and take her off in a carriage-and-four to Smithfield, to sell her in the open market; while this is a common and every-day affair with the working classes! So common with the latter, is it, in short, that according to these well-informed critics of English manners, Smithfield must be like the slave-bazaar in Constantinople, with a brisk trade in spouses going constantly forward, the price varying between half-a-crown and a threepenny pie and a pot of beer; this being diversified occasionally by the interesting fact of a rather long price being asked for a highly-accomplished young countess, or a beautiful marchioness of the highest *ton*.

One English sport, and one only, affords them

Digitized by Google

the least fair excuse, or real opportunity of comparing the two nations, as regards their predilections for particular diversions, and that is the steeple-chase. Yet how vast and wide the difference! In the first place, it is not a national sport; and, in the next place, though it has some features of cruelty and recklessness, with respect to animal life, how immense is the distance that separates bull-fight and steeple-chase cruelty; if the latter term can be properly applied at all, for the inhumanity there merely consists in exposing the animals to a great risk and severe exertion, while, however, it is always hoped and expected their high courage, strength, power, and admirable training, will carry them through successful and uninjured. The horses are valuable animals, strong and well-fed, and supposed to be thoroughly capable of performing the task required of them; the riders expose themselves to equal dangers with the steeds (rather unlike the padded, wadded, iron-booted, stuffed, swathed, quilted, enveloped *picadores*, "padded out to an enormous bulk,") and if accidents do occasionally occur, they *are* accidents, and there is no intentional, systematic course of cruelty—it is a much-regretted casualty; and if it should really result in the death of the horse, it is probably an exceedingly severe loss to the owner. Think how very few horses are killed in steeple-chases in all England in the year—probably some years none—and think of the large numbers that miserably perish annually in any amphitheatre-provided town in Spain; think, too, of the different manner in which the creatures are treated!

Without recapitulating here the dreadful details of cruelty in the amphitheatre, suffice it to say no

Digitized by Google

mercy is shown, whether the wound is mortal and the suffering beast left to die by inches, when utterly unable (but not till then) to stagger a step farther,—yes! left to die by inches, not put out of his pain mercifully,—or whether the hurt is *not* mortal, however hideous and torturing, and the sorely-gashed, afflicted creature is driven on again and again in his agony, shivering and feeble, to the frightful encounter. In the case of the hunter that is engaged in the steeple-chase, if an accident happens to him, all that mercy, kindness, skill, and wealth can do for him is done: veterinary surgeons attend him; his hurts are most carefully looked to; the groom and the helper do all they can to alleviate his sufferings; he is placed in his warm, comfortable stable; not allowed to work, or to exert himself in the least; gruel and dainty messes are prepared for him; kind hands caress him, and minister to all his wants and infirmities; well-known voices cheer and speak encouragingly to him; and the master's eye and presence add often to his well-being and comfort. If his wound and injury be of a mortal nature, what happens? As soon as possible the poor animal is *mercifully* put out of his pain, with all imaginable despatch and celerity; his struggles are cut short by the hand of compassion; and, instead of being left to linger on in dismal sufferings, his throat is skilfully cut, or he is shot.

Much more might be said to prove the immense discrepancy between the barbarity of the two sports. Was there but an attempt—the evidence of a wish to diminish, by some suitable methods, means, and appliances, the miseries and sufferings of the hapless animals engaged in the

Digitized by Google

corridas,—those who manage and those who attend them, would not be open to so much animadversion and censure; but there is not a symptom of the kind,—absolutely nothing is done to assuage their anguish,—everything to increase it: the only thing that affords the faintest indication of a desire to spare suffering is the conduct adopted in the case of the furious bull, who is not certainly so much to be pitied as the horses. Mad with rage, his blood on fire, his sufferings are palliated by the very violence of the frenzy of excitement he is in. And then he is a savage, ferocious animal. Besides, he is *sure* of death within a certain period, and he is not left, mangled and torn in a terrific manner,* to die by inches. Although not half so much to be compassionated as the other poor quadrupeds engaged, *his* last sufferings are, however, generally cut short by the knives or poniards of the underlings, who steal forward for that purpose, after the "*espada*" has dealt him the death-blow. I verily believe, though, if the truth were told, that this solitary act of mercy—this gracious deed of pity—is only done on account of saving time, and facilitating the exit of the condemned bull, whose place another "lord of the lowing herds" is about to take in the arena;—the discarded big plaything is dragged rapidly out of the ring, that it may not be in the way of the new big plaything, (in truth, the

* In a Spanish paper, you may read sometimes accounts of some wretched horse left by one bull half-dead, and "finished," as they tell you with various jocular witticisms, by another. Perhaps the pitiable animal has been shockingly mangled by the second bull, but not "finished" till the fourth or fifth comes on the stage. This may not be the case at Madrid, but in many a provincial circus, I fear, it frequently happens.

Digitized by Google

Spaniards dearly love breaking their poor toys to pieces!)—and this manœuvre could not, perhaps, be so brilliantly effected by the gaudily-trapped, galloping mules, if the huge *toro* was still struggling in the death-agonies.

I believe some few—*very* few—English writers there are, who have dishonourably distinguished themselves by affecting to excuse all the utterly inexcusable horrors of the amphitheatre. I never met with one who did this *viva voce*, I am happy to say! those who do so, are generally those who know little or nothing of sport, and who think it sounds fine and knowing to treat the torture of animals with contempt and levity; few, if any, real English sportsmen would do it: many of the latter have I heard talk of it, and in terms of the very severest reprobation. A cockney sportsman, perhaps, who has never been on the outside of a horse without exciting the unconcealed risibility of all the little urchins in the street, who earnestly invite him to take his seat within, instead, may think it gives him a knowing air to praise this matchlessly horrible display. Yet, no! I do not think even he could, in sober earnest; but a true English-hearted, thorough sportsman, who has ever a kindly feeling towards the most noble, useful, generous, and gallant of quadrupeds, would be, and is, the last man in the world, perhaps, to disgrace himself so much.

Fair play, in which the bull-ring is most singularly, lamentably, and peculiarly deficient, is the very life and soul of all English sports; and this contradistinguishing characteristic alone renders any comparison between them and the great sport of Spain futile. Another reason why travellers sometimes do not express quite honestly the feelings one

Digitized by Google

should expect them to do on the subject is, probably, that they do not wish to offend the Spaniards, if their effusions should ever chance to reach them. This I believe to be a mistaken notion.

There is so much that is really noble, high-minded, and generous, in a Spaniard's character, that I am persuaded he would rather respect a man than otherwise for openly stating what he conscientiously thought,—such, at least, I confess, is the opinion I have formed of them; and whether they deserve these high opinions of them or not, I cannot help it. I must tell the truth. I must speak what I think; and I only most fervently hope it may lead one or more, peradventure, to reflect for a moment on all the unnecessary brutalities and enormities I have unwillingly animadverted upon, and, perhaps, to try and persuade others to do the same; and that it may induce the English in Spain to show their real opinion of such barbarous villanies,—so that there may be a slight chance that, here and there, the good seed may be sown, and the monstrosities of these hateful combats seen in their true light by *some* few of the natives themselves. It is with this hope I venture to dwell so long on this loathsome topic.

In talking with persons on the subject, I have remarked, sometimes, how easily these disgusting accompaniments of the sport, that do such dishonour to the Plaza, might be avoided. Why might not the horses be protected by some species of mail or defensive armour, as in Mexico? and the answer, at last (but not till after a lengthened cross-examination, for the speakers were ashamed to confess this shocking truth), was, that the *people like the sight of these horrors!* This is, indeed, a

Digitized by Google

fearful and dreadful thought; but I exonerate the people; they are bred up to the unfeeling, soul-infecting sport; they are accustomed to see the Court, the grandees, the people of wealth, education, and respectability, frequent these *corridas*,—these stately knackers' yards, where the four-footed knacker is butchered too, himself,—and they follow in their wake. Many excuses, therefore, are to be made for *them*. That better feelings and principles may ere long guide them, I earnestly hope; and that hope is strengthened by the manly tone lately taken by some portion of the press in Madrid on the subject (that press, since the time I refer to, however, has been so gagged and stifled, I do not know if it dare say a word on any subject now that is not dictated to it). I forget what Madrid paper it appeared in, but I think the "Heraldo;" however the article was most strong, decided, and vehement. I cannot recall any *foreign* publication whatever that has dealt so unsparingly with the sport, and visited it with such sweeping condemnation. This Spanish writer declared it could only be exceeded, or equalled, in horror and disgust by the deadly combats, in old days, between man and the wild beasts of the forest, &c.; and it urged that these savage saturnalias should be given up, or, as a preparatory measure, greatly modified and altered; and then followed the most unqualified abuse of it. It stated that the number of human lives sacrificed was very far greater than was supposed; that the deaths which took place in the circus were constantly suppressed, when, of course, the victim was no well-known character,—in short, in this Madrid journal, it was painted in the very blackest colours, and pronounced "unworthy of

Digitized by Google

the age, unworthy of the country, unworthy of civilisation and of Christianity,"—and that is, indeed, about the truth.

When the Queen attends these spectacles, it must not be forgotten that the abominable details animadverted on are no longer allowed to appear, or are so changed and softened down, that they no more present such vile and repellent features. The steeds are said to be far better at these royal *corridas*—full of fire and vigour, and enabled thus to escape from their tremendous foe. I can only say, if this is indeed so, would that fair Queen Ysabel could see the exhibition as it is commonly shown, in all its naked horror! She is said by some to possess a noble and feeling heart; and, sure am I, if this is the truth, that she would never again countenance what is liable to be so outrageously abused—to degenerate into so foul, abhorrent, and unutterable a banquet of abominations. Her majesty has no unworthy example set her by her august predecessor, the good and beloved Charles the Third.

I have already mentioned that I have heard almost innumerable accounts of the shocking sights and inhumanities of a bull-fight; but to bear me out in the opinion I have formed of them, I will transcribe a few published statements, containing some of the minutiæ of these unequal, unfair conflicts, although to do this is a sad and sickening task; but I trust it may lead others to see them in the same light I do, and teach what unheard-of atrocities the defender of bull-fights attempts to gloss over, when he would fain justify the monstrous shows, pleading, in extenuation, either the gallant nature of the sport, or the imposing stir and anima-

Digitized by Google

tion of the scene, at the time this royal and pompous game is played.

The clever author of "Gazpacho," who certainly, without approving of these "relics of barbarism," judged them with very great indulgence, observes most truly, "On the whole, what is the moral effect of these spectacles? The masses, already predisposed, like their brethren of the East, to hold life cheap, are familiarised with the sight of blood; and this, I cannot doubt, *contributes to the frequency of assassinations.* The sight of a streaming wound, so far from chilling an Andaluz with horror, recalls the hours of intense enjoyment he has spent in the bull-ring. And since, as we have said, a selfish sense of security is a large ingredient in that draught of pleasure, a man is not likely to be thereby made more ready to expose himself to danger. So the *people* become neither the better nor the braver for these diversions."

This is, indeed, just and true. I will now insert a most dreadful account, (yet only one of thousands,) given by the American author of "A Year in Spain." It is a painful and a horrible task; but I am so anxious that these inhuman festivals of blood should be shown as they are, that I will incur the pain of recapitulating some portions of it, and of introducing it to my reader's notice, if he never met it, or recalling it, if he has. I will, however, in mercy to him and myself, only transcribe a part of it. After detailing numerous atrociously shocking scenes, he says,—"Meantime, the second *picador* raised his horse from the ground, reached the saddle with the assistance of a *chulo*, and commenced spurring the mangled beast around the arena. I felt more for this poor horse than I had

Digitized by Google

done for his hireling rider, when trampled beneath the feet of the bull. He was a beautifully-formed animal, once, doubtless, the pride of the *prado*, and fit to have borne a *Zegri* beneath the balcony of his mistress. He even yet showed a shadow of his former grace, and something of his former ardour; for, though his bowels were gushing from his side, and were at each instant torn and entangled by the spur of the *picador*, he still struggled to obey. In this sad condition, the poor horse made several times the circuit of the lists; his bowels, getting nearer and nearer to the ground, until they actually reached it, were drawn awhile over the dirt, and were at length trampled upon and torn asunder by his own hoofs. Even yet he continued to advance, and would, perhaps, have stood another attack, had not the audience, barbarous as it was, interceded in his favour. He was led staggering away, and as the gates closed upon him, we even lacked the poor satisfaction of knowing that his sufferings were at an end. . . . ."

It would be a sin not to have inserted this one solitary instance of a display of pity that I ever found recounted as being exhibited among the horrors of the Spanish bull-ring—it stands entirely by itself, as far as I have ever heard. After some other descriptions, the author says,—" By this time, the *picadores* were again mounted, and in the lists. The first horse was forced round, and overtaken in his flight, as before, and, being gored behind, fell back upon his rider. The *chulos*, with their cloaks, most opportunely diverted the attention of the bull, and the grooms hastened to raise the wounded horse and drag him out of the lists. The thigh-bone of the poor animal had been either broken or dislocated;

Digitized by Google

the leg being useless and dangling behind, he was forced away upon the three which remained to him. The fate of the next horse was sooner decided, and was even more shocking. He received a single and severe gore; the whole of his bowels at once gushed out; with an agonised moan, he commenced scratching them convulsively with his hoof, until they were completely entangled." And this is in the nineteenth century, in a Christian land! Thank Heaven, for abetting or assisting in a hundredth part of this deliberate, inconceivable barbarity, any man would be taken before the magistrates, in England, and well punished!* Rich and poor are amenable to the same laws; and thankful may every

* It is interesting to observe that, in the midst of the weighty concerns of the existing war, the interests of the brute creation are not forgotten in England. On June 24, 1854, the House of Commons resolved itself into a committee on the Cruelty to Animals Bill (respecting certain improvements and alterations in it). "Sir J. East said, that within the Metropolitan Police district dogs were prohibited to be used for the purposes of draught, and he therefore proposed a clause to prohibit their employment for the same purposes in any part of the country. . . . . The committee divided. . . . . The clause was then added to the bill." Thus the Imperial Legislature, at a period of almost unparalleled excitement and interest, found leisure to attend to the claims of humanity, and to devote some of their important time to a merciful consideration and care of those humble animals—dogs. A long debate on the subject also took place in the House of Lords. And it was, I think, last year that there was a very lengthened and animated discussion there (in which ex-Lord Chancellors, and renowned statesmen, and some of the most distinguished men of the day, took a very earnest and active part)—this discussion being on the subject of the dog's foot, with reference to the aforesaid Cruelty to Animals Bill, and an elaborately-argued controversy arose, I believe, as to whether the canine foot was or was not soft. Would that the Spanish Cortes would take example from this!

Digitized by Google

merciful heart indeed be that we *have* these excellent laws against cruelty to animals; for though such open, public, heinous, surpassing refinement of barbarity is entirely out of the question in England, yet the sudden outbreak of a violent temper, such as some possess, or the incitement of a pressing necessity accidentally arising, possibly might, and, alas! probably does occasionally, give rise to scenes of cruelty. Thank Heaven, again and again, that we have such laws to keep hot tempers in check, to remind all of the claims of mercy, and the holy injunctions of Scripture thereupon! I am happy to add, too, that not only in England are these blessed laws in operation; nearly every country in Europe, with the exception of Spain, has done its duty by following the same course.

I observed before, that Spaniards are generally aware of the feelings of disgust with which almost all foreigners regard these monstrous *corridas;* and when, sometimes, a writer, to flatter and fawn upon them, haply, pretends to approve of even the savage and frightful incidents of the scene, they see through this, and feel but contempt for the man who thus disguises his real sentiments. Or, perhaps, if believing the commendation unfeigned and unforced, a Spaniard has a secret sense of the truth, that prompts him to feel anything but admiration for a man who can see the dreadful sights, to which he knows *he* has become gradually accustomed, without shuddering disgust, and sickening aversion.

The case of M. Alexandre Dumas rather corroborates this. He carefully avoided finding fault with the unspeakable inhumanities of the murderous lists, describing details fearfully revolting,

Digitized by Google

that make the blood run cold, and the head turn giddy with horror, as one reads them—with an apparent gusto, that, for the sake of human nature, one must hope and believe is only feigned for the nonce. If he thought to please the Spaniards by this, (his book is translated into Spanish,) and to make up, by lauding and extolling their favourite diversion, for all the undeserved ridicule he casts upon them in many other parts of his book, and for his ingratitude for their generous hospitalities and courtesies, and the kind services they rendered to him, (when he visited Spain on the famous occasion of the "Spanish marriages,") he was woefully mistaken. They saw through the shallowness of this artifice, and it disarmed none of those who were justly irritated at the illiberal judgment he passed upon them, at his insolent sarcasms, unjust aspersions, and his real or pretended offensive misapprehensions of the Spanish character,—*so* unjust, indeed, are his exaggerated criticisms and calumnies, and unconscionable misrepresentations, that a foreigner feels almost as much indignation in reading them as a Spaniard himself might do.

It must be remembered, however, a little in M. Alexandre Dumas' justification, that the Spaniards and the French detest each other most cordially, and that strong national prejudice rendered him anything but an impartial observer. But, still, very unpardonable is the tone of sneering ridicule in his book, and the uncandid, unwarrantable statements in which it abounds; its very title was deeply offensive to all Spaniards—"España y Africa,"—insinuating, as they considered, not unnaturally, that the two were pretty closely allied. Indeed, in this book, or in some other, M. Dumas declared that

Digitized by Google

Africa began at the Pyrenees. "And, if it does," retorted some of the indignant Spaniards, "if there is anything of Africa at the Pyrenees, it is on the Northern side!—it comes round by the Marseilles route, from their own favourite Algiers, mayhap, and there it stops! . . . . . there is no Spanish Africa, and no African Spain." But the retort is, it must be owned, sufficiently far-fetched.

As to the question of this renowned land being part and parcel of the great continent alluded to, or no, for my part I think, decidedly, Africa exists in full blow and bloom in the bull-ring, and nowhere else, in Spain.

M. Alex^{dre} Dumas' work was received with a perfect burst of execration and anger. The press teemed with the bitterest satires upon it, with refutations of what were stigmatised as its malicious and infamous slanders, and furious attacks on his country and his countrymen. M. Guizot's assertion, too, that the instincts of Spaniards are brutal, was not forgotten; and, with almost rabid fury, they attacked, first the one, and then the other, and then the whole nation, which they seemed inclined to tackle collectively and individually, apparently overlooking the circumstance that they thus gave their enemies an opportunity of enjoying the reflection that their hard hits had told with terrible effect,—that their satirical remarks had stung the irascible Spaniard in the very pith and marrow of his pride and self-esteem, and that the empoisoned points of the deadly shafts rankled deep in the most vital part. The sons of Castile took their revenge, however, as impulse prompted them; and if the violence of abusive epithets—if the overwhelming vehemence of a maddened outburst of hate and

Digitized by Google

invectives—if the matchless fury of a savage onslaught of opprobrium—could console them for their wounded vanity and injured pride, they must be much comforted indeed.

Their splendidly-rich language helps them mightily when they wish to indulge in a bitter attack on those who have offended them, and like the dread cloud-artillery above, roll the resounding periods of their angry anti-French *tirades* and Philippics,—Louis-Philippics we may call them; for he and all his partisans generally came in for a very considerable share of their anger and contumely, their irony and their indignation. For instance, the *guardias civiles*, a body of armed police, (both rural and metropolitan, I believe,) whose introduction, however much needed, has been a *fait accompli* of late days only,—actually a modern improvement in Spain,*—and the establishment of which corps was disliked by the Spaniards, who consider them an imitation of the *gendarmes* of France (which they are), were nicknamed by them, "*Hijos de Luis-Felipe*,"—Sons of Louis-Philippe.

Put an end to those butchering bull-fights, and I think M. Guizot would soon find reason to reconsider his harsh verdict. As it is, old, savage instincts of barbarism, (existing more or less in all nations,) made a hundred-fold worse by usage, long habit, and the tendency of evil to become more evil, are fostered and kept alive here still, as the noblest sentiments of other peoples might be carefully cherished and nourished,—for example, the love of independence in America, of constitutional freedom in England, the thirst for glory in France, and other exalted feelings in divers nations; and,

* I am bound to say, however, there are many now.

Digitized by Google

certainly, of itself, this detestable feast of carnage is enough to extinguish all truly generous, heroic, and magnanimous sentiments, and more and more to conduce to the growth and development of the worst instincts and passions,—to lawlessness, selfishness, ferocity, and meanness.

It is a school for every vice and bad quality. The many-headed monster—the mob, nowhere is shown more uncontrollable and violent than in the Amphitheatre; the law there is the law of the multitude, and their law at that time, and in that place, is wholly and solely that of their own unbridled passions. Horrible excitements are provided for them, and on these they gorge themselves, till whatever there is of the wild beast in Man is called into full play. All that religion, education, principle, virtue, civilisation teaches, is trampled under foot; in fact, the barbarian is sedulously cultivated in him —he is, as it were, educated back into the savage! and if he has, on the other side of those gore-stained walls, any taught self-control, any instinctive kindly feelings, any loftier sense of man's dignity, any consciousness of his nobler state and mightier destiny, he steps back when he enters that accursed place two thousand years!

Assuredly, everywhere else, — in enlightened lands, at least,—the brute is sought to be not only stifled, but annihilated in man; here, it is assiduously nurtured, to be continually developed and strengthened in him, and as much zeal appears to be shown in thus diligently drawing it forth, as a natural philosopher might display in eliminating some sublime, abstruse, and important truth.

Every amphitheatre is a sort of Human Herculaneum or Pompeii. The incrustations of suc-

Digitized by Google

cessive ages of Civilisation are removed. You seem to have there before you the strange aspect of the long-buried, ancient, original state and condition of man. The whole savage starts before your eyes! Worse, in deed and in truth, than the exhibition of any rude Herculaneum, (wanting, it may be, in many refinements of modern growth,) is the display presented by this hideous moral excavation; a frightful scene, verily, is bared to view in this improvement-scraping-away, progress-stripping-off, Nature-undraping, *Morgue* of Humanity—of the Spirit and Mind of Man. Everything tending to smooth away ruggedness of disposition, to lend a grace and amenity to manners, to soften down asperities of character,—is ruthlessly torn aside, not a thread—not a shred left to veil the original rough-hewn mortal! nay, far worse than that is it, stained, too, as he is with acquired impurities, that need not time to plant them in that ready soil!

The spectacle is a particularly unlovely one, certainly. The poor drowned inmates of the real Morgue look fairer to the bodily eye, with any natural defects they may happen to possess displayed, and divested of every graceful adornment and drapery-fold—swollen and discoloured to boot, than do the natural character and disposition of man to the mental vision, denuded of every ennobling, adventitious acquisition, and with all the brutal tendencies and barbarous instincts fully exhibited and brought into the strong glare of day, that nearly nineteen hundred years of Christianity and progressive civilisation have tried to banish from them. I say, Christianity and civilisation, for I must ever look on the latter as most intimately connected with our

Digitized by Google

blessed religion. I do not, of course, mean the mere specious civilisation of outward manners and forms, and dress and habits, which Greek and Roman may have possessed, though they rejoiced not in chimney-pot hats and swallow-tailed coats, but the real civilisation of the heart and mind.

As to the innumerable persons who are actually engaged in this abominable business, (for it is made a sort of business here, and the most serious of all, too,) they are generally described as being hopelessly vile — woefully and wholly brutalised. Of course, there are many honourable exceptions,— we must be just.

One striking example may be presented, of a real generosity of feeling, and natural nobleness of mind;—the chief personage figuring in the anecdote is the celebrated *Espada*, Montes. We are told that, on one occasion, the Queen being present, her Majesty was so enchanted at his almost miraculous feats of skill, that she desired him to make any request he chose on the spot. Montes asked not to be made Prime Minister, or even Minister of Grace, or Justice, or Lord Great Chamberlain! No! On his knees, before the regal balcony, he made his reverential entreaty,—"Vouchsafe, mighty sovereign, to grant your royal forgiveness to one who is condemned to death, but who is innocent, as I most firmly believe; he is doomed to die ere the morrow's sun has sunken in the west." His request was complied with, and, when the tale was circulated, gifts of great worth were lavished on the generous hero of the circus.

These offerings, however, he carried at once to the family or the friends of the lately-condemned man, and said to them,—"Give him these from

Digitized by Google

me, and bid him reform, if he has sinned; and, if not, counsel him ever to remain innocent: he will not now err through the temptations of poverty." This is a lovely, but lonely, example, as far as I know, for even Spaniards, in general, tell me that nothing can exceed in coarse licentiousness and degradation the greater part of these professed bull-fighters.

Yet in spite of this noble conduct, and the extravagant popularity of Montes all over Spain, at Malaga on one occasion, when he offended the spectators by saving his own life from almost certain destruction, and not doing exactly what the sovereign mob chose, (who just then seemed to choose he should die) — he was hissed and reviled most ferociously, and might have been torn to pieces, probably, could the people have easily got at him. Hangman, robber, cut-throat, galley-slave, demon, and a thousand other worse terms, were showered on him! "Shoot him on the spot (*pasele por las armas*)!" "To the stake with him! to the dogs with him!" were the flattering cries the favourite heard.

Mr. Hoskins observes, in his interesting work: "I saw these heroes of the day afterwards go away in open carriages, with their mistresses, to end the day in festivities, and, it is said, in every kind of debauchery." I was shown a book, containing portraits of all the most remarkably-distinguished tauromachian celebrities of late days; the prints were well executed and admirably finished, and, I was told, in most instances, exceedingly like the originals. I never beheld so horrible a collection of countenances! the animal-like look—the expression of low ferocity was appalling and disgusting; such a

Digitized by Google

"Galaxy-gallery" of fiends I never saw—the features generally very coarse — the forehead narrow, base, and receding: the lowering, cowering, cunning, and inexpressibly savage air that breathed from them was quite frightful.

Every evil passion of human nature seemed rampant there, and stamped indelibly on the outer man; nay, hardly human they looked, as I have already delicately intimated! Besides the similarity I have lightly touched upon, they had really a great resemblance to very ugly bulls; most homely bulls indeed,—quite the plainest cattle it is possible for the imagination to conceive! If any such monsters were ever shown at Smithfield, it would be necessary to veil them, or the too frightful phiz would lose the prize.

The book which contained these beauties was a Spanish one, published at Madrid; and had it not been for that, and also that the portraits were so exceedingly well done, I might have thought they were a set of outrageous caricatures, perhaps designed by some prejudiced French artist, who saw the features of these sons of the hated Espagne in a most distorted point of view. However, it appeared it was all genuine Spanish, and no words can describe adequately the horrible objects most of the engravings presented.

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat"—who fights with beasts should be himself a beast; the first proposition may be controverted, but the second, I think, holds good; although I must confess that, in the case of the *matador*, it is the human skill and judgment that overcome the mighty strength of the brute; yet I cannot think that requires at all a high order of intellect; the

Digitized by Google

chief requisites are—long practice, habit, *sang-froid*, a careful study of the taurine temperament and character, cunning and shrewdness, promptitude, and a thorough knowledge of the "*métier*;" and of the rules laid down;—for almost every possible situation is anticipated, and almost every imaginable contingency and emergency provided for, in the various books relating to the subject.

Certainly, as I before hinted, it is no compliment to the bull, to say the portraits we have attempted to describe resemble him; they want his open, straightforward, honest, haughty look, and, positively, in many, the intellectual standard seems much lower! His tormentors may thank their light, supple limbs, and active, practised muscles, if they escape him,—and the proverbial safety of numbers.

Lord Carnarvon observes, in his excellent work, (in which he displays such great humanity and such eminent good feeling,)—"that much cruelty is practised at the bull-fights in Spain; but in South America, where the public mind is in a less healthy state, the barbarities inflicted at these public festivals are too revolting to be endured in the mother-country." What, then, must they be? However, I trust this is an error. I never visited an amphitheatre while I was in South America; but from all I heard, when there, and since, I am rather inclined to think Lord Carnarvon is mistaken, at least with regard to some of the countries of that continent. In Peru, for instance, I believe such outrageous abominations are not permitted. Another of the former colonies of Spain I have already mentioned as being honourably distinguished for not allowing such atrocities to be witnessed in her amphitheatres.

Digitized by Google

Thus, in short, it would really seem the case is entirely reversed, and that the foul, ferocious barbarities inflicted by monsters who disgrace the human shape that they bear, at the public festivals of the mother-country, are far too frightful and loathsome to be tolerated in the young, and, I was going to say, more civilised states (or at any rate in some of them); and, undoubtedly, they *are* more civilised in these matters, though, in some other respects, they may be, perchance, a little behind the once metropolitan country.

In Cuba, I was told, the reckless and fearful enormities perpetrated in the arena are totally and wholly indescribable. Ladies do not even attempt to go to the *fiestas* there, and but few gentlemen. The frequenters are, in general, the lowest of the low, the poor uneducated negroes, and ruffians of all descriptions. But Cuba is still under the dominion of Spain, so that is not a fair example! So good, so just, so sensible, so interesting, is all that Lord Carnarvon writes on the subject of the demoralising effects, and the inexcusable iniquity of deliberate cruelty to the brute creation, that I will not deny myself the pleasure of transcribing, nor my readers the advantage of perusing, another extract from his delightful work, entitled "Portugal and Gallicia:"*—

"In Germany, where manners are simple, and

* I trust I have quoted the following extract rightly; but as, in correcting the proof-sheets, I had not the work by me to refer to, some trivial errors may have crept in. Lord Carnarvon praises the humanity of the Swiss and Germans, and I cordially concur with him, especially as regards the latter. I can gladly add the Swedes and the Norwegians to the list. The Norwegians, particularly, are most exemplary in their

Digitized by Google

morals generally pure and unadulterated, humanity towards animals is a virtue sedulously inculcated and widely practised. Nor is this quality by any means rare among the virtuous Swiss. In England, societies have been formed for the protection of the brute creation, and the improved feelings of a more religious age have compelled the legislature to pass enactments restraining some of the monstrous cruelties which formerly prevailed. Much, indeed, has been done, but much remains to do. The pulpit should impress on the public,"—(in Spain, I found that priests attend the amphitheatres in the character of spectators, though I was earnestly assured they did not do so)—" and parents on the youthful mind, a just abhorrence of this *most unmanly* vice. Many of the Dissenters have warmly co-operated with the better portion of the public press in this *sacred cause;* but have the ministers of the Established Church performed their task with equal zeal? Have that excellent body of men promoted, in this respect, with sufficient diligence, the will of Him who, in His merciful regard for every creature which His goodness has endowed with life, commanded that the ox should not be muzzled when it trod the corn,—that the dam should not be taken with the young,—that the ass should not be yoked together with the ox,—that the kid should not be seethed in its mother's milk,—and that the

treatment of animals. I saw no striking instance of cruelty to the brute creation in Russia,—certainly not more than I have seen in England; and I witnessed a good deal of kindness to them there. In Italy (except at Naples) animals are generally very fairly treated. In short, Spain seems to have the unenviable distinction of using them worse than any other Christian and civilised nation.

Digitized by Google

knife should be sharpened before the sacrifice was slain?"

The humane and excellent author, whose virtuous sentiments assuredly do the highest honour to his heart, and must unquestionably find an echo in every feeling bosom, then proceeds to condemn, in the strongest language, the truly shameful and horrid cruelties that were at one time perpetrated by medical men in the name of science and philosophy, in Paris, London, and Edinburgh, (but chiefly in the former, I believe—and hope,) and which often unnecessary, wanton experiments, he says, are "a long tissue of detestable villanies,—as these experiments are justly termed by the Editor of the 'Literary Gazette,' who, under the influence of an honest indignation, exclaims, that the authors and abettors of such *crimes* should be excluded from the pale of society." Right; and I wonder what the humane editor would say to these Spanish festivals, where, in the midst of pomp and parade, for the *delectation* and *amusement* of thousands, in the open face of day, such foul and hideous enormities are coolly perpetrated, without a shadow of palliation, or an attempt at justification and excuse? —(such as that they are committed to promote the interests of Science, and conduce to the well-being of mankind;) at these festivals the heartless wretches seem actually to revel and grovel in the tortures they inflict, and to gloat on the misery and mutilation of the most generous, patient, and most inoffensive of creatures,—as multiplied statements, and numerous works, tend to prove.

Wide is the difference, indeed! since thus the "detestable villanies" of the Lecture-room and

Digitized by Google

Medical Hall were for the ostensible and apparent purpose of advancing the knowledge of diseases incidental to humanity, and enlarging the field of scientific observation and operation. But those criminal monstrosities and enormities we have been considering are merely for the pleasure (!) — the passing pleasure—and diversion of the multitude; and disgusting, indeed, is that idea.

As little or nothing has been heard lately of such foul malpractices by the disciples of Æsculapius as those that Lord Carnarvon condemned, we may trust they have themselves seen how inexcusable was the exaggerated barbarity they were guilty of, notwithstanding its alleged motive; and thus the prediction of that accomplished author has been fulfilled. "But this stain upon the profession will be soon effaced, the improved feelings and increased religion of the day cannot, and will not, slumber over practices so utterly abhorrent to the mild spirit of our faith." Who will venture to prophecy so much for the national stain of Spain,—Spain in so many ways a noble, and lofty, and generous country? If they but gave up the horrid circus, M. Dumas could no longer say, with the slightest colouring of truth, "Africa begins at the Pyrenees!"

Dr. Pfendler d'Ollensheim, in his book on Madeira, Nice, and Andalucia, enters into some of the foul details of these "*fiestas*," and all the fell and dismal scenes enacted there. He seems to think, that when the "*desventurados caballos*" (unfortunate horses) are dragged from the arena, almost in their last agonies, — unable to quit it by their own exertions,—they are given over to the *despellejadores*, and skinned while life is yet

Digitized by Google

throbbing in their arteries !* The wretches capable of the other infamous crimes against humanity would probably be capable of this.

The care the *picadores* take of themselves must, I again repeat, never be forgotten in considering the struggle so often described as "fine" and "noble" by Spaniards; as they wear wadded and iron-sheathed leggings, they are pretty well defended. They are protected, in short, by cotton, steel, and iron, while their unhappy steeds have nothing to shield them. I can thoroughly enter into the feeling I have several times heard expressed—a desire that the padded-up, inhuman wretches should not escape so easily as they usually do. With their protective armour, they must be a terrible weight upon the weak, worn-out horses, especially as they are generally selected, not for their slightness of form, and light agility, like the *chulos*, but for their strength and athletic proportions.

How a people, proud and sensitive, can willingly and deliberately, so many times a-week, during a particular season, transform themselves into worse than Goths and Vandals, surpasses belief! What, after all, are these festivals but *degraded* copies of Saracenic sports? It is rather curious to reflect, that of old the horror of being like Moor and Infidel was so great, that they constantly went to the con-

* *If the wretched creatures survive, they are doomed to enter again the arena. I was told afterwards, at Madrid, by an admirer and constant frequenter of these spectacles, that an extraordinary case occurred the day before at the corrida, when he was present. A horse, that had before been cruelly torn and wounded, dropped dead, from sheer fear, without being touched. It was talked of as a nine-days' wonder; the picadores themselves declared he expired of fright, and fright only.*

Digitized by Google

trary extreme in avoiding such similarities. Among other things, pork was the favourite dish, the juice of grapes the chosen drink, (and the temperate Spaniard is no common wine-bibber from inclination :) thus both sad and strange is it, that they should copy the "Pagans" now in their worst traits, and that the Christian should, in these, beat hollow his Saracen and Infidel prototype.

The Doctor gives a singular account of a "*curiosa lucha*" he saw, in which the bull, being a very savage one, overleaped the barriers, and put the people to the rout; the fiery "*fiera*" wounded and injured eighteen, or rather caused them to be injured, for the mischief was chiefly occasioned by their hurried flight; in consequence of the rush and confusion, a number fell, and were probably trampled by others; while a few precipitated themselves, it seemed, from some place they had scrambled over, and received various contusions. He also tells us a curious anecdote, which he protests is true, and I have no doubt it is. He says, the Duc de Montpensier, having given Redondo, (a famous "*lidiador,*") a splendid brooch or pin, one of his comrades, jealous of the distinction accorded to him, sought the life of the more fortunate hero. In consequence of this, he adds, Redondo was under the necessity of entirely abandoning Seville, and was unable to fulfil an engagement he had there. One has not often heard of a man's life being of less value than a pin.

Our medical friend gives a singular illustration of the intense excitement that pervades all classes on the noisy, bustling "*dias de Toros.*" He complains dismally that his book suffered sadly in consequence, for he found a crop of errors, thick as

Digitized by Google

weeds, in the proof-sheets that he corrected on those bull-fighting days; he declares that, owing to this circumstance, he is thoroughly convinced that it is not only those who go to the *Plaza* whose minds are full of it, but those who stay away,— the thoughts of the latter are entirely distracted from their occupations with feverish longings to be there, — and they thus gave the poor Doctor a great deal of work to do, till he was half-distracted too. Would, indeed, that was the only harm the *toreros* did! The deep pity excited by the mangled and disembowelled horses prevents our much compassionating the poor Doctor.*

* Afterwards, at Madrid, I heard that at a recent bull-fight several of the performers were quite intoxicated, and the scenes were, if possible, more disgraceful than usual. At the *fiesta* I went to, the hardened brutes had not that excuse.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XVIII.

I THINK there can be no doubt that the horrid diversions we have been commenting upon harden and brutalise the character of the people at large, and, as the author of "Gazpacho" observes, render assassination much more common.

How frightfully common it is in Spain, is easy to be seen by glancing over the public papers: rare indeed is it not to find some dreadful account of murders; and, frequently, from the tone and expressions used, you cannot but observe how every-day an offence assassination is generally considered. These murders are sometimes jocularly and ironically called "Milagros de Andalucia" (miracles of Andalucia). The following are a few extracts from Spanish papers:—

The "Diario Mercantil de Valencia" says:—"From Buñol they write, that on the 13th of the present month, the feast-day of the glorious Saint Venancio, when three maidens generally dedicate themselves to a holy life"—(from what the paper says, it appears in honour of that saint)—"a shocking event happened. The clergyman who had preached on the occasion of this solemn *fiesta*, at about ten o'clock at night, was shot in the streets. His life appears to be almost entirely despaired of. The vile assassin is unknown." Then

Digitized by Google

follows a decent lament over the sad and horrid event that had happened, and which the account says augments the "lastimoso catálogo de los *muchos* y *enormes* que se cometen en los pueblos de nuestra provincia." —"Another miserable crime to add to the deplorable list of the *many* and *atrocious* ones that are committed in the towns of our province."

In "El Nacional de Cadiz" the following lately appeared:—"The night before last was assassinated, in the Calle de Bilbao, a youth about twenty-two years of age, a *Gallego* and a tailor's apprentice. The murderer is undiscovered, and his motives are unknown. The murdered man belonged to an establishment in the Calle de la Carne, and was a very worthy and excellent youth, distinguished for his industry and good conduct. After the 'horriendo crimen,' the poor victim remained stretched in the *acera de la Calle*, without any one caring to raise or examine him, though the frightful act was committed when it was only about half-past nine in the evening!"

The locality of the next catastrophe is, I believe, Granada. A tipsy man, though reeling about, and half-helpless, was fighting furiously with another, and his life being in danger, the guard took him (I suppose one of those *Guardias Civiles* whom the Spaniards dislike, because they think them a copy from a French model) and lodged him in prison,—unfortunately in the same cell with another peace-breaker, with whom he was shut up. In the morning the poor tipsy wretch was found dead, shockingly injured, with a fresh stab in his throat and one in his side! His ferocious companion

Digitized by Google

seemed to think they had given him this live plaything in mercy, just to break, shake, take, or tear, or cut, or pull to pieces, and as a luxury to console him a little for the loss of his liberty, (as they might have offered him a *cigarrito*.) The wretched victim had been dead some time; indeed, said the account, "it seemed he was murdered during the first quarter of an hour!" Perhaps it was well that the prisoners were not like a couple of two-legged Kilkenny cats, and that only one was found destroyed; except that the loss of the other would have been *no* loss to the world, undoubtedly.

Here is another. "The Diario" tells us that Luis Leal Lopez has been taken up for having given seven stabs (*puñaladas*) to a friend of his," ("á un amigo suyo,")—a friendly act indeed! "Also has been arrested, a blind man, for having tried to kill his wife with a knife." No remarks whatever inserted here; 'tis put in as the most simple and common thing. I take these at random out of innumerable cases.

Justly says Mr. Ford, respecting the "Prometheus" of Titian, and that of a great Spanish painter, Ribera, I think, that the one is poetical in conception as well as nobly executed, the other exactly what might be expected of a painter belonging to a people whose sports are butchery and blood; and the result is a shocking picture indeed.* Who would not think "the people" here alluded to must mean only the lowest of the low, instead of a whole nation, including the highest of the high? and the ladies, (!) too, of the highest classes! How

* I saw these pictures afterwards, and most fully concur in Mr. Ford's opinion.

Digitized by Google

can the clergy countenance such horrors? but, alas! they do; though repeatedly have I heard it asserted by Spaniards—who at least have the grace to be ashamed of the odious truth—that priests never go to the "Plaza de Toros."

On one occasion, we are told, a padre flung his enormous hat into the ring, in a fit of enthusiasm, at the feet of some *espada* or other worthy, who hurled it back again at the reverend wretch with a look of the most cutting contempt; for the bull-fighters, as a class, have no veneration for the clergy, nor for anything but their own delectable Tauromaquia. The more I hear of their hateful diversion, the more convinced I am all humanity, feeling, and real manliness of disposition, is left at the doors of the amphitheatre. Of what consists the company there? Of a select party of tigers—and, alas! tigresses! The wild animal who was defeated by the *toro*, Señorito, was surrounded by tribes of his co-savages: *he* had, however, been partly tamed. But it is only in the amphitheatre that, I think, Spaniards become thus be-monstered; though certainly, by all accounts, it appears, when their passions are aroused, and anything excites their anger and animosity, the tiger that has been cultivated and *forced* in that hothouse for wild-beasts, the Plaza,—starts to life in them.

The ladies' costumes are often described very minutely in accounts of these odious assemblies, as are ladies' dresses at drawing-rooms and state-balls in London. We are told that at a certain *corrida* at Madrid the Duquesas de M—— y de F—— wore *vistosos zorongos*, and those *graciosas mantillas* called *mantillas de tira*. The Duquesa de A——a

Digitized by Google

wore a petticoat of delicate rose-colour, with black laces and flounces, a *monillo* of black velvet, with decorations of *couleur de rose*, rose and silver, a blush-colour and silver *zorongo*, and a *mantilla con tira negra*. La Señorita de C—— was gracefully attired in a black dress, with *golpes* of the same hue, and a *botonadura* (set of buttons) of silver, and a charming rose in her head. The *Condesa de Teba* (the present Empress of the French) appeared in a petticoat of azure silk, adorned with black and *corinto*, a *monillo color de corinto*, decorated with blue, and with gold and silver, a white mantilla, and an azure-coloured *zorongo*, enriched with silver ornaments.

These are all, I believe, *maja* costumes; and the same journal informs us, the fashion of wearing *maja* costumes at the bull-fights increases much; and exceedingly pretty and graceful they must look, and, no doubt, carried away by the splendour of the spectacle, occupied with their companions' and their own beautiful dresses, the gentle and lovely Empress of the French (the Condesa de Teba), and the other señoras enumerated, thought little of the horrors of the show, raising their rich fans before their faces when any shocking atrocity happened in the circus, and engrossed in amusing conversation, probably, great part of the time. But it is, indeed, time to quit this painful subject. Let us end with something rather more cheerful. The following is a rough translation of part of a Cancioncita in a *Zarzuela*, that is the rage just now in Andalucia, called "El Tio Caniyitas." The two latter are little songs, *à la Andaluz*, of my own:—

Digitized by Google

SONG FROM "EL TIO CANIYITAS."

1.

A BROWN Beauty she is, gay and beaming,
With dark eyes, all bewilderingly bright;
Like wax-candles, they're burning and gleaming,
When you meet their glad looks full of light.
Like the wings of the crow are her tresses—
Nay! yet blacker than devil or crow!—
And a hand, too, of gold she possesses,
To crack nuts with full deftly, I trow.*

2.

Like the white dove's that throat smooth and slender,
Oh! how spotless — no ivory so fair!—
Like ripe cherries her lips, full and tender,—
And what smiles, bright as sunbeams, are there!
Little feet—just like fire-flies a-gadding,—
Saw ye how through the *jota* they flash'd?
Sparkling teeth—(all the whirl'd brain a-madding)
Like a white flock of sheep newly wash'd!

3.

Soft her heart, full of fervour and feeling,—
Never charmer like her witch'd the soul!—
Mind!—or soon *your* doom'd heart she'll be stealing,
Or 'twill change to a hot burning coal!
A brown Beauty she is, gay and beaming,
With dark eyes, all bewilderingly bright;
Like wax-candles they burn,—strangely gleaming,
When you meet their glad looks, full of light!

* This means, I believe, that she is rich—has plenty of "tin" to spend in little fancies.

Digitized by Google

CANCION.

1.

. . . ¡ VIVA el Sol del Mediodia ! . . . .
Adonde hay luces y flores,
Y adonde la Sal se cria,
Con mil y mil gratos primores.
Ay ! la Sal de Andalucia !

2.

Ah ! qué Sal ! . . . y qué Sol brillante ! . .
De lo uno lo otro viene !
Hácia el Mediodia ! Adelante !
Que allí acabará el que pene.
Ay ! la Sal de Andalucia !

OTRA CANCION.

1.

QUIEN muere sin verte á tí
¡ Morena de mi alma, hermosa !
Se va de este mundo al otro
Sin saber lo qué es salerosa !

(RECITADO.)

¿ Porqué me quisiste ayer, si has de ser tirana hoy ?

2.

. . . ¿ Por qué, dí, Manola infiel ?
(¡ Ay, mi Paca, con linda boca,)
Con mis suspiros te huelgas, . . .
De mis ansias ries, cual loca !

(RECITADO.)

¿ Es por lo poco que cojeo ? ó porque me falta
un ojo y medio ? Quita ! que es nada eso !

Digitized by Google

SONG.

1.

[Hail! thou Sun of the happy South!
Where all teems with flowers, hues, and lights,
And wit flashes from mouth to mouth,
And reign twenty thousand delights!
Oh! the "Sal" of Andalucia!

2.

Keen the Spirit, and bright the Sun!—
From the one springs the other still!
For Souls here seem of Sunshine spun,
And defy mortal strife and ill!
Oh! the "Sal" of Andalucia!

"Sal" being untranslatably Andalucian, I leave it as it is. Catch the flashing, fresh foam from the billow, the delicate tints of the bubble, just ere it breaks, the keen hissing edge from the lightning, the spicy aroma from the subtle perfume,—and you may have something *faintly* like Andalucian "Sal!"—that is "Sal" of the more refined kind; not that of the *majos* and *majas*, whose "*chanzas*" and "*requiebros*" are rather "over-flavoured" with the said salt, especially at fairs and bull-fights, when the former is all *fanfarronada* and filigree, — with his couple of broidered handkerchiefs (both wrought by his *Querida*) peeping from the pockets of his "*marselles*," and his baubles and buttons; and the latter is in the glory of her painted and verse-inscribed bull-fight fan and full flounces,—with the *caramba* (silver-garnished ribbon) fastened to her burnished and beauteous hair-knot—the *moño*, — and with a rough daub of a likeness of the be-buttoned Beloved hung round her nut-brown neck. When bound for the bull-ring, by-the-bye, this Beloved is usually accompanied by his faithful stick—*la chivata:* this is very remarkable in its way, being delicately slender, and about five feet in length,—some I have seen, I think, longer still,—with a forked top and a knobbed end. This long and graceful wand is peeled, and gaily painted in alternate rings of white and black, or yellow and bright red. Notwithstanding all these braveries, coarse, and far from Attic, is their sportive *salt*.

Digitized by Google

ANOTHER SONG.

1.

He who dies without looking on thee,
Dark, proud Beauty!—my soul that delightest,—
From this world to the other must flee
Without knowing what's best here and brightest!

(SPOKEN.)

Why didst thou love me yesterday, if thou wert to change to-day?

2.

Why—why—graceful nymph! prithee say
(Little Paca, with smiles beaming brightly)—
Would'st thus toy with my feelings and play—
Why my sorrows and sighs mock so lightly?

(SPOKEN.)

Is it because I limp, and hop, and hobble a little, and have lost an eye and a half? Pshaw! that's nothing at all!]

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XIX.

In the public papers in Spain there is often a light tone of gay satire and irony that is very amusing; and I was surprised to find in the more serious portions of the journals, a great deal more freedom of the press than this part of the Peninsula is generally supposed to possess.* I will present a few specimens to the reader's notice of the playful style of many of their observations and descriptions; though, I fear, they will lose much by being thus transplanted from the rich soil of the vernacular to the uncongenial and colder Anglo-Saxon.

One of their journals gives us an entertaining account of the opening of a railroad in Spain. After various other descriptions and diverting particulars, it tells us that "A peasant, staring with all his eyes, and opening his mouth to a wonderful width, as if to swallow engine, train, passengers, and all, at last declared he was 'perfectly' satisfied, and saw through the whole 'trick;' nobody should take *him* in!—no, no!—'*A mi, nadie me la pega;—los caballos van dentro!*' That the

* Since the time this was written that liberty has been greatly curtailed, if not entirely abolished; but now, I suppose, it will be restored and increased, if the revolution at present in progress finishes satisfactorily to the nation.

Digitized by Google

horses that drew the train went inside, our good friend, the *Aldeano*, was thoroughly convinced! A clever boor that!"

The following is from the newspaper of a country town:—

"The other night, in the opera of the 'Martires,' the Roman Proconsul, who was borne along haughtily and triumphantly in a grand car, drawn by harnessed bipeds well concealed by trappings, stuck fast suddenly in his proud vehicle, by some unlucky means, on the stage of the theatre of San Fernando. The two-legged *tiro* dragged and pulled, and the Proconsul, forgetting his *toga'ed* dignity, screamed aloud, '*Arré! arré!*' The first made prodigious but vain efforts; the second, in despair, transformed himself, despite of toga, sandals, and classic drapery, into the semblance of the *majoral* of a Spanish *diligencia*, and hollaed out to his human four or eight-in-hand: '*Anda!—Valeroso! Verdugo! Leone! Macho-o-o-o! Cayete! Firme! Caball-o-o! a ese! a ese! qué Perros!*'* The audience, catching the spirit of the scene, bawled to the echo, *So-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o* - - - - - - **O** - - **O**!' and the so-lately stuck-up, but now stuck-fast, Pro-consul, had to alight abruptly, alas! from his triumphal—or, rather, finally penitential—car, and go on foot, the humiliated victim of that abominable *zascandil.*"—The latter word may be interpreted, unforeseen accident; but, I believe, it also means rogue: so it may signify he was the victim

* The names of the mules;—also "he-mule!" who generally has *no* name; "horse!" also nameless; "Go on!" "Steady!" "What dogs!" &c. "*Cayete*" is, I believe, the common corruption of "*Callate, calle la loca!*"—"Be quiet!" "Hold your tongue!" "Mind what you're about!"

Digitized by Google

of some rogue's trick,—the fun, perhaps, of some *majo*, who are, many of them, I fancy, apt to be a little like their noted brethren of Xeres, of whom the proverb says: "*Burlas de manos, burlas de Xerezanos.*" (Well says another proverb, *Juegos de manos, juegos de villanos.*) Their jokes, and jests, and *jaleos*, are not of the most refined sort. Not so, however, the *muy cocio-cocido*, the well-cooked —the done-to-a-turn—*majo fino* of high-bred Seville; but the distinguished and well-mannered fops of that courtly city are exceptions, and the *majo* generally is, to pursue the culinary simile, somewhat underdone, decidedly.

Occasionally the Spanish papers quiz rather unmercifully, but very ingenuously, the love of boasting (*ponderacion*) in their country:—

"Some little time ago a number of officers were in a *café* together, boasting of their heroic deeds. One had, single-handed, defied a whole French regiment, (where, did not appear,) leaving a few score dead, and bearing off fifty prisoners, and putting the rest to flight; another had taken a city by storm, and marched in with colours flying, one voice shouting, one charger prancing, one cap waving, one gun firing, (a *feu de joie*,) and one drum beating; (as he was his own trumpeter, there was no reason why he should not be his own drummer also—if he could manage it;) and straightway the doughty hero sacked the unfortunate city, which had rashly and insolently refused to capitulate, executed half the garrison, forgave the rest, stowed away all his booty in a safe place, and put the chief magistrates and citizens in chains, (for assisting the defenders of the said city,) and all before they knew that they had only one man to deal

Digitized by Google

with! Others had performed deeds almost as astonishing. At last, an officer, who had not spoken before, exclaimed, '*Eh, Caballeros!* great as are your victories, and marvellous your actions, one deed of mine puts an extinguisher on all yours together! Such it is that, without meaning to offend you, I consider you all, in comparison, merely arrant cowards.' 'Pero——hombre! what is it? tell us.' 'It is — prepare yourselves — but you will never believe me——' 'Si! si! go on!" "It is—that—that actually *me casé siendo alferez!*' (that I married, being simply an ensign!")

Our satirical officer,—who had so rashly married when only a poor ensign,—was rather severe on his gallant countryman. Certainly it might seem it would be difficult for one person to do so many things at one and the same time, (putting quite aside any little improbability in the circumstances themselves); but shall we doubt the capacities of such a hero when we have seen and heard very un-heroic persons playing nearly a dozen instruments simultaneously, with ingenious movements of the chin, jaws, lips, hands, feet, head, knees, and elbows? Let us readily believe that the redoubtable son of the Cid, who figures in the foregoing account, actually performed the wonders he described — sooner or later, even by the ingenious movements of the tongue and lips alone!

Here is another little extract:—

"Charmingly does our excellent *colega*, the 'Diario de Avisos,' announce fresh fish, wet-nurses, little poodle-dogs with collars and *cascabeles* (small bells), and other pleasing trifles; but, '*de vez en cuando*,' (every now and then,) it makes terrible work with Castillian grammar; the day before yesterday,

Digitized by Google

however, it surpassed itself; and we give this transcendent announcement, in order to call to it the attention of all those whom it may concern, for it treats of a very remarkable transformation, '*un tanto cuanto peliaguda*' (somewhat ingenious.) 'A señora (it says) wishes to engage immediately—*con un Caballero como ama de gobierno*—with a gentleman as a female housekeeper!"

The next is an account of the *Verbena* of San Juan. The *Verbena* is the term in use for excursions and diversions on the *Vispera*, or eve of St. John (and perhaps of other saints' days):—

"At the time when we are writing these lines, so many musicians are tramping about the streets of Madrid, playing, singing, piping, tinkling, too-tooing, and blowing, that the Corte" (Madrid is emphatically called La Corte) "appears a celestial court, or *would* seem so, if the said musicians—when indulging us with vocal accompaniments—did not in general startle us by shrieking like wild Arabs and Bedouins, who are the shrillest of all shriekers." (This is true; and so sharp are their notes, in fact, that they must sometimes really commit suicide, one should think, unintentionally, with them, and cut their throats inside as effectually as they could do outside with the keenest razor.) "As to this harmony,—such music is more suited to destroy tympanums than to soothe savage breasts. In short, if the truth were told, this music made of our own,—generally a calm and civilised one enough,—a very savage breast indeed. The instruments, too, are *mas á proposito* to drive a man out of all his senses, than to please any one of them. The night itself is a delicious summer's night, and this, in addition to the numerous agents and guar-

Digitized by Google

dians of the public tranquillity, that watch over the possible pranks of giddy brains and reckless spirits, encourages us to hope that the day will dawn (*amanecerá*) without *otras consecuencias de una noche tan Toledana*—than a few slight riots and *rife-rafe* (scuffles, disputes)."

Here is an account of some robbers:—

"Three days ago three friends (for no doubt they were so) went to pay a visit to a certain house, with the owners of which they were on such extremely familiar terms, that, not finding the master within at the moment,—indeed, they did not exactly expect it,—they very quietly entered the mansion with perfect *sang-froid* and confidence, apparently to wait for him. However, as there always are ill-conditioned people who are full of their ridiculous suspicions and nonsense, there were some who chose to think this gentlemanlike, amiable little visit, was not a necessary one! But there are constantly found people who interpret in the most unpleasant manner the simplest events.

"These meddlers and busybodies went—if not with refined malice, at any rate with an indiscreet curiosity—to look after the three particularly quiet and well-conducted guests. They knocked and rang at the door, and the trio of friends, thinking it was the master of the house come home, prepared to receive him, doubtless with open arms (and various kinds of arms besides); but a general surprise was also being prepared! Those who found themselves inside the house, affectionately anxious to greet their friend warmly, were astonished, and somewhat affected, to see the collars and colours, the cuffs and cross-belts, belonging to the uniforms belonging to the armed gentry

Digitized by Google

belonging to a corps belonging to the *Seguridad Pública* belonging to the town. Those without the house were surprised at the diligence the three gentlemen had shown in rearranging their friend's house to suit their peculiar taste. There they stood, looking very *imposing*, with magnificent *navajas* in their hands, in a perfect wilderness of well-packed trunks and boxes, amongst labyrinths of rope, coiled and twisted round some of the already-prepared boxes: in short, all was ready for a complete change of decorations in the old-fashioned mansion. But their brilliant ideas were not realised. 'El Señor Alcalde Segundo,' and the 'Escribano, Señor Moldan,' had some other little ideas of their own to execute in this twice-visited, much-honoured house, and some trifling plans to carry out; and the end of the affair is, the three friends are now removed to another house — the gaol, to await the sentence of that tiresome intermeddler — the law."

The next is a different kind of tale:—

"A little time back the *habitués*" (*sic in orig.*) "of a well-known *taberna* of Madrid fled away from it in crowds, as if in horror intense. And no wonder, in sooth, they did so! for a truly frightful thing had happened. In pouring out wine from a *jarra* (jug or jar) into a glass, a spectacle was presented to their eyes of the most repugnant description. Think not, oh! reader, the question is now one of simple flies, or of comparatively innocent spiders, nor of a little boy's shoes, nor a little girl's comb or night-cap, nor of any other such common but unnecessary extras, which often tumble out of wine-jars into decanters and glasses, in *tabernas;* (*que suelen caer en las vasijas*); the affair is a far

Digitized by Google

graver and more terrific and heart-rending one (*ay! mas desgarrador*)—it was actually a frog!"

The next we must dedicate to the amateurs of the cockpit, which the Spanish *caballeros* think includes in England the fairest leaders of *ton* and fashion:—

"The day before yesterday a *lucha de gallos* took place, in which the champions behaved like truly redoubtable heroes. Two of them were an hour and a half fighting, till one remained vanquished on the field by a magnificent *espolenazo*, directed against his head by his gallant antagonist. His master then seizing the victor with great delight, exclaimed to him aloud, as he fervently embraced him, '*Eh! querido, bien lo sabia! Si, eres mas Inglés que el mismo Lord Wellington?*'—'Ah, my darling! I knew well how it would be! Ain't you a better Englishman than Lord Wellington himself?'"

Spaniards are fond of drinking water, but candidly confess themselves that they waste little in bathing or washing! Even the *aguadores*, says a Spanish newspaper, use not water for the purpose of ablutions. One of the other papers, it seems, had accused them of cheating, and of dividing the liquid contents of each *cuba* (water-vessel or tub) in two—serving out to their customers half *cubas* only; and brightening up their bronzed countenances with the remainder. The "Diario" also charged them with using the covers of those *cubas* in the place of basins, and, as such, causing them to minister, of course, to labours of personal lustration; "which," says the journal that undertook their defence, "it is possible is a slight error, for our worthy friends, the *aguadores*, are by no means

Digitized by Google

given to wash their faces or their hands on any known emergency ; — *Seamos justos !* (Let us be just) !"

A cruel creditor figures in the next account :—

" In the suburbs of Toledo reside some very modest *rapistas* (barbers), who for four *cuartos* shear their fellow-creatures ; in short, shave them in proper and decent fashion. A youth belonging to the confraternity of *arrieros*, as weak-minded a noodle as he was a faithless *bellaco y embaucador* (a rogue and a sharper), exceedingly fond of cards and gambling, complained bitterly of his face having been tesselated and tattooed strangely by the sharp weapons of one of the Figaroes aforesaid, and he pointed out several cuts and scars perfectly visible to the naked eyes of the *barbero* (barber), and perfectly palpable to the naked chin, skin, and feelings of the poor *parroquiano* (customer).

" ' *Vaya una habilidad que tiene V.' dijo ; ' no me ha dado V. mas que cinco cuchilladas !'* —' A fine talent your Grace possesses ! Your Mercy has only given me five deep cuts, i'faith !' ' *Justas !' repuso el barbero* (' All right !' cried the barber) : ' I know the tavern-keeper marks down on a stick (*palo*) the *cuartillos* of wine I owe to the tavern with his *navaja ;* I, with mine, have marked on thy rogue's face the number of beards thou owest me !' "

I rather suspect sometimes our friends, the Spanish journalists, borrow a little from other national stores when they wish to make their subscribers smile. It seems to me the following is not strictly Spanish, though garbed in a Spanish dress :—

" A *criado* (servant), of Don José &c. &c., had two apples given him to carry to his *dueño* (master)

Digitized by Google

as a present; one he ate on the road. He was charged with this fault, and humbly confessed it. '*¿ Y como te has comido la manzana?*' '*Señor asi;*' *repuso el criado,* '*diciendo y haciendo!*'—'And how was it that you ate my apple?' 'Thus, sir,' said he, and ate the other,—saying and doing both!"

Rather shrewd are the following observations :—

"Per lo demás, este año nos hemos confirmado en nuestra creencia de que el mejor modo de conocer la sociedad es hacer que se disfrace! La careta del Carnaval en vez de ocultar las tendencias del hombre, lo que hace es trasparentar hasta su corazon. Otra cosa se pudiera decir de la que lleva durante el resto del año! Por cierto, que es algo mas espesa!"

—"As for the rest, we are this year more than ever confirmed in our belief, that the best way to know society is to see it in disguise! The mask of the Carnival, instead of hiding a man's inclinations and disposition, does but more clearly lay open to our view even his innermost heart. But we must speak very differently indeed of that mask which he wears all the rest of the year! Assuredly *that* is far more opaque!"

The following description of a hangman's adventures shows the intense horror with which that unpleasant functionary is regarded in Spain. From the "Correo de Andalucia" the following is taken. (I think I saw it, though, copied into the "Granadino") :—

"Some days ago arrived at a hotel in Malaga a *caballero* and a *señorita;* the strangers took a suite of the very best apartments; they made acquaintance with various distinguished families in the place, and joined them in a succession of pro-

Digitized by Google

menades, and parties, and visits. It would be difficult to paint the utter amazement that these persons felt when, after their two dear friends had departed, they discovered who they were! And who, in truth, were they? No less personages than—think of the honour done to the high fashion of Malaga!—no less personages than the ex-hangman of Seville and his daughter! The interesting executioner had been for some time pensioned, and had retired from the active duties of his high, exalted office. His arrival in the city was a mystery; but that he had been travelling about the province of Cordova was known.

"It transpired afterwards, that lately, when performing a journey in the *diligencia*, the other *viajeros* found out by accident who their companions were, and rushed off in consternation, in a body,—as if hanging was catching, and they feared they should all begin *garrotéing* one another, *bon gré, mal gré*,—to the Alcalde of the first town they came to, and most earnestly they implored him to order the unfortunate ex-functionary to leave the public carriage (in which he had presumed to take and pay for places) instantaneously, and to pursue the rest of his journey on foot; this they actually succeeded in persuading the Alcalde to do, and the poor executioner and his daughter were forced to continue their route in any way they could. The passengers were charmed to get rid of the man 'so repugnant and odious to them'" (perhaps some of them deserved hanging, and knew it, and thus the presence of this Spanish Jack Ketch seemed singularly *mal àpropos* to them,) "and of the poor woman too, whose hands, however, could not be supposed to be soiled with the terrible taint of human execu-

Digitized by Google

tions." Our journalist ends by saying: "This adventure reminds us of the incident on which is founded an English tale, called 'Richard d'Arlington, or the Hangman of London!'"

The next, I think, I was told *vivâ voce* by a Spaniard:—

"A little boy was asked by a priest if he knew how many *Dios* there are. The little fellow hesitated, then said, 'Two.' The priest looked shocked, and cried, 'Two? What d'ye mean, you young rascal?' The child, who was endowed with a prodigious want of knowledge, and who saw the priest look very black and angry, determined, as he thought, to make up for his mistake, and to please him, so he stammered out,—'Oh! I meant—I meant twenty'—the cloud still darkened the priest's brow—'or thirty.' 'Get along with thee, thou small limb of Satan! tell thy mother of this conversation, and ask her from me how she can leave her child in such deplorable and awful ignorance. Get thee gone, I say, *Bobo!* (dunce.')

"Away went the poor urchin blubbering, and he soon met a companion in ignorance and rags, and who was also going to be spoken to by the priest. The discomfited little varlet repeated the unfortunate result of the conversation that had taken place, and asked his young friend what he should answer to the same question, adding, 'Take care, I advise you.' 'I shall answer one,' said the new-comer, boldly. 'One! Oh! that will never do!' responded the hapless little whimpering ignoramus; 'I said thirty, and it did not satisfy him.'"

There was a rather singular account in some of the papers of the manner in which the wretch who committed the frightful attack on the life of the

Digitized by Google

Spanish Queen conducted himself just before his execution. The *reo* (criminal), it appears, when they brought him the peculiar and very unbecoming dress in which such criminals are garbed at their execution in Spain, burst forth merrily,—"*Vaya un domino corto! Eh! no se parece á la túnica de Cæsar!*"—"Come! that *is* a short domino! it's not exactly like Cæsar's tunic!" The night before he suffered he made also various jocular remarks.

He was, or pretended to be, excessively amused at the absurd figure he cut, mounted on a donkey in the attire of the condemned, a sort of yellow robe dismally ornamented with imitations of crimson stains of blood! He burst into a loud *carcajada* (noisy fit of laughter), and appeared uncommonly diverted at his own ugliness and ludicrous aspect. When he started from the prison he took leave in the coolest manner of those who surrounded him,—"Agur! agur! señores!"—"Goodbye! goodbye! gentlemen!" He chattered away gaily as the procession proceeded towards the scaffold, protesting it was a considerable time since he had had so pleasant and long a ride. "*Cuanto tiempo hace que no doy un paseo tan largo—y de balde!* . . . (and gratis, too!) *qué buena borrica es esta!* (what a capital donkey this is!") If he was satisfied with his donkey, he was quite the reverse, apparently, with his donkey-guide—the assistant hangman, who, I fancy, was the person who had to conduct the ass and its rider to the fatal place of execution.

The whole way, nearly, the wretched being amused himself, and those who heard him, by sharply attacking this unfortunate man. *¡Torpe!*

Digitized by Google

malo eres tu para ser criado mio ; ¡ con mi genio !" —"Stupid! a proper bad servant I have got in you, however;" and divers cutting, severe remarks. Among others, (which the hangman thought "the unkindest cut of all," probably,) he sneeringly observed, "To see your utter stupidity, no one would believe you had sense enough to know how to hang even a puppy-dog!" He declared that when he got to the *tablado* (scaffold), he should ask, as a particular favour, of the chief executioner, that before he (the condemned criminal) was *garrottéd*, that obliging functionary would have the kindness to hang the donkey! Ungrateful enough to the poor jackass, which he protested had carried him so well and pleasantly, (but, perhaps, it was his faithful esquire and body-guard—the sub-hangman, he meant.)

As he passed by Chamberi, he examined the church with great attention and earnestness, and then exclaimed, "Ah! it is, in truth, very much *desnivelada* (uneven—out of the perpendicular); it will assuredly tumble down, if they do not quickly do something to save it." Altogether this *reo* (criminal) seems to have been a very pleasing sort of personage. A more hardened rascal seldom trod the path to the gallows, it appeared. But there were not wanting those who excused him in the usual manner, by saying he was mad. His having belonged some time ago to the priesthood caused, at the time of the hateful deed, rather a strong feeling in Spain against that body; and many were the disrespectful expressions uttered, and the bitter observations made, concerning them by loyal Spaniards.

A somewhat ridiculous mistake took place on

Digitized by Google

one of these occasions. Some one who spoke a little bad English, when we were on board the steamer on the Guadalquivir, pointed out a boatful of priests to Anglia. "Ah! de rascals! Look dere! one of dose fellows shawl have killed de Queen!" She hurried to me, assuring me the criminal himself (already executed) was on board the boat, and that he had really quite killed the Queen—who was convalescent, having recovered from that national disorder, the *navaja*, sooner than could have been expected; but certainly, if Spanish physicians know how to treat anything, they ought decidedly to know how to treat *that*.

To read the accounts given by these newspapers, the *diligencia* travellers are exposed to various accidents and dangers. One, we are told, was lately overturned in a short journey three times, owing to the badness of the roads, leaving at last almost all the people who had occupied its places behind it, ill in bed, in the different localities near where the unlucky accidents had occurred. If you see *estropiés* in Spain, you think not "they have been in the wars," but "in the *diligencia*."

"Another," says the "Diario," "of the Corte was overturned once and caught fire twice" (I suppose from cigars); "the people had to bivouac till morning in the fields, the only beds *they* found being beds of clay."

The extract that follows is of a different description from the former melancholy account, though it has to do with tombstones and churchyards:—

"In cemeteries, where memorial stones abound, many persons go to pass away a half hour in reading the inscriptions on the gravestones." (Time and Death must have their own little joke together at

Digitized by Google

seeing these persons coming to the haunts of the one in order to get rid of the other, who is leading them there for more than a "half-hour," all in his own good time.) "We have heard of a churchyard in which a singular advantage has been taken of this circumstance. A broken-hearted widow placed the following remarkable inscription on her adored husband's sacred tombstone:—

'HERE LIES
FULANO DE TAL ———,
THE MODEL OF ALL HUSBANDS,
THE MOST PERFECT MOULD AND MIRROR OF ALL FATHERS.
HIS UTTERLY INCONSOLABLE WIDOW
RAISED THIS STONE
TO COMMEMORATE THE VIRTUES OF THE BEST OF MEN.
SHE INCESSANTLY WEEPS HIS LOSS,
AND CONTINUES TO SELL
THE WELL-KNOWN MOST EXCELLENT MOULD OR TALLOW-CANDLES *
WHICH ARE
SO MUCH APPROVED OF,
IN THE
CALLE DE LA PERSPICACIDAD, NUMERO UNO.'"†

Some might jeer a little at this placard-epitaph, —this handbill of a headstone,—but the fear of this did not deter the fair and bereaved tallow-chandler from braving dull prejudices,—"*Al hombre que es osado, Fortuna le da la mano!*" and to the daring woman, too, perhaps. Let them jeer and jest! so long as they do not deface the inscription—"*No por miedo de gorriones, Dejan de sembrar cañamones!*"

* "*Velas de Sebo.*" The name "*Fulano de Tal*" is merely our Mr. Thingumbob—*Blank* of *Dash*—anybody.

† Sharp Street, *Number One.*

Digitized by Google

Certainly she did entirely reverse all usual proceedings, for, while immortalising the virtues of the deceased, she also lauded his (*wick-ed*) works.

I was glad to read the following account of the humanity shown by a Madrileña to a poor dog which had been hurt in the streets of Madrid. What must this merciful being think of bull-fights? It is just and fair to copy it, and show that some tender hearts beat in that bull-fighting capital:—

"The day before yesterday a carriage ran over an unfortunate dog in the *Red de San Luis*, and, in consequence of this accident, the poor ill-fated creature had his lower jaw terribly injured and crushed. Nothing extraordinary whatever is there in this casualty; such incidents unfortunately too often happen in the streets and suburbs of this capital; neither is it *at all extraordinary that the wretched animal remained in the street*, exposed in his pitiable condition to the sight of everybody, till early the next morning, without a soul seeming to compassionate him!* Then a kind-hearted woman of the working classes, having discovered his miserable state, came down from her *bohardilla*" (another

* Repeatedly (both in his "Handbook" and in the charming "Gatherings from Spain") has Mr. Ford remarked on the great cruelty of Spaniards to all animals, especially to their hapless beasts of burden; he tells us they call them "*maquinas de sangre*," and treat them as if they were, indeed, the merest machines, and as dead to feeling as their own hardened hearts! He speaks, too, of their indifference to human life and suffering, (as do the author of "Rough Leaves from a Journal in the Peninsula," and others,) and says that, in 1838, at a ball in Madrid, the musician Carnerero, while playing in the band, died suddenly,—the dancing and the fiddling continued without the slightest interruption, as if nothing had happened.

Digitized by Google

word for *zaqui-zami*, I suppose,— garret) "to take up the wounded dog, in order to try and cure it! This it is that is really remarkable, and she did it from pure compassion alone! The noble animal appeared perfectly to comprehend the disinterestedness and generosity of this kind action, and he ceased his doleful complaints when his amiable benefactress caressed him; and while, poor fellow! he could not lick the benevolent hand that was seeking to afford him relief, because his tongue had suffered with his shattered jaw, and was shockingly torn, yet he wagged his tail, notwithstanding all his anguish, and looked at her in the most affectionately expressive and grateful manner. The humane woman took charge of the suffering creature, and carried it into her house."—(*La España*, May 14, 1852.)

The river Manzanares, at Madrid, which has afforded a theme for jests to Spanish wits and wags from the time of Quevedo to the present day, is often a resource to the papers when they want to fill up a little space with something light and gay; though, according to the universal verdict, it must be always *dry* when about the Manzanares, this being, perhaps, the only river without water on the earth. In short, whenever the *noticieros* fail in supplying the Corte with sufficient tittle-tattle of the day, the Manzanares is resorted to, and unmercifully handled and quizzed in paragraphs of various lengths, according to the dearth of news—for its dearth of water. It is the common butt of all witticism-mongers, though, if truth be told, certainly not a water-butt.

This Manzanares, so useful, although it may

Digitized by Google

not have liquidated its debt to Nature and Madrid as a river yet (which it pretends to be), was thus attacked in one of the papers that I saw:—

"It is said a man has lately been actually wrecked on the Manzanares!—floods having, for some little time past, been the order of the day. A wonder this is, indeed! But thus it was. A man was carrying a load of planks; he stumbled among the mud-puddles and stones, we suppose, floundered and foundered. The Manzanares is, without doubt, a navigable river. Who shall gainsay it?—though it is navigable in a different manner, in fact *al reves de como lo son*, the Mississippi, the Thames, and other common, every-day rivers. When navigating these streams, the men generally go on the planks" (of their vessels); "when navigating the noble Manzanares, the planks go on the men. There is the difference. (*En estos los hombres van sobre tablas, en el Manzanares las tablas van sobre los hombres; aqui está la diferencia.*")

If all we read about this paradoxical Manzanares —this *hortus siccus* of a stream—is true, it had better at once advertise "a bed to let" for any river requiring it, seriously recommending the same to the notice of all springs, sources, and parents of young rivers about to set up for themselves. Some streams may have narrow beds, very uncomfortable beds, indeed, and be doomed to toss and tumble all night—and day, too, and to rush and roll about vehemently without repose, and would be glad to accept the offer,—and as to the Manzanares itself, it would be sure to have "ample room and verge enough," and too much, in the vacated channel of the tiniest of rills, or even in "the melancholy furrow of a tear."

Digitized by Google

The thirsty, attempting to drink at this myth, would surely have to "eat dirt" instead; and the second line of the Spanish proverb would probably force itself on their recollection :—

"*No firmes carta que no leas,*
Ni bebas agua que no veas."

(No letter sign, which read by thee hath been not,
No water drink that thy two eyes have *seen not !*)

Treacherous, too, seems this watery will-o'-the-wisp. Had it not been so, the plank-bearer might have preferred it to more lordly and dangerous streams, exclaiming with another proverb,—

"Better bestride a chicken, if 'twould carry you unhurt,
Than ride a fretting, fiery horse, that flings you in the dirt."

By the way, whoever is curious in well-aired couches, and wants a really dry bed, had better repair to this river, so remarkable for the complete absence of the water, and so famous for being no river at all. It is recommended to all those who are admirers of flowing currents, before they visit its banks, to send a *mozo*, with a watering-pot, to sprinkle it. One of the Spanish kings, I believe, actually had something of the kind done to *lay the dust* as he drove through the river!

The advice in the "Critic" to the Thames, ever to run "between its banks," would be useless here. This flighty stream has run away from its banks altogether.

How it arranges its affairs with the Ocean, "towards which all rivers flow," it would be difficult to tell. Neptune must look rather sternly at his cool creditor, presenting him with a few pebbles and

Digitized by Google

dry dust. The unusual tribute can be but little pleasing to that rapacious potentate. Instead of choking itself with this powdered dust and sand, it would be better that the parched Manzanares should take a strong dose or two of James's powder, or of other sudorifics. I am rather curious to know if any weak-minded fish can be so utterly deluded as to try to "make believe very much," and actually to attempt taking up their abode in this channel? If so, what fish entirely out of water they must be!

One of the Queen Consorts of Spain, a Portuguese princess, had slabs, and a kneeling-place, laid down on the banks of these pebbles for the accommodation of washerwomen. (In Portugal the laundress's art has reached a high state of perfection,—and it is the poetry of washing, or rather of folding. Your nightcap may sometimes be sent home to you as a complicated bird's-nest there, your pocket-handkerchief as a full-blown rose, or a gigantic snail-shell.)—The Queen should have had a little of the pure element supplied as well on this spot. However, to the present day, it is said, all the washing of Madrid is done there—without water!

No wonder jests are made about this unlucky no-stream and its uses! Why, really, staid Nature herself seems to have made a practical joke here. A magnificent bridge, however, spans this nothing. Many of these pontificial structures in Spain are as gratuitous. There is the bridge,—but the water is unavoidably detained in the clouds or the mountains, or has been stolen on its way by another river-god to fill his urn, *cosa de España;* or, perhaps (and the broiling, glaring, flaring, torrid heat of parts of the burnt-up and fevered country, would encourage the supposition,) it is rivers of fire they

Digitized by Google

expect to run under those capacious arches, or that do run under them at times—torrents of molten flames—a Vesuvian-flow, a lava-current.

One thing strikes us with reference to this non-river. The old river-god, not having water enough to shave with, must have a most prodigious long beard. Your river-god always has a "powerful huge one;" and probably his *protégé's*, having neither source nor stream, is no source of sorrow to him on this account. He is, mayhap, called *par excellence* among his brethren of the bath and the bulrush, "the Father of the Beard," as old Mehemet Ali was styled by the Arabs.

But here am I, too, attacking this persecuted bubble,—(of air, rather than water—the Manzanares is, in sooth, "a River in the Air;")—I, too, must fling a stone at that dry stone-track,—I, too, must bespatter its mud (if the day before was rainy). I suppose we must go with the stream; and *thus* 'tis with it, and without it, too; and against it—if it was there to go against. At any rate, it has "a local habitation and a name;" and that is something—for nothing. Is it altogether a trick of the Spanish Bacchus,—a hint to the thirsty to bid the vacated water-course run with his rich molten ruby and topaz, instead of that insipid stuff, hight Adam's wine? What a fit river is this, certainly, to flow by some *Château d'Espagne!* It is, indeed, the very thing, or, more properly speaking, the very nothing.

The next extract relates to a vain love of babbling. The true, grave Spaniard, is an enemy of mere prattle—of chattering for chattering's sake. When he talks, he likes to say something to the purpose—something to make an impression—something im-

Digitized by Google

posing—something in a masterly manner, not altogether unlike the ten-hundred-thousand-cats-in-the-garden!-my-dear-grandmother style patronised by the ingenious youth who, finding his accuracy called in question, gradually decreased the feline host he had displayed in such numerically strong array, till at last he burst forth with—"Well! I'm sure there are two—our cat and another!" (And he said this, too, in a rather triumphant tone of full self-vindication.) But it is the Oriental richness of fancy in the Spaniards that is to blame; it is not that they have any intention of misleading or deceiving you. However, for mere chat they have a great contempt; and they are in the right too, I think.

Thus preaches one of their journals:—

"*Quien habla por hablar pierde lastimosamente el tiempo.* A *maxima* is this that a friend of ours has a little amplified in the following *sentenciosa cuarteta* (quatrain):—

"Madruga en el invierno aunque haga frio,
Y, aun cuando haga calor, en el verano,
Y, si hablas á tu tio muy temprano,
Hablaras muy temprano á tu tio."

("If thou'rt up in winter early, although cold 'tis then, 'tis true,
And if in summer, although then 'tis hot, thou get'st up early too;
And if thou talkest with thine uncle—why! thus talking, 'twill befall,
That thou'lt with thine uncle talk, in fact;—and this will, 'faith!—be all!")

This seems to me, however, as much a hit at people who are early risers as at those who are endowed with the gift of the gab.

The *arrieros* are a singular race, and seem

Digitized by Google

wholly devoted to their hard, rough life. I can easily believe the following :—

" A certain retired *arriero*, quite a *millionaire*," (of reals, I suppose,) "could not sleep at night, unless he placed himself on a mule and rode four or five leagues, to court the coveted presence of Morpheus. He died at ninety, (an immense age for an *arriero*, for generally they die rather young,) and he was necessitated to persevere in the above-mentioned practice till the very last." So much for habit! Perhaps the poor man found he could not die in peace either, unless he died upon a mule; for to a bed, it appeared, he could not accustom himself. The *arrieros* are the most Spanish of Spaniards.

I insert the brief, subjoined statement, on account of its being a slight description of a singular natural phenomenon :—

While we were in Spain a curious convulsion of the earth took place in the neighbourhood of Aranguez. One of the journals thus spoke of it :— " Very near the Castillo de Oreja (near Aranguez) has been a kind of ' *terromoto*,' *without* ' *estremecimiento sensible*,' — a volcano without lava or signs of fiery eruption,—a hurricane without any wind!—in short, a catastrophe without apparent cause. But what is certain is, that the earth has suffered in that locality a visible and strange revolution, and that the highway belonging to that little town found itself quite intercepted, — the *calle*, in fact, has entirely changed its direction, and road, trees, and all, have gone to plant, or transplant, themselves, with great skill and expedition, at a considerable distance from where they originally stood."

Digitized by Google

It was a curious catastrophe, and must have considerably surprised the inhabitants of the *pueblo*. They must have thought their native town was going to be swallowed up, or tumbled down, altogether. Their Spanish pride felt, perhaps, a double shock. Was the earth mad? Their grandees "trample it and abhor it"—shall it dare to trample on them—or even on the humblest son of España? No!

Doubtless the good people infinitely preferred to think that this little chaotic confusion was merely the end of all things. "It's only the end of the world; sit still!" as the Dissenting minister said to his congregation, who thought the meeting-house was on fire.

I think there were many descriptions of this convulsion of the earth near the Castillo de Oreja, —this phenomenal and paradoxical casualty,— this concussion without agitation,—this revolution without disturbance,— this earthquaking without shaking,—this change of place without movement (at least of a visible or perceptible nature, seemingly), and numerous were the learned and lengthened remarks thereupon, in the Spanish journals at the time, if I remember correctly, but it remained, as far as I know, an unexplained mystery.

The next account is a notice on a kind of cow-fight :—

"The Duke de Veraguas, the other day, had a species of cow-fight, in order to select the bravest for the future *ganado*, and to exclude those whose *blandura* or *cobardia* (tameness, mildness, or pusillanimity) gave small hopes of their producing *crias* (nurslings) worthy to figure in *el circo!* In this manner the herd will be not disadvantageously

Digitized by Google

diminished, for it was fast becoming excessively large indeed, and quite disproportionately considerable, compared with the extension of the pasture-grounds which are allotted to the *ganado* in the *márgenes tan celébres del Jarama*, where those who travel on the railroad from Madrid may see them placed in daily contact,—wild and untamed as they are,—with the civilisation represented by the waggons and the rails of Bristol and other British towns. *Estraño contrasto!*"

Si! y mil veces si! and much more of a contrast than the writer thinks or means—the contrast of savage life and brutality (always in allusion alone to the hateful and atrocious bull-fights,) with refinement and right feeling! "*Sin embargo, comentarios á parte,*" as the "Diario" itself says, "*hoy hemos visto tentar noventa y tres vacas,*—however, putting commentaries aside,—"To-day we have seen ninety-three cows tried, of which more than twenty have been condemned to the slaughter-house, or to a lowly and humble destiny, while some have obtained the honourable title of *sobresalientes* (excelling ones — surpassingly fine ones). Many others, without gaining so much glory, or reaching such high distinction, have been pronounced very fine and meritorious animals, and worthy to contribute to the conservation of a *ganaderia tan afamada entre los inteligentes*—a stock so distinguished and renowned among the learned in such matters. Presidia al tentadero la Señora Duquesa de Veraguas, y daba la señal desde su asiento de la suerte que estaba reservada á cada vaca. La concurrencia estaba compuesta de amigos del Señor Duque y de aficionados de Aranguez y de Madrid. El Chiclanero y su cuadrilla desempañaban las funciones, en

Digitized by Google

este caso inocentes de tentadores. The Duchess of Veraguas presided at this trial, and gave the signal from her seat of the fate in store for each particular cow. The assemblage was composed of the friends of the Duke of Veraguas, and of the '*aficionados*' (those devoted to the sport) of Aranguez and of Madrid. The *Chiclanero* and his *cuadrilla* officiated in the character of *tentadores*,—so innocent on this occasion." In what manner they tormented the poor cows I know not. Without doubt this cow-bait was a feast on milk-and-water, indeed, compared with the common *fiestas de toros*. Some time since I was reading an account of Burmese sports. "They will gather under a large tree," said my author, "and feast their eyes on cock-fighting. There is one redeeming feature — the females are *never* seen in such circles."

The ladies are exceedingly conspicuous in Spain, on the contrary, at cruel diversions, — not only at such comparatively innocent cow-trials as these, but at the far more detestable bull-fights.

The account of this heifer-tournament at the Duke of Veraguas' place goes on to say that the cows would have more fully answered the expectations of the distinguished company, and would have afforded more and better sport (not milk, as dull ignoramuses in England might be inclined to think, but *sport*), had the pasturage not been so scanty this last winter, and if the weather had not been so unfortunately unpropitious. It is different with us in our benighted condition. We do not expect the poor, dappled, sweet-breathing "mothers of the herd" to be sublime heroines or furies, nor, with due consideration for the stability of the milk-pail, and the security of poor unwarlike Dolly, the

Digitized by Google

dairy-maid, wish for ungovernable-tempered, savage-kicking milkers, or infuriate and phrenzied cud-chewers; in fact, we would rather not have intrepid Alderneys or dauntless Devons.

But we have not finished our extract. "As water requires fire to make it boil, so needs the influence of the sun, in order to boil, the blood of our faultless and famous cattle." Charming this in Spain, doubtless, but if our cow-stables contained such vaccine vixens and ferocious, fury-like viragoes and Xantippes, we should expect our cream to be very sour, or at blood-heat, and the butter to be of the maddest description, churning *itself* into foam, like the billows of a stormy sea. As to curds and whey, it curdles the life-stream in the veins to think what they would be.

Spaniards are supposed not to be addicted to soap in general, but in some high quarters it seems intended to "*changé tout cela.*" The Señor Arzobispo de Burgos has just published an edict respecting the education of poor *niñas* in Burgos, in which *edicto* he sets forth the saponaceous virtues earnestly:—"Nos, el Dr. Don F. Cirilo, de Alameda y Brea, por la gracia de Dios, y de la Santa Sede Apostólica, Archbishop of Burgos, Councillor of State, Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Spanish Order of Charles the Third, Senator of the Kingdom, Assistant Prelate of the Sacro Solio Pontificio, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.," makes this grand flourish, and comes girt with all this array of pompous authority, in order to impress on the little girls of Burgos, that soap in itself, and that soap and water in conjunction, is a good thing, hath nothing to do with heresy, or the seven mortal sins, and is not poison, or assafœtida, or aqua

Digitized by Google

fortis, or any thing dangerous, shocking, and dreadful whatsoever, as he seemed to think *they* imagined it to be.

The distinguished prelate strives in the most impressive and attractive manner to win them to its use (I suppose this illustrious Archbishop had actually tried it himself), adding: "Since even poverty should be no enemy to neatness, and since this and cleanliness are also conducive to health, ... the young people here should all present themselves in the schools cleaned, combed," "*y curiosas*" (neat, carefully attended to).

The good Archbishop would not at all approve of that countryman of his, who, not fond of using any detergent substance, on being remonstrated with on soap-suds' topics, remarked with extreme surprise, that he *had* washed once—it was in such a year, and at such a place: thus giving an answer not much unlike one that Lord Chesterfield, of epistolary renown, once gave—to a very different suggestion, however. He was recommended to go out fox-hunting, and replied that he had already been!

The Spanish press appears to me very candid usually, and it constantly declares its conviction that Spain is behindhand, &c. A Granada paper says: "We can no longer refrain from expressing the strong indignation we feel at observing a fresh instance of the manner in which in Spain every man of genius is treated who happens not to have a great *dósis de charlataneria* united to his learning. There is a brilliant original work lately written on geometry by a native author: if this author had been born in Germany, England, France, or any other country, in fine, where men of talent can

Digitized by Google

easily place themselves, in general, in their *correspondientes lugares* (proper places), the work in question would have sufficed to have covered him with unfading laurels. But not so here." They often speak sorrowfully of their *atrasada suelo* (backward soil—country).

I have frequently observed in their newspapers that a bull-fight is reckoned bad or good according to the number of the unhappy horses that perish. The following distinctly leads us to infer this:—"Finally, in counting up the sum total of horses individually killed by the different bulls (*que individualmente mataron*), it is true that a considerable falling-off is to be remarked, compared with those who remained dead and wounded,—in short, *fuera de combate* (*hors-de-combat*), in the other *corrida*,—indeed, to one bull is to be attributed the death of no single horse!"

This is evidently a great subject of complaint and affliction to the *aficionados*.

Here is a short description of a *pleasing corrida*, given with much unction of contentment and admiration:—"The animals were of a famous breed, (then follows the name of the '*casta*,') and their renown does not diminish. There was a very large number of horses left dead; the *picadores* rolled about in the sands" (of course, exposed to great dangers under these circumstances,) "turning strange somersaults; and thus various scenes took place that were certain to flatter the tastes and carry to a high pitch the delight and enjoyment of the *aficionados*."*

* By an account in one of the newspapers of the *Coronada Villa*,—Madrid, I saw in a *fiesta de Toros*, a short time before, twelve horses had been killed—the wounded being

Digitized by Google

I was rather amused with an account one of the *guias* gave me some time ago of a haughty noble of Granada. The story may be a well-known one, but I do not remember to have ever met it before, so I will venture to transcribe it. This Granadian noble was allowed to go before the king with his hat on. On one occasion he appeared in a court of law with his hat on before the judges. They were indignant, and pronounced it an insult. In the sequel they imposed a fine upon him. The Count pleaded his having the privilege of appearing with his head covered before his majesty.

The case, however, was ultimately referred to the king himself, who exclaimed, "He is wrong! The *Ley* (law) before the *Rey* (the king)." Thus *Su Señoria*, the Count, was obliged to submit to the fine. Highly indignant, he paid it, but chose to pay it in huge heaps of coppers. This was also pronounced contempt of court, when the vast sacks of

very numerous. This is the average number,—at times *very* largely exceeded. I have before observed that a law has been passed in France for the protection of animals, and I saw, after my return from Spain, in the newspapers (in an article translated from the French) that the Prefect of the Loire addressed to the Sub-Prefects, Mayors, Officers of Gendarmerie, and Commissaries of Police, a circular, having for its object the prohibition of all cruel games, particularising one for immediate suppression, called *tir à l'oie; tir au mouton*, which consists in suspending a live fowl, or other animal, and cutting at it blindfold with swords and sticks till its head is severed from its body, or it is otherwise killed. Horrid! and wise, as well as merciful, are the authorities who put an end to such atrocities. With reference to the English boxing-matches or prize-fighting,—which Spaniards delight in upbraiding us poor islanders with, if we let fall a word against their abomination of a sport,—they should remember, besides all the other points of vast dissimilarity, that they are against the laws of the country, and only done by stealth.

Digitized by Google

wretched coins were produced and emptied before the judges, and it was insisted on that he should take the sacks and change the whole of the coppers back again, as a chastisement for his proud insolence. This noble of Granada possessed, I believe, the extraordinary privilege of going into a church on horseback.

The "Diario" gives thus the name of a Spanish *employé*. After mentioning the various Christian denominations of this gentleman, this rather lengthy designation appears: "de Burionagonatotoreragogeazcoecha." It is a Basque name, and signifies "Of-the-good-head-and-very-smoky-river-side-house." It reminds one of a certain Dutchman in America. "What name shall I put down, sir?" cries the little dapper clerk of the monstrous fast steamer "Beat your thoughts into fits," or "Whizz! and leave all your senses astern,"—the said clerk being in a perfect fever of fuss and hurry. "Pray be as quick as possible." "Yaw, yaw. Hans Vandersudinamosaymandoachokershmitzerhautzer - Shupt - fershmitzerhammelzuyderdobesharpandtwigitman." The distracted functionary stares, bewildered, "Can you tell me that in English?" "Yaw, I shallen. John Smith," replies the Netherlander, serenely.

But our Basque friend cannot boast of having so brief and brilliant a translation to *his* appellation, assuredly.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XX.

THE beggars in this country are sometimes apparently singularly grateful. One day a little girl, to whom I gave a lump of bread, devoured it with kisses before she devoured it in the other way. In the same manner the coppers, or whatever coins you give to the poor mendicants, are generally very devoutly kissed the moment they are received; and I think sometimes, besides, in place of thanking the earthly donor, they thank Heaven, or the *Santissima*, for the seasonable supply.

This is very Oriental. Thus, frequently, the Turks do not thank you, but thank Allah, when you present them with any gift, or do them a service. *Apropos* of beggars and charitable doles, I do not think our shrewish, sharp, pertinacious, old plague in the Cathedral (of this fair city of Seville) kissed the English sixpenny-piece I gave her, though she looked as if she could have swallowed it and all the coppers besides that the Granada noble paid to the indignant judges. By the way, I hope when she was so *distraite* at her devotions, she did not make any very serious mistakes, and implore the saint to give her an English sixpence, for that she could and would cheat some neighbour certainly,

Digitized by Google

and pass it for Spanish coin. I would not swear she did not ask us to give her an indulgence or two amid her incessant demands.

The other day, in this proud city, there was a *fiesta*, which seemed principally for the benefit and amusement of the very juvenile section of the community. The rising generation seemed, indeed, to have risen at once in insurrectionary insubordination, and taken entire possession of the city.

They erected no barricades,—there was the freest circulation everywhere, of donkeys, and dogs, and street-criers, and beggars, that seemed to abound more than usual, especially the two latter; perhaps the street-criers were chiefly laden with nice things for the nonce, such as *azucarillos* and *confituras*, to tempt the infant taste, and the mendicants were hoping for liberal *largesse* of *ochavitos* from the happy little merry-makers. And then everything that came near them fraternised with them instantaneously!—from the old battered soldier in a tattered uniform, (with nothing but scars for stars and decorations,)—who, I am sorry to say, is one of the mendicants,—to a limping, half-starved dog in the *plaza*, that got up a series of wry jumps and unmusical bow-wowings on the joyous occasion, electing twenty new young masters every minute, and trying hard to accompany a dozen groups in different directions at once. Failing to do this, he sends the most vehement waggings after them, as a lady might blow kisses to her friend.

Fraternisation everywhere with the noisy and mirthful little insurgents!—even the caged birds hung at the windows seemed surely fluttering wildly to get at them and join them; and the very flowers appeared instinct with life, and drooping faster and

Digitized by Google

thicker from the balconies to strew their path with perfumes and blossoms.

Children in every corner, in any quantity, whooping joyously, screaming with glee—children of all the ages of childhood. Nurses have dropped their leading-strings, schoolmasters and mistresses hung up the rod, tutors and governesses retired behind the scenes, guardians hidden their diminished heads, uncles and grandpapas have evaporated or abdicated, and parents abandoned their offspring —to themselves — for the day; — children among the carts and the few carriages out in the daytime here — children bursting into every *patio* without knocking or ringing, and still less dreaming of waiting for the "*Quien es?*" or the old-fashioned "*Ave Maria Purisima*," the answer and countersign to which were, and are, "*Sin pecado concebida*"* to the latter, or "*Gente de Paz*" to the former;—children among the cabbages and cauliflowers, (that are ever being carried about here in mountainous masses);—children capering among those cauliflower and cabbage-heaps, like very lively, rollicking caterpillars, till there seemed danger of a boiled babe being sent up in a dish of *verduras* (greens), at dinner-time;—children swarming about the mighty Cyclopean Cathedral, and darting in and out like sunbeams with a dash of lightning,—children crossing, crowding, clambering, clustering, careering, and skipping about everywhere, but some with a Castilian courtesy and gravity very amusing, as though they were fresh from "*Castilla la Vieja;*" — cascades of children

* I have since heard the old-fashioned and interesting watchword used at Granada on entering a *zaguan*. Far prettier is it than the modern one.

Digitized by Google

tumbling over one another — children in all colours, and almost of all colours, too,—some fair and blue-eyed, not yet embrowned, not yet thoroughly baked by their fiery sun,—others of toast-and-water tint, or even of deepest bistre; — children in all costumes, dressed as Greeks, Swiss, Turks, Moors, Romans, soldiers, shepherds, bandits, barbers, and opera-dancers.

I remarked two little fellows, Dons every inch of them, measuring the swords they proudly wore at their sides very seriously, like lofty chivalrous warriors of yore. The doughty heroes carried on their operations with solemn punctiliousness and formality, and the most decorous, dignified, and finished etiquette of politeness. Sternly irate, however, appeared these duodecimo grandees (pigmies of pigmies were they,—miniatures of miniatures,—for it is well known what a Liliputian the full-grown *Grande de Epsaña* is); — actually the tiny urchins — gallant Capitanitos! — seemed about to fight a duel on some knotty question of the old "*Pund'onor;*" but they rather suddenly changed their minds, and marched off on good terms again together; still displaying the same scrupulous ceremoniousness of courtesy towards each other. Listen! how they are prattle-prattling as they go. We will call one Don A, and one Don B.

Don A. "Eh! Caballero, vamos! echarémos un paseito!"

Don B. "Como V. guste, Caballero! mire V., Chachipé! qué buena moza!"

Don A. "Ah! V. tiene corazon de cuartel! Disimule V. pero — la Conchita, y la hermosa Angustias, y Dolores tan risueña y alegre, y la Señorita Doña Soledad, que habla tanto, tanto! y

Digitized by Google

Mar con '*ce joli petit nez retroussé,*' jui! salero! y . . . . . "

Don B. "Vaya, V. es muy Afrancesado!"

Don A. (with a shrug). "Un poquito. Es preciso! Es la moda á Madrid,—pues, Señor, esas Señoras son todas queridas de V., y tambien la morena, Nieves, con ojos negros, y con 'pelo mas negro que las alas de un cuervo!' Tate! tate! se dice en el pueblo. . . . . "

Don B. "Cár! qué disparate, Señor; es escandalizativo; chitón! . . . . . calle la boca! que chismografia! . . . . . Mire V!—

'Antes que te cases,
Mira lo que haces!'

esa es mi maxima! pero yo he visto mucho del mundo, y—

'La Esperiencia,
Es madre de la Ciencia!' . . . . . "

Don A. "Cabal, no cabe duda!"

Don B. "Ademas, tengo miedo,—algunas veces las mugeres son tiranas, dice el refran,—

'En casa de Don Gonzalo,
Mas puede la gallina que el gallo.'

¡Ay! y—

'El melon y el casamiento,
Ha de ser acertamiento.'"

Don A. "¡Si! tiene V. razon, Caballero; . . . y tambien dice otra locucion proverbiale,—

'Mi muger hermosa, el lunes á Toro,
Y el Martes á Zamora.' . . . . . .

Y si su Señora esposa de V., es un poco enamo-

Digitized by Google

radiza,—coqueta,—'*oui! une peu coquette;—enfin, mon cher,*' si parece á V!—pues . . . . . hay otro refran que dice 'Yo como tú, y tú como yo, el diablo nos juntó.'"

Don B. "Ya se ve, mas claro." . . . . . .

Don A. "De véras,—'Ir á la guerra, ni casar, no se ha de aconsejar.' Malo consejo eso, no vale nā! Ea! Ojalá que V. sea feliz! . . . . . Olá! Señor Don Gerónimo, que tal?"*

* "Well, Sir Knight, let's go,—let's take a little walk!"

"As your lordship pleases, Sir Knight. Look! look! what a pretty girl!"

"Ah! sir, your heart is as capacious as a barrack; pardon me—but there's little Shell, and pretty little Agony, and that gay Miss Grief, and talkative Miss Solitude, who chatters so fast, and the charming Sea, with a turned-up nose ——"

"Ah! you are very Gallimaniacal" (because he said *nez retroussé*).

"Just a little,—it's really necessary! it's all the fashion at Madrid,—but, Sir, as I was saying, these are all loves of your Worship's; and then there's that black-eyed, brown Snow, with her jetty hair—'far blacker than the raven's wing;'—Take care! take care!—'tis said in the town. . . . . ."

(*Highly delighted.*) "Pugh! what nonsense! what tittle-tattle! My Lord, silence! It's scandalous! I must really beg of you——Hush! And look, mind this,—

'Ere you marry, or go out a-wooing,
Just you take care of what you are doing,'—

that's my maxim; however, *I've* seen a good deal of the world, and—

'Experience is mother of Knowledge,—
Teaches Science like Doctors at College.'"

"Exactly so, without any doubt!"

"And then, I'm afraid the women are sad tyrants sometimes;—how runs the old saying,—

'In the house of Gonzalo the bold,
'Tis the hen rules the roast, I am told!'

Digitized by Google

And off go the little two-foot-and-a-quarter, six-year-old *amis-ennemis* (as the French once called the Allies), to join some merry young comrades, and get a handful of sugar-plums, quite forgetting the duel and the *pund'onor*. They might have added the following to their list of proverbs,—

> "*Dicen los niños en el solejar,*
> *Lo que oyen á sus padres en el hogar.*"

Which may be freely rendered into English, thus,—

"In the broad, sunny street, little Gill and Jack Horner
Prate what's talked of at home, in the snug chimney-corner."

There is a hint, a tone, a token of children

Ah! yes; and then,—

'As for a melon and a marriage-portion,
They're both all hap-hazard, and chance, and fortune!'"

(I am not sure whether it should not be "marriage," instead of "marriage-portion;" the dictionary gives the *latter* only. If it is the former, in this instance, it might run thus,—

> "In melons and marriages both,
> 'Tis all hit and hap-hazard, in sooth.")

"Truly your noble Lordship is right; and there's another old saw that warns us wisely,—

'Say, my wife may be fair,—I adore her,—
'Tis on Monday the bull-fight,—on Tuesday, Zamora!'

Yes! yes! and if your lady-wife should be at all of a loving turn,—something of a coquette,—in short, if she should be in the least like her lord;—Humph!—there is yet another proverb, that says,—

'You're like me, and I'm like you,
'Twas the Father of Mischief that joined us two!'"

"Aye, indeed, that's plain enough."

"Well; in truth, 'Advise ne'er a man alive, to go to the wars—or wive!'—Bad counsel, worth nothing! But courage! May you be happy! . . . ." (To a little boy at a distance) "Holloa! Sir! Mr. Gerónimo! What news?"

Digitized by Google

everywhere—an echo of small pattering feet,—a murmurous gush of continuous laughter, yet with many a sudden swell and louder burst and rise, like the shrilling, growing, capricious chaunt of the winged winds,—and there is a gleesome tumult of silvery, singing voices, and a cheery, merry clamour of chirruping sounds, re-echoing through every *plaza*, and *callejuela*, and *angostillo*. In fact, on all sides there is a joyous hubbub, that seems to stretch away to the skies—so diffusive is it, and so universal;—there is an actual sun-glow of happy presences—here, there, and everywhere. Creation itself looks positively a little younger. More smiling seems the very light, and more shining seems the clear, purple dome above.

Ha! is there not a mist of white muslin gathering on the horizon of our court-yard? Pray admire that group of minute shepherdesses in snowy kirtles, and with gilded fans in place of crooks! These "bairns" really seem to penetrate into every place, like fine dust;—and (unlike dust) they make Mother Earth look gayer and fresher as they go, striking a few thousand years off her apparent age! Truly this fair ancient capital of the South,—herself well stricken in years—rejoicing in a sprightly rejuvenescency, looks like a mere chicken of a city. All is play, and mirth, and merriment, and innocent infancy. 'Tis really quite pinafore-government. Mr. Skimpole would have been delighted here,—actually, to all appearance, Seville has become one universal child. These blithe rogues seem to reign absolutely to-day, a set of little Goody-Two-Shoes sovereigns, most of them the gayest and most mischievous young monkeys of monarchs it is possible to imagine; but some very

Digitized by Google

stately and solemn. However, gay or grave, we must bid farewell now to these juvenile *ciudadanitos* of proud Sevilla.

How on all occasions here the horrid bull-fights are brought up! A criminal recently executed is mentioned in the papers as having been very cheerful and full of spirits. "*Y marchó al lugar de la ejecucion como si fuese á una Plaza de Toros* (And he went to the place of execution as if he was going to a bull-fight)." It is difficult sometimes to understand the accounts of these spectacles, by the way, in the newspapers; for the language of the amphitheatre is so peculiar, that it is as puzzling as would be the mystic eloquence of an account of a sparring-match in England to the uninitiated, written in the most thoroughly-finished slang; or even more so. There is, indeed, almost a tauromachical language. The following is quite simple and clear, compared with the common kind of description of those entertainments:—

"Gipsy (the bulls have all names), the third, was *negro-zaino*" (black-chestnut—I think *zaino* also means vicious), "we did not envy the *diestro** when in his jurisdiction; he was mightily horned,—a bull of legs, (which he kept to the end,) prodigiously active and bustling, though making some transformations—a very good boy (*mozo*). We may say he was *the* bull of the *corrida;* and so certain is this fact, that he took thirty-three *varas*" (the pike or lance—in short, thirty-three thrusts with them from the *picadores*), "and four pairs of *banderillas* from the Señores Griguela and Herreros," and then the poor wretch was killed, "'*de una escelente*' by a

* Another term for bull-fighter—a skilful fencer.

Digitized by Google

capital blow, that soon put an end to him—'*descabellándolo tan pronto como lo intentó.*'" Another bull I saw spoken of as extremely sapient:—"The wise beast—a perfect Doctor of civil law—posed all his adversaries." Sometimes, we are told, the animal is "clear" and ingenuous—a bull pure and simple. His movements are called "journeys." He is "summoned" to the *suerte.*—Speaking of slang and difficult dialects, the gipsy *idioma* here might puzzle even the most accomplished of Russian linguists,—and they are the best that I ever met with.

The Zincali, or Gitanos, in fact, as is well known, have a complete language of their own, entirely distinct from *la lengua Castellana,*—and everything else, I should imagine. Of this language and Spanish, however, is compounded a peculiar slang, neither the one thing nor the other, much in favour with the Andalucians. Spicy little sprigs of this are sometimes traced on the bull-fight fans which the lower classes take to the national exhibitions, which motto-enriched, literary fans, are generally of paper, roughly made; they are brightly coloured, and sometimes, on grand occasions maybe, are gay with tinsel, and appear to be sparkling, when flourished about, like little stars stuck upon sticks;—(very useful for the purpose they are designed to fulfil, be it known to all ladies travelling in hot Spain, are these exceedingly cheap and simple fans,—light, too, as feathers in the hand,—for they produce a perfect little hurricane of zephyrs, far better in this respect than the costliest *abanica* of a fine Madrid shop.) These articles of luxury are embellished with portraits of very distinguished bulls; besides the poetical effusions alluded to.

Digitized by Google

Innumerable, indeed, are the half-and-half songs, part gipsy, part *garroted* Castilian, that, noon, night, eve, and morn, charm the ears, hearts, and souls of the populace here, sprinkled plentifully with grains of Gitanesque "*sal.*"

The difficulty to a foreigner of understanding this very mystifying and peculiar *patois* may be imagined, when it is remembered that, without any admixture of Zincalesque expressions, the worthy Andalucian contrives to carve and cut about Doña Ysabel's Spanish in so extraordinary a manner, that it seems shorn, and hacked, and trimmed, and tortured, and cropped, and chopped, and clipped, and chipped, within an inch of its linguaceous life. They cut down some of the tallest and likeliest words without remorse, reducing them in a moment to an equality with even their humblest brethren.

Listen to yonder Andaluz. Hear how he is beheading and betailing words without the smallest mercy, while the grave Castilian beside him marks the murders he is committing with every movement of his mouth, in silent horror.

Everything with our curtailing friend is of the briefest,—he talks short-hand. With him it is *na* and *pa* (*nada* and *para*), and *miste* (for *mira V.*), and so forth; he says *sipisapi*, and *Saragossa*, too, (*zipizapi*, noisy scuffle; *Zaragoza*, the city), which ought to be pronounced *thipithapi* and *Tharagotha*. This bad pronunciation is called the "*ceceo.*"

In short, Andalucian abbreviations, alterations, adaptations, and adulterations, might astonish even the British worthy who propounded this query, I suppose to some gentleman of the long robe:—"If a feller what hasn't nuffin marries a girl what has nuffin neither, is his'ns things her'n, or her'n

Digitized by Google

his'n, or her'n her'n, and his'n his'n, or whos'n?"—or that other intelligent speaker, who remarked to a friend, that the fact of his master and mistress having both been married before, and had families,—while a third family had blessed their subsequent union together, "made quite a confusement, like, in the place, with them different sets of children: for, you see, 'tain't two sets only, like your'n; there's such lots of our'n in the 'ouse;—you know, there's his'ns children, then there's her'n, and then there's their'n. Why, the 'ouse is like any 'umming 'ive, bless you! with this'n, and that'n, and those'n; and that makes these'n, all together."

Well might his "chum" stare.

"No, sure!"

"Yes! and them treats 'em all alike-like, as if each's were 'um's own; the 'tother and the other 'tother, no differ; but as for I, I likes that 'un's the best,—when I can tell 'un—for 'umse's own gives theirselves airs. Howsumever, it seems rale wonderful they knows what's is whats'es, or which-'ens is which'es. *I'se* never sartin."

"Marcy on us! No, han't you, though? I never heerd tell on nothin' more curous."

"No; and nor there *hain't* nothin' more curouser. So don't talk of thems'es o' your'n. Lawk! they're a solingtary number in caparison."

When I spoke of a mixture of Gitano lingo and Andalucian Spanish, I did not mean to allude to the Gerigonza (or *jerga*, or Germania), which is the slang that the *majos*, and *majas*, and *toreros*, and the sprigs of "*La Aficion*" and Tauromaquiaism love to indulge in; this is chiefly a metaphorical language, merely giving a fresh signification to old, well-known words,—a little like our thieves' vocabu-

Digitized by Google

lary, perhaps, when they call Newgate "stone-jug;" or a revered parent, who has had the misfortune to become a specimen of suspended animation, a hempen father or mother, and so on. However, the filching fraternity have regularly coined words besides, I suppose; whereas, I believe, Gerigonza is purely a selection of the identical, commonly-used words conventionally and arbitrarily altered in their meanings.

To what in the creation ought Andalucian Spanish to be talked? We are told the glorious Castilian itself, I think, is the language in which to address the immortal gods; that the German should be talked to soldiers, Hungarian to horses, our whistling, hissing English, to birds,—or, alas! to that peculiar species of fowl, hight geese; French to your friend, (what to your enemy,—Welsh?) the Italian to your ladye-love;—and, I think, they should add —and Dutch to the "*Diavolo*," if you wished to frighten him away for ever, that is, *con perdon sea dicho*, (for I love that dear, old, impracticable Dutch, after all, for Auld Lang Syne—for the sake of many happy days passed in pleasant Holland*.) To what in creation, above earth, or under earth, should you talk this tailed Andalucian? I call it thus, *amable lector*, on account of its being tailless, like those cats at Granada which they call *par excellence* "tailed," because they are deprived of that appendage, or nearly so; (which contradictory mode of denomination they explain by saying it is in allusion to the caudal extremities being trimmed and cut.) Perhaps they should talk Andalucian to —to—what is that you say, reader,—the monkeys?

* I believe I should beg pardon of Welsh too, for those who speak it say it only *looks* harsh in print.

Digitized by Google

I am surprised at you—no! the Echoes,—for they would lengthen it out to more pleasing proportions. There; I think that is a little more civil.

It must be confessed that the introduction of just a few of the gipsy exclamations and interjections gives a great deal of striking point and piquancy to the language the sons of sunny Andalucia are pleased to talk.

Hark!—there is a dashing young spark of the *aficion*, gaily chattering as he lounges by; he affects something of the Zincalesque tone;— as that diamond-eyed, raven-haired *maja* swims gracefully past like a beautiful little ship in full sail, we may hear him cordially expressing his approbation, and wonder, and admiration. This he does in a few sounding syllables, spoken with immense emphasis, and with just a slight admixture of the Rommany: —*Churrú! Hija de mis ojos!—Jui!—Por vida del demonio, muy guapita! Puñalá! Que cara tan risueña! "Qué zandunga! Jui, Salero! Chachipé!"* * ("*Churrú*" is, I believe, a gipsy term of decided admiration; "*Puñalá*," and "*Chachipé*," I am not quite so sure about; but they are very common exclamations, and to be found in most of the Gitanesque songs and stanzas.

Spaniards, like the Neapolitans, are fond of signs, sparing themselves words altogether when feasible. One of the prettiest and most expressive of these telegraphic flourishes is that used digitally to denote and signify great admiration. "*Hombre! qué señorita tan guapa!*" (what a nice little *señorita!*) "*Qué pintura tan hermosa!*" (what a lovely

* "Daughter of my eyes! By the life of the evil one, very charming! What a smiling face! What piquant grace!" &c.

Digitized by Google

picture!) This is done by joining all the points of the fingers tightly together,—squeezing them, in fact, so closely tip to tip, that they seem actually screwed into one tip, then glueing them to the lips in an affectionate kiss, and afterwards allowing them all instantaneously and simultaneously to expand, as rapidly as a suddenly-flung open fan in the hands of a thoroughly-practised, mantillaed señora, till the flying fingers seem about to flutter away from the rest of the hand and arm altogether!

But enough of Spanish manners and habits for the present. I shall have more to say of them, probably, anon. I have a pleasant duty to perform; to go and see the noble Alcazar, and afterwards various other interesting places. Seville still garners up in her proud bosom many a fair memorial of the Moor,—as Desdemona might have done of Othello, if he had been less unjust,—and not suffocated her. The poor Moor here had, indeed, cause to complain: St. "Iago" Ferdinand snatched away his stone-and-stucco Desdemona in triumph.

Among other curious old remains here is an Arabic skew-arch, showing us that the Saracens, eight hundred years since, practised the invention that presumes to call itself a modern discovery. An impromptu *fait à loisir*, indeed, that has been eight centuries coming out bran-new, spick and span. Wonderful Moors! Barbarous? They *were* rather barbarous, it is true, not to transmit some of their skill and grace to their old conquerors.

It is very wrong, I fear, to regret the Saracens, but difficult is it not to do so when you are admiring their noble and exquisite works,—those works that so eloquently prove how richly-gifted they were. Ah! St. Ferdinand! would that you and that wise

Digitized by Google

"Doctor of the Spains" could have converted them all, and *kept* them to build Alcazars, and Alhambras, and Mezquitas, and Generalifes, and Giraldas still! Art, Taste, and Beauty have dropped a tear or two over that great sword of yours, oh, Conquistador! which is treasured up near your renowned remains, and have left a little rust upon it to the mind's eye! But then, Art, Taste, and Beauty, in those old days, were Moors themselves!

In a former Chapter we have spoken of the above-mentioned "egregious Doctor" Isidoro. He who sleeps in the Royal Church of San Isidoro, at Leon, is the same who was Archbishop of Seville; and the corpse was removed to Leon by particular desire—its own, strange to say!

We have heard of gadding ghosts, but seldom of the actual remains choosing to change their place of abode,—but so it was in this case, "*Adios, vecinos! que me mudo.*" However, the restless dust did not prove the truth of the old English adage, that says, "A rolling stone gathers no moss;" nor of the similar Spanish one,—"*Piedra movediza, nunca moho la cobija;*" for the saintly Doctor (who, apparently, had a fancy for acting as his own resurrection-man) was treated with great distinction in his new place of abode, and—besides other little attentions shown him—his tomb at Leon was constructed of pure gold, which gold Alonzo of Arragon afterwards *removed* Soult-wise,—substituting one of silver in its place;—not Soult-wise *that*, at all; for the latter preferred not substituting anything whatever for the treasures he carried off, though he might easily have replaced the gold and silver with that metal of which he had always a plentiful supply at hand,—I do not mean steel, but

Digitized by Google

his own excellent and lasting brass. His motto was, "*Lo mio, mio, y lo tuyo, de entrambos;*" or rather, *his* reading was, "Mine is mine, and thine is all mine also."

The Alonzo of Arragon who ran off with San Isidoro's gold tomb was called "El Batallador," which sounds too much like battledore to seem very grand in English ears: if it meant *that*, indeed, instead of "The Great Warrior," the poor Doctor's body might seem to have acted the shuttlecock; that is, if his bones were knocked about as much as their vain barricade, the sepulchre; for the French had the goodness to remove the silver, too, which had been substituted for the gold by the Batallador. Soult, I believe, that time, was more or less innocent; his troops, it is said, it was who pilfered the saint's silver plate and sepulchre.

"*El hijo de la gata*
Ratones mata."

("A son of a cat
Will kill many a rat.")

That the soldiers should follow the example of their commander, and take the cue from him, was certainly more to be regretted than to be wondered at. Another *refran* says,—

"*En la casa del tamborillero,*
Todos son danzantes."

("In the house where the tambourine-player is found,
All are sure to be dancers and prancers around.")

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XXI.

THE following are fragments from the rather irregularly-kept Diary that I wrote while at Seville;—most of them thrown together pretty nearly as these fragments were jotted down on the spot, without attempting to connect them very regularly:—

* * * * * * *

I am sitting writing in the Alcazar, in one of the most beautiful of its beautiful rooms, while my companion is sketching. This room, in addition to its own fantastic splendour, has a magnificent view of the Cathedral. The Giralda, that feat of architecture, Moorish and Mahometan to two hundred and fifty feet,—and Spanish and Christian for a hundred feet above—nearer Heaven—looks more than ever beautiful through the framework of those delicate arches, whose lovely traceries make the very sky (that sea of azure floating round a world of golden light, the sun,) look more exquisite through them; nay, it almost seems like myriads of bright, blue, seraphic eyes gazing down on Earth, and by distance, and by the soft interposing atmosphere, commingled into one blue flood of living lustre!

Seldom, here, do the sleepy lids of cloud, white or shadowy, close over that sparkling and speaking brilliance.

Digitized by Google

How peaceful and calm is all around, in this place, where once stirring scenes were enacted by sultans, emperors, kings, warriors, priests, rulers, and statesmen! The animated noises of the city are softened by being blent together and heard from a little distance, and almost seem but part of the wandering breezes.

* * * * * * *

The ceiling of the middle of this room tumbled down some time ago, it is said. It had been exceedingly lovely. It has not been replaced, and perhaps it was unreplaceable. A small portion of it, between one of the rows of arches and the windows, is still in being, and wonderfully beautiful. Its colours have, I think, been touched up and restored; and here the effect is not so detrimental as is usually the case in such modern revivifications. The patterns are exquisitely delicate and fairy-like.

A great deal of the decoration here looks like most costly and daintily-rich lace, fine as a cobweb.

In one of the rooms that we visited in this Alcazar the Duchess de Montpensier's eldest daughter was born, we were told, — not an altogether inappropriate locality for the natal place of a Spanish princess, perhaps,—a ruin, yet lovelier and nobler than all that Spain can show of secular architecture whole and perfect, and only matched by its world-renowned sister-ruin — the marvellous and magical Moorish Alhambra. What is Spain but such a beautiful ruin herself, borrowing all that is most lovely and noble about her from her once glorious Past?

The chambers and halls of this Alcazar are, I am informed, on a larger scale than those that are yet to be found in fortunate preservation in that

Digitized by Google

far-famed gem and glory of Granada — the Alhambra. The Duke and Duchess of Montpensier lived here, it appears, for a whole summer, waiting for their palace to be built. Why they did not remain (if they could) it is difficult to imagine, in such a lovely place, with such splendid gardens, too. There are vast numbers of rooms, and the building seems to afford every facility for thorough adaptation to modern comfort and luxury; but, after all, most likely this change of residence was not their own choice.

Owls dwell in the royal edifice now (the only inhabitants of this delightful place, except the mice and the porter). Nightingales frequent the gardens. In one of the rooms there is placed an artist's easel and painting implements. We saw a pretty and graceful sketch the first day we were here, but have since been told it was given up,—abandoned in despair! The hundredfold complicated patterns are, I suppose, too intricate for the patience of the disheartened painter, and require a greater expenditure of time and labour than he is disposed to afford, or than he is able to devote to them.

What consummate taste had those miracle-working Moors! How extraordinary and matchless are their elaborate *azulejos*, their *artesonados*, their *almocarbes*, their *ataraceas*, their elegant *lienzos*, and graceful *ajimezes!* What variety! what richness of fancy!

In some of the halls and chambers, as you recede, the countless fantastic devices on the walls appear kaleidoscopically to take multifarious new forms, and all marvellously beautiful. Thus, while you cannot go too near, so great is their perfection, and unparalleled delicacy and accuracy of detail

Digitized by Google

and execution, afar you perceive, ever fresh, novel combinations of beauties. These laboured *azulejos* actually seem to grow more beautiful while you look at them, as if, like magically-opening flowers, they were expanding and changing their shapes as you gazed!

The whole of the walls present a perfect mass of lace-like decoration,—here, a reticulated work of spider-like fineness of workmanship, there, multitudinous shells, urns, wheels, bells, rings, medallions, arabesques, vein-work, and tendrils. Every now and then the mazy-darting lines seem almost like fairy fireworks of exquisite lavish tracery,—shifting meteors of phantasy and wild caprice. Every beautiful shape and form in Nature and Art almost appears represented here, and flourished into greater grace and perfection. On all sides seem multiplied scrolls, knots, stars, snake-like curves, arrows, wings, pine-cones, diamonds, chain-links, palm-boughs, spires, and globes; then there are lines geometrically intersected, and apparently endless, entwined labyrinthine wildernesses of astounding diversity and fancifulness, the very poetry of geometry,—while around, beneath, and above, the wildered eye ever appears wandering over new festoons, borders, frames, minute arches, shields, inscriptions, loops, scallops, clusters, airy ripples, torches, wreaths, tresses, sheaves, plumes, tassels, ornate mottoes, trefoils, lamps, daggers, fringes, flames, roses, and honey-combed patterns, and twisted branches;—'tis a world of complex garniture, daintily and richly-finished as the bezel of a ring, and wrought with foliage of all kinds seemingly,—and with triangles and octagons, and every other varie-sided figure.

Digitized by Google

I do not mean that the decorations actually represent all the foregoing objects, but they seem to take these and other shapes to the beholder's roving, imaginative eye.

One of the loveliest of the *patios* here has been quite savagely whitewashed. If the Moors could see it, would they not wash off the horror with their tears? It is incredible the passion the Spaniards have for this vile *cal de Moron*. One would think they had appointed their Figaroes chief architects and embellishers everywhere; and thus they naturally enough begin by lathering copiously the faces of all the walls confided to their barber-ous care. They succeed, if it is so, in shaving off nearly the entire beauty and charm from the unfortunate objects of their attention. And then they leave them still plentifully lathered, as it were,—all ready, it seems, for another operation, and tucked up with endless white towels.

They could not quite spoil this beauteous *patio;* and now, as it glitters, white and stainless, it recalls somewhat the feathery lightness of powdery snow upon the most exquisite branches of firs, and yew, and other trees, with every softly-veined, tenderly-sculptured leaf traceable through the sheeny, but too glaring, covering. In short, through the blanching veil nearly the whole rare embroidery of myriads of clustering coils and interlacings appears. You might almost expect to see showers of snowy blossoms,—of lightly-falling, fairy balls and flakes, shaken down as you walk past, and cast at the feet of the aërial, gauze-like arches, themselves like canopies of moonlight and gossamer, they seem so transparent and ethereal.

Again and again we examined the delicate dia-

Digitized by Google

pery, the wondrous and phenomenal damask-work. One thing we are rejoiced to learn and to find. A great part of the previous whitewashing (which I suppose was universal here) has been itself happily washed away, the primitive splendour of the decorations has been renewed, and much of the original beauty of the place *really* "restored." This is a step in the right direction; but there is no doubt the best of decorators here in general must be the greatest destroyers—of retouches and restorations; —the most finished embellisher is that artist, in fact, who undoes the *most* of the anterior improvements and beautifyings! and, above all, who proclaims aloud, War to the scrubbing-brush against all whitewashing!

The Hall of Ambassadors is magnificent. Its *media-naranja* roof is transcendently fine. The Tales of the Genii seem to you, amid these wondrous creations of the highly-gifted Moors, tales of rather ordinary mortals, who had merely remarkably good and diligent carpenters, masons, bricklayers, and upholsterers; for instance, when these worthies finished the King of I-don't-know-how-many-hundreds-of-Diamond-Mountains-and-thousands-of-Golden-Islands' Palace in a quarter of an hour, for his most Numerical Majesty, and produced an exceedingly handsome house, too, they assuredly showed praiseworthy application and industry, but the royal abode of this same Numerically mighty Potentate was not to be compared (at least unless the annalists of the times have done them injustice) with those tenfold magical masterpieces of the Arabic sorcerers.

A grand pointed arch is seen on each side of this stately Hall, partly filled up by a rounded arch

Digitized by Google

on one of the sides, and on the other three, these great arches contain other more diminutive horse-shoe-shaped ones, upheld by a couple of slight, delicate columns of marble. On each of the sides above the latter, and filling up the spaces of the pointed arch, are three lovely small windows, which are garnished with rich, open lattice-work, as fine as the subtle vagaries of hoar-frost on trembling blades of grass, and on the boughs of holly, ivy, the leaves of fern, and divers other shrubs and plants.

There was formerly a row of small windows above the larger arches: these have been stopped up, and in this Saracenic hall, alas! most Christian balconies, and portraits of most Christian kings and queens, have been substituted and foisted in the latter, looking particularly savage and barbarous here, and certainly not quite so much in keeping as if a series of signs of the "Saracen's Head" had been hung around between the slender columns, in place of the absent windows.

The filling up of these windows, and cramming the place with indifferent historical portraits, is a deed of darkness, indeed, in more senses than one. You try to cut them—not to see them, but they *will* be seen, even in this 'minished light. Look at that queen, spectacles on nose! I remember, when visiting a lunatic asylum in Canada, observing among the unfortunate patients a poor madwoman who fancied herself Mary, Queen of Scots. She had a huge sort of nightcap on, and a pair of spectacles, and was a little like Dr. Syntax in petticoats; but I do not think she would have sat for her regal picture with that spectacled nose.

While the Infanta resided here she gave a grand ball, which is said to have been perfectly enchanting

Digitized by Google

in this lovely place. The dancing took place, I believe, in the grand *patio*, which is splendid, and must have looked marvellously fine lighted up, as we are told it was, by *mil bugias* (a thousand tapers) illuminating its beauteous marble columns, and causing its charming fountain to sparkle and gleam in showers of shivered diamonds.

One thing was wanting, however, which would have heightened the effect amazingly—the gardens were not lighted up.

Notwithstanding this omission, the *fête* is said to have reminded the enchanted spectators of other times of old Moorish magnificence, and of the epoch when the palace was inhabited by the fair and unfortunate Queen Doña Blanca, whose fate was so pitiable and mournful.

(I think my authority is mistaken, when he speaks of that unhappy Princess as having dwelt here. Queen Blanche could hardly have resided in this palace, since ten out of her twenty-five years of life were passed in strict imprisonment.)* How touching is the old ballad,—in which, however, the Padilla is wrongly made to instigate the murder of the queenly victim. "I sent the royal Blanca of Bourbon to Medina Sidonia," says the pitiless Pedro in the ballad, "to fashion me a rich banner; the ground, the hue of her heart's blood, the embroideries that of her tears. This costly banner, oh! fairest Maria! shall be for thee!" A terrible gift, indeed; and the cruel words might well have paled the velvet cheek of the Padilla, till it had proved a strong and striking contrast to the "rich banner" wrought by her hapless rival, and dyed the hue of her royal heart's blood.

* She died in the Castle of Xeres.

Digitized by Google

This Alcazar, if not now altogether Moorish, is supposed to have been entirely built, as it at present stands, save in some trifling respects, by Saracen workmen; for Don Pedro (the Cruel), who restored the palace, and rebuilt some portions of it, and who was on friendly terms with the Granada Moors, determined on carefully following that style in every particular, and transported hither Moorish artificers, by whom the task was fulfilled right worthily. This kingly house (the House of Cæsar) occupies the site of the residence of the Roman Prætor. A Toledan architect, Jalubi, rebuilt it, somewhere about the tenth or eleventh century, for Abdu-r-Rahmán.

Don Pedro entirely built the principal portal, which has, notwithstanding, a thoroughly Arabic air. The Gothic inscription informs us that "the very High, very Noble, and very Powerful conqueror, Don Pedro," (the very Cruel, should have been added,) "by the grace of Heaven King of Castile and Leon, ordered this Alcazar and this façade to be built, which was done in one thousand four hundred and two.*

Many of the superb doors here, the *azulejos*, ornaments, and ceilings, are undoubtedly of thoroughly Moorish origin. Looking upon the gardens, there is a truly Saracenic suite of chambers, with inlaid ceilings, apparently of very old date.

* * * * * *

In some portions the Alcazar was Germanised and Flemingised a good deal by Charles the Fifth, and Frenchified by Philip the Fifth. Charles was married here to his beloved empress, Isabella.

* Which the "Handbook" says is A.D. 1364. The former date is, no doubt, that of the Era.

Digitized by Google

Philip the Second was the "*drei-doppelter*" donkey, begging his pardon, who poked in so unnecessarily the portraits of Spanish monarchs, to destroy, as far as it might be thus destroyed, the effect of the magnificent *media-naranja* roof; but its stalactites and splendours *will*, happily, look glorious and Moorish in spite of him and them.

Charles the Fifth did some good things here, for he restored the *lienzos* in stucco in the principal *patio*. The third Philip tried to make up a little for the peccadilloes of the second, and built the armoury, and the fifth erected the column-adorned *apeadero*. This worthy lived here about two years, employing his leisure hours in angling, which amusement he diversified by a few penitential scourgings. Whether he fished and flogged well or ill I know not, but I apprehend the fishing-rod suited his hands better than the rod of empire; and probably the one which suited him the best of all was that other rod which he laid about his own royal shoulders.

To return to the gardens,—of which, *par parenthèse*, there are lovely views from many of the rooms,—they are in the cinque-cento style. There is too much quaintness in the plans of the patterns which profusely adorn them, meeting and striking the eye in all directions. However, they are very singular and curious, and the great numbers of orange-trees, which doubtless perfectly fill the air with odour in the proper season, making it all redolent of the rich aroma of the exquisite *azahar* (the orange-blossom), must at that time render them quite charming.

Meanwhile, myrtle, box, and other plants that lend themselves to such fantastic devices, are per-

Digitized by Google

tinaciously tortured in the various compartments, into strange and, it would seem, very uncongenial shapes for any vegetable productions of nature; such as heraldic coats of arms, blazonries, eagles, crowns, shields, the royal escutcheon of Charles the Fifth, and other such lofty ensigns armorial.

The box and myrtle, and their compeers, however, flourishing, as they do, under this almost African sun of Seville, rather run riot, and play now and then some strange tricks and vagaries with the royal arms, displaying much vegetable disloyalty and leanings to Socialistic views and to Red Republicanism, till the shears and pruning-knife teach them to submit themselves; and a few too-aspiring boughs and branches and revolutionary sprigs are guillotined, and the whole is shaven and shorn again closely, — as it were, indeed, by the very hands of that barber who shaves off heads, not beards,—and all are clipped, and cropped, and stripped, and snipped, and topped, and lopped, and levelled into subjection, and they once more follow the very straight and stiff path, and comply with civilised forms and figures.

It is to be observed that, in the meantime, before the chopping and cropping executioner, the gardener, has reduced the disaffected to proper subordination, you have the double-headed eagles indulging in the strangest freaks and frolics, catching their own tails in their beaks, throwing out a dozen or so of extraneous talons, turning one wing into a sort of fluttering scarecrow, and the other into a species of hussar's jacket with several dangling sleeves,—and you have lions which, apparently, have decked their grim old heads with verdant-tinged ostrich feathers, like court-beauties, and let their

Digitized by Google

manes grow a few yards long in dishevelled luxuriance, and donned frilled trowsers on their sturdy, solid-looking limbs, like furbelowed bantams, or like the piano-fortes some one saw and admired for their extreme propriety in America, and you have dragons' heads *vert* in nightcaps, and you have various other fabulous animals and objects, a great deal more fabulous than they ever were before.

As to the poor crown, haply it looked sadly like a bristling porcupine,—stuck out with spines, or, rather, sprays, that had but too exuberantly sprouted. And as for the "ragged staff of Burgundy," 'twas ragged and rough, indeed. And what a shaggy Golden Fleece! In fact, the plants and shrubs in this fertile clime and place act like very unruly members of vegetable society, on occasion.

It must be perfectly bewildering to the unfortunate gardener till he has clipped the eagle's preposterous, wandering wings, (wandering away from the eagle himself almost), shortened the lion's mane, and stripped off his unbecoming finery, and done a little more in the nicking and notching, and docking and decapitating line, for some of the nondescripts have shot out a few extra heads,—and till he has readjusted, in short, to his entire satisfaction, the various extravagant-looking malformations, (such as would put to the blush all the calves with six legs and kittens with ten tails ever shown at a fair,—the last, perhaps, however, are no such wonders, as there are so many cats with nine.) A Herculean labour must it be to make them all appear once more like proper, orderly, well-to-do, and decent monsters.

These gardens would be delectable promenades for All-fool's-day, since they abound in multifarious

Digitized by Google

fountains and shower-baths, lying in close ambush for the unsuspecting; and while a newly-arrived and uninitiated guest might be wonderingly gazing on something that, from being the proud supporter of a brave royal shield, after a hot sunny day and dewy night, had sprouted into the semblance of a long-armed ape rampant, habited in a loose befringed dressing-gown, and holding up a couple of puffed-out pudding-bags that had once been a pair of princely banners,—he may suddenly find his shoes inundated with water, and his hat washed off his head.

One more look at the lovely room whence we have so enchanting a glance at the Cathedral, and one more peep at the Hall of Ambassadors, and the great *patio*,—and we must go. From the first the Giralda really looks more lovely than ever, and the figure of the Fé, just caught by the eye under these beautiful archways, seems to have newly alighted there from some other, higher world.

Certainly, whatever may be said to excuse it, 'twas a strange choice to take La Fé for a gigantic weathercock. If the Sevillians ever think so, and change it, they had better, perhaps, place instead, a statue of the Spanish Constitution,—if not too profane—to say nothing of a Spanish Prime Minister or political notability. If the first, the more it changes with every wind the better, peradventure, for it is very far from being good enough to stand long as it is. When it has gone through a certain number of *revolutions*, possibly, it may be amended and improved enough to deserve to be fixed, firm and fast.

Adieu! most fair and lovely Hall of Ambassadors, and ye, most un-fair pictures of not lovely

Digitized by Google

kings and their rather hard-favoured consorts. Observe! Some of the unpleasing semblances here are powdered and bewigged. Mahomet and the Koran! Houries and Fair-Stars! — powdered and bewigged, — beperiwigged to boot, is it?—in this Arabic, Aladdin-like Hall! Adieu! the glowing treasure of gilded stalactites, clustering and glittering, and looking as if a mine of gold, touched by a fairy wand, was turning into the rich, fantastic decorations of a sea-nymph's cavern, — a nereid's grotto, —or changing into the prodigal luxuriance of over-ripened fruit, bursting open in the sun! Adieu! thy arches within arches, thine arabesques, thy latticework, and thy lace-like labyrinths of flowing lines!

There is a charming, captivating little court here, called the *Patio de las Muñecas*, with fair marble pillars, of different hues, sustaining exceedingly lovely arches. The visitor should not neglect that bewitching miniature court, nor the little Chapel of Isabella, where are some very fine *azulejos*, which have the reputation of being almost, if not quite, the best non-Moorish ones in the whole kingdom. There is a kind of *kiosk* in the gardens, embellished with *azulejos*, and there are terraces, arcades, orange-covered walls, and the baths where Maria de Padilla bathed of yore (and where now reign—and perhaps bathe—toad and lizard), and the tank where the royal ascetic, Philip, angled, to be seen also.

The old porter here is rather a curiosity in his way. He is endowed with a great gift of loquacity, and seemed to me to take a vast interest and pride in the beautiful Alcazar, but to mix up rather strangely all kinds of personages and topics,—the

Digitized by Google

old Moorish kings and the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier; Charles the Fifth and Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones, the last English travellers who came here; (the former not the really distinguished *Albert*)—Marshal Soult and Pedro the Cruel (and I fancy he thought the Marshal by far the most cruel of the two, especially as regarded pictures and Murillo—Seville's darling); the Duke of Wellington and Maria de Padilla; Godoy—the Prince of Peace—and the gipsies of famed Triana; the baby Princess of the Asturias and the *matador* Montes; Mahomet and Madame Mina; a gang of *contrabandistas* and *rateros* and the Queen's ministers; and the huge *matadero** of Macarena and the Queen's generals; the Archbishop of Seville and Lola Montes; Figaro and St. Fernando; Columbus and Queen Christina; Don Juan† and Isabella the Catholic; Don Carlos and some tight-rope dancers; Lord Byron and Santas Justina and Rufina (only five hundred feet high each); Cardinal Mendoza and the Chiclanero;‡ our *laquais de place* and Pope Gregory the Fifteenth; Henry of Trastamara and Mr. Murray; Churriguera and Sancho Panza's donkey; the "Egregious Doctor" and Fanny Ellsler and her *cachucha* (of whom and which, probably, some Transatlantic travellers once on a time had told him wonders); Don Roderick and the Seville *cigarreras;* Murillo and a famous robber (not Soult); Zumalacarreguy and La Cava,—the fair Florinda; Julius Cæsar and Ysabel Segunda; Napoleon the Great and a pretty *maja* of Xeres; Espartero and a noted *toro con muchas piernas* (of much legs); the King of the Visigoths and the French mil-

* Old word for butcher. † Our "Don Giovanni."
‡ The famous bull-fighter.

Digitized by Google

liners in the Calle de la Sierpe; Hercules and the English Vice-consul; that Soldan of Egypt who sent the huge crocodile as a pretty little forget-me-not to Alonzo-el-Sabio's daughter (whom he wished to espouse) and the ex-Queen of the French; the Philips—Second, Third, and Fifth, and some Yankee artists who had been here; Queen Blanche and Alexandre Dumas, or some such unpopular tourist of Transpyrenean birth (assuredly our worthy friend, the keeper here, is not an *Afrancesado* Spaniard—lover of the French); and the Invincible Armada and a couple of tame grasshoppers in a cage.

Besides all this, there was I know not how much about gardens, daggers, Moors, roses, cigars, balls, bulls, *boleros*, baths, bullets, owls, *majas*, Frenchmen, toads, ollas, ghosts, chocolate, guitars, field-marshals, smugglers, cucumbers, brigands, cabbages, rats, prime ministers, mice, and princesses, all confounding themselves, it seemed—and me certainly—into worse confusion every moment, for my Andaluz went a most tremendous pace; and I could only catch at the salient points of his rapid discourse from time to time, without the connecting links, like a person crossing a bad ford, and hopping anxiously from stone to stone. He seemed to observe I was not enough of a proficient in Andalucian abbreviations to follow him well, and every now and then waited a half-moment for the senses and understanding of his listener to come up with him,—at least within hail. But, alack the day! refreshed by the timely bait, he only started off at a double-quick time afterwards.

As for me, sticking my spurs into the sides of my puffing and blowing, hard-ridden comprehension, it and I cantered wearily after him,—only to see

Digitized by Google

ourselves left behind, two, three, four leagues, till —whirr! whizz! there he is at the horizon, lost in a cloud of comparatives and superlatives, and "*Carambas!*" and "*Cosas estupendas!*" and "*Ohs!*" and "*Ays!*" and "*Ehs!*" and "*U's!*" and "*Eas!*" and "*Vayas!*" and "*Comprende V.'s?*" and at last my poor blown and jaded comprehension stumbles, trips, and falls heavily. Mentally and bodily, it seems "it is the pace that kills."

Among the most favourite subjects of my *charlador* (chatterbox), were the imperial arms and escutcheons of Charles the Fifth in box and parsley, —I beg pardon, myrtle,—which certainly, however, seems better suited to be fashioned into the soft doves of Venus than into the fierce eagles, and towers, and lions of empire. These vegetable blazonries, it is true, did not look on the whole so very dreadful and imposing as they might have done;—in fact they seemed rather festive and jocund, not to say smile-provoking, considering the transmogrifications that the semi-tropical luxuriancy of growth here had effected—considering, in short, the monkey-seeming supporter and pincushion-like crown.

We cannot but wonder if we shall admire the Alhambra more than we do the Hall of Ambassadors here, and the noble *patio*, with its lovely, white-gleaming corridor, so richly adorned by beauteous arches, sustained by the numerous polished columns of spotless marble,—and with its charming clusters, with three pillars in each, at the angles, like snowy-robed maidens grouped together, and coyly lingering near each other, or like the Three Graces themselves —a trifle too stiff; and somewhat more suggestive of the backboard than is quite consistent with our ideas of divinities.

Digitized by Google

In addition to the above, there are, at the ends of the *patio*, four clusters of two columns each, like whispering lovers; at least I feel sure they would all seem such in the uncertain, transforming moonlight, if, instead of this ripe, rich, sunny afternoon, it was the witching hour of night, shedding its soft influence over the exquisite court that we are contemplating.

Then we might imagine we saw some of our talkative friend's heroes and heroines, and other celebrities of which the place reminds us, perhaps;—even the Moorish Abdu-r-Rahmán watching a bevy of white-veiled odalisques, or Marshal Soult making his bow to Queen Blanche, (with a small Murillo sticking out of his pocket,) or our great Duke of Wellington waltzing with Maria de Padilla, while the ghost of Don Pedro might seem to stand frowning by, looking rather queer, and sufficiently grim to frighten any one but the Iron Duke; or Leonora de Guzman may float past, talking to a white-burnoosed Arab—stately enough to be Abd-el-Kader himself. But this is, indeed, moonshine.

Six clusters of columns, of the same kind as those we have alluded to, adorn each side of this superb *patio*. The capitals of the columns are not as strictly Moorish as they might be. There is too much of the Corinthian and composite about them, which we would rather be without here. Another colonnade is built over the lower one, decorated with circular arches, and supported by slender, snowy pillars of marble. Now and then there are clusters of a few together, and at other times a solitary one; so that, if we were here in our imaginary, supposititious, ethereal, transmogrificative moonlight, instead of the broad, garish, matter-of-fact

Digitized by Google

sunshine, we might imagine the lonely one to be Don Quixote himself, come with lance and sword to dispel the scene of witchcraft, and the whooping array of owls.

But I have stayed too long, and if I don't go soon the moon will, perhaps, be really rising, and, peradventure, taking those owls into consideration, and rats, and bats, and gnats, which I should not be at all surprised would come forth, too, and the possible ghosts and goblins, I might not be so pleased, after all, with the "spiritually-bright" and silver-shining scene.

Let me just have one glimpse, however, before I run away from bats and rats, of the garden-terrace, under an arcade supported by almost countless pillars, with Moorish entablatures and capitals. I must give, too, a just meed of praise to its charming view. Not only do you behold the many spires of the fair city, the Cathedral, and the stately Roman aqueduct, with its four hundred arches, but the Guadalquivir is observed winding along its sheeny way through accidental openings in the shadowy groves of lemon and orange-trees.

Then there are the curious old flower-enamelled gardens themselves,—the "*encantadores vergeles*," about which the old *concierge* went almost wild with admiration when he showed off their beauties, —and the superb convent of the Carmelites on the opposite banks of the silvery river. Of course, all that is delicious in the view is made doubly so by the crystal air and the crowning, cerulean skies of Spain.

And, before we drop the curtain of this Chapter, we would fain say a few more words about the lovely Queen Blanche, whose name has on several occa-

Digitized by Google

sions been mentioned. Though some Spanish writers of old times denied that she was murdered, there seems no true reason to doubt the sad, shocking fact. Mariana declares she was poisoned by a physician; others, that she was assassinated by a mace-bearer, or arbalister of the guard. It was more than suspected that Don Pedro had connived at the deed, if he did no more, and sundry chroniclers also hint that Maria de Padilla, "the beautiful and haughty favourite," had a large share in it.

By some, it is thought Don Pedro hoped, by consenting to the murder of the Queen, to intimidate a party that was gradually growing up against his power, and that warmly espoused her cause; but, if he did so, he was greatly mistaken. The mystery that hung round the death of Blanche, as well as his devotion to his much-loved favourite, and also his rigorous government, excited and exasperated the citizens, and, at length, he fled, somewhat ignominiously, from his beautiful palace-fortress,—this regal and enchanting Alcazar.

Though Maria de Padilla may be judged harshly by some writers, and called proud and vain, we are told by others she was warm-hearted and of a generous and tender nature, often weeping bitter tears over those unfortunates whom she could not save, notwithstanding all her influence over the king,—while to that stern Prince, it seems, she was really devotedly attached. She is generally allowed to have been a most winning, gifted, and captivating being; as high-spirited as she was accomplished and fascinating.

Whether the influence of the fair Padilla over the tyrannical sovereign was exerted for good or

Digitized by Google

ill, certain it is that it was with no sentiments of dissatisfaction that the inhabitants of the powerful and flourishing city of Seville heard of the flight of their king, and the removal of the favourite. His harshness and tyranny had alienated the affections of his subjects. His very justice but too often degenerated into brutal severity, and displayed a ferocious character. Frequently, indeed, it appeared that that overstrained justice was only another name for wanton barbarity. "*Derecho apurado, tuerto ha tornado.*"*—A more homely *refran* describes this also: "*No se ha de esprimir tanto la naranja, que amargue el zumo.*"†

It was, in fact, with joy, not sorrow, that the Sevillians learned they were abandoned thus hastily by the "just" Pedro. It is true, that in many of the old historical traditions, and in numbers of the graphic ballads preserved of this period, it is to be remarked that he enjoyed a certain species of popularity, chiefly owing to his being particularly accessible to all ranks of his people, and also to his curbing and curtailing much the license, the privileges, and the oppressive domination of the nobles. Despite of this, the citizens of Seville were pleased at the prospect of the impending change; and they were nearly as much surprised as they were gratified by the sudden retreat of their despotic and iron-hearted ruler. They were aware of the approach of Don Henrique, his brother, (who sought to unseat him from the throne, and be himself declared king,) and of the valorous Du

* "Right, pushed to excess, and o'er-refined,
To turn to wrong seems sore inclined."

† "If too hard the orange you press and squeeze,
The embittered juice scarce your taste will please."

Digitized by Google

Guesclin; they knew, too, that their sovereign's arms had been unsuccessful, and that his position was fraught with danger; but they had been little prepared to find he had so abruptly, and almost pusillanimously, as it appeared to them, hurried away from his capital in the hour of threatened peril.

They had, in fact, expected Don Pedro would strongly fortify himself in the Alcazar, or sally forth, perhaps, with his dauntless adherents and followers, and fiercely oppose the forward march of his antagonists; and thus Fortune might have favoured his efforts at the last. However, they now rejoiced over the change that had occurred,—they congratulated themselves on the departure of Don Pedro, and the approaching, unopposed arrival of Henry of Trastamara, and the triumphant and gallant Du Guesclin.

Indeed, when the Sevillians were quite certain the former had abandoned the royal fortress-palace of their city, the heavy-brooding clouds of gloomy wrath, that had foretokened tempest and discord, burst at once, and freely raged the fiery storm. All was confusion and disorganisation. The people assembled in considerable masses, and placed themselves under the guidance of a formidable ring-leader, in the person of a powerful, Herculean, and sturdy *matadero*, or *carnicero* (butcher). This worthy was appropriately armed with an immense cleaver, that looked as if it could do as much execution as the club of Hercules himself, whom he resembled. The excitement perpetually increased. The *vivas* for Henry of Trastamara grew louder and louder.

The rioters marched through the streets, headed

Digitized by Google

by their cleaver-wielding commander-in-chief; and soon a second vast and tumultuous crowd issued from the squalid and disreputable district called the Macarena, inhabited by the worst of the lower classes, and famed for its riots and disturbances. The two turbulent bands joined together. They began by trying their strength with rude and fierce sports, a sort of rehearsal of conflicts, which ended by a regular fight, in order to see which party was most worthy to lead and to guide the other.

At last the commanders, fearful that, in this manner, the loving allies would leave the enemy, if they found one, nothing whatever to do, ordered a cessation of these friendly and gratuitous hostilities. The dead were removed; the wounded, perhaps, some of them, removed themselves, having already had enough of broil and bloodshed, and the commander of the first horde, with the remainder of his brutal host of adherents, marched on the proud old Alcazar.

The uncouth and rugged leader of these ruffians bade them attack the kingly stronghold fiercely and furiously, and utterly banish and obliterate every trace left by the murderess of their lovely Queen, the unhappy Blanche; and his fearless followers, nothing loath, prepared to obey his commands.

They carried the entrance called the *Monteria*, and dragging down the emblazoned arms of Pedro, that proudly hung over the portal, they at once proceeded tumultuously into the splendid halls and marble *patios* of the palace. Strange, indeed, must have been the spectacle of the inroad of this wild and savage mob into the delicately-decorated chambers and exquisite saloons of the superb palace.

Digitized by Google

Even these coarse and rude spoilers must have glared round for the space of a few moments, in the midst of their rage, in wondering admiration at its fairy-like mosaics, its hundreds of clustering columns, its daintily-purflewed treasure of lace-work, its glittering gildings and arabesques, and tissues and tapestries; and the magnificent audience-chamber must have seemed to them something hardly of this earth.

But in some respects they were doomed to bitter disappointment; whatever precious treasures had been guarded in the Alcazar had been removed, and they acquired but very little booty; and that, too, on which they chiefly wished to wreak their vengeance — some breathing foe — some living, hated form — they found not. Meanwhile they heard the rush and riot of the second disorderly band, who had entered on the side of the Gate of Flags, and, more and more excited, they gave a vent to their blind fury by injuring and disfiguring all they could lay their hands on.

The other insurrectionary horde found themselves near the royal throne, adorned with pillars, from whence the monarch had usually pronounced his celebrated justiciary decrees and edicts. But a short time was required by these barbarians in order to level this renowned judgment-seat with the dust.

After the throne of Pedro and his kingly insignia had been destroyed or defaced, the alabaster baths, the graceful basins of the charming fountains, the alcoves and terraces, were demolished; and after burning in effigy Don Pedro and Maria de Padilla, one of the desperadoes among them, snatching up a lighted torch, vowed he would burn the palace

Digitized by Google

itself. This act of Vandalism was happily prevented, and the insurgents marched to the Torre de Oro. They were courageously received by the governor and his few, but brave, followers. However, they succeeded at length in forcing one of the entrances, and the intrepid commandant and his little, valiant troop, overpowered by numbers, were speedily put to death.

Gloomy and ominous seemed thus the lamentable occurrences which preceded the entrance of the new king into stately Seville. But these dark, disastrous events, were forgotten in the general joy, when the conquering sovereign's triumphal approach filled every thankful and solaced heart with content, every place with concord, every path with flowers, every mouth with gratulation, and blessed every home, it seemed, with security as well as gladness.

The spectacle that met the eye of the delighted citizens on this auspicious occasion was as magnificent as it was animated and exhilarating.

Evergreens, blossoms, banners, silken festoons, chaplets of victory, rich devices, hangings of cloth of gold, and tapestries, adorned the iron-work of the balconies, the marble terraces, the columned portals, the massive walls. Congratulations and blessings seemed pouring from every tongue.

The deeply-echoing bells shook the air with their silvery peals, and drums and trumpets joined in the swelling tempest of sound.

The archbishop, with a train of richly-robed dignitaries of the church, went forth in sacerdotal state to meet the monarch, while various choirs, chaunting sacred hymns, accompanied the solemn procession; and the chief magistrates and civil authorities also hastened to tender their homage

Digitized by Google

and duty to the august Prince. As the royal *cortège* advanced, the gorgeous crowd bewildered the sense and dazzled the eyes of the enraptured spectators. It was composed of heralds, peers, arbalisters, seneschals, cavaliers, knights, and standard-bearers.

The city keys were duly presented to Henry on a salver of gold, and the mingled processions moved on in their proud magnificence towards the great metropolitan church in the queenly city, and there mass was celebrated. Various solemn ceremonies successively took place, and a vow was pronounced by the triumphant guests that they would hold in that grand edifice one of the mightiest sacred "*fiestas*" that had ever been dedicated to the glory of Religion. After this Don Henry was proclaimed King of Castile and Leon.

Not long afterwards Don Pedro once more approached the former seat of his splendour and power, in order to contest the crown, which, it had appeared, he had resigned, and a severe battle was fought, in which Don Pedro and the English Black Prince were the conquerors, and the vanquished Henry of Trastamara, after displaying great valour and resolution, was forced to fly for his life.

The French and the Castillians fought nobly, and exhibited the most unflinching intrepidity, and the chroniclers of the time give deeply-interesting accounts of the bravery and obstinacy with which the field was contested.

Once more was Pedro king. It appears he determined to justify his claim to the title of "Cruel" on this occasion, though, conquering and triumphant as he was, well could he have afforded the exercise of mercy and magnanimity. He ruthlessly wished to slaughter in cold blood the pri-

Digitized by Google

soners he had taken, on the spot; but the gallant Black Prince prevented him from committing this atrocious crime, and, with characteristic courtesy and generosity, he invited Du Guesclin and Don Sancho into his own royal tent, treating them with the most marked and chivalrous urbanity and distinction.

After a brief period the royal heir of the English throne decided on quitting Spain, for various reasons, one of which was that the climate did not well agree with his constitution; but it seems highly probable that other causes accelerated his departure. Doubtless he was shocked and saddened at seeing the numerous and appalling severities committed by the harsh Pedro.

The Prince, ere his return to his native land, claimed the fulfilment of the stipulations agreed to between the Spanish king and himself, but Pedro had recourse to procrastinations and various subterfuges, in order to evade the settlement of these pecuniary obligations, and at length he openly announced to his noble and generous ally that the States declined to give their necessary sanction to the payment of the sum due. The chivalrous Black Prince scorned to sue further for his just rights, and his generosity did not allow him to enforce the payment by means of warlike demonstrations and actions. The royal Edward, therefore, and his proud retinue of English nobles with their dauntless followers, left with disdain and indignation the city their conquering swords had won, and that ungrateful and ungracious sovereign whom they had shed their blood to replace on the throne he had forfeited, and that he now once more triumphantly occupied.

After their departure fresh acts of murderous

Digitized by Google

severity made the hapless subjects of Pedro mourn and tremble. Many were those who were suspected of favouring Don Henrique's claims, and few of the suspected escaped death.

In the end, Pedro was again hurled from the throne, whose lustre he had tarnished by his many evil deeds, although his talents and ability, and the even justice that he dealt (when not under the influence of his angry or vengeful passions), to Moor, Hebrew, and Christian, without distinction, partially counterbalanced these sanguinary enormities and excesses in the eyes of his subjects. He was defeated in battle against his brother, but after the termination of the conflict he had escaped to the strong castellated fortress of Montiel, having shown great intrepidity, and ardour, and indomitable courage, during the stubbornly-contested engagement; (indeed three times he is said, by his fiery valour, to have restored the battle.) The respite availed him but little, for subsequently the life of this remorseless and despotic ruler was forfeited under revolting and painful circumstances.

He was besieged at Montiel by the enemy, and the place being unsupplied with provisions, resistance was hopeless. The heroic Du Guesclin conducted the operations of the besieging host. Pedro, trusting to his lofty character and unblemished honour, demanded a conference with him, and begged him to mediate between him and his brother. Du Guesclin listened favourably to this, and consented to conduct the negotiations for peace. Pedro's messenger, it is said, then offered him a large sum to let the king escape during the projected meeting. Still he appeared to entertain these overtures in a friendly spirit, and even to

Digitized by Google

lend a willing ear to the secret suggestions whispered to him by Don Pedro's confidential envoy, who departed with pleasing tidings to his sovereign. But when the time came, Du Guesclin betrayed the king into the hands of his brother, Don Henrique, who with his own dagger, during a desperate struggle that took place between them, struck him the mortal blow.

It is said Don Pedro, the taller and the most powerfully built of the two, had at first the advantage; but an individual among the bystanders (some are inclined to think the treacherous Don Guesclin himself, others an Arragonese, called Rocaberti) seized the king by one of his legs, as the latter held Don Henrique beneath him, and thus rescued the one and sealed the fate of the other; this frightful and unnatural fraternal duel was thus decided against the monarch.

The ingratitude of Don Pedro seems to me one of his most odious vices. Ungrateful was he to Alburquerque and to Mohammed, the Granadian king. Ungrateful, indeed, was he to our noble Black Prince. Little did Edward suspect with what meanness and cold-heartedness his generous devotion to Pedro's cause would be repaid when he shouted forth, "Banners forward, in the name of Heaven and St. George!" at the battle of Najera. Ungrateful he was to his devoted Jew treasurer, Simuel el Levi. The latter had not only been his treasurer, but his minister and confidant. The crime of this most faithful of his adherents, who had never forsaken him, who had aided in his escape from captivity, and admirably managed his finances, was his enormous wealth; for this crime Pedro (believing he had grown rich by embezzling

Digitized by Google

his money and treasures, and thinking, or knowing nothing of the various resources of commerce), had his true friend and zealous servant tortured; under this torture Simuel died, not of its effects, however, we are told, so much as of sheer horror, indignation, and rage, at his patron's monstrous conduct. The old traditions and ballads, though generally inclined to take Don Pedro's part, do not always paint him in amiable colours; for instance, when they tell us Doña Maria Coronel, to save herself from his licentious love, was driven in her despair to the shocking expedient of pouring boiling oil over her fair face and neck, and that, thus disfigured, she fearlessly met the king, and struck him with horror, protesting she was suffering from leprosy. I believe that Zuñiga also relates this. Others say, Maria Coronel, pursued remorselessly by Don Pedro, plunged her head into a cooking-vessel in which a gipsy was preparing fritters. (Long after this frightful occurrence gipsies inhabited the same spot as that pointed out as the site of the tragic event, and had their kitchen in the street in the open air. Nay! I am not sure that this is not the case in the present day.) Sober history, I believe, informs us the beloved fair one was Doña Aldonza Coronel, Maria's sister, and that she was not so eminently virtuous as Maria is represented to have been in popular Sevillian legends. In the midst of all Don Pedro's numerous and terrible cruelties, and acts of ferocious justice, it may be remarked, he showed much clemency towards one person — himself, — particularly on a certain occasion, under circumstances exceedingly trying, however, it must be confessed, to his impartiality.

Digitized by Google

It appears he quarrelled with a stranger on a nocturnal expedition — (he often indulged in such midnight rambles, like Haroun Alraschid), he fought with the unknown, and killed him. Discovery followed. The king had taken his opponent's life; he had thereby incurred the doom of decapitation. Justice must unquestionably be satisfied. He had his head carved in stone and exposed in a niche in the spot where the event happened! The sculptured head is still in the street of the Candilejo here, whose name, Zuñiga tells us, is derived from the lamp that lent its glimmering light to the scene when the duel took place. Mere cruelty is sufficiently hateful, but it is abundantly evident on the page of history that Don Pedro added to this both treachery and ingratitude. Brave he undoubtedly was, and, on particular occasions, he showed the fire of a chivalrous spirit; but the ferocity that distinguished his disposition cast its baleful shadow over all the more ennobling traits and acts of his character and career.

But these historical reminiscences of the Alcazar, and its olden inhabitants and lords, have carried me farther than I intended. A truce to war and warriors! The garrulous old porter is thinking of his *gazpacho* supper. He left me before to ruminate for a season, while he went to get a *jicara* of chocolate or of coffee, or something of the kind; and though he can't help running on about Popes and bull-fighters, and Sultans and nightingales, and San Isidoro in Pontificabulus and some new *Bailarina* in a pink petticoat, he looks towards the glorious old doors, as if anxious to draw our attention again to their great beauty,—and, glorious as they may be, no one likes to be shown the

Digitized by Google

door, even by the glances of the eye,—as though he would have us begone and lock up the splendours and the cobwebs of the old palace.

Verily the flow of eloquence hath at length changed to a sleepy mutter; he hath become drowsy and tongue-weary. Under these circumstances I could follow him and his meaning better, certainly, but he could not follow his own so well: he blundered, stuttered, and got mightily confused. I think he had actually puzzled and bewildered himself with much talk:—

"*Y, en la feria - - - - no! la funcion - - - no! la fiesta - - - ¿que estaba diciendo yo? - - - Ha! ya me acuerdo; pero, Señora, la Reina - - - no, la Santa, me equivoco - - - es la Patrona, porque - - - pues Su Santidad - - - el Papa, y - - - - y el Arzobispo* (observing a slight start and a little shawl-shaking at sight of a small black object of Arachnean aspect) - - - - *naā, Señora, naā, - - - - es un viejo araña, hay muchos, muchos aquí - - - - pues, Señora, - - - - bailando en el teatro, no! cantando, esa Señorita, ——*"

"*¿La Señorita Papa?*"

"*Ah! que me burle V.; no! la Bailarina, que tiene, que - - - - qué garbo! - - - Oh, es niña de muchas campanillas - - - - y bailando - - - -* (to our *laquais de place*) *Olá! que hora es?*"

An answer was given in ultra-Andalucian, quite a concentrated essence of expression in one syllable, apparently "Sloqmsr!" (probably, "*Son las cuatro y media, Señor.*")

"*Pouf!*" (cried our friend) "*dice sandezes - - - es mas tarde, hora de cena; - - - - - pues*" (stopped here by a yawn,—he evidently found himself a bore,

Digitized by Google

—thus showing much sense and good taste) "*pues - - - Si, Su Santidad haciendo así - - - -*"

"*Qué! bailando en el teatro?*"

"*No! no! válgame Dios! No! Señora, vaya, una idea! eso no puede ser de ningun modo; - - - el Santo Padre! Ah, paã bailar no vale naã - - - - y seria un asunto bien particular. Y - - - ¿qué? bailando aqui en Sevilla! Santa Maria! no; 'Bien está San Pedro en Roma,' como dice el refran, - - - y el Papa tambien.—No, Señora, no, pero - - - - pero, ——*"*

And the drowsy, droning mutter grew more and more bald and disjointed, and his soul is in his supper, and the grace and proud *donayre* of the fair Bailarina even faded before his sight. And the

* "And at the fair - - - no, no, the great function - - - no, the festival - - - what was I saying? Ah! now I recollect - - - - but, Madam, the Queen - - - - no! the Saint, I mistake - - - is the Patroness, because - - - well! - - - His Holiness the Pope, and - - - and the Archbishop - - - just nothing, Señora, nothing, only an old spider, and there are many, many, here - - - - however, as I was saying - - - - dancing in the theatre - - - pooh! I mean singing, that young lady, ——"

"That young lady, the Pope?"

"Ah! now you are laughing at me; no, the young lady - - - no, the bolero-dancer, who has - - - - oh! she's a dashing, showy girl - - - and dancing - - - - (to our *laquais de place*) Holloa, friend, what o'clock is it?"

"Half-past four."

"Stuff! he talks nonsense; it's later than that - - - supper-time - - - but - - - His Holiness doing this ——"

"What! dancing *boleros* in the theatre?"

"No! no! bless my soul! the Pope! what an idea! that could not happen, by any means; the Holy Father - - - Oh! as for dancing, he would cut a poor figure, I fancy; and it would be a droll business, that; - - - Holy Mary! no! 'St. Peter is well at Rome,' says the old saw, and so is the Pope - - - but - - - but ——"

Digitized by Google

lengthening shades of evening also give us hints, and the sketching is over; so adieu, indeed, to Seville's beauteous Alcazar!—to honey-comb pattern and honey-dew flowers, and *ajaracas*, and stucco-panelling (in Arabic, *tarkish*), and fair marqueterie woodwork, and *azulejo dados*,* and columns, and fountains, and *lienzos de almizates*, and *almocarbes!* And farewell to the shaft-divided windows, (named *ajimezes* by those magicians, those Kings of the Genii, those Aladdins with twenty lamps, whom we call Moors,) and to *artesonado* ceilings, and horse-shoe arches.

Farewell, for the present, to motto and arabesque, and carved soffit and fairy tracery! and farewell to the rather red nose of the excellent old porter, who, if I wish he may "live a thousand years," and the wish is granted, will perhaps talk as many persons to death, and outnumber with his words the sands of the sea, or the grains of dust, alas! gathering in the deserted Alcazar!

But few Spaniards, it appears, visit this interesting old palace; and if it were not for the travelling public of other countries, more gifted with curiosity, our worthy friend would have just such a sinecure (as far as the office of showman is concerned) as the head-cook to a very abstemious and non-epicurean chameleon must enjoy—a chameleon who, perhaps, may be content to take his little air raw in the morning, and later, merely done like a celebrated Indian Fakir's mutton-chops, by the Sun. (The name of this reverend gentleman I forget, and only remember that Sol dressed his dinner one day for him obligingly enough.)

* In all Seville the best specimens of *azulejos*, the "Handbook" tells us, are the *dados* in the *patio* of the Alcazar.

Digitized by Google

Under such otiose and *gratificacioncita*-less circumstances, probably the good Andalucian's nose would become less red, fading to a fainter, tenderer pink, soft as a maiden's-blush-rose hue—for, even taking Spanish temperance into due consideration, I am inclined to think that *coquelicot* tip, that cherry-coloured bridge, that carnationed curve, that damson-tinged knob, that ruby-chiselled nostril, each and all, have some not remote connexion with Xeres the vinous.

And now we plod our weary way homewards (for standing about a great deal, but especially admiring, is fatiguing, — both eyes and mind get jaded), while the twilight brings forth not only hovering shadows, and dim outlines of hobgoblins, but guitars and far-off echoes of fandangoes, and *canciones*. As I cannot catch their words, confused by distance, I will substitute a few of my own :—

CANCION Á LA ANDALUZ.

PAQUITA.

1.

AH ! Para contigo el Sol
Parece menos que Estrellas
Y estas son para contigo
Cual lucernas poco bellas.
¡ Ay, Lelillo, Lelillo !

(RECITADO.)

¡ Jui ! La Paquita ! qué gracia, sal y sandunga !

2.

Mi Verano, ¡ ah ! eres,—mi Luz,
¡ No quiero lunas ni soles ! —
Porque eres para mi un Cielo,
Lleno de rayos y Arreboles ;
¡ Ay, Lelillo, Lelillo !

Digitized by Google

(RECITADO.)

Qué vale mas la Sal de Andalucia que todas las minas de Peru.—¡Jui, resalaá!

[SONG Á LA ANDALUZ.

TO PAQUITA.

1.

Ah! with thee, Love, compared, still the Sun
Seems less radiant than Night's starry clusters;
And those stars, when they're matched, too, with thee,
But shine forth as with pale glow-worm lustres.

(SPOKEN.)

Ha! Paquita! what grace, and wit, and gay, saucy fascination!

2.

My fair Summer thou art, and my Light!—
Suns and Moons, my soul freely surrenders;
Since still thou art for me ev'n a Heaven
Full of suns, and of glories, and splendours!

(SPOKEN.)

Ah! Andalucian Salt is more precious than all the gold of Peru! Aye, thou doubly-bewitching sorceress!]

We become, perhaps, just slightly tired of "Sal" and "Salero" in Andalucia, which, taking into account her vast amount of dealings in that piquant article, figuratively appears like an immense salt-cellar. We even begin to doubt whether Lot's wife could have been perfectly fascinating after her transformation, but feel she would have been exceedingly fêted, and thought to be so here. Yes! we are decidedly very slightly tired of the stimulating condiment. After all, the sparkling vivacity

Digitized by Google

this is meant to typify is doubtless excessively charming, but even in sparkling sauciness, if unceasing, there may be a wearisome sameness. We should not like to live in a perpetually-glittering salt-mine of Poland;—a case very much in point. In short, if we sojourn for any time in this interesting and peculiarly-pungent country, we gradually begin to think we should like something fresh — after so much that is extremely salted;— and occasionally fancy that a mixture of oil and pepper would improve all this prodigality of pickle. Yet it is true "My peppery Dove!" or "My oily One!" would not sound captivating. *Au reste*, oil is assuredly not despised in this land of olive trees and olive skins. Seville is shining with it, yet not more so than her neighbours. People talk and write about dry, arid Spain; but that is only true as far as water is concerned, for she is swimming in oil, and really there seems enough in the country to smooth all the waves of the wide Atlantic. "Egypt has but one Nile," Spain "has a thousand" — of Oil.

The other night, here, some preserved peaches were sent up to us for dessert. They looked tempting; but as for their taste—faugh! They seemed to have been chiefly "confectioned" and prepared in oil and garlic; yet this hotel is much less unctuous and devoted to rank seasonings than many others in this part of the world. The proprietors are very civil people, too, and try to please the barbarous English taste; but all cooking-vessels in these regions are so impregnated with their strong-flavoured juice of olives, and stronger garlic, that they cannot help all their cookery having a twang of it.

Digitized by Google

"You may 'scour,' you may 'rinse out' the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the garlic will hang round it still,"—

and also of the nasty oil. Sometimes, but it is only a rare felicity, you may meet with an unrancid morsel, and one not poisoned by garlic; but in prandial matters here, certainly it is true for the unconverted to the national taste, that,—

"*Los placeres son por onzas,*
Y los males por arrobas."

By ounces, pleasures are, and gladness,—
But by arrobas,* grief and sadness.

Then these vile additions make everything taste alike! all seems one and the same,—

Pato, ganso, y ansaron,
Tres cosas suenan, y una son,—

"Gander, gosling, and goose—thus by three names we call
What is only the same silly thing after all."

Nothing preserves its own distinctive savour. With respect to the above free translation, however, I should beg pardon of friend goose, a personage much *répandu* in society, for calling him silly. Are we not told these birds are so wise, that when they pass Mount Taurus (which abounds with eagles), in a wild flock, they each of them take care to put in the beak a good-sized stone, in order,—by thus "*génant*" themselves, in the most sensible manner,—to prevent themselves from hissing aloud, and discovering their whereabouts to the eagles? (Ah! if all their likenesses did the same!—aye! if, irrespective of eagles, their likenesses all followed

* A Spanish weight.

Digitized by Google

their example.) The highest eulogium, too, passed on St. Martin was, that "he had the virtues of a goose!"

Eating Spain should pause in her very slippery path; she is sliding down too fast, with the wheels of her culinary car uncommonly well greased; 'tis a precipice festooned by garlic, hanging over a bottomless pit of bad taste. What would Cadmus say, — Cadmus, the grandfather of Bacchus (the latter, some think, founded Seville)—that Cadmus who was head-cook to the King of Sidon before he built and gave laws to the hundred-gated city,— what would he say to such vagaries of cookery and unrefined papillatory proceedings? Cadmus would probably condemn the olla, — but he, I suspect, would abuse and swallow, reproach and eat, — for, in justice, he would taste and try, and then—what then? Why! after that one trial, he would hastily push the plate from him—to ask for a second help; for though a considerable number of Peninsular travellers consistently abuse and dislike the Spanish *cuisine*, it is surprising how many foreigners become naturalised in this respect, if they for a time or two lay the flattering unction (of olives) to their souls and palates, and listen to the perfumed whisper of the sweet charmer, Garlic. So did not we, and so disagreeably strong was the impression received with regard to the former, that, I think, the "Olive branch of Peace" will in future suggest to me only remarkably rancid ideas, and the most greasy phantasies, — but I must try and think of Italian oil instead, clarified, purified, and refined, which these excellent Españoles pronounce insipid exceedingly, and much they wonder how any one can possibly like oil that is not strong.

Digitized by Google

Still better, let me turn my thoughts away from these unctuous subjects altogether, and end my volume with "thoughts" of a very different description. I do not suppose I shall ever refer to these over-smooth and too richly-anointed reflections as I have done to some which are the theme of the following little poem:—

QUESTIONS.

1.

WHERE—oh, long-vanish'd Thoughts!—
Where have ye wander'd far?
Perchance ye soar'd on high,
Beyond Heaven's farthest star!—
Or there, perchance, ye paused,
Haunting Night's Thrones of fire,
Where are ye?—Parted Thoughts!
Ye soar'd not to expire!
No soft response to my fond questionings came;—
Vainly I glanced at Heaven's wing'd worlds of flame!

2.

Thoughts! from my soul ye rose
To question Night and Fate,
And through Creation rush'd,
Bewilder'd—yet elate.
Have ye, o'erburthen'd, striven—
Struggling with proud unrest,
Till, with the weight of Worlds,
Too gloriously oppress'd?
No mystic whisper trembled to reply,
"We, children of thy soul, ne'er yield nor die!"

3.

Give answer!—stars, that flash,
On your high, kingly race,
Know ye their present haunt,—
Their new abiding-place?

Digitized by Google

In joy they shook, sublime,
Mounting towards ye,—their wings;—
Know ye where now they dwell,
Far from these earthly things?—
No burning answer gave those Kings of Light,—
But pour'd fresh, royal triumphs through the Night!

4.

Ye gracious Flowers of Earth!
So meek,—so glorious too!—
Have those flown thoughts pierced deep,
Your hearts, 'midst beams and dew?—
They dwelt among ye oft,
Bright Shadows that ye seem,
Of things far lovelier still,
Beyond Man's happiest dream!
A silken music from the flower-bells came,—
"Suns scorch our blooms;—not human thoughts of flame."

5.

Caverns!—ye frowning shrines,
Of hidden treasures strange,
Do ye enshroud those thoughts
Touch'd with a nameless change?—
There do they now remain,
Guarded from shock and strife?—
Till they shall burst once more
To zenith'd light and life?—
A mutter'd wail's dull sound broke forth, that said,
"They haunt not Our lorn, solemn shrines of dread."

6.

Clouds!—ye, that hold full oft,
Your rich and blushing urns,
To catch each rosy shower,
Born where the Sun-throne burns,
On your swift, airy course,
Met ye those rovers free?—

Digitized by Google

Like Lightnings backward driven,
To the endless Heavens,—or ye?—
Fell from those floating clouds a passing tear,
That answer'd me, "They may be *there*—not here!"

7.

Ye Shores, with gem and shell
All gorgeously o'erlaid,
Far 'mid your coralled paths
Have those wild truants stray'd?—
Where pearl and sea-flower wreaths
Gleam bright o'er the Orient coast,
Have they delay'd their flight,—
Those lavish'd thoughts and lost?
From grot and strand an Echo only broke,
Repeating, "Lost"—as 't were Grief's self that spoke!

8.

Tell me, ye wandering Winds,
Oh, viewless Anarchs! say,
Haply, have ye those dreams
Snatch'd on strong wings away?
Moaning and searching Winds,
Do ye know aught of these?—
Keep ye their burning hints?
Tempests,—or gale or breeze?—
The sadden'd Winds sigh'd low with soft regret,
"Not on our path have we thy wanderers met!"

9.

Dark world of Shades, reply!
Amidst *thy* perish'd things,
Do my changed thoughts remain,
With furl'd and drooping wings?
Are they enchain'd and bound
In some vast spirit-grave,
Where phantom-visions seem
To haunt the cloud-veil'd cave?
No answer from the abyss of Death arose,—
One faint chill sigh my throbbing life-blood froze!

Digitized by Google

10.

Ocean! thy depths alone
The Frame's poor relics hoard;
Not, surely, in thy depths
Those mystic dreams are stored:
'Tis but the mortal dust
That goeth down to thee!
Yet strange thy deep voice sounds,—
Hast *thou* a soul, thou Sea?
His loud waves languish'd, and roll'd murmuring by:—
"No! no!" he utter'd forth, in sad reply.

11.

Forests!—Ye Earth-Clouds huge!
Your wondrous voices raise;
Ye,—on whose wreathing chords
The great, wild Harpist plays,—
That Wind sublime, which wakes
Deep tones—long-echoing there;—
Dwell midst your leaves those thoughts?—
Like them instinct with prayer?
"Ah!" moan'd the Forests, "we of these know nought;
Some Faith—some Feeling stirs us—but no thought."

12.

Answer, ye Deserts lone!
Dream *ye* where they may be?—
Speak! Are those thoughts long lost,
Flung o'er your Sandy Sea?—
Beneath your Fountain's play,—
Beside your Palm-tree's shoot,—
Have they their perfume pour'd,—
Have they perchance ta'en root?
Breath'd forth with hollow groan the Deserts drear,
"Those roses of Thy Soul ne'er blossom'd here!"

13.

Mountains!—can ye respond
To my fond questionings deep?—
Haply where soar your crests
The vanish'd brood and sleep!—

Digitized by Google

Ye raise your towering heads
As ye were scarce of Earth,
They too could swell and soar,
Like things of loftier birth.
Then from those mountains came the answer stern,—
"Look on low graves around, *their* doom to learn!"

14.

Rivers! that brightly flow,
Glassing flower'd plain and hill,—
Flow my lost thoughts with ye,
Onward and onward still?—
Ye never seem to rest,
Ye wander on and roam,—
Have *ye* borne these away
Light as yon wavelet's foam?
"Full many things we bear to yon great Sea,
But not thy thoughts to *our* Eternity!"

15.

Once more I ask ye,—Stars!—
Keep *ye* those thoughts, pass'd by?—
'Midst your bright records lock'd,
And burning archives high?
Or,—Oh!—eternal Stars!
Know ye their dwelling-place?
Past ye they seem'd to flash,
On their sublimest race!
The Stars sent down a proud, pale smile, that said,
"We sons of light keep not your Lost and Dead!"

16.

Souls of the Loved!—Reply!—
Where dwell my thoughts? Their flight
Seem'd through your own full oft—
A path of Hope and Light!
With vaster treasures bless'd,
In joy,—they pass'd away!
Part of *your* souls, methinks,
Went with them—whither?—say!
Low thrill'd the answer's melancholy tone,
"Thou ask'st of Thine,—lost, lost, too, seem Our Own!"

Digitized by Google

17.

Then rose, methought, within
A strange, sweet spirit-voice,
That utter'd music faint,—
Then soft breath'd forth, "Rejoice!
Those thoughts that soar'd sublime—
Freed from all bounds and chains,
That shot past stars and suns—
The Heaven of Heavens contains!
The Heaven of Heavens alone can be *their* goal,
Immortal as thy deep, unchanging soul!"

END OF VOL. I.

London:—Printed by G. Barclay, Castle St. Leicester Sq.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Princeton University Library
32101 072139213

Digitized by Google

This Book is Due



Digitized by Google

Princeton University Library
32101 072139213

Digitized by Google

This Book is Due



Digitized by Google

Princeton University Library
32101 072139213

Digitized by Google

Princeton University Library
32101 072139213

Digitized by Google

This Book is Due



Digitized by Google